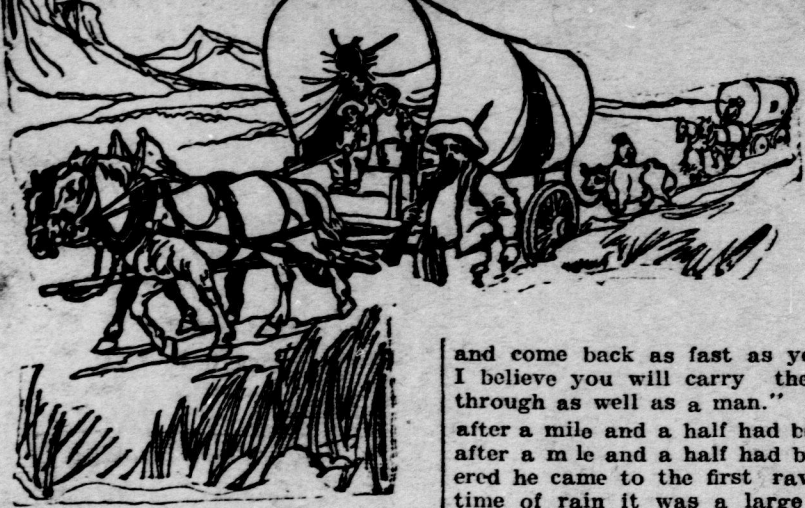


The White Horse Mine or the Luck and Luck of the pioneer Boys



CHAPTER III.

An hour after the four wagons which left camp had disappeared from sight behind a ridge, a scout called for a volunteer to scout ahead and see if anything could be seen of Indians. There were only five riding horses along with the caravan. In the case of Mr. Chudleigh and his

and come back as fast as you can. I believe you will carry the thing through as well as a man."

After a mile and a half had been covered he came to the first ravine. In time of rain it was a large creek, but now it was dry. The buffaloes in traveling to and fro had made trails across, and the wagons would have no trouble in following. The boy saw nothing of Indians, though he rode up and down the ravine for half a mile either way. A mile ahead was a still larger ravine. It was likewise dry, and the buffaloes had also made a wide trail across, but here



"Fired it full in the warrior's face"

sons, when they got tired of riding they walked. Then men with the horses were kept ahead of the wagons when on the move, but those who right and left were on foot. Both Joe and Sam had acted as flankers several times, and felt quite proud of the responsibility.

On this morning when a scout was called for the horsemen held back a bit. All were up about the wagons leaving, and all felt that a tragedy was soon to happen. The leader was growing indignant at the way the men hung back, when Joe pushed his way to the front, and said:

"I can ride a horse pretty well, and if one of the men will lend me one I will act as scout. If there are any Indians about I can see them as well as the men."

"So you can," my boy," answered Sharpe, "but I don't want to send you when the men hang back."

"He has my consent," spoke up Mr. Chudleigh. "If there are Indians in any of the ravines ahead I think we ought to know it before we break camp. If we run into an ambush we may be in place of the men."

"That settled it. One of the men was ordered to give up his horse and the boy, and when the stirrups had been shortened and Joe was in the saddle, Sharpe handed him a revolver in place of his rifle, and said:

"Now, boy, keep your eyes open. A mile ahead of us is broken ground, and if I am not mistaken there are dry ravines in which five hundred men could hide and not be seen. You must look for places where those ravines can be crossed by our wagons. Ride along the edges of them and get a peep at the bottom. The Indians will have their ponies hidden also, and you may hear one of them whinny. If you find you are running into danger you must wheel about

the wagons would have more trouble. Joe was about to ride to the west to search the bottom of the ravine for whinnying of a pony, and at the same instant a warrior rose up from the grass and seized him by the left arm and leg and sought to pull him from the saddle. The revolver had been carried in the boy's right hand. There was no time for him to get scared—not even time to think what he ought to do. As he saw the Indian and felt his strong grip he brought the weapon around and fired it full in the warrior's face. The grip relaxed, the redskin pitched forward, and as a loud yell rang out from the Indians in hiding, Joe wheeled the horse about and rode for his life.

There were over three hundred Indians in the big ravine. They had gathered all through the night, and when daylight came the ambush was ready. They had seen the four wagons draw away from camp, and had sent fifty warriors to attack them. He had hardly set his face for camp when he heard faint yells and the discharge of firearms to his left. The Indians did not open any rifle on him from the ravine, but at least a hundred of them fired arrows at him. Some of them passed within an inch of his body and struck the ground far ahead, and there was one sticking in the saddle when he rode into camp at full speed. The men had watched for his coming, and all firing from beyond the ridge could now be heard in camp, and a score of men demanded of Sharpe that he lead them to the help of those attacked, but he shook his head, and sternly said:

"Not a man must leave camp. The others will be dead before we could reach them. You can hear that the

firing is already dying away. The Indians have planned that we will divide our force, but that is just what we won't do. We will have all we can do to beat off the force making ready to attack us. Look there!"

The Indians were riding out of the ravine on the open ground. They could not be accurately counted, but it was estimated that there was at least two hundred and fifty of them, all mounted on their war ponies. They had failed to draw the caravan into an ambush, but they meant to make a fight of it just the same. They began riding about the camp in a circle just outside rifle range, and each redskin kept up a great shouting. Some of the pioneers began firing, but Sharpe ordered them to cease, and said:

"They will narrow the circle and come within range after awhile. After it won't be much use to fire at them. Save your powder until they get ready to charge the camp. Let men, women and children lie down under the wagons and get as much protection as they can. Be cool, now, and be ready to obey orders."

As the pioneers had fired but few shots the Indians got the idea that they were either very much afraid or were short of powder and lead. They narrowed their circle until their arrows whizzed through the wagon covers, but no one was hurt. After half an hour of this work they hauled off, and Sharpe's voice could be heard saying:

"Get ready, men! They are going to charge the camp!"

(To Be Continued.)

THE PAIL AND PANTHER

BY GRANVILLE OSBORN.

Sol Sample was a red-cheeked, black-eyed, sturdy little chap of twelve, living on the outskirts of civilization. After a few years of unremitting toil his father was killed by a falling tree, leaving the mother alone with the boy.

The nearest house was the store of old Sils Bigelow at The Forks, nearly three miles away. The trail to The Forks ran for two miles through a forest.

One afternoon Mrs. Sample sent Sol to The Forks with a list of what she needed. There was some snow on the ground, and Sol took his sled with him to carry home his purchases.

He took a strong, iron-bound pail along, and started down the trail

leaped easily over the high bushes into the darkness beyond.

"Looks like a wild cat!" exclaimed Sol, "and he's following me. Wish I had my gun. Wonder if I'd better shin up a tree? No; cats can climb, too."

His eye fell on a giant tree, at whose base was an opening. He went straight to the tree and looked in.

The trunk was hollow.

"Just the thing!" thought Sol, crawling in.

But how to stop up the hole after he was in was the question.

He tried the sled, but the runners were in the way; then he took off the pail and tried that, but it was too small.



SOL'S MOTHER KILLS THE PANTHER

with his dog Snip barking merrily at his heels.

"Sol! Sol!" called his mother after him. "Tell Sils to put in some of his best pepper, and be sure and start for home by four o'clock!"

The store was such a wonderful place to Sol that the time flew by unawares, and suddenly he discovered that it was nearly half-past five o'clock; then hurriedly packing the things in his pail, he started homeward.

The sun was already below the tops of the trees in the west, and the shadows in the forest were growing darker, but Sol didn't worry about that as he trotted along with the sled bumping behind him and Snip scouring the underbrush for imaginary squirrels. But suddenly there came a far-off, long-drawn wail, like the cry of a human being in distress.

In about a minute the cry was repeated, sounding much nearer, and echoing weirdly amid the recesses of the forest.

Sol had heard and knew most of the sounds in the forest, but this was new. As he stood still there came from a short distance on his right something between a yell and a scream.

Sol wheeled.

"Sounds like our old cur when he gets his tail shut in the door!" he mutters. "What's the matter with you?" he added, addressing Snips, who looked no less than usual as he slunk close to Sol's legs, with his tail down and the hair on his neck on end.

Sol glanced back along the path and saw a long, slender form dart like a shadow across.

Snips saw it, too, and the next moment all that could be seen of him was the stump of a tail rapidly disappearing in the direction of home.

The next moment Sol saw a long, dark body leap gracefully over the bushes into the path, this time in front of him.

With a couple of crouching steps it

Looking up at the dark space above him, a new idea came into his mind, and, without further delay, the stout toes of his boots into the soft, rotten sides of the cavity, he began to climb, dragging the pail after him.

After ascending a short distance he found the pail was too large to go further, and completely filled the hole below him.

Then he dug and kicked larger holes in each side of his feet until they rested firmly, then bracing his back in a half-sitting posture, and holding on to the pail, he awaited developments.

Soon he heard something sniffing below him, then something seemed to be rubbing against the bottom of the pail, but it was edged in its place so firmly that it did not move in the least.

Then came a low growl and a scratching on the pail, at first cautiously and then furiously, but the pail did not seem to mind it, with its stout oak bottom and iron-hoop sides. But pretty soon a big piece of wood tumbled down, leaving a small opening beside the pail, and Sol could hear the creature sniffing at the hole.

Then the scratching, clawing, growling began with redoubled vigor, and soon he could see long, curved claws reaching up and digging away.

He could see a pair of green eyes gleaming up at him.

"If you stick your old nose up here where I can reach it, I'll introduce you to this," thought he, pulling out a jackknife.

Then a new idea struck him.

Reaching down into the pail and fumbling about, he fished out the pepper.

He pulled the cover off the box and waited his chance.

Soon there came another growl below, and, peering over the edge of the pail, Sol could see that the gleaming eyes were much nearer.

Cautiously he bent forward, and

THE MAGIC CEDAR BARK DRUM.

BY H. IRVING KING.

Once upon a time in Sea Lion Town there lived a boy whose name was Gasta. His mother, who was a widow, was very poor and she supported her and himself as best he could by hunting and fishing. As a child the boy delighted in playing at being a shaman, or magician. He made himself a dancing skirt out of an old mat, some shells he made into a rattle, and out of some feathers he constructed for himself a dancing hat. Taking a piece of cedar bark he said, "Now you shall be my drum," and he made himself a drumstick out of a piece of firewood.

As he grew larger he found that he really had great skill in magic. He got so that he could make his dancing hat go out of the door and come up through the floor of the house, and when he commanded it the drumstick would beat the cedar bark without his touching it.

One day old Sigana, the chief of the village, fell sick and the shamans were called in to cure him. They danced and beat drums and made a great racket generally in the house, but old Sigana only got worse. Then

said some one to Gasta: "Why do you not go and cure Sigana? You are always bragging about your magic. Now let us see what you can do."

But Gasta knew that all the beating of drums, rattling of rattles, and



WHENEVER THE CANOE STARTED TO GO HOME GASTA WOULD GIVE IT ANOTHER BOX OF BERRIES AND GREASE.

dancing in the world would not cure Sigana if he was really sick.

At last, goaded by the taunts of the other boys, he said to himself: "I will go and see Chief Sigana anyway. My magic is as good as that of anybody else."

So he put on his feather dancing hat and his dancing skirt, took his shell rattle and his cedar bark drum and went to the house of the sick man. At the doorway stood two big, black creatures holding aloft blazing torches of pitch-pine wood. These were the Porpoise people.

At first they would not let Gasta enter the house. "You are only a boy," they said, "what do you know of a shaman's work? Go away."

But when they saw the boy's dancing hat, and heard the cedar bark drum without the aid of hands, they let him in.

Old Sigana was groaning on a bed in the middle of the room and the shamans were seated around him. "Where do you feel pain?" asked Gasta.

"Oh, right here," replied the old man, placing his right hand under his left arm.

"Drum!" said Gasta to the cedar bark, and the bark immediately began to beat itself with the drumstick.

While this was going on Gasta looked under the rich chief's arm and found a big splinter, which he pulled out, saying: "There! Now you will be better. Send away the shamans and go to sleep."

The next day Sigana was better and in a few days he was well. Then he sent for Gasta and asked him how he could reward him for his cure.

"Well," replied the boy, "if I had a canoe so that I could go out fishing on the sea I would like it. Then I could gather more food for my mother and myself and get fish to sell."

"Go down to the shore," said Sigana, "and walk along until you see

a heron sitting on a rock. Near the heron you will find a canoe. Take it." Gasta did as he was told and soon found the heron sitting on a rock and nearly an old canoe.

It was a very old canoe and the grass was growing in the seams of it. On the bow was a figurehead carved with a man's head and a dragon's body, and that, too, looked old and worn and weather-beaten.

Much disappointed, Gasta came back to the old man's house and said: "I have found the canoe. But it is such an old one I am afraid to go to sea in it."

"Do not fear," replied Sigana. "Get in and put off from the land."

Again Gasta went to the canoe and looked about for paddles, but he

found none. Whenever the canoe started to go home Gasta would give it another box of berries and grease and it would remain quiet.

Finally, when he had the canoe full of fish, he cried "Home," and off went the canoe for the beach.

Every day Gasta fished from the magic canoe and at night he and his mother worked putting up boxes of grease and berries to feed it with.

Wherever Gasta went in the canoe there was always plenty of fish, and no matter how big the fish was he could always get it into the magic canoe. So he became rich and built for his mother and himself a fine house, and stored it with all sorts of food and skins.

Then one day Sigana sent for Gasta and said to him: "Now give me back my canoe. You are now able to buy one of your own. I am old and my canoe is old; and we are going away on a long journey. Give me also your cedar-bark—your magic drum which beats itself—for you shall be a chief and have no use for magic. But the cedar-bark drum is brother to the magic canoe and I would take it with me where I am going."

Then the five slaves bore Sigana down to the shore, for he was feeble with age so that he could not walk, and placed him in the canoe and Gasta brought the magic cedar-bark drum and placed it there also. Then the slaves shoved off the canoe and stepped in themselves. The canoe moved from the shore and at once Gasta saw it grow new and bright and shining as it had looked when it was first made, and the figurehead on the bow began to chant a song as it moved away.

Gasta looked again and saw that the old chief had changed into a young man, who stood high in the bows and waved his arms toward the setting sun. Straight toward the setting sun the canoe went, the five dark slaves sitting with their elbows on their knees and covering their faces with their hands.

Then a cloud rolled up out of the ocean, enveloping the canoe and its passenger, and Gasta saw it and then no more forever.

When the people of Sea Lion Town heard what had happened to Sigana they elected Gasta chief in his place, and as chief he lived there until he was a very old man.

Now on the beaches of Sea Lion Town, at the time of the sunset, you can hear sometimes a faint, booming sound, as of a drum beaten far off, coming over the water and the people say it is Gasta's drum, and that somewhere beyond the horizon Chief Sigana, young and strong once more, is out in his magic canoe.

A SMART GIRL.

In Lyons, France, a girl twelve years old woke up recently and found a burglar in the room. She watched him for fifteen minutes as he hunted for plunder, and as he then passed into a closet she sprang out of bed and locked the door on him.

He made every effort to break out, but she gave the alarm and he was captured. He proved to be a criminal for whom the police had searched a long time, and the little girl was rewarded with a present of \$200. The man said he would have killed her had he known that she was a wake.



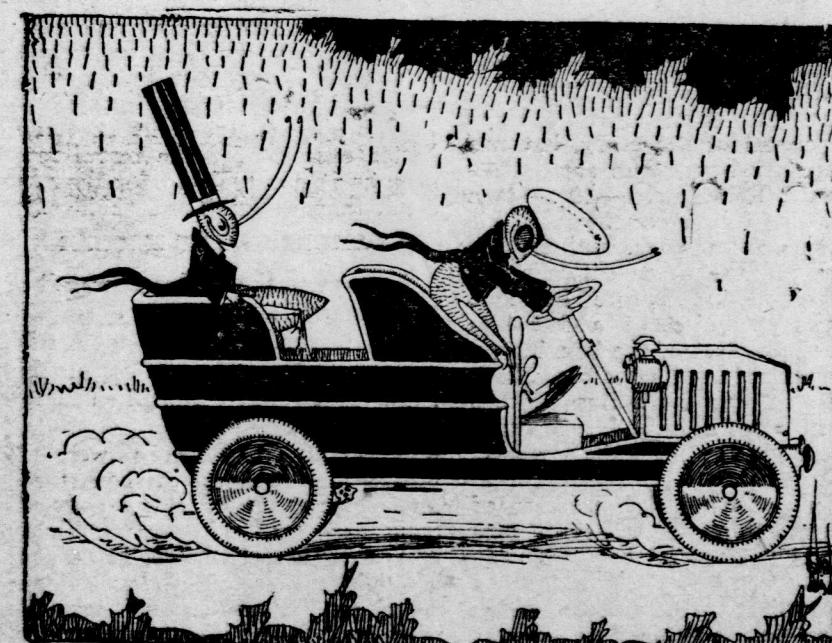
HERE IS KILLIE KITTLE. HE'S ALWAYS CUTTING CAPERS BUT HE'S NEVER QUITE HAPPY. HIS PICTURE IS IN THE PAPER.

A BOY'S JOKE.

In a town in Kansas a boy fourteen years old threw a firecracker under the feet of a horse standing on the street. The report caused the horse to run away. The one runaway started three others. Five people were hurt, three horses injured, two wagons were wrecked and the

front of a store was smashed in. The boy ran home in a fright, but when his mother learned what he had done she led him back and asked the owner of the first horse to spank him. The man sat down, took the boy across his knee and gave him such a dose that the victim will remember it all the rest of his life.

A PATENT TIRE.



Mr. Bugg got very rich And bought an auto car, He found it real convenient When he wished to travel far.

He had a lot of trouble With punctured tires at first, But now he's found a tire That never yet has burst.

He takes an earth worm with him, And just a little glue, And when a tire bursts, you see, Why, this is what he'll do.

He takes the tire off and puts The earth worm in its place, And quicker than a wink he's off At a terrific pace.

INEXPERIENCED.



This kitten was ambitious, But she didn't know a thing, So she started in to eat a rat-tan chair. After she recovered, she had another fling. And she really caught a rat—but it was hair!