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Martel's Martel's whose favorite trick was to throw his rider off and, falling in that, to ite down and crush the life out of him.

## \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* Heroes All

An Episode of Ranch Life

By CLARISSA MACKIE

\*\*\*\*\* Red Spider postoffice sizzled in the hot sun As the three riders from Twin Star ranch rattled up to the porch of the building a girl opened the doo and came out with a package of letters in her hand.

Without a glance at the three riders she stepped to the edge of the porch, mounted a buckskin pony and flew off in a cloud of dust. "Gee!" exclaimed Jink Prole admir

"How's that for slick riding?" "Beats any Red Spider girl I ever see," remarked Tony Goff. "See, she's turning up the Star trail. You can get my mail, Jink. I've got to mope along home." With the words he turned his horse and was away after the flying form of the buckskin pony. "Me, too," panted Jink Prole, close

behind him, and so Mason Pepper was left to fetch the mail and perhaps learn who the interesting stranger was When he came out of the office his eyes were twinkling with mirth. He stuffed the mail into his pockets and was soon pounding along in the rear of his companions. Out of the town, with the Star trail

blazed straight ahead, they slackened speed to allow Mason Pepper to come up with them. Not one of them lost sight of the slender young figure riding ahead so fearlessly. Trim and erect she sat in her saddle, her snowy shirt waist and riding skirt showing white against the pale brown of her pony. "Did you ask Dan Cox who she was?" demanded Jink Prole curiously.

Pepper nodded his head. "I did." "Well, what did he say? She can't be a new schoolmarm, for it ain't time for schoolmarms yet."

"She ain't exactly a schoolmarm," hesitated Pepper. "Boys, what do you



THE DEVIL IN BUCKSKIN SEEMED TO BREAK LOOSE.

thinks of a girl that don't scarcely know one end of a horse from t'other getting on and riding that buckskin "What?" thundered the two in uni-

son.
"She ain't never rode a horse before and has got to Red Spider and so fur and has got to Red Spider and so fur back alive?" added Tony Goff incredu-

"Nervy, ain't it?" inquired Mr. Pep-

"Crazy, you mean. Fellows, I guess
I'll hitch up a little close. That girl
may need help before she gets back.
You know that pony of Burnham's lays down and rolls whenever he takes a notion." With a wave of the hand he dashed ahead and was soon clattering at the heels of the buckskin pony.

Just as Tony Goff's mount had nosed up to the pony's flank the buckskin began to live up to his evil reputation. With an angry squeal be shot forward and, leaving the trail, fairly flew over the parend company of the control of the parend of the control of t the parched grass of the plain. There Forty years in use, 20 years the was nothing but the dead level of the

## HE CAME TO CANADA AND FOUND A CURE

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Safety depended upon the agility of the rider, and not many of Burnham's men cared to take the risk. Once out in the middle of the plain

the buckskin pony stopped suddenly. settled back on his haunches and swung around as if on a pivot until horse and rider faced the three pursuers. The girl's face was quite pale. and she looked at the men with a direct, fearless gaze that brought them to a standstill, with apologetic grins. "Is it a game, or what is it?" she asked sharply.

"Is what a game?" fenced Tony Goff, the red creeping through the bronze of his cheek.

"Your chasing me this way. I don't like it, even if it is a custom of the country."

"We were only looking after you right and proper, miss," assured Tony ehemently. "Maybe you don't know that hoss you're on is a man killer. Old Burnham hadn't ought to let you ride him."

"You are mistaken. I didn't ask Mr. Burnham if I could ride the pony," she returned pleasantly.

"You mean you just walked up to him and threw a saddle on and rid Tony was gaping now.

The girl nodded. "I'm not a bit afraid of him," she said, confidently pulling the buckskin's mane playfully. This playfulness was rewarded by a vicious lunge and a flash of the po-ny's agile heels. The girl clung to the pommel of the saddle, with suddenly frightened eyes.

do-any-harm?" The words were jerked out of her lips by the frenzied dancing of the

"You don't really believe-that-he'll

pony as he snapped first at one horse and then another of the three which had pursued him. "You better change with me, miss."

suggested Tony eagerly. "This beast I've got is a regular old rocking chair and just the thing for a lady that don't know much about hosses. "Who-told-you-that?" asked the

girl, still jerkily.
"Dan Cox at the postoffice he told Mason Pepper here—I fergot to interduce my friends. This is Mr. Jink Prole, and this is Mr. Pepper, all from the Twin Star ranch.'

"And who are you?" asked the girl with a smile as she acknowledged the



EST, SIMPLEST, and BEST HOMI

#### greetings of Tony's companions. "I'm Tony Goff." said that gentleman suavely, "and I wish you'd change hosses with me." "Oh, I shall get back to Burnham's

all right," said the girl carelessly. "See, he's quiet now. I shall be glad of you gentlemen's company if you care to escort me home."
She started back toward the trail,

and the three came into line behind her. There was anxiety visibly written on the faces of the men. "What did the postmaster tell you about me, Mr. Pepper?" asked the girl,

flashing a glance at Mason. Mason Pepper besitated, but Tony Goff replied for him. "He told Mason that you was not accustomed to hoss he explained gently.

"Oh!" said the girl softly. There was silence for awhile after that, with no sound save the swish of hoofs through the grass. Then, all at once, without warning, the devil in the buckskin pony seemed to break loose With a repetition of-that shrill squeat he dashed once more into the plain and proceeded to try to remove the girl from his back by every trick known to his clever brain.

First he was pawing the air with the girl clinging to his neck with slender tense arms; again, he arched himself and flung his head between his legs. The three galloped frantically around

the pony, endeavoring to dash in and rescue the girl from her precarious position, but somehow the buckskin pony seemed to be aware of their purpose to cheat him of his victim, and he managed to elude them every time.

Now the buckskin attempted his fa-

vorite. He fell to his knees and attempted to roll over, and only the girl's sharp cry "Don't shoot!" held back the threatened discharge of three weapons. The buckskin rolled over and in some

inexplicable manner left the saddle on the ground, but the girl was still on his dusty back when he arose.

Then began a performance that made

the brains of the three onlookers reel with shocked surprise. Suddenly the girl sprang to her feet on the bare back of the buckskin pony, and they saw that she wore little soft moccasins instead of shoes. She cried shrilly to the pony, and he dashed away, while she stood swaying gracefully from her position on his back. She waved her hand to the three cow-

boys, who followed her course with protruding eyes, and as the pony turned and circled toward them they let out a whoop that brought the warm color to her cheeks. As she passed them she swooped and lifted the large gray hat of Jink Prole from his head and dropped it on her own. Then, with a shrill whistle to the pony, horse and rider came to a graceful standstill be-fore them. For an instant she poised, kissed her hand to them and dropped gently to the ground. The buckskin pony meekly nibbled

the grass.

"It's on us. I guess," said Tony Goff sheepishly. "But we was plumb scared for awhile after Pepper here told us what he did about your riding." "What did I say?" demanded Mr.

Pepper, with a burst of virtuous indig-The girl's eyes lost their mischievous

light, and she smiled sweetly, seriously up into their faces as she lifted her gloved hand to meet their clasp. "All jesting aside, gentlemen. I must al-ways remember how solicitous you have been for my safety. Now let me explain. This is not Mr. Burnham's man killing pony. It's my own Brownie, who shares in my world famous act in the Wild West show. I am the Prairie Rose, at your service!" She bowed low and blushed at their surprised ejaculations.

They escorted her to the very doors of the Burnham ranch, and Tony Goff had won a promise to ride with him the next day.

As the three rode slowly home to the Twin Star with the helated mail in their pockets Tony Goff suddenly burst into ecstatic speech.
"Say, Pepper, that was the best joke

you ever played on me." Whereupon Jink Prole and Mason Fepper winked solemnly at each other.

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