

DESERT GOLD

by **ZANE GREY**
Author of *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *Wildfire*, Etc.



Illustrations by **Irwin Myers**

The probability of a visit from the raiders, and a dash hotter than usual on the outskirts of a ranch, led Belding...



Her Color Fled. He Saw Her Lips Part.

ing to build a new corral. It was not slightly to the eye, but it was high and exceedingly strong. The gate was a massive affair, swinging on huge hinges and fastening with heavy chains and padlocks.

At night Belding locked his white horses in this corral. The Papago herdsmen slept in the adobe shed adjoining. Belding did not imagine that any wooden fence, however substantially built, could keep determined raiders from breaking it down.

One January morning Dick Gale was awakened by a shrill, menacing cry. He leaped up bewildered and frightened. He heard Belding's booming voice answering shouts, and rapid steps on flagstones.

It was not unusual for Sol to come poking his head in at Dick's door during daylight. But now in the early dawn, when he had been locked in the corral, it meant raiders—no less.

"He's gone, Laddy—gone!" "Double-crossed us, eh? I see here's a crowbar lying by the gatepost. That Indian fetched it from the forge. It was used to pry out the bolts an' steeple. Tom I reckon there wasn't much time lost for that gate."

Daylight made clear some details of the raid. The cowboys found tracks of eight raiders coming up from the river bed where their horses had been left. Evidently the Papago had been false to his trust.

Belding was unconsoled. He cursed and railed, and finally declared he was going to trail the raiders.

"Tom, you just shut agin' to do nothin' of the kind," said Laddy, coolly.

"Laddy, you're right," he replied, presently. "I've got to stand it. I can't leave the women and my property. But it's sure tough. I'm sure way down deep, and nothin' but blood would ever satisfy me."

"Leave that to me an' Jim," said Laddy.

"What do you mean to do?" demanded Belding, starting up.

"Shore I don't know yet. . . . Give me a light for my pipe. An' Dick, go fetch out your Yaqui."

with its broken fastenings, the tracks in the road, and then rested upon Belding.

"Mato," he said, and his Spanish was clear.

"Shore, Yaqui, about eight bad men, an' a traitor Indian," said Laddy. "I think he means my herder," added Belding. "If he does, that settles any doubt it might be decent to have—Yaqui—Mato Papago—SIT?"

The Yaqui spread wide his hands. Then he bent over the tracks in the road. They led everywhere, but gradually he worked out of the thick net to take the trail that the cowboys had followed down to the river. Belding and the rangers kept close at his heels.

At this point a deeply defined narrow trail led across the dry river bed.

The trail of the raiders took a southeasterly course over untrodden desert. The Yaqui spoke in his own tongue, then in Spanish.

"Think he means slow march," said Belding. "Laddy, from the looks of that trail the Greasers are having trouble with the horses."

"Tom, shore a boy could see that," replied Laddy. "Ask Yaqui to tell us where the raiders are headin', an' if there's water."

It was wonderful to see the Yaqui point. With a stick he traced a line in the sand, and then at the end of that another line at right angles. As made crosses and marks and holes, and as he drew the rude map he talked in Yaqui, in Spanish; with a word here and there in English. Belding translated as best he could.

The men returned to the ranch. The rangers ate and drank while making hurried preparations for travel. Blanco Sol and the cowboys' horses were fed, watered, and saddled. Ladd refused to ride one of Belding's whites. He was quick and cold.

"Get me a long-range rifle an' lots of shells. Rustle, now," he said. "I want a gun that'll shoot the dinky little carbines an' muskets used by the rebels. Trot one out an' be quick."

"I've got a .305, a long-barreled heavy rifle that'll shoot a mile. I use it for mountain sheep. But Laddy, it'll break that bronch's back."

"His back won't break so easy. . . . Dick, take plenty of shells for your Remington. An' don't forget your field glasses."

In less than an hour after the time of the raid the three rangers, heavily armed and superbly mounted on fresh horses, rode out on the trail. As Gale turned to look back from the far bank of Forlorn river, he saw Nell waving a white scarf. He stood high in his stirrups and waved his sombrero. Then the mesquite hid the girl's slight figure, and Gale wheeled grim-faced to follow the rangers.

They rode in single file with Ladd in the lead. He took a bee-line course for the white escarpment pointed out by the Yaqui; and nothing save deep washes and impassable patches of cactus or rocks made him swerve from it.

At noon the rangers got out of the thick cañon. The desert floor inclined perceptibly upward. When Gale got an unobstructed view of the slope of the escarpment he located the raiders and horses. In another hour's travel the rangers could see with naked eyes a long, faint moving streak of black-and-white dots.

"They're headin' for that yellow pass," said Ladd, pointing to a break in the eastern end of the escarpment. "When they get out of sight we'll rustle. I'm thinkin' that waterhole the Yaqui spoke of lies in the pass."

"Laddy, it's harder to get out at that end than here," he replied. "Shore that's hard enough. Let me have a look. . . . Well, boys, it don't take no figgerin' for this job. Jim, I'll want you at the other end blockin' the pass when we're ready to start."

"When 'it that be?' inquired Jim. "Soon as it's light enough in the mornin'. That Greaser outfit will hang till tomorrow. There's no sure water ahead for two days, you remember."

The rangers stole back from the vantage point and returned to their horses, which they untied and left farther round among broken sections of cliff. For the horses it was a dry, hungry camp, but the rangers built a fire and had their short though strengthening meal.

Jim Lash rolled in his saddle blanket, his feet near the fire, and went to sleep. Ladd told Gale to do likewise while he kept the fire up and waited until it was late enough for Jim to undertake circling round the raiders.

When Gale awakened, Jim was up saddling his horse, and Ladd was talking low.

With Ladd leading, they moved away into the gloom. Advance was exceedingly slow, careful, silent. Finally the trail showed pale in the gloom, and eastern stars twinkled between the lofty ramparts of the pass.

Ladd halted and stood silent a moment. "Luck again!" he whispered. "The wind's in your face, Jim. The horses won't scent you. Try to get up as high as this at the other end. Wait till daylight before riskin' a loose slope. I'll be ridin' the job early. That's all."

Ladd's cool, easy speech was scarcely significant of the perilous onward-taking. Lash moved very slowly away, leading his horse. Then Ladd touched Dick's arm, and turned back up the trail.

Together they picked a way back through the winding recesses of cliff. The campfire was smoldering. Ladd replenished it and lay down to get a few hours' sleep, while Gale kept watch. The after part of the night wore on till the paling of stars, the thickening of gloom indicated the dark hour before dawn. Ladd awoke before the faintest gray appeared.

The rangers ate and drank. When the black did lighten to gray they saddled the horses and led them out to the pass and down to the point where they had parted with Lash. Here they awaited daylight.

The valley grew clear of gray shadow except under leaning walls on the eastern side. Then a straight column of smoke rose from among the mesquites. Manifestly this was what Ladd had been awaiting. He took the long .305 from its sheath and tried the lever. Then he lifted a cartridge belt from the pommel of his saddle. Every ring held a shell and these shells were four inches long. He buckled the belt round him.

Ladd led the way down the slope until he reached a position that commanded the rising of the trail from a level. It was the only place a man or horse could leave the valley for the pass.

"Dick, here's your stand. If any raider rides in range take a crack at him. . . . Now I want the lend of (To Be Continued.)"

HAMBONE'S MEDITATIONS

DE NEW PAHSON STARTED OUT T'CREASE DE MEMBUHSHIP O' NEW ZION, CHU'CH, EN HE SHO STAHTED RIGHT--HE MADE DEM 'LEBEN HA'ID O' CHILLUN O' HIS'N JINE DE FUS' THING!!

FARMER AND BUSINESS.

Some Day Superior Products Will Be Advertised.

The day when American farm products will be as extensively advertised throughout the country as the automobile and other manufactured articles will soon arrive, Dr. W. M. Jarman, president of the Kansas State Agricultural college, declared a few days ago before the Washington Ad Club.

"The American farmer has been acquainted with only one side of the advertising business," he said. "In the main he thinks of advertising as a mere or less tricky device employed by middlemen to separate him from his money. He probably has somewhat the same opinion of advertising as a target has of rifle practice.

"The signs of the times, however, are pointing in another direction. Bankers and members of chambers of commerce have begun to take the farmer in as a business partner. They are seeing that they must help him earn more money, and they are beginning to see that he needs help principally with his marketing and selling problems.

"The selling end of the farmer's business has been badly and most unfortunately neglected. Circumstances

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.) Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

LESSON FOR DECEMBER 3 JESUS SENDING OUT MISSIONARIES

LESSON TEXT—Luke 10:1-24. GOLDEN TEXT—The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth laborers into the harvest.—Luke 10:2. REFERENCE MATERIAL—Matthew 10:1-42. PRIMARY TOPIC—Jesus Sends Out Seventy Helpers. JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus Sends Forth Seventy Missionaries. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—Harvest of the Kingdom. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Our Home Mission Work.

I. The Seventy Sent Forth (vv. 1, 2).

1. Appointed by the Lord (v. 1). Only those should go forth who are appointed by the Lord.

2. Sent Forth Two by Two (v. 1). The purpose of this was that they might mutually help, counsel and support each other.

3. Reason for Their Appointment (v. 2). The harvest was great, but the laborers were few. The task before the Christian church after nearly 1900 years is still great.

4. Pray the Lord to Send Forth Laborers (v. 2). The realization of the prodigious task before us will cause us to pray to the Lord to send forth more laborers.

II. Instructions Given (vv. 3-10).

1. He Reveals the Dangers Confronting Them (v. 3). They were thrust forth by the Lord to proclaim His name, though so doing would expose them to deadly peril, even as lambs surrounded by hungry wolves. It matters not what the dangers are if the Lord sends forth.

2. Free From All Incumbrance (v. 4). The mission was urgent, so all that would in any way hinder the speedy execution of the task was to be left behind.

3. Distraction of Social Intercourse to Be Omitted (v. 4). Eastern salutations were long-drawn affairs. To go into such formalities would delay Christ's messengers.

4. Behavior in the Homes Where Received (vv. 5-9). (1) Offer the peace of the gospel (vv. 5, 6). This is to be done regardless as to whether it will be received or not. There is a reflex blessedness in preaching the gospel. Even when the message is rejected the effort is not wasted, but comes back to the one who has made the effort. (2) Do not shift quarters (vv. 7, 8). Missionaries should remain in the home where they have been received, content with what is given them. They should not demand better food and more comfortable quarters than what is commonly provided. However, that which is given should be gratefully received, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. (3) Healed the sick (v. 9). These disciples were given power to heal the sick. The ministers of Christ should seek to give relief to those in distress and use every opportunity to proclaim the gospel message.

5. The Awful Fate of Those Who Reject Christ's Message (vv. 10-16). Their case is more hopeless than that of Sodom. Those who reject Christ's messengers reject Christ.

III. The Return of the Seventy (vv. 17-24).

1. Their Report (v. 17). They were highly elated. They seemed to be agreeably surprised. They not only found that they could heal the sick, but cast out demons also. They seemed to be filled with self-satisfaction. It is easy even in Christian service to be spoiled by our successes.

2. Jesus' Answer (vv. 18-24). (1) He told them it was no surprise to Him (vv. 18, 19). With prophetic eye He saw their success as indicating that time when the prince of this world would be overthrown (John 12:31). By virtue of His mighty triumph over Satan He assures them that they need have no fear of what should befall them. Nothing could harm them; nothing could prosper which opposed them. Indeed, nothing can harm the servant who goes about His Master's business. (2) Real cause for rejoicing (v. 20). He promptly rebuked them, telling them that their chief joy should be because of their heavenly relation, not because of these miraculous gifts. That above all which should provoke gratitude is the fact that God has chosen in Christ and saved us, inscribing our names in heaven. (3) Jesus' exultation (vv. 21, 22). The consciousness that soon the victory would be won because God had committed all things unto Him, and that only as men received Him could they know the Father, caused Him to rejoice in what was being accomplished. (4) Congratulates the disciples. (vv. 23, 24).

are to blame in part, he is to blame in part and business men are to blame in part. In a certain sense, advertising men are much to blame. Problems in marketing, advertising and selling that need solution much more than money which have been solved, have been neglected.

Agricultural men of America have begun to concern themselves with the selling end of their business. They have begun to learn to sell cooperatively, to organize and to respect their organization. The next generation of farmers is going to swap up already "sold" to the idea of organization.

The Nation has issued a warning to prelates not to take part in politics.

GIRL MAKES SACRIFICE. Women of Japan Protest Against Slavery of Sex in That Country.

One of the most sensational and unprecedented methods of focusing public attention in Japan on the fight that is being waged by Japanese women for the right to live their own lives, says a Tokio dispatch, was recently revealed here when a handsome young Japanese girl, well known as one of the leaders of "New Japan's New Women," threw herself in front of a passing express train in the hope that a death would startle the country, cause public opinion to be concentrated on the reason why she took the tragic step and thus promote the cause for which she had made the supreme sacrifice.

On a summer evening in early August, as hundreds of persons gathered at Omori railway station, a few miles from Tokio and a popular residential suburb of the Japanese capital, heard a treble voice call "Sayonara" (Goodbye), saw a girl wave her slim hands, and throw herself in front of an on-rushing express train. The iron monster sped on, the driver totally unconscious of the tragedy. At the next station the slim body, dressed in a rich kimono, was extricated from under the wheels. Death must have been instantaneous.

At the inquest it was revealed that the girl, Yae-ko Miyata, had gone to Omori station with the fixed resolve of taking her life in the presence of as many persons as possible. Two letters had been written by her announcing her intention. In her handbag was found another statement in which she declared that she had determined to take her life and that no one except the "system that makes slaves of women in Japan" was to blame for her action. It is also declared that she had "decided to take the long journey in order that the Japanese nation awake to the gross injustices that are being inflicted on the women of this country who can hardly call their souls their own."

When a Japanese feels that there is need for laying special stress or emphasis on matters affecting the welfare of the nation, the community or the family, Japanese mentality generally turns in the direction of suicide. In Japan the suicide if he has sacrificed himself or herself for what is thought a worthy cause, is often honored in death and even deified. The Japanese, like many other Oriental nations, have a haughty contempt of death. Their religion teaches them that their life is their own and that they should not hesitate to lose even this if thereby some good can be wrought.

Japanese women are today as never before, hungering for the right to live their own lives, to choose their own mates, to throw off the fetters of old convention and to plan their own destinies.

The women of Japan have thrown down the gage to the men who made the old conventions and insist on their observance. On a hillock by the side of the home of Miss Miyata's parents there was erected two weeks later a modest shrine, where Japanese ladies go to pay their respects to the spirit of the dead girl. Of an evening many kneel on the hard gravel and with bowed heads invoke the aid of their dead companion. Flowers are placed before the shrine, and in silence the worshippers withdraw.

UNTOUCHED EDEN.

Game Sanctuary May Shelter Prehistoric Animals.

An untouched Eden in the mouth of a burned-out volcano in the heart of Africa, providing a place of refuge for thousands of animals, many of them possibly extinct in other parts of the world, is to be explored by scientists. The land forming the mouth of the volcano has been purchased by an Englishman who will organize an expedition to probe the secrets of the water, relates a London dispatch.

The volcano is the giant Ngoro-Ngoro, the largest crater on this planet. The mouth is ten miles across and a

veritable paradise for wild animals. The Germans knew of it before the war, but kept its existence a secret.

There is a wide range of possibilities as to what a thorough exploration of the crater may bring forth. Prehistoric animals, believed to have perished from the earth thousands of years ago, may inhabit its caves, and scientists hope to find live creatures of which only the skeletons have been discovered in other parts of the world.

The explorer photographer, T. A. Burnes, and Mrs. Frederick Dalziel, both of New York, were members of a party which recently made an expedition to the crater. They estimated that 75,000 animals inhabit this strange land. The crater, in fact, is a city of animals which have lived there for

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