

The VANGUARD

A TALE OF THE OLD FRONTIER

By Edgar Beecher Bronson

Author of "Reminiscences of a Ranchman," "The Red Blooded," "In Closed Territory," Etc.

Copyright, The Frank A. Munsey Co., 175 Fifth Ave., New York City

CHAPTER XII Continued.

It was only a few minutes they were the house I suppose, but to me, it gured up a whole bunch of eternities. And when, the stranglers having ridden away to a safe distance, the Mordstiffing another of my hiding-places the mons came in and helped me out of the entire family was frightened almost speechless.

Indeed, the good woman whose quick wit had saved me had not much more than consoled herself by fainting away, than Mrs. Mormon No. 2 cried: "Why, man; your head has sure turned white!" As, in truth, it was astonished to find it had.

More than once heretofore I have had occasion to admit that I have never been able to come up to the confronting of a danger without being possessed by an awful sense of scare at the first clatter of trouble, however coolly I might contrive to jump into the middle of it later.

And it is up to me now to admit that the visit of those three strangers gave me far more of the worst scare of my life; perhaps because I was so comparatively helpless, still feverish and sorely weakened by my wounds.

Nevertheless, it would have been anything but healthy for them to pull the bed quilts off me, for all the time they were prowling around the house I lay with one of my pistols on my breast and the other in my right hand, at full cock both.

The worst wounds heal some time—when they don't do for you the first rattle out of the box—and finally a day came that I was able to mount and ride away, and it became the occasion of about as severe a test of my manhood as any I have had to confront.

Being a poor man, my Mormon host had only three wives, but that little three of a Mormon kind was quite adequate to demonstrate how difficult the Mormons find it to maintain a satisfactory majority of contentment and happiness among a plurality of helpmeets. At least, so it seemed to me.

Anyway, the fact is that Mrs. Mormon No. 1, the dear woman whose wit saved me from a probably fatal conflict with the stranglers, appeared to have convinced an attachment for me that had certainly not been courted.

For all through the years of my wanderings the mischievous face of the Michigan maid who had outwitted me was ever before me. The flame the little forest fire had lit in my mind still burned as fiercely as in the days I used to pass Bessie McVicker on our woodland paths, although I had not heard from her in all those years, for to communicate with home I had not ventured.

Moreover, my Mormon host was in protected from any poaching by me in yet another way, for while, to be sure, I had paid him liberally for the shelter he had afforded me, I was not one to deal treacherously to a man whose salt I had eaten.

Thus when, inspired measurably by a real attachment for me, but very likely in still larger measure by her disgust of her situation in that household, No. 1 begged me to carry her away with me, she was placed in a dilemma of the worst sort; for it was really to her more than to all the others I owed my escape.

And when at length I rode away alone, it was with a sore heart for a weary woman to whom I certainly owed a heavy unpaid debt.

After a most painful journey, for I was still weak and suffering from my wounds, riding into the suburbs of Salt Lake late one afternoon, I saw a man playing in his garden with a group of children in a hearty sort of way that inspired me to believe I might trust him.

So dismounting and introducing myself, I frankly told him my story, and asked he give me assurance. And once again I found my judgment proved trustworthy, for he took me in, rigged me up a bed in his cellar, and for two months fed me up and nursed me back to strength.

From their kinfolk, the Kimballs, my host got the address of Dr. Johnson and his wife, and they used to come and visit me of nights frequently and were very kind.

But they told me frankly they just could not pay me the additional four thousand dollars they had promised, for, after our escape, the Green River thugs had completely looted his tent and wagons and had ruined him.

So, still having left a few hundreds of the thousand they had paid me, a bigger cargo of money than I was accustomed to packing anyway, I told them to forget it, and promised that I would also.

At that time Mormon hatred of Gentiles was fierce as ever, and any Gentile frequenter of the Salt Lake saloons indiscreet enough to flash a fat roll of money was lucky to escape no worse than robbery at the hands of the police of the city.

Miners from the near-by diggings, or enroute east from the Alder Gulch or Nevada camps, were the principal victims. Robberies and murders by the police were of at least weekly occurrence. It was mind your eye for Gentiles walking Salt Lake streets of nights in those days.

But while my confinement in hiding in my host's cellar became almost intolerable, only at night was it prudent for me to go abroad, for the Green Riverites had hung up a reward for a head big enough to make it feel to me mighty unsafe.

CHAPTER XIII.

Exit Cox.

One dark night I slipped out of Salt Lake, headed for Spanish Fork, to whose Mormon bishop I had a letter. And that I was able to leave espe-

cially well mounted and armed was due to the kindness and generosity of a lady, then sixteen, now presiding with dignity over one of the finest mansions in Salt Lake and noted far and wide for her noble charities.

What with doctors' bills and extra heavy subsidies to my host, to make sure he did not betray me for the reward out for me, dead or alive, had brought my funds uncomfortably low, although how she found it I never could imagine.

But learn or suspect it she did, and God bless her, insisted on mounting and arming me as I had never been outfitted before.

When we parted, the evening before my departure, she begged me to return for her whenever the hue and cry for my scalp should subside, and vowed she would wait for me—and it's a million to one I would have gone back for her, let rewards and hue and cry be what they might, but for my devotion to my maid of the Michigan woodlands.

For next to Bessie McVicker, she was the one woman I have ever met who might have won me from my wild wanderings and run no risk letting me out of the home pasture without hobbles.

After leaving Spanish Fork I passed on through Beaver toward the mines. Shortly before reaching White Pine, Nevada, I came upon a lake, surrounded by fine meadow, took possession of it, and turned to making hay.

I still had a little money left, and as plenty of men were traveling the road who needed work, I was able to put up several fine stables.

Finally, my cash resources converted into hay, I rode into Shermantown to market it. The quartz mills were in full blast, times booming—but I lacked the ready to move a single load of hay.

I found no difficulty in making a deal with a local merchant to provide the funds needed to move my hay to town. And barely was the last load delivered when a severe early autumn storm came on, catching over three hundred miles in town. That enabled my merchant partner, who was to manage sales, to dispose of the lot at sky-high prices.

Of the proceeds, I only drew what I needed for expenses, my partner depositing the balance in his own name in the Bank of Nevada.

Since in Nevada I was going under another name than my own, I had felt tolerably safe. But my sense of security was soon rudely broken when, shortly after my arrival in Shermantown, a friend told me one of the Green Riverites, who had been a participant in my fight to rescue Dr. Johnson, was in Hamilton, a small mining camp, distant two and a half miles from Shermantown, and that he had been recognized and could be sure he would be making a call on me.

The man's name was Sam Turner, himself a hard man with five notches on his gun. And since I also learned that in our fight he had received a shot in the stomach not likely to inspire him with much love for me, I engaged a man to watch his movements and, when he came, to place my own eyes a plenty peeped.

Nothing happened for a few days, not until one morning my scout advised me that Sam was in town, getting his mule shed at the blacksmith shop, making as good an opportunity as one could ask to arrange our stiff feuiltes.

As I entered the smithy, Sam stood by the fire, holding his mule, and I noted the Winchester I had been told he always carried he had incautiously left near the door.

"Sam," I remarked as I entered, "you know we have both been hurt. Personally, I don't want any more trouble. Let me alone and I will be only too glad to let you alone."

As I was speaking, I had noticed his eyes shifting calculatingly toward his rifle, and added: "You'll never reach it, Sam. I've come in good faith to beg you to call quits with me; you can afford it if I can."

"Do you mean it, honest?" he answered: "I heard you'd been threatening to kill me on sight."

"Nonsense, Sam; I'm as tired of fighting and hiding as you yourself ought to be," I assured him. "Before all these people I promise never even to speak ill of you, and here's my hand on it." We shook and met frequently thereafter in peace.

But my stay in Shermantown was brief. In a few weeks I was forced out on the road again. My ill-luck at trying to accumulate a little stake never quit my trail. And there in Nevada, it was almost the impossible that happened. The Bank of Nevada broke—ruining my merchant partner, as well as stripping me of my share of the hard-won hay money.

It came pretty tough on me, of course, but I was so used to blows of that sort that I lost no time mourning over it. Instead, having my outfit left and a little grub, I pulled out for the Patterson district, and there remained prospecting until my four and sowl belly gave out, when again it was pike for me.

For once fortune smiled, to the extent of passing me a good job and bringing me again into comradeship with my old preceptor, George Cox. Quite by chance I ran into the expedition of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, marching south to engage in survey work along the boundary line between Arizona and Nevada, and with him found Cox employed as horse-shoer. I found employment in the party as chief packer, in charge of forty pack mules. (Continued.)

Most of Wheeler's work was in and along the Grand Canon of the Colo-

rado River, the first survey and about the first exploration of it ever made, and for all of the party it was a season of extraordinary hardship, always on scant water and short feed for our beasts, much of the time in heat Death Valley itself could not badly discount. And since our field was in then hostile Navajo country, and the expedition was a government affair, we had a wavally escort, an escort that ultimately gave us more trouble than the Indians—cr, rather, some of the escort did.

Unknown to the lieutenant, among the enlisted men of the escort were three notorious bandits, enlisted under assumed names in escape of a pursuit for their crimes.

The worst of them was known as "Johnny Behind the Rock," as cold-blooded an assassin as any those lawless days developed.

A few weeks before their enlistment, they had held up a Mormon wagon train on the road from Beaver to White Pine, killing several of the men, looting the wagons and, hard pressed by the Mormons, had sought service in the army for sanctuary.

But birds of their vulture feather could not long repress their predatory bent, much less abide the restraint of army discipline, and no more were we a week's march south of the Mormon settlements and near the Arizona border than the three of them dropped into their old tricks.

They jumped one night with all the mules of our pack-train, set the entire expedition afoot, as far as transport of supplies was concerned.

And that was where old Cox and I got into action again together (and for the last time, as it turned out), although the pursuit of them in that terrible desert land was not a diversion we were hankering after.

Lieutenant Wheeler detailed us to trail them and recover the mules; and since neither of us had ever balked at an order of our commanding officer in the old service, we thought it was too late to begin.

Helped by the unlimited change of mounts they were driving with them, and since they had almost a full night's start of us, we knew it was useless to chase them at a racing pace.

So we took their trail at an easy jog, much as if we were starting in to walk down a band of wild horses, confident of dropping in on them whenever they got far enough away to feel safe in breaking their racing flight and taking longer and less carefully guarded rest.

West they bore, and on after them we followed, at the best pace our horses could maintain and not wear them out; on through infernal desert heat, stifled by constant sand storms, our lips cracked and swollen and throats parched for the water we seldom got; on for six days and nights, with only such intervals of rest as our beasts absolutely needed.

But at last one evening, from the bluffs above, we saw them pushing out into Death Valley from the sink of Furnace Creek, and planned to strike them at the midnight rest camp they were sure to make in the desert.

The night favored us, with a quarter moon that enabled us to follow their trail at a good gait that had brought us within less than a mile of them by the time they had lighted a little fire to boil their coffee.

By half an hour later they had fallen to us easy. Stalking them gingerly through the darkness, the moon having gone down, we actually stepped into the fire-light and had them covered before they realized trouble was impending.

And when Cox quietly remarked, "Mr. Johnny Behind the Rock, I believe," the thug growled: "No; not this evening; it's Johnny Under a Rope, I reckon;" and all three quit, gave up, without any try for a struggle. Of which peaceful surrender we were none too glad, for they had given us such a cruel hard chase that we would have welcomed an excuse to put them where they could do no more harm.

But the way those coyotes yelped and whimpered by turns on the long return journey to Wheeler's camp, I think they would have found death a relief from the punishment we gave them.

With abundant fresh mules to shift saddle to, we not only raced back with scarcely any rest, but compelled the three to make the entire journey with their trail at a good gait that had bound behind his back and lashed astride of a bareback mule. It was Johnny on a Saw Horse for our bandit and his mates on that trip.

In fact, the Wheeler expedition was the driest and about the poorest counterfeited of a picnic it has been my misfortune to get mixed up with. Few weeks passed that some of us did not get grilled in one way or another.

Late in the season, Lieutenant Wheeler himself and Lieutenant Lockwood, who later perished on the De Long arctic expedition, near the mouth of the Lena River, had their turn, while we were working out the maze of profound gorges west of the Grand Canon of the Colorado, a waterless region hot as the devil's pet furnace. One night the pair of them did not return to camp, nor by morning had they appeared, notwithstanding we kept a big signal fire burning on a tall butte above the camp and fired signal shots for them at intervals throughout the night.

Plainly they must be lost, or victims of some accident, for the country was so dry that we were out of any usual range of the Navajos. Whatever the untoward happening, they were bound to be in desperate straits, for they had left camp with a single canteen apiece.

So at dawn, as soon as it was light enough to see, I took their trail alone, carrying several extra filled canteens; no use taking any of our escort, for, after finding them, the whole problem was one of water.

Their trail was easily enough picked up, and I followed it at a gallop for several hours, but occasional joggling to rest my horse, leading off generally into the south, winding down into abyssal gorges, climbing lofty butte crests, on still south until I came to a semifluid clay formation much like the floor of the Dakota Bad Lands, so hard, I believe, not even a loose locomotive would leave any sign crossing it.

A wide cross-cut to east and west

of the point, their trail entered this flinty-floored region failed of showing me any sign they had returned north. So it was right ahead of me they had gotten tangled up in that infernal formation, where their mule hoofs leaving no sign once they got lost it was stay lost for keeps, back-tracking being utterly impossible.

I may as well admit it took about all I could muster to pass on out upon the flint, for they were both as capable men as I and if they could get lost there, so could I.

But out there somewhere, and very likely not far away, my chiefs were doubtless perishing for water, their lives forfeit if I failed them. So on I bore another hour and a half, as nearly a south course as I could keep.

The country such a maze of winding main and side canons that one was boxing the compass every few hundred yards. I went on, in hope of reaching soft formation again, where I could pick up their sign.

But no use; as far as I could see ahead stretched the pale gray-dun of the flint formation! So the afternoon I spent on this circle that carried me another hour to the south, working from one ridge top to another, spying out the orges as well as I could, shooting now and then, but without result.

Night came, I took to the tallest butte near, there built and fed throughout the night a signal fire, firing a pistol shot occasionally.

By morning my own condition was deplorable, my horse cruelly drawn of flank by thirst, and incapable of carrying me more than two or three hours at the most through the stress of the blazing morning sun.

And then, the horse dead beat, all the water I carried could no more than suffice to support one man back to camp traveling afoot—in event he was able to keep a trail course through the mazes that were to be crossed.

Having still my bit of nerve left, I followed a ridge crest that led west two or three miles to a twin butte of the one I had spent the night on.

Fortunately I was to be well rewarded; for, come to the butte's summit, my sharp questing eyes soon picked up four still, dark figures at the bottom of a deep ravine that lay at the foot of its south slope, partly sheltered beneath a projecting ledge from the blazing sun.

Leaving my horse staked where there was a bit of browsing, and moistening his throat with a meager swallow from one of the canteens, I slung the others over my shoulder, and clambered down to what I feared would prove a bunch of dead ones.

But on entering them I was delighted to hear a feeble hail that took me the remaining distance in long bounds.

It only needed a glance to see that they were pretty well across the crest of the last divide of life, the two mules down, weakly panting, the two lieutenants gaunt, wild-eyed and incapable of connected speech.

But when presently the water revived them, there was no particular story they had to tell of their mishap, except that, venturing out across the flint, they had become rattled, had lost all sense of direction, and had wandered aimlessly on and on until, their slender supply of water gone, their beasts spent, and themselves incapable of further effort, they had laid down within the shelter of the ledge.

My little lot of food and water did not last long with that parched and famished pair, although up to reaching them I had hardly touched either, and used of them sparingly thereafter. And while I myself was incapable of covering half the distance back to camp without water, the two lieutenants were too weak to march a mile.

This I figured out only hope lay in signaling our position, on the chance another search party might come near. Cox, I knew, would never let me die out there on the flint without a man's effort to get to me.

And so it proved. I scrambled laboriously back to the butte crest, and started a tiny fire, now and then throwing up smoke signals. By mid-afternoon the way those coyotes yelped and whimpered by turns on the long return journey to Wheeler's camp, I think they would have found death a relief from the punishment we gave them.

As usual, moreover, he had overlooked no bet, for he was driving ahead of him four spare mules bearing a little food and decorated with canteens until they looked like a betas-selled Andean retia. And back to our camp the canny old scout led us, straight as a crow flies.

For this rescue Cox and I were given honorable mention to the Secretary of the Interior by Lieutenant Wheeler, and, what shortly came far more handy to us, we were paid a handsome bounty for the capture of Johnny Behind the Rock and the rescued Andean retia. And after a mule-handy because we needed it for a sudden getaway.

(To be Continued.)

CHARITON.

Mrs. Claude Chinn and son, Miles, and daughter, Margaret, of Des Moines, visited in Chariton yesterday with her aunt, Mrs. A. L. Carleton, enroute to Afton and Lorimer to visit relatives.

Miss Florence Perrine is enjoying a vacation from her duties in the Lucas county national bank and left yesterday for a visit with relatives and friends in Denver and other points in Colorado.

Mrs. Hattie Culbertson and daughter, Amy, went to Ottumwa last evening to spend a few days with Mrs. A. L. Pedrick, and other friends.

Mrs. Stella Frazee and baby, Charles of Centerville, came yesterday for a visit in Liberty township with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Tickle.

Mrs. Monte Norman and baby, of Des Moines, are visiting in Chariton with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Peck, and other relatives and old friends.

The Misses May and Theresa McAlon, of Ottumwa, returned home last evening after a visit at the home of their uncle, Thos. McAlon.

Mrs. A. A. McMillen, of Red Oak, visited in this city yesterday with Mrs. Geo. Stanger while on her way to Milo.

WILL THE RESOLUTION OF THE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS AFFECT OUR CLOTHES?

THE LOOSENESS OF THE ARMHOLES IS GIVING WAY TO THE FITTED SLEEVE OF THE BASQUE WAISTS.

LACE TUNICS AND LACE CAPES

New York, July 11.—A great deal of talk has been occasioned by the general resolution of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Chicago recently against the modern styles. The resolution stated that the clothes worn were extreme, immodest and lacking in beauty. This was signed by 40,000 women. A deputation of women were appointed in each district to interview the manufacturers and dressmakers and request them to design and make simpler and more modest dresses.

have but little influence. With the vogue for the basque and polonaise come many styles which have their origin in these but are modified to suit the women to whom the mentioned styles are not becoming. These last are moyer age in type, being long of waist and loosely belted at the waist with belt or sash. One of the stunning dresses of this variety is of white silk with a chiffon overwaist which hangs straight from the shoulders to the depth of a long tunic, but held in by a sash which runs through slits made in the chiffon. This is a style which is easily applied to cotton materials, such as crepe, batiste and others.

The simple but dainty designs called the polka dot and the ring have had a long period of being unnoticed or, at least, not noticeably smart. But this summer they are to be seen in foulards in wash silks, in cotton crepes and, of course, percale and calicos. In the illustration is a simple and attractive dress made of percale with a blue ring strewn across its surface. The waist shows the new tendency of the armholes which is growing smaller and the skirt has two circular flounces. Crisp white collar and cuffs and crushed girde are the finishing touch. This is a dress which can easily serve as the model by which to plan a dress. With waist and skirt of striped material and flounces of plain it would be unusual in its attraction. Another way of finishing the dress would be to bind the cuffs of the sleeve, the collar and the flounces with a color matching the figure in the percale.

Never was a style revived in greater completeness than the basque. In the tightness of the armhole and the buttons down the front, and the points at the waist this modern basque is an exact replica of its ancestor. The plain fitting long tunic skirt is a conservative model of its type and one which the woman of full figure can easily wear.

The armhole of the basque waist is snug and certainly looks almost queer, after the looseness of the kimono blouse we have worn so long and which gives so much freedom that it almost made one wonder at times if there was an armhole at all. Waists of different styles are already showing that this has an influence upon them, an dare appearing with smaller armholes. A strong tendency exists towards embellishing seams in some way. For instance, sleeves are put in with cording around the armhole or narrow lace or beading is used. This is a very pretty way of making a simple-waist attractive.

From all sides we hear rumors of wider skirts and yet when we examine the models we find the largeness material in a large quantity of material in draperies, in flounces of tunics, while the underskirt or foundation remains as narrow or narrower than ever. The tendency of these tunics is to widen out, measuring about 2½ to 3 yards in width, with the fulness gathered in at the waist. This style is practical to develop in sheer and summery materials, and later possibly for the development of the heavier fabrics.

The tremendous popularity of lace is evidenced in the wraps and gowns displayed of these materials for mid-summer. Long tunics of lace are worn over underskirts of satin, taffeta and chiffon. Coats and capes of lace have superseded those of chiffon and taffeta. Skirts are made with ruffles of lace from hip to hem. If one is fortunate

so immensely popular as at the present hour sensible, for if one must be economical it must be acknowledged that white, at least, does not fade, which cannot be said of the charming pinks and blues, which are so alluring upon the counters of the stores.

Vells are very smart and most becoming. They no longer come down over the face in an unbecoming manner, but just touch the tip of the nose. The diagonal mesh is popular and should have a single, double or triple border of tiny chenille or thin velvet dots. Many novelties are shown in these, but they should be read of as novelties, for instance, some vells are shown with a tiny peacock, beetle or butterfly embroidered upon one side in natural colors. Who but the person loyally to be conspicuous would care to wear one of these?

A visit in Vallisca with her mother, Mrs. Stackhouse.

Mrs. Emma Loney and Miss Emma Aiken, of Liberty township, left yesterday for a visit in Clarinda with the latter's sisters, Mesdames Lenna Cramer and Fay Meek.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lupton, of Blockton, formerly of this city, came yesterday for a visit with his brother, A. S. Lupton and family, and old friends.

Miss Jennie May Moore, of Kokomo, Ind., formerly of this city, came last evening for a visit with Miss Florence Maple and other friends before returning to her home from Oskaloosa where she has been trimming in a millinery establishment.

Mrs. Alice Larimer, of Burlington, formerly of this place, arrived yesterday for a visit with her brother, L. F. Maple, and old friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Leeling were business callers in Des Moines Saturday. Mr. Leeling has purchased a fine new car.

GRANGE MEETING FOR ORGANIZATION

The Wapello County Grange is in session this afternoon in the I. O. O. F. hall on East Main street. The organization of the county grange is being perfected, steps in that direction having been taken at previous meetings held here within the past six weeks. The plan underway is to merge the eight subordinate granges that are located in various parts of the county in one major organization. The township bodies will not lose their individuality, but unite under a common superior organization that will be subordinate to the state grange into which the county grange when organized will enter as a part.

State Master A. E. Judson of Balfour is here in charge of the organization arrangements as the highest grange official of the state and he will perfect the plans for organizing the county body.

enough to possess old lace it may be used to the greatest advantage this season. Among the most popular of the laces are, first and foremost, Chantilly, then maline, shadow and file lace. The old Spanish patterns are being revived in borders on net foundations. The great novelty of the season on lace are the metal laces. Gold and silver laces in dainty and quaint designs combine charmingly with soft taffeta and satins. Net top laces are embroidered with beads of crystal gold or silver, and are much used for tunics on dancing and evening frocks. A dress of changeable blue and pink has a skirt with a long tunic of net delicately embroidered in iridescent beads which harmonized charmingly with the changeable effect of the silk. Black lacquered ribbon, is now superseded by white lacquered ribbon, and together with pert little wings trim a small white hat stunningly. This is decidedly a season of white. Never has there been so many all white costumes



This Basque is an Almost Exact Replica of a Basque of 1880 with a Modern Skirt.

so immensely popular as at the present hour sensible, for if one must be economical it must be acknowledged that white, at least, does not fade, which cannot be said of the charming pinks and blues, which are so alluring upon the counters of the stores.

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come



CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of *W. D. Galt*