

# COMRADES OF PERIL



BY RANDALL PARRISH  
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## CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

The burden grew perceptibly heavier as they toiled upward, and several times they put Macklin down, while they flung themselves on the rocks to regain breath for a fresh effort. The altitude began to affect Olga, her heart beating rapidly from exertion, but she struggled on, determined not to yield. Shelby, noting the whiteness of her face, insisted on frequent periods of rest, so that they must have been more than an hour in attaining the rock platform abutting on the cave. Getting Macklin's helpless body over that last high stone rampart proved to be the most difficult task of all, and was only accomplished by sheer strength. Shelby, hanging downward, with limbs braced against the rock, and slowly drawing the inert body up by the muscles of his arms, assisted to some extent by the efforts of the girl beneath. Once safely behind the cover of the stone parapet, they lay panting with exhaustion.

However this was a bodily weariness soon ministered unto. Shelby, refusing to let Olga attempt any more, drew the wounded man back into the greater security of the cave, and made him as comfortable as possible. Then, although still breathing heavily himself, he hastily gathered together what food remained from his store of the day before, and took this out to share with her. They sat in the open just outside the narrow entrance to the cave, where by lifting their heads, they could look over the parapet into the deep chasm of the valley. It had begun to snow, in large, swirling flakes, thickly enough to blot out completely the scene beneath, leaving them perched high above its vortex, as though they lived in another world. The white curtain gave them a sense of isolation, of security, which helped immeasurably to restore their courage. They were beyond all probability of pursuit, free from immediate peril; shut off from discovery. All that remained was to wait patiently the return of Pancha with help. The wind kept the platform free from snow, hurling it down into the deep gulf, powdering the trail they had just traveled, and thus completely obliterating any signs of their passage. Yet the gray gloom weighed heavily on the girl.

"How long will it take her?" she asked.  
"Pancha? Oh, she can hardly get back before late tonight. It is a hard ride, even if she meets with no accident."  
"You do not think she will attempt to return alone?"  
"Not if she brings the doctor. I said nothing, for I did not believe it necessary. He will never venture into this Hole without an escort, and a reasonably strong one. I am hoping she encounters some party out scouting which will make a trip to Gerlasche unnecessary. Since the fight out yonder, troops must be searching the Bad Lands for renegade Indians. They would only be too glad to discover some guide who would lead them here."  
"But surely they know of this place?"  
"They know of it; yes, in a way. They possess full information as to its existence. But to get in here is quite another matter. Without a competent guide they might hunt for weeks and, if they did discover the trail through some accident, the game would be gone. Only a sudden dash will ever round that outfit up; they will have to be hit from rear, and with no small force."  
He looked out into the cloud of snow, seeking vainly to penetrate the curtain.

"The Lord only knows how many savage devils there are down there now," he said soberly. "I don't think there was much of a bunch when I first came in—mostly white outlaws, cattle thieves and scum of that kind; but since the fight Indians have been coming, a slew of 'em, young bucks who got away. They'll be desperate and crazed. What was that? That noise?"  
"It came from the cave. Perhaps it was Macklin."  
They were both upon their feet, startled by the strange sound. Shelby bent down and crept in through the entrance.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Story of a Plot.

It was Macklin, burning with fever, delirious, yet partially conscious once more, uttering sounds which could hardly be distinguished as words, and struggling vainly to lift his body into an upright position. Through the dusk of the place he stared dully into Shelby's face, at first without recognition; then his eyes exhibited terror, and he endeavored to wrench away, covering back against the rock wall, as though he beheld a ghost. The horror he felt gave volume to his voice.  
"Good God!" he shrieked. "Am I dead? Is this hell?"  
"No, Kid, and Shelby held him firmly, his tone full of sympathy, "everything is all right. Lie still and don't worry."  
"But who the h— are you? Ain't you Tom Shelby?" he laughed wildly.  
"Lord, no; he's dead!"  
"That is where you are wrong, my boy. I'm Shelby all right, but a long ways from being dead."  
"You, Shelby? Didn't he get you?"

"You want to explain something?"  
"Sure; didn't I tell you. I ain't goin' to leave this game wide open for Indian Joe to cash in on. You been decent to me, an' I'll play white as I can."  
He spoke slow, hesitatingly, as though his mind wandered, stopping every moment or two for breath. Once he coughed sharply, an expression of pain on his face, but he went grimly on.  
"I'd been on considerable of a bat down there, an' was soberin' up. You know the Custer house?"  
"Yes; the old hotel."  
"Well, it ain't no palace; you could throw a cat through them partitions in places; an' I woke up to hear a couple o' guys talkin' in the next room. First I didn't care what they was sayin', an' then I began to take an interest. Seems one o' 'em was a lawyer from Kansas City, or Omaha; an' the other gazzabo was a rich guy from down East, who was huntin' a niece who had disappeared out in this country—the name was Churchill—"

"Is your name Churchill?"  
"Mine! Not in a thousand years. That was all a lie. Well, as near as I could get hold of the story, this yer girl's mother was nursin' in Richmond durin' the war, an' fell in love with a Yank an' married him. She never know'd she was no heires, an' didn't dare go home 'cause she'd married a Yank. Her people didn't get on to it for a long while, an' then, I reckon, they didn't get the story straight. Maybe they didn't try very hard—anyhow she'd dropped plum outer sight. Later they found out somehow that she'd married a regular army officer, named Carlyn, an' gone West with him. I dunno just what delayed 'em after that, but afore they got these folks located the woman died, leavin' a little girl, an' her husband—he was a colonel by that time—put her into a Catholic school. Meanwhile, the colonel got on to some extent, an' began to make inquiries down East; but, before he accomplished much, he got mixed up one night in a street fight down in Sheridan, an' would have been killed if it hadn't been for a sergeant he had with him named Calkins. He got him home alive, but he croaked later. That left the kid alone at school, but these folks didn't know where."

"It was in St. Louis."  
"Sure, they found out later, but by that time she'd gone. This yer old sergeant, Calkins, had come with a power of attorney, or something, an' got her out. That's where I first begun to get real interested—after this fellow Calkins got into the game. I'll tell yer why I got it into my nut that maybe I'd hit a hot trail, where, if it panned out all right, there might be some hoozie in it for me. I run steers for the XL about four months once, and we used to drive into Ponca to blow ourselves. I knowed there was an o' fellow hangin' round there, in McCarthy's place mostly, a sorter tinner sport, they called O' Dad Calkins, an' I'd heard somewhere he had a girl livin' with him 'bout seventeen, or so. Somehow I got to mullin' over this, an' finally decided to see what kind of a lead I'd struck. It looked like easy money, if she was the girl, an' didn't know yet what was up."

"You went to Ponca for that purpose?"  
"Just prospectin' like. Them other two guys went off somewhere else, an' so I had easy sailin'. I couldn't get next the girl at all. I reckon she never left the shack; but I got a look at her, an' it wasn't no trouble to pick up an acquaintance with O' Dad. He was tight-mouthed, though, drunk or sober, an' finally I had to throw the fer of God into him to make him spill."  
"You mean you threatened him?"  
"Yep! I never supposed it would shake the guts out of him the way it did, though. The old fool went plum batty when I told him what I knowed."

He drew back just in time. There was the sharp crack of a rifle; a bullet clipped the outer edge of the parapet, and a little puff of smoke curled up away to the left and vanished against the leaden sky. Shelby fell flat on his face and crept backward, seeking instinctively the protection of an overhanging rock, his eyes instantly marking that vague spiral of smoke. He had guessed right. Indian cunning had already learned the truth and had found means of approach unknown even to the Mexican girl. Somewhere in the security of those rocks, keen eyes were watching every movement, savagely eager to end all by some well-directed shot. Yet, with the clang of the bullet, and the depression left him. He knew now what he had to face; that narrow platform must be defended, for arrows probably, revolvers pitted against rifles; himself alone against an unknown number of assailants. It meant caution as well as bravery, the quick wit of a white man outgeneraling savage treachery. Even as he rolled over, so as to cautiously lift his head, the "45" was jerked from its holster and rested ready in his hand. He heard Olga at the cave entrance.

"Stay back!" he ordered sternly. "Don't venture out here yet."  
"But what is it? I heard a shot."  
"Yes; they have found us all right. Hand me another gun; I may need it. Did Macklin have one?"  
"Yes; it is still at his belt."  
"Get it, and with whatever cartridges he may have. This is going to be a fight at short range. How is the fellow?"  
"—I am sure he must be dying, Tom," she said breathlessly. "He scarcely breathes any more. Isn't there any way I can help?"  
"Only by doing what I asked; get his gun. This is bound to be some fight. I don't know how many are out there; the bird who shot at me is behind that rock yonder; he's Indian all right; you can glimpse his scaplock shove his nut up about half an inch more I'd show him that a '45 ain't such a bad weapon, when you know how to use it."  
He advanced, his revolver barred across the top, and by motionless, sighting along the smooth steel.

"Oh, yes, that's it. Well, o' course I felt bad about the o' man, but it wasn't no fault o' mine. Then it seemed like his shufflin' off put the cards right in my hands. I sure proved she was the girl an' now she was left plum alone, it didn't look no awful hard job for me to shine up a marry her, before anybody else got wise. Say, I had it all figured out when you an' Dan McCarthy horned in on that fool stunt of yours, an' knocked my game galley-west. Then I cottoned outo that job with you. I didn't aim to stay out there punchin' steers, but just thought I'd see how things turned out. I sorter figured it this way—the girl she didn't care nothin' for you; she just married yer ter get out of there, an' 'ave' some place ter live; an' maybe, out there on the Cottonwood, I could make love to her, an' some day we'd skip out together. That's as far as I went at first, an' gold' out over them prairies, I got it into my head that she didn't have no objection to a little flirtation. I was feelin' quite foxy about it when we got to the ranch."

"The lashes drooped low over Olga's eyes, and her cheeks burned."  
"Then I reckon the devil must er took charge o' the game, fer the minute I was left alone out there I run into a bunch o' Indian cattle thieves. I knew two o' 'em for they were out of the Hole here, an' all at once, it struck me I might just as well have the job over with. I took it she didn't care about you, an' that a little strong arm stuff would pan out all right. It works with most women. I didn't have no notion then of bumping you off, Shelby, but the buck who took that job cracked you good an' hard. Well, that makes the whole story, don't it?"

He shut his eyes, his head falling back in complete exhaustion. Only his labored breathing proved that Macklin still lived. Olga held him motionless in her lap, bending over and softly smoothing back his hair with one hand. Shelby left them there, creeping out through the entrance onto the rock platform without.  
It had ceased snowing, but enough had fallen to cover the bluff with a white mantle, obliterating the trail, and leaving the valley below covered. The sky arched over all dull and gray. Shelby hung out over the ledge, watchfully studying the view outspread beneath. It was a peaceful scene enough, with scarcely a moving figure visible. He could hardly realize that this was the haunt of outlaws, where only a few hours before he had been desperately struggling for life. The daylight revealed no sign of disorder or pursuit, the only reminder of what had occurred being the blackened ruins of the burned cabin almost directly below. Yet this was deserted and the snow about appeared untrampled. The sight gave him hope, yet he felt strangely depressed and unnerved. The remembrance of the scene just witnessed could not be cast off. He had no reason to question the truth of that occasion and it had impressed him strongly. Macklin was evidently dying; was already beyond help. Any breath might prove to be his last, and it was even then too late for any doctor to save him. But would Pancha return in time to assist them? Would she bring sufficient help with her? In spite of the ominous quiet below he felt no faith that Indian Joe would so easily abandon their trail. He was not that kind. Something would assuredly arouse his suspicion that they had not perished in the flames. Indeed, that could be easily ascertained by a search of the debris, and the perturbed ranchman was far from being satisfied that Pancha alone knew of this secret trail. Why, Macklin stated he had himself been up as far as the cave; and it was scarcely likely it had been entirely overlooked so long by these others—the Indians certainly must have scoured every inch of these bluffs at one time or another. Something, for the moment, may have drawn aside suspicions of his escape, yet those devils would track him down. The conviction haunted him.  
He drew back just in time. There was the sharp crack of a rifle; a bullet clipped the outer edge of the parapet, and a little puff of smoke curled up away to the left and vanished against the leaden sky. Shelby fell flat on his face and crept backward, seeking instinctively the protection of an overhanging rock, his eyes instantly marking that vague spiral of smoke. He had guessed right. Indian cunning had already learned the truth and had found means of approach unknown even to the Mexican girl. Somewhere in the security of those rocks, keen eyes were watching every movement, savagely eager to end all by some well-directed shot. Yet, with the clang of the bullet, and the depression left him. He knew now what he had to face; that narrow platform must be defended, for arrows probably, revolvers pitted against rifles; himself alone against an unknown number of assailants. It meant caution as well as bravery, the quick wit of a white man outgeneraling savage treachery. Even as he rolled over, so as to cautiously lift his head, the "45" was jerked from its holster and rested ready in his hand. He heard Olga at the cave entrance.

"I Got What's Comin' to Me."  
He thought I was after him—a detective, or something—an' he just crumpled up, without makin' no fight at all. I reckon he'd been hidin' her so long, he just naturally got it into his nut he was guilty of some crime. Enyhow, the next thing I knowed, he'd gone out back of the dance hall an' shot himself."  
He stopped, shaken by a paroxysm of coughing. Shelby held him tightly, and finally this passed away, the man resting weakly on his arms, but with mind evidently wandering.  
"I used to talk all right," he whispered hoarsely, gasping for breath, "an' I could warble some, too. Say, did you ever hear me sing?"  
"Yes, Kid, I've heard you."  
"Sure, you did. Everybody said I had a wonderful voice. Trouble with me is I never ain't had no show. If I could'er got started in opera, I'd never been out yere getting plugged by no Mex woman. It's hell, ain't it? But, say; where was I, enyhow?"  
"You just explained why Calkins killed himself."

"Now, boy, you do that again. Can't make out exactly where I have gone, can you? Well, you are going to find out in about a minute." His grip tightened. "Ah! there you are!"  
His finger pressed the trigger, sending forth a spurt of flame. A brawny arm was flung up, the hand gripping at the rock for support; then a rifle went crashing down into the chasm and the next instant an Indian whirled head downward, the body striking a narrow ledge and bounding off into space. Three shots answered off the crack of the revolver, so swiftly as to seem echoes, the bullets striking the solid rock wall, one, crushed out of all shape, dropping directly in front of Olga, crouching in the entrance. Shelby laughed, but with eyes stern and watchful.  
"Three more located," he said pleasantly. "Seem to have us pretty well trapped. I'd like to know how they got up here without using the trail. I thought you were goin' after that extra gun?"  
"I am, Tom, but I can't stay in there. I want to be out here with you."  
"Why ain't in a mite o' danger, little girl. Those reds can't shoot

through this rock. All I got to do is lie here quiet an' take 'em on the jump."  
"But suppose they rush in on you?"  
"It don't hardly look reasonable. Still, o' course, they might try it, if they got a white leader. Indians never would themselves; it's liable to cost too heavy."  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### DREW LESSONS FROM NATURE

College Professor Who Had Some Original Views Kept Students Awake.

At college we had a professor of machine design who was as original in his views as he was able in his subjects, writes John H. Van Devanter in Industrial Management. One of his pet theories was the interrelation between nature and correct design. "Boys," he would say, "there has been only one designer who never made a mistake, and the more we study His work the better machines we will build."  
"When you put legs under a machine think of a horse or a cow, and get them as far apart as you can—don't get too much overlaping at either end."  
And, speaking of a counterbalance. "Study the kangaroo; there is not a prettier example of equilibrium in all positions. The further over he leans the more his tail comes into action off the ground."  
And again, in speaking of general design. "Wherever possible, try to work for elasticity as against rigidity. You find very little of the rigid in nature and little trees often survive a gale by bending, where big ones are blown down."  
All of which was undoubtedly very true, and made more of an impression on his hearers than some of the more complicated mathematical demonstrations that followed.

### Pretty Japanese Custom.

Since the earliest days and in every land, the launching of a ship has been the occasion for a ceremony of some kind, usually resembling in a general way the ceremony of christening a child peculiar to the particular country. Of all the launching customs, however, that of the Japanese is undoubtedly the prettiest and most symbolical.  
When the Japanese ship is ready for launching a large cage filled with birds is hung over the bow, and as the ship glides into the water the birds are released. The Japanese sailors firmly believe that by no other means may a ship be insured good luck. The birds, they say, will in gratitude for their liberty, guide the ship to safety in times of peril.

### "King's Tobacco Pipe."

This is a popular nickname for a peculiarly shaped kiln or furnace in the northeast corner of the tobacco warehouse belonging to the London docks. Here contraband goods, such as tobacco, cigars and tea, which had been smuggled in, were burned. Seized and unclaimed goods are now sold at perforce institutions, but damaged and worthless goods are still burned.

### Sold His Business.

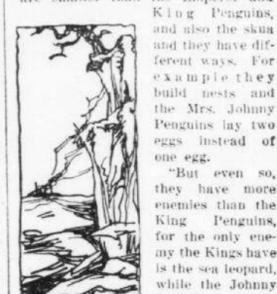
Lady (to couple of beggars at her door)—Well, I declare, two of you at a time! I can only give a trifle to one of you; which is it to be?  
Begger—Please, ma'am, give it to this 'ere chap; I've sold him my business, and am now introducing him to the customers.—Edinburgh Scotsman

Many successful men are those whose mistakes never worried them.

Through.  
"No more week-ends for me."  
"Huh?"  
"I'm tired of washing dishes for other people."  
Hard to Hold Long.  
What is it that you cannot hold for ten minutes although it is as light as a feather?—Your breath.  
Dangerous Clock.  
When is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down and strikes one.

### Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER  
JOHNNY PENGUINS.



"Great Heights."

"The Johnny Penguins," said Daddy, "are smaller than the Emperor and King Penguins, and also they have different ways. For example they build nests and the Mrs. Johnny Penguins lay two eggs. Instead of one egg."  
"But even so, they have more enemies than the King Penguins, for the only enemy the Kings have is the sea leopard, while the Johnny Penguins dread the sea leopards and the family of the skua, who go to the rookeries where they destroy as many eggs as they can."  
"The Johnny Penguins build their homes high up away from the water and they go back and forth to get their food. They have long distances to go this way, but they prefer to have their homes high up than run any danger of sea leopards."  
"In fact they are not so fond of the sea, or rather they are more afraid of the sea than the Kings are. They like the high, high places near the sea and there they build their nests of pebbles and grass. Often they steal each other's material for making the nests."  
"The little Johnny Penguins are very, very feeble and they have a hard time getting out of their shells. Their mothers and daddies look after them together and during the time they are being hatched out both are constantly thinking of them and watching and protecting them."  
"It is then that Mrs. Johnny Penguin watches to see that a skua does not come around and steal an egg, for the skuas are enemies which, as I said before, the Kings do not seem to be bothered by."

"The Johnny Penguins trumpet or call when there is danger and try to keep off the enemy, fighting with their wings and their bills and doing all they can to protect their young."  
"They like to live on the great heights, back of the sea, and have their homes there though they train the young penguins how they must swim and often push them into the water if they don't go there of their own accord."  
"When they trumpet or chatter they look up in the air, their heads high, and call or caw or bray or scold as it happens they feel like doing and whether danger is near or they simply have something to say or merely are talking to their family."  
"But when they pass each other going from the sea to their high homes time after time they do not pay any attention to each other and they do not bow and say good-morning such as we would do with our neighbors and friends if we passed them going and coming from marketing or shopping."  
"Above all creatures they hate the sea leopard."  
"I don't want him to lie in the sun on the top of the water when he has just finished eating me," said Mrs. Johnny Penguin.  
"Neither do I," said Mr. Johnny Penguin.  
"And neither do we," said the little Johnny Penguins.  
"Ah, but we will not let you into the water as yet, for you are too young and your down is still upon you," Mother Johnny Penguin said.  
"And the little penguins felt happy that there was no danger of the old sea leopard eating them."  
"Then they began to worry for fear that he might eat their mother and daddy and that they would be left alone to look after themselves and that they would not be cared for or loved."  
"Mother, nothing will happen to you, will there, mother? Oh, you must be careful," they each said.  
"And they said just the same thing to Daddy Johnny Penguin."  
"For the little ones were fond of their mother and their father and when they would take walks and follow their parents they never liked to be left behind, but would call and trumpet to their parents to wait for them and not to go so fast."  
"The parents always did this, too, and came back for their little darlings."  
"They would try to make them hurry by giving them bits of food and would teach them how they must get along."  
"But their little Johnny Penguins need their mothers and daddies after they have quite grown up, not only for protection, but so they can snuggle close to them every little while and tell them how they love them!"

### Stay Back! He Ordered Sternly.

### DREW LESSONS FROM NATURE

### Pretty Japanese Custom.

### "King's Tobacco Pipe."

### Sold His Business.

Many successful men are those whose mistakes never worried them.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take  
**Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine** tablets 30c.  
Be sure you get  
**BROMO**  
The genuine bears this signature  
**E. W. Grove**

### Are You in a Rundown Condition? Does Your Headache?

Elgin, Tenn.—"I can say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pellets' have been the means of restoring my health. I was weak and sick down, had sick headaches, and my kidneys were all out of order. It was a misery for me to walk around. I began taking a King D. R. Pierce's medicine and they put me on the road to good health right away. I want to speak a good word for Dr. Pierce's remedies to all sufferers."—HARRISON SHEPARD, R. F. D. 1, Box 18, Sold by druggists for fifty years.

### MOTHER!

"California Syrup of Figs" Child's Best Laxative



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its fruity taste. Full directions on each bottle. You must say "California."—Adv.

### Find the Cause!

It isn't right to drag along feeling miserable—half sick. Find out what is making you feel so badly and try to correct it. Perhaps your kidneys are causing that throbbing backache or those sharp, stabbing pains. You may have morning lameness, too, headaches, dizzy spells and irregular kidney action. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands of ailing folks. Ask your neighbor!

### A Mississippi Case

"Davy Darn It's a Story" Mrs. W. Spratley, Dupont Ave., says: "I had a dull, constant ache through the small of my back, and cutting pains darted through my kidneys. My kidneys weren't right, and I had nervous headaches and dizzy spells. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me from the first and I kept on until I was cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box  
**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

### LUCKY STRIKE

"IT'S TOASTED"

### CIGARETTE

No cigarette has the same delicious flavor as Lucky Strike. Because Lucky Strike is the toasted cigarette.