THE SPENDERS

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST

By HARRY LEON WILSON, AUTHOR OF THE SPENDERS

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CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

He looked out in calm certainty to observe in what manner the Lord had consented to answer his petition. He saw that the wind had veered and, even as he looked, large drops of rain came pounding musically upon his wagon-cover. Far in front of them a long, low line of flame was crawling to the west, while above it lurid clouds of smoke rolled away from them. In another moment the full force of the shower was upon them from a sky that half an hour before had been cloudless. Far off to the right scurried the Indians, their feathery figures lying low upon the backs of their small ponies. His heart swelled within him, and he fell again to his knees with many earnest words of thanksgiving for the intercession.

They at once made camp for the night, and by Brigham's fire later in the evening Joel Rae confided the truth of his miracle to that good man, taking care not to utter the word with any delight or pride in himself. He considered that Brigham was unduly surprised by the occurrence; almost displeased in fact, showing a tendency to attribute the day's good fortune to phenomena wholly natural. Although the miracle had seemed to him a small, simple thing, he now felt a little ashamed of his performance. He was pleased to note, however, that Brigham became more gracious to him after a short period of reflection. He praised him indeed for the alertness which he seemed to have gained in the Lord's sight; taking occasion to remind him, however, that he, Brigham, had meant to produce the same effects by a prayer of his own in due time to save the train from destruction; that he had chosen to wait, however, in order to try the faith of the Saints.

By the first of June they had wormed their way over 500 miles of plain to the trading post of Fort Laramie. Here they were at last forced to cross the Platte and to take up their march along the Oregon trail. They were now in the land of alkaline deserts, of sage, brush and greasewood, of sad, bleak, deadly stretches; a land where the favor of Heaven might have to be called upon if they were to survive. Yet it was a land not without inspiration,—a land of immense distances, of long, dim perspectives, and of dreamy visions in the far, vague haze. In such a land, thought Joel Rae, the spirit of the Lord must draw closer to the children of earth.

CHAPTER X.

The Promised Land.

So far on their march the Lord had protected them from all but ordinary hardships. True, some members of the company had suffered from a fever which they attributed to the clouds of dust that enveloped the column of wagons when in motion, and to the great change of temperature from day to night. Again, the most of them were for many weeks without bread, saving for the sick the little flour they had and subsisting upon the meat provided by the hunters. Before reaching Fort Laramie, too, their stock had become weakened for want of food; an extended drought, the vast herds of buffalo, and the Indian fires having combined to destroy the pasturage.

This weakness of the animals made the march for many days not more than five or six miles a day. At the last they had fed to the stock not only all their grain but the mosh of their crackers and other breadstuffs. But these were slight matters to a persecuted people gathering out of Babylon.

Late in June they reached the South Pass. For many hundred miles they had been climbing the backbone of the continent. Now they had reached the summit, the dividing ridge between streams that flowed to the Atlantic and streams that flowed to the Pacific. From the level prairies they had tolled up into the fearsome Rockies where bleak, grim crags lowered upon them from afar; and distant summits glistening with snow warned them of the perils ahead.

Through all this time of marching the place where they should pitch the tent of Israel was not fixed upon. When Brigham was questioned around the camp-fire at night, his only reply was that he would know the site of their new home when he saw it and it came to be told among the men that he had beheld in vision a tent settling down from heaven and resting over a certain spot; and that a voice had said to him, "Here is the place where my people Israel shall pitch their tents and spread wide the curtains of Zion!" It was enough. He would recognize the spot when they reached it.

From the trappers, scouts, and guides encountered along the road they had received much advice as to eligible locations; and while this was various as to sites recommended, the opinion had been unanimous that the Salt Lake valley was impossible. It was, they were told, sandy, barren, rainless, destitute of timber and vegetation, infested with hordes of hungry crickets, and roamed over by bands of most savage Indians. In short, no colony could endure there.

They dared not, indeed, go to a fertile land, for there the Gentiles would be tempted to follow them—with the old bloody end. Only in a desert such as these men had described the Salt Lake valley to be could they hope for peace. From Fort Bridger, then, their route bent to the southwest along the rocky spurs of the Uintah mountains whose snow-clad tops gleamed a bluish white in the July sun.

By the middle of July the vanguard of the company began the descent of Echo canyon,—a narrow slit cut straight down a thousand feet into the red sandstone,—the pass which a handful of them was to hold a few years later against a whole army of the hated Gentiles.

The hardest part of their journey was still before them. Their road had now to be made as they went, lying wholly among the mountains. Lofty hills, deep ravines with jagged sides, forbidding canyons, all but impassable streams, rock-bound and brush-choked,—up and down, through or over all these obstacles they had now to force a passage, cutting here, digging there; now double-locking the wheels of their wagons to prevent their crashing down some steep incline; now putting five teams to one load to haul it up the rock-strewn side of some waterway.

From Echo canyon they went down the Weber, then toward East canyon, a dozen of the bearded host going forward with spades and axes as sappers. Sometimes they made a mile in five hours; sometimes they were less lucky. But at length they were fighting their way up the choked East canyon, starting fierce gray wolves from their lairs in the rocks and hearing at every rod of their hard-fought way the swift and unnerving song of the coiled rattlesnake.

"Down, Down on Your Knees and Pray."

Eight fearful miles they toiled through this gash in the mountain; then over another summit—Big mountain; down this dangerous slide, all wheels double-locked, on to the summit of another lofty hill,—Little mountain; and abruptly down again into the rock gorge afterwards to become historic as Immigration canyon.

Following down this gorge, never doubting they should come at last to their haven, they found its mouth to be impassable. Rocks, brush, and timber choked the way. Crossing to the south side, they went sheerly up the steep hill—so steep that it was all but impossible for the straining animals to drag up the heavy wagons, and so narrow that a false step might have dashed wagon and team half a thousand feet on to the rocks below.

But at last they stood on the summit,—and broke into shouts of rapture as they looked. For the wilderness home of Israel had been found. Far and wide below them stretched their promised land—a broad, open valley hemmed in by high mountains that lay cold and far and still in the blue haze. Some of these had slept since the world began under their canopies of snow, and these flashed a sunlit glory into the eager eyes of the pilgrims. Others reared bare, scathed peaks above slopes that were shaggy with timber. And out in front lay the wondrous lake—a shield of deepest glittering turquois held to the dull, gray breast of the valley.

Again and again they cried out: "Hosanna to God and the Lamb!" and many of the bearded host shed tears, for the hardships of the way had weakened them.

Then Brigham came, lying pale and wasted in his wagon, and when they saw him gaze long, and heard him finally say: "Enough—drive on!" they knew that on this morning of July 24, 1847, they had found the spot where in vision he had seen the tent of the Lord come down to earth.

There on the summit they knelt to entreat the mercy of God upon this land. The next day, by their leader's direction, they consecrated the valley to the Lord, and planted six acres of potatoes.

CHAPTER XI.

Another Miracle and a Temptation in the Wilderness.

The floor of the valley was an arid waste, flat and treeless, a far sweep of gray and gold, of sage-brush spangled with sunflowers, patched here and there with glistening beds of salt and soda, or pools of the deadly alkali. Here crawled the lizard and the rattlesnake; and there was no music to the desolation save the petulant chirp of the cricket. At the sides an occasional stream tumbled out of the mountains to be all but drunk away at once by the thirsty sands. Along the banks of these was the only green to be found, sparse fringes of willow and wild rose. On the borders of the valley, where the steeps arose, were little patches of purple and dusty brown, oak-bush, squaw-berry, a few dwarfed cedars, and other scant growths. At long intervals could be found a marsh of wire-grass, or a few acres of withered bunch-grass. But these served only to emphasize the prevailing desert tones.

The sun-baked earth was so hard that it broke their plows when they tried to turn it. Not until they had spread water upon it from the river they had named Jordan could the plows be used. Such was the new Canaan, the land held in reserve by the Lord for His chosen people since the foundations of the world were laid.

Dreary though it was, they were elated. Had not a Moses led them out of bondage up into this chamber of the mountains against the day of wrath that was to consume the Gentile world? And would he not smite the rocks for water? Would he not also be a Joshua to sit in judgment and divide to Israel his inheritance?

They waited not nor demurred, but fell to work. Within a week they had explored the valley and its canons and made a road to the timber eight miles away, built a saw-pit, sawed lumber for a skiff, plowed, planted, and irrigated half a hundred acres of the parched soil, and begun the erection of many dwellings, some of logs, some of adobes. Ground had also been chosen and consecrated by Brigham, whereon, in due time, they would build up their temple to the God of Jacob.

Meantime, they would continue to gather out of Babylon. During the late summer and fall many wagons arrived from the Missouri, so that by the beginning of winter their number was nearly 2,000. They lived widely, a lucky few in the huts they had built; more in tents and wagon-boxes. Nor did they fail to thank Providence for the mild winter vouchsafed to them during this unprotected period, permitting them not only to survive, but to continue their labors—of logging, home-building, the making of rough furniture, and the repairing of wagons and tools.

When the early spring came they were again quickly at the land with their seeds. Over 5,000 acres were sown to needful produce. When this began to sprout with every promise of a full harvest, their joy was bounded less; for their stock of breadstuffs and provisions had fallen low during the winter, and could not last later than harvest-time, even with rigid economy.

But early in June, in the full flush of this springtide of promise, it appeared that the Lord was minded to chasten them. For into their broad, green fields came the ravenous crickets in wide, black streams down the mountain sides. Over the growing grain they spread as a pall, and the tender sprouts were consumed to the ground. In their track they left no stalk nor growing blade.

Starvation now faced the Saints. In their panic they sought to fight the all-devouring pest. While some went wildly through the fields killing the crickets, others ran trenches and tried to drown them. Still others beat them back with sticks and brooms, or burned them by fires set in the fields. But against the oncoming horde these efforts were unavailing. Where hundreds were destroyed hundreds of thousands appeared.

Despair seized the Saints, the bitter despair of a cheated, famished people —deluded even by their God. In their shorn fields they wept and cursed knowing at last they could not stay the pest.

Then into the fields came Joel Rae rebuking the frenzied men and women. The light of a high faith was upon him as he called out to them:

"Have I not promised to you all winter the way to salvation in times like this? Does faith mean one thing in my mouth and another thing here? Why waste yourselves with those foolish tricks of fire and water? They only make you forget Jehovah—you fools—you poor, blind fools—to palter so!"

He raised his voice, and the wondering group about him grew large.

"Down, down on your knees and pray—pray—pray! I tell you the Lord shall not suffer you to perish!"

Then, as but one or two obeyed him—

"So your hearts have been hardened? Then my own prayer shall save you!"

Down he knelt in the midst of the group, while they instinctively drew back from him on all sides. But as his voice rose, a voice that had never failed to move them, they, too, began to kneel, at first those near him, then others back of them, until a hundred knelt about him.

He had not observed them, but with eyes closed he prayed on, pouring out his heart in penitent supplication.

As his words rang out, there had been quick, low, startled murmurs from the kneeling group about him; and now loud shouts interrupted his prayer. He opened his eyes. From off toward the lake great flocks of gulls had appeared, whitening the sky, and now dulling all other sounds with the beating of their wings and their high, plaintive cries. Suddenly they settled upon the fields in swirling drifts, so that the land all about lay white as with snow.

A groan went up: "They will finish what the crickets have left."

He had risen to his feet, looking intently. Then he gave an exultant shout.

"No! No!—they are eating only the crickets! —the white birds are devouring the black pests; the hosts of heaven and hell have met, and the powers of light have triumphed once more over darkness! Pray—pray now with all your hearts in thanksgiving for this mercy!"

And again they knelt, many with streaming eyes, while he led them in a prayer of gratitude for this wondrous miracle.

All day long the white birds fed upon the crickets, and when they left at night the harvest had been saved. Thus had Heaven vouchsafed a second miracle to the Latter-day Holy Ghost. It is small wonder then if his views of the esteem in which he was held by that power were now greatly enlarged.

In August, thanks to the Heavensent gulls, they were able to celebrate with a feast their first "Harvest Home." In the center of the big stockade a bowery was built, and under its shade tables were spread and richly laden with the first fruits their labors had won from the desert—white bread and golden butter, green corn, watermelons, and many varieties of vegetables. Hoisted on poles for exhibition were immense sheaves of wheat, rye, barley, and oats, coaxed from the arid level with the water they had cunningly spread upon it.

There were prayers and public thanksgiving, songs and speeches and dancing. It was the flush of their first triumph over the desert. Until nightfall the festival lasted, and at its close Elder Rae stood up to address them on the subject of their past trials and present blessings. The silence was instant, and the faces were all turned eagerly upon him, for it was beginning to be suspected that he had more than even priestly power.

When he was done many pressed forward to take his hand, the young and the old, for they had both learned to reverence him.

Near the outer edge of the throng was a red-lipped Juno, superbly rounded, who had gleaned in the fields until she was all a Gypsy brown, and her movements of a Gypsy grace in their freeness. She did not greet the young Elder as did the others, seeming, indeed, to be unconscious of his presence. Yet she lingered near as they scattered off into the dusk, in little groups or one by one, and still she stood there when all were gone, now venturing just a glance at him from deep gray eyes set under black brows, turning her splendid head a little to bring him into view. He saw the figure and came forward, peerlingly.

"Mara Cavan—yes, yes, so it is!" He took her hand, somewhat timidly an observer would have said. "Your father is not able to be out? I shall walk down with you to see him—if you're ready now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WIRE FENCES KILL EMEUS

A correspondent of the Emu, living 120 miles to the eastward of Perth, Western Australia, reports that numbers of emeus are destroyed in his district by striking against the wire fences set to prevent the invasion of rabbits.

The birds appear to migrate at one time of year from east to west, returning at the commencement of the dry season. When they strike a rabbit fence they hang on to it in the angles till they perish with thirst.

A boundary rider states that in one section of about six miles some 50 dead emeus might be counted, while in a length of 60 miles the total number of birds which had thus succumbed was estimated at no less than 300.

In other districts the destruction is reported to be even worse. On the east side of the fence a complete track is made by the emeus in their endeavor to force a passage.

It is obvious that, unless some efficient remedy for this state of affairs is speedily found, the days of the emeu in the Perth district will soon be numbered.

NOW ALL IS PEACE

WHERE ONCE WAR FROWNED ON CHAPULTEPEC.

Palace of President Diaz Crowns the Heights Stormed by the American Troops—Golf Links on Cherubusco Field.

It is only by a stretch of the imagination that a person driving through the beautiful park of Chapultepec today can be brought to believe that the great rocky hill, which rises so majestically from its center, was the height that was stormed by the American troops nearly 60 years ago during the Mexican war.

The only thing to remind the visitor of the blood that was spilled on this hillside is a small commemorative monument, erected by the state of Mexico in honor of the students of the Military college who fell fighting against what is termed in Mexico "the North American invasion."

The heights of Chapultepec are today crowned by the palace of President Diaz. The "Mexican White House" not only commands the City of Mexico but the whole valley known as the federal district. From the balconies of the palace there is a view of 100 miles. In this magnificent outlook the great feature is Popocatepetl, which, 17,500 feet high, rears its lofty snow-clad head above the clouds.

The Rock of Chapultepec is a terraced garden. The spiral walk leading up to the mansion is hidden from the view of any body standing at the base by a luxuriant growth of flowers of every species, cactus, palms, in fact, by all the flora of subtropical Mexico.

Running in all directions from this smiling rock are drives and walks that take one to placid lakes, the homes of milk-white swans and rustic summer houses, where one may, in perfect quietness, dream away an hour or two.

Where the Americans planted their cannon is the "Avenue of Poets." As early as seven o'clock in the morning students can be seen walking up and down this magnificent alley of pines, studying from a book or engaged in philosophic or artistic controversy. It calls to mind vividly what we have read of the groves of the Academe, in Athens, where Socrates walked and discoursed and argued.

Splendid drives lead out from the city in every direction to Chapultepec. Between four and seven o'clock in the afternoon the beauty and fashion of Mexico turn out on parade, in automobile and carriage, quite in the manner of the Parisian who makes his drive in the Bois as regularly as he performs his ablutions.

The return down the brilliant Paseo de la Reforma over San Francisco street is one of the sights of the capital. From 2,000 to 3,000 vehicles take part in this daily parade in and out of Chapultepec.

The field of Cherubusco is a golf links and Chapultepec is the peaceful home of a president who lives mussed in flowers. Time is indeed a humorist.

Nothing Doing.

It was a dull morning in the police court, and the magistrate, a benedict of long standing, sat in his chair looking into space. A prisoner was brought before him and the policeman made a charge.

"Intoxicated, eh?" muttered the court, absent-mindedly.

"Yes, your honor," admitted the prisoner.

"Are you married?" asked the magistrate.

"No," was the reply.

"Then what excuse do you have?" demanded the court, mechanically signing the commitment paper.

A titter ran over the audience and the magistrate came to with a start, glancing apprehensively at the reporters. When court was adjourned, contrary to his usual custom, he called the newspaper men before him.

"Do you find anything to write this morning?" he asked in a clearly apprehensive tone.

"No," was the reply.

The magistrate looked relieved. "That's good—that is—I—I mean I thought there wasn't anything worth writing," he said.

The "White Feather."

An official of the Smithsonian Institution was speaking of the origin of some well known phrases, and pointed to a small mounted bird. This bird was a French gray on the back, drab breast, black wings, and with a small but conspicuous white spot at the base of the tail.

"That is a wheatear," the official said. "It is very common in Scotland, where it is known as the 'clacharan.' It is from this bird that we get the expression, 'Showing the white feather.' You will notice the location of the only white feathers on its body—they can be seen only when the bird is flying away from you."—The Sunday Magazine.

Mistake of a Self-Made Man.

"You, he got a little fresh and I told him plainly that I knew my business, and added that I was proud of the fact that I am a self-made man."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said I made a mistake in not advertising for help."

Corrected.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "you said those losing ball players fielded badly."

"That's what I said."

"This sporting talk is demoralizing your grammar. You mean they felt badly."

A Slender Theory.

"Why are the best instrumental musicians unable to play by ear?"

"I suppose," answered Miss Cayenne, "it must be because no one with a really sensitive ear could endure the terrific din of constant practice."

Subordination.

"What is her idea of a good husband?" asked the woman who was making visits.

"Her idea of a good husband," answered the one who was embroidering, "is a man who can't afford to smoke cigars or go to the races because his wife plays bridge whist."

BLOATED WITH DROPSY.

The Patient Was Badly Affected When Began Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell, of 415 West Fourth street, Olympia, Wash., says: "For over three years I suffered with a dropsical condition with out being aware that it was due to kidney trouble. The early stages were principally backache and bearing down pains, but I went along without worrying much until dropsy set in. My feet and ankles swelled up, my hands puffed and became so tense I could hardly close them. I had great difficulty in breathing, and my heart would flutter with the least exertion. I could not walk far without stopping again and again to rest. Since using four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills the bloating has gone down and the feelings of distress have disappeared."

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PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c

Surely Had Helped.

While the child labor bill was under discussion in the senate Mr. Piles said he did not approve of some provisions in the measure, adding: "Under the bill as it now stands I would not be permitted to employ my own son in my law office if he were under 14 years of age." "Would you," Senator Beveridge interrupted quickly, "put a son under 14 years of age at work in your office if you desired to train him to be a lawyer?" "I went into my father's office," said Senator Piles with dignity, "at the age of 12." "Did it help?" queried the Indiana senator. "Yes, I am here." Then the sedate senate chuckled.

Safe, Sure and Speedy.

No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as Allcock's Plasters. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves and skin.

Allcock's Plasters are the original and genuine porous plasters and like most meritorious articles have been extensively imitated, therefore always make sure and get the genuine.

Most Youthful Professor.

The youngest professor in the eastern states is William T. Foster, professor of English at Bowdoin college. He supported himself from a very small child, educated himself and at the age of 17 had saved enough money to start to college, when he found that he could not enter because he had never studied Latin. He was told he must have two months of Latin and it was just two months till the time he had planned to enter Harvard. He was not dismayed. He bought assistance, devoted the two months to overcoming the obstacle—and in September successfully passed his examination and entered college.

Owes Double Allegiance.

Count Prosper D'Epinay, who has been decorated in Paris by the British ambassador with the Victorian Order, is in the odd position of being a British subject and yet a Frenchman at the same time. He was born in the island of Mauritius some 65 years ago. The island, of course, is inhabited by a French-speaking population and once formed part of the territories of France. Both the count's parents being French, the count is regarded in France as a Frenchman, but being born under the British flag he is just as surely a British subject.

ANIMALS THAT SHED TEARS.

Travelers' Observations Have Proved That Weeping Is Common.

Travelers through the Syrian desert have seen horses weep from thirst, a mule has been seen to cry from the pain of an injured foot and camels, it is said, shed tears in streams, says a writer in Harper's Weekly. A cow sold by its mistress who had tended young soko ape used to cry from vexation if Livingston didn't nurse it in his arms when it asked him to. Wounded apes have died crying, and apes have wept over their young slain by hunters. A chimpanzee trained to carry water jugs broke one and fell a-crying, which proved sorrow, though it wouldn't mend the jug. Rats, discovering their young drowned, have been moved to tears. A giraffe which a huntsman's rifle had injured began to cry when approached. Sea lions often weep over the loss of their young. Gordon Cummiags observed tears trickling down the face of a dying elephant. And even some dairy outfits when deprived of its mango was so vexed that it took to weeping. There is little doubt, therefore, that animals do cry from grief or weep from pain or annoyance.

Comment That Stung.

The marquis of Lansdown, leader of unionist peers in the British parliament, speaks rarely but always with effect. He revels in grave sarcasm. On one occasion Lord Crewe, the liberal leader, made a speech on a subject which he desired to leave a matter for open voting among his followers. Lord Lansdowne congratulated his friend on his eloquent speech. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention not only on account of the importance of the subject but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Mark Twain's Neat Answer.

Eugene Ware, of Topeka, recently wrote to Mark Twain: "I picked up your last volume. I read it clear through from cover to cover; it was like a bob-tailed flush. I could not lay it down." From No. 21 Fifth avenue, New York city, Mr. Clemens answered back as follows: "Dear Mr. Ware: I am an old brass-bound, copper-rivered, fire-assayed Presbyterian, with 71 years' experience in unworldliness, and I don't understand your metaphor, but I know it was intended as a compliment and I make it cordially welcome."

Tallest American Soldier.

The distinction of being the tallest man in the United States army belongs to Ernest D. Peck, a first lieutenant in the engineer corps. He is six feet four and a half inches in height. Lieutenant Peck is a native of Wisconsin and was graduated from the Oshkosh high school. Lieutenant Peck is now on duty at Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and has supervised the building of a military road known as Peck's Pike. He is called Pike's Peak by his comrades in the service.

Each wrinkle on a woman's brow represents an expedience.

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FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

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