











LAME OF THE BORDER By VINGIE E. ROE...

W.N.V. SERVICE

THE STORY

ER I—Seeking death by herself from the summit of Two Fingers, a Navajo... ER II—Sonya pulls Little... ER III—In the desert village...

of this day would take so much trouble for ignorant Indians. Of course you may take the little ones. But surely you're not starting back today? You'll stay with us for the night and get a good early start tomorrow, if I have my way...

CHAPTER V

Deep Things Begin to Glimmer. That little matter proved almost more than she could stand, however, for the Indian mother, watching the east continually since her previous visit, having taken her advice literally, collapsed at sight of her children, and Sonya had a brisk half hour in bringing her round again...

When she was able to clasp them in her shaking arms the sight was enough to wring a heart less soft than Doctor Sonya's.

But all's well that ends well, and the girl finally rode away, leading her extra horse with a smile on her lips and the deep light in her eyes that Rod Blake called fanaticism.

Maybe it was, but it made her foolishly happy to see this poor family united again. And Hosteen Nez had looked over his woman's head at her exactly as Two Fingers had and called her Blue South Woman in the Sun.

So she opened her lips and sang. And then she came to the canyon's mouth and caught her breath sharply, for a man sat there on a golden horse. He looked like a young god with the sunlight on his hair, and his eyes as blue as the heavens, and the grave look on his handsome face.

"Forgive me," he said quickly, "for being in your trail again."

"Why?" she said as quickly. "It is free country."

"Yes, I know. But I promised to stay away."

"That was from Lone Mesa."

"The intent was everywhere. I meant it, too—was goin'—going to keep my word, but I seem to come back regardless."

Sonya sat and looked at him steadily, her sweet face grave too. He bore her scrutiny quietly, though a muscle twitched in his cheek, and there was a seeming of strain in his face.

wonderful horse. He's the most beautiful thing I ever saw done up in horsehide. You love him, don't you? The man's face lighted as with inner fire.

"D—n!" he said flushing. "Excuse me—but some people just ain't human. I'd like to see that agent on—"

He stopped, and Sonya felt her heart contract, for she knew he had almost said "a cross."

What was this man? What was in the soul of him? What strange contradictions? What savageries and cruelties? What sympathies and cruelties? What connection did he have with those awful retributions across the border of which the Servant had hinted? What did the strange old man know about him? The henchman of Beelzebub he had called him—for no other in all this country answered to the description of the Blue-eyed One with Bronze-colored Hair.

She shook herself, mentally and actually, and was angry at herself again, and when this man spoke she listened, forgetting.

"I'm a violent man, Miss Savarin," he said strangely, "and my life won't bear th' light—but a thing like that makes my blood boil. There ain't no manner of use hurting something that can't fight back, and a woman an' a child—well, they're set aside, some way, like a starvin' kitten, or a dog that no one wants. No kind of a man would do them a harm—not an' be a man."

"You think that—honestly?" said Sonya. "Right in your heart?"

"Why, of course," he said surprised. "Don't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes, a woman feels like that, but men are different. I just wondered."

"Have you been back to Lone Mesa?" he asked presently.

"No," said Sonya. "I haven't. I've been pretty busy. Housecleaning and sewing. Have you?"

"Twice. At night. Watched th' moon come up across th' desert, and it was wonderful. A man can't describe it—like new life comin' to a dead world."

"I know," said Sonya. "I've seen it from there myself."

"Alone? My G—d, Miss Savarin, you shouldn't be goin' around this country by yourself like that!"

"Why not? I'm perfectly safe. Everyone knows me, and there isn't a Navajo, drunk or otherwise, who'd say a word to me."

"Not th' Navvys, no, ma'am," he said painfully. "but they ain't all there are, you know."

How well she knew! But she was sorry the inference had been drawn.

"As for being drunk—will you believe me when I say I haven't touched a glass or a bottle since—since that day—on th' cliff? Every time I've tried, your face has come before me plain as plain—the white fury of it, the courage—G—d! I choke an' quit tryin'!"

LOCAL NEWS ITEMS

Marie Bowers visited friends inampa last Thursday.

M. V. Sanders made a business trip Friday to Canadian.

Paul Ledford of San Antonio, was in Wheeler Monday on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Reynolds of Shamrock visited with relatives in Wheeler Thursday.

Miss Sara Griffin spent the week end with her sister, Mrs. Rex Elliott, at Shamrock.

W. R. Williams of Shamrock was looking after business affairs in Wheeler Thursday.

Miss Margery Grisham of Amarillo, came Saturday for a two weeks visit with her friend, Miss Dawn Weatherly.

Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Schulze and children and his brother, Robert, motored to Miami Sunday to see the wheat country.

Mrs. Elmo Riley and Mrs. A. L. Hestilow of the Locust Grove community were Wheeler business callers Thursday.

Mrs. Louise Maloy of Oklahoma City, came Sunday to spend a week with her brother-in-law and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Maloy.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Black of Amarillo, spent Sunday and Monday with her brother's, Rev. Alamo and Clint Starkey, and families.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Davis of Hedley, were Sunday guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Houston, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Green and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Maloy, were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Mack Scott near Kelton.

Jno. C. Clarke and daughter, Loula of Barksdale, came Wednesday night to visit his daughter, Mrs. Jim Trout, and family for several days. Miss Loula will remain with her sister for the summer. His son, Joe Clarke, and wife of Lefors, are looking after the ranch while Mr. Clarke is away.

John McCarroll of Mobeetie was in Wheeler Tuesday on business.

R. E. Brazil has been quite ill this week. He was some better Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Rogers of Allison, were shopping Saturday in Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Vise and son, Lee of Briscoe, were shopping in Wheeler Tuesday.

Wayland Merriman went to Booker last week to visit his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Merriman.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Maloy of Delhi, Okla., and Mrs. Louise Maloy of Oklahoma City, were house guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Maloy Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Reynolds and grandsons, Thomas Stanley and J. B. Reynolds, jr., spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Thurman Adkins at McLean.

Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Howe and Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Williams spent Sunday in Wellington with relatives and attended a wedding of some friends.

Mrs. Ed Frizell and daughter, Nell, of Oklahoma City, who have been visiting the former's daughter, Mrs. Jake Parker, east of Wheeler, have returned home.

Mrs. I. B. Underwood, who lives in the Sweetwater community, has been quite ill with throat trouble the past week. She was improving nicely the first of the week.

Mrs. N. G. Steadman and son, Frankie, went to Canadian Thursday to visit Mr. Steadman's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Steadman, for a few days.

Mrs. Robert Pierce of Dallas, and her sister, Mrs. Charlie Hill, of Amarillo, came Thursday to see their father, S. P. Hodnutt, who has been quite ill. He was resting much easier Monday.

Mrs. Guy Killen and sister, Connie Shumate, of Okemah, Okla., came Friday, and accompanied their sister, Mrs. C. R. Weatherly and family to Amarillo. They were called there on account of the serious illness of their niece, Rosemary Black, who underwent a mastoid operation Saturday.

Coley Cornelius, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Cornelius, is expected home early next week from the camp at Bastrop, where he has been the past 13 months.

Rosemary, the eight-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Black, of Amarillo, underwent a mastoid operation Saturday. Mrs. Black is a sister of Mrs. C. R. Weatherly.

Roy Puckett went to Vega Saturday night to get Mrs. Puckett and son, R. J., who had been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Looney, and other relatives. They came home Sunday night.

Rev. A. C. Wood and son, Tom, came home Wednesday from Barksdale and other points. They had accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Joe Clarke of Lefors, to Barksdale for a visit with Joe's father, Jno. C. Clarke, several weeks ago.

Mrs. Ernest Lee and Mrs. Monroe Clay motored to Amarillo Monday to get Mrs. Clay's daughters, Mrs. Cecil Dempson and baby, Mary Bob, and Miss Parlee, who had been there visiting for two weeks. Mrs. Dempson and baby will remain for a week.

When in Need of Dry Goods or Groceries Go to C. N. Wofford's

Are You A Democrat? Mr. Beer Peddler! Democracy is based on the principle of majority rule. THE DRYS AND We are not all Preachers by a long way

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