

## How Tommy Brought His Treasure Home—J. Olivier Curwood

TOMMY dug his toes into the desert sand, and whistled doubtfully. The fiery little "heat devils" were dancing in a dizzying way between him and the distant mountains, and his respect for Arizona grew as he thought of all the mysterious things he had heard were hidden behind that purple range. There were vast treasures there, lost silver mines, and whole canons of undiscovered gold. If he had not been sure of it he certainly would not have left home two days before, with the vow that he would never return until he brought back a treasure with him. Tommy had planned everything with the greatest precision. His parents had moved to Arizona from a big eastern city less than a month before, and long before they had all boarded the emigrant train that brought them into the far west he had made up his mind what he would do. As soon as he had seen his family comfortably and safely settled on the ranch they were going to take up, he would seek adventures among the redskins, and hunt for gold. Of course there was lots of gold, and the Indians were bloodthirsty, for Tommy had learned all that in stories.

With boyish simplicity Tommy was sitting squarely in the red-hot sun while he might have sought the shade among the rocks. But he was thinking, and thinking deeply. His ragged straw hat was tilted low over his freckled face, while aslant it a long black feather he had stolen from his mother's bonnet shook as he alternately turned his eyes in one direction and then in another across the desert. Around his waist was tied a red scarf, which back in the city he had used for winter wear, and stuck in it and held there by a cord was his mother's formidable-looking bread knife. On the other side was a horse-pistol a foot long, and across his knees lay a small, single-barreled shotgun, with the breech and a half of the barrel tightly bound with stout string.

"I dunno," he meditated, glancing back over his shoulder again; "I've come that far, 'n' I don't 'spect this desert is wider 'n that, but I wisht I had a drink 'fore I tackled it!"

The stretch over which the boy had tramped during the night lay out white and blistering hot behind him, its edge many miles farther away than were the mountains ahead. As he looked, his eyes travelled in another direction, and suddenly brightened.

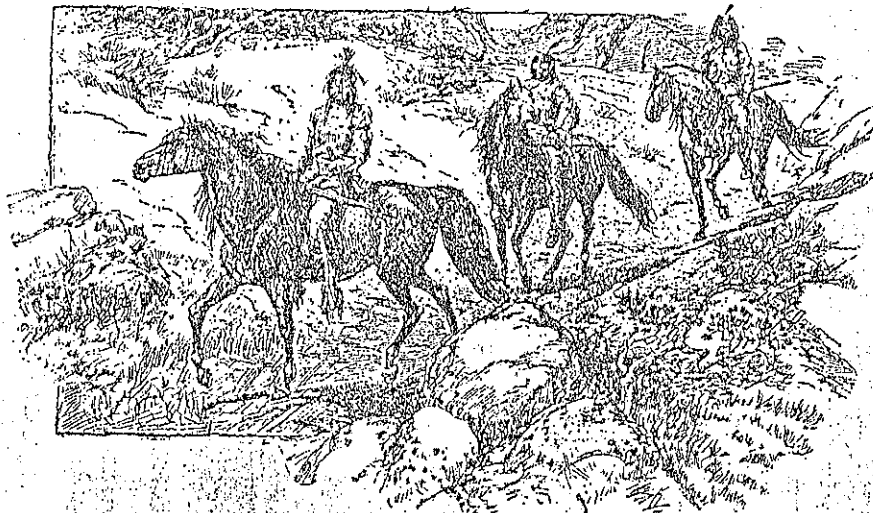
"Je-roosalem!"

He gripped his gun and dodged behind the rock on which he had been sitting. Coming up along the edge of the barren foothill, not a quarter of a mile away, was a dense cloud of dust. His first thought was that his father had succeeded in striking his trail and was in pursuit, but the fact that the approaching horsemen were coming from a different direction than that in which his home lay struck him as queer. His next thought was Indians. He knew that Arizona was full of them, and that they were the worst Indians for fight on the American continent. His romantic youth had never been educated to the fact that the warpath had been only a memory for many years, and if they WERE Indians, which he half hoped, he reasoned they were hostiles from the manner in which they sneaked along the edge of the hills. He had hardly gained breath from his first surprise when the horsemen

the cloud of dust they stirred up was lost to view. Then he sprang down through the boulders, and put his feet swiftly in the hot desert sand. His thirst was forgotten. If he had ever been tired or hungry he did not know it now. With his eyes alternately glued upon the fresh trail and the mountains ahead he trudged mile after mile across the desert. After a while he untied his long horse-pistol and carried it in his hand because it chafed him. And all this time the belief was constantly growing in him that there was some great secret behind this mysterious trip of the Indians.


The sun was still hot when he reached the first range of hills. But now, when he rested, there was shade to lie in. Fearful every moment that he would lose the precious trail among the rocks, Tommy's intervals of rest were short. Suddenly rounding one of the hills he came in full view of a little valley at his feet not larger than a city lot, and in the heart of it was a pool of sparkling water, the grass around it trampled by the hoofs of horses and moccasined feet. For a full ten minutes Tommy sat beside it, drinking now and then, until he was so full he could drink no more. Then his tired feet again took up the trail. Mile after mile he followed it like a dog, until it seemed he was in the heart of the highest mountains.

From the spoor of one of the horses Tommy reasoned that the Indians had passed not more than half an hour before. Probably they had rested a long time at the pool. Every step the boy now took was a cautious one. He slipped from rock to rock like a shadow. Remembering the warnings he had read in books of adventure he kept his gun cocked ready for instant use. How great and mysterious the mountains were! Looking up from the canon he could see them towering up almost out of



sight. Then he came to a point where he looked the other way—down—until it made him dizzy. Half crouching along the narrow trail he followed it until it

knew. O, if he was only sure of himself with the big horse-pistol! He could bring down one of them with the gun, but he had not much confidence in his ability with the other weapon. As he planned excitedly how to get possession of the bags, the other two Indians appeared laden as their companion, and with him proceeded to tie their loads across the shoulders of the horses. From where he was hidden Tommy could see that they were partly filled with some very heavy stuff, like pebbles, and in one of the bags he could see bunches standing out as big as his fist. As silently and as mysteriously as they had come the Apaches mounted and rode up the



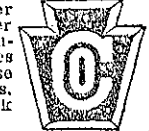
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dians, which he half hoped, he reasoned  
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which they sneaked along the edge of the  
hills. He had hardly gained breath from  
his first surprise when the horsemen  
swerved into the rock-strewn gully below  
him, not half a dozen rods away. From  
behind his rock he watched them as they  
passed—three fierce, desperate looking  
young Apache bucks!

For a moment the boy grasped his gun  
hard. Here was the opportunity for  
which he had prayed in his boyish  
dreams ever since he could remember.  
He knew that by actual count there were  
eighteen little homemade slugs in that  
weapon, and if by any chance the red-  
skins happened to get in line where he  
could—the thought of it made him trem-  
ble. Slowly and very deliberately he  
pulled back the hammer and drew head  
on the passing horsemen. But where  
were they going? As his eye shot along  
the blue steel of the barrel it caught  
the distant purple haze of the mountains.  
The little "heat-devils" dancing out on the  
desert seemed doing some sort of pan-  
tomime to him—telling him not to shoot,  
to wait.

"Wonder what they're goin' out THERE  
for!" he soliloquized. He fell back in a  
limp heap as one of the Indians turned  
to look over his shoulder.

The Apaches were now out of range.  
It was lucky for both Tommy and the  
Indians, for the boy's excitement was  
steadily growing. One of the horsemen  
had dismounted, and in a very mysteri-  
ous way was examining the sand along  
the edge of the desert, while his compan-  
ions kept on in the direction of the moun-  
tains. Suddenly he seemed to find some-  
thing, following it a little distance, then  
with a low whoop that sent the blood  
thrilling through Tommy's veins leaped  
astride his horse and galloped swiftly  
after the others.

"War whoop!" commented Tommy. His  
eyes were big and bright with a new  
knowledge. There was something very  
mysterious in the wind, and the cause of  
it all lay over behind those blue moun-  
tains!

From behind the rocks Tommy watched  
the Apaches slowly disappear, until even



sight. Then he came to a point where he  
looked the other way—down—until it  
made him dizzy. Half crouching along  
the narrow trail he followed it until it  
unexpectedly terminated in a broad,  
smooth slope that inclined to a sand-  
choked little valley below him, with the  
gaunt, black mountains frowning down  
upon it in the last rays of the afternoon  
sun.

And in the center of it, rolling lazily  
in the heavy dust, were the three mag-  
nificent horses the Apaches had ridden  
across the desert!

Tired and hungry as he was, Tommy's  
heart leaped with exultation. Wedging  
himself in between two boulders he be-  
gan making a careful survey of the val-  
ley, but from end to end of it he could  
see no signs of the Indians. Though the  
black walls of the mountains came down  
and shut in the miniature desert like a  
cup, with no place of concealment any-  
where along it, the Apaches had disap-  
peared as mysteriously as if they had  
been lifted up into the sky. As the sun  
gradually sank lower behind the craggy  
peaks Tommy studied every foot of the  
way beneath him until his eyes grew so  
tired that he laid his head back on  
one of the rocks to rest them. When he  
looked up again the Apache horses were  
on their feet, and trailing one after an-  
other in single file almost directly to-  
ward him. Scarcely restraining a cry of  
surprise Tommy suddenly bethought him  
that a small part of the desert directly  
under him had been out of his view all  
of the time, and that there only a few feet  
away, he would probably find the In-  
dians. This thought had hardly come to  
him when the three horses huddled to-  
gether, and across the intervening strip  
of sand stalked one of the young bucks,  
half bent under the weight of three or  
four buckskin bags he was carrying on  
his shoulders.

"That's—that's it!" half sobbed Tommy.  
His great excitement made his voice  
quaver even when he whispered to him-  
self. This was what had brought the  
redskins on their mysterious journey  
across the desert! What was in those  
buckskin bags? Tommy was sure he

canon, holding their rifles in front of  
them, and guiding their horses with their  
knees.

In an instant Tommy was scudding  
down among the rocks. Sure enough,  
directly under his hiding place the sand  
was filled with the imprints of moccas-  
ined feet, which led back into a narrow  
fissure in the face of the mountain, which  
was growing black and gloomy as night  
came. With his heart thumping excited-  
ly against his ribs Tommy stole deeper  
into the fissure, until his eyes caught  
the glow of a few burning embers in a  
fire that had been built at its side. Here  
the Indians had toasted some meat, and  
much to the boy's delight a few good-  
sized scraps of it were lying on a rock.  
Devouring them ravenously as he pro-  
ceeded with his search, Tommy soon  
paused on the edge of what in the dark-  
ness looked like a chasm. From some-  
where beyond that, Tommy reasoned, had  
come the treasure.

Once more slipping back into the valley  
the boy struck the return trail of the In-  
dians. This time he paid no attention  
to the hoofprints of the horses, for he  
was confident that the party would spend  
the night at the pool. There, in some  
way or other, he would secure possession  
of the buckskin bags. Just how he  
would do it Tommy had not quite decid-  
ed. It was a clear, starlit night, and  
much to the boy's satisfaction the full  
moon soon came up to light him on his  
way. He did not hurry, for whatever  
his plans were, they would work better  
if the Indians were asleep. Mile after  
mile he trudged on, until at last he once  
more caught the glimmer of the pool,  
as it shone out brightly in the moon-  
light.

Foot by foot Tommy crept nearer. He  
could make out the three horses grazing  
a little way from the water, and on the  
side of a knoll between them and the  
pool a small fire was just dying out. At  
the edge of the water Tommy halted a  
moment for a drink, then slunk like an  
animal through the grass around to the  
farther side of the knoll, crept up it and  
cautiously peered over. The moon was

Continued on Page 224.)

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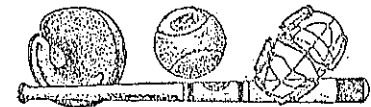


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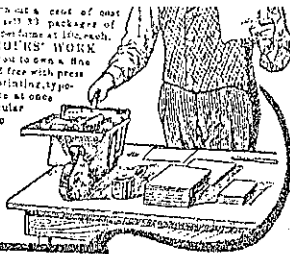
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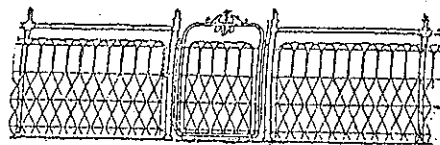
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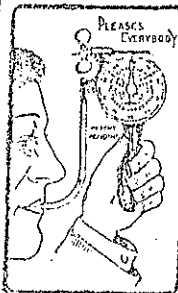
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Hoban, for an executive mansion, the room set aside as the "state dining room" was considered ample for any possible emergency. But cabinet and state dinners have long ago outgrown it. When the White House renovations were begun last summer a stairway and a part of a brick partition were torn away, and the size of the room nearly doubled by including this space, and now, with a capacity for seating seventy eight persons at a horseshoe-shaped table, it will answer the purpose a while longer.

At a large dinner, when a table of this shape is required, President Roosevelt sits at the center of the curved side, with his back to the middle door. With its panels and carvings in old English oak, its tapestry hangings on the walls and tapestry-covered furniture, it makes one think of a hall in an old castle, but the objects which hold the boys' attention are several stuffed animal heads hung upon the walls. President Roosevelt must take especial delight in these ornaments, and one of them, the head of a large moose, hanging over the middle door, is particularly dear to him because it was sent as a present by the citizens of Nome, Alaska. Perhaps the bear heads on either side remind him of the bears he did not get in Mississippi.

Opposite this moose head, over the mantel, is another, and in either panel between the mantel and the windows hangs the head of a Rocky Mountain goat with its curved horns.

While the boys are looking at these, the attention of their mothers is occupied with the quaint sideboards, one large and two smaller ones, with their gilt back-rails; each one resting upon the outspread wings of our American eagle, carved in wood.

The doors are of the original colonial pattern seen throughout this floor of the White House, and are beautiful specimens of household decorations of a past century, with their quaint inlays and silver knobs.

The polished table shown in the picture is the one from which the President's family and their guests ate their Thanksgiving dinner.

## Settled by Admiral Dewey.

A certain Sunday school teacher found it difficult to convince some of the boys of her class that total abstinence was the wise policy. They insisted that many great men drank liquors, and cited the fact that Admiral Dewey gave his men liquor during the battle of Manila Bay. To settle this matter finally, the teacher wrote the Admiral, stating her case, and asking for the facts. The letter received in reply is important as forever settling the question involved, and we lay it before our readers in full:

"Dear Madam: I am very glad to have an opportunity of correcting the impression which you say prevails among your Sabbath school scholars, that the men on my fleet were given liquor every twenty minutes during the battle of Manila Bay. As a matter of fact, every participant, from myself down, fought the battle of Manila Bay on coffee alone. The United States laws forbid the taking of liquor aboard ship except for medical uses, and we had no liquor that we could have given the men, even had it been desired to do so.

Respectfully,  
"GEORGE DEWEY."

September issue of success. That magazine gives them as valuable suggestions to young men from a master in the art of business management.

Good men are not cheap. Capital can do nothing without brains to direct it.

An American boy counts one, long before his time to vote.

Give the young man a chance; this is the country of the young.

We can't help the past, but we can look out for the future.

Hope is pretty poor security to go to a bank to borrow money on.

A "hit-down" method won't do a minute in this age of aggressiveness.

There is nothing else on earth so annoying as procrastination in decisions.

A man does not necessarily have to be a lawyer to have good hard sense.

An indiscreet man usually lives to see the folly of his ways; and, if he doesn't, his children do.

A man should always be close to the situation, know what he is doing, and not take anything for granted.

There is one element that is worth its weight in gold, and that is loyalty. It will cover a multitude of weaknesses.

It is an easy matter to handle even congested controversies, where the spirit of the parties is right and honest.

The trouble with a great many men is, they don't appreciate their predicament until they get into the quicksand.

When you are striving to do that which is right, be courteous and nice in every way, but don't get "turned down."

The man who wants to marry happily should pick out a good mother and marry one of her daughters; anyone will do.

Do you suppose that, with an engine like this, I could afford to put anything into the boiler that would make the machinery run wild!

It is all right, in some cases, to bank on a man's pedigree; but, in most men, there is something a great deal deeper than this matter of genealogy.

I will always pick a man if he is in the dark and knows it, but I haven't much use for a man who is groping around in the dark and doesn't know it.

## How Tommy Brought His Treasure Home.

(Continued from Page 217.)

shining down squarely upon the three sleeping Apaches, and beside each the boy caught the glint of the moonlight playing on the steel barrels of their guns. The next instant a daring plan popped into his head. If he could once get possession of those guns he would have the Indians at his mercy. Cautiously sliding down into the shadow of the knoll he began worming himself warily in the direction of the weapons. One by one he successfully drew them out of the reach of the sleeping Apaches, and then carried them back and laid them beside his own weapon. He wanted to shout and whoop like a young Indian himself, but he was not quite ready. Pulling a lot of stout cord from one of his pockets he cut it into even lengths, and then with just his head and shoulders showing above the hillock he drew a bead on the unsuspecting redskins. Then he took in a deep breath. It was the biggest breath that Tommy Samson had ever drawn in all his life, for he had determined it was going to take just one yell to awaken the figures at his feet. When it came even the horses back of

considerable clambering, during which he kept a sharp eye on the Apache, mounted one of the captive horses, with the Indian and the other mount in line ahead of him. Then the journey once more began through the foothills and across the desert. From his point of vantage Tommy guided the procession by giving directions to his prisoner, who used his knees in place of a bridle, and the other two horses followed in the trail of the leader. For hours a steady march was kept up across the desert. The second range of hills was passed, and just as the clear night began giving way to dawn the desert began gradually to disappear into the green verdure of a rolling plain. It was not far beyond that both Tommy and the Indian deserted the buildings along the creek bottom that marked the Samson ranch.

"That's my home, Reddy," informed Tommy. For the first time the young Apache turned and looked back at him. As he took in the small freckled face under the ragged straw hat, the boyish legs dangling on the horse's sides, and more than all, the triumphant grin transfixing Tommy's face, he stopped his mount and stared in open-mouthed astonishment, until his captor brought him to his senses again by pointing his gun at him.

"Well, if there ain't Dad and a hull passed of others comin' out!" exclaimed the boy, more to himself than to the Indian. "Bet they've been hunting for me for a plumb day and night!"

From the directions of the buildings half a dozen men, a woman, Tommy's two sisters, and any number of dogs, were flying across the prairie toward them, their astonishment showing in their actions even before they came within speaking distance.

"What in thunder, Tom—?"

"THEM, Dad!" Tommy pointed laconically at the bags.

Impelled by the air of mystery with which Tommy clouded his remark, one of the men cut a bag loose and in a trice had dumped out upon the ground a pile of dirty, gray lumps. The boy's heart gave a tremendous throb of disappointment. That was not gold! O, what a mistake he had made! One of the men was sticking his tongue against a lump.

"By ginger, it's salt!" he yelled.

A dozen hands were testing it in an instant. Salt! As worthless as dirt, thought Tommy. But what ailed the men?

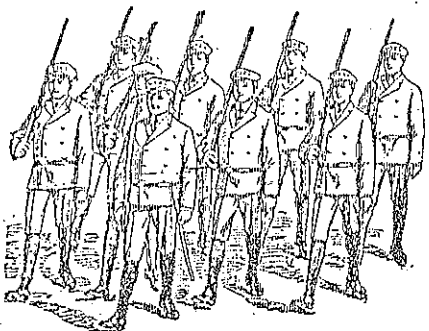
"Tom—Tom—Tom, where'd y' git it?" beseeched his father.

"Found a mine of it," replied the boy. It seemed as though his heart was breaking with disappointment.

"A mine!" One of the men leaped into the air and kicked his heels together with a yell. "Great Jehosaphat, y've been the makin' of the country, Tommy! Think on't! A hunder thousand head of cattle on this range, an' salt costin' six dollars a bar! Whoop!"

And that is how Tommy brought his treasure home. For many years the Indians had secretly brought their salt from the mountains across the desert, while the ranches for miles around had to tote their supply from a great distance, and pay exorbitant prices for it at that. So it turned out that Tommy's reckless adventure, and his capture of three perfectly harmless Reservation Indians brought about the greatest boon the country ever had, for the deposit of salt was a large one, so large, in fact, that were all the Indians and white men in Arizona to get their salt from it, it would still last a lifetime.

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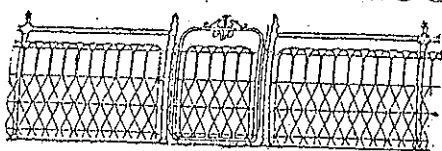
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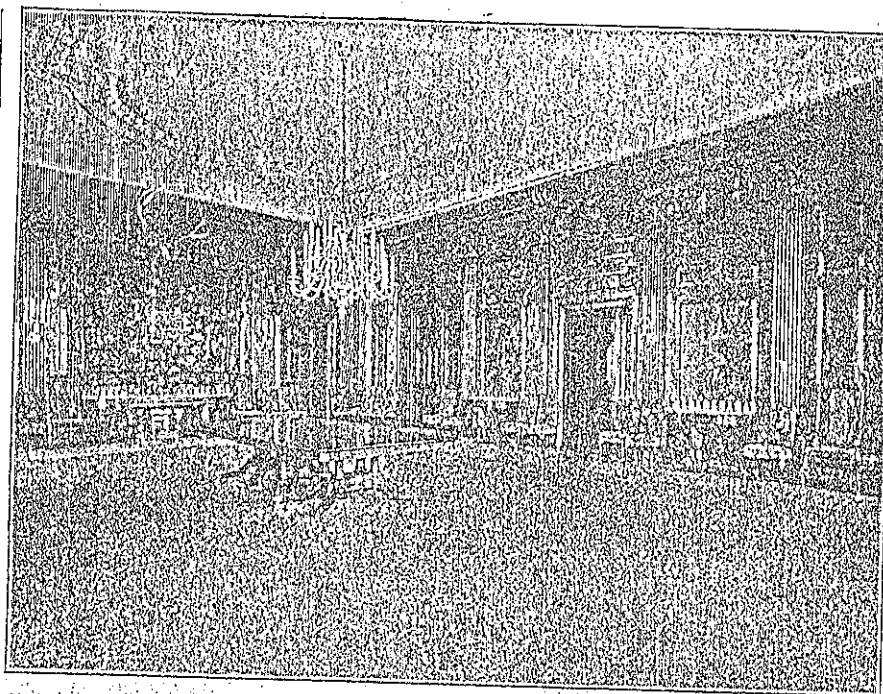
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STATE DINING ROOM IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

Photo copyright 1902. R. L. Dunn.

**Where President Roosevelt Entertains.**

THEODORA CUNNINGHAM

When President Washington and his friend, Thomas Jefferson, in 1792, approved the designs of the architect, Hoban, for an executive mansion, the room set aside as the "state dining room" was considered ample for any possible emergency. But cabinet and state dinners have long ago outgrown it. When the White House renovations were begun last summer a stairway and a part of a brick partition were torn away, and the size of the room nearly doubled by including this space, and now, with a capacity for seating seventy eight persons at a horseshoe-shaped table, it will answer the purpose a while longer.

At a large dinner, when a table of this shape is required, President Roosevelt sits at the center of the curved side, with his back to the middle door. With its panels and carvings in old English oak, its tapestry hangings on the walls and tapestry-covered furniture, it makes one think of a hall in an old castle, but the objects which hold the boys' attention are several stuffed animal heads hung upon the walls. President Roosevelt must take especial delight in these ornaments, and one of them, the head of a large moose, hanging over the middle door, is particularly dear to him because it was sent as a present by the citizens of Nome, Alaska. Perhaps the bear heads on either side remind him of the bears he did not get in Mississippi.

Opposite this moose head, over the

**Sayings of Late P. D. Armour.**

Pithy sayings were characteristic of the conversation and letters of the late Philip D. Armour. Impressed with their value, his office associates recorded many of them, and the appended ones are a few of a number published exclusively in the September issue of Success. That magazine gives them as valuable suggestions to young men from a master in the art of business management.

Good men are not cheap. Capital can do nothing without brains to direct it. An American boy counts one, long before his time to vote.

Give the young man a chance; this is the country of the young. We can't help the past, but we can look out for the future.

Hope is pretty poor security to go to a bank to borrow money on. A "sit-down" method won't do a minute in this age of aggressiveness.

There is nothing else on earth so annoying as procrastination in decisions. A man does not necessarily have to be a lawyer to have good hard sense. An indiscreet man usually lives to see the folly of his ways; and, if he doesn't, his children do.

A man should always be close to the situation, know what he is doing, and not take anything for granted. There is one element that is worth its weight in gold, and that is loyalty. It will cover a multitude of weaknesses.

It is an easy matter to handle even congested controversies, where the spirit of the parties is right and honest.

The trouble with a great many men is, they don't appreciate their predicament

him started in a fright, and the three Apaches leaped to their feet as if they had received a charge of live shot.

"Hy, there—throw up yer hands!" shouted Tommy.

In the curious light of the moon Tommy presented a grotesque figure on the top of the knoll. His gun gleamed down on a dangerous level, and probably thinking they were being held up by a desperate horse thief the Indians complied without so much as a grunt. Their surprise at seeing their weapons gone was complete.

"That's good 'nough!" complimented Tommy. "Now see 'ere, Reddy, you take these strings an' tie the others tighter'n a knot 'r I'll scalp y' with the hull eighteen slugs! Understand?"

He tossed the strings down among the Indians. His voice was wonderfully boyish, and trembled as he issued his orders, but evidently the Indians were not accustomed to dealing with boys behind guns in that country, and the words were hardly out of his mouth before one of the young bucks picked up a handful of the strings and set to work on his companions.

"Do it good 'n tight an' I won't hurt you!" encouraged Tommy, keeping his cheek tightly glued to the stock of his gun. "I just want what's in them bags, not you!" Evidently his English was understood, for the Indian tying his companions straightened in astonishment, then bent to his work again with a lot of guttural that was so much Greek to the young adventurer.

"Now, go git the horses, an' be sure to put the bags on 'em," commanded the boy, when two of the three Apaches lay helpless on the ground.

As silently as a specter the young Apache stalked out into the moonlight, carefully guided by the glint of Tommy's gun, and in two or three minutes had everything in marching order, with the precious bags tied across the horses' shoulders.

"Git up," ordered Tommy, "an' start that critter of your'n across the desert. If you go to run I'll plunk you!"

Once his prisoner was astride his mount Tommy descended the knoll and after considerable clambering, during which he kept a sharp eye on the Apache, mounted one of the captive horses, with the Indian and the other mount in line ahead of him. Then the journey once more began through the foothills and across the desert. From his point of vantage Tommy guided the procession by giving directions to his prisoner, who used his knees in place of a bridle, and the other two horses followed in the trail of the leader. For hours a steady march was kept up across the desert. The second range of hills was passed, and just as the clear night began giving way to dawn the desert began gradually to disappear into the green verdance of a rolling plain. It was not far beyond that both Tommy and the Indian descended the buildings along the creek bottom that marked the Samson ranch.

"That's my home, Reddy," informed Tommy. For the first time the young Apache turned and looked back at him. As he took in the small freckled face under the ragged straw hat, the boyish legs dangling on the horse's sides, and more than all, the triumphant grin transfixing Tommy's face, he stopped his mount and stared in open-mouthed astonishment, until his captor brought him to his senses again by pointing his gun at him.

"Well, if there ain't Dad and a son