

hole as I never expect the luck to scramble out of again."

"Luck?" exclaimed Anson with honest indignation. "Why, that was the most splendid—"

"Shucks, young feller, shucks," Dane cut him off, "I got the breaks. I had only one chance—that the swelling on the ogre's middle was an enlarged spleen. I didn't know if it was that, but I *did* know that if a diseased spleen is ruptured, death will be very

sudden. It was the only chance I had, so I took it. This is Africa. If a white man gets breaks—and holds on—to his nerve—and has a sturdy friend like this old ruffian of a Galla—she's not too hard on him. He'll keep his end up."

And dimly Anson began to understand that it was men like Dane who had always kept the white man's end up amongst the black millions of untamed Africa.

THE END.

Eagles

MANY Americans have never seen an eagle. This majestic bird may measure eight feet from wing tip to wing tip. It weighs only eight or ten pounds, though. The eagle is a form of hawk, and unluckily shares the hawk's piratical fondness for chickens.

Another unattractive trait of eagles is that they won't always protect their young—sometimes will, sometimes not, great fighters though they are when attacked. Young eagles are glossy and handsome, strict monogamists, and use the same nest year after year, building it higher each year. This is poor judgment, for as the nest gets heavier it often brings down the old tree with a crash.

There used to be a notable eagle aerie in Ohio, near Vermilion. It was a giant cone, twelve feet high and eight and a half feet across the top; had been occupied by the same family of eagles for eighty years. So many people visited the nest that two hundred-foot-high observation platforms were put in near-by trees. Canvas screens partly hid the audience; eagles are highly independent and don't like to be looked at.

J. W. Holden.

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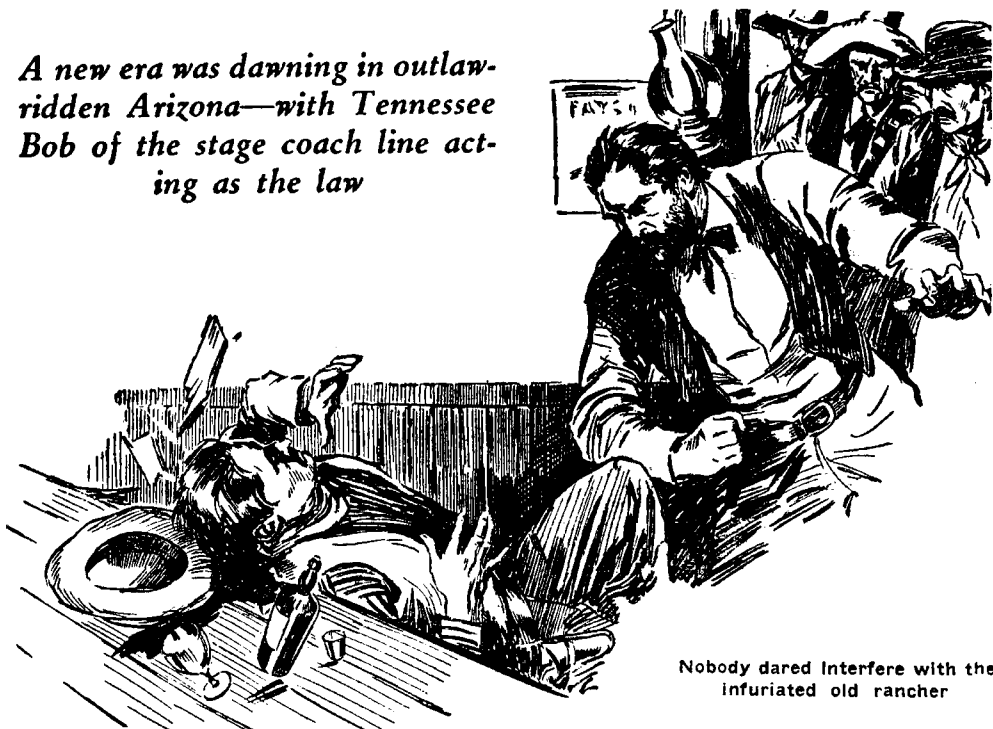
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West of Apache Pass *

By CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER

Author of "Breath of the Desert," "Clear the Trail," etc.

A new era was dawning in outlaw-ridden Arizona—with Tennessee Bob of the stage coach line acting as the law



Nobody dared interfere with the infuriated old rancher

LEADING UP TO THIS INSTALLMENT

WHEN the stage coach line through the Southwest was put into operation, Dean Pritchard took his desert-bred daughter, Anne, in to Tucson, which was one of the chief stations on the line. The station was in charge of a man named Eggleston; Bill Pringle was the driver of the first coach to come through. And accompanying that first stage was a man whom Anne thought to be the most attractive she had ever seen, Bob Randall, otherwise known as Tennessee Bob, or "The Judge." Tennessee Bob was boss of the stage guard; for protection from outlaws was necessary—and even more, from hostile Indians. The Mexicans, the Opatas and the Papagos were friendly; it was the cruel tribe of Apaches that was giving the trouble.

Anne Pritchard would never forget her first impressions of Tucson, which was the largest town she had ever seen. Even more, she would remember all her life her experience with the insulting Luke Malpass, bully and killer, and leader of a gang of cut-throat outlaws. The first time he saw her he kissed her, and declared his intention of having her for his wife. She was so infuriated at his effrontery that she swore she would kill him.

Pete Leffingwell, keeper of the general store, agreed that he would do what he could to keep the knowledge of this episode from Anne's fiery-tempered father.

There was another man who had encountered Anne Pritchard and found her attractive and desirable, in this rough land where women were scarce. His name was

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