

rifle downward, in line with the supervisor, and pulled the trigger. He saw the bullet fleck granite chips from the ledge at Shelvy's side, and was conscious of the bullet singing into space. He shot again and again. He heard Shelvy's yell, saw the man jump for the safety of the rock, away from where the ranger lay, away from the splitting granite ledge. Then the scene became a confusion of flying stones, a roar of crashing rocks as the huge cliff toppled over. Jagged granite leaped out into space.

Jim was sweating when he bounded down the ledge toward where he had last seen Shelvy. He crossed the new rock slide. He found the supervisor crouched against the wall, his gun, the sheep, forgotten. The man's eyes and black brows were in startling contrast to his white face. Jim looked at him for a long minute.

"Close call, pardner," he said.

Shelvy stood up. He stared at Jim

Howard as though the ranger had suddenly become a new person. He took an unsteady step forward and extended his hand.

"Thanks, Jim," he said. "I reckon I deserved what I almost got."

They stood shoulder to shoulder on the high edge of the world. Blue valleys and blue distance flowed out from the mountain. Bighorn and his band were gone. The old eagle which floated silently above them was accustomed to falling cliffs, but he closely watched these two strange creatures who had invaded his domain.

"I've sort of been thinking all day," said Shelvy, "about what you said back yonder on the trail, Jim. Now I know you were right."

The old man waved his gnarled hand. It included the barren heights, the eagle, the sweet of earth under their feet . . . the home of Bighorn. That was his answer.

THE END

### *Unknown Quicksand*

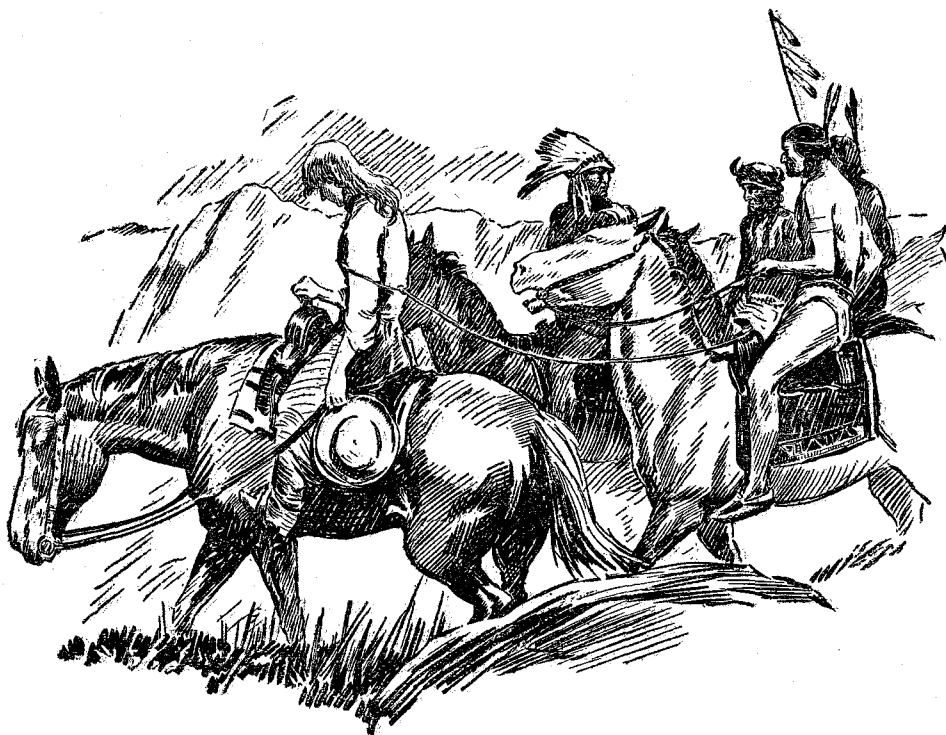
**Q**UICKSAND remains one of the mysteries of nature. A few attempts have been made to study it, but the results only prove that the sand is as much a pitfall to the student as to the traveler. For instance, one scientist claims that quicksand always contains clay; another says he finds little clay or none. Many believe that the sand has a slipperiness because its particles are round instead of jagged; but several find that quicksand may be fine and jagged particles held in suspension by an upward current of water.

On one thing all seem to agree—that it is always full of water and that the only quicksands in deserts are in the beds of streams. The danger spots are wet holes in beaches, the hollow rear margins of beaches, edges of sand bars and mouths of rivers. As to whether the treacherous sand exerts a suction, even that is not definitely known. By one scientist it is pointed out that ships have been known to stick in quicksand and sink beyond all hope of refloating. Another points out that because sand is heavier than water, no person can sink out of sight. Not unless he struggles, anyway.

Stories of men, animals and ships sinking into sand have come from the earliest times. One of the most reliable is that of a railroad train which climbed a bumper and fell into the nearby dry Platte River at Pueblo, Colorado. In a few minutes it was completely out of sight. Grappling hooks were let down as far as fifty feet, but the empty train was never found.

—Delos White.

A 5—14



As a sign of possession, Walk-by-Night had tossed a lariat around Malsry

# The Sacred Valley

By MAX BRAND

*A brave white man with the heart of a red savage, Rusty Sabin returned to the primitive Cheyennes as their strongest warrior*

## LEADING UP TO THIS CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT

ON the day that Rusty Sabin (known among the Cheyenne Indians as "Red Hawk") buys supplies in the town of Witherell with gold which he has mined from the Sacred Valley of the Cheyennes, he visits the house of Richard Lester. Charlie Galway, who chances to pass by, notices the gold nuggets and while stealing them, murders Lester.

The inhabitants of Witherell, aroused by the murder, accuse Standing Bull of the crime. Standing Bull is a Cheyenne, who was with Rusty at the scene of the killing. Rusty pleads for a fair trial, and when he sees that the whites are not treating his friend squarely, he and Standing Bull manage to ride off on Rusty's white stallion. But Standing Bull is severely wounded in the escape.

Not long after Rusty's return to the Cheyenne encampment, Running Elk, tribal Medicine Man, declares that the Sky People have ordered a sacrifice for Standing Bull's recovery.

Rusty is taken to the Valley of Death to die, but Sweet Medicine, in the guise of a huge owl, leads him to a cave through which he escapes to the Sacred Valley.

The Cheyennes, now suffering from drought, decide that a further offering should be made to Sweet Medicine. So the young, beautiful Blue Bird is led to the Valley of Death. Red Hawk chances to meet Blue Bird. She leaves to go to her people, and Rusty rolls away the stone of the dam which he had built, thereby giving relief to his people.

This story began in the Argosy for August 10