

The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having, by various crooked methods, succeeded in acquiring Mr. Forrest's wealth and home, Cottonwoods. Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are fast falling in love with each other though Cliff will not admit it. Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed, who seems to have control over Mr. Lundeen's property.

Virginia tells Cliff of her father's plans and he suggests that marrying someone else immediately would be a way out. She then tells him that he is the only man she would be willing to marry. He is horrified at the idea of her throwing herself away on a shell of a man like him, though he is slowly recovering.

One day Virginia, Ethel Wayne and Helen Andrews and a party of Virginia's guests visit Cliff's store and Virginia provokes Malpass into buying the entire stock for \$1,000. Then, because Malpass is annoyed at Virginia's friendliness with Cliff, he knocks Cliff down. Virginia is enraged.

By this time Virginia is madly in love with Cliff. Ethel and Helen both realize it but Cliff has no idea. The day of the general departure of the guests it is discovered that Cliff's store, containing a new stock worth about \$2,000, has been burned to the ground.

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VIRGINIA'S father came home drunk the day after the departure of her guests, and Malpass showed a dark sullenness that boded no good.

She felt like an animal at bay, and she paced her room waiting for the approach that she sensed. Nevertheless it did not come, and she ate her dinner as silent as her mother, a prey to growing apprehension. She regretted that Ethel had been called back home to Denver. A fugitive desire to see Clifton became a real and persistent one.

The night seemed far removed from the peaceful and restful ones she had enjoyed up in the mountains. Morning, however, brought defiance if not courage.

Malpass presented himself at the breakfast table more than usually self-contained. He inquired about the camping trip, the departure of her guests, and even expressed regret not to have seen the beautiful Miss Andrews again. The Mexican servant informed her that her father was having breakfast in his room, where he awaited her convenience.

"Before you see him you may as well listen to me," said Malpass.

"Very well, the sooner the better."

"Have you reconsidered my proposal?"

"No. I gave it no further thought."

"Then I regret to say I must split with your father."

"That will be most acceptable to me."

"It may not be so when you hear the conditions."

"Mr. Malpass, pray save yourself the trouble of more talk," replied Virginia. "I am weary of the whole business. I don't care anything about conditions."

"But I can take this property away from him as he took it from Forrest!"

"Do it and welcome," retorted Virginia. "Ill-gotten wealth never made any man happy. My father was wicked, but I consider you mostly to blame. I

"Señorita, you have—invited violence," he panted, making her an elaborate bow. "I prefer it. Let us be natural. I love a she-cat"

will be glad when he is free of you." "He's not going to be free of me unless—"

"Unless I become your wife?" put in Virginia, as he hesitated, and her derision broke his studied calm.

"Unless you do, he will go to jail."

"I think you are a liar and a bluffer."

"MY DEALINGS with Lundeen do not and never did include this Forrest property," went on Malpass, ignoring her words. "Nor did I have any share in the silver mine he stole. We used money from that to gain possession of extensive phosphate mines in the South. The controlling interest was mine. I increased my holdings, raising equal capital for him to do the same. We are now deeply involved, and he owes me a sum greater than this ranch could bring. If we settle it out of court, well and good, for all of you. But if I take it to court, I will prove he deliberately stole Forrest's land, fully cognizant of the value of the silver mine. I can prove it because I discovered the mineral."

"Yes, and you were the brains of the dishonest deal," rejoined Virginia hotly.

"To be sure. But at Lundeen's instigation. Never on paper. There's not a word to that effect. If you will pardon my saying it, your father is a sap-headed, greedy old cattleman with a

tremendous weakness—his hatred of Clay Forrest. Now, if you know your West, you will certainly realize what would happen to your father if I betrayed him in court—which would mean betraying him to Clay Forrest."

"What would happen?" queried Virginia, unable to repress alarm.

"Forrest would kill him!"

"Oh, you are trying to work on my feelings," cried Virginia. "I don't believe it. You've made this all up to frighten me. . . . Even if it were true, Forrest would kill you too."

"That would not be so easy. And the motive would not be so great."

Virginia veiled her eyes and her own barbed shaft: "Suppose I told Clifton Forrest you burned down his store?"

No guilty man's effrontery and flinty nerve could mask the truth from a woman's love and intuition. The instant Virginia's swift query had passed her lips she divined Malpass had been responsible for the latest misfortune to the Forrests.

"Burned down! I have been away, you know, and had not heard. . . . Your ridiculous accusation requires no answer."

Virginia laughed in his face.

"If Clifton Forrest found out what I know, he would kill you."

Malpass arose to push back his chair.

"You drift away from the main issue. I warn you to leave young Forrest out of this. I am aware of your interest in him. It has not enhanced his fortunes."

Virginia sprang up so passionately that her chair fell backward.

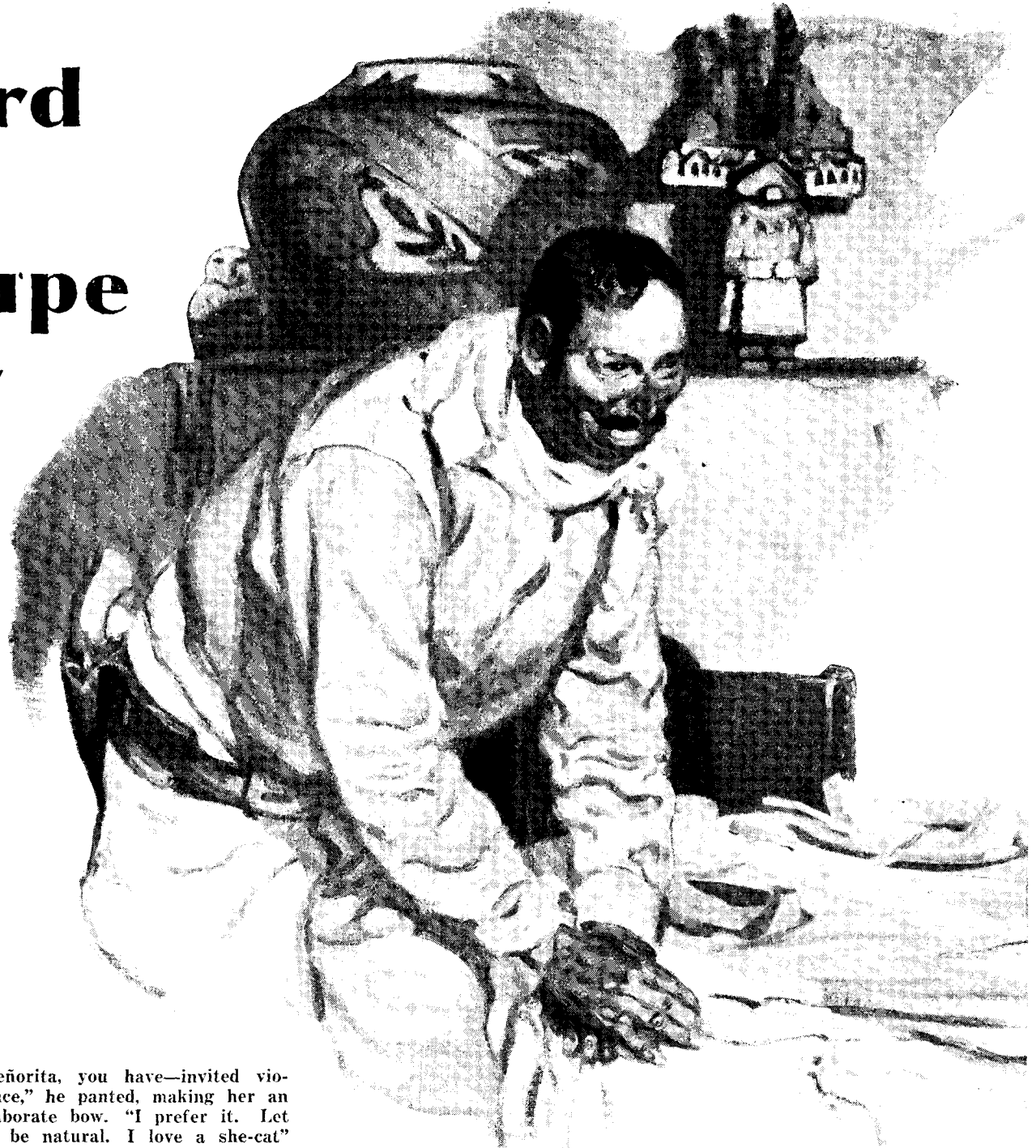
"August Malpass, those words betray you, though I never needed words to find out what you are. Do your evil-est, señor! This is not old Mexico."

THE hard immobility of Malpass' olive face changed swiftly to passion. His eyes became flames. With the spring of a panther he was on her, clasp- ing her in his arms. Crushing her to him, he kissed her naked throat, then her face, failing of her lips only when Virginia, overcoming the paralysis of horror, tore clear of him with a strength born of fury.

"Señorita, you have—invited violence," he panted, making her an elaborate bow which he had not learned on that range. "I prefer it. Let us be natural. I love a she-cat from hell. . . . Spit! Scratch! Bite! You will be all the sweeter!"

"If you ever touch me again, I'll kill you."

Virginia ran to her room and, locking the door, fell on her bed in an excess of rage and hate—and fear. When



these had at last passed away she rose with a stupendous surprise and shame the like of which she had never known. Her limbs tottered under her, and the window seat appeared none too close. Could she ever erase the burn and blot of this half-breed's kisses? That she had kept her lips inviolate helped her but little.

In the ensuing hour she learned the appalling gravity of her predicament.

Her father came to her, a changed and broken man, at first neither commanding nor supplicating. He had always been in Malpass' power, though ignorant of it till now. With what fiendish dexterity the weaver had enmeshed him!

Malpass had the proofs to convict, the money to ease his own irregularities, the baseness to betray unless he gained the object so passionately sought.

"Father, I can't—I can't," sobbed Virginia. "How can you ask? . . . I'd sooner kill myself."

"It means prison for me—disgrace for you an' Mother—poverty. . . . Virginia, marry him to save us. You can divorce him later. Give me time to retrieve. Then with money I can fight. Find some way to beat him."

"Not to save even our lives!" flamed Virginia.

"But wait, Daughter. You're riled now. Take time. Think. You're not in love with any man. It'd not be so

hard. You can leave him—an' soon. You can be free."

"What of my soul? . . . I'd feel myself debauched. No! No!"

"Virginia, he'll *make* you give in sooner or later. He has the very devil's power. It'll be better to have it over. Then we can plan. I swear to God I've realized my crime an' seek now only to save you an' Mother. Daughter, we've gained standin' as a family these last years. We are somebody. If this comes out, I'm done—an' you an' Mother will hang your heads in shame."

"YOU beg what is worse than shame," retorted Virginia. "My blood boils and revolts. Not an hour ago Malpass insulted me vilely—beyond forgiveness. He taunted me with the power you think he has."

"I know he has it. You resisted him. Like as not you scorned him. He'll make you suffer more. Daughter, shore the best way—the only way—is to give in—fool him. Fool him! If he has to make you marry him, God help you! For he's vain, an' I tell you a half-breed—"

"He can't force me. This is not old Mexico. I'll find a way—not only to escape him, but to—"

"Drive him to ruin me or stain my hands with blood," harshly interrupted her father. "Daughter, you've a duty to me an' your mother. An' I've signed to give you comforts, luxuries. Horses! I've spent thousands on your horses. . . . Think before it's too late. I can

hold Malpass off. Once he thinks there's a hope of your love he'll melt. Cheat him! Cheat him! Make him the poor weak fool he's made me!"

After her father had tottered out, spent with passion, Virginia saw the abyss that yawned at her feet. For had she not listened to him? Poor man, he was lost indeed! Yet she too was weak, uncertain, torn by love one way, and by self-preservation in another.

At length, out of the chaos of her mind, lumbered the realization of a first and imperative necessity—to insure at least her legal freedom from Malpass. So far as physical freedom was concerned, was she not in peril every hour she

lived in that house? In her present state of mind she feared it.

If she married some other man, it would not be possible for her father and Malpass to persuade or drive or hypnotize her into a marriage that would mean moral and spiritual death. And the world might as well have contained only one man—Clifton Forrest.

She might—she must induce him to marry her. But how? Once before she had broached the subject, only to be repulsed. Still, his reason had been sound, generous, plausible. She could only respect him for it. Why not formulate a plan on the strength of the very reason he gave—that he was a mere shell of a man, probably doomed to a brief and inactive life? Virginia scouted that idea, though it made her shudder inwardly. Clifton would get well and strong again. She was sure of it. But she must pretend she believed him, and that under such circumstances he would be rendering her the great service of giving her his name secretly, so she would have that moral anchor when the storm broke.

At her desk, then, she wrote a note urgently requesting Clifton to meet her that evening by the broken corner of the wall in his garden. She did not ask for an answer. Sallying forth singularly strengthened, she strolled down to the barns to get someone to deliver the note.

It would not do to trust one of the Mexicans. Con, the Irish cowboy, would be absolutely reliable.

She found Con and Jake together. In fact, they were always together—a sort of union to combat the hordes of Mexicans on the ranch. Jake was a lean, dark, bow-legged cowboy who had been born on the range. Con had been only several years in the West. He was a strong fellow, sandy-haired and freckled. He had big, wide-open astonished eyes, a light gray in color.

"Mawnin', boys," she drawled. "How are you-all?"

"Tolerable, Miss Lundeen," replied Jake, doffing his sombrero.

"I'm foine, miss, but when I'm out of work, I'm out of sorts," said Con, standing bare-headed and respectful.

"There ought to be loads of work," returned Virginia in surprise.

"Shure was, but the horses are gone."

"Gone! Where?" ejaculated Virginia, with a pang of dismay.

"Back to Watrous."

"Who ordered my horses there?"

"Malpass," replied Jake shortly. "An' he said we'd not be wanted."

"Well! Are all my horses gone?"

"Every last hoof, Miss Virginia."

"I was not consulted. Wait till I speak to my father. Meanwhile remember that I hire you and I pay you."

"Shore, we know that. But we're afeared Malpass is gettin' high-handed round here," returned Jake in worried tones.

"I quite agree with you," laughed Virginia without mirth. "Jake, if my car is still here, see that it's all right for me to run into town this afternoon. And, Con, I've an errand for you."

WHEN Jake slouched away with jingling spurs Virginia asked Con if he had heard about the fire at San Luis which had burned the Forrest store during their trip up in the mountains.

"Yes, miss, I've been down an' seen it. Shure tough on young Forrest. He had his all in that store."

"It was too bad. Did you hear any gossip about it?"

"Nuthin'. Mexicans shure ain't sayin' a word. Looks funny to me."

"Well, you take this note down to Mr. Clifton Forrest. Be sure you deliver it today. . . . I'll see you boys tomorrow, and we'll talk things over—after I see Father."

Upon Virginia's return to the house she encountered her father moodily pacing the porch. After greeting him she asked him why her horses had been ordered away.

"Daughter, it's news to me," he replied, spreading his palms.

"What I'd like to know is this: Are those horses my property?"

"Reckon they are. You're of age. I gave them to you."

"I shall go to Watrous and fetch them back."

"Waal, no one could prevent you. But it'll only make Malpass sorer. An' it's a fact the horses are better off over there. More feed. It costs like sixty heah. An', Daughter, money is scarce."

"But my allowance, Father?"

"I'll have to cut that off, for the present."

"Oh! Well, I can go to work at something."

"Nonsense. . . . Reckon you ought to have some money in the bank. Hope you haven't overdrawn your account?"

"I haven't the slightest idea, and don't care in the (Continued on page 48)





"I had to take the table next to the bass drum and like it"

I HAVE a very influential friend. He can pass you through the customs," remarked Rube Goldberg, the comic-strip artist, "get you an elephant saddle wholesale, or have any charge against you, from speeding to murder, promptly dismissed. For a long time his mysterious power baffled me. My standing was as high as his and still, when I went into a night club, I had to take the table next to the bass drum and like it.

"Finally I discovered the secret of his commanding prestige. It was entirely nerve. His onslaught of familiarity was so violent that strangers were literally hypnotized into bestowing upon him all the benefits of a long-standing friendship.

"He introduced me to a powerful Englishman over in London. 'Basil,' he said, 'I want you to meet Rube. Anything you can do for Rube will be a great personal favor to me. Take good care of Rube for my sake, Basil, old pal.' And Basil spryly and sincerely answered, 'Certainly, certainly. I'll be glad to do anything I can.'

"My friend left with the casual remark that he had to meet the Prince of Wales.

"When he was out of hearing, Basil turned to me and said, 'Who the hell is that chap, anyway!'"

Home, Sweet Hall

John J. Raskob's country home on the eastern shore of Maryland not far from Centerville is called Mostly Hall. It is so called because it is mostly hall. A great central hall, as in the old houses built before rooms began to be differentiated according to their uses, makes up most of the building. Now halls have shrunk into mere passageways from which rooms for different purposes open, but in the old days the hall was the chief room in the house.

In Mostly Hall the hall is the living-room, dining-room, sitting-room, parlor, music-room and several other rooms combined. There the family does practically everything but sleep. There is a dining table for the grown-ups and their guests. At a sufficient distance there is a table for the older children and their guests. And in another part of the hall sufficiently removed is another table for the younger children and their guests.

It is a good deal like a parent corporation and its subsidiaries. Mr. Raskob has eleven children and it takes a talent for organization to organize a family like that.



"Free" Silver Was Right

"During Bryan's first campaign in 1896," said the reformed pickpocket, "all the crowds of pickpockets and housebreakers who usually followed a circus in those days left the circuses and began to follow Bryan because his crowds in every town were bigger than any circus that ever gathered. He used to say in his Free Silver speeches:

"Now, every man in this audience who has any silver in his pocket, raise up your hand.' Of course almost every hand would go up. Then Bryan would say, 'Now let every man who has any gold in his pocket raise up his hand!' You'd see a hand go up here and there. We'd mark our man, that way, and take his gold in the big jam after the meeting.

"Well, sir, to show you what kind of a man Bryan was, he heard what we fellows were doing and he deliberately cut out that part of his speech."

It's How You Say It

We all listened to Al Smith's acceptance speech over the radio. Several times he said "first." The governor did not quite say "foist" nor did he pronounce the word exactly as the dictionaries would have it.

After the speech there was a discussion. A New Yorker said, "Al's pronunciation is New York. It may have started on the Bowery, but it is now general in New York, and I can't see why a New York pronunciation is any

more objectionable than that of any other section."

"Certainly," said another, "it is no worse than the catgut twang of Mr. Coolidge's Vermont."

"Well," said a Middle-Westerner, "in my part of the country it sounds strange and adds to the conviction that Al Smith is an alien figure. Why, if anyone from Mississippi were running for President his broad Mississippi accent would lose him votes in the Middle West."

"And if anyone from the Middle West with his harsh choking 'r' ran for President, I for one," spoke up another, "could not bring myself to vote for him."

However Comma

Everything that appears under Arthur Brisbane's name and all his editorials are dictated into a machine at his desk, in his car, on trains or wherever he wanders. Being a stickler for correct punctuation he dictates his stuff with the insertion of "comma," "semicolon," "period," "quotes," as the case may be.

For two years he declined all invitations to talk anywhere, but broke his rule to address a faculty meeting at the University of Chicago. Meantime every day for hours he had dictated his stuff with full punctuation included.



When he made his Chicago talk he observed that the professors were polite but puzzled. Nobody interrupted him and he finished his talk. Applause, of course, followed; but Brisbane beheld a queer, unsatisfied look on the faces before him. He asked the chairman whether or not his talk had really got over.

"Yes," said the chairman, "but, you see, we are quite unaccustomed to hearing speeches carefully punctuated by the speaker. And personally I think you used just a few too many commas."

Figures Don't Lie

"'Tis sweet to hear the watchdog's honest bark. Bay deep-mouthed warning as THEY near his lair."

This isn't exactly what Byron said but it's near enough to it to be appropriately applied to the late Martin Barnaby Madden, who was chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations until his death on the twenty-seventh of last April. When it came to defending the Treasury of the United States against assault and battery, Mr. Madden was hard-boiled. Here's the way he repulsed an attack by the navy:

"We need an appropriation for 90,000 men," said a navy official as he appeared before Mr. Madden's committee.

"You do?" said Mr. Madden. "Well, we'll see about that," and he called for an adding machine and at the same time for a list of every boat, barge, tug, launch, transport, collier, navy yard and everything else that the navy owns.

"Now," he said after his wants had been supplied, "let's go. How many men, in war time, can you use on this ship?"

He got the answer and put it on the paper in the adding machine. He kept going; he got the figures concerning everything afloat in the navy and also the war-time complement of the navy yards. Then he pulled the crank and looked at that total. It read 63,000.

"You're asking for money," he said, "to pay 90,000 men when you haven't got jobs, even in war time, for but 63,000. And money for 63,000 is all you get. It's too much at that."

News Item

In a recent report the city of Detroit proudly announces that its liquor business amounts to the neat little sum of \$215,000,000 a year, which makes it the city's second largest industry. But of course it doesn't pay taxes.