

With a vengeance it came, at midnight. At first, little eddies, tossing tiny pebbles willy-nilly.

'Sandstorm coming now,' warned Eskiminzin, pulling gently at Mr. Clum's blanket. 'My Apaches will make shelter under the wagons.'

Quickly the camp was astir. In the fast-dimming moonlight, boxes were unloaded from the wagons and piled on the windward side of the wheels. Tarpaulins and extra blankets were stretched between the boxes and the wheels. Then sand was shoveled high against this crude barricade, to deflect the force of the wind. In ten minutes the job was done. In another ten minutes, it would have been impossible to handle the tarpaulins or blankets, so swift was the storm in its fury. The mules, desert born and desert bred, merely turned their back ends to the breeze, and slept standing. The Apaches, however, were glad of their shelter. Huddled under the wagons and on the lee side, they, too, soon resumed their slumbers. Clum sat up, kept silent vigil, for the sand flew faster and the wind howled louder than in any other storm he had experienced.

The sun rose in a heavy brown haze; in fact, there was no sun, just a slow coming of weird light, a slow dissolution of some of the darkness. All day the wind blew, gaining power. Sand rushed by, eddying now and then into the faces and food of Clum's marooned army of Apaches. Campfires were impossible; meals were cold and meager; water was conserved for both men and mules.

Not until the second morning did the storm abate. For thirty hours it raged, then departed as quickly as it had come. All paint had been sand-blasted from exposed portions of the wagons; stenciled names had been blown off the packing-boxes. An hour was lost finding a set of harness in a sand-drift a hundred feet away. All eyes were bloodshot, even the eyes of the mules. Backs ached from long huddling, lips were wind-cracked.

'I think now we have no more sandstorm for two weeks, maybe,' observed