

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"Now, I can't think of you leaving so soon. This is a beautiful country. You must stay over and let me show it to you. The doors of my ranch house are wide open. Really, I insist on it."

She threw a small, shrewd smile at him from beneath the brim of her hat. "If you are so insistent, perhaps I will."

The Gusher blazed with lights and the dining room had been cleared for the ball. Jim Chaffee and Mack Moran stood on the porch and listened to the music. Mack was content to be where he was and no closer to what seemed to him quite a glittering and imposing affair. But Jim Chaffee saw Gay Thatcher through the door, waltzing with Woolfridge, and he was restless. Mack Moran mistook the reason for the restlessness and became somewhat scathing.

"That hundred dollars burnin' holes in yore pocket already?"

"Mack, I'd like to go in there."

"Huh, Jim, was you borned thataway or did it sorter grow gradual? You and me belong down on the dark side o' the street. Let's go there and get some hiccup syrup."

"No, I—"

"What's this—Perrine on the prod—watch out!"

Perrine it was, coming down the street on horse with ten men riding abreast and behind him. Guns roared into the night, the sidewalks emptied of traffic immediately. Punchers broke by the partners, ducking into the hotel. Glass shattered as the cavalcade swept past, each of the band weaving recklessly in the saddle and firing at random. They stopped at the street's end, gear rattling; they came thundering back. The dust rolled up as a heavy fog, and Theodorik's harsh command rang like a trumpet when he hauled around and confronted Moran and Chaffee. He had been drinking, his eyes were shining like those of some creeping night animal, and his breath rose and fell in great gusts.

"I'm a wolf, Chaffee! I'm a howling, crazy wolf! Who runs this town? I do when I'm of a mind to! Yore time's comin'! So's Satterlee's! I'm about at the end o' my rope! The man that tries to lay hand on me to-night dies!"

"I reckon the marshal and the sheriff are within hearin' distance," drawled Chaffee. "I guess they ain't interested —to-night."

"You interested?"

"It ain't my town, Perrine. Don't own a nickle of it."

"I got a notion to ride through that dance hall and scatter them dudes to hell an' gone."

"I guess not," murmured Chaffee.

"What's that?"

"I said I guess maybe you wouldn't care to," repeated Chaffee, spacing his words more deliberately.

Perrine shifted his weight and stared down upon his ancient enemy. The man was struggling with his impulses, so much was visible. The angry light shimmered and was shut off by that slate curtain.

"Yeah, mebbe," he decided morosely. "Play yore game heavy while yuh can, Chaffee. It ain't lastin' much longer." He pulled his horse around and went galloping away. And presently the town heard his wild, nerve-racking yell emerge from the Red Mill at the western end of the street.

"He's loco," grunted Mack. "He's twistin' his tail to make himself mad," replied Chaffee. "I know Theodorik. Pretty soon he'll pull off

something. I'd be pleased to know what. Mack, I'm goin' inside."

He walked through the door and across to the arch of the ballroom. The music, which had ceased at the height of Theodorik Perrine's raid, was about to start again. Right inside the arch he saw Gay Thatcher seated, with Dad Satterlee and William Wells Woolfridge standing before her. Satterlee discovered Chaffee and ducked his head; Chaffee grave and casual, yet with a spark of excitement glimmering in his eyes, closed up.

"What did the renegade say?" rumbled Dad.

"The usual compliments."

"What's he up to, Jim?"

All three were looking at him; Gay Thatcher's hands were folded sedately in her lap, and there was the faint hint of a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth.

"Feedin' himself raw meat," drawled Jim Chaffee. "About ready to go on a rampage."

"Huh," grunted Dad, and changed the subject. "Suppose you're too prosperous now to work for me. Money burnin' your hands pretty bad?"

"Be at the Stirrup S in the morning." He looked from Satterlee to Woolfridge. Neither of them seemed to catch what was in his mind. The music started, and a third gentleman, some visitor from down country, came over to claim his dance with Gay Thatcher. She rose, and with a fragment of a glance at Jim Chaffee whirled away.

"I will be—" muttered Chaffee. "Ain't you boys schooled in introductin none?" He turned his back to the crowd and contemplated several things. Woolfridge went farther down the hall; Dad Satterlee crossed to the Gold Room for a session of poker. After a few minutes Jim Chaffee decided to follow and sit in. On the verge of leaving, a light voice struck a chill right up the middle of his back.

"Are you getting discouraged?"

Gay Thatcher was beside him, her partner lingering a few yards distant. Jim took off his hat, and a slow smile spread around his eyes. "I have known folks to introduce themselves."

"It might save time," said the girl. "Your name is Jim Chaffee. I believe I've heard it before. My name is Gay Thatcher."

"Yes ma'am. I know it."

"Well we're introduced. I liked your ride."

"I'm obliged. I wish I could ask the favor of a dance."

"People," said she irrelevantly, "have said you were a man of courage."

"You don't know what sort of a dancer I am," he replied. "I'd better leave good enough alone."

"This is none of my business, Mr. Chaffee, but I overheard your friends say that you had some trouble with your ranch. I wanted to tell you that I'm sorry. Really."

"I kind of hated to lose that place. It's right by a creek and there's cottonwoods around it. I built a log house right where I could see the peaks. Sort of hate to lose it. A man gets his heart set on something. But—and he raised his arms Indian fashion—"I've always been able to earn wages."

"You're not going to try it again?" she asked, almost severe.

"Next spring, higher on the bench." He switched the subject. "Ma'am, is it just a visit you're makin'?"

"Oh, yes. am going back."

He looked down, marking the beauty of her dark hair

and the rose color of her cheeks. He had never seen a woman with so clear and expressive a face; nor one so intelligent. "I'm sorry," said he. "My luck runs bad in bunches."

She saw that her partner was moving restlessly, so she started away. A rare smile came to her eyes. "I am going back. But I've decided not to go right back; I'll be in town for a week. Or else on Mr. Woolfridge's ranch."

"Well," he began, and didn't know just exactly how to finish.

"Well," said she, mimicking the sound. Then she was down the hall, dress flashing in the mellow light. At the turn she looked back and smiled again, a brilliant figure in the crowd. Jim Chaffee went toward the Gold Room, dissatisfied. "I didn't say at all what I wanted to say. What's the matter with me?"

Dad Satterlee was deep in a game and at the moment hoisting a bet made by the glum and pallid gambler who had the previous night played so heavily. The strain seemed to be bothering his nerves, for his long, slender fingers drummed the table. But Dad Satterlee was as stolid as a rock, his red homely face puckered over the cards. He called and lost the bet to the gambler; and relaxed, appearing amused. Woolfridge shouldered through the crowd and bent over Satterlee, whispering.

"No—no, I told you I ain't going to be bothered any more with that nonsense. I ain't got a price to set. Never did have one, never will. Cut it out, son."

Woolfridge reared back and went rapidly from the room. Jim Chaffee turned to watch Woolfridge; at that instant there was a smashing report at the table. He jerked about and saw that Dad Satterlee's whole countenance suffused with anger, his big fist covering the cards. He pawed through them, lifted one and another to the light and set his eyes close against the backs. The pallid gambler was half out of his chair. Satterlee took the whole deck and threw it full in the man's face. And he knocked everything aside in the bull-like uprisal.

"I thought you was crooked! The last five decks you produced are all marked the same! Yore a damn tinhorn gambler, mister!"

"I resent that!" cried the pallid one.

"Resent?" roared Satterlee. "Listen! This is a white man's country! Gentlemen play poker hereabouts, not card sharps! Get out of this place, get out of my sight! I've been watchin' yore style plenty long and I've plumb paid for the privilege o' exposin' you! You be out of this country by tomorrow mornin' or I'll personally see yuh run out!"

"I resent that! repeated the man. "I will not allow any man—"

"Get out!"

The gambler looked about him and found no comfort. The crowd, without inspecting the cards, instantly took Satterlee's word; for Satterlee was a blunt and certain man. So the gambler, as white as death and quite shaken, disappeared into the bar. Satterlee growled like an angry bear. "Who invited that sharp to play in this hotel?" Then he saw Jim Chaffee. "I'm goin' home, Jim. You ready to ride?"

"Yeah."

"Meet you here in ten minutes," muttered Satterlee. He cruised through the lobby and to the street. Jim idly followed. What had happened to the gambler? On the porch of the hotel he pondered a moment, shaking his head. Suddenly he sprang to life, running toward the stable where Satterlee had gone for his horse.

"I'm a blamed idiot for leavin' him—"

A shot roared out of the stable's mouth; a shot and a

solitary cry. Jim Chaffee raced onward. Men poured into the stable before him. A lantern bobbed through the air. And before he got to the place he heard a single, gruff sentence. It hit him like the impact of a bullet and left him with a sensation of physical sickness.

"Satterlee. He's dead."

CHAPTER V
Jim Gets a Job

Jim Chaffee's thoughts shot far ahead of the catastrophe; out of the recesses of his mind came pouring all those stray side lights, all those significant gestures and stray words and puzzling circumstances that had caught his attention during the last twenty-four hours in town. Mack Moran raced by him, bound for the stable, gun half raised and crying: "Come on, Jim we got to get the—" The rest of that sentence was passionately lurid. Yet Jim Chaffee remained rooted. Mystery and vengeance beat heavily along the dark reaches of the stable. Maybe the gambler Clyde had killed Satterlee in the heat of a quarrel but a few moments gone. Maybe, but there were others in Roaring Horse to be accounted for as well. Accounted for now, instantly. He doubled back to the hotel, shouldering roughly through a gathering crowd. He ran across the porch and into the Gold Room. Nobby there; but when he reached the doorway leading to the hotel bar he found the gambler downing a stiff glass of whisky. The man's face was as pale as ivory, and his eyes were wide and brilliant against the light. He shoved the empty glass across the bar, knuckles white with pressure. He was fighting his nerves, Chaffee saw that. And when the gambler discovered Chaffee watching him he threw back his head like some cornered animal.

"Where you been?" Challenged Chaffee.

"None of your damn business!" snapped the gambler. "You're not putting me on any cross!"

"He came in here from the side door like a shot out of a gun," accused the barkeep, heavy and foreboding. "What happened?"

The gambler turned away and went rapidly up a set of stairs leading from the bar to the second story of the hotel. "You better get that dude now if yuh want him," warned the barkeep.

But Jim Chaffee was already leaving the place. "He'll be there when we want him. He can't get out of the hotel." Down the street he ran, aiming for the Red Mill saloon. Everybody seemed to be collecting in the stable; inside the Red Mill was but one man—the owner.

"Callahan, was Theodorik Perrine in here when that shot was fired?"

The owner shifted a cigar in his mouth and studied Chaffee with a surlly regard. "Why should I be tellin' what my customers do?"

"I'm askin' you once more," snapped Chaffee. "Your reputation ain't any too sweet to buck this affair."

"I ain't beholdin' to you!" cried Callahan. "I ain't beholden to the Stirrup S outfit none whatsoever! You go plumb straight—"

Chaffee smiled bleakly. "I'll give you a last chance. Come across quick or I'll tear this contraption apart. I don't bluff, Callahan! Was Perrine in here when that shot was fired?"

"No," grumbled Callahan.

"Was he here five minutes before the shot was fired?"

"Yes, and I ain't answerin' no more of yore questions, see? I'm protectin' myself."

Jim Chaffee left, crossing to the town's other large saloon, Ruby's Pet. As elsewhere, the place was deserted save for the man behind the bar.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MANGE COSTLY TO HOG RAISERS

Estimate Infection Costs Farmers of Corn Belt \$2,000,000 Yearly

Ames, Ia. — Hog production profits could be increased \$2,000,000 a year in the Corn Belt if farmers would eliminate the mange disease.

According to K. W. Slouder, veterinary medicine extension specialist at Iowa State college, the most effective method is dipping or spraying with a lime-sulphur solution.

Mange infection, evidenced by the rough, scaly appearance of the skin, is caused by a small parasite, invisible to the naked eye. It pesters growing pigs to such an extent that they can neither eat nor sleep in peace, consequently they lose weight and often die.

One part of liquid lime-sulphur to 25 parts of warm water make an effective spraying solution, according to Professor Slouder. Another effective method is to put an inch-layer of crude oil or old crank case oil in a small tank of warm water and immerse the pigs through the oil into the water.

Every part of the pig's body should be covered with the solution, especially inside the flanks and around the ears, where the mites are most likely to hide. In addition to treating the animals, buildings, posts, troughs and everything else the pigs have rubbed against should be treated as high as the pigs can reach.

"Practically all of the damage in the Corn Belt could be eliminated by a few hours of time on the part of every farmer who has hogs," said Professor Slouder. "After the mites have been killed the skins quickly heal and the animals will begin gaining."

HAD SEVERE COUGH EVERY WINTER



Cedar Falls, Iowa—The flu left me with weak bronchials and at the least provocation I would catch a cold and it would settle in my bronchials, setting up an irritation, followed by a severe cough, my work for a time. But since I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I have not had any of these spells. It has so built me up in health that I go all through the winter without having colds or coughs.—A. Wagner, 515 Lincoln St. Druggists.

Every package contains a symptom blank. Fill it in and mail it to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

Hawaii

It was at the request of the people of Hawaii, expressed through their legislature, that the Hawaiian islands formed an independent kingdom, but in 1893 their queen was deposed and a provisional government set up. In 1894 a republic was proclaimed, and on July 6, 1898, a resolution was passed by the United States congress, in accordance with the wishes of the Hawaiian legislature, to make Hawaii a territory of the United States. The islands were formally annexed on August 12, 1898.

Avoid Burns from Mustard Plasters

When you have Rheumatic or Muscular Pains in the back, chest or limbs or if you have a cold coming on, try this simple treatment. It is more convenient, safer, cleaner and more effective than mustard plaster.

Get a bottle of Hoff's Liniment and apply it with brisk rubbing. Then saturate a cloth with Hoff's and apply to the painful area and in a few minutes you will feel the warming and stimulating effect of this powerful liniment.

Hoff's is different from ordinary liniments that are applied with rubbing alone. It brings a quick flow of blood to the affected area, reducing congestion and relieving pain. Get an eight ounce bottle of your druggist today for 60 cents. If you do not get relief in 30 minutes he is authorized to refund your money. Goodrich-Gamble Company, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Farm Federation To Urge Revision Of Taxation System

BY FRANK I. WELLES, Associated Press Farm Editor.

Washington — Meeting in Boston for its 12th annual convention, the American farm bureau federation undertook memorializing congress for a spectacular and far-reaching revision of the national tax system.

In essence, the plan is to tax real estate on the basis of its earning capacity rather than on its capital value.

By making the income from personal services, including salaries and professional fees, equally responsible with property for the financial support of the government, the plan would distribute the tax burden equitably and directly to every household in America.

Sam H. Thompson, president of the federation, says state systems of taxation, with their emphasis on the property tax as the main source of public funds, are responsible for a portion of prevailing lawlessness and indifference to good government.

roughly, the farmer pays in taxes about \$28 out of each \$100 of gross income, whereas persons in other kinds of business pay only about \$7.

Agriculture is less able to pay taxes on the same values than any other great industry, Thompson says, because it gives the farmer lower average returns, both in money and money value of commodities consumed, for his labor and property than any other business.

The federation has declared itself opposed to special favors for any class in national, state and local taxation.

Don't Risk Neglect!

Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

If bothered with bladder irritations, getting up at night and constant backache, don't take chances! Help your kidneys at the first sign of disorder. Use Doan's Pills. Successful for more than 50 years. Endorsed by hundreds of thousands of grateful users. Get Doan's today. Sold everywhere.



Relieve COUGHS Quickly with Boschee's Syrup

First dose soothes instantly. Relief GUARANTEED.

Everything Swell
"Was Mildred's wedding a swell affair?" "Positively! They even used puffed rice."

Nature works wonders, and men endeavor to get them patented.

HEALTHY COMPLEXIONS

Healthy complexions come from healthy systems. Free the body of poisons with Feen-a-mint. Effective in smaller doses. All druggists sell this safe, scientific laxative.



Expert Declares Women's Feet Are Growing Larger

Boston (UP)—Women's feet are getting bigger and it's all because they mistreat them, in the opinion of Phil Melhado, director of the National Boston Shoe Style Show.

In preparing for the show eight years ago Melhado hired 100 girl mannequins to display shoes. The girls' average foot-size was 4½. This year, he found, the average size was 6.

Constant wearin' of high-heeled shoes and increased participation of women in sports have resulted in larger feet, Melhado declared.

Village-Pumpism.
From Judge.

Hatred and suspicion of the wicked foreigner, the teaching of "fairy-tale history," monuments to soldiers rather than poets, and all such bellicosity got a fine lacing at the Williamstown institute from C. Leslie Burns, an outspoken Scotch professor.

He showed that in England the history textbooks do not have much to say about Joan of Arc, who kicked the British out of France, but

spread themselves on the subject of Napoleon, who didn't get away with his idea of invading England. Civilized progress is the result of international intercourse and has had to be made in spite of wars. "All civilized peoples are in debt to Germany for music, to France for science, to Italy for painting, and even to the Arabs for the numerals with which we calculate the cost of groceries." And yet we go on giving children the notion that civilization is a local product. "Village-pumpism," he calls it, and he adds "You have got that bad in America."

We have, indeed. The worst of it is that because we are blessed

with vast resources and now have most of the world's wealth, we are envied, feared and despised. Every display of nationalism or arrogance on our part is a menace to the world's peace. Americans at least have got to learn somehow a new concert of civilization if civilization itself is to survive.

Business Reasons.
From Passing Show.

Interested Taxpayer: I say, you people don't seem to be getting along very fast with this job.

Night Watchman: Well, it's like this 'ere, sir. The foreman in charge got me this job, and I've found out since 's courtin' my daughter.

Year's Amateur Radio Relay Awards Announced

Hartford, Conn. — (UP) — The Roberts' cup awards, given annually to two radio amateurs for the best record of reliability and unusual performance in relaying amateur message traffic, were won this year by Bruce Stone, San Jose, Cal., and Sgt. Lino Cabling, Fort McKinley, Rizal Philippines, according to headquarters of the American Radio Relay league.

Stone operates at station W6AMM and Cabling at KAHF.