

# CHAFFEE

## ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

When at last the solemn and silent party drew into the yard Jim Chaffee sat in the saddle and struggled with himself. A light shimmered through the house window, and while he debated the door was thrown open, Miz Satterlee standing in the threshold and peering across the shadowed porch. "All back, boys?" she asked. "Didn't Mr. Satterlee come with you?" In a moment she seemed to sense the troubled spirit of the party and her eyes made out the dim bulk of the rig. "What is it, boys?" The calm, self-contained tones shamed Jim Chaffee. He got down and came to the steps. He had figured to break the news, easily, to start from afar. Now he knew there was only one thing to say.

"Ma'am—Dad is—dead." He had to remember that choked sentence the rest of his life, and feel at each remembrance the same pinching at his heart. That night he was sending a woman down into the black pit of despair. Nor did he ever forget the manner in which she received the news. He couldn't see her resolute, motherly face in the black vault of the porch, and for that he was thankful. But he heard the rising and the settling of her breath; and then breathing seemed to cease. She seemed to grow away from them; the outline of her body became blurred in the shadows, and the long moments went by with never another sound. Every man in the party was as if cut from so much stone, and in this strange, profound hush Jim Chaffee heard the faint drip-drip of water in a remote part of the house, like a fatal pendulum accenting the swift passage of all things living. It grew unbearable; he stepped toward her to speak again.

"Bring Mr. Satterlee in the house," said she, very quietly. The crew obeyed and passed out. The door closed; the light of the room after a short interval was snuffed. The rest of the Stirrup S men went to the bunkhouse, but Chaffee, somehow feeling his place to be on the porch, sat in the shadows and waited.

He didn't know how long it was before that door opened. It seemed to him a matter of hours, in which he heard her rocking-chair slowly traveling back and forth, never varying the tempo, never slackening until at the end of the long vigil she called to him.

"Jim. You are a good boy. Tell me about it." He stood on the threshold, facing the darkness of the room, and told all that he knew of the story, even to the boot prints he had filled with tar.

"You don't think Clyde—had anything to do with it, then?" "No, ma'am."

"Poor soul. I am sorry for him. Do you think you will find the right man, Jim?" "I will."

"What will you do with him?"

"He'll go down," muttered Jim Chaffee.

"No," said Miz Satterlee. "We don't live according to tablets of stone, Jim. When you find the man put him in jail. Let others decide. And Jim—"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Send the boys out to-night to notify Mr. Satterlee's friends. I want them to see him go to sleep up there where the rest of my family sleeps. Don't you go. I want you on the ranch. That's all. Don't stay up. This is—my affair."

So, in the middle of the following afternoon, surrounded by his friends, Dad Satterlee was laid beside his three

children; and presently the Stirrup S was alone to itself again, save for one man who tarried. That man was William Wells Woolfridge, Jim Chaffee watched him go to the house porch and bow to Miz Satterlee. A few minutes later the mistress of Stirrup S beckoned and Jim crossed the yard, receiving an abrupt nod from Woolfridge.

Miz Satterlee was in her black silk dress; she carried herself erect, her dark eyes lifted proudly toward her visitor. "I am making it a policy, Mr. Woolfridge, to discuss all my business affairs in front of Jim Chaffee from now on. He will be interested. Go ahead."

"I mention this to-day only because I wish to bring before you without delay a matter that has long been discussed by myself and your husband," said Woolfridge, paying no attention to Jim. "Frankly, as I told him, I wanted the Stirrup S. Vanity, perhaps, but I should like to be able to say that my brand runs from the bench to the alkali wastes. I am quite able to pay for my foibles."

"What was Mr. Satterlee's reply to that?"

Woolfridge gave Chaffee a rather long and close survey. "He said it was entirely a matter of price."

"What price?" asked Miz Satterlee, never letting her attention stray from Woolfridge's smooth cheeks.

"As a matter of fact, I had not yet gotten a price from him," frankly admitted the man.

"I didn't think so. I have heard him speak about it."

"There is no reason why you should wish to run the place now, Mrs. Satterlee."

"There is every reason why I should. And I do not care to ever hear of an offer from you again. As long as I live this ranch is mine. When I die I shall will it to friendly hands. I want it to go on. That is absolutely final."

"You are quite sure?" asked Woolfridge, urbane and mild.

"I am. Never think you can change me."

"In that case I'll not bother you again to-day. I think, perhaps, it is unnecessary to remind you, Mrs. Satterlee, that I regarded your husband as my best friend. If there is ever anything you want of me please ask. And if at any time you change your mind I wish you'd let me know."

"Thanks, but I won't."

Woolfridge got on his horse and rode down the trail. Jim Chaffee turned a puzzled face to Miz Satterlee. "What did you want me for, ma'am?"

"Like I said. To keep your fingers on the business. I am making you manager of Stirrup S to-day, Jim. I'm too old to fight. And, if I know anything about affairs, there is going to be trouble here. Act from now on as if the place belonged to you. I give you absolute charge."

### CHAPTER VI

#### Fences Down

Midmorning of the day after Dad Satterlee's funeral Chaffee went to town. His purpose was to see Doc Fancher and ask a few questions concerning the dead gambler; also to find Mack Moran who had never returned to the ranch. Once in Roaring Horse he went directly to the Red Mill. Mack wasn't there, nor did Chaffee find him at any of the other Saloons; however, the red-headed puncher had left a broad trail of ruin behind him. According to several citizens, Mack had gone moody—not an unusual thing for him when he started to think about the injustices of the world—and had indulged in several free and

sanguinary battles. With this much information Chaffee wasted no more time hunting. He went to the jail; there was Mack down in the basement cell, smoking glumly.

"Well?" grinned Chaffee. Mack's rosy face was a little scarred; but there was relief in his eyes. "Wondered how long I'd cool here before you got worried. Lemme out of this stink hole."

"They's twenty dollars assessed agin him," stated the marshal. "If his carcass is worth that much to yuh on the hoof, —Jim, he's yores."

"That's cheap," agreed Chaffee. "Let the catamount loose."

"He'd ought to be put under a perpetual bond," said the marshal, jingling his keys. "When he gits sore he's a natcher borned assassin. Mebbe yut think he didn't plumb devastate Roarin' Horse fer about three hours. Took six of us to lug him down here. It happens once every four months, regular as a clock." He let Mack out of the cell and accepted twenty dollars from Jim. Out of his mellowed and easy-going comprehension of the range and its ways, he spoke a mild warning. "I don't mind, personal. Boys have got to blow off. But be careful from now on. Things is changin' around here. I ain't goin' to enlarge on the statement. But let it hatch in yore coco. Things is changin'."

"I will shore testify to that," grunted Mack. He shook hands with the marshal. "No hard feelin's, Will. I'll see you get a new shirt for the one I tore." The partners went out and ate a bite. Afterward they rolled along the street, smoking. "It gets me how a place can change," said Mack. "A month ago any Stirrup S man was high card around here. Our credit was good and we never got slung into the calaboose except to sober up. Now look. The talk about us boys is terrible scandalous. That's why I got started. Run into three separate gents that made tough passes about what an outfit we was."

What was their complaint in particular?" asked Chaffee.

"I never found out," replied Mack, very casually. "They didn't wake up in time to tell me. Yuh figger I'm goin' to stand around and fiddle my fingers while they get wise? It's the same all over town. Funny how quick it's changed. Somebody's behind it. Somebody's put a bug in certain ears. And that Luis Locklear person ain't no help to Stirrup S, neither. I saw him chinnin' with Calahan in the Red Mill other night. You'd 'a' thought they was twins. When a sheriff of Roarin' Horse gets neighborly with Calahan it shore means somethin' poisonous."

"Where's those tar models?" "I left 'em bundled up in the stable."

They went into the stable and away down an alley between bales of hay. Mack dug around, retrieved a gunny sack, and handed it to Jim. They went out and crossed the street to Doc Fancher's office, which was over Tilton's dry-goods store. "Seen Theodorik Perrine since night before last?" asked Chaffee.

"Nope. He's skinned out." Something struck Mack suddenly. "But here's a funny thing. Last night I was in the jug. That cell's got a window flush with the back side of the buildin', you know. And I heard Luis Locklear talkin' to a gent out there among the busted wagon frames and loose ballin' wire. Mebbe it's all my imagination, but it shore sounded like he was meetin' up on the quiet with Perrine. What do you figger?"

"Maybe. Listen, Mack, I'm going to be around here for an hour or better and it's a long ride home. Anyhow, Miz Satterlee to lope over to Nickerson's. Seems like Nickerson has got some old tin-types of Dad Satterlee which he is goin' to give her. You better bust thataway. Be dark when you're home."

"All right. Now don't you

get in the calaboose." They separated. Jim Chaffee climbed the stairs and let himself into a door labeled: "H. T. Fancher, M. D., County Coroner and Bone Specialist."

The term "bone specialist" was not the exact technical term for that branch of medicine, but Doc Fancher was a most untechnical man. He knew his public. At present he had his feet on the desk, reading a copy of the Breeder's Gazette; he seemed genuinely pleased to see Chaffee.

"Doc," said Chaffee, "I'm not coming to see you in your capacity of public official. I want to chin with you, friend to friend. All this is private. What do you know about this Clyde fellow?"

"I know he was lyn' dead on the second story landing of the hotel when I found him," said Fancher. "Funny thing about that. He had two guns, a .38 and a .44. He was holdin' to the .38 as tight as a vise with his right hand. The .44 was lyn' loose, near his head. Don't often see a man packin' two different styles of weapons. No shots fired from the .38, but there was one empty cartridge in the .44. I may add, Jim that Satterlee was killed by a .44 slug."

"What do you think about it, Doc?" Fancher raised his shoulder. "As a private individual a whole lot. Let it ride like that, Jim."

Chaffee reached for his sack and took out his tar models, ranging them on the table. There were four all told, and Fancher lowered his booth to look at them with a professional eye. "I poured hot tar into a lot of tracks out beyond the livery stable the night of the shootin'," explained Chaffee. "These models are a little rough on the bottom and edges, but they'll give a pretty good idea of somebody's boots."

"Jim, you work fast," observed Fancher. "Wait a minute." He went back to a closet and drew therefrom a pair of high leather shoes. "I took all of Clyde's personal effects out of his room. Locklear didn't want to bother with that business, but I figured it might come useful. Here's some of the man's shoes. Same size and style as the ones he had on. Now let's look."

Three of the models were obviously too large; but the fourth, laid against the shoe's bottom was an approximate fit. "Looks like it might be it all right," observed Fancher. "That's interestin'," mused Chaffee, a light sparkling in his eyes. "For those tracks were away off at one corner of the corral. Nowheres near the back door. Now, it wasn't possible for a man to shoot Satterlee unless said man stood inside the place. It was dark; Satterlee was framed in the front opening—an easy target for anybody within thirty feet. The fellow with shoes corresponding to this model never got within two hundred feet of Satterlee. Couldn't hit the old chap with a .44 at that distance. And he wasn't lined up right to even look through from back door to front door. He was clear over in a corner of the corral."

"What print was nearest the rear door?" asked Fancher.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)

### THE COUNTER CUTIE

From The New York Sun.

Just before Christmas a girl, obviously of a social cast, strolled nonchalantly into an Eighth street gift shop to buy a gift for her boy friend.

"What have you got for a ravishingly handsome young man?" she asked the girl behind the counter, obviously not of a social cast.

"Well," said the counter cutie languidly and a bit sneeringly, "my telephone number is Spring 3-3456."

THE HANDY PACKAGE  
From Judge.  
Bread now comes already sliced. And as far as some golfers are concerned, their balls might as well come the same way.

Almost Lost It.  
From Tit-Bits.  
"When Bob tried to kiss me under the mistletoe I was so astounded that I nearly—" "Nearly what?" "Nearly stopped him."

then usually moves on to another place. Peculiar, isn't it?

EXTENDING THE SERVICE  
The department of agriculture's extension service distributed about 25,000,000 popular publications, over 10,000,000 farmers' bulletins, and furnished to newspapers about 3,000 informative articles on agriculture during the last year. This is in addition to daily radio talks.

Tacoma's municipally generated electric power will reach a total capacity of 202,000 horsepower, with 100,000 more to reserve. by next

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DIVERSIFIED PHILOSOPHY.  
The Senate spouts, the House drones on. While Hoover raves, "Do so!" Three jokes could hardly help us less. In this, our time of woe.

There is a mountain faith can move, Even put it clear to rout; And that's the molehill, mountain grown, Through silly, foolish doubt.

Of prohibition much is said, Not all of which is truth; But sure it is, it's not yet weaned, Nor has it cut a tooth.

Replacement tax! When such a phrase Betrays the minds of men, That we were monkeys once, is sure; The only questions, "When?"

To gorge a trust with tariff aid, Shows Congress owns a soul; To feed a starving child with food, Is practicing the dole.

The Chinese soon, I hope, will learn What now their nation queers; No bandits are respectable, Till known as racketeers. —Sam Page

Even New York Sees It.  
From New York Telegram.

If one-half of the great incomes of 1928 had been distributed as wages, instead of being plowed back into making more things than the existing wages could buy, we probably would not have had the so-called overproduction which brought on the 1929-1930 collapse.

Large wealth, accumulating as it does in the hands of the comparatively few, has to be plowed back, to find an outlet. Those few can spend personally, as consumers, only a limited part of their total income.

Accordingly, there is a piling-up process, with the inevitable toppling over, which we are now witnessing.

If a larger part of the wealth that gravitated to the few, and by the few was reinvested in enlarging industry, had been circulated to the many, consumption then would have tended to keep pace with production, since the capacity of the many to consume, unlike that of the few, is not limited.

As long as an inordinate portion of total wealth continues to concentrate in the hands of those who can't spend it as consumers, and can find an outlet only in multiplying production, we will have overexpansion, followed by collapse, followed by painful and slow convalescence—and then the whole cycle over again.

To break up that cycle is capitalism's big job if capitalism is to survive.

Not from the humanitarian point of view only, but from the point of view of the wealthy as well as the poor and the moderate, the way out must be through attaining a balance by increasing the portion of the total wealth that goes into the spending channel of wages.

Business Should Know.  
From Detroit News.

"Something has gone wrong temporarily with our economic and financial and political machinery, or with its engineers, or both, but it is foolish to think that the whole plant has been wrecked or permanently crippled," says Albert C. Ritchie, governor of Maryland, in the peroration of a remarkable address delivered a day or two ago.

Something has gone wrong. A lot of people are arguing as to what it is. Some say this, some say that; there is no agreement. The reason there is no agreement probably is that many things are wrong and need correction and as Governor Ritchie says further, if our economic system is so scheduled that it is bound to run off the track at intervals, then it is up to those who are responsible for the system to fix it so that it will not leave the rails. Otherwise we are tempted to try some other system. "Communism?" some one hints. No, says Maryland's governor; the brains that have devised our economic system should be strong enough and able enough to fix it so that it doesn't leave the track.

The remedy, then, in Governor Ritchie's estimation, is not so much in the hands of politicians as in those of merchants, manufacturers and bankers. They ought to know, inside out, the system they have framed; they ought to know its weaknesses, and how to remedy them. "Industry," says Governor Ritchie, "should evolve its own forms of prevention and put the burden on its own economic surplus."

There is common sense in that view. Industry should put its own house in order, and the only help it should expect from politics is well-considered legislation framed to make its remedial program feasible under the laws. Business knows what is the matter, business should find the remedy.

Q. Which are considered the arts and which the sciences? W. M. A. According to Jevons, a science teaches us to know and an art to do. Astronomy, for instance, is the foundation of the art of navigation—chemistry is the basis of many useful arts. The arts are distinguished as fine arts and useful arts, the former including painting, sculpture, music, poetry, architecture; the latter (useful arts) including the trades. The sciences have been variously classified. The principal ones are physics, chemistry, astronomy, meteorology, mathematics, geography, geology, ethnology, anthropology, archaeology, biology and medicine.

Q. How many miles a day did Peary cover in his final successful dash for the Pole? T. T. A. The entire distance from the mainland to the Pole was 475 statute miles and was covered at the average rate of 13 1/2 miles a day. Coming back, due to favorable weather conditions, an average rate was maintained of 29.5 miles a day.

Real Anxious.  
From Pathfinder.  
Lawyer: And just how bad do you want this divorce, Mose? Mose: It only cost me a string of fish to get married, suh, but, please Gawd, Ah'd give a whale to git rid of her.

Q. Where is Mary, Queen of Scots, buried? E. W. C. A. The body of Mary, Queen of Scots, five months after her death was buried at Peterboro. In 1612 it was moved to the Pole was 475 statute miles and was covered at the average rate of 13 1/2 miles a day. Coming back, due to favorable weather conditions, an average rate was maintained of 29.5 miles a day.

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## Strongest

"Gerald suffered with his stomach and bowels until he was listless and weak," says Mrs. B. E. Geren, 822 W. Main St., Oklahoma City, Okla. "Now he's the strongest boy I know. I gave him California Fig Syrup because Mother used it. It increased his appetite, regulated his bowels, helped his digestion."

Nothing could be more convincing than the way thousands of mothers are praising California Fig Syrup to show how it acts to build-up and strengthen headachy, bilious, half-sick, constipated children.

Your doctor will approve the use of this pure vegetable product as often as impure breath, coated tongue, listlessness or feverishness warn of constipation—or to keep bowels open in colds or children's diseases.

The word California on bottle and carton marks the genuine.



## Locked Themselves In

Tom Higgins of Morrill, Maine, lost four sheep. For three days he hunted for them everywhere. At last he locked into an old tumble-down house and in a little pantry he found his four sheep. They had closed the door and kicked a table against it. They were all in good condition after a fast of three days, but were quite willing to get out.

## STOP THAT COUGH!

Webster City, Iowa—"After having 'flu' I could not eat and had a very bad cough. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and started to improve while taking the first bottle. I also took two vials of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and some of Dr. Pierce's Cough Syrup. Then I could eat and sleep and felt fine. I never felt better than I do since taking Dr. Pierce's medicines. I always recommend them to anyone suffering as I did."—Mrs. Chas. Lacy, Sr., 135 Apple Ave. Druggists are entitled to free medical advice. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic in Buffalo, N. Y., enclosing wrapper from any of Dr. Pierce's remedies and receive professional advice free.

She—I've just read that a man out in the West exchanged his wife for a horse. You wouldn't exchange me for a horse, would you, dear? He—Of course not; but I'd hate to have anyone tempt me with a darned good car.—Passing Show.

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## OLDER PEOPLE Must watch bowels Constantly!

As we grow older the bowels become more sluggish. They don't get rid of all the waste. Some days they do not move at all. So older people need to watch their bowels constantly. Only by doing this can they hope to avoid the many forms of sickness caused by constipation.

When your bowels need help remember a doctor should know what's best for them, and get a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin from your druggist. Syrup Pepsin is a doctor's prescription for lagging bowels, good for all ages.

No restriction of habits or diet is necessary while taking Syrup Pepsin. Made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other valuable ingredients, it is absolutely safe. It will not gripe, sicken or weaken you.

Take a spoonful next time your tongue is coated, or you have a bad taste in your mouth. It clears up a bilious, headachy, dull, weak, gassy condition every time. When you see how good it tastes and how nice it acts, you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the world's most popular laxative for every member of the family.

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