

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Chaffee indicated the model. Fancher turned it over and studied it carefully. "This is not a cow country boot, Jim. Too broad and flat a heel, too wide at the arch, and also away too blunt at the toe." He looked at the remaining two models. "This third one doesn't mean anything to me. Curious-shaped foot, though. Keeps right on widening from instep to toes. Funny. Now this last one—" and Fancher fell silent for a long while. "Regulation puncher's boots—and as big as a house. Took a heavy man to make a hole in the ground deep enough to match this model." He looked at Chaffee, seeming to hold a thought he was too cautious to openly express. Chaffee nodded. "I'm thinkin' with you on that."

"Interesting to know who wore the shoe with the flat heel and blunt toe. We might discover something of interest."

"I'll find out," Chaffee replied, grim all of a sudden. "Don't worry about that. Keep all this under your hat for the time being. And I wish you'd take charge of these models until I need 'em. They'll get battered if I pack 'em around much."

Fancher agreed. Chaffee started for the door; Fancher stopped him on the threshold with a very casual remark. "If I were you, Jim I wouldn't spill any of this dope to Luis Locklear."

"Not in a thousand years," said Chaffee, and descended the stairs.

His next point of call was the hotel. "Miss Thatcher here?" he asked the clerk.

That gentleman shook his head. "She went over to the Woolfridge ranch around noon."

Chaffee departed, somehow feeling cast down. All during the ride to town he had debated seeing her; and he had screwed up his courage and rehearsed what he wanted to say to her. Going toward the stable, he tried to erase the dissatisfaction from his mind. "I guess," he murmured, "I had better lay that bright dream aside. I had better forget it. Her road runs a long way from mine. A sixty-dollar man has mighty poor sense to be thinking about her kind of a woman. My life is out here. She belongs somewhere else. Why be a kid about it and nurse ideas that won't ever work?"

He was so engrossed in his own problem that he almost ran headlong into Mark Eagle, the bank cashier. Mark's round moon face was always grave; now it seemed overcast with an unwonted solemnity. Chaffee stopped and forgot his own affairs. "You look like a heavy load of grief, Mark."

The Indian never circled a subject. He spoke directly always. "My father is very sick up in Oregon. I've got a letter from him. He ought to go to the city and see a good doctor."

"Won't he listen to anybody but the tribe medicine man, Mark?"

"No, he's civilized, Jim, like me. He'd go to a doctor. But that's a hundred mile trip and it takes money." Mark looked across the building tops, dusky eyes roaming the distant peaks. It was always this way with the man. He went quietly about his business, obeying his mind while his heart seemed to pull him away to a wilder country. "My father is not old. And he is a chief. I am not a good son to be here and unable to help him."

Jim Chaffee's hand worked on impulse, reaching down to the pocket that carried his last material wealth. "You're on the wrong track, Mark.

"You've got friends, lots of them. What's a friend for? Here's eighty dollars. You get that to him quick."

The Indian's hands were stiff at his sides, and Chaffee knowing the danger of prolonging a scene like this, tucked the bills into the other's coat. Mark Eagle's copper cheeks contracted. "You need your money, Jim. I'll be a long time paying it back."

"Who said anything about that? Get it mailed off in a hurry."

Mark Eagle straightened. A burst of light came through the dark eyes. He placed an arm on Jim's shoulder and spoke with a sonorous dignity that somehow carried him back to his forebears. "You are my friend. You will never regret that. An Indian never forgets."

"You'll maybe be doin' me a favor some of these days," drawled Chaffee.

"Sooner than you think," said Mark Eagle. And moved away, which was also his manner. Chaffee got his horse and swung out of town, his mind dwelling for a moment on Mark Eagle's last phrase. Few people made any pretense at understanding the Indian; nor did Chaffee try to understand him. But he liked Mark, and since he liked the man he was instantly ready to help. There was nothing complex about Jim Chaffee's nature.

Outside of town Chaffee left the main trail and quartered into the desert; this was a habit he had been trained to since boyhood. He had never forgotten the shrewd maxim laid down by his father. "The beaten trails don't teach you nothin', Jim Ride open country with yore eyes propped apart. Yuh may never be no world beater, but if yuh learn to read the good Lord's signs yuh won't never be a fool."

The early afternoon's sun came out of a cloudless sky, the breath of winter blew over the eastern peaks. Chaffee soon forgot his problems; this land had the power to completely absorb him, to mold him to its own mood. Up and down the rolling reaches he traveled, blue eyes questing the horizons or dwelling upon the minute testimony unfolding along the ground. A jack had scurried off here; a coyote's tracks zigzagged east and west aimlessly. One clear mark of a shod horse struck along the bottom of a minor draw, traveling fast. He spent more than a casual glance at this. Somebody riding from the road due east to Woolfridge's ranch. Rising over a billow of the desert, he found a rider about a quarter mile in front and going at a sedate pace. His own rate of speed soon closed the distance and presently he recognized Gay Thatcher. She turned and saw him; reined in and waited until he came abreast.

"Lost?" he asked her, raising his Stetson.

"No, I'm exploring. I started out for the Woolfridge ranch. But it is so glorious an afternoon that I just gave my pony free head and told him to go wherever he wished. I think I'm headed for Roaring Horse canyon. I want to see it. Can I make it and get to Woolfridge's by sundown?"

"I think so. That's the way I'm heading. If you don't mind company I'll trail along."

"That will be fun. They rode side by side, silent for a spell. The girl made a wholly different picture to Chaffee. The shimmering dress and the lamplight softness of her features—these were gone. She wore a buckskin riding skirt, stitched boots, and a loose jersey that seemed to have

been long used for just such excursions as these. She was still feminine, still graceful and poised; but the change of clothing at once fitted her into the country. A passer-by would have looked once and decided that she had lived hereabouts all her life. Jim Chaffee marked the lax sureness of her riding. That was a trick that didn't come out of an Eastern riding school.

She turned her head slightly and looked up at him, her eyes smiling beneath the brim of her hat. "What are you thinking?"

"Asking myself questions."

"So am I. If you will ask them out loud perhaps we can get better acquainted. I'd like to—and I believe you would. Or am I taking in too much territory, Jim Chaffee?"

"You're not a pilgrim," said he.

"No, I'm not," she answered. "I was born and raised in the West. I went East to school. I came back and both of my folks died. I have been doing many things in many places since then. There. I am answering questions you didn't ask. Now it's my turn. What's ahead of you?"

"Sixty dollars a month and found, I reckon."

"You're not fair to yourself, my dear man. Nobody looking at you in the rodeo yesterday would ever think you were easily whipped. You're not either." That last sentence rang quite strongly. He turned to her a little surprised.

"Now what—"

"That's fair, isn't it?" she broke in, her cheeks pink.

"We're asking questions."

A tension inside him snapped and left him smiling at the horizons. All at once he was a slim and lazy and slightly reckless figure. Fine sprays of humor wrinkled his bronzed temples. "Maybe my luck is changin', but I don't think so."

"I have often found that a person makes his own luck," said she, and gravely folded her hands on the horn. "Whose cattle off to the right?"

He studied a scattered band in the distance. "Stirrup S. Well, a man can make his luck up to a certain point, but he can't change the universe to look—"

Right there he stopped. This was going pretty far. But the surprising and insolent Gay Thatcher blandly finished the thought for him.

"—Then look at me, all right Jim Chaffee, just you look at me. I don't think you have seen me yet. Oh, I know—but I mean you haven't really seen me. How far is it to the rim?"

"Just a little piece now. I can judge men, but not women. I reckon I'll have to pass that bet."

"They told me you were a man of courage," said the girl in a mildly plaintive voice. And as an apparent afterthought she added: "They also told me you knew something about women."

He said nothing to that, and she tucked one sure observation in the back of her head. "He is a gentleman." They worked up along a slight incline. Fence posts spread before them. The canyon's black and foreboding depths yawned abysmally beyond the wire. They got down. Chaffee helped her through the barbed strands and took her arm as they advanced to the precipice and looked below. He didn't want her to think he was assuming an undue freedom, so he explained.

"Some people get dizzy looking down there. It ain't only the distance, but when the light hits that moving water it does funny things to the eyes."

She said nothing for several minutes, but he felt her body alternately tighten and relax and sway slightly as she studied the grim, sheer walls and the remote river heaving itself turbulently onward. The immensity of the picture, the solemn and inspiring force of it seemed to grip her as it

always gripped him. Steadied by his arm, she leaned a little forward, her clear face utterly absorbed, her eyes somehow puzzled. It reminded Chaffee at the moment of a child watching the heart of a fire and unconsciously captured by the eternal lure of the mystery of life. The knowledge that too, was affected by the elemental rawness of the canyon immeasurably warmed his heart.

She raised her face to him. "When the ground is secure under our feet we are big, important. It takes this to make us humble, Jim Chaffee."

"I don't know of any better medicine to reduce the size of a fellow's pride," said he. "You haven't any false pride," she told him.

"I've lived too long in the open."

"Why," she asked, "do they call it Roaring Horse canyon?"

He delayed the answer for some moments. "A horse is a tough animal. It never makes much fuss. But there is one time in its life it makes a sound that will turn a man ice cold all over. And that is when it knowingly goes to death. I have heard animals squeal; I've heard them bellow and groan and scream. But there isn't anything so almighty heart-breaking and pitiful as to hear that half roar and half scream of a horse going down. It's pretty near human. That's why they named it Roaring Horse. Many a brute has gone over this rim. And nothing lives that goes over."

"I have heard them," said she quietly. "Where are the fords of the river?"

"Lee's Ferry is up five miles nearer the bench. It's a stiff climb down, but that's about the only accessible spot near here, and the only quite water. Linderman's Ranch fifteen miles below is the other. The canyon drops toward the desert level there."

"Has anybody ever navigated the gorge?"

"A fellow did it in 1892. Three different parties have tried since. All drowned. One chance in four. It can be done, but a man has to be pretty desperate to try. He's got to hit the rough water just right. The river never lets up from Lee's to Linderman's. I think we'd better start back. Getting late."

They got to their horses and turned silently south. The girl, wondered at the prolonged quietness swung to find him reading the ground; and it surprised her to see the quick change coming over his lean cheeks. His eyes were slightly narrowed and his lips were pressed tightly together. In the grip of such an expression the man's face was neither handsome or pleasant. It was again the face of a fighter, the same face she had seen at the rodeo. Wondering, she scanned the foreground and saw nothing, save here and there a scuffed trail made either by cattle or horses. Once when the western rim began to blaze with the purple and gold of a setting sun, he slackened the pace and bent to one side of his pony. And thereafter, until the outline of the Woolfridge ranch houses grew plain in the distance, he looked straight ahead of him, looked with some kind of a problem. Seeing the houses, he broke away from his preoccupation.

"There's the end of your trip. I'll leave you here." "It has been a pleasant trip," said she, drawing rein. "Humor flickered a moment in his deep eyes. And that humor covered the profound earnestness of his words. "My luck's gone out. You will be going back to your own country in a few days. I'll not be seeing you again."

"Why not?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Detroit — Transport airplanes traveling at a speed of 200 miles an hour will be developed before 1931 is finished, according to P. R. Beasley, president of the Detroit Aircraft corporation. Private planes will attain between 225 and 250 miles an hour during the year, he also predicts. Prices will drop considerably, too, he says.

on the green, the principal resort of the bowlers being the square just north of the Battery, still called Bowling Green. The first covered alleys were made of hardened clay or of slate, but the modern alleys are built up of strips of pine or maple wood, about 1x3 inches in size, set on edge, and fastened together and to the bed of the alley, the surface being carefully leveled and polished.

Q. Does starching keep textiles clean longer? R. S. D.

A. It does because it covers and holds down the tiny surface hairs that catch the dust and dirt.



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That cold may lead to something serious, if neglected. The time to do something for it is now. Don't wait until it develops into bronchitis. Take two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin as soon as you feel a cold coming on. Or as soon as possible after it starts. Bayer Aspirin will head off or relieve the aching and feverish feeling—will stop the headache. And if your throat is affected, dissolve two or three tablets in a quarter-glassful of warm water, and gargle. This quickly soothes a sore throat and reduces inflammation and infection. Read proven directions for neuralgia, for rheumatism and other aches and pains. Genuine Bayer Aspirin is harmless to the heart.

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"Well?"

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"Haven't we got motor cars?"

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Doan's Pills A Diuretic for the Kidneys



Scots Remind Iceland

Scotland claims a part in the thousandth anniversary of the parliament of Iceland. Scottish historians are attracting attention to the fact that while Iceland belongs to Denmark, if it had not been for Scotsmen there would be no celebration. The Scotsmen were the MacDougalls, of Argyllshire, discoverers of the northern country. The MacDougalls' men were sea rovers and were sailing through the sea northward on a voyage of exploration. They carried with them several ravens, which were

their mascot birds. Seeking land to the east they released ravens at different times, but the birds returned to the ship. A third bird released flew straight ahead of the ship, and in that direction was found the land which now is known as Iceland.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 80 years ago. They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv.

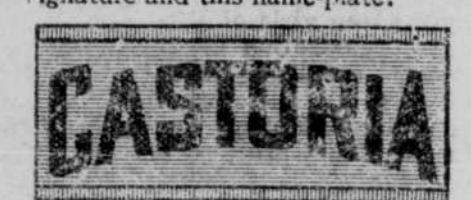
A good scoutmaster can raise fifteen little boys so that they will be good. Choose your scoutmaster.

Soothes restless, wakeful CHILD

THERE are times when a baby is too fretful or feverish to be sung to sleep. There are some pains a mother cannot pat away. But there's no time when any baby can't have the quick comfort of Castoria! A few drops, and your little one is soon at ease—back to sleep almost before you can slip away.

Remember this harmless, pure vegetable preparation when children are ailing. Don't stop its use when Baby has been brought safely through the age of colic, diarrhea, and other infantile ills. Give good old Castoria until your children are in their teens! Whenever coated tongues tell of constipation; when there's any sign of sluggishness,

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Celebrate Birth of Virgil. William Lyon Phelps in Scribner's Magazine.

In this blessed month of October we are celebrating the 2,000th birthday of Virgil. He is still a best-seller. Long before the days of Will Carleton, Virgil wrote about farm life; and although there were no Ford tractors among the Romans, the Mantuan's poet's directions are still applicable.

Virgil has been not only a fertilizing genius on 2,000 years of literature, he turned fertilizing itself into admirable verse. I mention this for the benefit of those worthy souls who believe that a

poem lives for its subjects more than for its style.

The fact is that the "Georgics" of Virgil were never more needed than now; if some great American poet should arise to glorify and idealize the life and work of the Farmer! When Tennyson, at the request of the Mantuan, wrote his tribute on the occasion of the nineteenth century of Virgil's death, he said: Thou that singest wheat and woodland,

Tith and vineyard, hive and horse and herd; All the charm of all the muses Often flowering in a lonely word. Virgil died when he was only 30;

and as he had had no opportunity to give the "Aeneid" its final revision, he left directions that it should be destroyed; but fortunately his command was disregarded.

Q. Please give the history of bowling. N. S.

A. Bowling has been played for centuries in Germany and the Low countries, where it is still in high favor, but attains its greatest popularity in the United States, whence it was introduced in colonial times from Holland. The Dutch inhabitants of New Amsterdam, now New York, were much addicted to it, and from 1623 to 1840 it was played