



## To be a Healthy Woman watch your Bowels!

What should women do to keep their bowels moving freely? A doctor should know the answer. That is why pure Syrup Pepsin is so good for women. It just suits their delicate organism. It is the prescription of an old family doctor who has treated thousands of women patients, and who made a special study of bowel troubles.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is made from fresh, laxative herbs, pure pepsin and other harmless ingredients. It doesn't sicken or weaken you. No restrictions of habit or diet are necessary while taking it. But its action is thorough. It carries off the sour bile and poisonous waste. It does everything you want it to do. It is fine for children, too. They love its taste. Let them have it every time their tongues are coated or their skin is sallow.

When you've a sick headache, can't eat, are bilious or sluggish; and at the times when you are most apt to be constipated, take a little of this famous prescription (all druggists keep it ready in big bottles), and you'll know why Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is the favorite laxative of over a million women!

Dr. W. B. CALDWELL'S  
**SYRUP PEPSIN**  
A Doctor's Family Laxative

### California Style Has

#### Appeal for President

While President Hoover isn't noted as a humorist, he sometimes does tell a good story, especially during his brief fishing trips down in Virginia. It was on one of these occasions that he remarked, after argument on prosperity, or rather the lack of it:

"I don't want to appear biased because I myself am a Californian, but I really do believe the nation as a whole would be better off if it followed the California style a little."

"You know, California simply won't be outdone. It must be first in everything. Why, not more than a month ago, after triplets had been born in Florida, a hospital in Los Angeles announced quadruplets and I understand that preparations for the 1940 census have already begun in earnest."—Los Angeles Times.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach.—Advt.

#### Consolation

"Would your father prevent our marriage, dear?"

"Not if my mother's around."

### 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.

#### Rainbow Rooms

"In your opinion what is the most colorful profession?"

"Bathroom designing."

Always the presumption is, at a winter resort, that the man in knickers is a millionaire. People act as if he were.

Man may sometimes seem an inornate appetite, but in spite of that his cunning brain works wonders.

To be a successful amateur gardener generally takes more time than it's worth; so you hire help.

## Peen-a-mint

FOR CONSTITIATION  
Effective in smaller doses  
SAFE SCIENTIFIC

# CHAFFEE

## ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

She rose three steps and poised again. "What does it matter? I am only Gay Thatcher. I have seen some of the world—and I hope to see more. I love adventure—almost as much as you do, Mr. Woolfridge. But I rather think I disagree with you about the relative qualities of evil. You see, I was brought up strictly orthodox. And the training still endures."

"I am interested to hear you say it. You show me a great many different peepholes of yourself—all very attractive, but none of them more than a hint. What of the future?"

"The future," replied Gay, for once quite sober, "is as much a mystery to me as to you. I content myself with doing what I must do. And that is, making a living."

He bowed. "I bid you good-night. Ysabel has lighted the fire in your room. We have many things to talk about in the future."

She looked down with that quizzical, half-humorous glance so much a part of her. "My dear sir, how long do you think I am staying here?"

"I wish and I hope," said William Wells Woolfridge with extraordinary fervency, "that it be forever."

She went on up and into her room without answer. Woolfridge kept his eyes on the landing for a few moments, then turned to a desk in one corner of the vast room. He took a cigar and shuffled before him three different sheets of paper. Each of these bore the same letterhead—that of the power company down-territory. Each was brief, each doubtful and suggesting complications. Woolfridge reread them, agile mind building up meanings between the words. And at last he rose and warmed himself by the fire, rocking to and fro on his heels.

"It will go through," said he. "I will put it through one means or another. I am not to be stopped. Not by anything, legal or not. What is legality, anyhow? I am committed to this thing. I will not go back."

In her room Gay turned out the light and from her pillow watched the cheerful running of the fireplace flames. Drowsiness immediately overtook her. "I think," she told herself, "that William Wells Woolfridge is one of the most dangerous men I have yet met. And the danger of him is that he conceals himself so well. I wonder if he stops short of the commandments? Gay, my dear, you wiggle out of this quickly. Wolf's Head is a poor place for you." She dropped asleep, thinking not of Woolfridge but of Jim Chaffee.

Wedged there between shoulders of rock that permitted his body to sink slightly inside the steep face of the canyon wall, and with a ledge no more than four inches wide holding him against a sheer drop to death, Jim Chaffee passed through those thundering, crashing moments of ordeal and torture. He was surrounded all at once by the crush and bellow of a herd going to its doom. This mass swept out of the darkness to right and left of him. The brutes shot directly over the top of his head, pitching far into the maw of the gorge. Nothing could stop the force of that flight; nothing could divert it now. Sprays of sand and rock skimmed his back, and all that protected him from being struck and torn loose by those scudding, flailing hoofs was the insecure outcrop of lava substance above him. Even so, a breaking away of the outcrop by the tremendous pressure exerted upon it might happen at any instant; a chance hoof might

plunge down and knock his feet clear of the ledge. He faced eternity while the roar and the confusion swelled to an indescribable pitch and his brain grew giddy from the strain of it.

Far down he heard the wailing of animate flesh; he had the sensation of a vast waterfall rushing over the rim. All muscles were growing numb from the pressure he placed upon them. Where was the barb wire that had been on the fence posts earlier in the afternoon? At this very spot he had spread the strands apart to let himself and Gay Thatcher through. Cattle stench was in his throat, and a stumbling brute fell so close to him that he got the impact of wind breaking against the carcass. He no longer was able to command his fingers, no longer able to feel the strain of them against the rock. In that second of black despair when he was about ready to give up, the last member of the herd capsized and hurtled down with a grunt and full-throated bawling. And then it was over, and a queer, oppressed silence settled along the dusty earth. He started to haul himself out and was arrested by voice.

"Got 'em all?"

"Yeah. Every last pound o' flesh."

Riders were moving within ten feet of Chaffee. He heard the rasp of leather and the jingle of chains. A match broke the darkness, but he was in too cramped a position to be able to look above the outcrop.

"Cut that out! Pinch the match, yuh fool!"

"What's the difference? Shucks—"

"Which one o' you adle-brains fired that shot?"

Jim heard denial come from a number of throats. There could be no mistaking the voice of the questioner. That only from the immense barrel of Theodorik Perrine.

"Well, by Jupiter, somebody fired it!"

"Reckon Chaffee come back from Woolfridge's in time to get mixed up with the herd?"

"I shore would like to think he was takin' his last drink o' water now," growled Perrine. "But we ain't gettin' rid o' Chaffee that easy. Some o' you dudes is lyin' to me. When I find out who it is I'll strip said party and cut my mark. Didn't I say no shootin'? We ain't advertisin' this."

"Nobody in this outfit fired a shot." That, Chaffee decided, was Sleepy Slade. Sleepy was the only man in Perrine's gang able to talk back. "Let's sift around and see if we can corral Chaffee."

"We're goin' to get out of here," said Perrine. "It's work aplenty for one night. I got orders to be humble about it. I got orders not to get in a personal fight with Chaffee, and I don't want none of you gents to kill him afore I get directions to do it myself."

"I'll bet plenty pesos he ain't far off," grumbled Sleepy Slade. "Let's look, anyhow."

"Shut up, Sleepy. I'm runnin' this gang. I'm obeyin' instructions until I get a good crack at him when nobody's lookin'. Come on. Back to home. Stretch out."

They galloped away. Chaffee raised one half-paralyzed arm and hooked it over the rim. Then he raised the other. And there he hung for a long, doubtful moment until the cramp wore out of his hands. He pulled himself upward and back to safety, and fell flat as his muscles and nerves, stretched to the point of breaking, began to jangle and shake as they had never done in twenty-seven years.

It would have broken a lesser man—broken him for all time. But at the end of five minutes Jim Chaffee sat up and rolled himself a cigaret, shielding the flare of the match in his palms. The light wavered a little, which made him swear softly. "I never thought anything could do that. But I'm here to tell the universe and every part and parcel thereof I ain't ashamed of these shakes. Don't know when just been alive felt so all-fired good."

He relished the smoke as he never had relished another. The cold, sharp night fog penetrated his clothes and quickly chilled him. Still he kept his place on the hard ground, lungs reaching out for the pungent air, looking up to the unfathomed sky. "I ought to be plumb glad I'm in a shape to feel cold. So Theodorik's got orders not to kill me unless it's done private and secret. Huh. Wonder who he's takin' orders from? There's another item that comes under the head of useful information. I might make a guess. If I did I might be wrong. But sure as the Lord made little green apples there's one man or one outfit that's tryin' to get a corner on Roarin' Horse real estate. And usin' Theodorik to hurry up the process. What happened to the bob wire around here?"

He spoke mildly, as if he discussed a subject of no great interest. The manner was only a cloak. Deep within Jim Chaffee the fires were burning brighter and hotter. There was being developed a tremendously harsh anger in the man—an explosive, savage temper that ripped at the barriers he placed against it. Chaffee knew this state of heart and mind. Once or twice before he had struggled with it, half ashamed and half afraid of the consequences ensuing from it. Reason and discretion alike abandoned him when that temper gripped him, and he was apt to do things of which he was not proud. He hated to lose control of his actions, no matter how just those acts might be. So he asked himself soft and serene questions. And in the end rose to inspect the fence.

There was no fence. Not even posts for a hundred yards along the rim; the resistless sweep of the doomed cattle had carried all things away. But progressing another hundred yards he found posts intact, with the strands of wire clipped off them. And apparently thrown into the canyon, for he could find no trace of the wire. This cutting had gone on for almost a quarter mile either way from his point of investigation. Theodorik Perrine's gang had done it thoroughly and swiftly sometime beyond mid-afternoon.

"They must've been cached in a gulley around here, watching Gay and me," opined Chaffee. "Must've kept pretty close tab on all my meanderin' back and forth. I'll give Theodorik ample credit. And he will pay interest on that credit, likewise." He let himself go, then and there. "That damned bull-necked mountain of low-down crookedness! Nobody but a man with the butcherin', slashin' instincts of a murderer would throw all them cows over the brink. He's been growin' ugly five years, just waitin' for somebody to tip him on over into blood-lettin'. Theodorik, if you don't die sudden I'll have to brace you."

He steadied himself. Yet he remembered that his horse outfit had also gone into the chasm he saw red again. The Stirrup S quarters lay five miles distant and thither he turned. An hour and ten minutes later he reached the ranch porch to find Miz Satterlee quite alone. The weary tramp had not improved his state of mind; rather it had served to enrage him the more and to crystallize his determination to close with Theodorik and settle the account.

at Thirtieth and Market streets are visible and striking evidences of the progress that is being made, and in advancing the time for their completion the period is brought nearer when Philadelphia will share in the advantages and the material gains which will result from them

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### "Where's the boys?"

"Mack heard a rumor about rustlers bein' down in the alkali flats," said Miz Satterlee. "So he took the crowd and went over there."

"Yeah, that's another angle Theodorik doped out to make himself safe," grunted Chaffee. He moved along the steps and Miz Satterlee had a moments view of his face as it met the outthrust light.

"Jim Chaffee—what on earth—!"

"Accident," said Jim, reaching for his brown papers. "Theodorik Perrine cut a lot of wire off our canyon fence and run all the lower bench stuff into the brink. Ma'am—I hate to tell you that."

Miz Satterlee said nothing for many long moments. Chaffee expected to hear a vigorous and bitter appraisal of Perrine. He was mistaken.

"I knew this was coming soon enough," said the mistress of Stirrup S very gently. "I'm sorry about the cattle—but I'm a great deal more sorry to think what it means to you and the outfit, Jim. There will be blood-shed. I hate to think of that. I believe I'd rather sell out than have any of my boys brought home injured. Jim, where are you going?"

Her question stopped him a yard or so removed from the porch. "I'm going to get a fresh horse and saddle ma'am."

"To do what at this hour of the night?"

"To hunt Theodorik Perrine, ma'am," said he, rage shaking the words in his throat. "To find Theodorik Perrine and Sleepy Slade and the seven other prowlin', slinkin' yella dogs that run in his pack!"

"What will you do when you find them, Jim?" She was still speaking in the same quiet, sad manner; and she seemed to be trying to bring him out of the fury that clouded the cool and shrewd judgement of the man.

"I don't know—yet," he muttered.

"I know," said Miz Satterlee, talking with more energy. "You will be killed. Jim, you're outside of yourself. Stay here until you cool off. What can you do alone against them? I depend on you—don't go back on me. I know—I know how you feel. But I will not allow you to be killed. What will happen to Stirrup S then? There is no other man I can trust—nobody else big enough to hold it for me. Jim—"

"Yeah. Wait until I cool off. Wait until Perrine is out of reach. Let him think he's gettin' away with this. Let whoever's payin' him to rustle and kill think he's gettin' away with it. No. They've got to be smashed! They've got to be hit sudden and hit hard! Supposin' we let 'em alone until to-morrow. Then you'll say to let 'em alone until the day after. All the while they're gettin' bolder and bolder. And some night our barns go up in smoke, and they rake the place with lead. The rest of our stock is rustled. No, ma'am, I'm goin' now, and I'm goin' to do somethin'!"

"Jim, you can't—"

"Miz Satterlee, I never have gone against your husband's word, nor your word. But I've got to do it now. Sure, I plenty understand it's all against reason to trail out alone. But Theodorik's got to have the fear of God planted in him. And I want him to know I ain't afraid. I'll bend that gent's neck and make him humble. If I don't nobody in Roarin' Horse is safe. Remember that."

He hurried away. She called to him. He didn't answer. Out in the corral he roped one of his string, a fresh, tough paint pony, and he got a spare saddle and bridle from the bunkhouse. He was up and spurring away, hearing Miz Satterlee send a last call after him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## "SCIENCE rescues the DEAFENED"

by Floyd Gibbons

Noted journalist describes his visit to a leading electro-acoustic laboratory. Everyone who is hard of hearing should read it. Reprinted from the Review of Reviews. Send 2¢ stamp to Dept. D-59

### SONOTONE

19 West 44th St. New York City

#### Budgeting Mice

She breezed into a hardware store, met the affable clerk and chirped; "How much are mouse traps?" "Three for a dime, lady." "How much for two?" "Why not take three?" "Because I've only seen two mice!"



## Amazes Mother

"Bobbie's stomach was often upset and he suffered a lot from colds," says Mrs. P. S. Fletcher, Jr., 4410 V. 30th St., Los Angeles, Cal. "We found he was constipated."

"Mother used California Fig Syrup, so we gave Bobbie some. He amazed me by the quick way he became strong, energetic, well again. His bowels act freely now, and his digestion is splendid."

The quick, safe way to cleanse and regulate the bowels of bilious, head-achy, constipated children is with California Fig Syrup. Every child loves it. It has the full endorsement of doctors. Appetite is increased by its use; digestion is assisted; weak stomach and bowels are given tone and strength.

Look for the word California on the carton. That marks the genuine, famous for 50 years.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP  
LAXATIVE-TONIC for CHILDREN

#### Mode-nists

Her Dearest Friend—I thought you and Bill were going to get a divorce?

Her—We are, but I want the custody of the car, and I'm waiting until the final payments on it are made so I won't have to use any of my all-money to finish paying for it.

## Feel Always Stiff and Achy?



### Kidney Disorders Are Too Serious to Ignore.

Are you troubled with back-ache, bladder irritations and getting up at night? Then 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.

Doan's Pills  
A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS

#### Like the Rest of Us

Wifey—There's an old clothes man at the door.

Hubby—Tell him I've got all I need.—Judge.

## FOR WOMEN ... YOUNG OR OLDER

Ottumwa, Iowa—"I am familiar with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and I know it was a blessing to me at middle life, which was not so long ago. It relieved me of the various ailments which came upon me at that time. Also I gave it to my young daughter with wonderful benefit to her. I do not know of a medicine which deserves as much praise."—Mrs. Annie Anderson, 1120 Hayne St. Fluid or tablets. All druggists.

Every package contains a symptom book. Fill it out and mail it to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y. for free medical advice. Send 10¢ if you want a trial package of Prescription Tablets.

