

# CHAFFEE

of  
**ROARING HORSE**  
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

"Never mind 'em," replied Perrine. "They don't make no difference. What they see don't count. We're protected. Listen to me, Chaffee's in this town. He don't ever leave it alive. Take no chances when yuh see him. Don't give him a break. Start reachin' before he gets a chance. They ain't nobody in this outfit except me that's as fast as he is. So keep out o' the light and let him have it. Shoot him in the back if yuh can. Now get goin'."

They spread apart, slouching down the dark lanes, closing quietly upon their designated stations. Both ends of town were closed, the alleys were covered; and one of the gang, stumbling upon Chaffee's hidden horse, led it away. So silently and discreetly was the maneuver accomplished that not a single one of the loitering townsmen knew what had occurred. Roaring Horse was blocked; and Sleepy Slade stood in a black corner of the hotel porch, facing that stairway up which Jim Chaffee had a moment ago climbed. And down which Jim Chaffee would presently come.

## CHAPTER IX Disaster

Fancher was reading; he looked up to Jim Chaffee and lowered his feet to the floor, somewhat astonished. "Where in thunder have you been?"

"It wouldn't sound right if I told you," answered Chaffee. "I don't even sound right when I tell myself. It's been sort of an active evening. Here's a little trophy I took into camp. Bring out that biggest tar model and let's see what we can see."

He laid the captured boot on Fancher's table. The latter studied it with professional interest for some moments, then turned to his cabinet and drew out one of the models. Capsizeing the boot, he fitted the model to the sole of it. Chaffee rolled a cigarette, his eyes half closed against the light.

"What would you think a jury might say to that, Doc?"

"A coroner's jury could easily hold a man over on that similarity," decided Fancher. "Whether a trial jury would convict on that much evidence, I ain't saying. The heels of the boot are some run over on the outer edges. Seems to show something like that in the model, doesn't it?"

"Now you're talkin' like an officer of the county, Doc. Get out and walk among humble citizens awhile. What's in the back of your head?"

"Boot and model—they fit. Of course it might be some other big man left the same kind of tracks, Jim."

"Yeah. How many fellows in Roarin' Horse with that size footgear?"

"I'm thinkin' of only one in particular."

Chaffee blew smoke to the ceiling. He seemed drawn and strangely hard-faced to Fancher. Nothing easy going, nothing humorous. "Well, Doc, the man you're thinkin' about is Theodorik Perrine. And that's Theodorik's boot. Put it away with the rest of our relics. I'm satisfied those were the big man's hoofprints. Ain't interested in what a jury would say. This won't get to a jury, Fancher."

"How'd you discover that boot, anyhow?"

"Took it away from Theodorik," said Chaffee, showing the first trace of amusement. It was a grim amusement, marked by a sudden flaring of the still aroused fighting temper. "At the point of a gun."

Fancher was visibly worried. "Jim, that's bad. He won't let you get away with it. You're in a hole. And I'm blamed if I

see just how you figure to whistle out of it!"

"He's in town with his playmates right now," was Chaffee's laconic announcement.

"Damnation, why didn't you say that in the beginning! Foolin' away all this time My boy, it's high time to do some figurin'. Any Stirrup S men around here yet?"

"All gone home."

"Any of your particular friends on hand?"

"None that I know about."

Fancher swore. "You'd better begin to get worried. Luis Locklear won't lift his little finger to stop a bust of gun play. He ain't that kind of a sheriff. He's feedin' out of a different trough. Understand what I mean? And half of the town men are swappin' politics. I know that blamed well. Something's changing things in Roarin' Horse. Rest of the storekeepers and so forth won't dare give you a boost. Ain't you got any ace in the hole, Jim?"

"None."

Fancher studied Jim Chaffee. He had been in the country many years and he had seen good men and bad men take their turn on the stage and depart. Sometimes the good men won out and sometimes they lost. He had seen them step out to fight; he had pronounced a medical verdict over them after they had gone down in the dust. He knew the meaning of the narrow, fixed expression on Chaffee's lean cheeks. Once a man reached that state of mind he never backed out. Sighing a little Fancher turned to the wall and reached for his gun belt. He buckled it around him. "All right, Jim. Let's go."

"Did I ask you for help?" snapped Chaffee, suddenly harsh and somber.

"I didn't hear as how you had a monopoly on trouble. Shut up. Come on."

Chaffee shook his head. "It's my fight, Doc. I'm obliged for the offer. But I started this thing solo and I'll finish solo."

"You're the biggest damn fool I ever knew, Chaffee."

"Maybe. A man likes to rope his own horse. You know what I mean, but you're tryin' to help. Stay up here. Somebody's got to stick in the background and pull strings. That's your job."

He turned to the door. Fancher raised his shoulders and grumbled; "All right, but I sure would hate to dig bullets out of you."

"What we want to find out now," said Chaffee, "is who owns those other boot prints. What we also want to know is the name of the man behind all this excitement I could guess, but I might be wrong. He'll overplay his hand pretty soon. So long."

He closed the door and walked slowly down the dark stairs. One step short of the street he paused, resting in the blackness and scanning the opposite walk thoughtfully. A stray puncher passed at arm's length, cigarette brightly glowing, spurs dragging along the loose boards. Chaffee advanced to the mouth of the stairway and looked right and left. He felt a threat, yet he had no means of placing the origin of that threat. Here and there a townsman moved. Even as he watched, the lights of the Red Mill went out at the far end of town and everything down there was obscured. Somebody talked drowsily, and Chaffee heard a phrase: "Well, Billy the kid had a warp in his system. Any man that shoots a-grinnin'—"

The threat was clear, distinct. He could not remain forever in the protection of the stairway. They were waiting somewhere. His hands touched the gun

butt; he moved to the sidewalk and started west toward the restaurant.

In the moments of waiting he had watched the porch of the Gusher. Instinct had drawn his attention there. Yet the profound shadows had told him nothing. Now, in motion, he saw a figure coming away from the porch, walking with so slow and swinging a gait that he turned and came to a halt. The other likewise halted, sending on a challenge.

"I want to see you, Chaffee."

He knew then who it was. "Here I am, Sleepy. Ain't you kind of slow on the trigger?"

The crisscross of words floated softly outward. Chairs slammed down on another porch. The underground telegraph woke and warned Roaring Horse.

"I could have knocked you over by them stairs," admitted Sleepy Slade. "It was orders. But it ain't my style. I figger to be as good on the jump as you are. Any old time. Nobody's ever goin' to say Sleepy Slade had to take the long end o' the teeter to win an argument. Not with you, leastwise."

"Charitable sentiments," drawled Chaffee. He felt the gathering of men along the shadowed buildings. "But maybe you also figured sixty feet was too much distance to take a chance. Better come closer, Sleepy. You know I sort of specialize on long distance."

"I ain't arguin'," droned Slade. His body swayed slightly; he advanced half across the dusty thoroughfare and stood again. "Yuh drilled Ben Gluger. Yuh did same to Jap Ruggles. If yuh ain't cut them notches yet it's too late now."

"Ain't afraid I'll get away and try it again, Sleepy?"

"Yo're corralled."

"Thanks for the information. Why don't Theodorik do his own chores?"

"I ain't arguin'," repeated Slade, the words grating more noticeably.

"Take a try," murmured Chaffee. "Yo're beginnin' to shake a little."

That touched off the powder. Slade yelled: "Like—"

and the rest was lost in the roar that shot upward and outward and seemed to suck the echoes into small whirlpools around Chaffee's head. Slade weaved. In the velvet grayness Chaffee saw the man's feet spread wide and his arms stretched ahead as if he groped for his target. Roar ran into roar. Chaffee turned half around. A woman screamed, lights flashed on, a lantern made a series of hurdles against the night's background. "Try again," murmured Chaffee. But there were no more shots. Slade was sprawled grotesquely in the street, his gaunt and saturnine features marked by death. Luis Locklear held the lantern.

At once the street was alive with spectators. Jim Chaffee stuck fast to his place, watching the sheriff, watching the crowd. Theodorik Perrine kept clear of all this, nor did the rest of the giant's gang come into the light. They were still waiting beyond the furor and babble, waiting for a second chance with a patience that somehow took away all the reassurance of the fight he had won. Luis Locklear turned. "Chaffee, I'll have yore guns."

"What for?"

Locklear's stubborn, bigoted countenance could not hold back the triumph that was his. "Stirrup S don't run the town no more. Pass the guns."

"Your manners are poor," drawled Chaffee. "Likewise your memory. Don't you know what happens when another fellow draws first?"

"How could he draw first and be dead?" scoffed Locklear. "You ain't no Annie Oakley. Yuh was pleased to shoot yore face the other night in the stable. Mebbe Stirrup S had a mortgage on the county one time. Not now, I'm goin' to learn yuh some manners down at my padlocked schoolhouse. Pass the guns."

"I believe I'll keep m' guns,"

emergency calls in blackest nights have all come in his experience. It was early in the '90s that he graduated from medical college in St. Louis, purchased a saddle horse and rode into the Ozarks. For years he answered calls on his mount and by boat in the rainy seasons when the rivers were up, but with the coming of the automobile he took to the steering wheel. It gave him a wider range. Most people have paid, but not always in cash. Some have brought rabbits and squirrels; others roasting ears, molasses and wild honey; others fresh pork and straw-berries. Some have kept up his

**The Ozark Country Doctor.**  
From St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

In Madison county, Arkansas, works a man who can look back on an interesting and useful life. He is Dr. Fred Youngblood, for 32 years a practitioner of medicine in the hill country. Fallen trees, flood gorged roads, drenching storms, washed out bridges and distant

decided Chaffee. "Now whose bluff is the best?"

He felt solid metal press into his ribs from behind. "Yores ain't," said some unknown gentleman, briefly. Locklear grinned, sour satisfaction shining out of his red-rimmed eyes. He advanced and jerked Chaffee's revolvers clear. "Now, damn yore soul, I'll do the talkin' for a spell. Promiscuous shootin' ain't stylish here no more. Neither is Stirrup S. Yore goin' to stand trial for the killin'. I lay ten dollars yuh get roped for it. Ain't very scared of losin' that money, either. Mush toward the jail."

More lanterns danced along the walks. The lights of the Red Mill burst through the windows again, and Jim Chaffee, walking silently ahead of the sheriff, wondered if that temporary darkness had been arranged for. Here and there he saw faces that not so long ago had been friendly and now were noncommittal or openly hostile. It still was puzzling him to understand how men could change opinions so quickly when Locklear pushed him down into the basement cell of the county jail, locked the door, and walked away with a sullen oath trailing behind. What power could shift public opinion, or a good part of public opinion at least, so effectively and with so little outward display?

Men were gathering in the sheriff's office overhead. He heard the shuffle of their boots and the mutter of their conversation and the booming of a voice he knew very well. Theodorik Perrine had at last come out of the darkness.

**CHAPTER X  
Voice of the Pack**

Not until he rolled into the jail bunk did Jim Chaffee feel the effects of the long day's strain. Building himself a cigarette in the darkness, it came over him suddenly—a cold cramping reaction that set his muscles to aching. The vitality and buoyancy of man sinks low during those hours around midnight; it is then that uncertain and doubt and discouragement come like black ravens to perch on weary shoulders. There was no solace in the cigarette; nothing in the dismal, chilly cell to relieve the depressing tedium of his thoughts. He had made a fight, he had won. What of it? Jail held him in spite of that, and the fortunes of the Stirrup S seemed to be settling into obscurity. With the death of Dad Satterlee the tide had gone out. The more Chaffee thought about it, the more certain it was to him that the old man's death had been planned to accomplish just that end. Living, Satterlee was a power not to be challenged. He represented the older settlers; he represented that stiff and rugged frame of mind natural to the land owner and cattle owner, large or small. He stood for rough and swift justice; he stood for a code in which a man's oral promise was as good as a written mortgage. They had killed him, and Roaring Horse began to change from the moment of his death. Who was behind it?

The cigarette fell from Chaffee's fingers. He slept long and soundly. And while he was thus lost to all things the outer world moved forward, the news of his capture was relayed to certain corners of the range, and certain men came quietly into Roaring Horse. The light in Luis Locklear's office never went out the back door of the sheriff's office opened and closed many times. When, at ten o'clock of the following morning, Jim Chaffee woke, he became the central actor in a series of events over which he had no control. Unknown to him, his fate had been decided upon during those conferences; and this was the beginning of a day long memorable in the country, the beginning of a day marked by a bitterness and an uncertainty and a tension that men never thereafter forgot.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

woodpile. But however recompensed, Dr. Youngblood has found it good. In his time deaths from diphtheria, blood poisoning, appendicitis and child birth have materially declined. Care of farm water supply has checked dysentery. Vaccination has cut down typhoid and smallpox. All thanks to education and the Ozark country doctor—that adventurous practitioner who, by the nature of the country he serves, still has many years of usefulness ahead of him.

Q. What is the size of the original painting Mona Lisa? W. T. K. A. This canvas is two feet six inches by one foot five inches.

**CENSUS SHOWS SLOW GROWTH**

New Mexico City Desires to Retain Quaintness of Old World

Santa Fe, N. M.—(UP)—Unlike its American municipal contemporaries, Santa Fe is not breaking its civic neck to become "big."

In fact, Santa Fe has a lack of desire to become a metropolis. When revised census figures showed that Santa Fe, by a margin of three persons, was the second largest city in New Mexico, the local newspaper made little of the story.

But in an editorial, the newspaper called attention to a "ray of cheer" in the disconcerting news that the city may be growing too rapidly. The cheer was that while Albuquerque gained 75.3 per cent in population during the last decade, Santa Fe's growth, fortunately, was only 54.4 per cent.

The Chamber of Commerce does not have as its aim to make Santa Fe bigger, but to make this city at the end of the Santa Fe trail "quainter" and to have it retain its European flavor. Most of the streets are unpaved, and the exclusive residential districts pride themselves on their mud and rock that are more like the rocky road to Dublin.

In his report for 1930, J. D. Huff, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, revealed the entire expenditures of the chamber for the year were \$4,867.38. Instead of trying to induce new business to come to Santa Fe, he has rather discouraged them, and his time has been taken up mostly with giving information to tourists.

**Peasants Freed of Debt As Wedding Present**

Sofia—(UP)—Instead of sending a wedding present to the king and queen of Bulgaria, a wealthy peasant of Pleven to whom about 20 villagers owed comparatively large sums of money decided unconditionally to release them from their debts.

His action was due to his interpretation of King Boris' wish that no money should be spent on gifts to them in view of the hard times through the country. His example has been followed by several other peasants.

**PAGE ULYSSES.**  
When kids, we shake with fear at tale  
Of one-eyed Polyphemus,  
Nor care, beneath his baleful glare,  
If folk as onwards deem us.

We laugh with glee when wily Greck,  
With glowing, red-hot torches,  
Puts out the giant's horrid eye,  
And e'en 'tis socket scorches.

Today in U. S., as in Greece  
Before the Trojan wars,  
There roams a one-eyed giant tribe,  
But people call them cars.

And what we need is some Ulyss,  
To cherish—not to smother—  
The flame that glows in that one eye,  
And then—to light the other.

—Sam Page

**Black Man in Cabinet.**  
From Kansas City Star.

In the new French government formed by Senator Pierre Laval, a Negro member of parliament figures for the first time. He is even said to be the first Negro in any European government. His name is Blaise Diagne, and he was born in Senegal which is Dark Africa, but has been a French colony 300 years.

It has always been the policy of France to take its civil service men from among the educated natives. The new prime minister was himself a butcher's boy in France and, on his delivery wagon, he was found reading Tacitus in the Latin text to keep up with the town college class.

So Diagne, whose family was poor, got through his own studies in his native Africa and became an efficient official in West Africa, Madagascar, and at last in the French West Indies. He was high commissioner of the colonial troops during the war and he has proved his qualities in long experience.

Minister Diagne—for the title of minister will be his until his death, no matter how short or long-lived the government may be—is now in his 58th year, the prime of governmental life. His work is cut out for him in the Colonial exposition which opens in May and in which the United States is represented. The French have set their hearts on showing what they have made of their colonies in Darkest Africa, as it once was. M. Diagne, who is himself a brilliant product, is well fitted to astonish the world by the exposition.

Q. How much money is invested in Canada by outsiders? C. L. A. The amount of capital from other countries invested in Canada as at the end of 1930 was \$6,375,533,000, an increase of \$229,000,000 over the previous year, according to the latest estimates which show that of the total outside investment in Canada, 61 per cent is now American, 35 per cent British, and 4 per cent from other countries. In 1913 the percentages were: United States, 22, Great Britain, 73, and other countries, 5.

**HEADACHES**

Needless pains like headaches are immediately relieved by Bayer Aspirin as millions of people know. And no matter how suddenly a headache may come, one can at all times be prepared. Carry the pocket tin of Bayer Aspirin with you. Keep the larger size at home. Read the proven directions for pain, headaches, neuralgia, etc.

**BAYER**

Thousands of Dollars Paid for Jokes, Said \$1 for list of buyers and our wonderful co-operative selling plan. Southern Prom Syndicate, Box 1161, Atlanta, Ga.

**Nothing New in Idea of Power From Ocean**

So far as the dispatches indicate, a power machine that has been set up by Prof. Georges Claude at Matanzas, Cuba, with its gigantic pipe for bringing up cold water from the bottom of the sea, does not involve any principles unknown to science. It was shown long ago that water, if confined in a vacuum, will give off steam at temperatures far below its ordinary boiling point, and also that cold water will condense the steam and restore the vacuum. So that when Professor Claude takes advantage of this and uses warm water from the surface to produce the steam and cold water from the bottom to condense it again, he is not exactly an innovator. The main question, then, is whether his invention is commercially important, and on this one would like to have more expert opinion, formed after thorough observation on the spot. According to the dispatches, the apparatus generated enough power to light 40 500-watt bulbs, but whether this power was in excess of the power needed to pump cold water up from the bottom is not stated, and it is a very vital point.

To the layman the whole device looks like a second cousin to a perpetual motion machine, and therefore not very promising; but this objection was raised to the locomotive, the steamboat and the airplane when they were in the experimental stage. That any of these could possibly carry enough fuel to propel itself was held to be a prima facie absurdity; yet they did propel themselves and at a pretty lively clip. The very least that can be said for Professor Claude is that he has tackled a project that men have often speculated about, and brought it to a point where its possibilities can be definitely determined. It may prove to be as impractical as schemes to utilize the latent power of the tides but it may eventually be lighting our cities.

**Stomach Troubles Headache and Dizziness**

If your stomach is sick, you are sick all over. If you can't digest your food you lose strength, get nervous and feel as tired when you get up as when you went to bed.

For 10 years Taniae has restored to health and activity many thousands who suffered just as you do.

Mr. Daniel Vinciguerra, of 6200 Stiles St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have not had a dizzy spell or a headache since taking Taniae. My nerves are in better shape and I can enjoy a good night's sleep."

Let Taniae help you too. It corrects the most obstinate digestive troubles—relieves gas, pains in the stomach and bowels, restores appetite, vigor and sound sleep.

Taniae is made of roots, barks and herbs. Costs less than 2 cents a dose. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

**Brought Down Her Elk**

Mrs. William F. Dentley of Lewis ton, Idaho, shot a bull elk in the Clearwater National Forest. The elk weighed 300 pounds when dressed. She got lost shortly thereafter and wandered twenty miles at night through eight inches of snow before she found her camp the next morning.

**Nine Years of Grain Prices**

Based on average yields for the last nine years and the average price of grains during the first six months of 1930, the average value of an acre of wheat is \$17.93, of oats, \$14.83 and of rye, \$12.68.

**MISERABLE—NERVOUS**

Waterloo, Iowa — "I think Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most strengthening tonic any weak woman can take. I was in a miserable state of health, nervous, could not sleep, I grew pale, weak and thin, had night sweats—was not able to do any work. And just a few bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' put me right on my feet, my nerves were in good condition, I could sleep, gained back my strength and was able once more to do my work."—Mrs. Nat McCoy, 620 Aukney St. Druggists.

From medical advice to users of Dr. Pierce's medicine. Write, sending symptoms blank found in package, to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y. Enclose 10c for a trial package of the tablets.

**FOREST PURCHASES**

The United States obtained title to 417,064 acres of forest land and the National Forest Reservation commission approved purchase of 538,048 acres in 1930.

**Famous Painter Praises Beauty Chilean Women**

New York—(UP)—Dario Rappaport, Austrian portrait painter, is back in the United States with the declaration that the most beautiful women in the world are to be found in Chile.

Rappaport has just spent a year in Chile where he did portraits of President Carlos Ibanez and his family. He also made portraits of 48 other Chileans.

"Chile has a marvelous climate



From medical advice to users of Dr. Pierce's medicine. Write, sending symptoms blank found in package, to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, in Buffalo, N. Y. Enclose 10c for a trial package of the tablets.