

# CHAFFEE

## ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Daugherty scratched his head to bring back the details. Well, it was a plumb dark night. Musta been four fellas guardin' that window. We boys could'n nowise get near it. So, final, one of us clumb the roof of a house farther down, haulin' a couple ropes along. Meanwhile before, we'd tied said ropes with other ropes till each length was blamed near two hundred feet long. Fella clumb from one roof across to the roof of the jail, two stories high it was. Pays these ropes down quiet like until they swung right in front of the window. Gent in the jug grabs me, makes a tie around a couple of the bars and gives a tug to let us know he'd went and done it. We boys gits back off the roof to where the main party was awatin' in the dark, yonder of the jail window some distance. Dallies the free end o' each rope around a horn and pulls like hell. She some she shore did come free like a loose tootin'. Afore we started the play we put couple of the fellows off across from the fifty yards to break a little rust and sorter attract the guards. There the old man stopped, eyes glistening with the ancient scene.

"Well," grunted Mack, "did it work?"  
"Worked swell," said Daugherty. "Jes' worked slick. We got him out. They wasn't but one hangup in the whole proceedin's. The gent cleared the jail when the bars went bust but he didn't duck low enough. Let a bullet, which we never did know if it was one of ours or the guards'. But we got him out of the jail, anyhow, even if he was killed before we could get him away."

A stifled groan rose from the listeners.  
"Ain't that a cheerful idee? Operation shore was successful but the damn' fool patient died."

"It won't work."  
Mack checked the talk. "It's a good idee, boys. They ain't any other plan that we can lay a finger to. I believe by gum, we'll just set our loops in that direction. The big point is to get word to Jim somehow what he's to do. We got to let him know we'll be danglin' a rope down from the building' top after dark."

"It ain't so easy," objected another. "Yuh can't git within forty yards of that dump."  
"Got to," was Mack's succinct answer. "We'll figger a way."

"Ahh. Who is goin' to be the gent that skins across the building' tops and lowers the rope?"  
Mack ducked his head at the veteran, "Gil Daugherty. He did it before. He can do it again. Yeah, that's a good idee. Now, Gil, you just amble around the back end of town and have a good look at the rear side of the courthouse. Line up the cell window with the top of the roof so's you'll know where to climb when it's dark. Meanwhile, I want Rube and Chitty and Tex to split and saunter about the joint. See can you pass the word to Jim. I'll be dopin' out some other scheme to get a message to him likewise. Pluke, you take what's left of the bunch and mosey towards the front door o' the courthouse. Don't start anything, but look like yuh meant to go plumb through the place. That'll draw some o' them guards away from the back. Vamoose."

The bulk of the crew ambled into the street, drawing immediate attention by the compactness of their ranks, as well as by the reputation that hovered over them. Stirrup S always had been a fighting outfit, a young and reckless

exuberant outfit. This late afternoon they made a striking picture as they slowly split into smaller groups and drifted casually onward—tall, rangy fellows for the most part, with the air of competence about them; a lazy-moving, slim-hipped clan looking somberly to the front as if nothing existed save the far horizon on which they seemed to be speculating. Even Mack Moran, dropping back, was proud of them.

There could be no mistake as to the meaning of their presence. A current seemed to sweep outward and run along through the bystanders and back through the stores and houses. Folks came to the front and watched them pass, and retreated into the depths again, feeling the impact of the threat. Roaring Horse once had been a town entirely sympathetic to Stirrup S. And Roaring Horse knew every man of the group. Yet times had changed and there were many on the street who stood aside, tight lipped and unfriendly. These were the strangers who had arrived out of the desert and seemed to be waiting only for a signal.

Mack Moran cruised idly from one saloon to another, and from one store to another. He talked little, but he listened carefully, and presently he found himself abreast the Gusher, scowling at the westering sun.

"It looks dubious," he murmured. "I dunno where all them gents come from, but they's shore a raft of unbranded critters floatin' around. It don't look prosperous a-tall. Even the counter jumpers in this layout are crawlin' into their shells. Scared stiff. Ain't I seen some o' Theodorik Perrine's gang among those present? Yeah."

He was, all of a sudden, knocked back. A young woman with rosebud cheeks and alert eyes had collided with him. She stepped aside, half confused, half laughing. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Moran."

His hat came off instantly, and he suffered the agonies of embarrassment. "Why, say, I'd ought to be shot for blockin' in the way. Ma'am, you'll excuse me."

"Really," said the young lady, still smiling, "it was my fault." And, looking straight into his eyes, she added a low and swift command. "Come up to my room, eighteen, right away." With that Gay Thatcher passed into the hotel.

Mack Moran replaced his hat and surveyed the landscape with a bland, indifferent air. He rolled a cigarette, stopped a passing acquaintance, and talked a few moments. He rocked on his heels, looked at his watch, and rubbed the face of it with a scrupulous concern. Then, having sufficiently established an apparent idleness, he ambled down the street. Abreast the bar's entrance to the Gusher, he paused and admirably portrayed the state of mind of a gentleman debating over the desirability of going in for a drink. Temptation, resistance, and surrender paced plainly across his shrewd, fighter's face. He walked in, lifted a symbolic finger to the barkeep, and imbibed. Paying for the potion, he seemed to be hit hard by a novel idea.

"Say, is that jewelry salesman still around?"

"Yeah," replied the barkeep. "I want to see him," muttered Mack. "Figger to have an elk tush mounted." Obeying the idea, he marched up the back stairs of the Gusher and down to the room numbered eighteen. He started

to knock, but was forestalled by the light of Gay Thatcher on the threshold, beckoning him in. The door closed quickly.

### CHAPTER XI

The Attack on the Jail  
Mack Moran was a plain unadorned product of the range. He walked and he rode with his head up, asking concessions of nobody, claiming the freedom to do as he pleased and go where he pleased. He had nerve enough to pass that popular and mythical test of spitting in a grizzly's face; and Roaring Horse, in furtherance of the idea, allowed that Mack was perfectly willing to let the grizzly have first spit. He was a small man, but he never allowed that to handicap him; and his conversation was open, unhemstitched, and sometimes slightly scurrilous.

Such was the reputation of the gentleman as he stepped inside Gay Thatcher's room. Yet the moment the door closed behind him and he found himself closeted alone for the first time with a young woman of recognized standing and undeniable pulchritude a sort of panic struck him, unnerved him, paralyzed him. He was at the moment as nearly petrified as it is possible for a human to become and yet draw breath. He grew as rosy as a Kentucky belle at her first ball. With his hat removed and the weight of his body canted over on one foot he looked like a man who had been caught stealing sheep; or, what was worse, eating sheep. And he mumbled incoherently: "Yes'm."

The worry on Gay Thatcher's forehead relaxed an instant. She smiled. "I am perfectly harmless, Mr. Moran. Your reputation is perfectly safe. Perhaps if you rolled a smoke you'd feel more at ease."

Mack sought for something to say and found it. "Ladies and hosses—yuh never know what they'll do." That was out and it sounded funny. He was immediately sorry.

"Many a man has gone through life not recognizing that," said Gay. "It isn't complimentary, but it is almost true." The smile departed. She bent forward, her clear eyes searching Mack. "I have heard about Jim Chaffee. Tell me—there isn't anything serious about it? He'll be out of jail soon, won't he?"

Turned to a familiar topic, Mack lost his embarrassment.

"Two weeks ago I'd of said yes. Slade drew first. A bunch of men have told me. The town was full of Theodorik's gents, all layin' for Jim. Shucks, any other time, Jim couldn't have been jugged. It's an iron-clad rule hereabouts, and always has been, that the fellow which pulls first is just out of luck if he stops a bullet. Only exception is when some hired gun artist does the job. Such a gent is apt to win a fight and still lose his neck. Accordin' to sentiment." He stopped, not sure what he wanted to say.

"Well?" prompted Gay.  
"Jim's in a heap of trouble. Country's changed a lot since Satterlee died. They's a raft of strange dudes roammin' the streets. I've had a bug put in my ear. They aim to haul Jim out after dark. That's what the schedule calls for."

He thought the information would shock her. It usually shocked people who were not accustomed to range tactics. But he was mistaken. She didn't flinch, she didn't break out with a lot of comment about injustice. All she did was to ask a quiet question. "Will the sheriff permit that?"

"I bet a hat this sheriff will," said Mack vehemently. "It's a crooked game all the way through. If they thought they could get a packed jury they'd let him stand trial. But they ain't that sure of themselves. Apt to be a kick back. So it's the easy way out they're takin'."

"Who is behind this?"  
Mack pondered. His training was all against naming names. And he had heard since time

immemorial that women couldn't keep secrets. "I ain't sure," said he evasively. "Might make a bum guess."  
"But you think you know?" she persisted.  
"You bet."

He was immensely relieved to find she didn't press the question. She walked around the room, her oval face drawn sharply. Mack was no hand at judging women, but he was struck by the thought that she didn't seem like a stranger in the land. Didn't act like one. And she was pretty.

She turned back to him. "Is there anything I can do?"

It was on the tip of his tongue to say no. Then it occurred to him that here was a possibly solution to his main problem. "They got Jim in solitary. I ain't able to get within shoutin' distance of him. Mebbe you could."

"I think so. What do you want me to tell him?"

That took Mack off his feet. He was dumbfounded and he showed it. The girl shook her head, almost impatiently. "You are mistaken about me, Mr. Moran. Which is not unusual. Most men are. What you have told me is just what I have heard myself. Perhaps I know a little something about conditions here. If there is no other way—then we have to fight fire with fire."

"Ma'am, yore dippin' yore clean fingers into skulduggery."

"What do you want me to tell him?"

He rehearsed the situation in his own mind before answering. "Tell him to watch that window about eight o'clock to-night. Gil Daugherty will try to make the courthouse roof and lower a couple of ropes without the guards' catchin' on. Jim'll get the rest of it."

"All right." And she further astonished him by the activeness of her thoughts. "Now supposing there is trouble and you miss connections with him after he gets free? Where is his horse to be—where will you be?"

"Son-of-a-gun," breathed Mack. "Where have you been all these years? I will remove my hat to yuh. The hoss will be in the alley between the restaurant and Tilton's. If he can't make that, tell him to hit for the rodeo field. Be another there. Me, I got to make connections. I'm ridin' wherever he rides. The rest of the boys'll block off trouble for a little while."

"I'll go down now," said Gay.

That was all. Mack wanted to express sentiments, but didn't know how. So he bowed himself out and left the hotel by the same way he had entered. A little later, loitering by the stable, he saw her walking toward the courthouse. And, free from the disturbing effects of her immediate presence, he caught the lithe grace of her body. She was more than pretty; nor was he the only man on the street to come to that conclusion.

Gay went directly to Luis Locklear's office. There wasn't even an argument. She smiled at the man and said she wanted to visit Jim Chaffee. That was all, and it was very simple. Yet Gay Thatcher was a shrewd judge of men, and before Luis Locklear could reply yes or no she added that she had heard pleasant things of him from the sheriff down in Bones County. Locklear swelled visibly and reached for his keys; and he looked around at the other men loitering in the room, his glance seeming to say: "Ain't I a hell on women?" Unlocking the upper stair door he motioned her ahead.

"I will not presume to listen in on a lady's conversation. Take all the time yuh want." Gay nodded and descended the stairs. Locklear left the door ajar and turned quickly to one of his followers. "Go tell those boys at the window to see she don't pass him no gun."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

# When You CAN'T QUIT

A headache is often the sign of fatigue. When temples throb it's time to rest. If you can't stop work, you can stop the pain. Bayer Aspirin will do it, every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and carry-on—in comfort.

Don't work with nerves on edge or try all day to forget a nagging pain that aspirin could end in a jiffy! Genuine aspirin can't harm you; just be sure it's Bayer.

In every package of Bayer Aspirin are proven directions for headaches, colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Carry these tablets with you, and be prepared. To block a sudden cold on the street-car; quiet a grumbling tooth at the office; relieve a headache in the theatre; spare you a sleepless night when nerves are "jumping."

And no modern girl needs "time out" for the time of month! Bayer Aspirin is an absolute antidote for periodic pain.



Take Bayer Aspirin for any ache or pain, and take enough to end it. It can't depress the heart. That is medical opinion. That is why it is only sensible to insist on the genuine tablets that bear the Bayer cross. The pocket tin is a convenient size. The bottle of 100 tablets is most economical to buy.

### State Seeks Hinges of Doors of Historic Fort

The state of Maryland is engaged in a search for an old hinge. The search centers around Hagerstown and the object is one of the massive hand-made hinges which did service upon the doors of historic Fort Frederick. This was erected in 1755 for the protection of the settlers against the Indians and it is located on the old Braddock trail to Pittsburgh. Sections of the long-abandoned highway may still be seen in the vicinity of the fort. The fort has been neglected for years, but the state acquired possession of the structure and the surrounding property eight years ago, and now it is proposed to restore it to its old-time appearance. Persons who remember the structure say that the great hinges upon the doors were one of the outstanding features of the old fort's architecture, and the suspicion lurks that one of them may be found to act as

a pattern for making others.—Washington Star.

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

### Bagpipe's Defense Strong

Friends of the bagpipe in Scotland and Ireland have arisen in wrath over the threatened movement to abolish the instrument on the ground that listening to it causes deafness. Musicians have joined the attacks, saying that pipe music is primitive and barbarous. Scotch and Irish defenders deny all this, and add that bagpipe music makes fine marching and battle music, and certainly strikes terror into the heart of an enemy.

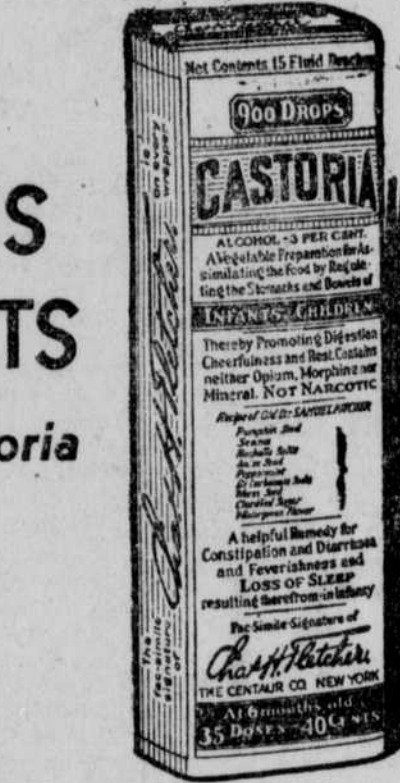
Cheap  
Mrs.—Here's my new dress, dear. I bought it for a song.  
Mr.—All right, send the collector in and I'll sing to him.

# Fretful DAYS Restless NIGHTS ... give child Castoria

FUSSY, fretful, can't sleep, won't eat... It isn't always easy to find just where the trouble is with a young child. It may be a stomach upset; it may be sluggish bowels.

But when little tongues are coated and there is even a slight suspicion of bad breath—it's time for Castoria!

Castoria, you know, is a pure vegetable preparation especially made for babies and children. When Baby cries with colic or is fretful because of constipation, Castoria brings quick comfort, and, with relief from pain, soothes him to restful sleep. For older children—up through all the school years, Castoria is equally effective in helping to right irregularities. Just give it in larger doses. What a



comfort Castoria is to mothers!

Get the genuine, with Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on wrapper and the name Castoria that always appears like this:



### Sources of Ivory

When "commercial" ivory is mentioned, the tusks of male elephants are referred to. Few females produce good tusks. The teeth of the hippopotamus, walrus and certain members of the whale family are also classed as commercial ivory. Ivory requires no preparation before being used for manufacturing purposes; it is fit for use at once. The best comes from Africa, but Asiatic ivory, which is whiter and softer, would be the more popular were it not that it turns yellow sooner and is not so easy to polish. Ivory can-

not stand changes in temperature and is liable to crack easily. Ivory is used for making billiard balls, piano keys, combs, toilet articles, and many other goods. At one time hippo ivory was used for making artificial teeth, but it is now bought chiefly by the manufacturers of umbrellas and stick handles.

Explained  
"What's daughter so put out about?" asked father.  
"Her date is off and she is on her high horse because she has to stay in tonight," said mother.

# During Childhood Lay the Foundation for a Healthy Skin

By Regular Use of CUTICURA Soap and Ointment Teach your children the Cuticura habit



Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, and 50c, Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Madison, Mass.

SEA GULL PUZZLES CITY  
Portland, Me.—(UP)—How long does the average sea gull live? That's a question puzzling Maine folk. A gull in Casco bay, easily distinguished by exceptionally dark feathers on its wings, has been under observation for 21 years.

The Last Extravaganza.  
From Kansas City Star.  
A form of joyous theatrical entertainment of an earlier day is recalled by the death of Edward Hanlon, the last of the once famous Hanlon brothers, six in number, who for many years contributed to the American stage successive extravagan-

anzas of an exceedingly popular kind. The Hanlons were acrobats. They retained their acrobatic performances in most of their shows, but adapted them largely to their productions by assuming characters more or less grotesque. Their stunts, combined with trick scenery, spectacular settings, music, dancing and comedy, furnished many delightful evenings for the playgoers of the time.

There were other producers of spectacle who rivaled the Hanlons. The Kiralfy brothers covered a long period with their activities. They depended mainly on elaborate dances, large ballets and choral mu-

sic. But the most lavish producer of them all was David Henderson, manager of the old Chicago opera house, where the Henderson spectacles originated. These productions, dramatizing and elaborating the familiar fairy stories, such as "The Crystal Slipper" and "Jack and the Beanstalk," were gorgeous presentations, with awesome transformation scenes characteristic of all the extravaganzas of the time. The Henderson spectacles were unfailingly brought to Kansas City, and one of the delights in their coming was the clownish comedian, Eddie Foy, who made his name as a Henderson star. The extravaganza has

passed out, along with much else that once thrilled old and young, in our theaters, and nothing has taken the place they once occupied in our scheme of entertainment. Maybe it is because we no longer believe in fairies, our last confession of faith having been made about the time Maude Adams overcame, for the time, our encroaching skepticism with her charming "Peter Pan."

The Only Danger.  
From Der Lustige Sachse, Leipzig.  
Girl: Tiger hunting must be very dangerous sport.  
Hunter: Yes, especially when there are tigers about.