

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

All of them raced back past the Red Mill, the restaurant, and Tilton's. Down that alley were the horses. Chaffee caught one and swung up. Mack was stabbing orders at the rest of the group. "McDermitt, ride around and holler at them boys sendin' slugs into the breeze. Say it's all over. Tell 'em to bust. Hey, Jim, where in hell yuh goin'?" Chaffee was pushing his horse down the alley toward the street. "Come on, Mack. I've got to let these fellows out here know it's time to depart. Don't want 'em holdin' the pack till somebody gets hurt. Here we go!" He reined the pony about and clattered across the sidewalk, swirling into the middle of the street. He rose in the stirrups with the lamplight of the Gusher falling fully upon him and went out the long, rising cry of the range. Mack shot in front of him, urging haste. Chaffee turned. And together they raced eastward and out of Roaring Horse. A hundred yards beyond the rodeo field they looked back. The street was a merry-go-round of men and beasts, and lights were springing up from building to building.

CHAPTER XII

The Jaws of Roaring Horse

Just beyond the rodeo field Jim Chaffee reined in. "Wait a minute, Mack. We can't go and leave the boys all bound up with trouble. Let's—"

But Mack had fought too hard to see his victory dissipated. "Hey, cut that out. Don't get no fool ideas this late at night. Yore an escaped prisoner, an' they's a bounty on yore scalp. If yuh go back there now somebody'll knock yuh down. Never mind the boys."

"I know that," muttered Chaffee, "but it don't seem right. What's the use of tradin' my scalp for some other Stirrup S man? Locklear's just the lad to take out his grudge on whoever he can."

"No chance," Mack reassured him. "We got it all figured. The whole outfit is scattered by now. And Luis is too busy lookin' for you to monkey with anybody else. Hey, they're comin' thisaway. Let's travel."

A sizeable party galloped eastward along the street, gathering recruits and speed as it traveled. Still a little reluctant, Jim Chaffee wheeled beside his partner and the two of them raced across the undulating expanse of the dark desert. "I guess—" began Chaffee, and was cut short by Mack.

"Hush, Mister Chaffee. This is my party, ain't it? You lemme do the figurin' for the next few minutes. Now spill the scandal. What happened to you last night?"

Chaffee told him in clipped sentences. Mack never said a word until Chaffee related the stampede of the herd into the canyon. At that Mack Moran began to swer passionately. "They'll pay the bill, Jim! They'll pay it if we got to start snipin' from bush to bush. Damn their measly hearts!" Then he fell grimly silent and did not speak again for a full five minutes. "Well, that shows us they's just one thing to do. Yuh got to depart the country for a spell, Jim."

"I've been arguin' that point with myself," said Chaffee. "It goes against the grain. If I do, I'm out of the fight altogether. I'm useless. I'm runnin' away. I'm a licked dog. It don't sound good. I figure I could pick up some grub along the way and hide out over in the lava country. That's close enough to the ranch to keep connections. I

could duck around and lay an ear to the ground."

"Won't work," contradicted Mack. "If it was an ordinary case o' holin' up it might do. But yore on the official records as an escaped killer. Locklear will be on yore trail from now till somethin' drops. He's got plenty of men to do it. He's got somebody's money behind him. And they'll be a few homesteaders to squawk when they ketch sight of yuh. What'll happen? They'll get yuh cornered in the lava like some mis'able Modoc. Either they starve yuh down or they run yuh into a pocket—and yore gone. No, sir. It's over the hill for Jim Chaffee."

"How long?" asked Chaffee, knowing that Mack's logic was sound. It tallied with his own belief, but he hated to admit it.

Mack was indefinite. "Oh, till things blow over."

"That don't mean any thing."

"Means a whole skin," retorted the small partner. "You've had yore fun for the time bein'. Things can't get no worse. Stay away till the excitement's died down and folks have a chance to see what kind of a deal the county's gettin'. Locklear'll lose his support. Then come back."

They rode two or three miles in silence. "All right," agreed Chaffee with evident reluctance.

"Fine. We'll curve toward the canyon and cross above or below. Leave that to you."

"Cross below at Linderman's," decided Chaffee. "I don't trust Lee very far."

They had outrun the pursuing posse, lost themselves deep in the thickening night. Gradually they swung around and laid a true course toward Linderman's ferry on the lower reaches of Roaring Horse canyon. Such a route brought them nearer the main road between town and Stirrup S. The bridge at Chickman's creek lay in front of them and to the left. So they went, abating the speed to save the ponies. The hours ran along smoothly, the night air turned intensely cold to the east wind whipping down from the peaks.

"It's snowin' up on Thirty-four Pass right now," reflected Chaffee. "Early winter ahead of us."

The twin pines guarding the Chickman creek bridge stood faintly against the immediate shadows. They approached at a slow walk.

"Gang was to meet here. Mebbe have met and gone home."

"Hold it Mack!"

There was a confused, staccato murmuring down the road in the direction of town. The partners pulled up. A group of horsemen came along at a fast gate, wavered abreast the partners about a hundred yards distant, and pounded over the bridge. "Too many for Stirrup S," grumbled Mack. "Them's the bloodhounds goin' hellbent for the ranch."

"Listen—they're leaving the road." The clatter died almost instantly, and by that Chaffee knew the party had veered from the packed dirt and taken to the loose sand.

"What's it mean?"

"Looks to me as if they had this figured out about as cute as we have," replied Chaffee. "They're takin' a short cut to Linderman's. Mack, I've got a hunch we'd better draw away and strike for Lee's. We don't want to bust into that outfit. They'll be strung all over the landscape. I don't like Lee—he's treacherous, but it seems the best way."

"Come on, then. We shore have lost a lot of time."

Once more they changed course. And since the pursuers were off at another end of the country they forbore pressing the horses. Midnight came and passed. The angling route brought them within a mile of the canyon's rim, and this they paralleled until Chaffee's former homestead broke faintly into sight. Chaffee tarried a moment. "Seems like sixty years since I lived there," he murmured. "I'll never find a better place, or one half as good, Mack."

"Let's bust."

"I hate to pull out. It don't seem right. Almost got a notion to go back to Stirrup S and fort up."

"Expected yuh'd come to that point. Now just use sense. What would happen? Locklear'd get word damn' quick yuh was in the country. It'd give him a fine chance to bust down on Miz Satterlee's head."

"That's right. We travel."

They proceeded and within a half mile were warned again. A murmuring rose up from the foreground and trembled back along the earth—an illusive shuffling, tapping sound that defied location. Either men were crawling slowly through the darkness close by or they were galloping rapidly in the distance. The partners fell into a deep gully—that same gully which William Wells Woolfridge meant to use for his main ditch—and stopped.

"Can't be them buzzards has got around us," said Mack Moran. "Wish L could smoke."

"Think it's another party."

"Great snakes, how many parties is out on the warpath."

Blockin' both ferries against yuh. Hell . . ."

The murmuring sprang to a definite rhythm of scudding hoofs. Bridle chains jingled, and the partners, warned nearly too late, pulled out of the gully. Riders went by leaving a backwash of talk.

"A little further . . ."

"Naw, this is foolish . . . Go back to the ferry."

Mack waited a safe interval. "Don't sound like nobody I ever heard. Now what?"

"They're strikin' all around us. We wait awhile."

Time dragged. It might have been a quarter hour or it might have been a half hour before they picked up the signal of that scout party again. It had left the gully and split into sections. One ranged over nearer the canyon. The other seemed to be wandering piecemeal southward. Once this latter section came so close that Jim Chaffee thought he and Mack were about to be run down. Then that exploring fragment drew up and retreated, making a sudden flurry elsewhere.

"Must smell somethin'," gumbled Mack. "Else they wouldn't be so nervous. What to do?"

"Wait it out. If we go ahead we'll maybe bust right into some wandering galoot."

The search party gathered itself eastward, between the partners and the trail to Lee's ferry. It moved away and seemed to leave the neighborhood entirely. Yet there was a queer drop-off to the sound of their retreat that left Chaffee unsatisfied. Mack was restless, muttering dire things under his breath. The shadows fell more thickly about the land, but as they waited with patience ever shortening they saw the promise of light soon to break across the peaks.

"Got to tackle it," whispered Mack. "Can't delay no longer."

"Swing wide—don't go straight ahead."

They veered, the soft abrasion of the ponies' progress running ahead and sinking into silence. They lost a mile in that detour and much good time from the slack pace. In that interval the eastern sky broke to the coming day's first thin and cheerless wedge of light. The peaks stood dim and cold. Without speaking the partners increased their speed, and in the pale dawn they came into the misty

depths and stopped about at Lee's ferry. They saw a light glimmering through the fog. The ferry itself was just visible, resting on the far bank. A lantern sparkled over there, too. Behind them the desert broke its vigil, pale and frosty.

"Ferry's across. That's bad. Make us wait twenty minutes. Meanwhile we're plumb in a trap. Jim, supposin' some o' them suckers is below waitin' for us?"

"I'm thinkin' about that item," replied Chaffee.

"Doggone, it's cold. What to do? It looks spooky to me."

"I guess we'd better brace it," decided Chaffee. "Can't turn back now." The horses, single file, walked stiff-legged down the grade as the barren wall threw its shadow over them. Halfway, they halted and studied the house, the yard, and the surrounding buildings. Nothing but the light indicated people up and about. If any of the pursuing men were below they could only be hiding in the flimsy barn.

"It's doggone ticklish," averred Mack. "Why don't that ferry start back?"

They finally came out upon the narrow beach—the only foothold of any kind for fifteen miles along the river—and advanced to the door, still in the saddle. The door came open and a woman, old and suspicious, peered out. "What you want?"

"Ferry across."

"Ferry was stoved again' the far bank yestiday," said the woman. "Old man's over tryin' to cork up the hole now. Yuh'll have to wait till noon, mebbe more."

This was disaster. Mack's weary face settled. Chaffee never had seen his partner take any piece of news so hard. As for himself, he was very tired, and the swift shutting of fortune and misfortune during the last forty-eight hours had left him somewhat hardened to a bad break such as this.

"Well, you've got a rowboat, haven't you?"

"Can't take horses over in a rowboat, mister," said the woman. She looked closely at the pair. "You must want to git away powerful bad. We've had lots of 'em like that. What's your name?"

"Look up!" cried Mack.

Chaffee tilted his chin. A line of horsemen tipped over the rim and started downward, headlong and reckless. A shot broke the gold air and rocketed between the towering banks, sounding strange above the unchanging surge of the river. Mack drew his gun and at sight of it the woman screamed and slammed the door. Both partners were out of the saddle and racing toward the rowboat drawn half from the water. "Boost that brute!" snapped Mack. "We'll get across, which is plumb more'n they'll do!"

The rowboat slid into the stream, both men scrambling aboard. Chaffee seated the oars in the rowlocks and pushed the skiff away from the shallow gravel. The swift current gripped the boat in a vise and shot it downward; Chaffee threw his weight full against the oars; they quartered across the glass-green surface.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GAMBLING

Of all the passions, gambling is the meanest and the worst; At wrecking human happiness, it easily is first.

It stimulates the nerves and mind, But in their baser part; Nor yet of human rights; The cockles of the heart.

It knows no law of property, Nor yet of human rights; It wastes its victim's waking hours, And sends him sleepless nights.

It wears a dozen honest masks, Yet ever is a thief; It robs the homes of rich and poor, And brings them both to grief.

What's that you say? Too strong, by half? To show that you're all wet, If you are not afraid, as well, Let's make a little bet.

—Sam Page

Those Good Old Days.

Albert Shaw in Review of Reviews. It is the feeble and ill-nourished mind that shrinks from knowledge of what has been, and suffers from pessimistic dread of what is yet to be. It is only the mentally and spiritually hampered — prophesying of evil to come—who believe that all change in our own day must be for the worse, and who long for the "good old days" of their grandparents.

Fish taken from Louisiana waters were marketed for almost \$2,000,000 in 1930.

Bible Remains "Best Seller"

According to a survey made in 1930, there were sold in the year 1929 throughout the world approximately 36,500,000 Bibles or parts of Bibles. The American Bible society in this year sold 11,102,664 Bibles or parts of Bibles. The cheaper editions predominated and single Psalms are the greatest sellers. Operating from 1816, the American Bible society has sold 216,193,915 Bibles or parts of Bibles.



Children need not steal your health

There should be no health penalty attached to motherhood. There isn't among really healthy women. Expectant mothers who think of the baby's health as well as their own, should take a good vegetable tonic to protect the two lives—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All dealers. Every package of it contains a Symptom Blank. Fill it out and mail it to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for FREE medical advice.

INDIGESTION GOES—QUICKLY, PLEASANTLY

When you suffer from heartburn, gas or indigestion, it's usually too much acid in your stomach. The quickest way to stop your trouble is with Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. A spoonful in water neutralizes many times its volume in stomach acids—instantly. The symptoms disappear in five minutes.

Try Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, and you will never allow yourself to suffer from over-acidity again. It is the standard anti-acid with doctors. Your druggist has Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, with directions for use, in generous 25c and 50c bottles.

Long Skirts Patriotic

Australian girls have been asked to wear dresses an inch or two longer than maidens in other parts of the world to help their country. Sheep farmers of Australia, pointing out that country's greatest industry is threatened by the current lower consumption and price of wool, have urged that fashions should be disregarded and dresses worn as long as possible—always. Paris or patriotism, is the cry.

Eat Everything without Fear of Indigestion

Are there lots of foods you can't eat—for fear of gas, bloating, pains in the stomach and bowels?

Do you have to pass up favorite dishes—while the rest enjoy them? That's a sign you need Tanlac! For more than 10 years Tanlac has restored to vigorous health thousands who suffered like you do.

Mrs. Arvena Bowers, of 1230 Jackson St., Topeka, Kans., says: "Five years I was troubled with gas, bloating and dizzy spells. But Tanlac toned up my whole system and increased my weight 10 lbs."

If you suffer from indigestion, gas, dizziness, headaches, or torpid liver—try Tanlac. One bottle often brings the needed relief.

Tanlac is a good, pure medicine, made of roots, barks, and herbs. Get it from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Gratitude and Generosity

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.—Pope.

Willing

"I'm taking the census, lady." "All right. And there's some old cans and rubber tires out in the yard. Take them, too, please."

Quick COMFORT for fretful upset children

ALL children are subject to little upsets. They come at unexpected times. They seem twice as serious in the dead of night. But there's one form of comfort on which a mother can always rely: good old Castoria. This pure vegetable preparation can't harm the tiniest infant. Yet mild as it is, it soothes a restless, fretful baby like nothing else. Its quick relief soon sees the youngster comfortable once more, back to sleep. Even an attack of colic, or diarrhea, yields to the soothing influence of Castoria.

Keep Castoria in mind, and keep a bottle in the house—always. Give it to any child whose tongue is coated, or whose breath is bad. Continue with Castoria until the child is grown!

Carolina Woman Lost 47 Lbs.

In 3 Months and Feels Years Younger

"I have been taking Kruschen Salts for nearly 3 months. I have continued taking one teaspoonful in warm water every morning. I then weighed 217 pounds, was always bothered with pains in my back and lower part of abdomen and sides. "Now I am glad to say I am a well woman, feel much stronger, years younger and my weight is 170 pounds. I do not only feel better but I look better, so all my friends say."

"I shall never be without Kruschen Salts, will never cease taking my daily dose and more than glad to highly recommend it for the great good that is in it." Mrs. S. A. Solomon, New Bern, N. C., Jan. 1930. "P. S. You may think I am exaggerating by writing such a long letter but truly I feel so indebted to you for putting out such wonderful salts that I cannot say enough." A bottle of Kruschen Salts that lasts 4 weeks costs but 85 cents at druggists the world over. Take one half teaspoon in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast. Attention to diet will help—cut out pastry and fatty meats—go light on potatoes, butter, cream and sugar—the Kruschen way is the safe way to lose fat. Try one bottle and if not joyfully satisfied—money back.—Adv.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling—Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists. Hixson Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO

Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy, 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hixson Chem. Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

Sloux City Ptg. Co., No. 18-1931.

How Much?

Thirteen-year-old Robert D., of Franklin, was greatly excited over learning to drive an automobile. Grandmother was trying to dissuade him by telling him he could not get a license. His mother, in the meantime, was telling him of the ambition of young people thirty years ago to own a fine horse and buggy, when Robert said: "Mother, how much did a horse and buggy license cost?"—Indianapolis News.

Radium Highly Priced

According to authorities of the Memorial hospital, New York city, which has eight grams, the largest amount of radium in any one place in the world, radium is now worth \$65,000 a gram.



For sale by all druggists. Be sure to get the genuine product with Cnas. H. Fletcher's signature on wrapper, and this familiar nameplate:



Cuticura Talcum for the Toilet and Nursery

It is cooling and it is soothing. Pure and delicately medicated, Cuticura Talcum is ideal for every member of the family; for Baby after the bath, for Mother as a finishing touch to her toilet, and for Father after shaving.

Talcum 25c, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c, and 50c. Shaving Cream 35c. Proprietors: Fetter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass. Try the new Cuticura Shaving Cream.

VISIT IOWA STATE
Ames, Ia.—Approximately 65 wives of Iowa legislators were guests of Iowa State college here Tuesday. Mrs. R. M. Hughes, wife of the president, entertained the visitors at a luncheon at noon. During the day they visited several points of interest in the various divisions of the college.

Another Asteroid.
From Philadelphia Ledger.
It is probable that as telescopes are made more powerful and astronomers study the sky more closely there will be comparatively fre-

quent reports of miniature planets revolving in the cosmic whirl around our sun. It is said that there are at least 1,000 of them of sufficient size to deserve identification and observation. A new one has been lately noted by astronomers of Germany, suspected to be something like little Eros, which lately paid a close call on this planet.

These discoveries are interesting on two counts. They serve to check the calculations of celestial geography, so that the spaces between the sun and its attendant earths and the dimensions of both may be figured to a fine point. But they also invite a variety of speculations about

what they are and where they come from. They may be, for instance, the debris of some cosmic collision between a couple of moons or planets. They may be surplus material left over from an incident in solar creation. They may be evidences of a planet that failed to coagulate into a globe but was spread in a belt of dust and scraps along a planetary orbit. And since curiosity is profoundly characteristic of the astronomical mind, they will be studied with patience and persistence until the matter is more or less settled, though the decision may make not the slightest difference to those who make it or accept it.



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