

# CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE  
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

He was in the street later to see the prospective settlers off to the desert with their guide. And he added: "I want you to understand, gentlemen, that a part of my fortune is invested here. All of my fortune is back of it. I expect to make money. I know you will make money—plenty of it." Smiling quite genially he returned to his office. Inside, the smile evaporated. He sent one of the clerks down the street and told the other to take a walk. Presently Luis Locklear came in, dour and stiff necked even in front of the man he knew to be his master.

"Have you done what I told you to do, Locklear?"

"Which?" grumbled the sheriff. "Yuh been tellin' me plenty, last couple days."

Woolfridge evidenced an impatient disgust. "You're too slow on your feet. You are, moreover, rather stupid. The combination bores me. I use unimaginative men by preference, but I expect them to act fast and I don't expect them to assume an importance they haven't got. I hope that is plain enough to you."

"Now look here, Woolfridge—"

"Mr. Woolfridge' if you please, Locklear. I don't care for familiarity. I'm getting a little weary of that. Usually I don't have to warn my men more than once. Now what have you done about those fellows I brought in for you to use a few days back?"

Locklear's scowling, stubborn face was pulled around slantwise. He looked like a balky horse fighting the halter. This man knew very well he was kept and paid for; he knew exactly where he stood. Yet the authority of the star had inflamed his pride; the cantankerous, caviling spirit in him would not be still. He started to protest again. Woolfridge never turned a muscle, but the veil above his eyes a moment and Locklear, dull and self-wrapped man that he was, received a sharp, distinct warning to be on his guard. It shocked him—just as it would have shocked him to have looked down some hitherto empty hall and found a gun pointed at his chest. He had always credited Woolfridge with certain powers, but never for what appeared at that moment to lay half awake, half crouched beneath the freckled chubby cheeks.

"I did what you said," grumbled Locklear finally. "Sent all but three away."

"That is good," replied Woolfridge. "We've got no further use for them. Such machinery is best taken apart before it turns to do us damage. Don't catch that, eh? I am sorry I can't use simpler similes. We have no opposition to worry about now. If any develops I can call the boys from the ranch. I've got them weeded out. All remaining are very loyal. When you have nothing better to do, Locklear, ponder on that word—loyalty. It will solve much for you. Now, from this point on you are to play a small part. A humble part. Above all, a silent part."

"I'm sheriff of Roarin' Horse," muttered Locklear.

"Very true. Yet sheriffs are not immortal. Nor perpetual. Keep your mouth shut, Locklear. That's all." Woolfridge saw the vast frame of Theodorik Perrine ambling in the front door, and thus he closed the interview. Locklear scowled and went out. Perrine, in passing, grinned at the official, but Locklear only grunted and kept going. Perrine cruised toward Wool-

fridge's desk, the grin soon dying.

"No news."

"That is your bad luck, Perrine."

"Like sin it is," rumbled the big man. The reassurance fell away from him. It always did in the presence of Woolfridge. "I ain't through huntin' yet. I'll find him."

Woolfridge tapped his desk. "You had better find him. It's your only chance of salvation, my friend."

"What's that?"

Woolfridge had a certain sparse, tight-lipped smile for situations of this sort. He used it, whereat Perrine shifted his weight; sharp creases sprang along the giant's forehead. "Mack Moran knows; but, by Jupiter, I can't get near him unless I take the bunch an' shoot my way into Melotte's house. Melotte's crew and half o' Stirrup 8 crew are strung around the place 'sif Moran amounted to somethin'."

"Then leave him alone," snapped Woolfridge. "I don't authorize you to carry on a war with Melotte. I only fight when I find it important. You run down Chaffee another way."

"He got a horse at Linderman's. He went tord Thirty-four Pass. But that's only a dodge. Don't figger he hit into the pass when it was snowin' so hard. Figger he kep' goin' due north. Yeah—only where could he go north?"

"Don't ask me questions. By the way, have you heard the rumor that Chaffee took tar impressions of the boot prints back of the stable on the night Satterlee was killed?"

Perrine nodded. "I'd shore like to get my fingers on 'em!"

"Worried, I suppose?"

"Me?" was Perrine's defensive grunt. "Why should I be? I didn't kill Satterlee."

"Ah." Woolfridge bent forward, bland as a summer tourist. "And who did kill the old gentleman, Perrine?"

Theodorik took one comprehensive glance at Woolfridge's eyes and hurriedly averted his own. "I dunno, Mebbe shot himself. It ain't none of my business and I dunno. I got plenty trouble with Chaffee as it is."

"You'll have a great many more unless you bag that gentleman," Woolfridge assured him. "Get out on the trail where you properly belong. Don't swagger around town. Keep away from the settlers. Put a seal on your tongue. The day of your swashbuckling around here is done. Next time I see you I will expect better news."

"Mebbe," said Theodorik, cruising out, "he went up Thirty-four Pass, after all. I'll have a look."

Woolfridge took his hat and casually followed Perrine to the street. He was of a mind to go to the bank, but he saw Gay Thatcher leave the hotel and cross to the livery stable. Immediately he followed and met the girl as she rode out; his hat came off, he smiled pleasantly, and took hold of the bride. "Here you are, away for an afternoon's ride. Here I am, with nothing to do and badly wanting a talk with you, well?"

The girl studied him soberly. "I think you would find me distinctly uninteresting this day."

"Never," Woolfridge assured her, and managed to put a quantity of bold gallantry into the statement. "Not if I talked with you all the rest of my days. That, by the way, is a pleasure I may beg for rather soon."

"You are a very certain man, Mr. Woolfridge. Beginning another campaign already?"

"I believe in going forward,

said he. "I surely believe in trying my luck."

"And finding other people's prices," she reminded him. "What do you think my price would be, Mr. Woolfridge?"

The humor left him; he became imperceptibly agitated. "Isn't that unkind, Miss Thatcher? I think I have always acted the proper part toward you. You have always observed the punctilios. You have distinctly changed. You sound unfriendly to me. Am I to infer that you are warning me there is no chance of my winning?"

"Supposing I did tell you that?"

He stood straight beside the horse, a suave and well-groomed gentleman with the hint of sleeked-down physical comfort about him. Yet for all his efforts to maintain the even and urbane courtesy, he could not suppress the hardening of his freckled jowls nor the metal edge of his reply. "I would not accept the answer as definite," said he. The words were quite flat; they had a peculiar snap to them.

The girl watched the blending of emotions on his face with a somber interest. "Why not, Mr. Woolfridge? Don't you credit me with knowing my own mind?"

He shook his head. "Not that. But you don't see me yet quite as you should. When you do, perhaps you will change your opinion. I am sure of it."

"In other words," she answered him. "I do have a price, after all, and you are going to be very patient—and very lenient—until you find it. I have watched your business methods. You have a set type of finesse which seems to be very successful. But in applying the same methods to a woman I think you are in error. Oh, very much so. I gave you credit for being a little more versatile."

"What have you against me?" he demanded with an abrupt, rising impatience.

"I would hate to offend your pride," said she, "but perhaps it is not much a definite objection as a plain lack of interest."

He did change color at that. And he was stung for more than she realized he could be. "No, Miss Thatcher. I flatter myself that either I make a friend or an enemy. I am not so colorless as to be merely endured. You have real reasons. You have heard things. I should like to know what they are—and to correct the error of them."

"Remember, Mr. Woolfridge, it is a woman's privilege not to be cross-examined."

He hardly bothered to conceal the irritation. "You are pleased to be mysterious again. And elusive. I once opened to you the doors of myself. Does that not imply the return courtesy? Miss Thatcher, you must give me some opportunity. I have that right. Really, I have."

"I doubt it. I never asked for your confidence. As for myself, I have never yet found the man in whom I cared to place my confessions. It is getting late—and I have a trip to make down to Melotte's."

It was somehow an omen to the girl that Woolfridge, through all the interview, held a tight grip on the bride. He was that sure of his own strength and his own right. He had not begged her to stop; he had simply checked her from going by the grip he had of the bride. Nor did he immediately withdraw it; rather he took his time, studying the girl's clear dark eyes at some length. He did not carry himself with the same arrogant command that he used toward his subordinates, but the self-contained confidence had quite the same effect on her.

"You have better access to Melotte's than I have, evidently," said he. "I wish you luck. Perhaps you may find the answer to a question that greatly interests me—the whereabouts of Jim Chaffee." She betrayed herself then;

all of a sudden her eyes were flashing and anger was in her throat. "If I find out, Mr. Woolfridge, you can be sure I will never tell you."

He released his grip on the bride and stepped back a pace, once more in full command of himself; he smiled—a smile that outraged her—"I understand quite completely," said he, bowing his head. "Now I have something to argue against. When you return I want to show you my side of the case. I am sure I will convince you."

She galloped down the street, not replying. Yet he caught the state of mind she was in—angry at herself and at him, a little confused and much disturbed, and perhaps touched by a minute fear. He watched her go until the pony carried her around the curve of the trail. Then he closed both hands, snapping them like the blades of a jackknife and walked back to the land office. "She will find I am not a man to be disregarded, nor lightly placed aside. She must listen to me. She must see all that I am, and all that I will be. I can convince her. Why not? I have made myself a power. Is a woman any more stubborn than a county full of men? What I have deliberately started and deliberately carried on I have never yet failed in. I won't with her. It may take time, but she will accept me by and by."

In the office he wrote a brief note to his man at the capital—that man in whom he had placed the business of getting out the advertisements. Hunnewell:

Find out all that you can about the past life and history of Gay Thatcher. She comes from your city. Find out also what her connections are and why she is down here. This is to be your first and immediate business. Get at it and secure the facts.

W. W. Woolfridge

A man in love with a woman would never have written such an amazing order, never would have allowed it in his head for a moment. But William Wells Woolfridge, tremendously drawn to Gay Thatcher by her clear eyes and the fine carriage of her body as well as by the maturity of her mind, was not in love with her. He was in love with an obsession—the obsession of personal conquest, the exhilaration of scaling forbidding peaks and knocking over open resistance. Gay Thatcher, whatever else she meant to him, meant more than anything a beautiful acquisition to his gallery of rare objects at Wolf's Head.

Gay Thatcher rode rapidly toward Melotte's on the broad trail bearing the imprint of the recent stirring events. And as she traveled she grew more and more angry at having shown weakness before Woolfridge. For it was weakness to defy him. He was the kind of a man who seized upon such lapses of judgement and made weapons of them. She had given him a point of attack just as others by some small slip of tongue or some still smaller act played into his hands. It seemed to her he had the skill and the patience of an Oriental, to which was added the Oriental's disposition to finally end some long drawn situation by a single stroke of the blade. It was incredible that so strong a man as Dad Satterlee could have crumbled overnight when faced against Woolfridge; and it was equally incredible that at the turn of an hour a whole county should somehow pass into the man's control. It amounted to that. Gay, rehearsing all that she had learned, felt the warning of fear. She could not dismiss Woolfridge. He wouldn't be dismissed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Gridley, Cal.—(UP)—Whether it was a ewe's eating of clover, or the touch of St. Patrick himself, a snow-white lamb born on the Pat Nugent ranch March 17th, was found to have a perfect black shamrock mark on the back between the hips

the base. It will impound 200,000 acre feet of water.

WHITE SKUNK KILLED  
Missoula, Mont.—(UP)—A pure white skunk is considered to be some sort of a freak by Bitter Root Valley trappers. Recently Jack Mahoney displayed a skunk's pelt which was without a trace of coloring.

ALL GROWN AT HOME  
Nearly 99 per cent of the tobacco contained in Canada is supplied by Dominion growers.

## Emergency Makes Test of One's Mental Health

An emergency—either good or bad—tests the stamina of mental health. It is as difficult to meet brilliant success without losing one's head as it is to meet misfortune and failure, says E. Lee Vincent in Hygeia Magazine.

Health embodies not just physical well being, but also mental well being, says Miss Vincent. Most persons are beginning to realize that to meet each day's program with interest is as important as to meet it with physical vitality. To be cheerful, tolerant and self-controlled, she says, is to give evidence of mental health.

The gift of mental health, Miss Vincent informs us, is not a chance gift of personality decreed at birth by the whim of fate. It is rather to be achieved through healthful living. Sound health habits do much to build the necessary stamina to meet both physical and mental emergencies.

## Boots That Tolstoy Made

The traveler in Leningrad will find plenty to occupy his attention and interest his mind for many days. The czars and their palaces may soon weary him, but a little walk along Khalaturin, which used to be named Miljonaya street, will bring him to the Tolstoy museum, which contains a fine collection of Leo Tolstoy memorials, letters, manuscripts, articles of his dress, including boots which he made himself, and the carriage in which he rode when he went out to die. Further along is the Pushkin museum, which performs the same service for Russia's great poet. The manuscript section is said to contain 1,000,000 manuscripts of Russian authors of the last three centuries.

## Done

John McHugh, Cleveland banker, said at a luncheon that business is improving now.

"There are some wonderful bargains now on the stock market," Mr. McHugh ended, "but I repeat again—don't speculate."

"The tale of the average speculator is short."

"I speculated last week," a man said.

"Did you?" said another man.

"They did."—Springfield Union.

## If You Want Dramatics

The Italian founder of the futuristic school of art now makes an appeal for the cuisine, pleading for "a more dynamic style of cooking, something more simultaneous and agile, something more vivid and heroic." These requirements could be met, we should say, by a bit of nitroglycerine in the oil stove.—Arkansas Gazette.

## Unquestionably

Teacher—Name some author known for his vocabulary.  
Small Ellen—Webster.

## Bad Aim

Sympathetic Friend—What's the matter with your thumb?  
Victim—I hit the wrong nail.

Sometimes the man who knows what he does not want is very diffident, and is dreadfully bored by those who tell him that he does.

It is hard for a farmer to keep his mind on his crops when they are drilling for oil on his place.

Can't PLAY  
Can't REST  
—child needs Castoria

WHEN a child is fretful and irritable, seems distressed and uncomfortable, can't play, can't sleep, it is a pretty sure sign that something is wrong. Right here is where Castoria fits into a child's scheme—the very purpose for which it was formulated years ago! A few drops and the condition which caused the trouble is righted; comfort quickly brings restful sleep.

Nothing can take the place of Castoria for children; it's perfectly harmless, yet always effective. For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old reliable preparation always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an every-day aid. Its gentle action will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. In more liberal doses it will

effectively help to regulate sluggish bowels in an older child. All druggists have Castoria; it's genuine if you see Chas. H. Fletcher's signature and this name-plate:

CASTORIA

Tomorrow Morning! Shave with  
**Cuticura**  
SHAVING CREAM  
Note how it softens, soothes and refreshes.  
At your dealers or sent post-paid on receipt of 3c.  
Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Malden, Mass.

## ADVISES WEAK WOMEN

Hillside, Nebr.—"I am taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for woman's weakness. I have been suffering for eight years with it and went to see doctors but they did not help me. Then I started taking Dr. Pierce's medicine and now my side is not hurting me. Before I began taking the 'Prescription' there were days at a time I could not stand on my feet. I surely cannot praise this medicine enough and I wish all women suffering from any feminine disorder would try the 'Prescription.'—Mrs. John E. Leake. All druggists.

Every package of Dr. Pierce's medicine contains a symptom book. Fill it in and mail to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

## No Wonder

"What comes after I in the alphabet?" inquired the fond grandmother.

"M," replied little Albert.

"What makes you say that?" cried grandma.

"I M hungry," explained the child.

## Don't Scratch

Flit kills mosquitoes quick!

Spray

FLIT

Largest Seller in 121 Countries

## The Professor Again

"That's a nice new car you have, professor."

"Dear me, so it is—I wonder where I got it."

Kill Rats Without Poison

A New Extremist that Won't Kill Livestock, Poultry, Dogs, Cats, or even Baby Chickens. K-R-O can be used about the home, barn or poultry yard with absolute safety as it contains no deadly poison. K-R-O is made of Squill, as recommended by U.S. Dept. of Agriculture, overruled under the Connable process which insures maximum strength. Used by County Agents in most rat-killing campaigns. Money-Back Guarantee. Insist upon K-R-O, the original Squill exterminator. All druggists, 75c. \$1.25, \$2.00. Direct if dealer cannot supply you. K-R-O Co., Springfield, Ohio

K-R-O KILLS-RATS-ONLY

Once you realize that you have stage fright, it becomes an uncontrollable panic.

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## DYKES RECLAIM FERTILE LANDS ON RIO GRANDE

Albuquerque, N. M.—(AP)—A \$10,000,000 harness is being put upon the Rio Grande and its tributaries to reclaim thousands of acres of fertile farm land and to safeguard New Mexico's largest city against flood.

The project takes in a district 150 miles along the Rio Grande and 50 miles north and 100 miles south of Albuquerque.

with a population of 5,000 and a land ownership of 23,000 acres. Congress appropriated more than \$1,500,000 to take care of the Indians' taxation.

The task of forcing the Rio Grande back in its banks will take four years. In addition to the construction of 400 miles of levees and parallel drainage ditches, the undertaking contemplates 570 miles of irrigation ditches, four diversion dams and a storage dam.

For years the flooded Rio Grande has so filled its bed with silt that in places the river is higher than the surrounding territory. In 1929

flood waters came to the outskirts of Albuquerque. A hastily constructed sand bag levee saved the downtown district from inundation.

The levees are 10 feet high and 50 feet wide at the base. To relieve a water shortage south of Albuquerque during the summer months when irrigation water is most needed, a storage dam is to be built on the Rio Chama, a tributary to the boundary stream 80 miles north of Albuquerque. In flood time it will store the water.

The dam will be 175 feet high, 1,300 feet long and 600 feet wide at