

Red Saunders

... By ...
HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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This is the famous story of Red Saunders, big Red, tough Red of the plains and mines. We shall follow this expansive man through his days of toughness and sinfulness up to the great day of his life, the day that shall bring the metamorphosis of Red. This trumpeter will not give the story away by indicating how this transformation shall come about—whether through the remorse or repentance of Red, his conviction of sin, his fear of the damnation of the wicked, his yearnings for the peace that passeth understanding, or whether it shall be the love of woman that shall bring this giant to his knees and make him as a little child. The trumpeter will only promise that this conversion of Red shall be one of the most interesting and delicious episodes in all fiction, which the reader will enjoy and doubtless remember through all the years of his life.

CHAPTER I.

REDDY and I were alone at the lake beds. He sat outside the cabin bradling a leather hat—band—eight strands and the repeat figure—an art that I never could master.

I sat inside with a one-pound package of smoking tobacco beside me and newspapers within reach rolling the day's supply of cigarettes.

Reddy stopped his story long enough to say, "Don't use the 'Princes' Slipper,' Kid—that paper burns my tongue—take the 'Granger'; there's plenty of it."

Well, as I was saying, I'd met a lot of the boys up in town this day and they threw as many as two drinks into me; I know that for certain, because when we took the parting dose I had a glass of whisky in both my right hands and had just twice as many friends as when I started.

When I pulled out for home I felt mighty good for myself not exactly looking for trouble, but not a-going to dodge it any, either. I was warbling "Idaho" for all I was worth—you know how pretty I can sing? Cockeyed Peterson used to say it made him forget all his troubles. "Because," says he, "you don't notice trifles when a man bats you over the head with a two by four."

Well, I was enjoying everything in sight, even a little drizzle of rain that was driving by in rags of wetness when a half-faced swabby at Fort Johnson halted me.

Now, it's a dreadful thing to be tutted to death by a nunny goat, but for a sized cowpuncher to be held up by a soldier is worse yet.

To say that I was hot under the collar don't give you the right idea of the way I felt.

"Why, you cross between the last race of summer and a bobtailed flash!" says I, "what d'yer mean? What's got into you? Get out of my daylight, you dog robber, or I'll walk the little horse round your neck like a three ringed circus. Come, pull your freight!"

It seems that this swabby had been chucked out of the third story of Frenchy's dance emporium by Bronc Thompson, which threw a great respect for our profesh into him. Consequently he wasn't fresh, like most soldiers, but answers me as polite as a tin horn gambler on pay day.

Says he: "I just wanted to tell you that old Frosthead and forty braves are some-ers between here and your outfit, with their war paint on and blood in their eyes, cawooding and whoopin' fit to beat hell with the blower on, and if you get tangled up with them I reckon they'll give you a half cut and shampoo, to say nothing of other trimmings. They say they're after the Crows, but it's a ten dollar bill against a last year's bird's nest that they'll take on any kind of trouble that comes along. Their hearts is mighty bad, they state, and when an Injun's heart gets spoiled the disease is d—d catching. You'd better slip awhile."

"Now, cuss old Frosthead and you, too!" says I. "If he comes crow hopping on my reservation I'll kick his pants on top of his scalp lock."

"All right, pardner," says he. "It's your own funeral. My orders was to halt every one going through. But I ain't a whole company, so you can have it your own way. Only if your friends have to take you home to a

corn scuttie, don't blame me. Pass, friend!"

So I went through the officers' quarters forty miles an hour, letting out a string of yells you might have heard to the coast, just to show my respect for the United States army.

Now this has always been my luck: Whenever I made a hand wagon play somebody's sure to strike me for my license, or else the team goes into the ditch a mile farther on, and I come out about as happy as a small yaller dog at a bobcat's caenus.

Some fellows can run in a rhinoceros that 'd make the hair stand up on a buffeler robe and get away with it just like a nice, but that ain't me. If I sing a little nite too high in the cellar, down comes the roof a-top of me. So it was this day. Old Johnny Hardluck socked it to me, same as usual.

Gosh a'mighty! The liquor died in me after awhile, and I went sound asleep in the saddle and woke up with a jar to find myself right in the middle of old Frosthead's gang, the drums "boom blipping" and those forty odd red tigers "nyan nyanning" in a sette that made my skin get up and walk all over me with cold feet.

How in blazes I'd managed to slip through those Injuns I don't know. 'Twould have been a wonderful piece of scouting if I'd meant it. You can't most always do any darn thing you don't want to do. Well, there I was, and, oh, doctor, but wasn't I in a lovely mess! That war song put a crimp into me that Jack Frost himself couldn't take out.

It was as dark as dark by this time. The moon just stuck one eye over the edge of the prairie, and the rest of the sky was covered with cloud. A little light came from the Injuns' campfire, but not enough to ride by, and, besides, I didn't know which way I ought to go.

Says I to myself, "Billy Saunders, you are the champion all around, old fashioned fool of the district. You are a jackass from the country where ears less'n three foot long are curiosities. You sassed that poor swabby that wanted to keep you out of this, tooling your bazoo like a man peddling soap, but now it's up to you. What are you going to do about it?" and I didn't get any answer neither.

Well, it was no use asking myself conundrums out there in the dark when time was so scarce. So I wraps my handkercher around Laddy's nose to keep him from talking horse to the Injun rules and prepared to sneak to where I'd rather be.

Laddy was the quickest thing on legs in that part of the country—out of a mighty spry little Pinto mare by our thoroughbred Kentucky horse—and I knew if I could get to the open them Injuns wouldn't have much of a chance to take out my stopper and examine my works—not much. A half mile start, and I could show the whole Sioux nation how I wore my hair.

I cut for the place where the Injuns seemed thinnest, lifting myself up till I didn't weigh fifteen pound and breathing only when necessary. We got along first rate until we reached the edge of 'em, and then Laddy had to stick his foot in a gopher hole and wallowed around there like a whale trying to climb a tree.

Some darn cuss of an Injun threw a handful of hay on the fire, and as it blazed up the whole gang spotted me.

I unlimbered my gun, sent the irons into Laddy, and we began to walk. I didn't like to make for the ranch, as I knew the boys were short handed, so I pointed north, praying to the good Lord that I'd hit some kind of settlement before I struck the north pole.

Well, we left those Injuns so far behind that there wasn't any fun in it. I slacked up, patting myself on the back, and as the trouble seemed all over I was just about to turn for the ranch when I heard horses galloping, and as the moon came out a little I saw a whole raft of redskins a-bolling up a draw not half a mile away. That knocked me slabsided. It looked like I got the wrong ticket every time the wheel turned.

I whooped it up again, swearing I wouldn't stop this deal short of a dead sure thing. We flew through space, Laddy pushing a hole in the air like a scared coyote making for home and mother.

A ways down the valley I spotted a little shack sitting all alone by itself out in the moonlight. I headed for it, hollering murder.

A man came to the door in his underrigging.

"Hi, there! What's eating you?" he yells.

"Injuns coming, pardner! The country's just oozing Injuns! Better get a

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To-day we want to talk to you about "Catarrh cures"

During the past few months we have been publishing what some of our good friends have called "heart-to-heart talks" on patent medicines.

That name suits us all right—"heart-to-heart talks" is just what we have intended. There can't be anything more serious to a sick man or sick woman than his ailment and the remedies he or she takes to cure it.

Our talks have been "heart-to-heart." Every word we have printed has been written in absolute earnestness and sincerity, and judging from what our customers tell us, we have not been talking in vain. We are convinced that our frankness has been appreciated, and that our suggestions have been welcomed—which naturally encourages us to continue.

To-day, and perhaps for some time to come, we want to talk about that big class of remedies known generally as "catarrh cures."

Broadly speaking these are the patent medicines that have been the chief targets for the attacks of the "Ladies' Home Journal," "Collier's Weekly" and other magazines which are waging such a lively warfare against patent medicine abuses.

As we have pointed out in previous talks, it is not our business to pass judgment on the crusade of these well-known, highly-respected publications. The public alone must be the judge and jury. Our business, as we see it, is to carry in stock a complete line of patent medicines, and to sell those medicines at the lowest possible price.

We sell hundreds—yes, thousands of bottles of so-called "catarrh cures," and know nothing of their ingredients. The manufacturers advertise them, the public demands them; we order them from the manufacturers, and sell them at the lowest price. That is absolutely as far as our knowledge goes. The manufacturer keeps his formula a secret. It may be good, or it may not—we don't know, and we have no means of finding out.

Naturally, we would rather sell a rem-

edy that we know is right—that we can back up with all our reputation for honesty and square-dealing.

And wouldn't you rather buy that kind of a remedy? Wouldn't you rather hold us responsible than to hold no one responsible? We are right here, right where you can get at us every day in the week, right where one false move on our part will bring upon us your condemnation, the loss of your friendship, your patronage, your influence. Can we afford to tell you anything that you will learn later is not absolutely true?

Are you not safer in taking our word for the merits of an article, than you are to rely on the printed statement of a patent medicine manufacturer, whom you never even saw and probably never will? Common sense most emphatically tells you that we cannot afford to depart one hair's breadth from the rigid truth.

None of us can deny that there is such a disease known as "catarrh." Those who have it, or who have had it, know that it is one of the hardest diseases to cure.

Perhaps the worst thing about catarrh is its prevalence. Almost everyone—especially in a climate like ours—has catarrh in some form or another. That is what has made the "catarrh cure" business so profitable. There are so many thousands of cases of the disease and it is so hard to cure, that the patent medicine manufacturers have reaped a harvest in preparing remedies that appeal to this large class of sufferers.

One of the most serious things about catarrh is that it breaks down the system, so that the sufferer becomes a prey to the other diseases. This fact has led the proprietors of so many "catarrh cures" to advertise their remedies as a specific for almost every disease under the sun.

We have ONE catarrh cure that we are willing to say to you: "We know this is all right. Take it home and use it with the full assurance that if it does not cure you, you can bring it back to us and we will promptly refund your money." That catarrh cure is

Rexall

MUCU-TONE

There is no guess work with us on Rexall Mucu-Tone. *We know what it is made of.*

Not only do we know, but we will give you a copy of the formula.

There is no secret about any Rexall remedy—we make them—one thousand of us leading druggists all over America—in our great co-operative laboratories at Boston, Mass. We own the laboratories, and everything in them, and we operate them just as skillfully as our combined brains and money will let us, and just as honestly as honest men know how.

The Ingredients of Mucu-Tone

The chief ingredients of Mucu-Tone are Gentian, Cubebs, Cascara Sagrada, Glycerine, and Sarsaparilla.

Gentian is recognized in medicine as one of the greatest tonics ever discovered. It is the foundation on which Mucu-Tone is built. Gentian combines in high degree the tonic powers of all the known "bitters," with none of the disadvantages applying to them.

Cubebs have long been recognized as a specific in the treatment of all catarrhal conditions. Its action is prompt and its benefits almost invariable. In whatever part of the body the inflamed or diseased condition of the mucous membrane exists, the use of Cubebs has been recommended by the best physicians for many generations.

Cascara Sagrada is especially introduced for its necessary laxative properties.

The combination of these with Glycerine and Sarsaparilla makes Mucu-Tone a remedy that attacks catarrh from every point, gradually restores and rebuilds the diseased tissues to their former health and strength, promotes digestion and creates a normal appetite. Large trial bottle, 50c.

For Sale Only at This Store.

How can you know whether or not you have catarrh?

Well, here are the symptoms that usually indicate its presence. Check them over, and if you have any of them, try a bottle of Rexall Mucu-Tone.

CATARRH OF THE NOSE:—Chilliness—feverishness—passages obstructed—watery discharge and latter thick, yellow and tenacious discharge into the throat—headache—foul breath—weak and watery eyes—and sometimes loss of memory.

CATARRH OF THE THROAT:—Irritation—sensation of heat and dryness—constant hawking—sore throat—and difficult to breathe.

CATARRH OF THE STOMACH:—Dizziness—emaciation—bollow cheeks—sleeplessness—bad dreams—despondent—dull, grinding or sharp, short pains in side and stomach—nausea after eating—shortness of breath—and bitter fluid rising in throat.

CATARRH OF THE INTESTINES:—Dull, grinding pain in bowels—diarrhoea—emaciation—nervousness and sleeplessness.

CATARRH OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS:—Skin drawn and yellow—black specks floating on field of vision—weak and dizzy—dull pain in small of back—and constant desire to urinate.

CATARRH OF THE BLADDER:—Sharp pains in the lower abdomen and a loss of control over urine—constant desire to urinate—burning sensation when urinating—face drawn and pallid—eyes dull—palms of hands and feet damp and clammy.

PELVIC CATARRH:—Constant leucorrhoea—dragging pain in the back and hips, abdomen and thighs—stomach disturbances—skin eruptions—sick headache—female irregularities—and constipation.

The H. E. Grice Drug Co., THE REXALL STORE.