

CHAFFEE

ROARING OF HORSE
BY ERNEST HAYCOX

The posse was almost down; guns began to wake the echoes. Across on the ferry side old man Lee straightened and ran momentarily out of sight. When he reappeared there was a short barreled shotgun in his fists. He peered through the thin fog, raising the gun uncertainly, not knowing what to expect. Mack Moran yelled at him, but the sound of the water only blurred Mack's meaning. The posse raced to the river's edge and laid a line of fire against the boat, all shots falling short. The woman screamed again and it may have been that Xavier Francois Lonestar Lee heard that scream, though the noise of the canyon might have absorbed so shrill a sound before it reached the man's ears. But at any rate he saw the posse through the fog and he heard them shooting; and he obeyed a natural, primitive impulse. Raising the shotgun he fired point-blank at the nearby boat. The fine shot sang and snapped in the water. Mack yelled again and ducked. "Let 'er go! The loon's reachin' for more shells!"

The second blast came sleeting across the interval, indescribably vicious as it sheered and spat in the current and whined against the boat's side. Jim Chaffee felt a thin, sharp pain slicing into his shoulder; turning, he saw that Lee was making ready for another aim, and he understood then how impossible the situation had of a sudden become. Buckshot was deadly; he dared not attempt to bluff through it. So he reversed the impulse of the oars and the boat, urged onward by the added force, raced into the dim, drowning depths of the canyon.

Mack Moran's immediate reaction was one of absurd, hilarious satisfaction. "Doggone that Lee person. He'll never get this boat back again. Serves him right." Then he noticed Chaffee's wrist muscles snapping hard against the oars and at that point the full realization of the approaching ordeal smote him squarely in the middle of his shoulder blades. His leathery cheeks tightened; through the gray gloom his face seemed to pucker owlishly, and there appeared to be a withdrawal of blood from his compressed lips. "Man, let's you and me hit for the shore sudden!"

"What shore?" "Huh?" Mack looked around, startled. The lower end of that gravel strip upon which Lee's house precariously perched was sliding past them, narrowing swiftly to nothing more than a ledge. Even as he looked that ledge fell away into the river and was absorbed by the sheer face of the canyon wall and there was nothing left but a stubborn, black expanse of pitted rock rising and vanishing beyond the curling mists. The booming fury of water struggling through the farther recesses grew perceptibly louder. Chaffee threw his weight against the oars and the skiff, traveling stern foremost, shot along like a thing alive. Mack protested. "Say, we're goin' thirty miles an hour, or I'm an Australian boomerang thrower. What's the need of all this hustle? Let's slow down some and consider the matter in detail. Me, I don't like to rush."

"Ain't going as fast as we seem, said Chaffee. "But we might just as well get this over with. It don't do any good to think about Devil's Boil too long. Wonder if that posse is racin' along the rim to reach Linderman's ahead of us?"

Sight of Lee's ferry long ago had been shut off by the fog wreath. "Last I saw," said Mack, "they was all lined up on the shore, gawpin' at us. Didn't seem to be in no hurry." "Reasonable for them to look at it that way," was Chaffee's grim observation. "Better take off your boots and shirt."

"No, sir, I hate to get my feet wet." "Well, here's where we start. Lay down on the bottom, Mack, so I can see the rocks comin' up."

Mack obeyed. The boat began to pitch, stern rising and slapping into the rollers. Up from the throat of the gorge came the sound as of a high wind beating through a forest, of water pouring over a cliff. Chaffee lifted his oars and let the craft drift of its own momentum. Ahead, the river seemed to slant at an increased angle—another piece of deception moving water holds up to man—and from wall to wall there was nothing but white spearheads flashing dully in the half light. The boat leaped onward and began to turn. Chaffee dipped an oar, almost losing it. He dug the current, and reater again. The black jaws of a rock yawned beside him, spray lashed out and spattered the prone Mack.

"Sunk?" yelled Mack, half rising.

The boat rose and dropped with a force that knocked the puncher flat on his face. They were gripped by warring eddies, pulled and battered and rocked. Chaffee lowered both oars and braked the boat's speed, body weaving, muscles and joints cracking with the immense pressure. Mack lifted his head again and found himself canted against one side, staring into a hollow that appeared to be carved from green glass. The boat sprang back; all this was behind him, smooth water lapped against the boards. Chaffee sagged and wiped sweat and spray from his face. Mack crawled to the stern seat and rolled a cigaret, trying to speak casually. "Well, guess that was the worst of it, uh?"

"You know better. We ain't been nowhere yet." "Our sunny, light-hearted friend speakin'. Never thought I'd ever get seasick out in the middle of the desert. But I shore squirmed back yonder. Say—look—there's a place we could step ashore. See that shelf?"

"Yeah. And see what's back of it. A wall, straight up. Would it buy us anything to land? Can't fly out of this hole. And nobody's goin' to row down after us."

"If I ever get ashore once—" muttered Mack. "Do you hear somethin'?" The canyon trembled with it—a faint, pulsating snore that sounded like the gutturing of some primeval monster; yet the tempo remained constant, never varying, never dying out. The farther they floated the deeper and more thunderous was the reverberation thrown across the towering walls. And somehow, for all the advancing light of day, the gorge was plunged in a more profound twilight. It began to narrow, and Chaffee discovered a point jutting out in front of them. The smoothness of the stream face was broken into warning ridges. White water beckoned. Around that approaching point began the Long Slide, terminating in the Devil's Boil. Of the four men who had started from Lee's in the past thirty years, three had lost their lives in the Boil; and to that mad, tortured area with its great vaults battered by dynamic hydraulic attacks and its tempestuous suction Mack Moran

and Jim Chaffee were now rapidly approaching. "Yuh, I hear it," gumbled Mack. He looked longingly to the faint strip of shelving on the south side. "I bet a man could cut some sort of a stone ladder up there, Jim."

"What with?" "There yuh go again. Well, call me for breakfast, Mister Chaffee. If I hear a trumpet or a harp I'll know it won't be beans and bacon. Go to it, kid." The rough water took them, the boat shot around the jutting point of the south wall. The incline of the river's bed seemed far greater than at any previous stage of the trip. As they straightened into the Long Slide a vast roar battered either precipice and they were actually dizzied by the impact of a vibrating, stuttering conflict of force against force just beyond sight. In another moment a charging white wall of water broke through the fog; spray covered them. Chaffee, dog tired, pulled in the oars. "What's the use of dippin' a toothpick in Niagara?" The torrent of sound tore the words out of his mouth. Mack looked backward. Chaffee leaned down. "One man made it! Hang on to your pants! Here we go!"

Mack's face was blurred in the mist, but he winked and clamped both arms around the stern seat. Chaffee jammed his feet between boat bottom and the middle seat. The skiff swayed and lurched into a trough; at that moment Chaffee had a clear view of the Devil's Boil—nothing but cascading fury to one side and a slick uprearing wall of water that seemed to defy the law of gravity on the other. Seeing it, he pushed the oars under him, pulled himself as low as he could, and tightened all muscles.

There is in water a power that nothing else under the blue canopy of heaven possesses. Man may dam it, yet the slowly impounding force laps away at the barrier, constantly making sallies and thrust and forever threatening to break free; man may ride upon it, but never with a sure sense of safety, for it is a thing alive, ceaseless and destructive. It wears away all before it; it moves onward, nor can anything check its final victory. So, as Chaffee rode into the mists of fury, he resigned himself to death as others had done, even though in the dim recesses of his being the unquenchable flame of life desire still burned. One man had made it, and therefore some alley existed through the wild and charging torrent. Thus, with hope and despair alternating, he saw himself being drawn into the terrific maw of the Boil. The boat was past anyone's power to check, racing along the slide with a speed that taxed his senses. He felt a suction pulling it lower in the water. Whether or not it was true, he did see that the surface of the stream sliced nearer the gunwales, accompanied by a sound that was something like the frying of bacon in a pan. The mists turned by degrees from a damp blanket to an actual downpour; moment by moment the canyon walls became dimmer and his ears were drummed with an intensity of attack he had never yet experienced. From the heights of the canyon he often had heard the drone of this cataclysmic force; down here, caught in its grip, the sound was more like a mingled screaming and exploding of the elements.

The boat was filled with water. So far the speed or the suction had kept it from pitching much, but as the last sight of the walls obscured and died, and even the bulk of the craft itself was barely visible, the suction appeared to let go; instantly it began a crazy, side for side and end to end careening. The water gushed around Chaffee's feet. Great cascades drenched him, strangled him; and all the while he was alone, one tiny cell of living life surrounded by destruction. In a moment of clearheadedness he wondered if Mack was still in the boat. He didn't know, couldn't hear his partner even if Mack shouted at the top of his lungs, and couldn't see him. More things were happening in those few seconds than he could grasp. But he did feel a slacking off of the punishment, and then the suction took hold again and the boat began to travel in a vast circle, impelled to a greater speed, thrown higher at each revolution until it seemed certain that in time it would reach some top-heavy angle and turn over. Nothing, he knew, kept the boat from being beaten into fragments but the steady rhythm of the whirlpool they were in. And he lost control entirely of the time.

But it seemed forever. It seemed like since he and Mack had embarked from Lee's ferry. So much for the illusion of time. The mighty reverberation played tricks with him; seemed first behind him, then in front of him. And actually appeared to sink below. Then—and it was like being released alive from a burial vault—he caught a faint sight of the sky, and he saw one rim of the canyon perched at some crazy angle. They were traveling upward no doubt of it. The sensation was too acute to be mistaken; and in another moment he had a small view of Mack, all in a knot. They were traveling again at great speed—and straight ahead. The sky became clearer, and for an interval the drenching sprays diminished; Chaffee even wondered if he might try the oars. It was an idle thought at the moment, for the boat was checked, smashed by some reverse current; and then they fell dizzily, the pit of Chaffee's stomach rising and his feet pushing harder and harder against the floor boards to avert what must be the fatal crash.

The crash never came. It was as if they were hooked to a great cradle, swinging from side to side. Then, in one more flashing interval of time, that was all changed. The boat leaped high, swung around poised and turned over, the both of them struggling beneath it. Chaffee, trying to keep some order in his head, unlocked his body, pulled himself to the surface and looked around. Mack was perched on the upturned bow, and ahead of them lay the finest sight the most beautiful stretch of nature Chaffee thought he had ever laid eyes upon—calm water.

The Boil was behind, and somehow the sound of it was no longer sinister. Actually it looked like a pretty fine spectacle. So they went rocking precariously through the lee riffles and struck a sluggish eddy.

"G-got a cigaret?" said Mack in a voice that was but a thin shadow of itself. "What makes you stutter?" questioned Chaffee, nor could he understand the reedy little noise in his throat. "Got a bit cold," explained Mack, and then began to swear. "Y'don't look so light hearted yoreself, by—"

Chaffee studied the receding Boil. "Mack, have you got any mortal idea how we squeezed through that cataract? Hell, it's a mile high and forty feet thick." "No, and I ain't aimin' to go back to find out, either. Man, I died so many times in the last few minutes I got no fear of the grave left. I bet St. Peter is hangin' up a set of wings right now which he was aimin' to try on me."

"Well, it's over. Oars gone, boat leakin', everything ready to fall apart, includin' the contents. Let's try to push this thing ashore and empty it out. Then proceed with due leisure to Linderman's"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Paris—(UP)—Traffic cops in Paris will soon take on the appearance of policemen from tropical countries; they are going to have white helmets. It is not with the idea of protecting them from the sun's hot rays, because they will wear their tropical hats rains or shine, summer or winter. It is the latest idea of Prefect of Police M. Jean Chappe, to make traffic controllers more conspicuous in the rush of autos. A few months ago the traffic section of the metropolitan police tried out a new kind of hat for the traffic cops. This hat resembled the familiar one worn by the agents, only it had a white waterproof band around the top, specially designed to catch the eye of the auto driver.

Another novelty which intrigues Parisians at the present time is the system of "nailed passages," which the French call the safety lanes across the streets. The lanes are marked by means of large steel nails. In introducing these safety lanes, the police announced that any driver who knocked down a pedestrian in a safety zone would be shown no mercy.

This led to a kind of game of baiting of auto drivers by Parisians. They walk across the nailed passages with great deliberation, smiling knowingly to the driver who is forced to put on the brakes to save hitting the pedestrian.

But now it is the taxi-driver's turn to smile. The municipal budget revealed that it costs the citizens 30 cents for every nail and there are an average of 40 nails in every passage and there are thousands of passages. What is more, the money will have to be paid twice, because it has been found that the round type of nails now used are easily ripped up by traffic and it will be necessary to replace them with an entirely different type.

Buffalo, N. Y.—(UP)—Erie county has a decidedly popular penitentiary. Judges are constantly being embarrassed by prisoners demanding longer sentences and explaining that "I stole the ladder in order to be sent to the Erie county penitentiary," or "Your Honor, the only way I could get into the 'pen' was to break that window."

The penitentiary is located at Wende, 18 miles west of Buffalo. One reason for its popularity is that when not working, the inmates are free to visit about in the cell blocks, or rest in their grey-blue cells. The days are not entirely pass, however, for park benches, ballot boxes, caskets, and clothing for use in county institutions are made here entirely by the inmates. Complete idleness is a penalty for misbehavior.

The entire institution is kept scrupulously clean. One Out of Twelve Graduates Presidents Liberty, Mo.—(UP)—A survey of 122 graduates of William Jewell college here showed that one out of 12 became college presidents.

The 10 William Jewell graduates who have headed educational institutions are: David J. Evans, former president of his alma mater and now professor at Rochester-Colgate Divinity school, Rochester, N. Y.; Francis J. White, former president of Shanghai college, Shanghai, China; Asa Q. Burns, Dodd college, Shreveport, La.; W. C. Boone, Oklahoma Baptist university, Shawnee, Okla.; J. A. Cooper, Sioux Falls college, Sioux Falls, S. D.; V. C. Couiter, former president of Sioux Falls college; John F. Herget, Ouachita college, Arkadelphia, Ark.; C. B. Miller, former president of Hardin college, Mexico, Mo.; and John W. Millon, former president of Hardin college and of Des Moines university.

Enough Proof. From Answers. "There are no two people who think alike." "Oh, yes there are." "You'll have to show me." "Then why did Jane and I get ten sets of teaspoons for wedding presents?"

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WHITE HELMETS TO AID POLICE

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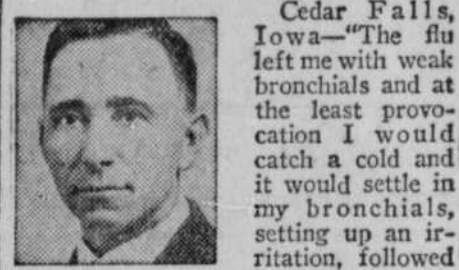
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HAD SEVERE COUGH EVERY WINTER



Cedar Falls, Iowa—"The flu left me with weak bronchials and at the least provocation I would catch a cold and it would settle in my bronchials, setting up an irritation, followed by a severe cough, every winter. I would have to give up my work for a time. But since I have taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I have not had any of these spells. It has so built me up in health that I go all through the winter without having colds or coughs."—A. Wagner, 515 Lincoln St. Druggists.

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

Farmers' Ailments American farmers are found to have fewer defects of eyesight and hearing than workers in other occupations, but they are more inclined to neglect dental defects.

Politeness Pays "To smile and bow low," said H. Ho, the sage of Chinatown, "make an easy task that sometimes proves surprisingly remunerative."—Washington Star.

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Don't let constipation poison your system. August Flower corrects constipation—even stubborn cases—almost like magic! Sweetens stomach, stirs liver, aids digestion. GUARANTEED All Druggists.

Soon in Same Class The covetous man never has money. And the prodigal will have none shortly.—Jonathan Swift.

If peach buds had some of the fur that the peaches wear later, they might keep from being nipped by the frost.

Preference "Does your wife like humor?" "Well, not so much as she likes being humored."

Are You "Hitting On All Six?"

Liver—Stomach—Bowels—Nerves Heart—Are They All 100%?

Folks, the human body is just like a good car, everything must be in working order if you want real performance. You can't expect to feel 100% if your liver and stomach are out of order, nerves jumpy or bowels tied up. You weak, despondent people who have been trying to get back the vim and endurance of earlier years will be delighted to see how quickly strength and energy return thru the use of Tanlac. Go to your druggist now and get a bottle of Tanlac. Tanlac has helped millions so there is no reason why you, too, can't begin today to revitalize your entire system. Money back guarantee.

Exchange Carl—"Here's some candy. Sweets for the sweet." Helen—"Thank you. Here are some nuts."

Nature and Argument All argument will vanish before one touch of nature.—Colman

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The sensible man never complains. If he breaks his leg he is always thankful that it isn't his neck.

After giving us a lift, the elevator is ready to run us down.

WOMEN SHOULD LEARN USES OF MAGNESIA

To women who suffer from nausea, or so-called "morning sickness," this is a blessing. Most nurses know it. It is advised by leading specialists: Over a small quantity of finely cracked ice pour a teaspoonful of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. Sip slowly until you are relieved. It ends sick stomach or inclination to vomit. Its anti-acid properties make Phillips' Milk of Magnesia quick relief in heartburn, sour stomach, gas. Its mild laxative action assures regular bowel movement. Used as a mouthwash it helps prevent tooth decay during expectancy.

Sioux City Pig. Co., No. 19-1931.

*Missouri Is Not Approved. The Nomad in the Boston Transcript.

Agonies of the Nomad's recent remarks on the pronunciation of the names of states, "M" writes. "Now do give us the correct pronunciation of one more state—Missouri. It surely can't be that the final 'i' is pronounced as 'er'. And also the name Gotham—long or short?"

Missouri should have been included in the Nomad's list. It is ordinarily pronounced "Missourie," the "s" as "z," and the last syllable the short "i". Sometimes the natives say "Mizzoura," but that is

not approved, and there is, of course, no sense in it. The dictionaries say "Go-tham or Goth-am." The approved pronunciation of the Nottinghamshire village in England is Goth-am, but Go-tham is common in this country, where New York City has been sarcastically called by the name ever since Irving, in "Salmagundi," applied the term in honor of the supposed stupidity of the Manhattanites. And yet the inhabitants of the original Gotham were not so stupid after all, for they only played the fool in order to discourage King John from passing through the place—thereby getting

out of the expense of entertaining him. There is a tradition, probably based on this thrifty performance, that the Nottinghamshire village was settled by Scots. Irving fixed the name irrevocably on Manhattan. Gotham obtained its place in English classics with Mother Goose's beautiful quatrain: Three wise men of Gotham Went to sea in a bowl. If their boat had been stronger My song had been longer.

Advised to Wait. From Kansas City Star Among the modern works of art to be put into the corner stone of a new apartment hotel in New York

is a copy of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude." The contractor should be told to wait until Mr. O'Neill's new play is ready. "Strange Interlude" is only about a five-hour play; the new one runs three nights, and will hold down the corner stone a lot more securely.

SLUMP SAVES PAIR ALIMONY Bridgeport, Conn.—(UP)—Due to business depression, Edward Lawrence and Antonio Lawrence told the judge, they were unable to keep up alimony payments. The court took cognizance of the business slump and reduced their schedule of payments one-half.