

CHAFFEE

ROARING HORSE

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Hank Linderman at sunup of that morning was skinning hides on the north side of the river where Roaring Horse made a slack eddy. The bluffs here were sloping and not very tall. His house stood on top of the bluffs, and his ferry swayed against its cable, also on the north shore. The day was young and promised to be fresh and cold, but down in the eddy was a vast stench where the Stirrup S cattle had lodged after being driven over by Theodorik Perrine. And he was skinning hides when something attracted his attention up the river. Rising he saw a boat floating toward him, ours gone, and two men sprawled against the seats in postures of infinite, mortal weariness. Knowing as much as he did about this river, Linderman was so completely astonished that he dropped his knife and walked three feet into the water.

"Great jumpin' Judas—where yuh been?"

Chaffee shunted the boat inward by sculling with his palms. Mack Moran was smoking a cigarette that had miraculously escaped the deluge, and he didn't seem to hear Linderman. Later, when they were nearer shore, he began talking to himself. "We made history. Yessir, we shore made a lot of history in damn' little time. Them pearly gates opened, and I heard distinct a gent callin' the roll. Got to my name and began lookin' around. 'What, not here?' thunders Peter. 'Nossir,' says a guardian angel. 'He's late—got hung up down yonder.' 'Put back that pair o' number four wings, then,' yells Peter, 'and let him be deprived of everlasting joy for another few years.' Then them doors closed, and I shore did hear the lock click. We made history, you bet."

The boat touched land and both men crawled stiffly out.

"From Lee's?" asked Linderman, knowing it could be from nowhere else, yet still unbelieving.

"Yeah," said Chaffee. "Seen anything of a posse on the south bank lately?"

"And he passes it off like that," mourned Mack Moran, having trouble with his legs.

"So that's it?" grunted Linderman. "That's why they was fellas foolin' across the river all night long. I ain't seen none this mornin' yet. Who would it be, Jim?"

"Perrine—et al. Not here recently, huh?" Chaffee looked to Mack. "I guess they didn't think it worth while to ride along the rim."

"Gorram my soul," breathed Linderman. "Down the river from Lee's! Just you let me tell this, by the shades! Down the river from Lee's! I will be overlastingly condemned!"

"Got a couple of horses and saddles, Hank?" asked Chaffee. "Trouble over in Roarin' Horse. New deal, and it ain't exactly on the level. I've got to pull freight for a while. Mack's goin' back after he's got his bearings."

"No deal is straight with Perrine in it," reflected Linderman. "Yeah, I got a couple of horses. But, boys, I don't want Perrine on my head. Don't want him to think I willingly helped folks against him. And, still, I wouldn't like to lie about it."

"A light dawnin'," murmured Moran. He drew his gun and waved it in Linderman's direction. "Fella, you see the business end of a forced request."

"That's better," grinned Linderman. "I'm bein' urged at the point of a gun. No lie to that. Now put your hand artillery away and climb up the slope." They followed him

along the trail. On the way he spoke about the hides. "You fellows know an awful lot of your cattle went over the rim? I'm skinnin' hides. Your fence must be out of commission."

"Wire cut," was Chaffee's brief reply.

They reached the top of the bluff. Passing the house Linderman raised his voice. "Mamma, git a snack on the table in a hurry for a couple of outlaws."

Mrs. Linderman peered through the door, smiled and disappeared. Linderman took the partners to the barn and indicated a pair of ponies. "Both stout. Both a little wild. But they'll do. Bring 'em back in your own good time. Now let's go get that snack."

Ten minutes later Chaffee and Moran were in the saddle.

"Well, kid," said Mack, "be good. Where yuh goin'?"

"Think I'll cross Thirty-four Pass into Miles Valley. Won't be gone long. I hate to run away."

"Nothin' else to do," replied Mack. "We got that all figured. They got you on a nail, for the time bein'. Best to clear out so's we boys won't be all complicated. That gang ain't got nuthin' but a little general hell raisin' against us. Won't dare get too hostile about it. Locklear can't force his hand that strong. But they'll go the limit to get you. So beat it, and don't worry. We're all safe. Stay away till the fire burns down and Luis stubs his toe."

"It ain't Luis altogether," said Chaffee, wistfully studying the horizons. "It's somebody else. Woolfridge, I'm pretty sure, though I don't get all his ideas. And maybe it won't blow over so soon. Well, I'll drift across the pass and write a letter from Bannock City. You keep me posted. I ain't going to stay away forever. May be back in a week or so. Meanwhile, you watch out."

"They ain't got nothin' on me," reassured Mack. "I'm hittin' home. We'll take care of Stirrup S."

"I hate to go," repeated Jim Chaffee.

"Yeah, I know."

"Well—so long, kid. Take care of yourself."

"So long Jim. Be good."

Chaffee turned and galloped eastward. Some yards along he turned and Mack raised his hand shouting: "We shore made history." Then Chaffee was beyond earshot, and Mack swung down the bluff and crossed to the south bank on the ferry. Hank Linderman returned to his hides, still marveling. Sometime later he heard a faint gunshot report come over the south bluff, but he thought nothing about it. "All the way from Lee's," he muttered. "Gorram my soul!"

Chaffee went straight for the bench. The sentinel peaks glittered brightly in the morning light, and snow covered the slopes well below the timber line. Storm caps hovered along the summits. Veering away from the canyon, he reached Gorman's Lodge at a thousand feet above the desert's lever early in the afternoon. He bought a couple day's supplies and pushed upward. The trail stiffened, the first trace of snow appeared on the ground, and the wind grew shriller. The pass, he knew, would be deeply banked, but he had made this trip previously as late as Christmas and he never doubted his ability to reach the summit by night and sleep in the cabin there. From the summit it was another day's ride into Bannock City.

The sap was drained out of

him. For three days he had been fighting and riding continually; twice in that time he had seen his very existence trembling in the balance. The stampede was bad enough, but the ride through Devil's Boil had scattered his nerves beyond belief. So he rode the trail slackly. The snow grew heavier; the wind grew whiter with the thickening flakes. His horse shied at something and Chaffee fought the animal back to the path. Dusk found them a steep and rugged mile short of the cabin, breasting the powdered drifts. And of a sudden, from the distance, there floated a weird call, born abreast the rising gale. The pony, just recovered from a spell of skittishness, leaped aside. Chaffee was sitting loose and the unexpected maneuver threw him clear of the saddle. He struck half on one arm and half on his heels, the weight of his body checked by a boulder rising above the snow crust. The pony wheeled and galloped down the trail, soon lost in the shadows.

Chaffee's first thought was to rise and follow back. Pushing himself upright, he braced his body by the rock; as the pressure shifted to his feet a stab of pain ran him through. He fell to the ground, realizing one ankle was either broken or so badly twisted that walking was beyond question. The rising wind in that short time had molded fine drifts of snow on his shoulders and in the wrinkles of his coat.

CHAPTER XIII

Surrender

Miz Satterlee sat at one end of the table, pushing the contract of sale, the deed, and the conveyance of all Stirrup S brands and marks down to William Wells Woolfridge, who sat at the other end. Josiah Craib from his place at the side took the legal instruments and scanned them with a severe glance. He signed as witness, and Mark Eagle likewise affixed his signature. Then Eagle retired from Craib's office, and Woolfridge accepted the papers, in turn passing a check to Miz Satterlee. And by the gesture all the wide-flung land that was the dream and the pride of old Dad Satterlee passed out of the name and into alien hands. Persistence had finally won—persistence and subtlety and pressure; the property now belonged to Woolfridge.

Miz Satterlee accepted the check, hardly looking at it. She sat very straight in the chair. Her mouth was tightly pursed, and her eyes, still the vigorous and expressive eyes of her youth, fell squarely upon Woolfridge.

"I have given in, sir." Woolfridge bowed. "In my life, Mrs. Satterlee, I have found that everybody has a price. It is only a matter of finding that price. You must admit, madam, that in this case I have not tried to haggle. You must admit I have paid a just sum."

"I never argue," replied Miz Satterlee, and for once the weariness showed through. Yet she was too proud to reveal the burning resentment. "I only say that I sell to you in order to avoid further shedding of blood. I will not stand by and see my boys killed and driven away and ambushed. Nothing is worth that."

"Surely, Mrs. Satterlee, you are not saying all that to my door."

"I detest a liar. Do you deny driving Jim Chaffee out of the country?"

Woolfridge's chubby cheeks flushed until the freckles were buried in color. The formal politeness congealed. "The man was a murderer. He was escaping from justice—"

"Do you deny having Mack Moran shot down in the road and nearly killed?"

"I regret that. I had nothing to do with it. You must realize that he was instrumental in Chaffee's escape and that the posse, disappointed in not bagging him, might have gone

baled hay coming to market contain moldy hay and are graded as sample hay.

RABBIT'S EARS NOT SAME SIZE
New Orleans, La.—(UP)—A rabbit with one ear shorter than the other was killed near here. One ear was normal and the other about two inches long. It was thought that the rabbit had lost an ear and that it was growing back like the tail of a lizard.

TRANSPLANT SUGAR BEETS
Washington—(AP)—An increase of one to eight tons to the acre

beyond reason in shooting Moran. And Moran was really an accessory."

"Do you deny ordering my cattle stampeded over the bluffs?"

Woolfridge raised his hand and at once his face hardened; the autocratic and arbitrary mandarin spirit slanted out beneath his slightly drooping lids. "I owe you ab respect, madam, but in fairness—"

"Fairness, Mr. Woolfridge? I detest a hypocrite. You have won. Why not be proud of your weapons, since you do so well with them?"

"I have never denied that I wanted Stirrup S badly, Mrs. Satterlee," was Woolfridge's sharp rejoinder. "Nor have I ever hesitated about the price to be paid. If you desire honesty, I will add that the price includes other items besides that check I have handed you. Now if I can be of any assistance in helping you move—"

"I require no help. I will remain in the hotel."

Woolfridge permitted himself a thin smile. "I do not wish to take any further advantage. Knowing that you certainly would not wish to remain under my hospitality I might say that I own the hotel."

Miz Satterlee rose. "I am glad to know it. In that case I will look for a house."

"You may find that I own a great many of the houses as well," added Woolfridge. He was enjoying this; such courteously spoken phrases with a barbed tip to them were much to his taste now that he was in a position to reveal the extent of his power.

"Do you own all of Roaring Horse, Mr. Woolfridge?" demanded Miz Satterlee, losing a little of her self-control. "Are you trying to drive me from this county?"

"I own a great deal of the county—all that I need. No, madam, I am not trying to drive you away. Why should I? But it would perhaps be far better for your own happiness if you did go."

Josiah Craib broke his long silence. He, too, rose and his pony head bobbed at Woolfridge. "That will be enough. Ma'am, let me escort you to the door." The two of them crossed the bank room. At the door Craib spoke earnestly. "Miz Satterlee, whatever has happened, I wish you could still regard me as a personal friend."

The woman turned and looked into his sparse, rawboned face. "Craib," said she with more of sadness and emotion than at any other time during the interview, "I wish I knew you."

He was about to answer that. Yet he never did. Instead he bowed an awkward, craning motion of his gaunt neck and turned back. Woolfridge was smoking, and Woolfridge studied the banker coldly.

"My friend, I do not relish orders, nor suggestions."

"The remark stands," replied Craib without a particle of emotion. "I will not have Miz Satterlee badgered."

Woolfridge studied Craib, and a gleam of cold amusement became visible. "You have a stiffer backbone than I figured." Then he was blunt and peremptory. "Go get these instruments recorded. Then lock them in your safe. Keep your mouth closed as to all that has transpired between us. What is to be revealed I will reveal."

"Yes," said Craib.

Woolfridge left the bank. In passing the teller's cage he discovered Mark Eagle's following glance, and it seemed to irritate him. He paused. "My friend, I do not require my help to be friendly. I do not wish friendliness. But I do expect both politeness and respect. Think about that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Small Oversight

"Did you cancel all my engagements, as I told you, Parker?"

"Yes, sir, but Lady Millicent didn't take it very well. She said you were to marry her next Monday."

may be expected in the yield of sugar beets by transplanting the plants instead of sowing the seed in rows and thinning the plants to a stand, department of agricultural experiments shows. The sugar content, too, usually is increased.

Hard to Please

From Boston Transcript.
Those young men who started the revolution in Spain resent the commutation of their punishment from death to a short term in prison. They insist on full pardon. The next step, probably, after they get amnesty will be to demand pensions.

SQUABBLE OVER POLITICS PLUMS

French Republic Facing Year With National Elections

Paris—(UP)—With the seventh year of President Gaston Doumergue ending in June, the choice of his successor near at hand, the national general election less than a year away and still plenty of patronage to be distributed, the French parliament is playing politics as never before.

Hoover, Mussolini and MacDonaid would have given up in despair long ago, if they had to run their governments with one hand and parry the French parliament with the other. Statistics show that 37 times in the 60 years of the Third French republic, parliament has overthrown cabinets.

When the short-lived Steeg government fell statisticians marked up the 22nd cabinet collapse since the war, the 15th with which President Doumergue has had to deal.

No Majority

The difficulty is due to the fact that the last general election did not promise a majority in either the Senate or the Chamber of Deputies.

M. Poincare, a master-strategist, succeeded in coralling a great majority by making it a sacred duty to avoid obstructing France's recovery.

He succeeded in welding a majority of nearly two-thirds of the Chamber in his "National Union" cabinet and picked his ministers off benches from right to left. Only the Socialists and Communists, who could not see his Ruhr and revenge policies, were outside.

When M. Poincare fell, M. Tardieu sought to scrape up that same majority, but the great group of radicals and radical socialists loyal to M. Edouard Herriot, voted at Angers to withdraw support of any Tardieu cabinet.

Tardieu Majority

M. Laval went into power with the Tardieu majority, man for man. He could not swing the radicals, or socialists, his way, so his days in power seem to be numbered to the extent that his legislative pleases M. Herriot and M. Blum.

The communists make much noise, but really do not count in the French chamber. Neither do the Royalists at the other side of the hall.

Laval, the youngest premier in French history, is a protege of Briand.

In forming his cabinet he brought in seven men who had never before held portfolios. His most courageous act was to name a Senegalese Negro, Blaise Diagne, as under secretary of state for Colonies at a time when the post is given great importance by the opening of the International Colonial Exposition.

Perfect Tailor-Made Man Is Discovered

Chicago—(UP)—The perfect tailor-made man has been discovered. He is Jim Phillips, 22 years old, elevator operator, and corresponds size for size with the measurement recently announced by a national tailors association as those of the "perfect" man.

Phillips is 5 feet, 8 inches tall. He weighs 138 to 140 pounds. He has 37 inch hips, 18 inch arms at the sleeve, 32 inch legs.

The perfect specimen, from the standpoint of tailors, plays basketball, sleeps eight hours a night and eats lots of vegetables, milk, eggs, and doesn't drink too much coffee.

"OH, MY OPERATION"

Our health we never think about, The while it staunchly stands A friend and goodly servant, that Responds to our demands.

And so one night I little thought, That my mere belly ache Was ominous of anything, I should not promptly shake.

The shaking, though, the doctor did; He gravely shook his head, And shortly, in a hospital, I found myself in bed.

"Appendicitis," said the Doc; "That jigger must come out, Or shortly it will burst in you, Beyond the faintest doubt."

So now I'm in the major class,— I've had an operation; And you, dear reader, must abide It's infinite relation.

That "inflante" perhaps is strong; But for at least some days, From me you'll get no other verse. Save operative lays. —Sam Page.

He's One of Us, Men.

From Noton's Magazine.
Husband and wife were preparing to go out. Looking up, he saw her gazing rather intently at his clothes.

"Well," he asked, "what's the matter?"

"I say, dear," she said, "you never look so smart in your clothes as you used to 10 years ago."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That's very strange," he returned, "because they are the same clothes."

FIGHTS NEW DIVORCE LAW

Raleigh, N. C.—(UP)—Mrs. B. Frank Mebane, only woman member of the North Carolina house of representatives, played a prominent part in defeating bills designed to loosen the state's divorce laws.

Well Supplied.

From Tit-Bits.
Antique Dealer: Now, sir, if you'll step this way, I've a very fine specimen of a Queen Anne sideboard I would like to show you.
Client: Say, that old queen of yours must have had a big dining room. This'll be the eighth sideboard. At length the girl said, sweetly,

MOTHERS ARE LEARNING USES OF MAGNESIA

From the beginning of expectancy until baby is weaned, Phillips' Milk of Magnesia performs the greatest service for many women.

It relieves nausea, heartburn, "morning sickness," inclination to vomit; helps digestion. Its mild laxative action assures regular bowel movement.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia is better than lime water for neutralizing cow's milk for infant feeding.

All drugstores have Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in generous 25c and 50c bottles. Always insist on the genuine, endorsed by physicians for 50 years.

MODERN GAS SERVICE FOR EVERY RURAL HOME

Pressure Gas Appliances Make It Possible for Everybody to Light, Heat and Cook With Gas.

Nowadays the women of the farm and small towns can be just as modern as their city sisters in running their households. Indeed, they need not even envy the gas service of their city relatives. They can have modern gas service—for lighting, heating and cooking. And at low cost, too—though they live miles and miles from any gas mains.

Coleman pressure gas appliances—cook stoves, lamps, lanterns, radiant heaters, irons, water heaters, etc.—make these conveniences possible.

And these appliances have been so well perfected that in most cases a scratch of a match and a turn of a valve lights them instantly. The big convenience feature is that they are complete in themselves—they make and burn their own gas from regular motor fuel. You don't have to hire a plumber or pipefitter to connect them up—there are no pipes or tubes. They are ready to serve you, right when you have them delivered.

With these gas-making, gas-burning appliances, the rural housewife is saved much time each day, to say nothing of the unpleasant and burdensome tasks that are abolished.

Interesting pamphlets describing and illustrating the various pressure gas appliances may be had without charge by writing to The Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., 500 Coleman Bldg., Wichita, Kansas.—Adv.

New Indigestion Remedy

Iced oxygen for indigestion and other stomach troubles is the latest wrinkle in British medical circles and is said to be producing surprisingly satisfactory results. It is pleasant to swallow in the form of an oxygen soufflé with a few drops of lemon or peach juice sprinkled over it and serves the purpose of getting oxygen into the stomach without trouble. This novelty was demonstrated at the London medical exhibition and was sampled by inquisitive visitors.

AN EXCELLENT TONIC AND NERVINE

Waterloo, Iowa —"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a most excellent tonic and nervine. I have taken it and found it especially beneficial during expectancy to keep me in good physical condition, and afterward to build me up and bring back my strength. And at any time when I feel myself beginning to go down I take a bottle of the 'Prescription' and find it so helpful that I think it is the only tonic for a weak and ailing woman to take." Mrs. Hulda Smith, 136 Black Ave.

All drugstores or send 10c to Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial package.

Good Business

"Why is it that you encourage all of your clerks to get married?"

"Well, I find that married men are not in such an awful rush to get home early as the single ones."—Hummel, Hamburg.

He gains wisdom in a happy way who gains it by another's experiment.—Plautus.

Stomach Troubles Headache and Dizziness

If your stomach is sick, you are sick all over. If you can't digest your food, you lose strength, get nervous and feel as tired when you get up as when you went to bed.

For 10 years Tanlac has restored to health and activity many thousands who suffered just as you do.

Mr. Daniel Vinciguerra, of 6200 Stiles St., Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have not had a dizzy spell or a headache since taking Tanlac. My nerves are in better shape and I can enjoy a good night's sleep."

Let Tanlac help you, too. It corrects the most obstinate digestive troubles—relieves gas, pains in the stomach and bowels, restores appetite, vigor and sound sleep.

Tanlac is made of roots, barks and herbs. Costs less than 2 cents a dose. Get a bottle from your druggist today. Your money back if it doesn't help you.

Strict Regulation of Billboards Is Proposed

Toronto, Ont.—(UP)—More stringent regulations regarding the erection of advertising signboards on or adjacent to provincial highways are planned by the Ontario department of highways, according to R. H. Smith, deputy minister of highways.

The department at present levies a heavy tax against all signs which do not advertise a business connected with the property on which the billboard is situated. Now it

is planned to introduce legislation forbidding erection of signs where they will destroy the appearance of the countryside.

It also is planned to ban the erection of signs within 500 feet of road intersections and railroad crossings. The present limit is 300 feet.

FIRING HAY COSTS \$30,000,000

Ames, Ia.—(AP)—E. R. Henson of the farm crops department, Iowa State college, says farmers lose \$30,000,000 annually due to the firing of under cured hay. More than 12 per cent of the cars of