ROARING HORSE

"Gentlemen, I used to own this bank. It was a good bank in a good country and I made a little money. For my own reasons I sold controlling interest to Mr. Woolfridge, which he wanted kept secret. His business is not my business. I know something of his affairs, but I have no voice in them. I have nothing to do with this land proposition. I sat aside, watched it develop, and fall to pieces. It ain't a homesteading country. It's a cattle country. A nice cattle country. I liked it as it was. You boys will never make a penny off it by farmin'. I understand you are broke. What I have to say is that although I am not in any way responsible for what has happened, nor am I able to obligate the bank for any sum of money, I do have money of my own which I will use to straighten out this affair. With homesteaders in the land this bank will go to the wall. With cattlemen in the country it will prosper. It's to my advantage to have cattlemen back and to see you boys on your way to somethin' better. If you'll come in the bank tomorrow mornin' and surrender your rights to me I will pay you whatever sum you have paid Woolfridge. You will be free to go. I will assume the business of clearin' up all affairs, which will take a long time. But the country can get back to its original business again, which is raisin' beef. That's all." And he ducked his bony head and retreated into the bank, closing the door.

A Stirrup S man crowded beside Chaffee. "What's the old duffer mean by that?" Chaffee shook his head, im-

Chaffee shook his head, immensely puzzled. "I don't know."

"He ain't passin' out a lot of coin for nothin'. Mebbe he's doin' it to get hisself in the clear. Why, he don't even know Woolfridge is in jail."

"Don't you think it," replied Chaffee. "He knows everything he ought to know. He sees whatever is going on, don't forget it."

The homesteaders shifted around, talking earnestly. A group of them marched to the bank and tried to get in, but the door was locked. Chaffee started away, thinking of other things. But in passing his eyes caught a light behind the bank cage; under the light Mark Eagle stood, bent over a ledger, black hair glistening. He had on the old alpaca coat, an eyeshade covered his forehead and a pencil lay behind one ear. The Indian had returned to the ways of the white man.

Even that sight, as remarkable and thought provoking as it was, failed to hold Chaffee's attention. He strode down the street, pulled by a more urgent desire. He wanted to see Gay. He wanted to talk to her, now that he was free. Free and poor. Free to speak his heart, and free to offer her a poor man's company. Well . . .

At the hotel he hesitated, reminded that he had one duty yet to perform over at the stable-to see who those dead men were and to lock the prisoners in the jail before any possible recurrence of mob spirit took possession of the homesteaders. So, both impatient and tired, he pressed forward through the shadows. On the verge of crossing the street he heard a man running directly toward him. He didn't know who it was, nor could he make out the fellow's face in the darkness. The unknown one halted, almost touching him, the breath coming in gasps. And he spoke in a sibilant whisper.

BANISHED BY GRUNDYISM.
From Los Angeles Record-Journal.
Some months ago the United
States built a new tariff wall. To
promote "prosperity," and that sort

of thing.

Last September, Canada—our best customer—retaliated with a wall of her own.

Since then—about nine months—

75 new American industries have moved to Canada.

That makes just 484 American concerns operating north of the

More than 50,000 Canadians are producing "American" products—in Canada.

These 50,000 Canadians are

"Jim—hey, Jim! For God's sake, come to Callahan's! They got Luke in the back room—killin' him! Hurry—!"

"Who's that?" challenged Chaffee. But the man was running back. Chaffee raced in pursuit, wishing to call some of the Stirrup S crowd after him. But he was past the jail and he didn't want to draw the attention or the anger of the homesteaders down upon the Perrine gang.

There had been too much fighting to start more. So he followed. He heard the unknown one sing out again and drop completely from hearing. Thoroughly aroused, Chaffee struck Callahan's swinging doors with his whole body and knocked them aside. His gun was drawn and he swept the room-to find nobody in it. No customers, no barkeeps, nor even Callahan himself. Yet Callahan's office door was ajar, back of the counter, and a chair went smashing to the floor as he listened, evoking a high and shrill cry of distress. Chaffee vaulted the bar and kicked open the door; it swung halfway, struck an obstacle and recoiled. He commanded a partial view of the room and saw nothing; somebody sighed heavily and, throwing aside his caution, he hit the door again and jumped full into the room. The door slammed shut.

Theodorik Perrine, massive and black and sinister, stood against the wall, revolver bearing down upon Chaffee. He had the latter off balance; he had the drop. And he grinned.

"Nobody else here. Just me, Chaffee. I make pritty good sounds o' trouble, don't I? Yeah. Jus' me. My come-on is out in the alley, prob'ly gettin' away from here fast as he's able. God knows where the gang is. Some's dead, some's in the cooler. Rest went yella and hit for other parts. But I'm still here, Chaffee. Yeah, I'm here. It's the end of the trail all right. But I got one more hand to play and I shore wasn't leavin' until I played it. Slip the gun back in vore holster. I got yuh hipped."

"Where's Luke?" demanded

"Not here. It was only a stall to bring yuh over. Put back the gun."

"A trick?" muttered Chaffee. He shook his head, realizing how fully he had fallen into the trap. It angered him. He ought to have known better. Yet he thought Luke was in trouble, and Luke was a partner of his. Perrine's gun was set steadily againsh him, while his own piece aimed at nothing but a blank wall. Perrine murmured his command again, and Chaffee slid the

weapon into its holster. Perrine backed away until he was at the far end of the room. "Yeah, a trick. Yore pritty clever, Chaffee. Yuh think fast. I had to ketch yuh quick afore yuh had time to think. So it was a trick. But it ain't one now. I never knew the man I had to take advantage of on the draw. I'm givin' yuh an even break. But I want to palaver a minute." His own weapon dropped into its holster. Perrine seemed to relax, yet even in relaxing the mighty muscles strained and rolled along his shoulders. He was still grinning, swart features broken into sardonic lines,narrow eyes half closed.

"Even break," he repeated.
"Nobody in the saloon. Nobody out back. Never saw the time I had to have help.
Fifty-fifty. One of us walks outen here without hindrance—unless some o' yore centipedes ketch wind of it."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

spending \$100,000,000 in buying power away from American merchants.

These 50,000 Canadians are spending \$100,000,000 a year in buying power with Canadian mer-

Sergeant (drilling a w k w a r d squad): Company! Attention! Lift up your left leg and hold it straight out in front of you!

One of the squad held up his right

out in front of you!

One of the squad held up his right leg by mistake. This prought his right hand companion's left leg and his own right leg close together.

Sergeant: And who is that fellow over there holding up both legs?

THE FORBIDDEN YEARS

WADSWORTH CAMP

Barbara's mother closely while

both glared at something with-

in the room, an object, how-

ever, which Barbara couldn't

see since her vista was limited

to the space between the door-

way and the vivid window

Harley spied her, and swooped

down, scolding with a false

ferocity, to carry her back to

her crib. Her mother followed.

Never mind. Turn on the

she hovered over the crib.

"I wish she hadn't wakened.

Very like an angel, indeed,

The child reached up her

arms, and was clasped con-

vulsively. That wasn't at all

like her mother who seldem

had time to snuggle; and her

sudden tears were more troub-

ling than anything else. In the

light Harley snapped on they

were like raindrops clinging

to spring leaves in the park.

straight back to sleep." It

sounded more like a prayer

than a command.

"Go back to sleep, Bobbie;

"Why is mummy crying?"

There wasn't any answer.

Harley came and leaned over

the crib, too, covering her face

with bony hands. Marcelle, the maid, glided in without a

trace of her habitual smart-

ness, looking as if she had at

that moment awakened from a

gibbering nightmare. Gatins,

wearing a wispy hathrobe,

stalked after; Gatins, who, in

immaculate livery, always

made such a ceremony of

serving Barbara whenever her

mother let her lunch down-

stairs. Behind him in the

shadows of the hall other

shapes wavered, unrecogniz-

able, Why should that one

sound, resembling a clapping

of hands, have summoned

everyone from bed in the

middle of the night and to-

wards Barbara's nursery;

everyone, that is, except her

"doesn't Father come too?"

"Why," the child asked,

Silence crashed upon the

chaos of the room. Little by

little the muttering and sob-

bing struggled from beneath

its massive weight; her mother

straightened and spoke with

an effect of lifting it single-

her out of the house right

"Harley, you'll have to get

Her voice intended for Har-

"A hotel. Say, the Windham.

ley alone, continued too

You'll hear in the morning

Harley's shock made her

"But-but why not to-to-"

The golden head shook ve-

"Not to anyone's house. It

Again she bent over Bar-

"Harley's going to take you

for a ride through the park."

through the park in the

middle of the night!

quarters, Gatins?"

straight off."

The child stared. A ride

Her mother's beautiful

mouth texisted oddly. She

started for the door beckoning

"You did plephone head-

He looked so grotesque bow-

ing in his bathrobe that Bar-

bera grinned; but the awe of

his voice swept her smile away.

"No, ma'am, but I'll do it

While Harley was dressing

(TO B) CONTINUED)

"Farming for profit in 1931," is

the slogan adopted by Alabama

Polytechnic institute for the state's

her the child became drowsy.

wouldn't be fair after this."

father?

handed.

audible.

stutter.

hemently.

bara.

Gatins.

what to do."

Before she could go nearer

curtains.

light."

CHAPTER I

The first memory to take a permanent, if vague, place in Barbara Norcross's mind had to do with a revolver shot and the confused moments crowding after its vicious snap. Naturally she didn't know the sound then for what it was; to her five-year-old ears it resembled an abrupt bringing together of an elder's admonitory palms, and she sat up in her crib, wondering what fault, unconsciously she could have committed to displease Harley, her nurse.

Harley wasn't to blame after all, for her angular figure, visable in the night-long dusk of the street lamps, rose from the bed across the room, and froze in an atitude, even to a child, abnormally apprehensive.

"Lie down, Bobbie."
"But, Harley, I heard a funny noise."

Graceless in her heavy cotton nightdress the nurse shuffled to the crib and thrust the child back gently.

"Lie down. Go to sleep.
What's the noise to you?"

It was only when she was grown that the untended irony of the question tortured Barbara. Now she tried to obey and close her eyes, but from somewhere in the house a feminine voice cried in blank terror, and she commenced to whimper.

"It's mummy—"

Harley's hand, meant to be soothing, frightened Barbara with its trembling.

"I know, I'll go see. You lie down. Harley won't be a minute."

But, after she had put on her wrapper, the nurse crept to the door as if retarded by a cord of dread; and, having turned the knob, she opened the door inch by inch, as against a powerful but immaterial resistance. Except for her thick breathing the house was stifling with silence. Her voice, when she spoke at last, seemed to lack power to penetrate it.

"Oh, ma'am, what's happened?"

Barbara hears her mother's tones, still shrill, but capable of forming feverish words.

"Quick, Harley! Not burglars. Don't wake Bobbie up." Just before Harley closed the door, the hysterical voice spoke again.

"I sappose we'll have to get the police—"

Barbara's whimper scattered into hard sobs. She had learned to dislike and distrust policemen in the park where she had to keep off inviting grass, and be very careful how she chalked sidewalks for games. Was that what her mother was afraid of, an invasion of the house by policemen? But why should a sound like a clapping of hands bring policemen? Harley wasn't fair to leave the child alone in he artificial twilight of the nursery, awaiting such a crisis, so Barbara got over the railing of her crib, pattered to the door, opened it, and stepped

across the sill. The corridor was dark except for a blaze of light from her father's dressing room at the end. In the midst of that, sketched brilliantly against saffron window draperies decorated with white and blue herons, was her mother's lovely shape, clothed in creamy silk and lace, and crowned with the heavy gold of her hair. There seemed a profanation in Harley's intimate contact with so angelic a creature. Awkward in her cotton nightdress, she held

Heirs Seek Share

Of Buchanan Millions

Fayetteville, Tenn. — (UP) — Frank B. Kelso, Lincoln county register, is having a busy time answering queries in regard to an \$850,000,000 estate.

More than 300 Lincoln county people claim to be direct descendants of William Buchanan, a cousin of President James Buchanan, and believe themselves entitled to a hale in the Buchanan estate.

farm program.

estate in New York, Pennsylvania,
North and South Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee, has been
leased for 99 years and reverts back
to the owners this year.

In addition to local queries, Kelso has had requests for aid in tracing "family trees" from scores of people in such scattered places as Houston, Tex.; Montgomery and Birmingham, Ala.; Louisville, Ky, and the states of California, New York, Indiana, Oregon, Washington, Arkansas and Florida

PLATTE RIVER AT LOWEST MARK IN 60 YEARS

Fremont, Neb. — Special) — In the year's trend to extremes, the sandy old Platte is playing its part. It has dwindled from a lusty stream to a mere creek running down the wide expanse of sandy bed. According to George F. Wolz, secretary of the Fremont chamber of commerce, who has been a resident here since 1871, the Platte is the lowest now it has been in 60 years.

SHORT CHANGE CHARGES MADE

Norfolk Man Said Also to Be Identified in 'Dope' Peddling

Norfolk, Neb. — (Special) — Two men have been jailed at Neligh after a confession of having worked several north Nebraska towns as short change artists.

Jesse Hoggat until recently a brakeman for the Northwestern railroad of Norfolk, about 35 years old and Dean Likens, 28, of Basset were arrested at Hoggat's home in Norfolk.

Not only are the men said to be proficient in short changing but it is said they are "dopes" and doubtless peddle drugs in the vicinity. No dope could be found on the premises, but several hypodermic needles were found in the house, and tell tale marks were found on the arms of the two men. In addition five pints of alleged whisky and a quart of alleged alcohol were found.

When Antelope county officers get through with the men on the short changing charge, they will be wanted here for prosecution on a liquor charge as well as on any further evidence found against them

BANKERS FEEL BRYAN'S LASH

Governor of Nebraska Says
One Per Cent Service
Charge Is Conspiracy

Lincoln, Neb. — (Special) —Governor Bryan, judging from his remarks this week, doesn't care for bankers. After issuing the charge on Monday that banks failed because their owners were too political minded, he has come forth with another statement in regard to the service charge which banks propose to collect on state deposits.

Bryan says concerted action by

the banks to collect the full 1 per cent service charge where the state treasurer has allowed them ½ of 1 per cent would constitute a "conspiracy."

"I think the state would be very

wise to invest its surplus funds in government bonds should the bankers attempt through concerted action to require the state to pay them an amount to be fixed by the bankers rather than by the state treasurer," said the governor. "Bankers should know they cannot dictate the public policy of the state."

BIG ATTENDANCE AT FARM UNION PICNIC

Homer, Neb. — (Special) — More than 3,000 people were in attendance at the Dakota County Farmers' Union picnic in Homer. The 25 piece band of Louisville, Neb., all Farmers' Union members, furnished music throughout the day.

SHOWS TAX TO BE PAID BY EACH COUNTY

Lincoln, Neb. — (Special) — A tabulation compiled by W. H. Smith, state tax commissioner shows that the various Nebraska counties, on a levy of 2.04 mills, will raise a total of \$6,213,418 in state taxes.

Smith completed a list showing the valuation of tangible property in northeastern counties, together with the amount each must pay to the state treasury on the 2.04 mills

County Tanglible valu- 1931 state ation Taxes \$32,297,508 \$ 65.887 Antelope Brown 9,886,118 19,759 48,922,180 99,801 Cedar 20,768,714 42,369 Dakota 18,175,954 37,078 Dawes 28,257,610 Dixon 26,002,372 53,045 Holt 36.585.955 744365 Knox 12,925 6.335,659 Rock 49.239 Thurston 24,161,372 77,849 38,161,218 This year's state tax will total approximately \$1,500,000 less than the 1929 levy.

WHISTLED FOR IT London-Stockmen held an ath-

letic show at the Royal Counties Agricultural Exposition and when the show was over the cattle herdsmen and pig men proved so evenly matched that the judge, Capt. R. P. O'Donnell, called on the contentants to whistle for the prize. The cattle herdsmen, whistling "Tipperary." outwhistled the pig men.

TO TEST SANITY OF ALLEGED FIREBUG

Ogallala, Neb.—Counsel for Dr. H. J. O'Donnell, Paxton physician charged with arson, have made arrangements to have him examined Friday by Dr. W. E. Ash, head of staff at St. Bernard's hospital at Council Bluffs, Ia., for nervous and mental diseases.

Two brothers of O'Donnell have arrived here. They are C. J. O'Donnell, professor of mathematics and principal of school at Long Prairie S. D., and John L. O'Donnell, advertising man at Houston, Tex

MercolizedWax Keeps Skin Young

Get an ounce and use as directed. Fine particles of aged skin peel off until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freekles disappear. Skin is then soft and velvely. Your face looks years younger. Mercolised Wax brings out the hidden beauty of your skin. To remove wrinkles use one ounce Powdered Saxolite disadvant in con-laft min witch here.



DAISY FLY KILLER
Placed anywhere. DAISY FLY KILLER attracts and
kills all files. Neat. clean, ornamental, convenient and



Restaurant. Estab, business, Spiendid location, low rent, modern bidg. Also one smaller town, coal heat; both making money. Terms, Asso. Sales, N. Y. Bidg., St. Paul, Minn.

Newly-Weds

He-We'll stop at the best hotel, dear. We only marry once, you

She—How delightfully old-fashioned you are, John.



Worried Husbands

Do your own weariness, your wife's unhappiness and "nerves", leave you no peace of mind? Both of you are losing the joy you ought to find in life and in each other.

You can recover the forgotten glow of youth. Take Fellows' Syrup, which supplies your body with vital ingredients often missing. In a short time you will be eager and fit for work, play, meals, and sleep.

Begin now—don't miss another day of happiness and health. The first few doses will begin to transform you. Follow the prescription doctors have used for years, and get the genuine Fellows' Syrup from your druggist today.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

Too Speedy

Hanks—Is your dentist a fast worker?

Shanks—I'll say so—he sends his oill in the next mail.

How One Woman Lost 20 Pounds of Fat

Lost Her Prominent Hips— Double Chin—Sluggishness

Gained Physical Vigor— A Shapely Figure

If you're fat—first remove the cause!

Take one half teaspoonful of KRUSCHEN SALTS in a glass of hot water every morning—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—KRUSCHEN will give any fat person a joyous surprise.

Get an 85c bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS from any leading druggist anywhere in America (lasts 4 weeks). If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, safeest and surest way to lose fat—your money gladly returned.

Bedroom Golf
"I have my round of strokes every
orning."

morning."
"What course do you play on?"

"The cheek and chin course."

Women are naturally foolish, because they were made to match the men.

STOP Mosquite bites! Play Safe! Spray FILIT

Largest Seller in 121 Countries

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