

Red Saunders

... By ...
HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY McCLURE, PHILLIPS & COMPANY

(CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK)

"Dear, dear!" says he. "The hurry and skurry of young folks! How idle it seems when you get fifty years away from it and see how little anything counts! For all that, I thank God," says he, "that there's a little red left in my blood yet, which makes me sympathize with them. But the girl's people object, you say?"

"I made that all clear to him. 'The girl's always all right, father,' says I, 'and as for the man in this case, my word for him.'"

"Now, it ain't just the right thing for me to say; but, seeing as I've never had anything in particular to be modest about, and I'm proud of what the old gentleman told me, I'm going to repeat it.

"Your word is good for me, Red," says he. "You're a mischievous boy at times, but your heart and your head are both reliable. Give me your arm to the wagon."

"Then I felt mighty sorry to think of lugging that poor old man all that ways."

"Here," says I. "Now you sit down again. Don't you do anything of the sort. You ain't fit."

"He put his hand on my shoulder and hobbled his weight off the game leg."

"Reddy, I was sitting there thinking when you came in—thinking of how comfortable it was to be in an easy chair with my foot on a stool, and then I thought, 'If the Lord should send me some work to do, would I be willing?' Now, thanks be to him, I am willing and glad to find myself so, and I do not believe there's any work more acceptable to him than the union of young folk who love each other. Ouch!" says he as that foot touched the ground. "Perhaps you'd better pick me up and carry me bodily."

"So I did it, the old housekeeper following us with an armful of things and jawing the both of us, him for a fool and me for a villain. She was a strong minded old lady, and I wish I could remember some of her talk. It was great."

"We went around and got the doctor."

"'Hoo!' says he. 'Is it as bad as that?' I winked at Father Slade."

"'It's a plenty worse than that,' says I. 'You won't know the half of it till you get down there.'"

"But of course we had to tell him, and he was tickled. Funny what an interest everybody takes in these happenings. He wanted all the details."

"By Jove," says he, "the man whose feelings ain't the least dimmed by a broken leg—horse rolled on him, you said; splintered it, probably—that man is one of the right sort. He'll do to tie to."

"When we reached the ranch the boys were lined up to meet us. 'Hurry along!' they called. 'Angey can't keep uncle amused all day!'"

"So we hustled. Kyle was for being married first and then having his leg set, but I put my foot down flat. It had gone long enough now, and I wasn't going to have him crippling it all his life. But the doctor worked like a man who gets paid by the piece, and in less than no time we were able to call Loys in."

"Wind River Smith spoke to get to give the bride away, and we let him have it."

"We'd just got settled to business when in comes Angevin, puffing like a buffalo. 'For Heaven's sakes, ain't you finished yet?' says he. 'Well, you want to be at it, for the old man ain't over two minutes behind me, coming fast. I took the distance in ten foot steps. Just my luck! Foot slipped when I was talking to him, and I dropped a remark that made him suspicious—I wouldn't have done it for a ton of money—but it's too late now. I'll down him and hold him out there if you say so.'"

"Well, sir, at this old Father Slade stood right up, forgetting that foot entirely."

"'Children, be ready,' says he, and he went over the line for a record. 'Hurry there!' hollers old Bob from the outside, where he was on watch. 'Here comes uncle up the long coulee!'"

"'What are your names?' says Father Slade. They told him, both red-ding."

"'Do you, Kyle, take this woman, Loys, to have and keep track of, come hell or high water, her heirs and assigns for ever?'—or such a matter—says he, all in one breath. They both said they did."

"Things few till we came to the ring. There was a hitch. We had plumb forgotten that important article. For a minute I felt stung. Then I cursed myself for a mean old long horn and dived into my box."

"Here, take this!" I says. "It was my mother's!"

"Oh, Red, you mustn't part with that!" cried Loys, her eyes filling up. "Don't waste time talking. I put through what I tackle. Hurry, please, father."

"Has anybody any objections to these proceedings?" says he.

"I have," says I, "but I won't mention 'em. Give them the verdict."

"I pronounce you man and wife. Let us pray," says he.

"'What's that?' screeches Uncle Jonesy from the doorway. And then he gave us the queerest prayer you ever heard in your life. He stood on one toe and clawed chunks out of the air while he delivered it."

"He seemed to have it in for me in particular. 'You villain! You rascal! You redheaded rascal! You did this! I know you did!'"

"Oh, uncle," says I, "forgive me! With that I hugged him right up to me, and he filled my bosom full of smothered language."

"Cheese it, you little cuss," I whispered in his ear, "or I'll break every rib in your poor old chest!" I came in on him a trifle, just to show him what I could do if I tried."

"'Nuff!' he wheezes. 'Quit! 'Nuff!' 'Go up and congratulate 'em,' I whispered again."

"I won't," says he. 'Ouch! Yes, I will! I will!' So up he goes, grinding his teeth."

"I wish you every happiness," he grunts."

"Won't you forgive me, uncle?" begs Loys."

"Some other time; some other time!" he hollers, and he pranced out of the house like a hosstyle spider, the maddest little man in the territory."

"Loys had a hard time of it until Kyle got so he could travel, and they went up to the Yellowstone with a team for a wedding trip."

"The rest of Loys' folks was in an unpleasant frame of mind too. They sent out her brother, and while I'd have took most anything from Loys' brother, there comes a place where human nature is human nature, and the upshot of it was I planked that young man gently but firmly across my knees. Suffering like, but he was one sassy young man! Howsoever, the whole outfit came round in time—all except uncle and me. He used to grit his teeth together till the sparks flew when he saw me. I was afraid he'd bust a blood vessel in one of them fits, so I quit. I hated to let go of the old ranch, but I'm pretty well fixed—I'm superintendent here. It's Kyle's ranch, you know. That's his brand—the queer looking thing on the left hip of that critter, over the vented hash knife. Loys' invention, that is. She says it's a cherubim, but we call it the 'flying flapjack.' There's a right smart lot of beef critters totting that signal round this part of the country. Kyle's one of the fellers that rises like a setting of bread—quiet and gentle, but steady and sure. He's going to the state legislature next year."

"Twon't do no harm to have one honest man in the outfit."

"Now, perhaps if I'd married some nice woman I might have had 1,000 steers of my own and a chance to make rules and regulations for my feller citizens—and then again I might have took to gambling and drinking and raising blazes and broke my poor wife's broom handle with my hard head. So I reckon we'll let it slide as it is. Now, you straddle that cayuse of yours and come along with me, and I'll show you some rattling colts."

CHAPTER III.

REDDY was on the station platform, walking up and down, looking about him anxiously. We caught sight of each other at the same time.

"Hi, there!" said he and jumped for me. "Gad-dog your little hide!" he cried as he put my right hand in line for a pension. "I thought I was booked to go without saying goodby to you. You got the note I planned on your shack?"

"Sure."

"Well, there's time for a chin before the choo-choo starts. Thought I'd be early, not savvying this kind of traveling a great deal. Darned if you ain't growed since I saw you! Getting fat too! Well, how's everything? I didn't say nothing to the other boys about pulling my freight, as I wanted to go sober for once. You explain to 'em that old Red's head ain't swelled, will you? Seems kind of dirty to go off that way, but I'm bound for God's country and the old time folks, and somehow I feel that I must cut the budge out of it. 'Nother thing is I'm superstitious, as you may or may not have noticed, and I believe if you try the same game twicet you'll get just as different results as can be the second time. You heard how I hit it in the mines, didn't you? No? Well, that's so. You ain't seen many people out on the flat, have you? Hum! I don't know principally where to begin. You remember Wind River Smith's pardner that the boys called Shadder, because he was so thin? Nice feller, always willing to do you a favor or say something comical when you least expected it. Had kind of a style with him too. Yes, sir, that's the man. Well, him and me was out in the Bend one day, holding a mess of Oregon half breeds that was to be shipped by train shortly, when old Smitty comes with the mail. 'Letter for you, Shadder,' says Smitty and passes over a big envelope with wads of sealing wax all over it. Shadder reads his letter and folds it up. Then

he takes a look over the country—the kind of a look a man gives when he's thinking hard. Then says he, 'Red, take off your hat.' I done it. 'Smitty, take off your hat.' 'All right,' says Smitty, 'but you tell me why or I'll snake the shirt off you to square things.'

"'Boys,' says Shadder, 'I'm Lord Walford!'"

"'Lord Hellford!' hollers Smitty. 'You'd better call somebody in to look at your plumbing. What you been drinkin', Shadder?'"

"'Read for yourself,' says Shadder, and he handed him the letter."

"'Wish't you could have seen old Smitty's face as he read it. He thought his pardner had been cut out of his herd forever.'"

"'It's the God's truth, Red,' says he slowly, and he had a sideways smile on his face as he turned to Shadder. 'Well, sir,' says he, 'I suppose congratulations are in order?'"

"Shadder's hand stopped short on its way to the cigarette, and he looked at Smitty as if he couldn't believe what he saw."

"'To hell with 'em!' says he as savage as a wildcat, and he jabbed the frons in and whirled his cayuse about on one toe, heading for the ranch."

"'Now you go after him, you jealous old sorehead,' says I. 'Go on,' I says as he started to argue the point, 'or I'll spread your nose all the way down your spinal column!' The only time to say 'No' to me is when I'm not meaning what I say, so away goes Wind River, and they made it up all right in no time. Well, Shadder had to pull for England to take a squint at the ancestral estates, and all of us was right here at this station to see him off. Lord, it seems as if that happened last world! Well, it took a little bit the edge off any and all drunks a ranch as an institution had ever seen before. There was old Smitty crying around, wiping his eyes on his sleeve and explaining to a lot of eastern folks that it wasn't Shadder's fault—gad hook it all! He was the best, hootin', tootin' son-of-a-sea-cook that ever hit a prairie breeze in spite of this dum foolishness."

"'They can't make no 'lord' of Shadder!' hollers Smitty. 'That is, not for long. He's a man, Shadder is—ain't cher, yer d—d old ganglie legged hide racker?'"

"And Shadder never lost his patience at all, though it must have been kind of trying to be made into such a holy show before the kind of people he used to be used to. All he'd say was, 'Bet your life, old boy!' Well, it was right enough, too, as Smitty had nursed him through smallpox one winter up in the Shoshonee country and might near starved himself to death feeding Shadder out of the slim grub stock when the boy was on the mend. Still, some people would have forgot that."

"'But did your uncle Red get under the influence of strong drink? Did he? Oh, my! Oh, my! I wish I could make it clear to you. The vigilantes put after a horse thief once in Montana, and they landed on him in a butt end canyon, and there was all the stock with the brands on 'em as big as a patent medicine sign, as the lad hadn't had time to stop for alterations."

"'Well,' says they, 'what have you got to say for yourself?' He looked at them brands staring him in the face, and he bit off a small hunk of chewing 'Ptt-chay.' Says he, 'Gentlemen, I'm at a loss for words!' And they let him go, as a good joke is worth its price in any man's country. I'm in that lad's fix. I ain't got the words to tell you how seriously drunk I was on that occasion. I remember putting for what I thought was the hotel and settling down, thinking there must be a lulu of a scrap in the bar room from the noise. Then somebody gave me a punch in the ribs and says, 'Where's your ticket?' and I don't

know what I said nor what he said after that, but it must have been all right. Then it got light, and I met a lot of good friends I never saw before nor since. Then more noise and trouble, and at last I woke up—in a hotel bedroom, all right, but not the one I was used to. I went to the window, heaved her open and looked out. It was a bully morning, and I felt A1. There was a nice range of mountains out in front of me that must have come up during the night. 'I'd like to know where I am,' I thinks. 'But somebody will tell me before long, so there is no use worrying about that—the main point is, have I been touched?' I dug down into my jeans, and there wasn't a thing of any kind to remember me by. 'No,' I says to myself. 'I ain't been touched—I've been grabbed—they might have left me the price of a breakfast! Well, it's a nice looking country, anyhow!' So down I walks to the office. A cheerful seeming, plump kind of a man was sitting behind the desk. 'Hello!' says he, glancing up and smiling as I came in. 'How do you open up this morning?'"

"'Somebody saved me the trouble,' says I. 'I'm afraid I'll have to give you the strong arm for breakfast.'"

"He grinned wide. 'Oh, it ain't as bad as that, I hardly reckon,' says he. He dove into a safe and brought out a cigar box."

"'When a gentleman's in the condition you was in last night,' he says, 'I always make it a point to go through his clothes and take out anything a stranger might find useful, trusting that there won't be no offense the next morning. Here's your watch and the rest of your valuables, including the cash. Count your money and see if it's right.'"

"'Well, sir! I was one happy man, and I thanked that feller as I thumbed over the bills, but when I got up to a hundred and seventy I begun to feel queer. Looked like I'd made good money on the trip.'"

"'What's the matter?' says he, seeing my face. 'Nothing wrong, I hope!'"



"Here's your watch and the rest of your valuables."

"Why, the watch and the gun and the other things is all right," says I, "but I'm now \$50 to the good, even figuring that I didn't spend a cent, which ain't in the least likely, and here's ten dollar bills enough to make a bed-spread left over."

"'Pshaw!' says he. 'Blame it! I've mixed your plunder up with the mixing gentleman that came in at the same time. You and him was bound to fight at first, and then you both turned to lick me, and what with keeping you apart and holding you off and taking your valuables away from you all at the same time, and me all alone here, as it was the night man's day off, I've made a blunder of it. Just take your change out of the wad and call for a drink on me when you feel like it, will you?'"

"I said I would do that, and, moreover, that he was an officer and a gentleman and that I'd stay at his hotel two weeks at least to show my appreciation, no matter where it was, but to satisfy a natural curiosity, I'd like to know what part of the country I was at present inhabiting."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles.
Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. 50c. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

A Handy Receipt Book.
Bound duplicate receipt books, three receipts to the page, for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

Say you saw it in THE TRIBUNE.

Moderate Price

Calumet Baking Powder

\$1,000.00 will be given for any substance injurious to health found in Calumet.

H. P. SUTTON

JEWELER

MUSICAL GOODS

McCORMACK NEBRASKA

NOTICE

To Charles R. McKillop, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that on the 24th day of October, 1907, Nellie L. McKillop, plaintiff, filed petition against you in the district court of Red Willow county, Nebraska, the object and prayer of which are to obtain a divorce from you on the grounds that, although you are of sufficient ability to provide suitable maintenance for her, that you have grossly, wantonly and cruelly refused and neglected to provide suitable maintenance for more than two years last past and have since the date of said marriage become an habitual drunkard, and that plaintiff may be given the custody of Clyde M. McKillop, and Floyd C. McKillop, children of said parties, and for reasonable alimony. You are required to answer said petition on or before Monday, the 2nd day of December, 1907.—10-25-07.

NELLIE L. MCKILLOP, Plaintiff.
By Boyle & Eldred, her attorneys.

The McCook Tribune

One Dollar Per Year

ASK your stenographer what it means to change a typewriter ribbon three times in getting out a day's work.

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

makes ribbon changes unnecessary; gives you, with one ribbon and one machine, the three essential kinds of business typewriting—black record, purple copying and red.

This machine permits not only the use of a three-color ribbon, but also of a two-color or single-color ribbon. No extra cost for this new model.

Smith Premier Typewriter Co., 17th & Farnam Sts., Omaha

A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION

FREE FREE

If you will send us at once a renewal or a new subscription, we will send to you every week throughout the year, absolutely without cost, a copy of The Kansas City Weekly Journal.

This great household paper is full to overflowing with good things. Think of it, it is the favored paper in over 206,000 homes, and after it is read is sent to relatives and friends in all parts of the world!

To get it free, a whole year through, you have but to send your renewal or new subscription to THE TRIBUNE. Enclose remittance and mail without delay.

Publisher of THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE:

Enclosed you will find.....for subscription to THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE and one year's subscription to The Kansas City Weekly Journal.

Name.....

Town.....

Street.....

THE MCCOOK TRIBUNE