

CHAPTER XIII—Continued --16---

Grogan flushed but made no comment. Quantrell was far more nimblewitted than he, and had completely turned the tables on him. It was the prisoner now who jeered at him, angered him, and led him into verbal traps that made him furious. Yet he did not want to be relieved, exasperating though the situation was. He found in it the same savage pleasure that one with a toothache has when he is impell to grind upon the throbbing molar in resentment.

Nor did Quantrell want him relieved. He knew there was very little chance of escape during the shifts of Worrall or Owen. Both of these were oldtimers who had a healthy respect for his prowess. Neither of them ever gave him any opportunity for a snatch at freedom. They watched him like hawks. Quantrell felt that if he was to make a getaway it would have to be while Grogan was in charge of him.

In the darkness of the night shift the outlaw had made a discovery. He was small boned, and he could slip his long narrow hands out of the cuffs at considerable pain to himself. When the right moment came he intended to do so. But he had to be sure of his moment. If there was any slip-up, if he did not succeed, O'Hara would see that he never had another chance. Every moment that he was awake, no matter whether he was eating, reading, or deviling Grogan, his mind was busy with the problem, planning the best way to divert the guard's mind and make him for one instant careless.

Quantrell played the long shot he had planned one morning soon after Worrall went off duty. He had been playing solitaire at a little table, handling the cards awkwardly with his manacled hands. Now he was apparently tired of the game. He began instead the more attractive one of rowelling Grogan's temper.

The guard was sitting opposite him at the table less than three feet away. Quantrell dropped his arms into his lap and leaned forward to jeer at Grogan. He showed his buck teeth in a grin and murmured insults at him. Meanwhile his wrists had slipped down and he was using his knees for a vise to hold the iron while he worked his right hand out of the cuff.

. . you an' yore whole family, Buck. Pore white trash, I been told. An' yellow. Every last one of 'em. Kicked outa yore own state for stealin' sheep, the way I heard it."

Grogan, flushed to furious anger, lost control of his temper entirely. With an oath his right hand reached across the table and caught the lapel of Quantrell's coat.

Instantly the lad's left hand made a backward circle through the air, the handcuff still attached to the wrist. Before Grogan knew what was happening the swinging iron struck the side of his head. Almost at the same moment Quantrell rose, leaned forward, and with his right hand snatched the revolver from its holster beside the guard's hip.

Eyes staring incredulously, dazed from the blow, still uncertain of what had occurred, Gregan staggered back a step or two. He stared vacantly at the smiling, derisive face of his enemy. Then he understood-and woke too late to violent action. Like a wild bull he charged the menacing gun.

Two shots rang out, so close together that they sounded like one. The guard's body plunged down on the table, upset it, and slid to the floor.

Quantrell stood there, feet apart, wolfishly wary, the hand with the smeking .44 resting on his hip. His shallow cold blue eyes held to the body of the man he had just shot down. He wanted to be sure that his work was thorough. There was no doubt about that. After the first spasmodic twitching of the muscles the huddled figure lay still.

Slowly a grin creased the face of the outlaw. "O'Hara will send a boy to mill, eh?" he murmured.

The killer wasted no time. Some would hear those shots and the rm would be spread. He put his hat on, tilted jauntily a little to one side, and walked out of the room into the lobby of the hotel.

As usual Brad Helm was sitting there with a couple of cronies.

"He was a wiry hook-nosed guy with eyes set too close together," wheezed the hotel keeper, "an' I noticed his claybank had sack hobbles tied around its neck. Says I to him, kinda careless- G-ddelmighty!"

The last startled exclamation, not at all careless in its inflection, was wrung out of the fat man by the sight of Quantrell emerging from the hall. "Mornin', Brad, an' gents all," the

outlaw said lightly, his glance stabbing at first one and then another. The fat man's heart died under his ribs. "W-where's Grogan?" he qua-

"Grogan!" Quantrell's smile was thin and cruel. "Oh, he's back there | range.

in the room. Did you want to see

Grogan?" Brad Helm knew now the meaning of the shots he had heard. Until now they had not even disturbed him. He had thought his boy was practicing at

a target back of the hotel. Swiftly Quantrell stepped back of the home-made office counter and lifted from a nail a belt containing cartridges and a revolver. He broke the Colt's and saw that it was loaded.

"Much obliged, Brad," he said. 'Since you're so pressin' I'll borrow the loan of this for a while." "Help yoreself, Bob. You're sure

welcome. If there's anything else-" "Where's O'Hara right now?" broke in the young desperado. "At the courthouse. Judge Warner's holdin'-"

"An' Steve Worrall?" "Why, Steve's asleep down at the Longhorn corral, I reckon."

"Amen?" "I dunno where Amen's at, Bob." Again Quantrell's shallow eyes, a deadly threat in them, passed from one man to another. "Stay in yore chairs for fifteen minutes. Don't rise. Don't call anyone. If you don't stay put you'll have to settle with me. Understand?"

He passed into the hall, down it. and out the back door. His glance slid to right and left to make survey of the prospect. Nobody was in sight except Brad Helm, Junior, and he was too busy roping a post even to notice him. The boy had that moment arrived from the Longhorn corral, where a vaquero had been taming a wild horse.

Quantrell moved swiftly in the direction of the Gold Nugget. There would be horses, he knew, at the hitch rack in front of the gambling house. How soon the news of his escape would be flung broadcast he did not know. It could not be long. He had to get out of town before O'Hara closed the roads and trails, but he had no intention of leaving without first demonstrating his coolness. That the manner of his achievement, as well as the fact itself, be talked about was demanded by his vanity.

Into the back door of the Gold Nugget he slipped. At once his haste appeared to vanish. He sauntered forward to the bar past the gaming tables and the roulette wheel, a young man very much at his ease. Quantrell's eyes were busy as he moved toward the front of the building. They picked up Hank, the town drunkard, dirty and unshaven as usual, two cowboys whom he did not know, a man sleeping on a bench with his hat over his eyes, and two cow men discussing business over a mug of beer. Nobody else was in the Gold Nugget except the bartender, for this was the hour of the day when the place came nearest to being empty.

The bartender had his back toward the newcomer. He was dusting the bottles on the shelves. A sound of clanking steel made him turn abruptly. Quantrell had dropped on the bar the loose cuff still attached by its neighbor to his left hand.

"Service, Mike," the escaped prisoner said quietly.

Mike stared at him, astonished. The town was full of rumors about Quantrell, but he had not seen him for more than a year.

"You durned old alkall, wake up an' gimme a whisky straight," Quantrell ordered.

The outlaw's senses, despite his casual manner, were highly keyed. His ears were alert for any unusual sound there might be on the street. Already his eyes had registered the fact that Hank and the two cattle men had now recognized him. Hank had risen and in another moment would be making for the back door. This did not suit Quantrell.

"Drinks on me. Every one this way.

You, too, Hank," he called. All but the sleeping man came forward, the cowboys with no urging, the others reluctantly. For those who knew Quantrell were aware that some drama was working itself out, probably a highly dangerous one. He had escaped. The jingling handcuff told them that. Why had he come here?

What did he mean to do? One of the cowboys caught sight of the handcuffs. "Holy smoke, pard! What kind of jewelry is that you're wearin?" he asked.

"Compliments of Sheriff O'Hara, Name yore own poison, gents, an' drink to the long life of yore host, Bob Quantrell. To h-l with the law." The jocose cowboy took one quick

look at him and became serious. They drank, nervously. Back of the bar four or five re-

volvers hung suspended from nails driven into the wall. They had been left there by cowboys visiting town, in accordance with the new custom instituted by O'Hara, and they were to be returned to their owners when the latter were ready to go back to the

"I'll take a look at those," Quantrell said, and he stepped back of the bar. After swift examination he selected a .44 and tossed aside the one he had taken from Helm. He helped himself to a belt filled with cartridges, and to a pint bottle of

"The bill goes to the sheriff," he said to Mike. "I'm the guest of the county. If he doesn't pay it let me know an' I'll have a li'l' talk with him."

"That's all right, Bob," the bartender said hastily. "Anything you want."

Quantrell yawned and stretched himself. "Well, I got to say 'Adlos!" boys. You know how the old sayin' goes, that the best of friends must part."

He turned his back on them audaclously and swaggered to the door. Back to them came the sound of a high unmusical voice raised in song. It was Bob Quantrell's favorite ditty.

Hush-a-by, baby, Punch a buckaroo, Daddy'll be home

When the round-up is through. The drumming of a horse's hoofs reached them. Mike looked out of the window. The outlaw had flung himself astride a saddled cow pony

and was galloping out of town. "I'll be doggoned!" one of the cowboys said. "An' that was Bob Quantrell." He spoke as one awed by the nearness of one greatly famous.

"Himself," Mike corroborated. "He's broke loose. I told 'em he would. I heard shots. You don't reckon he's killed O'Hara, do you?" "Not O'Hara," one of the cow men

said. "We saw him at the courthouse not five minutes ago. We better get the news to him right away." Already there was the hum of ex-



"Jumped a Horse in Front of the Gold Nugget An' Lit Out."

heard running along the street shouting to each other that Bob Quantrell had got away.

It was news as exciting as that of his capture had been three days earlier. Food had been furnished for a hundred debates that would be waged furiously by the partisans of the young desperado and of the sheriff. For a time O'Hara's stock had been above par. Now it had been driven down again. His friends still had faith in him, but the general opinion was that, good sheriff though he might be, he had met more than his match in Bob Quantrell.

The sheer melodrama of Quantrell's getaway stirred the imigination and sent a thrill of horror through the community. His capture by O'Hara had been done inconspicuously, though the sheriff's posse had one dead and one wounded bandit to its credit. Their leader had played down the achievement, as an affair all in the day's work. But Quantrell, with his sure instinct for the limelight, had magnified his. Handcuffed and closely watched, he had managed to kill the guard and walk out of prison, to saunter carelessly about town, to ride away when he was ready, all with the spectacular gesture that differentiated him from ordinary bandits and killers. Bob Quantrell at least had personality.

To Garrett O'Hara at the courthouse came Brad Helm puffing from rapid travel. He waddled up to the sheriff's desk and wheezed out his startling tidings.

"Bob Quantrell has done killed Buck an' made his getaway."

The heart of O'Hara went down like a plummet in ice-chilled water. But even at this shocking news he wasted no words in lament or incredulity. "Has he left town?" he asked.

"Don't know. He held me up an' took my gun. We found Buck dead in the room."

"Get Owen and Worrall and bring them here. If I'm not in, tell them to wait till I come." O'Hara turned to Judge Warner, who was seated in the office. "Judge, I'll have to use you as a messenger. Go to the Fair Play saloon and ask for Buckskin Joe. Find him, please, and ask him to outfit a pack horse with grub for a week in the hills. I'll want him to go along. We'll start inside of an hour."

Already the sheriff was buckling on the belt that held his guns. He passed out of the courthouse and down the hill to the main street of the town. He could see men gathered in knots. They were discussing the news excitedly.

O'Hara reached a group and asked a question. "Is Quantrell still in town?"

"No, sir, Jumped a horse in front

himself to all the guns he wanted "Which way did he go?"

"Took the east road. Looks like he might be-"

The cheriff had turned on his heel and was on his way. He had all the information they could give him and he was too busy to listen to surmise. Within the hour he and his posse were following the escaped bandit. He had with him Worrall, Owen, a cowboy known as K. C., and Buckskin Joe. The latter was an old scout who

Sieber. The man's sobriquet came from the fringed leggings and the hunting shirt he wore. Both of these were made from the hide of a buck. He was by way of being a character. His language fell easily into the pungent speech of the frontier.

had trailed after the Apaches with Al

"He's p'intin' for the hills, that lad, looks like. Betcha he meets up with Deever an' whatever other pardners he's got. Likely they've got a hangout somewheres to hole up in. He'll be travelin' light, with no extra dufunnies, so we got no show to catch him right off. Being as you've drug me into this, take yore time, says old Joe. See them tracks. He's going lickety split. 'Make haste slowly,' Al Sieber usta tell us, an' it was sure good medicine."

"He's more slippery than an eel, and he'll outguess us if he can. I'd like to come up with him as soon as possible."

"Don't wear out yore spurs, young fellow. You'll come up with him one o' these days, maybe sooner'n you're lookin' for it," the scout said drily. They were following a diagonal trail up the side of a rough, steep hill. The

sheriff fell back behind the guide. Owen spoke. "Well, here we are again, as the fellow who had been reprieved twice said to the hangman. Out for a nice long ride. Bob hops around worse than a Mexican flea. He certainly gives you a reasonable amount of variety."

"He keeps my official life from being decorously and d-nably dull," admitted O'Hara. "My fault this time. I had a feeling I ought to take Grogan off as a guard, but I hadn't anybody to put on in his place."

They camped the first night on the other side of Powder Horn pass, well up in the snow. For their camp fire they used a dead and down juniper and some young pines. Though the crackling wood roared, one side of their bodies froze while the other broiled. They did not linger long around the fire after they had eaten, but rolled up in their blankets and fell asleep. During the night one or another of them rose to fling on more logs. It was so cold that they were glad to be up early and stirring about.

Buckskin Joe's hands were cold when he fastened the supplies on the cross-buck pack saddle. An hour later, while climbing a very steep grade, the pack slipped and turned. Frightened, the horse began to kick furiously. Before it could be stopped, flour, salt, bacon, and beans were scattered all over the mountain side.

They gathered the scattered goods and Buckskin Joe repacked while the others offered him facetious advice. The scout grinned sheepishly as he worked.

"This fry-pan won't ever be what it was before old Chipmunk threw his fit," he admitted, looking regretfully at their chief cooking utensil. "An' I bought it yesterday, pretty an' shiny as a painted wagon, by gum. Go ahead, boys, an' josh me all you got a mind to. I'll bet I've threw the diamond hitch before some of you lads were born, an' this is the fustest time it ever went back on me.'

There had been fresh snow in the late afternoon of the day before and Quantrell's trail had vanished, but the last they had seen of it he had been heading down into the foothills

"Come this way so he wouldn't meet anyone, looks like," Owen suggested. "Betcha their shebang is on Horse creek somewheres. Bob always did kinda favor that country when he was on the dodge."

"Deever has been seen there since

he escaped from town," Worrall added. "Whatever we do will probably be wrong," O'Hara said. "Might as well try Horse creek as anywhere."

The sky was clear and the sun shining. As they dropped down from the rugged peak country the temperature

became perceptibly warmer. O'Hara came to a decision. "Think I'll ride over to the Diamond Tail and find out if anything has been seen of our birds. You fellows meet me at the Circle S O before supper. We'll stay there tonight. You might work the creek on the way down."

Steve Worrall looked at him and grinned. A little later, when the two were out of hearing of the others, the deputy made an innocent proffer.

"Kinda hard ride to the Diamond Tail an' back to the Circle S O. If you'd like me to scout that territory for you why of course I'd reluctantly consent, old-timer."

O'Hara flushed. "No, I'm younger and ought to do the hardest work." he said, tongue in cheek.

"It wouldn't be hard work for me." Worrall said, "an' I'll bet you won't find it so doggoned hard yore own

"Anyhow, it's my duty," O'Hara said

dryly. "Hmp! Duty-that's a right mean word. Wonder what Barbara will say when I tell her you feel she's a duty. It ain't ever been a duty for most young fellows to ride clear acrost the county to say 'Howdy!' to her. They claimed it was a pleasure."

"Did I say it wasn't?" "No, sir, just hinted it. You tell her I'll be along one o' these days, after I get through being dragged around by the guy who thinks she's a duty, an' it'll be strictly a pleasure vieit."

"I'll tell her. That will keep her cheered up till you come," his friend retorted.

O'Hara rode across rough country and dropped down along the creek to the Diamond Tail. He came up to the house from the rear and rode around it to the front.

Barbara was holding a low-voiced conversation with Jack Phillips, her foreman. She caught sight of O'Hara and her eyes became quick with life. As she moved toward him he felt that strange flash in them that set his blood tingling.

"Oh, Garrett, we're so proud of you!" she cried. "I've been afraiddidn't know what he might do to you. But now you've taken him and destroyed his gang. We're so happy about it. You've been wonderful, and now the danger is past."

He shook his head, smiling ruefully, as he held her hand in his. "You haven't heard the latest. I couldn't keep him. He killed his guard and escaped."

He could see the chill shock of his tidings sink in her.

"Killed his guard-not Steve?" "No. Buck Grogan. We don't know just how it happened. He must have grown careless."

"Do you know where he headed for?" asked Phillips. "Across Powder Horn. We lost his

tracks this side of the pass." "Are you out after him? Where's

yore posse?" "I'm to meet the boys at my ranch before supper. Thought I'd better

ride over and warn you." He felt the heat pricking into his face and knew he was blushing. This annoyed him. Couldn't he ever get over that fool girl trick of flying a flag of embarrassment?

The foreman nodded. "I'll see the boys right away and have what horses are around the ranch close herded." He turned and strode away.

Left alone, both the man and the woman found themselves empty of words for a moment. This meeting had stirred in each of them an emotional disturbance.

"Mayn't I see his royal highness?" he asked lamely.

"If you don't wake him." They tiptoed to the buggy and looked down at the sleeping babe. His eyes lifted-and his blood leaped. In her starry eyes he found the gift his heart desired.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Elephants Capable of Speed When Infuriated

thing," mentions that "the speed of an elephant is a deceptive thing, and it is a good horse that can keep abreast of him, once he unlimbers into full steam ahead." Jennison's "Natural History of Animals," states that "the usual gait is a walk, but when frightened they break into an amble by which they can cover 10 miles an hour for a long period." An article by F. C. Selous in "The Living Animals of the World," says as follows: "That great authority, Mr. Sanderson, says that the only pace of the Indian elephant is the walk, capable of being increased to a fast shuffle of about 15 miles an hour for very short distances. This description exactly

Origin of "O. K." The expression "O.K." was mentioned in the presence of the late President Wilson, who at once gave the explanation that "Okeh" is Choctaw Indian for "it is so." This is regarded as disposing of the oft-repeated story that certain illiterate American gold miners were in the habit of certifying payments to them in connection with the sale of "dust" by appending to receipts the letters "O.K." which letters they imagined represented the initials of the two words "all correct." Others state that the term is the contraction of an illitof the Gold Nugget an' lit out. Helped | erate senator's "orl korrect,"

Cooper's "Lions 'N Tigers 'N Every- | coincides with my own experience of the African elephant, except that I think that animals of the latter species, especially cows and young bulls, are capable of getting up a pace of at least 20 miles an hour and keeping it up for from 100 to 200 yards when charging." These statements would indicate that a charging elephant can outrun all but the fastest of human runners.

> Riviera of the Baltic In the proximity of the city of Riga

is the lovely strand which has come to be called the Baltic Riviera, where the busy Latvians abandon their offices for the sports or the sunny beach. Here, fringed by dunes and woods, idville forests and park, little townlets of villas are growing up on every side. The vast stretch of sand makes it a paradise for the children, and it is astonishing how soon after Russia lost the coastline the Germans, the English and the Scandinavian peoples found on it a home for their summer play. It is the strand of a shore whose inland miles stretch to Asia and China and the mystery of its hidden background shadows all its romance.

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