

ROBBERS' ROOST

by ZANE GREY

Copyright.—WNU Service.

CHAPTER I

One afternoon in the spring of 1877 a solitary horseman rode down the long, dusty desert slant in the direction of the ford at Green River.

He was a young man in years, but he had the hard face and eagle eye of one matured in experience of that wild country. He bestrode a superb bay horse, dusty and travel-worn and a little lame. The rider was no slight burden, judging from his height and wide shoulders; moreover, the saddle carried a canteen, a rifle and a pack.

At length he rode into a trail and soon came in sight of the wide band of green cottonwood, willow and arrow-weed, and the shining, muddy river. On the far side, up on the level, stood a green patch and a cluster of houses. This was the town of Green River, Utah.

The rider needed to reach that town before dark. His food supply had run out two days ago. But unless there was a boat in which he could row across he would most likely not make it. His horse was too lame to risk in the eddies of that heavy, swirling, sand-laden river.

He rode on down the trail to enter the zone of green. In the thick dust he noted fresh horse tracks.

Under a cottonwood, some distance ahead, the rider espied a saddled horse, head down, cropping the grass. He proceeded more slowly, his sharp eyes vigilant, and was certain that he saw a man on the river bank.

Presently he rode out into an opening from which he could see a place where a ferry touched. Moored to the opposite bank was the ferryboat.

The rider sat his horse, aware that the man he had observed had stepped behind some willows. Such a move might have been casual. Then the man moved out into plain sight.

"Howdy," he said, laconically.

"Howdy," replied the rider. He became aware of a penetrating scrutiny which no doubt resembled his own.

The rider saw a striking figure of a man, gray with dust, booted and spurred, armed to the teeth. His wide sombrero shadowed a sharp, bold face. "Almin' to cross?" he queried.

"Yes. I see a ferry boat over there." But on the moment the rider was watching his questioner. Then he swept a long leg over the pommel and slid to the ground, without swerving in the slightest from a direct front. "Lucky for me if I can cross on it. My horse is all in."

"Noticed that. Fine hoss. Wal, I've been hangin' around for an hour, waitin' to go over. Reckon he'll be along soon."

"Town of Green River, isn't it?"

"That's the handle. You're a stranger hereabouts?"

"I am that."

"Where you hail from?"

"I suppose I might as well say Wyoming as any place," returned the rider, casually.

The other man relaxed with a laugh. "Shore. One place is good as another. Same as a name. Mine is Hank Hays." He spoke as if he expected it to be recognized, but it brought no reaction from his listener.

"You know this country?" queried the rider, and he too relaxed.

"Tolerable."

"Maybe you can tell me whether I ought to stop or keep on traveling?"

"Haw! Haw! I shore can. But that depends," he said, pushing back his sombrero.

"Depends on what?" the rider asked.

"Wal, on you. Have you got any money?"

"About ten dollars."

"Huh. You can't go in the ranch business with that. Not regular ranchin'. Lots of cattle between here an' the brakes of the Dirty Devil. Henry mountains, too. Some outfit over there. Air you a cattleman?"

"No," replied the rider, thoughtfully.

"Wal, that's straight talk from a stranger," replied Hays, who evidently took the blunt denial as something significant. "Hullo, another rider. . . . Shore the desert is full of strangers today."

Back up the trail appeared a short, heavy man astride a horse and leading two pack animals.

"I saw him a while back. And here comes our ferryman. Looks like a boy."

"Huh. You haven't them eyes for nothin'. Wal, we'll get across now."

The rider, after another glance at the approaching man with the horses, took note of the ferry. Boat and third traveler arrived at the bank about the same time.

Hays, after a sharp look at the man with the three horses, led his animal aboard.

"How much is the fare?" queried the newcomer.

"Two bits."

"For man or beast?"

"Fell sir, the regular fare is two bits for each man an' horse."

Whereupon the stout man threw the packs off his horses and carried them upon the boat.

"Wal, now, what is this fussy old geezer about?" queried Hays, much interested.

It was soon manifest. He tied the halter of his lead pack horse to the tail of his saddle horse. The second pack animal was similarly attached to the first. Then, bridle in hand, he stepped aboard.

"All right, boy. Go ahead."

"But, sir, ain't you fetchin' your horses on, too?"

"Yes, but I'll swim them over behind the boat. Get a move on, now."

The ferryboy pushed off with his pole, and dropping that for the big ear, he worked the boat out into the

current, which caught it, and moved it across quite readily into the slack water on that side.

"Didn't like that, did you, boy?" the rider said, as he led the animal ashore.

Hays slapped his mount, driving him off the ferry, while he watched the stout man lead his three horses along the gunwale of the boat, until they could touch bottom. Heaving and splashing they waded out, and their owner followed, carrying one pack.

"Fetch my other pack, boy," he called.

"Johnny, don't do nothin' of the kind," observed Hays.

"I reckon I didn't intend to," said the boy, resentfully.

Puffing hard the stout man carried his second pack ashore.

"You're not very obliging," he said, gruffly, as he felt in his pocket for loose change. The ferryboy came ashore, followed by Hays.

Presently the stout man, grumbling, and evidently annoyed at the necessity of producing a fat pocketbook, took out a one-dollar bill.

The rider, amused and interested from his stand on the bank, saw some-



"Throw Up Your Hands!" Suddenly Yelled Hays.

thing that made him start. Hays whipped out a gun.

"Throw up your hands!" suddenly yelled Hays.

"Wha-at's this? R-robbers!" the stout man gulped.

Hays reached for the man's wallet. Then he stepped back, but still with gun extended.

"Get out of here now," he ordered. And apparently he paid no more heed to his frightened victim.

"Pretty well heeled, for an old bird," observed the robber, squeezing the fat wallet.

"You'll hear from me, you glib-tongued robber," replied the other, furiously, as he rode away.

Hays sheathed his gun. He did not need to turn to face the rider, for, singularly enough, he had not done anything else.

"How'd that strike you, stranger?"

"Pretty neat. It amused me," replied the rider.

"Is that all?"

"I guess so. The stingy old skinflint deserved to be touched. Wasn't that a slick way to beat the boy here out of six bits?"

"It shore was. An' that's what riled me. Reckon, though, if he hadn't flashed the wallet I'd been a little more circumspect."

"Is there a sheriff at Green River?"

"I never seen him, if there is. Wal, I'll be ridin' along. Air you comin' with me, stranger?"

"Might as well," returned the other.

"Stranger, what'd you say your name was?"

"Call me Wall, Jim Wall," rejoined the rider.

Hays' nonchalance reassured Wall as to the status of Green River.

"Any dance hall in this burg?" asked Wall.

"Nary dance hall, worse luck. Any weakness for such?"

"Can't say it's a weakness, but the last two I bumped into make me want to steer clear of more."

"Women?" queried the robber.

"It wasn't any fault of mine."

"Wal, women ruined me," returned Hays, sententiously.

"You don't look it."

"Men never look what they air."

"Don't agree with you. I can always tell what men are by their looks."

"How'd you figure me?" demanded Hays.

"I don't want to flatter you on such short acquaintance."

"Humph! Wal, here we air," replied the robber, halting before a red store building.

A red-whiskered man appeared in the doorway that led into a saloon and lodging house.

"Howdy, Red."

"Howdy, Hank."

"See anythin' of a fat party, sort of puffy in the face? He was ridin' a roan an' leadin' two packs."

"Oh, him. Sure. He rode through town yellin' he'd been robbed," returned the man called Red, grinning.

"The devil he did! Who was he, Red?"

"I dunno. Happy was standin' out here, an' when the feller stopped bel-

lerin' that he wanted the sheriff 'cause he'd been robbed, why, Happy up an' says, 'Hey, my friend, did he leave anythin' on you?' Then the feller up an' rode off."

It was this speech of Red's that decided several things for Jim Wall.

"I want to look after my horse," was all he said.

"Take him round back to the barn. I'm dog-tired. Send that lazy Jake after my hoss."

This edifice was the last one on the street. The barn mentioned was some distance back, at the end of a pole fence. Upon turning a corner to enter the corral he encountered a loose-jointed young man.

"Say, are you Jake?" he asked.

"You bet," returned the other.

"There's a man out in front who calls himself Hank Hays. He wants you to come get his horse. Do you know him?"

The stable boy's reply to that was to rush off, his boots thudding.

"Enough said," muttered Wall to himself. "Mr. Hays stands well in Green River, as far as this outfit is concerned."

Wall sauntered back and before Hank Hays and the two individuals with whom he was talking were aware of his presence he had seen them. They turned at his slow, clinking step. Neither of the two with Hays was the man called Red.

"Hullo, here you air," spoke up Hays. "I was speakin' of you. Meet Happy Jack an' Brad Lincoln. . . . Fellers, this stranger to Green River answers to the handle Jim Wall."

Greetings were exchanged, but not one of the three offered a hand. To Wall the man called Happy Jack fitted his name. The only contradictory feature lay in his gait. Like Hank Hays, he packed two. The other, Lincoln, was some one to look at twice—a swarthy, dark, restless-eyed man, who, like Hays and his companion, had nothing of the cowboy stripe in his make-up.

"Let's have a drink," suggested Hays.

"Don't care if I do," responded Wall. The interior, bright with lamplight, proved to be more pretentious than the outside of the saloon.

The men lined up at the bar, to be served drinks by Red, who was evidently bartender as well as proprietor. Wall missed nothing.

"Cowpuncher?" queried Lincoln.

"Yes. But I've not ridden the range much of late years," replied Wall.

"You've the cut of it. Where you almin' for?"

"No place in particular," replied Wall, guardedly. "Might try ridin' here, if I can get on some outfit."

"On the dodge?" queried Lincoln.

"What might you mean by 'on the dodge'?"

"Anybody particular lookin' for you?"

"I daresay. More than one man."

"So I thought. Friend, you have the cut, the eye, the movement, the hand of a gun-fighter. I happen to know the brand."

"Yes? Well, if that's so I hope it isn't against me in Utah."

Here Hays, who had heard this bit of dialogue, interposed both with person and speech:

"Wal, that's agin a man anywhere in the West, generally. So many fools wantin' to try you out! But I reckon it's a ticket for my outfit."

"Your outfit?" questioned Wall.

"Shore. Don't mind Brad. Let's go an' eat. . . . Fellers, we'll see you later."

Wall followed Hays into a back room, where a woman waved them to seats at a table.

At the conclusion of the meal Jim Wall had to guard himself against the feeling of well-being resulting from a full stomach.

"Have a cigar," offered Hays.

"Don't care if I do."

"Wal, let's go out an' talk before we join the other fellers," suggested Hays. They returned to the big room. It was empty except for Red, who was filling a lamp.

"They're all gone down to meet the stage. It's overdue now."

"Stage! From where?"

"West, so set easy," laughed Hays. "That one from east won't git in till next Wednesday. By that time you won't be here."

"Not? Where will I be, since you seem to know?"

"You may be in the garden of Eden, eatin' peaches," retorted Hays. "See here, Wal, you're a testy cuss. Any reason why you can't be a good feller?"

"Come to think of that, yes, there is," returned Wall, thoughtfully.

"All right. Thanks for that much. I reckon I understand you better. What were you, Wall, once upon a time?"

Wall laughed musingly. "A country school teacher once."

"Wal! I'll be dog-goned!" ejaculated Hays. "It do beat all what a man can be, at different times in his life. But I'm concerned with now. An' I'd like to ask you some questions."

"Fire away."

"You said you was broke?" Hays began.

"I will be when I pay for this night's lodgin'."

"That's on me. I'll stake you to some money. You'll want to set in the game with us?"

"Any strings on a loan?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Temperatures Vary Wildly

The moon at noon is hotter than boiling water, but at night its temperature falls to several hundred degrees below zero.

Rich Fabric's the Thing for Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ADVANCE fall fashions cause one to think in terms of handsome materials, for it is fine fabrics, we're telling you, which will be making fine costumes this season.

The scheme of things for the new style program runs about like this—a strikingly simple silhouette, with emphasis on the elegance and unusualness of the material which fashions it, relying on breathtaking neck-wear sets, buttons, buckles and countless other unique gadgets to dramatize the whole.

The big buttons which adorn the newly arrived frocks and wraps so spectacularly are of eye-filling proportions, some of them being simply enormous. It is such bizarre details as these huge buttons which add unlimited swank and distinction to the otherwise modestly styled fall modes.

It does not take long after catching a glimpse of the midseason and early fall styles to realize how strong buttons are going, in the new showings. For example, consider the very good-looking town and country dress to the left in the picture. Buttons all over it! The shirtwaist dress of which this model is a striking exponent, that is styled like a coat with buttons from neckline to hemline down the front and on the pockets, likewise the cuffs, is regarded as one of the most important numbers on the fall fashion program.

It is self-evident that this spectacular use of big buttons does a lot to distinguish this dress, but when it comes to keying enthusiasm to even a higher note, it is the intriguing material which fashions this dress which

does just that. This fabric is an entirely new bemberg and wool weave in a radiant brown which is enlivened with a delicate interweaving of glossy yellow-and-gold threads. For daytime and sports you are going to find this bemberg and wool weave the very sort you are looking for.

That big news in regard to the ensemble pictured to the right is its color. The smart checked woolen of which it is made is in tones of green, and green this autumn is scheduled to make a front-stage play. That the dress which is topped with a stunning matched coat, like its companion in the illustration, should show a shirtwaist tendency is not a mere happenstance but rather a natural sequence of events for the shirtwaist idea which prevailed so conspicuously all summer is carrying over into fall with a high and mighty gesture. A brown fabric bag and brown felt slouch hat, go well with this two-tone green check.

There is nothing smarter for immediate wear than a shirtwaist dress of some one or other of the newer lightweight woolens. If the material reflects the gilt and gleam of gold and silver, so much the better, for it is the metal-shot fabrics which are getting most of the notice for fall and winter. One way of interpreting the metal note is to see to it that your scarf or your neckpiece and other decorative accessories be fashioned of a metal-touched weave.

We would like to tell you in conclusion that there is a new canton crepe in the market. It works up very happily into practical street costumes.

COLORFUL VELVET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The new velvets are conveying a message of color as gay and exotic as ever a rainbow reflected. As the season progresses your eye will be gladdened with such glorified hues as fuchsia, nasturtium, lime green and the new inkberry which is a rich plum tone. Feminine and flattering in color and styling is the wrap of powder blue transparent velvet here pictured. The scarf collar ties in a knot and the elbow sleeves are voluminously full.

Pleated Skirts Popular for All Ages for Fall

Pleated skirts will be important in early fall fashions, according to a stylist, who returned recently from Paris. This also speaks with enthusiasm of velvet bows that are used to trim both daytime and evening dresses, explaining that bows in different colors are substituted to give a change in appearance to the frock.

Picture Hats

The first velvet picture hats have made their appearance at Chantilly, France. Some of them have crowns of sheer tulle or lace.

Cool Shoes

White buckskin shoes with diamond perforations are chic and cool for summer wear.

DISTRIBUTION OF BIBLES BEGUN BY GIDEONS IN 1899

Just as the "Gay Nineties" were closing, a small group of "drummers," as they called traveling men in those days, gathered at the Superior hotel, Iron Mountain, Mich., to dedicate 225 Bibles and place them in the rooms.

That was the start of the work of the Gideons—the Christian Commercial Men's association—who have placed more than 1,250,000 Bibles in hotels and hospitals and jails and other institutions in the intervening years.

The idea started in September, 1897, when John H. Nicholson, of Janesville, Wis., arrived at the little town of Bosconvell, Wis., late in the evening and found the hotel crowded. S. H. Hill, of Beloit, Wis., another drummer, offered to share his room with him.

Out of their conversation developed the idea that a Bible placed on the table of each hotel room might help other men to spend their evenings profitably.

When they met again the following May at Beaver Dam, they continued their discussion and decided to call a meeting and present their idea to all the traveling men of their acquaintance.

The meeting was held July 1, 1899, in the Y. M. C. A. at Janesville. W. J. Knights, who lived there, was the only other drummer at the first convention. But they decided to go ahead, and elected Hill president, Knights vice president, and Nicholson secretary-treasurer.

During their meeting they read the chapters of Judges, which relate the story of the Israelite leader, Gideon, and when they came to name their new association, "The Gideons" was chosen.

In their first year the Gideons placed 27,000 Bibles in hotel rooms. The next year they placed 73,000. The largest order ever placed by the association was for 25,000 Bibles for distribution in San Francisco.

The association now has a membership in the United States and Canada of about 2,500. Membership is limited to business men who are professed Christians in good standing in some church or religious society. There also are a number of associate members and a woman's auxiliary.—Detroit News.

Expect Messiah's Return

Several Americans have made extensive preparations for the return of the Prophets and the Messiah, writes Mrs. P. M. Ellis, San Diego, Calif., in Collier's Weekly. Outstanding among them is a man in California who has built and deeded a large house to David, and a woman on Long Island who has turned her beautiful mansion into a replica of a Hebrew home so she can appropriately welcome the Savior. Even her wardrobe contains Palestinian dresses.

Smooth Off Ugly Freckles, Blackheads Nature's Way

Here is an inexpensive, quicker way to skin beauty—a way that has been tested and trusted by women for over a generation. You can whiten, clear and freshen your complexion, remove all trace of blackheads, freckles, contractures in ten days or less. Just apply Nadinola Bleaching Cream at bedtime tonight. No massaging, no rubbing. Nadinola speeds Nature, purging away tan and freckles, blackheads, muddy, yellow color. You see day-by-day improvement until your skin is all you long for: creamy-white, satin-smooth, lovely. No long waiting, no disappointments; money-back guarantee. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at your favorite toilet counter or by mail, postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box 19, Paris, Tenn.



Joy of Youth for Your Face

Hollywood Charm Cream Secret Beauty Cream of Movie Stars

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Four Ounce Jar only \$1

FREE WITH FIRST ORDER \$1.00 Jar Silken Neck Cream

Use this new discovery and watch those tell tale neck wrinkles vanish. Invest one dollar in your youth and beauty. This offer for this issue only. Answer today. HOLLYWOOD CHARM CO. 8407 Hollywood Boulevard Hollywood, Calif.

Save Your Vacation Snapshots. We make them into attractive parchment photos. Two dime. Send best film. In. FISHER, 1917 W. Fourth, Williamsport, Penna.

Salesladies—Holeproof Stockings. Good complexion, plus bonus, choice of territory. Dame Fashion Hosiery, Milwaukee, Wis.

ADVERTISING

is as essential to business as rain to growing crops. It is the keystone in the arch of successful merchandising. Let us show you how to apply it to your business.