ROBBERS' ROOST

Zane Grey

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SYNOPSIS

Jim Wall, young cowpuncher from Wyoming, seeks a new field in Utah. He meets Hank Hays, who admits being a robber, and tells Wall he is working for an Englishman, Herrick, who has located a big ranch in the mountains. Hays and others are plotting to steal their employer's cattle and money. Wall saves Hank's life by bluffing a gambler out of shooting. With Hays and two other rustlers, Happy Jack and Lincoln, Jim Wall goes to Herrick's ranch. Herrick announces that his sister, Helen, is comnounces that his sister. Helen, is coming to the ranch. Hays unfolds his plan for getting possession of Her-rick's 12,000 head of live stock. He and his lieutenants ride away to drive off the first bunch of cattle. Heeseman, Hays' rival among the cattle rustlers, tells Wall that Hays was once his (Heeseman's) partner and double-crossed him. Herrick delegates Jim to go to Grand Junction to meet Miss Herrick. Jim gets Barnes, a young cowboy, to tell her that he (Jim) is a desperado of the worst type. Barnes does so, but the girl treats the information lightly.

CHAPTER IV—Continued -7-

"Are we ready to go?" she asked, gayly.

"Yes, if you have seen the Fargo people," replied Jim.

"I have it in my satchel," she returned, indicating the half-hidden receptacle under her linen coat.

Jim tried to interest bimself in that satchel, because he was in league with robbers, but it did not work. Suddenly he had a murderous desire to kill Hays. This girl-for she appeared a girl in vivid freshness of youthseemed not in the least frightened, absolutely free from revulsion. Indeed she was regarding him with undisguised interest and delight.

"Mr. Jim Wall, you're not in the least what my brother's letters have led me to believe," she said.

"Letters !- Why Herrick has not had time to write about me," exclaimed Jim, incredulously. "It takes long for a stage letter to go. . . . I've been at Star ranch only a few days."

"Oh, he did not write about you, individually," she laughed. "But from does I had evolved a rather frightful conception."

"Thank you, Miss Herrick," he replied gravely. "Don't trust appearances on our western border. . . . Will you get up? We must be going."

And he attempted to assist her inside the back seat of the buckboard.

"If you are going to drive I want to sit in front," she said, frankly.

With a bow he helped her up the high step, cursing inwardly at Hank Hays and Herrick and the inscrutable fate that had brought this about. For some way or other he was lost. He almost forgot to wait for Barnes, who was saying good-by to a red-cheeked, wide-eyed girl in the crowd. Barnes came running to leap into the buckboard and then Jim got in. Owing to the way he had packed the baggage there was not a great deal of room in the front seat. His heavy gun and sheath bumped against Miss Herrick. "Rather tight quarters, with that

gun there," he remarked, and swung the sheath round in his lap. "Do you sleep in it?" she asked, quizzically.

"Yes. And never am dressed in the daytime till it's buckled on."

"What startling folks, you western Americans!"

"Some of us are indeed startling. I hope you won't find us unpleasantly so," he replied, and loosening the reins let the spirited team go. In a few moments the noise, dust, heat and the staring populace of Grand Junction had been left far behind and the red and black ranges lifted above the meadows and sage.

"Oh, glorious!" she cried, and gazed raptly ahead as the curving road brought into view a wonderful sweep

of Utah. Jim was hard put to it to keep the blacks from breaking out of a brisk trot. He thought grimly that he would have liked to let the team run off and kill them both. Far better that than what might be! Miss Herrick's photograph on her brother's desk fell infinitely short of doing her justice. It failed to give any hint of her color, of the vivid lips, of the glory and gleam of her hair, of the dancing, laughing violet eyes, of her pulsing vitality. Jim Wall felt the abundant life of this girl. It flowed out of her. It got into his veins. It heated his

"The wind makes me cry," she said, merrily. "Or maybe it's because I'm so happy. You say we'll get to Star ranch before dark?"

"Surely." "Oh, it's been such a long, slow, dusty, cramped journey," she exclaimed. "But now I want to see, to smell, to feel, to gloat."

"Miss, Herrick, this is fine country. But tame compared to that all about the Henrys. You will see them when we top the next hill. I've seen most '

of the West. And the canyon desert below Star ranch is the wildest and most sublime of all the West, prob-

ably of the whole world." "Indeed. You speak strongly, not to say surprisingly. It never occurred to me that a gunman-that is what you are, is it not?-could have any appreciation of the wonder and beauty of nature."

"A common mistake, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Nature develops the men who spend their lonely, hard, bloody lives with her. Mostly she makes them into beasts, with selfpreservation the only instinct, but it is conceivable that one now and then might develop the opposite way."

"You interest me," she replied, simply. "Tell me of this canyon desert and such men." Jim talked for a full hour, inspired

by her unflagging interest. He described the magnificent reaches and escarpments ending in Wild Horse mesa, and the unknown canyoned abyss between it and Navajo mountains, and lastly, the weird, ghastly brakes of the Dirty Devil.

"Ugh, how you make me shiver!" she ejaculated. "But it's wonderful. I'm sick of people, of fog, rain, dirt, cold, noise. I'd like to get lost down in those red canyons!"

CHAPTER V

They came to a long, level valley, where the white road was like a floor, and the horses went like the wind.

What was going to be the effect of this extraordinary woman upon the fierce men of this lonely region? Upon that swarthy Hank Hays!

At last the horses had to be held in at the base of the longest ascent on the journey. Miss Herrick tucked her disheveled hair with the ends of the veil underneath the edges of her

"What a run! I'm used to horses-



"Are We Ready to Go?" She Asked Gayly.

but not tearing along-with a vehicle like this," she said, breathlessly. "Wait till one of these old drivers gets a chance at you. I'm really no teamster."

"Are you a cowboy?" "Didn't young Barnes tell you who

and what I am?" queried Jim, turning to her. "I grasped that you were a stranger

to Utah-that you were from Wyoming, where you had killed many bad men, and that your mere reputation was enough out here to keep rustlers and desperadoes away from Star ranch. Mr. Wall, you certainly are a hero in his eyes,"

It did not take great perspicuity to grasp that Jim was not far from that in her eyes. He groaned in spirit.

"I see that you will not tell me about yourself," she went on, "Pardon my inquisitiveness. But I must inform you that I expect to go into the ranching business with my brother. You will be working for me, then, as well,"

"I hope you don't, Miss Herrick," he burst out, impulsively. "Somebody must tell you, it oughtn't come from a-a-rider like me. But this is no place for such a girl as you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Wall? That hardly seems a compliment to me. I can work, and I want to."

"Miss Herrick, you didn't get my meaning," replied Jim, hastily, with strong feeling. "It is not you who couldn't fit in. You've convinced me you could. And that is the biggest compliment I could pay you. . . meant that you will not be able to live, and work too, the way you want to. You dare not ride around-or even leave the house. Even that-"

"For mercy's sake, why not?" she demanded, in astonishment,

"Because, young woman, you are too new, too strange, too lovely to risk yourself in sight of these men at the ranch. . . . Not all of them. But some of them."

"You cannot be serious."

"I swear it, Miss Herrick." "But what of the vaunted chivalry of westerners? I've read of Fremont, Kit Carson, Crook, and many others. And of the thousands who are un-

"That is true," he replied, his voice husky. "Thank God, I can say so. But you won't find that at Star ranch." "You say I am too new, strange, too-too lovely to risk-I understand you, of course. I must doubt it, de-

spite your evident strong feeling. You may be playing a western joke on me.

"I wish I was." "My brother will know, if there is anything in what you say."

"No! No!" burst out Jim. "Herrick doesn't know. He never will know.

He can't see through a millstone with a hole in it. Oh, don't misunderstand me. Herrick is a fine chap, but this is no place for an English gentleman and sportsman, any more than it is a fit place for his sister."

"That is for us to decide," she returned, coldly. "I shall ride, anywhere and everywhere. I've always ridden. I'd go mad not to get on a horse in this glorious country."

"I've done my best. I've told you," he said, curtly, as if he were a'so addressing his conscience.

"I thank you, Mr. Wall," she said, quick to catch the change in him. "No doubt you western folks regard Bernie as eccentric. And I'm bound to admit his ranching idea-ripping as it is to us-must appear new and strange to you. So I'll compromise. If it's really dangerous for me to ride about alone, I will take you with me. Not, however, that I'd be afraid to go alone. Then I would be perfectly safe, would I not?

Wall flicked the reins.

"Look, Miss Herrick. We're on top at last. There's your country. The black snow-capped mountains are the Henrys. We go through that gap-a pass-to Star ranch. That purple space to the left-with the lines and streaks-that's the desert."

"Ah-h-h!" she had cried out, breath-

Jim halted the horses and gazed, himself trying to see with this stranger's eyes. He had more-a feeling that it would not be long until the open wasteland claimed him again. For him the bursting of one of the Henry peaks into volcanic eruption would be no more startling than what would accrue from the advent of this white-faced, golden-haired woman.

Jim drove down the hill, and again put the blacks to a keen gait on a level road, this time a straight, white line across a longer valley. Jim calculated that he would beat the time he had declared, and reach Star ranch before sundown.

When he drove past Heeseman's camp all that worthy's outfit were at supper. The road passed within fifty feet of their chuck wagon. "What a ruffianly crew!" murmured

Miss Herrick. "Who, pray, are these men?" "Part of the outfit your brother hired to protect his cattle from

rustlers," replied Jim. "Funny thing about that is they are rustlers themselves." "Deliciously funny, though hardly so

for Bernie. Does he know it?"

"Not to my knowledge. Heesemanthe leader of that gang-came on his own recommendation and got the job." "I'll have the fun of telling Bernie. Oh, what's that, . . . What an

enormous barn! All yellow, And & new one going up. Logs and logs. . . . Look at the horses! I want to stop." "No, Miss Herrick," he replied grimly. "I'll drive you home safely or die

in the attempt, . . . Don't look at this tall man we're coming to. "Which?" she asked, laughingly, "The one standing farthest out." replied Jim. "He's got on a black som-

brero. . . . Don't look at him. That's Hank Hays. . . Miss Herrick, drop your veil." She obeyed, unobtrusively, though

her silvery laugh pealed out. "You are teasing, of course. But I must reward your effort to entertain me."

Jim drove by Hays, who stood apart from a group of cowboys. If he noticed Jim at all, it was totally oblivious to Jim. But Wall's glance, never so strained, pierced the shadow under Hays' dark sombrero rim to the strange eyes below. They were not pale now. Jim's hand clenched tight on the reins. He became preoccupied with the nucleus of the first deadly thought toward Hays.

"Hank Hays. Who is he?" Miss Herrick was saving. "Another of your brother's vig-

llantes." "Ugh! How he stared! But it wasn't that which struck me most. In India I've seen cobras rise and poise, ready to strike. And your Mr. Hays looked for all the world like a giant cobra with a black sombrero on its head. Wasn't that silly of me?"

"Not silly. An instinct. Selfpreservation," returned Jim, sternly. She passed that by, but only perhaps because she caught sight of the ranchhouse up the slope. Here her enthusiasm was unbounded. Herrick stood on the porch steps with his dogs. He wore high boots and a red coat. He waved.

Presently Jim reined in the sweating horses before the steps. He was most curious to see the meeting between brother and sister. She stood up, "Bernie, old top, here I am," she said, gayly.

"Yes, here you are," Helen," he replied, and stepped out to help her alight. "Did you have a nice trip?"

"Ripping-from Grand Junction in." They did not embrace or even shake hands. Jim, coming to himself, leaped out and began removing the bags. Barnes, whom he had totally forgotten, jumped out on the other side.

"Barnes, carry the bags in. Jim. hurry the blacks down. They're hot You must have pushed them,' "Yes, sir. Stage was late, but we

made up for it." "Helen's where's that Wells-Farge package?" queried Herrick. "Here in my satchel. Oh, Bernie

it's good to get home-if this can be expensive. The accessory ensemble pictured is crocheted in a particularly "Come in and take off that vell," he simple stitch so that even the amateur said, and with his arm in hers led her need not hesitate to undertake it. up on the borch.

Built First Irrigation Canals Extensive systems of irrigation now abandoned, were built in Arizona by ancient Indians.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Swagger Furs Will Attend Game

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



swanky sports furs which will attend the football games, here's the newsiest of fashion notes - a seven-eighths brown lapin coat with a lighter brown suede skirt. Fancy what a sensation in spectator row such a novel and stunning combination will create. Before

telling further exciting news about | dressy as it is sportsy, and therefore football modes, we would like to stop long enough to say that suede is a new enthusiasm not only among sports fans but the loveliest of evening gowns are being made of this novel media. One such recently created in Paris for a leading American film star is of suede in that seductive "dusty pink" which is so flattering to most complexions.

To continue with more football fashion thrills, registering high in the list is the suit that uses eel gray lapin for a swagger coat which takes unto itself a skirt, scarf and belt (across front only) of wool knit in the new pine green which is so widely acclaimed this season. Other refreshingly out-ofthe-ordinary sports style items include huge fur pockets, tiny fur cuffs, tuxedo revers of fur, the fur waist-depth cape, which is very important, also detachable fur vestees which keep you extra warm, high winds or no high winds.

Which all goes to show that the new football and otherwise sports furs are making novelty their big appeal this season.

For breath-taking novelty we cite the new suits which are fashioned of tweed in a tapestry effect (very new) that blends blue, red, purple, green and brown in indefinite stripes. Add a broad scarf collar and big pockets of brown caracul and go where you will you will sight nothing more eye-filling in the way of a sports spectator costume.

The girl in the picture to the left has selected a perfectly stunning furtrimmed suit to accent her appearance on the grandstand. This model is as

can be properly worn most anywhere in the daytime. Its tuxedo revers of fur stamp it as being one of the newest of the new, for the fur-rever styling is "just out." A muff, too! Just as soon as the "frost is on the pumpkin," knowing fashionables will begin to carry muffs this season. All sorts of muffs with wee muffs in the lead, also the new accordion muffs so long and narrow, they crinkle up like the instrument they are named for. The muff here shown is a compromise between the two. The wide fur cuffs and the generously cut sleeves are also important style features.

The handsome coat centered in the group is one that will quicken the pulse of any style-loving young modern. The large rolling collar and wide cuffs of dark gray Persian lamb are wonderfully effective against the lighter gray of the kidskin which fashions the coat. The dress of a plaid woolen in gay Mexican colors with green predominating and the felt hat in the new pine green is a perfect foll to the placed gray of the fur.

A very wearable type of fur coat is shown to the right, being of a soft brown summer ermine which makes it comfortable in the early not-too-cool autumn days. The pelts have been worked diagonally in the rippled loose back. The hat is devastating. One glance at it and the wearer, and the conquering football hero will no longer be master of his fate. It is of the new Robin Hood type which flaunts a gay little feather-the sort that flirts with you whether you will or no. C. Western Newspaper Union.

GLOVES STAND OUT

BOLDLY THIS FALL

Gloves go gay. Never have they

been so pert and full of individuality

Gloves of the present, and those in

a formative state for the fingers of

1935, no longer resignedly fit in with

the costume so that one notices them

IN TONES OF GREEN By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Green is exceedingly voguish this

fall. The costume pictured is of one

of the newest ribbed woolen weaves

In the much-sought-for pine-green

which is so really handsome. This

smart young modern has brought her

dark green costume right up to date

with her bag, belt and glove cuffs cro-

cheted of green and sand crepe paper.

Whatever colors you may have chosen

for your fall costume, you will be able

to find the right shades of crepe paper

for crocheting matching or harmoniz-

ing accessories, for there are fifty

shades to choose from, including black

and white. Crepe paper crochet has

become quite an outstanding vogue,

The work is easy and the material in-

Fur Bibs

pneumonia at the same time.

only as a part of the whole. They stand out boldly from the ensemble. flaunting their merit independent of their background. Their duty now. is to strike a dominant note in the ensemble either by their color or cut or other oddment.

as they are today.

Evening gowns are now accompanied by gloves with a vast amount of open work on the arm, occasionally cut-steel beading, and sometimes by shirring, tucking or otherwise copying some novel feature of the gown.

Monograms Are Used on Coat Lapel or as Buttons

Everyone smart is giving her right name this fall season, according to fashion shows. Coat lapels and dress fastenings feature monograms sometimes a half-foot deep, in leather, metal, wood, and even marble. Using one's own initials in leather for buttons on sports jackets is the trick of the day.

Real flower jewelry is still popular with one large house, whose collection featured a necklace, earrings and even a ring made of pale pink dahlias. White chrysanthemums are replac-

ing gardenias and camelias as boutonnieres and corsage flowers. Artificial flowers are equally good,

with copper gardenias stunning on new smoky-toned fabrics. In one instance six calla lilles were snakily twined as a girdle on an evening gown.

More Slashed Details

Slashed details are becoming more Fur should be used on suits with and more prevalent in dinner and evethe collar making a bib down the front, ning dresses, posed not only just at the front but also appearing at sidethus causing attention and warding off front and back seams.

BROWN'S VALLEY MAN NATION'S OLDEST CITIZEN

Brown's Valley Man hunted the woolly mammoth and the mastodon in the Minnesota woods equipped with spearheads of flint. That was 12,000 years ago, a little more than 10,000 years after the northern section of what is now the United States had emerged from beneath the mile-thick blanket of ice that covered it during the Glacial age. He is America's oldest known citizen.

The discovery of Brown's Valley man is the most important find to date in the study of ancient man in America, It marks a decided victory for those who think that man has been in the New world for a considerable period of time. It is a defeat for those who think that man entered the New world by way of Alaska less than 10,000 years ago.

The type of spear with which Brown's Valley Man hunted is not new to anthropologists. The spearheads of chipped flint, known as Folsom or Yuma points, from the localities in which they were first found, have long been centers of stormy battles. They have been found associated with bones of extinct mammals. But one school of American anthropology has insisted upon calling the association an accident. No human remains had ever been found in association with them.

This time, however, the shattered remnants of a human skeleton have been found in a gravel pit associated with such spearheads. These splinters of bone, found in Brown's Valley, near Fertile, Minn., have been named Brown's Valley Man.

William H. Jensen, an amateur anthropologist, first noticed the spearheads and the splinters of bone when some workmen under his direction were excavating in the gravel pit. He communicated with Dr. Albert E. Jenkins of the University of Minnesota,

Dr. Frank Leverett, authority on the Glacial age, examined the pit and pronounced it as a geological formation twelve thousand years old. - David Dietz, Scripp-Howard Science Editor, in the New York World-Telegram.

Records Whitewashed

When John Vacko, headman of Lhots, Czechoslovakia, returned home he found that the walls of his room had been whitewashed by his wife, so he beat her. John told the judge the local council meets in the room, and to save paper, he had written the minutes on the walls. His wife's act caused the loss of an entire year's records.

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