

ROBBERS' ROOST

by
Zane Grey

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SYNOPSIS

Jim Wall, young cowpuncher from Wyoming, seeks a new field in Utah. He meets Hank Hays, who tells him 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. With Hays and two other rustlers, Jim Wall goes to Herrick's ranch. Hays unfolds his plan for getting possession of Herrick's 12,000 head of live stock. He and his lieutenants ride away to drive off the first bunch of cattle. Heeseeman, Hays' rival among the cattle rustlers, tells Wall that Hays was once his (Heeseeman's) partner and double-crossed him. Jim is sent to meet Miss Herrick. Hays betrays unusual interest in the girl's coming. The rustlers begin driving cattle from the ranch. Wall finds himself falling in love with Helen, and he fears Hays has designs on the girl. Jim coaches her in riding western style, and finally kisses her. She is angry and dismisses him, but relents and asks him not to leave the ranch. Hays' men return from the drive, having sold the cattle and brought back the money.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

He then noticed that a roll of bills, identical with the one he had just received, lay on the floor.

"You double-crossed me!" burst out Hays, at length.

"Wal, that's accordin' to how you look at it," retorted Slocum. "Things came up at Grand Junction. We seen some of Heeseeman's outfit. They're onto us, or will be pronto. So we just took a vote, an' every one of us stood for one big drive instead of small drives. An' we made it. Your buyers swore they was short of money an' would pay twelve dollars a head. Talk about robbers! Wal, I took that an' said I liked it. . . ."

Before they were half finished with their supper Hays entered.

"We're shakin' the dust of Star ranch tonight," he said, deliberately. "Pack up an' leave at once. I'll come later. If I don't meet you at Smoky's camp I'll meet you shore at midday in that cedar grove above the head of Red canyon."

No one asked any more questions or made any comments. Whatever they thought about Hays' peculiar way of leading his band they kept to themselves. Jim Wall was not greatly relieved, still he concluded that Hays must abandon any plot he might have concocted toward Herrick's sister. At any rate whatever was in Hays' mind Jim could not further risk alienating him or his men. Jim would have to ride out with them. If he stayed behind to spy upon Hays or frustrate any attempt he might make to call upon the Herricks, he would have to kill Hays.

Dusk was mantling the valley when Jim went out. Under the bench the shadows were dark. From the shelter of the pines he looked for Hays, expecting to find him standing guard. But the robber was not on the porch. He was stalking to and fro along the brook, and he was no more watching for Heeseeman than was Jim. His bent form, his stride, his turning at the end of his beat, his hands folded behind his back—all attested to the mood of a gloomy, abstracted, passion-driven man.

Whereupon Jim repaired to his covert, rolled his bed and made a pack of his other belongings. What to do with the two packages of bills, this last of which was large and clumsy for his pockets, was a puzzle. By dividing the two into four packets he solved it. Then he carried his effects down to the cabin. All was cheery bustle there. The men were glad to get away from Star ranch. They talked of the robbers' roost Hays had always promised them, of idle days to eat and drink and gamble, of the long months in hiding.

"Wal, you all ready?" queried Hays, appearing in the doorway.

"Yep, an' bustin' to go."

"On second thought I'd like one of you to stay with me. How about you, Latimer?"

"All right," declared Sparrowhawk. "In a few more minutes all the men leaving were mounted. The pack ani-



Most of the Riders Inclined to the Opinion That It Was Just Haze.

mals, with packs gray against the darkness, struggled up the trail.

"Wait at your camp till sunup," said Hays, conclusively. "An' if I'm not there I'll meet you about noon shore at head of Red canyon."

Without more words or ado Smoky led off behind the pack horses, and the five riders followed. Once across the brook all horses took a brisk trot. Jim Wall looked back. Then he saw a bright light on the bench. That was from Herrick's house. An unfamiliar sensation, like a weight of cold lead in his breast, baffled Jim. He knew he was glad never to see Helen Herrick again.

About midnight Smoky turned the pack animals up the slope into the woods, and after a mile of rough going emerged into an open canyon head.

"Hyer we air," said Smoky. "Throw things an' get to sleep. I'll stand first guard."

Jim unrolled his bed beside a rock, and pulling off his boots and unbuckling his gun belt he crawled under the blanket.

Crack of ax and Happy Jack's voice pierced his slumber, both recognized before he opened his eyes. Jim sat up, stretched, and reaching for his boots he gazed around. The men were stirring, two around the camp fire and others among the horses.

"Wal, long past sunup," said Slocum, as Jim approached the fire. "Who was it bet Brad that Hank wouldn't show up?"

"Nobody," replied Lincoln.

"Jim, suppose you take your rifle an' sneak down an' knock over a deer," suggested Smoky.

Three hundred yards down the slope Jim emerged into the open. There were no riders on the winding, white trail.

Stealthily working back into the timber he soon espied two deer about sixty paces distant, long ears erect. He killed the buck standing.

Upon his return to camp Smoky greeted him with a grin.

"How far to Red canyon?" asked Jim.

"I don't know. About fifteen miles. Don't you remember that heavy grove of cedars leadin' down into a red hole?"

"Reckon I do. If Hays joins us there it'll mean he comes by another trail, doesn't it?"

"If! So you sigger he might not? Course he'd come around the mountain, or mebbe over another pass. He shore knows trails that we don't."

"Aw, Hank'll show up on time."

"Wonder if he stayed back to plug Heeseeman? He hates that rustler."

In less than an hour the riders were on the move down the mountain. Packing on the deer Jim had slain occasioned a little delay for all, because Smoky kept them close together. At the edge of the timber belt he halted them again while he peeped out to reconnoiter. Then he called: "Come hyar, a couple of you long-sighted fellers."

They all rode out to join him, where he sat his horse, pointing to a faint blue on the purple valley floor. "Is that dust?"

Most of the riders inclined to the opinion that it was just haze.

"Ten miles or more back and hard to make out," spoke up Jim. "If this was my range I'd say it wasn't haze or smoke."

"Wish I had Hank's glasses. My eyes are no good any more fer long shots. Wal, let's mosey."

When they reached another turn from which it was possible to look back for five miles or more Smoky halted while the others caught up.

"Jeff, you hang right hyar," he said, "an' keep your eyes peeled on the back trail. I ain't so shore that gray patch back on the valley was haze. It sort of moved to me. An' there wasn't a lick of wind. Wal, from round this corner you can easy see the cedar grove where we'll hang up fer the boss. An' if you ketch sight of any more'n a couple riders on the back stretch you come ridin' h—I bent fer election. Don't stay long after noon."

Perhaps another five miles down the slope lay their objective to which they headed. The hour was still some time before noon. Smoky scanned the slope to the south and east. It would not have been possible to see riders at any distance, as the rocks, brush, ridges and washes intervened profusely.

"What'll we do, Smoky? Throw the packs, or not?" queried one of the riders.

"Dog-gone! If I know," replied Slocum, peevishly. "It's a rummy deal. Hot as h—I now an' gettin' hotter. I forgot to ask Hank. Reckon you'd better herd the hosses an' we'll wait. I'll keep a lookout fer the boss."

Jim tied his horse in the shade of a cedar, and climbed a jumble of rocks so he could command a better view. Almost at once he sighted riders coming down a wash about a mile away, and he had opened his mouth to shout the good tidings when something checked him.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Three riders! Assuming that two of them were Hays and Latimer, who could the third be? They disappeared behind a corner of bank. Jim sank down in a cold sweat. Perhaps these men were Indians or strangers from Hankville, or prospectors. But he had not seen any pack animals.

After a long, anxious watch he saw the three reappear in the wash, considerably closer. The one in the middle rode a gray horse and otherwise contrasted sharply with the dark mounts and dark clothes of the other two. A second time the trio disappeared. Smoky was peering about in a desultory manner, but he was too low down to sight the riders. Jim was now shaking. An awful premonition attacked him. He had met it and almost overcome it as another unaccountable attack of nerves when the foremost horseman emerged from behind a bank. He recognized the stalwart figure, the wide, black sombrero, the poise in the saddle. That was Hank Hays.

Jim scarcely dared shift his gaze back to the second rider, but he was irresistibly forced to. A slight figure in tan, drooping in the saddle!

"So help me!" he whispered, and sank down on the stone. That center rider was Helen Herrick. For a moment a bell rioted in Jim Wall's breast. How he cursed himself for a vacillating idiot! His intuition had been right. He had seen through this robber leader's behavior at Star ranch. But like a fool he had not trusted himself. Jim grew cold to his very marrow. Yet his intelligence did not wholly succumb to his fury. He strove to think. This hound had gotten Helen, just how, it was useless to conjecture. But to kill him then, right on the spot? That gave Jim Wall pause. Hays' men would roar at this deal, involving them in the abduction of a woman, still they would hardly go so far as to resist him with arms. Jim crushed down his deadly impulse. He would wait.

Well indeed had it been for Jim to espy this trio long before they reached him. He had time to recover, to think what was best. If Hank Hays had come upon Jim suddenly it would have been his doom.

One of the pack animals neighed shrilly and then all the horses stuck up their ears.

"Say, I heard a hoss-shoe ring on a stone," called Mac, who had ears as keen as a horse.

"What's that?" queried Smoky, sharply. He leaped up.

TO BE CONTINUED.

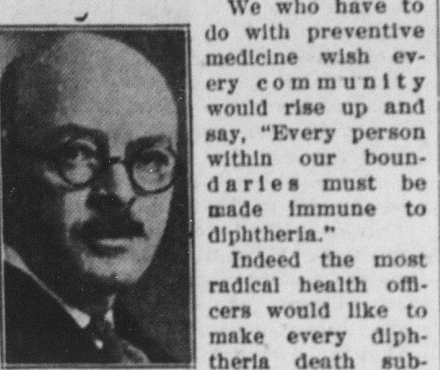
The Guinea Fowl

Although the guinea fowl is more or less of a common sight in some localities, it is confined entirely to farms where a few are raised each year principally for the row they raise when predatory hawks and owls swoop down on poultry yards. They are natural watchmen of the flocks and their loud and sharp cries usually frighten the air pirate away.

Let Our Motto Be
GOOD HEALTH
BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

DIPHTHERIA CAN AND SHOULD BE WIPED OUT

Every death from diphtheria today is a needless death.



We who have to do with preventive medicine wish every community would rise up and say, "Every person within our boundaries must be made immune to diphtheria."

Indeed the most radical health officers would like to make every diphtheria death subject to a coroner's inquest, as if it were a case of murder. And they would bring to trial the parents, or the doctor, or whoever it was who let the child go too long before antitoxin was administered. If these radical officials could have their way, they would make it a criminal offense even for anyone to get diphtheria. Because diphtheria is a disease we could stamp out completely in this country in the space of a few years if everyone would do his part.

Diphtheria is no longer a spectacular disease in the minds of the public. It would be well if it were. Older persons can remember when epidemics of diphtheria were feared. Cases of "black diphtheria" put dread in everyone's heart.

But even though diphtheria does not come in waves any more, as influenza does, it nevertheless bobs up continually. Diphtheria is the second greatest cause of death among children from five to fourteen years of age in the state of Illinois. It is led only by accidents. In Illinois in 1930 there were 545 deaths from diphtheria. That was 545 deaths too many. The same condition holds true practically for other states in the north temperate zone, for diphtheria is essentially a cold climate disease.

Diphtheria is a treacherous disease. It is what physicians call a toxoid disease, that is, the diphtheria germ, as well as doing its own particular damage, develops a poison that goes through the system, and as a result, even though the child recovers, damage may be done to the heart or the kidneys, and in later life the victim becomes a semi-invalid, or is otherwise handicapped. Children weakened by scarlet fever or measles are particularly liable to diphtheria if exposed to it.

The greatest number of cases occur among children from five to seven years of age, at the time they are beginning school and coming in contact with more people.

Diphtheria germs enter the body by the nose or throat and leave in the discharge from the nose or throat. Hence the person caring for a diphtheria case should be very careful in the handling of these discharges, and in the handling of anything touched by the patient's hands. Milk, if touched by infected hands, can become infected and transmit the disease. A patient should not be considered safe to mingle with others until two cultures from both the throat and nose are declared free from germs by a competent laboratory. Certain individuals, immune to the disease themselves, can have germs in virulent form in the lining of their noses and throats, and can transmit these germs to susceptible persons. In other words, they are carriers. Diphtheria germs are not killed by freezing, so that ice cream can transmit them; but they are killed by heat.

Different persons vary greatly in their susceptibility to diphtheria. Some have a natural antitoxin in their blood, and will not contract diphtheria under any circumstance. But others can get a second case within a few weeks after recovering from a first attack, so it is not safe to assume, without a test, that an attack of diphtheria will give immunity.

But every single person can be made immune to diphtheria. By the use of the Schick test, a doctor can tell whether antitoxin is present or absent in the blood of an individual.

If it is present, then that person will not contract diphtheria, even when exposed to it. If the Schick reaction is positive, then an injection of toxin-antitoxin given once a week for three weeks, will immunize the person against diphtheria. The toxin-antitoxin works slowly, however, and it may be eight to twelve weeks before immunity is complete.

In case a child who gives a positive Schick test is exposed to diphtheria, that child should be kept under frequent observation by a physician. Diphtheria can be an insidious disease. A child can have it for several days before the characteristic sore throat becomes painful enough that the child seems really sick. It is much better that the parents of a susceptible child be overly suspicious when diphtheria is about than to be worry free.

The period of incubation for diphtheria is from two to seven days, usually two days. If a child develops diphtheria, the physician should not delay a moment in the administering of antitoxin, so as to minimize as much as possible the toxin development of the disease. Speed has a meaning in diphtheria.

If there were a law that every child on his tenth birthday should be made immune to diphtheria, we could stamp out this dread disease in a very few years.

Just a Little Smile



IDEALS

"Is your son working?" asked the neighbor.

"Not yet," answered Farmer Corn-tassel.

"Can't he get a job?"

"He ain't satisfied with a job. He wants a position."

IN SOCIETY



"When is their marriage to be solemnized?"

"As soon as it has been financed."

And a Careless One

He—You're good at conundrums, try this one.

She—Sure, go ahead.

He—Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away all my letters, and I am still the same. What am I?

She—That's easy. You're a mail-carrier.—Milwaukee Medical Times.

Educational Distinctions

"Do you approve of college professors in politics?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "But I don't favor professional politicians in colleges."

THANKFULNESS



Wife—I can't find words to express my contempt for you.

Hubby—Good! Now perhaps I shall have peace.

Honor

"Mrs. Buntie," said the bank cashier, "your account is overdrawn \$42.20."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Buntie. "I'll attend to it right away."

As good as her word, she straightaway wrote and mailed to the bank a check for \$42.20.

Hubby Was Willing

Wife—The new maid has burned the bacon and eggs, darling. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?

Husband—Rather! Bring her in.

Yes, Daddy Followed

"Did your wife's father follow you when you eloped?"

"I should say so; he's living with us yet."

Temerity Indeed!

Wife—Do you think the mountain air will disagree with me?

Hubby—I doubt if it would dare, my dear.

AND AFTER THAT—



"How did you overcome your wife's objection to your taking up aviation?"

"Signed all my property over to her."

Makes Impression

PATTERN 9040

This frock has been designed upon the principle that one should always leave a good impression behind one. Look at the little sketch of the lady walking away. Hasn't she saved the prettiest part of her frock to show us last? See how clearly the ends of the combination sleeves and yoke knot at the neck! And don't you like the bow at the waistline? It is a divine little frock in plaid or flowered fabric, but the woman who never wears a fancy fabric can make it up in a plain one and be delighted



with it. And the making is surprisingly easy.

Pattern 9040 may be ordered only in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 26-inch fabric.

Send FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, the STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Complete, diagrammed sew chart included.

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BAD BUSINESS

Charitable Lady—Here, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you. It must be terrible to be lame, but I think it must be worse to be blind.

Panhandler—You're right, ma'am. When I was blind, people was always handin' me counterfeit money.—Pathfinder Magazine.

MOVED HER HEARERS



"Did her voice fill the drawing room?"

"No; it filled the refreshment-room and the conservatory."

The Injustice of It

All through dinner Percy sat so silent that his parents at last began to wonder what was troubling him. "Pa," he said at last, "do school teachers get paid?"

"Of course they do, sonny," replied father.

"Then it's not fair," burst out the small boy, indignantly. "Why should the teachers get paid when us kids do all the work?"

His Mistake

"Where is that beautiful canary bird of yours that used to sing so clearly and sweetly?" asked Mrs. Weatherbee.

"I had to sell him," Mrs. Butlam said tearfully. "My son left the cage on the radio set and he learned static."—Montreal Star.

The Leader

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

THE PERFECT GUM