

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. A quick getaway is imperative. Hays tells his men to go on ahead, that he will join them at a certain canyon. He comes, with Helen Herrick—a captive.

CHAPTER VII

—11—

"Look! Riders comin'!" exclaimed Brad Lincoln.

"Can't be nobody but Hank."

Jim leaped off the rock, crashing down behind the watching men, startling them. "Smoky, it's Hays. I saw him a mile off."

"Why didn't you say somethin', then?" retorted Smoky gruffly.

"I was too flabbergasted," replied Jim, coolly, as he joined them.

"It's Hank all right," said Mac.

"Shore, I see him now. That's Hank."

"Jim, what flabbergasted you?" demanded Smoky.

"Three riders!" flashed Jim.

"Wal . . . So I see. What you make of that?" ejaculated Smoky.

The three emerged clearly from behind the cedars. A blank silence ensued. Jim at last got the tigerish nerves under control. His thoughts were whirling.

"Humph. Little rider in between," commented Lincoln.

"That's Sparrowhawk behind."

"Who's the third party?"

"Hank shore is a queer duck, takin' up with strangers like he does."

"Somebody with a mask on!"

"An' a long slicker."

"Fellers," rasped out Smoky, "that's a woman with a veil!"

Jim thought the moment had come.

"Men, Hank has double-crossed us. He's stolen Herrick's sister!"

Hank Hays led his two followers to within a few feet of the cluster of riders. Jim's lightning-swift glance took the three in, their dust-caked horses, and flashed back to fasten upon Miss Herrick. Her features were not visible through the veil. The linen coat showed the wear and tear of contact with brush. She had on riding boots and overalls.

"Wal, you're all here but Jeff," began Hays.

"Jeff'll be comin' by now," replied Smoky. "Whar you aimin' fer?"

"Brakes of the Dirty Devil."

"I take it you've fetched Herrick's sister."

"You're a bright boy."

"Hank Hays, after all you double-crossed us," roared Smoky. "You're a liar. You're a cheat. You think you can drag us in on a deal like this. I thought you acted powerful queer. So it was this gurl you tricked us fer? . . . You—!"

Jim Wall strode forward and aside, his swift action menacingly significant.

"Hays, your jig's up. She goes back!"

"Wait a minute," the robber replied, stridently. "Stick or quit, if you want. I fetched this gurl fer ransom. She come willin', cause if she hadn't I'd killed Herrick. He'll pay twenty-five, mebber fifty thousand for her."

Jim interposed again: "Hays, you're a dirty liar. You didn't steal this girl for ransom," he called out, fiercely. Then, turning to the dejected figure on the gray horse: "Miss Herrick, is he telling the truth?"

"Yes, he stole me for ransom," she replied, with emotion. "They broke into my room—one through the window, the other at the door. They threatened me with guns. . . . If I screamed they'd kill me! If I didn't come with them they'd kill my brother! . . . I agreed."

"We tied Herrick up before we got the gurl," said Hays. "An' after, we made him promise to pay handsome. An'—"

"That's enough," snapped Jim. "Give me a man or two. We'll take her back and get the money."

"Hold on. That was somethin' I had in mind," drawled Hays. "But it didn't work. I had to kill Progar. An'—"

"Who's Progar?"

"Wal, he's Heeseeman's right-hand man. Now it happened that foxy Heeseeman was plannin' the same trick I pulled. Progar an' another feller ketches us takin' the gurl out. The other feller got away."

"That's wuss than ever!" screamed Smoky. "Heeseeman will find out."

"Huh. I should smile in particular that he will. We seen his outfit on your trail!"

"Shet up! Hoases comin'!"

The ensuing rush was quelled by Smoky's ringing order. "Hold on! It's Jeff!"

An opening in the grove showed Bridges plunging upon them.

"Heeseeman's outfit trailin' us," he announced. "Back about five miles when I left my post."

"Fellers, grab your rifles an' take to cover," yelled Smoky.

Hays made a dive for his horse and, mounting, leaned over to take up a rope halter round the neck of the horse Miss Herrick was riding.

"You lied—to me," she cried, angrily.

"You assured me that if I'd come without resistance you'd soon arrange for my freedom. Here we are miles from Star ranch."

Hays paid not the slightest attention to her, but started off, leading her horse.

"Jim Wall, are you going to permit this outrage?"

"I'm powerless, Miss Herrick," he replied, hurriedly. "If Heeseeman catches us you'll be worse off."

The leader headed down the slope, dragging Miss Herrick's horse. Jim could hear the girl's protestations. The other riders made haste to line the pack horses. Smoky brought up the rear.

No doubt about Hays knowing his way! He rode as one familiar with this red clay and gray gravel canyon. The pack horses kicked up a dust like a red cloud.

Jim kept unobtrusively working ahead until there were only three pack horses in front of him, and he could see Hays and the girl at intervals.

Hays yelled back for his riders to hurry. He pointed to the left wall as if any moment their pursuers might appear there.

The next sign from Smoky was a rifle shot. Jim espied something flash along the rim, high up and far back, out of range, if it were a pursuer.

"Rustle!" shrilled Smoky. "I seen riders. They ducked back. They'll aim to head us off."

Hays bowed back an order and pointed aloft.

Suddenly riders popped into view back on the point of an intersecting canyon. Hays and Latimer opened fire with their revolvers. The riders began to return the fire with rifles.

Jim saw Latimer knocked off his horse, but he leaped up and mounted again, apparently not badly injured. He raced ahead after Hays, who rode fast, dragging the girl's horse, and at the same time shooting at the riders until he passed around a corner of the canyon. Latimer soon disappeared after him. Then the riders above turned their attention to the rest of Hays' outfit.

Jim had a quarter of a mile to ride to pass the corner ahead to safety. The pack horses were scattered, tearing up the canyon. Jim gained on them. Then he began to shoot.

One of his first shots hit a horse, and his seventh connected with a rider, who plunged like a crippled rabbit back out of sight. The others of Heeseeman's outfit took alarm, dodged here and there to hide, or ran back. Jim emptied the magazine of his rifle just before he passed round into the zone of safety.

Jim hauled Bay to a halt, and soon the pack horses galloped by, every pack riding well. Lincoln dashed into sight first, closely followed by Mac, Happy Jack and Jeff, all with guns smoking. And lastly came Smoky, hatless, blood on his face.

"Jest-barked," panted Smoky. "Load yer guns—an' ride on!"

Around the next turn they came upon Hays and his two riders. With another big intersecting canyon on the right, it looked as if their pursuers were held up.

Deeper and deeper grew the canyon. Mid-afternoon found the fugitives entering a less restricted area, where sunlight and open ahead attested to the vicinity of a wider canyon, surely the Dirty Devil. And so it proved.

Hays waited for his riders and the pack animals to reach him.

"Hank, air you aimin' for that roost you always give us a hunch about but never produced?" asked Smoky.

"I've saved it up, Smoky, fer jest some such deal as this."

Jim, over the back of his horse, watched Miss Herrick. She was tiring and her head drooped.

The robber took up her halter and, straddling his horse, he spurred into the muddy stream. He leapt into the middle of the river and then turned downstream.

An hour later, he turned into a crack that could not be seen a hundred yards back, and when Jim reached it he was amazed to see the robber leading up another narrow gorge, down which ran another swift, narrow stream. Jim appreciated that a man would have had to know where this entrance was, or he could never have found it. The opening was hidden by a point of wall which curved out and around.

This gash wound like a snake into the bowels of the colored, overhanging earth. Presently they reached a bottom from which weird, black, bold walls stood up, ragged of rim against the sky.

"Hjar we air," called out Hays. "Throw saddles an' packs. Let the

horses go. No fear of horses ever leavin' this place."

Jim's night-owl eyes discerned Hays lifting Miss Herrick off her horse and half carrying her off toward the rustling cottonwoods. Jim, making pretense of leading his horse, followed until Hays stopped at the border of what appeared a round grove of cottonwoods impenetrable to the sight.

"Oh, for G—d's sake—let go of me!" gasped the girl, and sank down on the grass.

"You may as well get used to that," replied Hays, in a low voice. "Do you want anythin' to eat?"

"Water—only water. I'm—choking."

"I'll fetch some, an' a bed fer you."

Little did Hays realize, as he strode back to the horses that Jim stood there in the gloom, a clutching hand on his gun and mad lust for blood in his heart. Jim knew he meant to kill Hays. Why not now? But as before he had the sagacity and the will to resist a terrible craving.

With nerveless hands he unpacked his outfit. Then he sat down upon his bed roll, exhausted, and gazed around him. The place fascinated. An owl hooted down somewhere in the canyon, and far away a wolf bayed bloodthirstily.

Soon a crackle of fire turned Jim to see a glowing light, and dark forms of men. Jim waited until he saw Hays go to the camp fire, and then he, too, joined the men.

"What kind of a roost is it, Hank? Anythin' like the Dragon canyon?"

"No. I seen that place once. It's a cave high up—forty feet mebbe, from the canyon bed. Only one outlet to the burrow, an' that's by the same way you come. This roost has four. We could never be ketches in a hundred years."

"Hank, how'd the lady stand the ride?"

"She's all in."

"Gosh, no wonder. That was a job fer men."

"Reckon I'll put up the little tent fer my lady guest."

"Hank, how air you goin' to collect that ransom now?" inquired Lincoln.

"I dunno. Heeseeman shore spoiled my plan."

Jim watched the robber chief minister to the wounded Latimer. While he was bandaging the wound Jim stole away in the darkness toward where the chief had left his prisoner.

It was dark as pitch toward the grove of cottonwoods, but Jim located gray objects against the black grass. He stole closer.

"Where are you, Miss Herrick?" he called in a tense whisper. "It's Jim Wall."

He heard a sound made by boots scraping on canvas. Peering sharply he finally located her sitting up on a half-unrolled bed, and he dropped on one knee. Her eyes appeared unnaturally large and black in her white face.

"Oh, you must be careful. He said he'd shoot any man who came near me," she whispered.

"He would—if he could. But he'll never kill me, Miss Herrick," Jim whispered back. "I want to tell you I'll get you out of this some way or other. Keep up your courage. Fight him—!"

"I felt you'd—save me," she interrupted, her soft voice breaking. "Oh, if I had only listened to you! But I wasn't afraid. I left both my door and windows open. That's how they got in. I ordered them out. But he made that Sparrow man point a gun at me. He jerked me out of bed—throwing me on the floor. I was half stunned. Then he ordered me to dress to ride."

"Keep your nerve," interposed Jim, with a backward glance toward the camp fire. "But I'll not deceive you. Hank Hays is capable of anything. His men are loyal. Except me. I'm with them, though I don't belong to the outfit. I could kill him any time, but I'd have to fight the rest. The odds are too great. I'd never save you that way. You must help me play for time—till opportunity offers."

"I trust you—I'll do as you say. . . . Oh, thank you."

"You said he robbed you?" went on Jim, with another look back at camp. Hays was standing erect.

"Yes. I had four thousand pounds in American currency. The Sparrowhawk man found it—also my jewelry. . . . Another thing which worries me now—he made me pack a bundle of clothes, my toilet articles—"

"Ahh. But where was Herrick all this while?"

"They said they had tied him up in the living room."

"How much money did Herrick have on hand?"

"I don't know, but considerable."

"It is a good bet he robbed your brother, too. That's make this ransom deal look fishy, even if there were nothing else."

"There! He is coming. Go—go! You are my only hope."

Without a look Jim rose to glide away along the grove. He realized that when Hank Hays stole this girl from her home he had broken the law of his band, he had betrayed them. He had doomed himself. No matter what loyalty they felt for Hays, the woman would change it. Her presence alone meant disruption and death.

Morning disclosed as remarkable a place as Jim had ever seen. Below him the little gray tent Hays had raised for his captive had been pitched against the grove of cottonwoods, which occupied a terrace. One half of the trees stood considerably higher than the other, which fact indicated rather a steep bank running through the middle of the grove. The luxuriant jungle of vines, ferns, flowers, moss and grass on that bank was eloquent of water.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Wraps of White Velvet in New Lines

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



A GAIN velvet as medium for the for-taken of the quaint doorman fashion, in the latest gesture in high fashion circles is white velvet for evening coats, for handsome tunics to top dark skirts and for the new blouse and jacket blouses. Designers are doing wonderful things with the new white velvet such as a knee-length tunic made of white transparent velvet with gold cord and tassels at the neckline and about the waist.

There is also a lovely crinkled washable white velvet being shown this season which is eminently practical seeing that it tucks to perfection. For blouses and tunics this white washable velvet will be found ideal.

An intensely interesting note about the new formal evening wraps which are fashioned of white velvet, is their silhouettes which depart radically from the conventional lines we have been accustomed to see.

For inspiration in creating the newer wraps, designers are turning to such humble sources as butcher-boy smocks and other similar garments of loose-flowing lines. The butcher-boy jacket which belts across the front, flaring loose at the back, is wonderfully youthful and chic made up in white velvet. A collar of white ermine with muff and wee hat to match makes such an ensemble infinitely attractive.

Then, too, in this movement toward the silhouette which is different style creators have even turned their attention to choir-boy garb as a contributing influence to the new wrap fashions. The evening coat to the right in the picture reflects somewhat this source

of inspiration, although it also partakes of the quaint doorman fashion, in that its sleeves are loose and large at the armhole. Self-velvet cording borders the full cape-like sleeves as well as the round neckline and down the front opening. This very lovely garment is fastened at the throat by a single, big jeweled button.

Beautiful, simple and new lines distinguish the evening coat to the left in the group. The cowl back (the monk inspiration is a big force in the present-day styles) and full sleeves pointed at the elbow are details which interpret new fashion trends at their best for this superb wrap of ivory crystalline velvet. We would like to tell you more, if we had space, about the tendency of designers to seek suggestions from ecclesiastical vestments for their new fashions. This is especially noticeable in the simple draped effects adopted together with a wide use of big cords and tassels and hoodlike drapes at the neckline. This influence can be traced throughout dress and tunic and blouse design as well as in the fashioning of evening wraps.

A feature made much of in style doings for this fall and winter is the use of rich dark brown furs on white. The stunning knee-length coat of white velvet centered in the illustration has luxurious cuffs of brown fox—a lovely combination. Here again we see the simplicity of line which marks the smartest new evening wraps. The bow tie of self-velvet at the throat is in perfect keeping with the chaste naive lines of this exquisite garment.

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GOLD NAILHEADS

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



On many of the new fall dresses one sees cabochon or big-button effects as pictured here, which are formed of either gold or silver nailheads. This dark brown dress offers several new style notes. It is trimmed with a lame collar in gold which matches the nailheads down the front of the blouse. The slash in the sleeves is especially important for slashed treatments abound in the new fashions. Covered buttons outline the shoulder and trim the tight cuffs to the elbow. The self-fabric girdele is wide and soft. Sash effects such as this often take the place of belts in the newer models.

Ankle-Length Skirts

Ankle-length skirts will be seen on many afternoon gowns in London's society circles this winter.

WILD WEST TOUCH TO TAILORED SUITS

From the wild and woolly West come some of the smartest costume inspirations of the season.

There is a Buffalo Bill flair to the tailored suits and hats which bedeck our up-and-coming shop windows this fall.

There is the wide-brimmed felt hat with a sombrero air which tops off the season's tailored tweeds.

One of the most successful examples of the wild West trend in hats appropriately is called the dude rancher, and there are others, such as rough rider and the sidesaddle beret.

Then there are the bandannas which smart co-eds are knotting about their aristocratic throats this season in the manner of the dashing cowboys.

They are effective in the classic red and blue printed cottons of the real cowboy's bandanna. And there are others, more pretentious, in soft necktie silk.

They add a dashing touch of color to the tailored woolen daytime frock or the sweater and skirt costume.

House Coats Are Smart to Wear in One's Lazy Hours

For lazy hours of relaxation women are now wearing smart and extremely comfortable house coats. They are made of heavy white silk with broad revers as tailored as those of a man's dinner jacket and belted in place with a heavy silk cord. Pajamas or a heavy white slip may be worn with the coat.

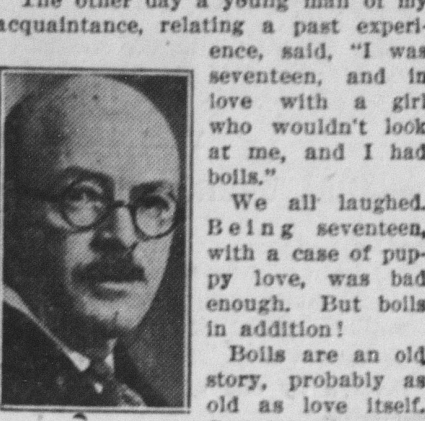
Another lovely negligee is one made of a luscious angora crepe with a neckline and sleeves trimmed with bands of shaved marabou feathers which give the appearance of fur.

Green a Favorite

Green in a vivid medium tone makes day frocks and ensembles, evening gowns and wraps, as well as blouses more sober colored suits, while deeper shades called "forest" and "hunter" and blue green are also much favored.

Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH

BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD
Professor of Bacteriology and Preventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.



BOILS

The other day a young man of my acquaintance, relating a past experience, said, "I was seventeen, and in love with a girl who wouldn't look at me, and I had boils."

We all laughed. Being seventeen, with a case of puppy love, was bad enough. But boils in addition!

Boils are an old story, probably as old as love itself. Certainly long before the days of Job people suffered from boils, and they have been suffering ever since. Just about every person some time in his life is afflicted with one of these "pus-y devil spots of pain," as a writer fittingly described them.

And, unless exceptional care is used, one boil is apt to breed another, and sometimes the boil keeps on, working the same place over and over again, until it develops into a carbuncle.

In various occupations, too, boils are apt to be a hazard. Cleaners and dyers using benzene compounds and workmen engaged in metal grinding factories employing heavy oils, are frequent sufferers from boils.

Common boils are caused by a ball-shaped germ called staphylococcus. This germ gets into the skin by following down a hair follicle. Then pus develops at the place where the germ grows in the skin and there is the resultant throbbing and stinging pain. Boils usually occur on the back of the neck or under the wrist band, or around the waist. A bit of dirt with the germ on it, becomes imbedded in the hair follicle, then the rubbing of the garment chafes it, and the boil germ has a fine place to grow. Before women started shaving their necks, it was very unusual for a woman to have a boil on her neck; but now it is quite common. It is much easier to irritate a stubble of hair than a long hair.

Throughout the ages many kinds of poisons and remedies have been applied to boils, but without much success. Then some sixteen or seventeen years ago, a French scientist, D'Herrelle, invented a ferment-like substance that dissolves bacteria as ferments dissolve a starch granule. When bacteria are dissolved by this ferment-like agent, they are destroyed and all the material inside the germ cells are liberated and escape into the solution in which the bacteria are suspended. D'Herrelle named this substance bacteriophage, which is Greek for bacteria-eater or germ-eater.

The writer of this article has been interested in the study of the skin for many years. When this new bacteriophage was made known, it occurred to me that if we could develop a bacteriophage that would eat the staphylococcus or boil germ, we might secure a quick cure for this troublesome inflammation. My assistants in the laboratory and I experimented for a long time, and finally in 1923 we succeeded in finding a dissolving substance for boil germs. With this substance we could prepare a new vaccine for the prevention and cure of boils.

If you are interested in how such things are done, the vaccine is made by growing the boil germs and then adding a small amount of the ferment-like substance to the culture. After this has been incubated for several hours, the boil germs are dissolved, and the vaccine is ready to be applied to the surface of a young boil. The vaccine is not denatured in any physical or chemical way, as neither heat is applied nor are chemicals added. We have named it staphylococcus bacteriophage, or, translated into everyday language, the boil-germ eater, or boil vaccine.

The vaccine is applied by simply putting a few drops on a piece of gauze and placing the wet dressing over the surface of the boil. The pain stops within a few minutes and the boil itself disappears within one to two days.

The treatment is not so successful when applied to boils and carbuncles of long standing. It yields the best results when it is used on a new boil that is just developing. Then it is quick and sure. By using it at once, workers in the occupations already referred to, athletes, and all others who are apt to get grime rubbed into their skin, can be spared many hours of pain and "sitting round the house doing nothing." Employers, too, will benefit from workers not having to lay off so many times. And common boils need not reach the carbuncle stage.

Staphylococcus bacteriophage is made by several commercial firms and can be supplied by any physician at a not a great deal of cost. We are now experimenting in the research laboratory at the University of Illinois to see if this vaccine will be of help in preventing typhoid fever.

Unfortunately this bacteriophage will not stop boils from developing in persons suffering from diabetes, varicose veins and other such debilitating diseases. The reason these persons get boils is because, due to their physical condition, their bodies cannot throw off a boil infection, once it takes root in a hair follicle—boil germs are always present on every one's skin. These persons should never "doctor" themselves; they should always consult a physician.

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