## CHAPTER VII—Continued

The grove contained perhaps twentyfive acres of level sward, as grassy as any pasture. Aside from the features that made this retreat ideal for robbers, it was amazing in its fertility, in its protected isolation, and in the brilliance of its many colors.

Jim strode over to the camp fire to wash.

"How's Sparrowhawk?" asked Jim.
"Stopped bleedin'." It was Hays
who answered, this time. "But I gotta
dig out thet bullet an' I'm plumb
feared I can't."

"Let it be a while. How's our prisoner?"

"Say, all you fellers askin' me thet. Fact is, I don't know. She was dead to the world last night."

"Let her sleep. That was an awful ride."
"After grub we'll climb up an' look

our roost over," announced Hays presently.

"It certainly is a great robbers' roost," agreed Jim, wiping his face.

"If we get surprised we'll simply go out on the other side." "Wal, we jest can't be surprised," said Hays, complacently. "One look-

out with a glass can watch all the approaches."

"If I was Heeseman and had seen you, as he sure saw us, I'd find you in three days," returned Jim, deliberately.

you can't even git out of here," declared Hays.

"Wall, I'll bet you two to one thet

"Why, man, you just told us all how to get out."
"Down the gully, yes. But you've

"Down the gully, yes. But you've never seen it an' you'd shore be stuck. . . . Wal, we'll keep watch during' daylight."
"Fellers," Hays said at the end of

This news was received with manifest satisfaction.

"How much, about, Hank?" asked Bridges, eagerly.

"Not much. I didn't count. Reckon a couple thousand each."
"Whew! Thet added to what I've

"Whew! Thet added to what I've got will make me flush. An' I'm gonna keep it."

"Hank, as there's no deal in sight all summer, an' mebbe not then, we can gamble, huh?"
"Gamble yourselves black in the

face, provided there's no fightin'. It's good we haven't any likker."

"Boss, I forgot to tell you thet I bought a couple of jugs at the junc-

bought a couple of jugs at the junction," spoke up Smoky, contritely.
"Wal, no matter, only it 'pears we're all forgettin' things," said the

leader, somewhat testily.

"Hank, when're you aimin' to collect ransom fer the girl?"
"Not while thet hard-shootin' outfit

"Not while thet hard-shootin' outfit is campin' on our trail."

Later Jim caught Smoky aside, digging into his pack, and approached him to whisper:

"Smoky, I wish we had time to talk. But I'll say this right from the shoulder: It's up to you and me to see no

der: It's up to you and me to see no harm comes to this girl."
"Why you an' me, Jim?" returned Smoky, his penetrating eyes on Wall's.
"That's why I wish I had time to

Smoky, his penetrating eyes on Wall's.

"That's why I wish I had time to talk. But you've got to take me straight. If I wasn't here you'd do your best for her—that's my hunch.

. . . Shoot now, quick! Hays is suspicious."

"Wal, yore a sharp cuss, Jim," returned Smoky, going back to his pack.
"I'm with you. One of us has always got to be heah in camp, day an' night.
Do you savvy?"

"Yes. . . . Thanks, Smoky. Somehow I'd have sworn by you," replied Jim, hurriedly, and retraced his steps to the fire.

#### CHAPTER VIII

After breakfast Hays led his men, except Latimer, up through the west outlet, from which they climbed to the highest point in the vicinity. Every point of the green hole was in plain sight. Every approach to it, even that down the dark gully, lay exposed.

Brad Lincoln said sarcastically: "So you been savin' this roost for your old age?"

Then Jim put in his quiet opinion:
"A band of men could hang out here
for twenty years—unless they fought
among themselves

## by ZANE GREY

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"Ha!" Slocum let out a single sharp exclamation.

exclamation.

They left Jim on the bluff to keep the first watch.

Jim had Miss Herrick's word as to the amount taken from her. It was a certainty that Hays had also robbed her brother. But he had not reported the truth as to the amount; and this was another singular proof of the disintegration of the chief's character.

In all likelihood Sparrowhawk Latimer was aware of this omission on the chief's part. Probably he had been bribed to keep his mouth shut. Whatever there was to learn Jim meant to learn.

While his thoughts ran in this fashion, skipping from one aspect to another, Jim's keen manipulation of the field glass followed suit. And after each survey he would shift the glass back to the oval bowl where the robbers were at work.

Some were carrying water, brush,

stones, while other were digging postholes. Hays began to lay a square fireplace of flat stones. The stone, sand, water were fetched to him but he did the building himself. An hour or so after the start the square grate appeared to be completed, and the chimney was going up. Four cottonwoods formed the four corner posts of the shack. Poles of the same wood were laid across for beams. Probably Hays would construct a roof of brush, and give it pitch enough so that it would shed water.

Long after noonday, and when Jim had spent at least six hours on watch, Jeff Bridges detached himself from his



"It's Up to You and Me to See No Harm Comes to This Girl."

comrades and laboriously made his way up the long slope to the bluff, upon which Jim was stationed. Jim relinquished the glass and his

seat to Bridges. He made his way leisurely down off the smooth red ledges to the slope, and eventually to the valley floor.

"Jim, take a snack of grub, an' then come to work with us," said Hays. While they were at it Smoky suggested they erect a sun and rain shelter for the prisoner. Hays consented with a bad grace. So before dark they built one for Miss Herrick that would add materially to her comfort.

A tiny stream ran out from under the trees. Jim banked it up with clean red rocks, forming a fine little pool of clear cold water. Smoky deftly fashioned a rude armchair, which, when covered with saddle blankets, made an acceptable seat. Hays, not to be wholly outdone, cut and carried

a great armload of ferns.
"Come out, miss," he called into the

Helen emerged, her eyes suspiciously red, but that did not mar the flash of them.

of them.

"Hays, am I to gather from this kindly service that my stay here will be indefinite?" she queried.

"Wal, it looks like thet."

"You can send Jim Wall and another of your men back to Star ranch. I'll write a letter to my brother to pay and ask no questions or make no moves."

"Shore, I reckon Jim would go. It's easy to see thet. But none of my regular men would risk it," returned Hays.

"There's a better way, Hank," spoke up Smoky. "Send Jim an' me back with the girl. If she'll promise it we'll get the money."

"I give my word," swiftly agreed Miss Herrick,
"When it suits me—which is when it's safe to send for that research

"When it suits me—which is when it's safe to send fer thet ransom money—I'll do it an' not before." Hays stalked away toward the cook

shelter.
"You—what's your name?" Helen asked, turning to Smoky.

"Wal, you can call me Smoky," drawled that worthy.

"Jim has made you a friend—to help me?"

"I reckon so, but fer Gawd's sake don't talk so loud. Try to savvy this deal, an' what's your part in it." Smoky wheeled to his task as Hays strode back into earshot.

Miss Herrick entered her tent, and after that little more was spoken between the men, and presently, at Hays' suggestion, they quit for the day.

"Whar you bunkin', Smoky?" inquired Hays.
"Under the cliff with Sparrow. Thet poor devil needs nursin'."

"Jim, whar you sleepin'?"
"There's my bed and pack and saddle," replied Wall, pointing. "I'll leave them there till it rains."

Hays made no comment. They repaired to Happy Jack's shelter and to their evening meal. Later by the light of the campfire Jim saw Helen come out of her tent to walk up and down in the dusk. And she got nearly as far as where Jim's things lay in the lee of a low shelf.

Darkness soon settled down, and with it the robbers, worn out with their labors. Jim stayed up long enough to see Hays stretch in his blankets under Happy's shelter.

The next day was like the preceding, with its camp tasks and improvements, the guard duty, attendance upon Sparrow, and the universal if covert observance of Miss Herrick. To do her credit she kept out of her tent, ate, exercised, and watched with great anxious eyes that haunted Jim.

After that day after day, full of watching and suspense for Jim, wore on.

The seventh day, during the heat of the afternoon, Jim was on the lookout from the bluff with his field glass. When he returned, Smoky came to meet him.

"Sparrow's been askin' fer you," he said, moodily. "I'm afeared he's lots wuss."

When Jim bent over the wasted Latimer it was indeed to feel a cold apprehension.
"What is it, Sparrow? I've been

on watch," said Jim.

"Am I a-goin' to croak?" queried
Latimer, calmly.

"You've a fighting chance, Sparrow."

"Wal, I've been shot before. But I never had this queer feelin'... Now, Jim, if I git to sinkin' don't keep me from knowin'. If I'm dyin' I want to tell you and Smoky somethin' thet I'd keep if I live, Savvy?"

"Sparrow, I couldn't honestly ask

for that confession yet," replied Jim.
"You might pull through. But I promise you, and I'm shaking your hand on it."
"Good. Thet eases my mind."

On the wall across the oval Smoky

said very seriously: "Jim, I reckon we better have Sparrow tell us tomorrer—whatever he has on his chest. Thet is, if we want to know it. Do you?" "I sure do, Smoky. If it's something Latimer must confess it's something

we ought to know."

That night Jim moved his bed closer to the grove, farther from the campfire, and it commanded a view of the rise of ground where anyone passing could be detected above the horizon. Even after he had crawled under his blankets he watched.

But nothing passed. The hours were on until the utter loneliness of the deep pit weighed heavily upon Jim's oppressed breast.

He fell asleep and dreamed that he was riding a gigantic black horse with eyes of fire, and that there was a white flower growing out from a precipice, and in a strange, reckless desire to pluck it he fell into the abyss. Down, down he plunged into blackness. And suddenly a piercing, terrible cry rose from the depths.

Jim was sitting upright in bed, his brow clammy with sweat, his heart clamped as in a cold vise. What had awakened him? The night was silent, melancholy, fateful. He swore that a soul-wracking cry had broken his slumber. Then he remembered the dream. He was not subject to dreams. The rest of the night he dozed at intervals, haunted by he knew not what.

vals, haunted by he knew not what.

One by one the members of the gang appeared at Happy Jack's calls to breakfast.

Jim was the last to arrive, except Hays, who had not yet appeared.

After the meal Jim, as was his custom, hurried toward the shelf where Latimer lay. He had gotten half-way

when Slocum caught up with him.

"Jim, you look like the wrath of Gawd this mornin'."

"Smoky, I didn't sleep well. I'm cross, and I reckon I need a shave."

"Wal, if thet's all—Say, Jim, did you hear the gurl scream last night?"
"Scream. . . . did she?"
"Huh. If she didn't, I've shore got

the jimjams. . . . My Gawd, look at pore Latimer!"

Their patient had wrestled off his bed out into the grass. They rushed to lift him back and make him comfortable. He appeared to be burning up with fever and alarmingly bright-

up with fever and alarmingly brighteyed, but he was conscious and asked
for water. Jim hurried to fetch some.
"How I rolled out there I don't
know," said Latimer, after he had
drunk thirstily.

"Reckon you was delirious, Sparrow," replied Smoky.
"No, sir. I was scared."

"Scared! You? Thet's funny," re-

joined Smoky, looking across at Jim.

"What scared you, old man?" queried Jim.

"It was after I got my sleep. Must have been late, fer I always am dead to the world fer five or six hours, I was wide awake. It was shore a lone-some, still night. Mebbe my sins weighed on me. . . But all of a sudden I heard a cry. It scared me so I

"Maybe it was a coyote right by close," returned Jim. "Fellers, I'll bet you'll find thet gurl dead. . . . murdered!" concluded Lat-

jumped right off my bed. Hurt me,

too, an' I didn't try to get back."

Imer hoarsely.

## Fur-Trimmed Short-Jacketed Suit

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



In the game of late fall and early winter fashion about the most highstylish play one can make is to stake all on a handsome short-jacketed suit, hiplength to be explicit, which is lavishly trimmed with luxurious fur. As an after thought add more than one fetching blouse. Begin with a blouse of tinsel knit, then a plaid velvet or taffeta and so on, leading up to a sumptuous tunic of glittering lame.

It is a question which is more exciting in point of novelty and elegance, the materials which go to make up these dramatic suits or the furs which adorn them. The new tweeds which fashion as many of the smartest suits are a treat to the eye both in the matter of color and novel weave.

However, all is not tweed that is tailored, for broadcloth is "in" this season and best-dressed women are ordering their suits made of handsome duvetyne in rich vibrant reds or greens or browns. Indeed than duvetyne we know of no smarter material for the new jacket suits, that is, unless you choose velvet.

Cans for clever rever treatments. This accent on designful revers is very noticeable throughout the fall and winter mode. The blouse worn with this suit is chartreuse crepe patterned with a gold threading.

The interesting note to carry in mind in regard to the suit to the right is that the jacket tops a one-piece dress—

As to interpreting the glories of velvet suits as "now is" in the style parade the most extravagant adjectives fall short of doing the theme justice. The best we can do is to call your attention to the fetching velvet costume centered in the illustration and let you judge for yourself as to what heights of glory this season's velvet suit fashions are being carried. A very choice grade of black velvet was selected for this formal afternoon suit. The sleeves are intriguingly worked with tucks to give them fullness at the elbow. The belt and pocket are decorated with gold-metal discs and the

blouse is of red and gold lame. A flattering silver fox collar with a huge matching muff add "class" to this out-fit de luxe. By the way we are going to see more muffs during the next few months than we have seen for winters and winters past.

The smart town suit to the left radi-

ates that feeling of quiet elegance which bespeaks refinement and good taste. The brown striped woolen of which it is tailored is a more than ordinary weave. The effective styling of the generous mink collar is noteworthy in that it emphasizes the vogue which calls for clever rever treatments. This accent on designful revers is very noticeable throughout the fall and winter mode. The blouse worn with this suit is chartreuse crepe patterned with a gold threading.

The interesting note to carry in mind that the jacket tops a one-piece dressan excellent idea for winter warmth as well as costume chic. The jacketand-dress suit is a favorite theme with designers. Very often the scheme is carried out in two woolens such as plaid for the dress with duvetyn or velveteen in a solid color for the jacket, the plaid repeated in the jacket lining. Nutria fur trims the light oxford wool suit in the picture. Fashion reports from Paris all stress the importance of nutria trimming and other similar furs. Another outstanding fashion is the black woolen suit which is trimmed in white ermine, galyak or breitschwantz.

O. Western Newspaper Union.

#### WINTER GLOVE-MUFF BECOMES ACROBATIC

The winter glove-muff is becoming almost acrobatic. With wide and high cuffs reaching to the elbow, they look like coat sleeves, as they are intended to look, and when folded back over the hands and snapped together to form the muff, they in no way detract from the sleeve arrangement of the coat.

So wide is the cuff and so cleverly is the glove attached to it that the whole thing can also be worn as a hat. The hand of the glove is turned inside and lies flat across the top of the head, while the cuff—either of fur or fabric—forms the hat that is crushed into shape and held in place with a pin, feather, flower or button.

#### Milliners Are Awaiting New Trimmings for Hats

New Trimmings for Hats

Hat trimmings have not said their
last word and all the new millinery
collections are reserving a very important place for them. There is a
supple black felt toque, the front part
of which is turned down as a brim
and gathered in a draped effect against
the crown, where it is held by a motif
in red plastic material and metal,
which is pinned through the felt.

Also, there is a cloche in grenat felt,

Also, there is a cloche in grenat felt, entirely covered with rayon stitches in a lighter shade and in checked design. The crown is fastened at the back from the top of the head down to the hat band with black plastic buttons in half-conic shape.

#### Alluring Black Stockings

to Be Popular for Winter
Deeper shades of hoslery are expected to be popular this winter, partly as
a result of the revival of black hose.
An off-black or mascara shade is outselling black, dealers report, and equally popular is a deep brown, called mahogany, which looks well with either
black or brown attire. Hose for evening wear are darker than last winter,
a beige-like suntan being preferred to
the natural skin tone.

## DOLMAN SLEEVES By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Many of the newest coats have dolman sleeves. The model pictured sets forth the attractiveness of this new slihouette which features big sleeves in fine shape. It is interesting to know that the taffeta frock worn underneath is in a rich red which matches the color of the handsome wool cloaking used for the dolman wrap. Luxurious blue fox trims collar and sleeves.

#### THE USEFUL ONION

Everybody knows that boiled onions are splendid for breaking up a heavy cold, and also act as a stimulating nerve tonic, but not everybody profits by this knowledge.

Water in which onions have been boiled is a wonderful skin purifier, and whitens hansd that are washed in it. In any case "onion water" should never be thrown away, as it makes splendid stock for soups.

The onion has household uses as well. If three or four bruised onions are boiled in a little water, the strained liquid is a cleaner of gilt picture frames. Apply with a soft brush, and polish with a clean duster.

Scorch marks caused by too hot an iron can be removed with a fairly wet paste made from boiled onion juice and fuller's earth. Leave on the scorch for an hour or two, and then wash off—first in cold and then in warm water.

# Why Liquid Laxatives are Back in Favor

The public is fast returning to the use of liquid laxatives. People have learned that the right dose of a properly prepared liquid laxative will bring a more natural movement without any discomfort at the time, or after.

The dose of a liquid laxative can be varied to suit the needs of the individual. The action can thus be regulated. A child is easily given the right dose. And mild liquid laxatives do not irritate the kidneys.

Doctors are generally agreed that senna is a natural laxative. It does not drain the system like the cathartics that leave you so thirsty. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is a liquid laxative which relies on senna for its laxative action. It gently helps the average person's constipated bowels until nature restores their regularity.

You can always get Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin at any drug store, ready for use.

#### The Reason

Many a man is married because he didn't take the petting seriously and the girl did.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



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Removing spark plug Oxide Coating gets rid of the chief cause of sluggishness, hard starting, loss of power. All Registered AC Cleaning Stations are ready—NOW—to clean your spark plugs. It costs so little—means so much! Badly worn plugs should, of course, be replaced

only 5c a plug

#### Definition

Prejudice—Being down on anything you're not up on.—From the Readers' Digest.

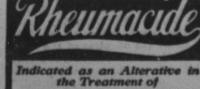
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# DON'T NEGLECT

If your kidneys are not working right and you suffer backache, dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, swollen feet and ankles; feel lame, stiff, "all tired out" . . . use Doan's Pills.

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