

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. 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 and his lieutenants ride away to drive off the first bunch of cattle. Heeseeman is Hays' rival among the cattle rustlers. 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. Hays explains that he stole Helen for ransom. Realizing that Helen will be worse off if she falls into Heeseeman's clutches, Jim Wall does nothing. Heeseeman's riders are discovered in pursuit. Hays leads the gang into a canyon retreat—The Robbers' Roost.

CHAPTER VII—Continued

The grove contained perhaps twenty-five 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 that bullet an' I'm plumb feared I can't."

"Let it be a while. How's our prisoner?" "Say, all you fellers askin' me that. 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 Heeseeman and had seen you, as he sure saw us, I'd find you in three days," returned Jim, deliberately.

"Wal, I'll bet you two to one that you can't even git out of here," declared Hays.

"Why, man, you just told us all how to get out."

"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 the meal, "I forgot to tell you that we took a little money from Herrick. I'll make a divvy on that today."

"Ha!" Slocum let out a single sharp 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 post-holes. 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 tent. Helen emerged, her eyes suspiciously red, but that did not mar the flash of them.

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

"Wal, it looks like that."

"Whar you bunkin', Smoky?" Inquired Hays.

"Under the cliff with Sparrow. The poor devil needs nursin'."

"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' that I'd keep if I live. Savvy?"

Fur-Trimmed Short-Jacketed Suit

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



IN THE game of late fall and early winter fashion about the most high-stylish 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.

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 outfit 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 radiates 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 in regard to the suit to the right is that the jacket tops a one-piece dress—an excellent idea for winter warmth as well as costume chic. The jacket-and-dress suit is a favorite theme with designers. Very often the scheme is carried out in two wooleens such as plaid for the dress with duvetyne 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.

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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

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, 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 hosiery are expected to be popular this winter, partly as a result of the revival of black hose. An off-black or mascara shade is out-selling 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 silhouette 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 hands 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.

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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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Definition

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

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