ROBBERS' ROOST

CHAPTER XI-Continued __17__

"My spirit wouldn't faint at that," she replied. "I saw you kill the wretch-and I could help you bury him."

"I won't need you," replied Jim, constrainedly, and wheeled away. Madly he rushed to and fro, while he searched the dead robbers, to fling their money and valuables in a pile. Then he dragged them to the brink of the wash and toppled them over.

Action had begun to steady Jim, if not compose him. He shoved all the money into his saddlebag. Next he packed every one of his shells. He might be attacked again in that hiding place. Then he selected supplies for two packs and filled them, not forgetting a few utensils.

His next move was to strap blankets and saddles on the two gentlest horses. Those he led back to the cave, where he packed them. After that he had only to saddle Bay and the gray horse Helen had ridden there.

Suddenly he thought of Smoky. If he had been alone, or with another man, even a helpless one, he would have taken time to find that strange and faithful robber and have given him decent burial. But he would not leave the girl.

While he stood there, trying to think what else to do, he remembered a sack of grain that Hays had packed from Star ranch. He found it half full and tied it on the lighter pack.

He hurried back to the girl, calling: "Are you ready?"

"I've been waiting," she said, and came swiftly out. The rider's costume brought out the rounded grace of her form. She had braided her hair. The sombrero he remembered shaded her

"Where are your veil and long coat?" asked Jim, seeing her as on that unforgettable day. "He burned them," she answered

in a stifled voice. "Get into this." And he held his slicker for her. It enveloped her,

dragged on the ground. "We're in for storm. Rainy season due. You must keep dry." Turning to the gray horse, she

mounted. "Ride close beside me where there's room. Just ahead where there's not,"

he directed her. Jim tied the halters of the two pack animals to their packs, and started them off. Then he vaulted upon Bay -the first time for many weeks. The horse pranced, but steadied down un-

der an iron hand and heel. Helen looked back as one fascinated, but Jim bent stern gaze ahead.

"I would destroy this canyon if that were in my power. Come," he said. hey rode up out of the oval, driving the pack horses ahead. The rain was now falling heavily. On the gravel ridge to the west Jim saw a dead man lying prone.

Soon they entered the wide, shallow wash, in the sand of which Jim espled footprints filling with water. They rode out of the tail of the storm and into a widening of the wash, where it reached proportions of a small valley. Scrub cedar and brush and cactus began to show, and patches of sunflowers on low, sandy knolls. They passed the cove where the riders' horses had been left. Broad and deep was the trall to the south.

"Are you all right?" Jim queried. "Oh, I did not know I could feel rapture again. Yes, I am."

"You're dizzy, just the same. You sway in the saddle. Ride closer to me, while you can. . . . Give me your hand. Don't talk. But look-look! You might see what I do not see."

They rode at length to a canyon head, down which the hoof tracks turned.

"We came this way by night, but I remember," she said. "Do you dare to follow them?"

"We must not."

"But that is the way to Star ranch!" "Yes, on the trall of desperate men, and across that Dirty Devil river. These summer rains. It will be in

flood. I would not be able to get you through." "You know best. But just to be free . . . to see my brother, Bernie!

It is unbelievable." Jim Wall looked away across the brakes. Presently he said, "I will try to find a way out of this hole. The country is strange. I'll be lost soon. But somewhere up out of here-we'll find a lovely canyon where there is grass and water. I must not run into cattlemen; robbers are not my only enemies. I don't want to be hanged

for-for saving you." "Hanged! Oh, you frighten me!" "I didn't want to tell you. It is no sure thing that I can safely elude the rest of Heeseman's outfit, if I try to get out through the brakes. It'd be far safer to hide you a while-south of here, out of the way of riders."

"Take me where you think best," she said tremulously. "When you get out, you must go

home to England." "I have no home in England. Bernie is my only kin, except very distant relatives who hate the name of Her-

rick." "Then go to a country as different from this naked, stony wilderness as day from night. Where it snows in winter, and in spring there are flow-

ers, birds, apple blossoms. . . ." "No, I shall not leave," she replied

A flash of joy leaped up in Jim at her words, but he had no answer for her. He led on, away from that broad,

by ZANE GREY

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fresh trail, into an unknown region. And it seemed that this point of severance had an inscrutable parallel in the tumult within his heart.

The sun set in an overshadowed sky and storm threatened all around the horizon. Far north the thunder rolled, and to the south faint mutterings arose. Jim could not hold to a straight course. He wandered where the lay of the land permitted. Rising white and red ground, with the mounds of rock falling, and green swales between, appeared endless and forlorn. He began to look for a place to camp.

At last, as twilight darkened the distant washes and appeared creeping up out of them, Jim came to another little valley where scant grass grew and dead cedars stood up, spectral ghosts of drought, and on the west side a low caverned ridge effered shelter. He led over to this and, dismounting, said they would camp there. Her reply was a stifled gasp, and essaying to get out of her saddle she fell into

CHAPTER XII

To Jim Wall it seemed a miracle that he did not snatch Helen to his breast. Like a wind-driven prairie fire his blood raced. He set her upright on the ground.

"Can you stand?" he inquired. She essayed to, and, letting go of him, plainly betrayed her spent condi-



Her Reply Was a Stiffed Gasp.

tion. Jim helped her into the shallow hollow under the rock.

In the quarter-hour before dusk he had unpacked, hobbled and fed the horses, built a fire and put water on

to boil. He carried his bed under the shelf and unrolled it, changed and doubled the blankets and folded the tarpaulin so that it could be pulled up in case rain beat in.

The fire sent a ruddy light into the cavern, and all at once Jim discovered that the girl was watching him, "Are we safe here?" she asked.

"God only knows! I think so-I hope so. It's a lonely desert. Our enemies have gone the other way. They know they nearly wiped out Hays, and they'll try again with reinforcements. They knew Hays had a fortune in cash-and you."

To his concern and discomfiture, she ate very little. She tried, only to fail. But she did drink her coffee.

"You'll pick up," he said hopefully. "Sleep, though, is more necessary than food." "Jim, I can't pull off my boots," she

sald later, "Please help me." She was sitting on the bed when Jim took hold of the boot she ele-

"Look to see if you have any blisters," he said. "I'll bathe your feet in a little cold water and salt."

Bringing a pan of water, he knelt before her. "Don't stand on ceremony, Helen.

Stick out your foot. . . . " She put out her small feet. Jim lost no time in pressing them down into the cold salt water. Then he rubbed

her feet until they were red. "Put your stockings back on and sleep in your clothes," he said. "Before you crawl in, I'll bring a hot

"Ooooo!" She stretched out with a slow, final movement and pulled the blankets up under her chin

Almost instantly she fell asleep with the flickering firelight upon her face. Jim walked out, to find the horses close to camp and making out fairly well on the grass. He patrolled his beat between the flickering fire and the sleeping girl, heedless of the rain, sleepless for hours, on guard. And after that when he slept it was with

one eye open. Toward dawn he got up and rolled his bed. The air was raw and cold, blowing a fine rain in his face.

By the time breakfast was cooking daylight had broken. Finding a thin, flat rock Jim placed Helen's breakfast upon it and carried it to her bedside. Then he called her.

"I've brought some food and strong coffee," he said. Jim repaired to his own breakfast,

after which he wrapped up biscuits

and meat to take on the day's ride. She pulled on her boots, and crawling out and straightening up with slow, painful effort she asked for a little hot water. Jim fetched it.

Free then to pack, Jim applied himself with swift, methodical hands. She mounted unassisted. Jim helped her into the long slicker.

"It'll be a tough day," he went on. "But we're starting dry. Hang on as long as you can. We absolutely must get out of these brakes."

With that he lined up the pack ani-

mals, and they were off. Jim traveled as best he could, keeping to no single direction, though the trend was northerly and following ground that appeared passable. The pack horses led. He followed them,

and Helen brought up the rear. The rain fell all morning and let up at intervals. Then black clouds gathered, and a storm, with thunder and lightning, burst upon them. Water ran in shoots off the rocks.

At length the fugitives came to a veritable river at which the lead horse balked. Bay, however, did not show any qualms. So he put Bay to the task. The big horse made it easily, with water coming up to his flanks. Whereupon Jim rode him back, after which the pack horses, intelligent and sensible, essayed the ford. Then Jim returned for Helen.

"I'll carry you while you hang on to your bridle," said Jim, riding close to the gray. He had to lift her sheer off her horse and around in front of him, where he upheld her with his left arm.

They made it, with the splendid horse staggering out under his double burden just in the nick of time. "You are doing fine. We have come

eighteen or twenty miles. But I don't like the look shead." When once more they were on the

way Jim gave her a biscuit and a strip of meat. "Eat. The rain will be on us soon." Late in the afternoon there was a momentary brightening of massed

clouds in the west. They rode down out of these low gravel hills that had limited their sight, into a long, green, winding valey. A red river, surely the Dirty Devil, ran, ridged and frothy, under a steep wall of earth.

"I can't hang on-longer," faltered Helen, faintly. "I'll carry you. Why didn't you tell me sooner?" reproved Jim. He knotted her reins and dropped the loop over

the pommel of her saddle. Then he lifted her off her horse onto his. So Jim rode on, aware that her collapse and the terrible nature of the desert and another storm at hand were wearing away even his indom-

Ragged, red bluff stood up all along his right, with acres of loose rock ready to slide.

They swung in behind the bluff, and then out again to the higher and narrower bank upon which the old trail passed around the corner.

"Whoa, Bay," called Jim hauling up to wait for the gray. "I don't like this place. Don't look, Helen."

As she made no reply Jim leaned back to get a glimpse of her face. Asleep! "Come on, Gray," he called to the horse behind, and to Bay: "Steady,

old fellow. If that narrows round there you want to step sure."

It did narrow. Eight feet, six feet -less! Bits of the steep bank were crumbling away. But the pack horses had gone round. It would not be safe to try to turn now.

Suddenly Jim encountered a still narrower point, scarcely five feet wide. The edge had freshly crumbled. It was crumbling now,

Bay stepped carefully, confidently, He knew horses with wide packs had safely passed there. He went on Jim felt him sink. One hind foot had crushed out a section of earth, letting him down. But with a snort he plunged ahead to wider trail.

Jim's heart had leaped to his throat. He heard thud of hoofs behind, a heavy, sliddery rumble. Looking back he saw the gray horse leap from a section of wall, beginning to gap outwards to solid ground ahead. Next instant six feet of the trail, close up to the bluff, slid down in an avalanche. "Close shave for us all!" cried Jim,

huskily. Right at his feet a red torrent rushed out a deep-walled gorge of splintered,

rocking walls. This was a tributary, a vicious barred Jim's progress. Thirty paces to the fore, on the widest part of the bank, stood the pack borses. Jim forced his startled gaze to the rear. No rider would ever come or go that way again.

Jim dismounted carefully with Helen and, stooping as he moved under the leaning rock, he set her down on dry

"Is it the end for us?" He dld not answer. Folding the slicker into a pillow he laid her head back upon it. Scrambling up, he removed the saddle from Bay and dropped it under the shelter. Then, leading the horse, he stepped forward to where the gray and the pack animals had halted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Palestine Aids Silk Worms The government of Palestine planted about 87,000 mulberry trees for the encouragement of silk worms since

The New Year

By Tennyson

ING out, wild bells, to the wild The flying cloud, the frosty Light. The year is dying in the night;

"Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring, happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the grief, that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor; Ring in redress to all mankind.

And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws. "Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times;

"Ring out a slowly dying cause

Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes But ring the fuller minstrel in. "Ring cut false pride in place of blood. The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right;

"Ring out o'd shapes of foul disease: Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand: Ring out the darkness of the land; Ring in the Christ that is to be."



T WAS 11:00 p. m., December 31. Salesmen of the "Speedaway 6" stood in groups discussing the bonus contest of the year-an extra \$1,000 to the salesman with the greatest cash total, exclusive of trade-in

For several months, first one salesman had topped the blackboard in the salesmen's room, then another. But gradually it became evident that the race was to be between Mark Bertman and Jerry Gayle, leading the others handsomely.

Some of the boys insisted that Mark's deals were not always ethical. Others said. "Get the business!"

But for Jerry's clean-cut methods there was only admiration, though it seemed that Mark would win.

Jerry left a sympathetic group, went to the telephone and dialed a number. "Hello! Nancy?" His voice was unenthusiastic. "Mark is up three hundred and ninety dollars on me, and there is less than an hour to go. I'm sunk !"

Nancy's voice came back to him encouragingly. "Hold everything and leave it to Nancy!" Jerry hung up, wondering, but strangely revived. Nancy was such a

good little sport. At 11:42 Nancy breezed into the



"How Much?"-"Eight Hundred and Fifty Dollars."

with a wrestling, clashing sound from show room and motioned Jerry over to a sport roadster.

"How much?" She asked. "Eight hundred and fifty dollars," child of the hideous Dirty Devil. It said Jerry. Understanding dawned up-

> Nancy wrote a check for the amount. "Make out the papers," she said. "I want to drive it away." By that time the whole sales force had gathered around, including the

> distributor, Walker. The transaction completed, Nancy settled herself at the wheel and sped

> out the exit. Walker extended his hand to Jerry. "You win, Jerry! Congratulations!" Anderson, another salesman, remarked to Smith "Did you get that? She planks down eight hundred and fifty to help Jerry win a thousand, which will pay for the car and leave a hundred and fifty over!"

> that little peach?" "Why, she is merely Jerry's future wife. They are to be married tomorrow-or rather, today. By the way, a happy New Year, and all clean deals!"

6. Western Newspaper Union.

Just a Little

MISLEADING MELODY

"You can learn a great deal from old songs," remarked the light-hearted statesman.

"They may be misleading," answered Senator Sorghum. "When posterity revives 'We Have No Bananas' a large number of persons may be led to infer that with all our crop failures the most we have had a contend with was a scarcity of tropical fruit."-Washington Star.

Case of Necessity "What was the inspiration for your

success?" the rich man was asked. "Well, frankly," he grinned, "it was the meals my wife cooked when we were first married. I realized right off I'd have to earn enough to hire a cook if I didn't want to die of indigestion."

Don't Be So Modest

Visitor-And what's your name, my good man?

Santa Fe Magazine.

Prisoner-9742. Visitor-Is that your real name? Prisoner-Naw, dat's me pen name.

HIGH CLASS BEGGING



Lord Blessus-My solicitor will call on you to arrange the marriage

Mr. Multirox-He'll hafta do some expert solicitin' to make me come across with more'n I promised you.

Busy Caller-I would like to see the Judge, please.

Secretary-I'm sorry, sir, but he is at dinner. Caller-But, my man, my errand is important. Secretary-It can't be helped, sir. His Honor is at steak .- Pearson's

Magazine.

She Was Willing Curate (admiring a bowl of bulbs) -How lovely to think it will soon be

opening time, Mrs. Bird. Mrs. Binks-Well, now, and whoever would have thought of you sayin' a thing like that! But I'm game to pop out for a quick one if you feel like it .- London Tit-Bits,

Not What They Ought to Be "Would you like some pickles?" said Marjorie's aunt, who had asked her to luncheon.

"No," said Marjorie. "But these are sweet ones," replied auntie.

"But I don't like sweet things that ought to be sour," Marjorie insisted. Why the Old One Is Comfy

"What would your wife say if you bought a new car?" "'Look out for that traffic light Be careful now! Don't hit that truck! Why don't you watch where you're going? Will you never learn? And a lot more like that."-Boston rible giant! Evening Transcript,

HEFTY ENOUGH



"What made them give up that

trip to California?" "His wife happened to hear some one say that travel broadened one."

Hm-m! "That certainly is a freak publicity stunt of Judge Bart's!" "What's that?"

"Well, the paper states that he wouldn't sit again for a month."

GET SMARTNESS IN SATIN FROCK

PATTERN 2029



Probably about now you have decided that you just must have a satin frock. You're right! And here is the model you have been seeking in which to make it. It is a dress you can wear afternoon or evening and always look smart. The jabot is not just an ordinary jabot but something cut in one with the yoke and joined in the bodice on new and very chic principles. The sleeves, too, do things differently, and while there is nothing different about the pleats at the bottom of the skirt, front and back, they afford graceful movement for the slim panels. Pattern 2029 is available in sizes

16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 36 takes 41/2 yards 39 inch fabric. Illustrated step-by-step sewing instructions included.

Send FIFTEEN. CENTS (15c) in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Write plainly name, address and style number. BE SURE TO STATE SIZE. Address orders to Sewing Circle

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enteenth Street, New York City. NO JOKE

"Well," the recent bride was asked, "what have you learned since you became a man's meal getter?" "That there are a lot of things

to the eyes," she sighed. THROUGH THE READING GLASS

about it besides onion to bring tears



Bug-Great Scott, look at that ter-

Diagnosed "Doctor," said the pest who always was trying to get free medical advice. "I have the queerest noises in my head; what do you suppose causes it?"

"Maybe the wheels in there need

olling," he snapped.

Good Reason Visitor-Will you marry me right Girl - W-w-w-why - I-I scarcely know you! Visitor-That's why I want you to

Couldn't Blame Him Blinks-It always surprises me to see a big, strong fellow like you shudder every time there is a peal of

marry me right away.

what I get at home. Equality for All Friend-How's the boy since be came back from college? Man-Fine! Still treats us as equals.

Jinks-It always reminds me of

