

sportsman, any more than it is a fit

and everywhere. I've always ridden.

I'd go mad not to get on a horse in

he said, curtly, as if he were also ad-

"I thank you, Mr. Wall," she said,

quick to catch the change in him. "No

doubt you western folks regard Bernie

as eccentric. And I'm bound to admit

his ranching idea—ripping as it is to

us-must appear new and strange to

you. So I'll compromise. If it's really

dangerous for me to ride about alone.

I will take you with me. Not. how-

ever, that I'd be afraid to go alone.

Then I would be perfectly safe, would

"Look, Miss Herrick. We're on top

at last. There's your country. The

black snow-capped mountains are the

Henrys. We go through that gap-a

pass-to Star ranch. That purple

space to the left-with the lines and

"Ah-h-h!" she had cried out, breath

Jim halted the horses and gazed,

himself trying to see with this stran-

ger's eyes. He had more—a feeling

that it would not be long until the

open wasteland claimed him again.

For him the bursting of one of the

Henry peaks into volcanic eruption

would be no more startling than what

would accrue from the advent of this

Jim drove down the hill, and again

put the blacks to a keen gait on a

level road, this time a straight, white

line across a longer valley. Jim cal-

culated that he would beat the time he

had declared, and reach Star ranch be-

When he drove past Heeseman's

camp all that worthy's outfit were at

supper. The road passed within fifty

"What a ruffianly crew!" murmured

"Part of the outfit your brother

about that is they are rustlers them-

for Bernie. Does he know it?"

Oh, what's that. .

this tall man we're coming to."

in the attempt.

Hank Hays. . .

brero.

your veil."

new one going up. Logs and logs.

'Deliciously funny, though hardly so

"Not to my knowledge. Heeseman-

own recommendation and got the job."

enormous barn! All yellow, And a

Look at the horses! I want to stop."

ly. "I'll drive you home safely or die

"Which?" she asked, laughingly,

"The one standing farthest out." re-

She obeyed, unobtrusively, though

Jim drove by Hays, who stood apart

from a group of cowboys. If he no-

ticed Jim at all, it was totally ob-

livious to Jim. But Wall's glance,

strange eyes below. They were not

on the reins. He became preoccupied

with the nucleus of the first deadly

"Hank Hays. Who is he?" Miss Her-

"Another of your brother's vig-

"Ugh! How he stared! But it

"Not silly. An instinct. Self-

She passed that by, but only perhaps

because she caught sight of the ranch-

house up the slope. Here her en-

thusiasm was unbounded. Herrick

stood on the porch steps with his dogs.

He wore high boots and a red coat. He

horses before the steps. He was most

curious to see the meeting between

"Bernie, old top, here I am," she

"Yes, here you are, Helen," he re-

"Ripping-from Grand Junction in."

They did not embrace or even shake

hands. Jim, coming to himself, leaped

out and began removing the bags.

Barnes, whom he had totally forgot-

ten, jumped out on the other side.

plied, and stepped out to help her

alight. "Did you have a nice trip?"

brother and sister. She stood up.

said, gayly.

head. Wasn't that silly of me?"

preservation," returned Jim, sternly.

thought toward Hays.

rick was saying.

her silvery laugh pealed out. "You

are teasing, of course. But I must re-

ward your effort to entertain me."

plied Jim. "He's got on a black som-

"No, Miss Herrick," he replied grim-

"I'll have the fun of telling Bernie.

. . What an

Don't look at

feet of their chuck wagon.

fore sundown.

men?"

white-faced, golden-haired woman,

Wall flicked the reins.

streaks-that's the desert."

"That is for us to decide." she re-

place for his sister.'

this glorious country.'

dressing his conscience.

I not?

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Jim Wall, young cowpuncher from Wyoming, in the early days of the cattle industry, seeks a new field in Utah. He meets Hank Ha'ss, who admits to being a robber, and tells Wall he is working for an Englishman named Herrick, who has located a big ranch in the mountains. Herrick has employed a small army of rustlers and gun-fighters, and Hays and others are plotting to steal their employer's cattle and money. Hays wants Wall to throw in with the rustlers.

CHAPTER II.—At the little settlement of Green River, Hays gets into the argument with a gambier called stud, over a poker game. Wall saves Stud, over a poker game. Wall saves Hank's life by bluffing the gambler out of shooting. With Hays and two other rustlers, Happy Jack and Lincoln, Jim Wall starts out for Herrick's ranch. In camp, the first night out, Jim regrets the step he has taken, but it is too late to turn back.

CHAPTER III.—The four men arrive at the ranch. Herrick announces that his sister, Helen, is coming to the ranch. Hays unfolds his plan for getting possession of the 12,000 head of live stock on the Herrick ranch. He and his lieutenants ride away to drive off the first bunch of cattle. Jim remains behind to shoot it out, if necessary, with Heeseman, Hays' rival among the cattle rustlers. Jim sees a dust cloud, which he is certain denotes the arrival of Heeseman and his gang. He stands with rifle ready.

CHAPTER IV.—Heeseman tells Wall that Hays was once his (Heeseman's) partner and double-crossed him. Herrick delegates Jim to go to Grand Junction to meet Miss Herrick. Jim gets Barnes, a young cowboy with him, to tell her that he (Jim) is a desperado of the worst type. Barnes does so, but the girl treats the information lightly.

CHAPTER V

They came to a long, level valley, where the white road was like a floor, and the horses went like the wind

What was going to be the effect of this extraordinary woman upon the fierce men of this lonely region? Upon that swarthy Hank Hays!

At last the horses had to be held in at the base of the longest ascent on the journey. Miss Herrick tucked her disheveled hair with the ends of the veil underneath the edges of her

"What a run! I'm used to horsesbut not tearing along—with a vehicle like this," she said, breathlessly.

"Wait till one of these old drivers gets a chance at you. I'm really no rustlers," replied Jim, "Funny thing teamster.'

"Are you a cowboy?" "Didn't young Barnes tell you who

and what I am?" queried Jim, turning "I grasped that you were a stranger

to Utah-that you were from Wyoming, where you had killed many bad men, and that your mere reputation was enough out here to keep rustlers and desperadoes away from Star ranch. Mr. Wall, you certainly are a hero in his eves."

It did not take great perspicuity to grasp that Jim was not far from that in her eyes. He groaned in spirit.

"I see that you will not tell me about yourself," she went on. "Pardon my inquisitiveness. But I must inform you that I expect to go into the ranching business with my brother. You will be working for me, then, as well."

"I hope you don't, Miss Herrick," he burst out, impulsively. "Somebody must tell you, it oughtn't come from a-a-rider like me. But this is no place for such a girl as you."

"What do you mean, Mr. Wall? That hardly seems a compliment to me. I can work, and I want to."

"Miss Herrick, you didn't get my meaning," replied Jim, hastily, with strong feeling. "It is not you who couldn't fit in. You've convinced me you could. And that is the biggest compliment I could pay you. meant that you will not be able to live, and work too, the way you want to. You dare not ride around-or even leave the house. Even that-"

"For mercy's sake, why not?" she demanded, in astonishment.

"Because, young woman, you are too new, too strange, too lovely to risk yourself in sight of these men at the Not all of them. But ranch. . some of them."

"You cannot be serious."

"I swear it, Miss Herrick." "But what of the vaunted chivalry of westerners? I've read of Fremont. Kit Carson, Crook, and many others. And of the thousands who are un-

"That is true," he replied, his voice husky. "Thank God, I can say so. But you won't find that at Star ranch."

"You say I am too new, strange, too-too lovely to risk-I understand you, of course. I must doubt it, despite your evident strong feeling. You may be playing a western joke on me.

"I wish I was."

"My brother will know, if there is anything in what you say."

"No! No!" burst out Jim. "Herrick doesn't know. He never will know. He can't see through a millstone with a hole in it. Oh. don't misunderstand me. Herrick is a fine chap, but this is no place for an English gentleman and

"Barnes, carry the bags in. Jim, hurry the blacks down. They're hot. You must have pushed them."

"Yes, sir. Stage was late, but we

made up for it." "Helen's where's that Wells-Fargo package?" queried Herrick.

"Here in my satchel. Oh, Bernie, it's good to get home-if this can be

"Come in and take off that veil," he said, and with his arm in hers led her up on the porch.

Jim let Barnes take the team, while he crossed the bench and made his way down the steep, rocky declivity to Hays' cabin. Happy Jack was whistling about the fire, knocking pans and otherwise indicating the proximity of supper. "Howdy, Jack. What's tricks for to-

day?" asked Jim.

"Glad you're back, Jim," declared the cook, cordially. "Anyone'd have thunk you was goin' to dish the outfit -judgin' from Hays. He's been like a hound on a leash. Smoky rode in turned, coldly. "I shall ride, anywhere today full of ginger, news, an' a roll of long green that'd have choked a cow. But even thet didn't ease the

"I've done my best. I've told you," "What ailed him, Jack?" inquired Jim, not without impatience.

"Dinged if I know. It had to do with your goin' to Grand, a darned sight more than Smoky's."

Heavy footfalls outside attested to the return of Hays. Without more comment Jim stood up and away from the table, to face the door. Hays entered. He was not the genial Hays of other days, yet it was hard to define the change in him, unless it consisted in a gloomy, restless force behind his stride. Smoky followed him in, agreeable by contrast.

"Hullo, here you air. I waited at out one glimpse of Helen Herrick. the barn," said Hays gruffly.

"Howdy, boss. I took a short cut down," replied Jim.

"I seen Barnes an' had a word with him. So your trip come off all right? You shore made them blacks step."

"It wasn't as pleasant a drive as you'd imagine," returned Jim, darkly. "Haw! You must be one of them women-haters. . Outside of thet side of it, what happened to jar you?"

"Nothing to concern you or your outfit. Smoky saw me yesterday before I got a line on him. He ducked off the road. At Grand Junction nobody paid any more attention to me than I'd expect."

"Ahuh. Thet's good," replied Hays. and going over to the pack beside his bed he rummaged about to return with a packet, which he slapped down upon the table.

"There you air, Jim. On our first The packet unrolled and spread out

-bills of large denomination "What's this for?" queried Jim. "Quick action. Thet's how we work.

Your share. Smoky fetched it." Jim did not care to give the im-Miss Herrick. "Who, pray, are these pression that he was unused to this sort of thing. Straddling the bench he sat down to run through the bills.

"Five thousand six hundred." he hired to protect his cattle from said, as if to himself, and he slipped the money inside his pocket. "Much obliged, Smoky. Now I'll be able to sit in a little game of draw."

"Jim, ain't you got any news at all?" inquired Hays, searchingly. "A the leader of that gang-came on his feller with your ears an' eyes shore would pick up somethin'."

"Miss Herrick fetched a Wells-Fargo package to her brother," rejoined Jim,

"Then it's come," said Hays, cracking his hands. "Herrick was expectin' money last stage.

After supper Smoky was the first to break silence

"Boss, now Wall is back you can make up your mind about what I'd

"Jim, listen to this: Smoky an' the other fellers, except Brad, want to . . Don't look at him. That's Miss Herrick, drop make a clean sweep with this next

drive. What you think?" "Clean Herrick out?" asked Jim.

"Thet's the idee." Jim pondered a moment.

"It'd be harder work, but save time, and perhaps our bacon as well. These cowboys are going to find out pretty soon that the cattle have thinned out. If Smoky drives a couple thousand never so strained, pierced the shadow more it'll be sure to be found out, under Hays' dark sombrero rim to the sooner or later."

"See thar, boss. Wall sees it just as I do. There's plenty of water along pale now. Jim's hand clenched tight the road an' feed enough. . . . Let's make it one big drive."

"Wal, it'd mean leavin' Star Ranch sudden," cogitated the robber chief. "Shore. An' thet's good."

"But I don't want to pull out of here sudden," declared Havs.

"Why not, if we get away with ten wasn't that which struck me most. In thousand head?" queried Smoky, as-India I've seen cobras rise and poise, tounded.

ready to strike. And your Mr. Hays "Thet ten thousand won't close the looked for all the world like a giant deal I'm on." "What've you got up your sleeve,

cobra with a black sombrero on its Hank?" "Thet's my business. Yours is drivin' cattle."

> "You mean to rob the Englisher? Hank, don't be a hawg!" "Hays, if you'll excuse me, I'm thinking Smoky talks sense," interposed

Jim, quietly. "My mind's made up. We'll stick to our first idee. You fellers make Presently Jim reined in the sweating | drive after drive, goin' slow. . . thet'll ive me time-"

"Ahuh. So you'll risk goin' agin' the whole outfit," interrupted Smoky, with a curious gaze at his superior. "Wal, yes, if you put it thet way,"

replied Hays, and he stalked out: 'Smoky, will you start the second drive tomorrow?" asked Wall.

"I'll lay it up to my outfit. Wal, so other." He went out. Jim heard a few sharp

words pass between Smoky and Hays, and then silence.

Next day he went back to work or



Stradding the Bench He Sat Down to Run Through the Bills.

the new parn. A subtle change in Hank Hays augmented his suspicion of that individual. Jim let him alone.

Herrick was around as usual, interested in every detail of the building. Hays had gone off with the cowboys across the valley to put them upon some job there, which no doubt was a ruse to keep them away from Limestone Springs, where most of the stock grazed. And the day had ended with-

At breakfast the following morning Hays surprised Jim.

"Was the Herrick girl out yesterday?" he inquired. "Didn't see her."

"You didn't say what kind of a looker she was."

"Oh, that," laughed Jim. "I forgot or didn't think you were interested." "Wal, I'd like to see her once before our deal's off here.'

Hays had his wish fulfilled next day. He was at work on the new barn, on the far side from where Jim was occupied, when Miss Herrick came down with her brother. Jim stared as if his eyes deceived him. An English riding habit was known to him only from pictures. She looked queenly. Jim did not look at her face. Besides, he wanted most to see the effect upon Hank Hays. That worthy's hawklike head was erect, but Jim could not see the telltale eyes, Hays stood transfixed.

Herrick and his sister walked toward Jim's side of the barn.

"Good morning," she said. "Bernie told me how you shot bob-no, jack rabbits-from the saddle. I want to see you do that. And I want to learn how. Will you show me?"

"I'd be pleased, Miss Herrick." "Tomorrow, then, you will ride with

"I'm at your service." "Wall, you'll oblige me by riding with my sister when it suits her," said Herrick.

"Yes, sir," returned Jim, gazing across at the statue-like Hays. The couple moved off toward the

open yard, where mounted cowboys were leading out saddled horses. "I seen her, Jim," Hays said, as if

the event were epic. "She walked "What if she did, Hank?"

"Nothin'. What was she sayin' to

"It seems Herrick told her about my shooting jacks from my horse, and

she wants to see it done." "You're goin' ridin' with her? The luck of some men!

"Hank, shall I tell Herrick you'll go in my stead?"

"Nix, much as I'd like to. I can't hit jumpin' rabbits."

Hays hung around the barn, mostly idle, watching the valley, until the Herricks returned. The cowboys brought the horses down. Whereupon Hays abruptly left. And he did not come back. From that hour he became an elusive man.

That day ended Jim Wall's carpentry. On the next he was summoned early after breakfast to ride with the Herricks.

Under the stimulation of this girl's inspiring presence Jim gave an exhibition of swift and accurate shooting that surpassed any he had ever accomplished.

"Marvelous!" she exclaimed. "Helen, he's a bally good shot," declared Herrick.

That night Hank Hays evinced slight but unmistakable symptoms of jealousy, occasioned, perhaps, by Jim's report of killing thirteen out of fifteen bounding jack rabbits. Happy Jack, wideeyed and loud-voiced, acclaimed Jim's feat as one in a thousand.

"Air you thet good frontin' a man who you know is swift?" drawled the robber chief.

Jim stared. "Hank, I'm not so good then," he replied, slowly. "Wal, somebody'll try you out one

of these days," added Hays. "I daresay," he rejoined, coolly, and sought his seclusion. He refused to let that linger in his mind. Something else haunted him. His slumber was

> Continued Next Week Has Relapse

Eager to be about his work before h long. See you soon, one way or an- had sufficiently recovered from a recen peration, United States Marshall ercy Brewington, editor of the Ben home with illness

READ THE DALLAS POST

ROADSIDE **MARKETING**

By T. J. Delohery

WHY PEOPLE BUY AT ROADSIDE MARKETS

WHILE fruits, vegetables, poultry and dairy products are the main things sold over roadside markets, con sumers will also buy fruit juices, jams. jellies, preserves, canned goods, nuts, popcorn, honey and such unrelated things as baskets, flowers, shrubbery. pottery and craft products.

These facts are revealed by the experience of thousands of producers but more specifically in a questionnaire which the Massachusetts state department of agriculture sent out to 2,000 people representing a cross section of urban population. A survey of 1,700 markets along 2,800 miles of first, second and third-class roads in Ohio brought out the same facts.

The Massachusetts questionnaire was the groundwork for assistance which the state planned to give farmers who wanted to sell products of the farm, home and garden direct to the consumer. It was found, in the replies. that roadside marketing, expanding yearly, has a promising future.

More than 60 per cent of the 2,000 replies to the questionnaire declared that city and town folks regarded roadside markets as satisfactory places to buy fruits, vegetables, eggs and poultry products, dairy products, flowers, jams, jellies, preserves, fruit juices, canned goods, cider and honey.

Freshness was given as the reason for buying direct from the producer, with quality and price following in the order mentioned.

In keeping with this desire for fresh, quality products, 1,400 people declared themselves very much in favor of home-grown stuff. The reason is quite plain. Green fields, fresh with dew, and the memory of the tasty vegetables grown in the home garden to say nothing of tree-ripened fruit, are responsible. Surveys made in Illinois and West Virginia, where local towns and cities were "importing" many farm products which could be produced locally, backs up the answers of the Bay state consumers.

In Illinois, for instance, retailers and consumers expressed themselves will-



An Inviting Display.

ing to pay 5 cents a dozen more for locally produced fresh eggs; and not sufficient milk was produced in the vicinity to supply consumers.

Reviewing the compilation of the an swers to the various sections of the Massachusetes questionnaire, it was evident that roadside markets offer the farmer the opportunity to get a bigger share of the consumer's food dollar, if producers will only make a little effort to grasp it. Not all of the consumers who answered the questionnaire are steady patrons of highway markets, but more than 50 per cent declared a preference for buying their fruits. vegetables and poultry products from the grower.

Here again freshness was the reason assigned. This feeling was also carried out in opposition to buying oranges, lemons, grapefruit, bananas and such other tropical fruits at roadside markets. True, farmers do handle fruits which they do not produce, this practice originating with their acquiring better knowledge of merchandising, and knowing customers like to do as much shopping as possible in one place; but few handle citrus fruits

In every survey made, freshness stands out. In Ohio, where consumers spend 25 per cent of their fruit, vegetable and poultry dollar at roadside markets, freshness was given as the big reason why they went into the country for these products.

While the mention of freshness was general, it is rather significant in view of conditions that less than 10 per cent of the consumers in both states were interested in price or the possibility of saving money by buying direct from the producer.

Another indication that freshness and quality are the dominating factors in products to be sold at the roadside market is the time of day when most sales are made. Convenience is mentioned because

consumers gave it as one of the reasons they patronized these markets, it outranking the much stressed necessary business requirement—service.

Roadside marketing is still on the increase, despite general conditions. Business is good even though there may be less cars on the road. Individual purchases indicate this; investigations by college authorities and the records of individual farmers showing they range in average from 50 to 75 cents. Expense of operating has shown a corresponding decrease, labor, one of the biggest items, being considerably lower where hired help is necessary. The cost of other necessities such as packages and advertising vary with the volume of busi-

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