ROBBERS' ROOST

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ZANE GREY

THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Jim Wall, young cowpuncher from Wyoming, in the carly days of the cattle industry, feeks a new field in Utah. He meets Hank Hays, who admits to being a robber, and teils 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 grant and the mountains. Herrick has employed a small army of rustlers and step plotting to steal their amployer'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 an argument with a gambler called Stud, over a poker game. Wall saves Hank's life by bluffing the gambler out of shooting, With Hays and two other rustlers, Hapy Jack and Lincoln, Jim Wall starts out for Herrick's ranch, in camp, the first sight out, Jim regrets the step he bast 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 L2,00 head of live stock on the Herrick ranch. He and his leutenants ride away to drive of the first bunch of cattle. Jim remains behind to shoot it out, if necessary, with Heeseman, Hay's 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 ride ready.

CHAPTER IV.—Heeseman tells Wall that Hays was once his (Heeseman S) pariner 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, and later Jim cells her he is what is known as a "had man," but the girl treats the antormation lightly.

CHAPTER V.—On his arrival at

CHAPTER V.—On his arrival at the ranch, with Helen, Jim is confronted by Hays, who betrays unusual interest in the coming of Miss Herrick. Jim tells Hays that Miss Herrick brought a Wells Fargo package, probably of money. goes riding with the Herricks and greatly impresses Helen with his revolver shooting.

CHAPTER VI.—The cattle drives to Grand Junction are started. Jim Wall finds himself falling in love with Helen. He coaches her in riding western style, and finally kisses her. She is angry and dismisses him, but relents and asks him not to seave the ranch. Hays' men return from the drive with the stolen cattle. The leader has 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. The riders arrive at the canyon and to their amazement and Jim's dismay, Hays and a lieutenant are sighted with Helen Herrick—a captive.

CHAPTER VII.—The gang is about to break with Hays over the abduction, but he explains that he robbed Herrick and stole Helen for ransom. Realizing that Helen will be worse off if she falls into Heeseman's clutches, Jim Wall rides on with Hank and his men. Heeseman's riders are discovered in pursuit. After a running battle in which Latimer, one of Hays' men, is wounded, Hays leads the gang into a canyon retreat, diment of access and easy to defend—The Robbers' Roost.

mer, lowering his voice to a whis-"Hays beat an' robbed Her-Thet's part I wanted rick! . . . Thet's part I wanted to tell you, if I was goin' to croak. But I gotta tell it anyhow. An' I ask you both, as pals, to keep what I tell you secret till I'm dead." "I swear, Sparrow," said Smoky,

huskily. "You can trust me, too," added

"Wal, thet's why I feel Hank must have done fer the girl, too." "Robbed Herrick!" exclaimed Slo-eum incredulously. "Was there a

Yes. But Hank might have avoid-Fellers, Hays'd steal coppers off a dead man's eyes—shore. But what he said he wanted was the gurl fer ransom. Yet he picked a fight with Herrick an' beat him with a gun." "Sparrow, how come you didn't tell us before?" asked Smoky

"I'm beholden to Hank, But I will say thet if I'd knowed his game I'd never have gone with him. After it was too late—wal, I stuck. An' I've kept it secret. But I feel in my bones I'm done fer. So I'm squealin', an' I'm doin' it because

Hays double-crossed you all."
"Reckon I'd have done the same if Hank had a hold on me," conceded Smoky generously. "Suppose you take a nip of whisky and tell us what happened."

"I'm hot enough without liquor. But I'll tell you. . . . Gimme some

more water."

After a moment Latimer drew a long breath and resumed: "Hank picked me because he had a hold After you fellers left thet night Hank went out an' got another hoss. He had a saddle hid somewhere. We took them hosses up the bench back of the house an' tied them. Then we went down to-

ward the house." "Ahuh. He'd had this deal in mind all the time," said Smoky, nodding his head.

"Yes. Before we got to the house he told me he meant to hold Her-rick up fer what money he had on hand-then steal the gurl fer ransom. I opened my trap to kick again' the gurl part of it, anyway, but he cussed me somethin' fierce. I seen then he was blood set on it, so I shet up. Herrick was in the livin' room. We walked round the house. an' Hank showed me the "Wal, I dor row's better with pathos."

gurl's winder, which was open. Wal, we went back, an' up on the porch, an' into the livin' room. "When Herrick looked up Hank threw a gun on him. 'Keep quiet

'Keep Quiet an' Shell Out Your

Money,' Hank Ordered."

an' shell out your money,' Hank or-dered. Thet didn't faze the English-

cuttin' a gash. Thet didn't knock

till Hank got him good an' hard. Then he opened his desk an' threw

out some packages of greenbacks. After thet he slid to the floor. Next

Hank ordered me to go out an' round to the gurl's winder. It was

bright moonlight, but I didn't locate thet winder quick. An' at thet I

was guided to it by the gurl's voice.
... Gimme another drink."

thirst again, while Jim and Smoky

exchanged thoughtful glances over

"Wal, where was I? ... When I straddled thet winder sill I seen

the gurl sittin' up in bed, white as

the sheets about her. Hank had a

savin' if she velled, he'd shoot, Then

he told me to look around fer money

an' jewels. I started thet, keepin'

an eye on them. The room was as moonlight as outdoors. Hank told

her to git up an' dress for ridin'.

She refused, an' he yanked her clean

out of bed. 'Gurl,' he said, 'yore

brother is hawg-tied down in the

when he pays up you can come

won't hurt you.' . . . At thet she got up an' ran into a closet. I

heard her sobbin'. He made her

put on ridin' clothes an' pack what

found a heap of gold things an' dia-

monds, an' a package of money, still with the Wells-Fargo paper on it.

"How much was there?" asked

Smoky, curiously, when Latimer paused to catch his breath.

"I'll come to thet. . . . We went out the winder, an' Hank hustled her

into the woods, with me follerin'.

Soon we come to the hosses, an'

Hank put the gurl up on the gray.

He blindfolded her an' told me to

see she didn't git away. The girl

talked a blue streak, but she wasn't

so scared, except when we heard a

shot, then someone runnin' on hard ground. Hank come back pronto,

pantin' like a lassoed bull. He said

he'd run plump into Progar an' an-

"'Miss Herrick,' he says, 'them fel-

er-mebbe killin' him. I shot Pro-

light. Hyar I turned the money an'

trinkets over to Hank. He counted

the money Herrick had turned over

-but he never opened the Wells-Fargo package I'd found in the

package?" asked Smoky, after a

'Money. Hundred-dollar bills. I

"Yes. When he made the divvy

hyar he give me his share of thet

sixteen thousand. It's hyar in my

coat. You an' Jim air welcome to it. 'Cause where I'm goin'—I won't You an' Jim air welcome to

"Sparrow, it was a long story fer

a sick man—an' hard to tell," said Smoky, feelingly. "Jim an' me will

respect your confidence. An' if you

pull through—as I hope you do—we'll never squeal. . . . But, pard, don't be surprised at what comes

Five days later Sparrowhawk Lat-

lmer died during the night, after a

short interval of improvement which

gave his comrades renewed hope.

He passed away alone, evidently in

agony, to judge from his distorted

"Wal, I don't know but thet Spar-

row's better off," remarked Smoky,

with thet an' the jewelry?"

long pause.

face.

-somethin' more'n sixteen thousand

other of Heeseman's outfit.

So long's you're quiet

Latimer quenched his inordinate

Herrick out, but it made him fight

man.

He jumped up, thunderin' Hank hit him over the head,

on the spot, and divided his effects among them by drawing lots. "What'd you do with the money you found on him?" queried Hays. "We didn't find none. Sparrow gave it to me an' Jim some days ago," replied Smoky.

"Reckon you better divide it."

"Ump-umm," rejoined Smoky, nonchalantly, his beady little eyes

'Why not?" it, not, I reckon, because we took care of him when you forgot, but jest because he cottoned to us."

"Smoky, tell Hays the other reason," spoke up Jim.
"Thet'll wait, Jim. No hurry.
An' I'm not so shore Sparrow want-

Hank Hays turned livid.

"Ahuh. Mebbe you'd both be wise to stay shet up," he said and left. "Fellers," said Brad Lincoln. turning to the others, "I've had a hunch all along there was a hitch in this deal. Air you with me in demandin' a showdown from Smoky an' Jim?"

"We shore air," rejoined Bridges, and Mac and Happy Jack expressed like loyalty.

"Smoky, you're square. If there's anythin', we want to know." "Mebbe we can slick it over." re plied Smoky, smoothly. "If we win all the boss' money—an' he'll shore be easy now with thet gurl on his mind—I reckon there won't be any sense in tellin' at all. Eh,

Jim?" "I don't make any rash promises Smoky," returned Jim. "I admire you a lot, Slocum, but I'm thinking you run this into the ground. all justice these men ought to be

told something."
"I say cards. You fellers can't keep it forever," rejoined Lincoln, darkly.

From that hour dated the grim and passionate gambling in which they all participated. With one man on lookout duty the others spent most of the daylight hours sitting at Happy Jack's table of cottonwood poles.

Jim had separated his money into two parts-one consisting of the bills of large denomination, and the other of small. The latter he kept out for gambling, intended to

quit when it was lost.
But fortune was fickle. He did not lose it. Instead, he won stead There was no hope of his get ting out-of the game so long as he think, plan. Luck changed eventually, and he lost all he had won Then he seesawed for a day, before he struck another streak of losing, and lost everything.
"I'm cleaned," he said, rising

living' room, an' if you don't do as I tell you, I'll kill him. . . . I'm taking you away fer ransom, an' "But, by gosh, I gave you a run." "I'm way ahead. I'll lend you some," offered Hays.

"No, thanks. I'm glad to get off this well. I'll go up to the rock and send Mac down, From now on I'll do most of the lookout work, I else she wanted. Meanwhile I like it."

Jim was glad this phase of his connection with the outfit was past. He had played for days, won and These I stuffed in my pockets, an' I shore was a walkin' gold mine." lost, all in the interest of the schem fermenting in his mind. He wanted to be alone. If nothing else in tervened, this gambling would lead to the inevitable quarrel. Whether Hays won all the money or lost

what he had, there would be a fight.
At once a restless, baffled, harried condition of mind seemed to leave Jim. To face those men hour after hour, day after day, hiding his thoughts, had engendered irritation. When the split came and the shooting began Jim wanted to be around. He would help it along

considerably.

One day, when he was returning camp, somewhat before sunset, he heard a shot. He listened for

lers was bent on robbin' your broth-The moment he entered the oval. see Hays striding for the cabin, gar, but the other got away.' . . . He tied the bundle on his hoss, an' leadin' the gurl's hoss he rode up his hair standing up, and his men grouped outside of the camp shelter. Jim knew that there had been the mountain. We rode the rest of the night, stoppin' to rest at day-

trouble.
"What now, Smoky?" "Hank did fer Brad."

"How? Why? . . . You don't mean Hays beat Lincoln to a gun?" "He did, Jim," ejaculated Slocum, "He bored Brad. I was the only feller who seen it. The rest was duckin'."

gurl's trunk. . . . Thet's all, fellers. We rode till noon, meetin' you "What was it about, Smoky?" as agreed in the cedars."
"What was in thet Wells-Fargo "Wal, Brad has been gittin' sorer every day, an' today we cleaned him. Brad opened up on Hank, no doubt meanin' to call him fer fair. But Brad didn't git goin' good betore a corner of the paper off. It fore Hank went for his gun." was a thick an' heavy package."

"Ahuh. So Hank went south

"Smoky, he had his mind made up," declared Jim, tensely. "Shore. Thet's the queer part of it. Hank was not goin' to let Brad

spit out much. . . . An' friend Jim, thet's a hunch fer us." "Hays can't beat me to a gun," rejoined Jim, with a cold ring in

his voice. "Nor me either. Thet's a safe They reached the camp. Lincoln

lay face down over the table, his right arm hanging low, his gun lying near his hand. "Lend a hand, some of you," or-

dered Slocum, peremptorily.

They carried Lincoln, face down, across the oval to the lower side of the cottonwood grove, and in half an hour he had been consigned to

earth, and his possessions divided among the men who had buried him. "Grave number two!" speculated Smoky. "Fellers, it runs in my mind thet Robbers' Roost in these next twenty years will be sprinkled all

over with graves."
(Continued next week)

True Detective Story by Vance Wynn

The Blood-Splashed Ring

IN THE course of time thousand A of persons have disappeared as completely as though they had dropped through the earth, but few of these mysteries have been quite as weird as that of Marie Anna Holzmann, of Augsburg, Bavaria. She had lodged for years with a

shoemaker in that town, but he did not report the case for a month after she had left the house.

He explained the delay by say-

ing that she was in the habit of leaving for a few days at a time, and he did not want to cause un necessary excitement. The police felt that it was in

cumbent upon them to do some thing, so they placed the shoemaker He was held as "a material wit-

Many weeks went by without the discovery of anything to account for this strange disappearance.

Then the shoemaker was re-

He went to his home and, prowling about the loft of the house, made a ghastly discovery.

It was the trunk of a human

body stuck in a bag and fastened to the rafters. The police were called in for

econd time, and on this occasion they succeeded in locating different parts of the body in various parts of the house.

The remains were assembled and a peculiarity of the teeth made it clear that the body was that of Marie Anna Holzmann.

After that the authorities began to use their brains.

find out who else had lived in the house at the time the girl lived They learned that two men

been there for at least part of the

One was Charles Steiner, who was supposed to be half-witted, and the other was John Rauschmeir, a shrewd and unprincipled sort chap who had no visible means of livelihood. The Bavarians did what the po-

lice of New York or Chicago would have done under the circumstances. They located the two men and they shadowed them for many weary days.

So far as Steiner was concerned, it was love's labor lost, and they pinned their hope upon Rauschmeir doing something that might incrim-Their expectations were realized.

pawnshop and offered to pledge a It was a coat that had belonged

to Marie Anna Holzmann! The man was arrested and ac-

cused of the murder.

But he laughed at the charge. He admitted that he was a criminal and cheerfully confessed that he had stolen the coat from the girl's room, but ridiculed the idea of having had

anything to do with her murder.

But stimulated with the progress they were making, the police made a third search of the lodgings.

This time they found a ring-a man's ring that was splashed with blood. Inquiries were made in the neighborhood, and a man was found who said that he had seen this ring on

Rauschmeir's finger.

That was rather convincing, but the police hesitated to show it to the man for fear that he might

deny ownership and thus spoil their How could they contrive to make him admit that the ring belonged to him without letting him know that

such an admission would be fatal They recalled the play scene in "Hamlet" when the moody Dane declared that the play was the thing to catch the conscience of the king

their part convict this man they be-It was worth the attempt.

So the police gathered together a quantity of jewelry and placed it on a table, together with the ring, which had been washed of its blood-

They brought Rauschmeir from his cell and pointed to the loot upon the table.

"What is the use of your denying that you committed murder," said the police chief, "when we have here the stuff you stole from the

"I didn't steal it," retorted the man, and, seeing the ring, he picked it up, saying: "As proof of it, there is my own ring."

He slipped it on his finger, and that little incident was the bit of evidence upon which a case was built which ended in his conviction and execution. WNU Service.

Queen Victoria Park

The original Queen Victoria park at Niagara falls, contained only 154 acres, and was one of the earliest public ownership undertakings in the dominion. In recent years the commission created a park system 33 miles in length, and increased the original 154 acres to 1,500, and has a capital investment of over \$3,000,000 in lands, buildings and

Let Our Motto Be GOOD HEALTH BY DR. LLOYD ARNOLD Professor of Bacteriology and Pre-ventive Medicine, University of Illinois, College of Medicine.

SKIN POWER OF SELF DISINFECTION

HAVE you ever stopped to won-der what a marvelous structure this skin of ours is? It is only one twenty-fifth of an inch thick. Yet it's all the protection we have for the inside of our bodies against the outside world. Unless we're nudists or fan dancers, we cover it with clothes, parts of it. But we all of us occasionally set our bare faces against a 75 mile an hour wind; we go out into cold that is 30 to 50 degrees below zero; on a hot day we move about under a sun that is broiling at 120 degrees, when we can't stand a fever tem perature of much over 105 degrees. And we do all sorts of work with

our bare hands. But we still don't know much about this skin of ours. Science has been concerning itself with our bones, our hearts, lungs and other vital organs; it hasn't been giving so very much attention to this thin layer of tissue that keeps our body from drying out.

One thing, however, we have been finding out in the medical research laboratories of the University of Illinois, and that is that our is just about the most remarkable disinfecting agent there is. You can put all sorts of germs, millions of them, on clean healthy skin, and in a few minutes they have disappeared.

We discovered, though, that the skin has certain minute never-ster-ile areas, where the germs don't disappear. The first of these is the area under the finger nails. The second is the thin line that marks the lip with the membrane lining of the mouth. .The third is the line where the outside skin joins the membrane lining of the The fourth is the rim of the evelid where the outside skin meets the inside lining.

The first experiments were made on the outside skin. The university laboratory assistants, all nor-mal, healthy persons, were the subjects. This is how the experiments were conducted. When the chest, abdomen, back, legs or arms were studied, a piece of sterile gauze was moistened with bacterial culture and placed upon the skin area for one to three minutes. Then the gauze was removed and immediately after the skin was rubbed gently a sterile cotton swab. swab was then smeared over the surface of an agar plate, and number of bacteria were counted. In five minutes another sample taken, and then again in ten, fifteen, twenty, and thirty minutes. When the specimens were taken of the hands, the whole hand was sub-merged in the bacteria solution, and then specimens taken of the various sections to learn if one section was more resistant than another.

This is what we found: That 98 per cent of the thousands of bacteria that had been placed in contact with the skin disappeared from the skin within ten minutes. there is one exception to the selfdisinfection of the outside skin, This, as has already been stated, is the skin under the nails. Even after the thorough scrubbing and cleaning that the surgeon gives his hands before performing an operation, germs called staphylococoi are always present in large numbers in these spaces.

Altogether eleven various kinds of bacteria were used in the tests, from the harmless B.coli to the germs that produce wound infec-tions, lockjaw, boils, blood poisoning, typhoid and dysentery. skin got rid of the dangerous germs just as quickly as it got rid of those at were harmle

These tests were on clean skin. Then we experimented with skin coated with fat. Vaseline rubbed into the hands was used in one test. That retarded considerably the selfdisinfecting power of the skin. Then naturally oily skin was next swabbed. That also did not work so well.

Finally some plumbers and electricians were called in just as they were finishing their day's work and before they had washed. Their hands were of course grimy. tests were applied before and after washing, with these results: After 10 minutes the dirty hands showed no reduction of bacteria; the clean hands had lost 85 per cent. After 20 minutes, the dirty hands had lost only 5 per cent of bacteria; the clean hands were entirely free After 30 minutes the dirty hands still retained 85 per cent of their

Next we removed a patch of outside skin to see whether the next layer of skin had the same resistance power. But it hasn't. second layer of skin tissue has no more germ resisting power than the other tissues of the body. So our only hope of keeping germs out of the body is by keeping our outer layer of skin whole. We lower our resistance to disease when we have a case of sunburn or an open blis ter, or we get our hands chapped. prick ourselves with a pin, or other happening that punctures the outermost layer of our epidermis.

A clean, healthy skin needs no

other assistance to protect itself against infection.

@ Western Newspaper Union.

NOBILITY SHROUDS **NEW YORK VALLEY**

Once Home of Refugee Who Feared Napoleon.

Syracuse, N. Y.—More than a century and a quarter ago in a valley in central New York, known till this day as Bronder's Hollow, a refugee member of France's nobility, who stood in line as a future king of that country, is said to have sought escape from Napoleon, who was making quick work of his op-

ponents by way of the guillotine.

Here in the forest recesses of hills in a fortress-like mansion hewn from sturdy cherry trees, this Frenchman founded a settlement which after a brief, colorful existcrumbled back into forest wilds to become one of the forgot ten villages of this section of New York, according to the Syracuse Post-Standard

Built Imposing Chateau.

The story had its beginnings in 1808, when a Frenchman who called himself plain Louis Anathe Muller, and who never ventured forth with out an armed bodyguard, purchased 2,700 acres of land in this isolated region near Slab City, now George-town, and employed 150 men, whom he paid in gold and silver, to con struct a palatial, bullet-proofteau on the summit of the highest

Beside a stream a mile southeast of his homestead, in the valley of Bronder's Hollow, named after John Passon Bronder, one of the mer who had accompanied him to this country the Frenchman who called himself Muller established a village which contained two stores, a mill and a storehouse, as well as numer ous dwellings.

During the half dozen years that he lived in this forest mansion, Mul-ler's reticence and eccentric conduct greatly stirred the curiousity of his neighbors and gave rise to many a wild rumor as to his identity. But never by an idle word did he betray his real story, and when after in the center. hearing of the collapse of Napoleon's fortunes he departed jubilantly for France, he left in his wake a mystery which never has been explained to the full satisfaction of his central lew York acquaintances or their descendants.

Home Destroyed by Fire.

The modern visitor to the site of the old Muller house, which was leveled by fire in 1907, must stretch his imagination to believe that this once man, says the writer. If he drives

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along the narrow country road that winds across the hills toward Bron-der's Hollow he will pass densely wooded stretches that look as if they never had known the plo-

neer's ax. few bleak, gray farmhouses with desolation staring through their paneless windows, decrepit barns with doors that creak on frames of occasional abandoned automobiles along the way are the only evidence that man ever conquered or cultivated this isolated territory.

When Muller departed for France after the downfall of Napoleon he left his central New York property in the hands of an agent who proved untrustworthy, and two years later, in 1816, he returned to find his house stripped of its rich furniture, his garden covered with weeds and his village forsaken.

After viewing the wreck, he sold the land to Abijah Western, a New York city merchant, for the sum of \$10,500, and then went back to France, where no doubt he reclaimed a prouder name than plain Louis Anathe Muller, and calmly wiped the American chapter off the slate of his life with never a qualm for the throes of curiosity which were bound to torture posterity when it encountered the mystery of Muller Hill.

Lake Superior Deepest Lake Lake Superior is the deepest of the Great Lakes, having a maximum depth of 1,290 feet, and a mean depth of 800 feet. The bottom is very irregular and shows many steep slopes.

Green Light and Rancidity Light, as well as oxygen, affects the development of rancidity, and United States government chemists have found that green light is the

Street Under Tree Canopy The main street in the mountain town of Jefferson, N. C., lies under a canopy of huge cherry trees on each side with limbs interlocked

Old Stuff in U. S.

Japanese courts permit persons on trial to hide the face until found guilty. This is considered a safeguard to the defendant's reputa-

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