

ROBBERS' ROOST

by ZANE GREY

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 Hays, 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 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, 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 Heese-man. Hays' rival among the cattle rustlers, Jim sees a dust cloud, which he is certain denotes the arrival of Heese-man and his gang. He stands with rifle ready.

"Look here. Let me show you," said Jim, taking the gun. "I thumb the hammer . . . like that."

"By Jove!—But please explain." "Mr. Herrick, the cocking of a gun and pulling the trigger require twice as much time as thumbing. For example, supposing the eyesight and the draw of two men are equal, the one who thumbs his hammer will kill the other."

"Ah—Er—Yes. I see. Most extraordinary. Your American West is quite bewildering. Is this thumbing a common practice among you desperadoes?"

"Very uncommon. So uncommon that I'll be obliged if you will keep it to yourself."

"Oh!—Yes, by Jove! I see. Ha! ha! I grasp the point. . . . Wall, you're a comforting fellow to have round the place."

Herrick was evidently a free, careless, impressive man who had been used to fulfilling his desires. His eccentricity was not apparent, except in the fact of his presence there in wild Utah. He liked horses, dogs, guhs, the outdoors, physical effort. But he had no conception whatever of his remarkable situation in this unsettled country.

When they arrived at the barn he asked Jim to ride up to the house, where they would look over some English guns.

The big living room had three windowed sides and was bizarre and strange to Jim, though attractive. Herrick had brought with him a quantity of rugs, skins, pictures, and weapons.

The heavy English guns earned Jim's solemn shake of head. "No good at all here, Mr. Herrick. Not even for grizzly. Get a forty-four."

"Thank you. I shall do so. I'm fond of the chase."

Herrick had his desk near a window, and upon it, standing out in relief from books, papers, ornaments, was a framed picture of a beautiful, fair-haired, young woman. The cast of her features resembled Herrick's. That was a portrait of his sister.

Jim carried a vision of Helen Herrick's picture in his mind as he rode back down the bench. And he cursed the predicament into which he had allowed himself to become involved. "I'll have to stick it out," he muttered, that fair face and shining hair before his inward eye. "I might have chucked this outfit."

"I'll have to hoof it up to see the boss tonight," Hays said, after finishing the late supper. "Put me wise to what's come off in my absence."

"We've had no sign of Smoky's outfit. So we don't know where his camp is."

"I do. Good place an' out of sight. I gave Smoky orders to pack supplies back from Grand Junction every trip."

"Hank, reckon you're figgerin' up a long hole-up somewheres," said Happy Jack, with a grin.

"Have you run into Heese-man?" went on Hays, ignoring Jack's hint.

"Yes. He called on us," replied Jim, casually.

"Humph! I don't savvy that dodge. It's no good. Heese-man is the slickest customer in Utah. Just try'n to scrape acquaintance, eh?"

"I think so. It struck me that he might be wanting to throw his outfit with yours."

"Ahuh. I had that hunch. It might well be," replied Hays, meditatively.

"Herrick took me up to see his guns," went on Jim, easily, with furtive eyes on Hays. "Have you seen them?"

"Yes. Funny lot of knickknacks. There's one thing I'm goin' to own, though."

Jim laughed. He did not need to ask any more. Suddenly then a tizzish sensation shot through his

vitals. It was like an unexpected attack.

"I'd like to own all that stuff," he said carelessly.

Three days of genuine labor around the ranch followed. But on the fourth day, Herrick approached Jim.

"Wall, I want you to go to Grand Junction tomorrow after my sister," he said. "Take the cowboy Barnes with you. His home is in Grand Junction. Have him hitch the black team to the buckboard and start early."

"Boss, I reckon I'll go along with Wall," Hays said, coolly.

"No. I was as surprised as you."

"Wal, suppose you make some excuse an' let me go instead?"

"But Herrick won't like that, Hays," protested Jim. "He turned down your proposal cold."

"Shore. He did. D—n funny, I take that, too. But if you wouldn't or couldn't go, I'd be next choice."

"Hays, you surprise me. Here you are on the eve of a big deal—the biggest of your life. And you risk angering Herrick at this stage."

Hays puffed his pipe. He was beaten.

"Wal," he said, finally, "I reckon mebbe you're right, Jim. Only it didn't seem so."

By sunrise next day Jim Wall was on his way to Grand Junction. Young Barnes, the cowboy, had his hands full with the spirited team.

Presently Jim's ever-watchful eyes caught dust far ahead, and dots of riders getting off the road into the cedar thickets. They would be Smoky's outfit, Jim calculated, and gave them credit for seeing the buckboard first. They did not appear again, and Jim knew they were hiding on their way back to Star ranch.

At four o'clock they drove into Grand Junction, which was considerably larger and busier than Green River.

"Barnes, here we are," said Jim. "This is a metropolis, compared to Green River."

"Fust I've been home for long," rejoined Barnes. "I'll take care of the team at my paw's."

Awakening early he got up and leisurely shaved and dressed, paying more than usual attention to his appearance. He was there to escort an English girl fifty miles across the wilderness to Star ranch. One thing he was sure of, and that was that it would be vastly better for Miss Herrick than if Hank Hays had been sent. Suddenly this fact struck Jim as singular. Was he any better than Hank Hays?

After breakfast he went out and found a boy to shine his high-top boots and brush his dark, worn suit and his black sombrero. Presently, then, he encountered Barnes.

"Howdy, boy. Did you have a nice time home?"

"Gee, I did," grinned the cowboy. "You sure look bright this morn'ng."

"Wal, you look kinda spick an' span yourself, Jim," drawled Barnes. "Funny how the idea of a girl gets a feller."

"Funny? You mean terrible, my friend. A woman is as terrible as an army approaching with banners."

"Gosh, who'd ever dreamed you had seen the inside of a Bible?" exclaimed the cowboy.

"It's funny, though, how I happened to remember that. Now, Barnes, listen. This Miss Herrick might take me for an honest, decent fellow like you. But if I let that pass I'd be sailing under false colors. I don't do that. And as I can't very well tell her myself you must."

"Tell her what?" queried Barnes, with a puzzled grin.

"You know. . . . The kind of a man I am."

"I sort of like you myself. So if you want me to tell her anything you must say what."

"Well then, tell her about Herrick hiring all the desperadoes in Utah, and that I'm one of them. Make me out worse than Hays and Heese-man thrown together."

"Shore. That's easy. But what's the idea, Jim?"

"I wasn't always an outcast. . . . And I think it'd hurt me less if this girl was scared and repelled. If she took me for a real westerner, you know, and talked and laughed—well, I'd go get powerfully drunk and probably shoot up Star ranch. So you fix it for me, will you, Barnes?"

"Shore, I'll fix it," replied Barnes, with a sly glance at Jim. "You give me a chance when the stage rolls up. She's due now. I'll run down an' drive the buckboard up."

But the stage did not show up for an hour—a long, nervous dragging one for Jim Wall. Grand Junction was no different from other western points remote from civilization—everybody turned out to see the stage come in. It was a gala occasion for the youngsters, of whom there was a surprising number. The women onlookers, Jim observed, rather hung in the background.

The four-horse stage came rolling up in a cloud of dust. The driver, a grizzled old frontiersman, brought it to a stop with a fine flourish, and bawled out: "Grand Junction! Half hour for lunch."

There were six passengers, two of them feminine. The last to leave the stage was a tall, veiled young woman, her lithe and erect figure encased in a long linen coat. She carried a small satchel. Expectantly she looked around. Jim stepped before her, barring his head.

"Are you Miss Herrick?"

"Oh!—Yes," she exclaimed in relief.

"Your brother sent us to meet you," went on Jim, indicating Barnes, who stood to one side.

"He did not come!" The full, rich voice, with its foreign intonation, struck pleasantly upon Jim's ear.

"No. There's much work at Star ranch. But it's perfectly all right, Miss Herrick. We will drive you safely over before dark."

Jim could not see clearly through the tan veil, but he discerned well enough that big eyes studied him.

"Didn't he send a letter or anything? How am I to know you men are employed by my brother?"

"I'm afraid you'll have to take my word," replied Jim, gravely. "But, Barnes, here, can prove his identity. He lives in Grand Junction, and of course there are responsible people who will vouch for him."

"Miss, the boss did send word," spoke up Barnes, touching his hat, and stepping closer he added in a lower tone: "He told me last night you was to fetch what come by Wells-Fargo."

"Then it is all right," she replied, heartily relieved. "My luggage is inside, on top and tied on behind. The name is on every piece. Helen Herrick."

"I'll attend to the baggage, Miss Herrick," rejoined Jim. "Meanwhile Barnes will show you where to eat. It might rest you to walk a little. We have an eight-hour drive."

"Thank you. I've been riding steadily for two weeks and I'm stiff."

Whereupon Jim set about collecting the pieces of baggage marked "Herrick." It appeared that the stage had been loaded down with them. Nineteen in all! Manifestly Miss Herrick had come to stay. To find room for all of them in the buckboard was going to be a task. He set about this methodically, his mind at once busy and absent. By packing carefully under the seats and on them, too, Jim got the bags all in. He went to the store and bought rope to tie some of them on securely. "Wonder what she

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Frocks for College-Going Girls

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN it comes to thrills for the college girl who is selecting her going-away-to-school frocks it is the stunning new and versatile materials which cause hearts to beat faster.

There is that about the woollens and silks and velvets and synthetic weaves as shown this season which is so intrinsically decorative and satisfying to the eye, little or no frills or furbelows seem to be required to accent the costumes they fashion. Which, no doubt, is the reason why advance fashions indicate that the college girl's wardrobe will, for the most part, be styled on the same smartly simple tailored lines favored by chic business women.

The model to the left in the picture is a dress of this type. The plaid chulla crepe which fashions it is in itself so attractive and self-sufficient, fussy dressmaker detail would detract from its "classy" simplicity. For service, for looks and for real joy in the wearing a crepe of this sort is ideal, and listen to this, ye coeds who needs must watch your budget with an eagle eye, these all- rayon crepe prints are easily washable and iron out smooth and lovely as if by magic—the problem of going back and forth to be dry cleaned is entirely done away with. This plaid (brown, egg-shell and rust is its color scheme) two-piece is cut on the now-so-voguish shirt-maker lines with a neat grosgrain belt, bow tied and grosgrain-covered buttons (button links on the double cuffs) to set it off.

Speaking of unusual materials, the dress centered in the group, so

sophisticated in its simplicity, is made of, guess what!—sports tulle. This fabric is so perfectly new it's the "last word." The claim to fame of this novel and very good-looking sports-tulle is based on the delightful sheerness of its weave which together with the fact that it lends itself perfectly to simple lines and classic tailoring assures its prestige as a medium admirably adapted to wear at teas and bridge parties and other smart daytime gatherings. In this model, so simple yet so distinctive in its cut, Alix, who created it of sports-tulle in a black and white mixed effect, has certainly contrived the ideal all year-round afternoon dress.

A frock of satin and a frock of velvet should by all means be included in an up-and-going-places college girl's wardrobe. The new daytime satins are as practical as they are stunning in appearance, and so wonderfully slenderizing, fashioned as many of them are with sleek-fitting skirts slit at the hemline in order to give ease of movement. The model pictured to the right in the group is styled along girlish lines and with its jacket becomes a many-purpose costume which can be tuned at will to street or indoor afternoon wear. The treatment of the neckline is interesting, the collar being formed of loops of white velvet ribbon edged with black.

In regard to velvet the big news is smart trimming suits with narrow skirts and neat-fitting jackets.

HIGH-STYLE ITEMS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



"Are We Ready to Go?" She Asked Gayly.

looks like," he thought. He had felt vaguely uncomfortable when she looked him over through that veil. His task completed, Jim stood beside the restless horses, waiting. And it seemed he was waiting for he knew not what.

Presently Barnes returned, wearing an excited grin. His eyes were important.

"Jim, I fixed it. I shore gave her an earful," he said.

"Did you? Much obliged, cowboy."

"She took off that coat an' vell. Lordy! Utah never seen the likes of her. Red lips, pink cheeks, hair like gold, an' eyes like violets! Jim, for a minnit I went plumb back on my gurl!—But shucks, that's crazy. She asked me to set at table. I did. She's just as nice an' free as Herrick. It was while we was eatin' that I had the chance to tell her about the notorious Jim Wall. Mebbe I didn't spread it on. An' she looked—gee, such eyes! She said, 'So Bernie Herrick sent a desperado to be my escort?'

"How perfectly rippin'!—Honest, Jim, that's what she said. So I shet up pronto."

"Have you double-crossed me?" queried Jim, suspicious of this boy. "You were to make me out low-down."

"Jim, honest to Gawd, if that gurl ain't scared to death of you she's a new one on me," declared Barnes. But there was a fun and evasion in his keen, hazel eyes. Somehow he had failed to follow instructions.

"I'll go in the Chink's here and get a bite to eat. You watch the horser."

Women who delight in veils can wear them to their heart's content, for they are decidedly in the fashion picture. Worn with just the right air, veils can be coquettish and glamorous and the newer veils have that way about them. The pointed contour of the veil pictured is a recent accent which will especially delight the young girl who takes delight in an air of sophistication. Lace slippers for evening match the lace frock. Padova, who created this exquisite type of footwear, has combined black lace and black satin in this model, with white satin under the lace to bring out the delicate patterning. A great vogue is in promise for this type of luxury footwear, this coming fall and winter.

(Continued next week)

FALL BRIDAL GOWN HAS HEAVY TRAIN

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The trains on the new fall wedding gowns mean a heavy day's work for some bridal attendants. Nine or ten feet of shimmering satin will slither down the aisle behind the bride.

To dress the bride will be no small task, too, if she has chosen Germaine Montell's favorite wedding robe.

This designer has a penchant for trains, surpassed only by her love for frills and bows. This fall she gives women a chance to wear stiff white jabots that protrude four inches from severe black frocks. And "fish-tail" trains. She still likes them, although many designers have chopped them off. A pert little train for evening and a deep skirt slash in front.

Two-Piece Frock Is Due for Popularity This Fall

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Many of the daytime frocks beginning to appear just now contain more than a hint of the sartorial picture for the autumn.

Two-piece tunic frocks appear at the smartest places, many of them in silk, making it easy to visualize this fashion in woollens.

A typical advanced style frock is a two-piece tunic town model in beige silk.

The line is fairly severe but is softened by an enormous ruffled jabot cut from the dress fabric and pulled through a ring at the side of the neckline for fastening.

Long Sashes, Wide Belts

Wide belts are used on the new fall sports clothes. And long, flowing sashes, tied in front, are shown on street and afternoon dresses.

Tortoise Shell Clips

Tortoise shell or crystal hemispheres rimmed and centered with gold make smart clips designed for winter frocks.

Locust Some Buzzer

A near relative of the cricket, the locust, is a famous musician. This fellow seems to carry a buzz saw with him, but he has never been found sawing any wood. He is the most successful noise-maker in the insect world, and no carnival vendor can imitate his squawks.

Those Bathroom Chords

Singing in the bathroom is popular, explains one physicist, because the singer listens not merely to his own voice but to the musical notes characteristic of the room, and in small rooms lined with tile or hard plaster this resonance is particularly evident.

Primitive Beliefs Retained

Many primitive tribes still believe that white men are the ghosts of black men, that apes are a race of people, and that the only natural deaths are suicide, homicide and fatal accidents—all others being the work of evil spirits.—Collier's Weekly.

The Busy Aphides

Aphides or plant lice, the majority of which are females hatched from unfertilized eggs, have been known to give birth to 94 successive generations without the intervention or birth of a single male.

"Going West"

The expression "Going West," meaning death, is variously derived from the ancient Egyptians, the Greeks and the American Indians. It was a common term in the Boer war among the soldiers.

Sale of Calendar Forbidden

Sales of the old Chinese calendar by which time was reckoned in accordance with changes of the moon is forbidden by law in the republic of China and the police have confiscated many thousands.

A Famous Mountain

The Jungfrau is a famous mountain in Switzerland, with a hotel at the very top, 11,140 feet high. The mountain is snow covered, with many glaciers. The Jungfrau is one of the highlights of Switzerland.

Flirtatious Girls of Seville

In Seville, Spain, the girls boldly flirt with their eyes and their fans, but are ably protected by alert duennas who see that no man comes within conversational distance.

Sea Coast Is Changing

Sweden, Finland and Norway are gradually rising above sea level, while Denmark, Germany and some other countries are sinking, declares a scientist in Europe.

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New Hampshire Gateway

Portsmouth, a city more than three hundred years old, is New Hampshire's gateway to the Atlantic ocean. There is, perhaps, no other city of its size in the United States as rich in history.

Garments Preferred by Fishermen

Many fishermen have found that several layers of garments are more useful than a small number of heavier ones when facing the intense cold frequently encountered in the North sea in winter.

Music-Makers

Among the peoples of the world, ten different parts of the body are used in playing musical instruments. They are the mouth, hips, feet, knees, elbows, chest, wrists, head and nose.

Buenos Aires

Buenos Aires is called the Queen City of South America because of its magnificence and its splendid metropolitan character. It is situated at the edge of a vast prairie.

N. Y. City's Population