

VOL. XXXIII.

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Attorney-at-Law,

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Office Patterson Building  
Second Floor.

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## Red Saunders

... By ...  
HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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This is the famous story of Red Saunders, big Red, tough Red of the plains and mines. We shall follow this expansive man through his days of toughness and sinfulness up to the great day of his life, the day that shall bring the metamorphosis of Red. This trumpeter will not give the story away by indicating how this transformation shall come about—whether through the remorse or repentance of Red, his conviction of sin, his fear of the damnation of the wicked, his yearnings for the peace that passeth understanding, or whether it shall be the love of woman that shall bring this giant to his knees and make him as a little child. The trumpeter will only promise that this conversion of Red shall be one of the most interesting and delicious episodes in all fiction, which the reader will enjoy and doubtless remember through all the years of his life.

### CHAPTER I.

REDDY and I were alone at the lake beds. He sat outside the cabin braiding a leather hat—band-eighting strands and the repeat figure—an art that I never could master.

I sat inside with a one-pound package of smoking tobacco beside me and newspapers within reach, rolling the day's supply of cigarettes.

Reddy stopped his story long enough to say, "Don't use the 'Princess' Slipper. Kid—that paper burns my tongue—take the 'Granger'; there's plenty of it."

Well, as I was saying, I'd met a lot of the boys up in town this day and they threw as many as two drinks into me; I know that for certain, because when we took the parting dose I had a glass of whiskey in both my right hands and had just twice as many friends as when I started.

When I pulled out for home I felt mighty good for myself—not exactly looking for trouble, but not a-going to look for it, either. I was warbling "Idaho" for all I was worth—you know how pretty I can sing? Cockeyed Peterson used to say it made him forget all his troubles. "Because," says he, "you don't notice trifles when a man bats you over the head with a two by four."

Well, I was enjoying everything in sight, even a little drizzle of rain that was driving by in rags of wetness when a snafued swatly at Fort Johnson halted me.

Now, it's a dreadful thing to be butted to death by a nanny goat, but for a full sized cowpuncher to be held up by a soldier is worse yet!

To say that I was not under the collar don't give you the right idea of the way I felt.

"Why, you cross between the first roach of summer and a bottled flesh!" says I. "What d'yer mean? What's got into you? Get out of my daylight, you dog robber, or I'll walk the little horse round your neck like a three ringed circus. Come, pull your freight!"

It seems that this swatly had been chucked out of the third story of Frenchy's dance emporium by Bronc Thompson, which threw a great respect for our professed him. Consequently he wasn't fresh, like most soldiers, but answers me as polite as a tin horn gambler on pay day.

Says he: "I just wanted to tell you that old Frosted and forty braves are some-ers between here and your outfit, with their war paint on and blood in their eyes, cawoyding and whooping it to beat hell with the blowers on, and if you get tangled up with them I reckon they'll give you a hair cut and shampoo, to say nothing of other trimmings. They say they're after the Crows, but it's a ten dollar bill against a last year's kind of trouble that they'll take on any kind of trouble that comes along. Their hearts is mighty bad, they state, and when an Injun's heart gets spoiled the disease is—catching. You'd better stop awhile."

"Now, cuss old Frosted and you, too!" says I. "If he comes crow hooting on my reservation I'll kick his pants on top of his scalp lock."

"All right, pardner," says he. "It's your own funeral. My orders was to hunt every dog going through. But I ain't a dog company, so you can't do it your own way. Only if your friends have to take you home in a cool scuttle, don't blame me. Pass, friend!"

red tigers "hyah-hyning" in a style that made my skin get up and walk all over me with cold feet.

How in hizes I'd managed to slip through those Injuns I don't know. 'Twould have been a wonderful piece of scouting if I'd meant it. You can most always do any darn thing you don't want to do. Well, there I was, and, oh, doctor, but wasn't I in a lovely mess! That war song put a crimp into me that Jack Frost himself couldn't take out.

It was my dark as dark by this time. The moon just stuck one eye over the edge of the prairie, and the rest of the sky was covered with cloud. A little light came from the Injuns' campfire, but not enough to ride by, and, besides, I didn't know which way I ought to go.

"I'll say myself, 'Billy Saunders, you are the champion all around, old fashioned tool of the district. You are a jackass from the country where there's less than three foot long as curiosities. You sass that poor swatly that wanted to keep you out of this, tooting your bawzo like a man peddling soap, but now it's up to you. What are you going to do about it?' and I didn't get any answer neither."

Well, it was no use asking myself conundrums out there in the dark when time was so scarce. So I wraps my handkercher around Laddy's nose to keep him from talking horse to the Injuns' and prepared to sneak to where I'd rather be.

Laddy was the quickest thing on legs in that part of the country—out a mighty sure little Pinto mare by one thoroughbred Kentucky horse—and I knew if I could get to the open them Injuns wouldn't have much of a chance to take out my stopper and examine my works—not much. A half mile start, and I could show the whole South nation how I wore my hair.

I cut for the place where the Injuns seemed thinnest, lifting myself up till I didn't weigh fifteen pound and breathing all when necessary. We got along first rate until we reached the edge of 'em, and then Laddy had to stick his foot in a gopher hole and walloped around like a white horse trying to climb a tree.

Some darn cuss of an Injun threw a handful of hay on the fire, and as it blazed up the whole gang spotted me. I unlumbered my gun, sent the Irons into Laddy, and we began to walk.

I didn't like to make for the ranch, as I loved the boys were short handed, so I pointed north, praying to the good Lord that I'd hit some kind of settlement before I struck the north pole.

Well, we left those Injuns so far behind that there wasn't any fun in it. I slacked up, patting myself on the back, and as the trouble seemed all over I was just about to turn for the ranch when I heard horses galloping, and as the moon came out a little I saw a whole raft of redskins a-bowling a draw net at half a mile away. That knocked me slab-sided. It looked like got the wrong tick every time the wheel turned.

I whooped it up again, swearing I wouldn't stop this deal short of a dead sure thing. We flew through space, Laddy pushing a hole in the air like a scared coyote making for home and another.

As we went down the valley I spotted a little shack sitting all alone by itself out in the moonlight. I headed for it, hollering murder.

A man came to the door in his underriding.

"Hi, there! What's entering you?" yells.

"Injuns coming, pardner! The country's just cooking Injuns! Better get a wiggle on you!"

"All right—slide along. I'll ketch up to you," says he.

son up. The Grindstone Buttes Jay about a mile ahead of us. Looking back, we saw the Injuns coming over a rise of ground 'way in the distance.

"Now," says my friend, "I know short cut through those hills that'll bring us out at Johnson's. They've got enough punchers there to do the United States army up—starved and blood. Shall we take it?"

"Sure!" says I. "I'm only wandering round this part of the country because this part of the country is here—was anywhere else I'd be just as glad."

So in we went. It was the steepest and narrowest crack of a canyon, looking as if it had been cut out of the rock with one crack of the ax. I was just thinking, "Gee whiz, but this would be a poor place to get snagged in," when bang! says a rifle right in front of us, and in-a-r-r-r! goes the bullet over our heads.

We were off then horses and behind a couple of chunks of rock sooner than we hoped for, and that's saying a good deal.

"Cussed poor shot, whoever he is," says my friend. "Some Injun holding us here till the rest come up. I presume."

"That's about the size of it—and I'd like to make you a bet that he does it, too, if I thought I'd have a chance to collect."

"Oh, you can't always tell who might lose your money," says he, kind of thoughtfully.

"I wouldn't mind that half as much as aiming," says I. "Out on the square, do you think we can get out? I'll jump him with you if you say so, although I ain't got what you might call a passion for suicide."

"Now you hold on a bit," says he. "I don't know but what we've done better to stick to the horses and run for it, but it's too late to think of that. Jumping him is all foolhardiness; he'd beat behind his little rock and pump lead into us till we wouldn't float in brine—and we can't back out now."

He talked so calm he made me kind of mad. "Well," says I, "in that case let's play 'Simon says thumbs up' till the rest of the crowd comes."

"Just like all young fellows—gettin' hostile right away if you don't fall in with their plans. Now, sonny, you keep your temper and watch me play cushion caroms with our friend there."

"Meaning how?"

"You see that block of stone just the side of him with the square face toward us? Well, he's only covered in front, and I'm going to shoot against that face and ketch him on the glance."

"Great if you could work it!" says I. "But Lor!"

"Well, watch," says he. Then he squinched down behind his cover, so

Jones from Boston, Mass., and what he didn't know about running a ranch was common talk in the country, but what he knew about running a ranch was too much for one man to carry around. He wasn't a bad hearted fellow in some ways, yet the whole he felt it was an honor to a looking glass to have the pleasure of reflecting him.

Looking glass? I should say he had! And a bureau and a bootblacking flogger and a feather bed and curtains and truck in his room. Strange fellows used to open their eyes when they saw that room.

"Hello-o-o!" they'd say. "Whose little mind have you here? And other remarks that hurt our feelings considerable. Joney, he said the fellows were a rank lot of barbarians. He said it to old Neighbor Case's face, and he and the old man came together like a pair of hens, for Joney had said in spite of his faults. That was right worth traveling to see. They covered a lot of acre of ground; they tore the air with upper swats and cross swipes; they hollered, they jumped and they pitched, and when the difficulty was adjusted we found that Joney's coat was painfully ripped up the back and Neighbor Case had lost his false teeth. One crowd of fellows patted Jones on the back and said, 'Never mind your coat, old horse; you've licked a man twice your age, and the other comforted Neighbor, saying, 'Never mind, Case, you can ease your mind by thinking how you headed up that rooster and he fifty pounds lighter than you?'"

"Joney put on airs after that. He felt he was a hand citizen. And then he had the misfortune to speak harshly to Arizona Jenkins when Old Dry Belt was in liquor. Then he got roped and dragged through the slough. He cried like a baby while I helped him scrape the mud off, but not because he was scared; no, sir! That little runt was full of blood and murder that day. My mark me now, Reddy," says he, the tears making bad land water courses through the mud on his cheeks. "I shall fire upon that man the first time I see him. Will you lend me your revolver?"

"Lord, Jones, see here," says I. "Don't you go making any such billy-goat play as that. Keep your wages until he apologizes. Put something harmless in his grub; but, as you have respect for the Almighty's handiwork as represented by your person, don't pull a gun on Arizona Jenkins. That's the one thing he won't take from nobody."

"D-d-darn him!" snivels Joney. "I ain't afraid o-o-o' him," and the strange fact is that the words "Well," say he, "I was in such a taking that he might do something foolish and get hurt, so I goes to Arizona, and says I, 'You ought to apologize to Jones.' What Zony replied ain't worth repeating. 'And you along with him,' he winds up."

"Now, ain't that childish? I says, 'A six footer like you that can shoot straight with either hand and yet ain't got generous enough to ease the feelings of a poor little devil that's fair busting with shame?'"

"Well, what did he want to tell me to shut up my mouth for? cried Old Dry Belt. 'Men have died of less than that.'"

"Aw, shucks, Zony, I says, 'A great, big man like you oughtn't to be so afraid of a little cuss who's all thumb hand side and left feet.'"

"That be blowed," says he, only he says it different. "I'd like to know what business such a sawed off has to come and tell a full grown man like me to shut up his mouth. He'd ought to stay in a little man's place and talk sense to people his own size. When he comes shooting off his bawzo to a man that could swaller him whole without loosening his collar it's impudence; that's what it is."

"Well, as a favor to me?" I says.

"Well, if you put it in that way—I don't want to be small about it."

"So Arizona goes up to Jones and sticks out his hand to the Coon d'Al. 'Jones,' he says, 'I'm mighty sorry you told me to shut up my mouth; but, not taking in the sense of the words, but feeling that it was all in good intention. So that was all right, and I stood in with the management in great shape for fixing up the fuss so pleasant lasts in this world. There's some pretty solid rocks in back and side, and I should like to see you wait around and see if they don't hold out, but I'll never make it. I've been in too much excitement.'"

"Well, the next thing after Joney got established was that his niece must come out during vacation and pay him a visit. 'Journeyman!' thinks I, 'Joney's niece?' I had visions of a thin, yellow, sour faced woman of a kind colored hair plastered down on her head and an unkind word for everybody. Joney told me about her being in college, and then I stuck a pair of them nose grabber specks on the picture. I can stand most any kind of a man, but if there's anything that makes the tears come to my eyes it's a batch of a woman. I know they may have good qualities and all that, but I don't like 'em, and that's the whole of it. We gave three loud groans when we got the news in the bull pen. And I cussed for ten minutes straight, without repeating myself once, when it so fell out that the members of the board rolled out our fore and Joney couldn't break loose, and your uncle was elected to take the buckboard and drive twenty miles to the railroad. I didn't mind the going out, but that twenty miles back with Joney's niece!"

Says I, "I fussed like a boiler water boiler when I found the bull pen and told the boys my luck."

"Well," says Kyle Lambert, "that's what you might expect; your stas have found you out!"

I laid my eyes on that young woman. I'd had my mind made up so thorough as to what she must be that the facts I knowed me told. She was the sweetest, handsomest, healthiest female I ever see. It would make you believe in fairy stories again just to look at her. She was all the things a man ever wanted in this world rolled up in a prize package. Tall, round and soople, limber and springy in her action as a thoroughbred and with something modest yet kind of daring in her face that would remind you of a good, honest boy. Red, white and black were the colors she flew. Hair and eyes black, cheeks and lips red, and the rest of her white. Now, there's a pile of difference in them colors; when you say 'red,' for instance, you ain't cleaned up the subject by a sight. My top knot's red, but that wasn't the color of her cheeks. No; that was a color I never saw before nor since. A rose would look like a tomato alongside of 'em. Then, too, I've seen black eyes so hard and shiny you could cut glass with 'em. And again that wasn't her style. The only way you could get a notion of what them eyes were like would be to look at 'em; you'd remember 'em all right if you did. Seems like the good Lord was kind of careless when he built Joney, but when he turned that girl out he played square with the family.

"I ain't what you might call a man that's easily disturbed in his mind, but I know I says to myself that first day, 'If I was ten years younger, young lady, they'd never let you back east again.' Gee, man! There was a time when I'd have pulled the country up by the roots but I'd have had that girl I notice I don't fall in love so violent as the years roll on. I can squint my eye over the cards now and say, 'Yes, I was ten years younger, young lady, they'd never let you back east again.' Gee, man! There was a time when I'd have pulled the country up by the roots but I'd have had that girl I notice I don't fall in love so violent as the years roll on. I can squint my eye over the cards now and say, 'Yes, I was ten years younger, young lady, they'd never let you back east again.' Gee, man! There was a time when I'd have pulled the country up by the roots but I'd have had that girl I notice I don't fall in love so violent as the years roll on. 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