

# The Settling of the Sage

By HAL G. EVARTS

Copyright by Hal G. Everts  
WNSU Service

## CHAPTER X—Continued

"I'm sort of expecting maybe the Three Bar will make up the deficit," Alden said. "It's cheaper than paying rewards. That's another reason I don't think Cal had a hand in this blackst reaper."

The storekeeper grinned. "Surely not. Surely not. I'd never suspect him of that," he said. "But all the same it's working just as well as if he really had."

The first warm days of spring had drawn the frost from the ground. Billie rode beside Harris down the lane to the lower field. A tiny cabin stood completed on every filling. Two men were digging post holes across the valley below the edge of the last fall's plowing and the mule teams were steadily breaking out another strip.

"Almost a year," she said, referring to the commencement of the new work. "Just a year today," Harris corrected, and he was thinking of the day he had first met the Three Bar girl. "This is our anniversary, sort of."

She nodded as she caught his meaning. "The anniversary of our partnership," she said. "You told me there were millions of miles of sage just outside. And millions of cows—and girls."

"Later I told you something else," he said. "And I've been meaning it ever since. The road to the outside is closed. If I was to start now I'd lose the way."

She pointed down the valley as a drove of horses moved toward them under the guidance of a dozen men. The hands would start breaking out the remuda the following day. The spring work was on.

"Off to a running start on another year," he said. "And sure to hold our lead. From today on out, you and I'll be a busy pair," he prophesied.

His prediction proved true. The Three Bar was a beehive of activity and it seemed that the hours between dawn and dark were all too short for the amount of work Harris wished to crowd into them.

The cowhands were breaking out the horses in the corrals while the acreage of plowed land in the lower fields steadily increased.

The day that Evans led the men out on the calf round-up, the mule teams made their first trip across the plowed land with the drill.

The fields were being seeded to alfalfa and oats so that the faster growing grain might shade and protect the tender shoots of hay. Before the grain ripened it would be cut green for hay, cured and stacked.

Early rains had moistened the fields and they were faintly green with tiny shoots of oats. These thickened into a rank velvety carpet while the homesteaders were hauling a hundred loads of rocks to form a crude dam across the stream below the take-out.

The water was gradually raised till it ran almost flush with the top of the head gate. The gates were lifted and the diverted waters sped smoothly down the new channel to carry life to a portion of the sagebrush desert.

As the tangible results of the work became more apparent Harris' vigilance increased. There was now more than plowed ground to work on; crops to be trampled at a time when they would not lift again to permit of mowing; fences to be wrecked so that range stock might have free access to the fields; a single night could upset the work of many months. But as he stood with Billie at the mouth of the lane he allowed none of his thoughts to be reflected in his speech.

Billie Warren half-closed her eyes and viewed the broad expanse of rippling green in the bottoms. How many times she had stood here in the past with old Cal Warren while he visioned this very picture which now unrolled before her eyes in reality; the transformation of the Three Bar flat from a desert waste to a scene of abundant fertility under the reclaiming touch of water.

It was a quiet picture of farm life if one looked only upon the blooming fields and took no account of the raw, barren foothills that flanked them—the grant, towering range behind. She found it difficult to link the scene before her with the devilry of a few months past. The killing of Bangs and Rile Foster's consequent grim retaliation; the raid on Three Bar bulls and the tampering of her trail herd; all those seemed part of some life so long in the past as to form no part of her present.

No man in the field ever strayed far from the rifle which was part of his equipment. But even this was an evidence of vigilance which had met her eye every day for months and had ceased to impress.

They walked to the near edge of the field and Harris dropped a hand on her shoulder and stood looking down at her.

"Billie, don't you think it's about time you were finding out what Judge Colton wants?" he asked. "He's been right insistent on your going back to confer with him."

The girl shook her head positively. Two months before Judge Colton had written that he must advise with her on matters of importance and suggested that she come on at once. Harris had urged her to go and almost daily referred to it.

"I can't go now," she said. "Not till I've seen one whole season through. When the first Three Bar crop is cut and in stack I'll go. All other busi-

ness must wait till then. You two can't drive me away till after I see that first crop in the stack."

"If you'd go now you'd likely get back before we're through cutting," he urged. "And the judge has written twice in the last two weeks."

Before she could answer this a horseman appeared on the valley road. The furthest irrigator, merely a speck in the distance, exchanged shovel for rifle and crossed to the fence. The rider, a H expecting some such move, pulled up his horse and approached at a walk.

Harris saw the two confer. The horseman handed some object to the



It's Cheaper Than Paying Rewards

other and urged his horse on toward the house. He was one of the sheriff's deputies. He grinned as he tapped his empty holster.

"One of your watchdogs lifted my gun," he said. He handed Harris a note.

After reading it Harris looked at his watch and snapped it shut, glanced at the sinking sun and turned to the girl.

"I have to make a little jaunt," he explained. "Alden wants to see me. I'll take Waddles along. As we go down I'll send Russ or Tiny up to cook for the rest."

The deputy turned his horse into the corral and five minutes later Harris and Waddles rode away. Waddles was mounted on Creamer, the big buckskin.

"We'll have to step right along," Harris said. "It's forty miles."

They held the horses to a stiff swinging trot that devoured the miles without seeming to tire their mounts. For four hours they headed south and a little east, never slackening their pace except to breathe the horses on some steep ascent. The buckskin and the paint-horse had lost the first snap of their trot and it was evident that they would soon begin to lag. Another hour and they had slowed down perceptibly.

The two men dismounted and tied the horses to the brush in a sheltered coulee, then started across a broad flat on foot. Out in the center a spot showed darker than the rest—the old cabin where Carpenter had elected to start up for himself after being discharged from the Three Bar.

When within a hundred yards of the cabin a horse, tied to a hitch post in front, neighed shrilly and Harris laid a restraining hand on Waddles' arm. They knelt in the brush as the door opened and a man stood silhouetted against the light. After a space of two minutes Carp's voice reached them.

"Not a sound anywhere," he said. "Likely some horses drifting past." He went inside and closed the door. The two men circled the cabin and came up from the rear. A window stood open some eight inches from the bottom, through the holes in the ruffled flour sack that served as a curtain Carp and Slade sat facing across a little table in the center of the room.

"I want to clean up and go," Carp was saying. "This damn Harris put me on the black list."

"You've been on it for three months," Slade said. "Nothing has happened

yet. But don't let me keep you from pulling out any time you like."

"But I've got a settlement to make," Carp insisted. "Let's get that fixed up."

"Settlement?" Slade asked. "Settlement with who?"

Carp leaned across the table and tapped it to emphasize his remarks. "Listen. Morrow gave me a bill of sale from you calling for a hundred head of Three Bar she-stock, rebranded Triangle on the hip."

Slade nodded shortly. "I gave Morrow that for two years' back pay when he quit. He could sell out to you if he liked."

"And now I want to sell out," Carp said. "And be gone from here."

"How many head have you got?" Slade asked.

"Three hundred head," Carp stated. "You've increased right fast," Slade remarked. "I'd think you'd want to stay where you was doing so well. How much do you want?"

"Five dollars straight through," Carp said.

"Cheap enough," Slade answered. "If only a man was in the market." He looked straight at Carp and the man's eyes slipped away from Slade's steady gaze. "But I'm not buying. Likely Morrow will buy you out."

"Morrow ought to be here now," Carp stated. "He's coming tonight."

"Then I'd better go," Slade said. "I don't like Morrow's ways."

The thud of horse's hoofs sounded from close at hand. The two men outside lay flat in the shadow of the house. A shrill whistle, twice repeated, called Carp to his feet and he crossed to the door to answer it. Morrow dismounted and came to the door. He nodded briefly to Slade, hesitating on the sill as if surprised to find him there. Carp lost no time in stating his proposition. He spoke jerkily.

"I want to get out," he said. "I'll sell for five dollars a head."

Morrow held up a hand to silence him.

"I'll likely buy—but I never talk business in a crowd." He crossed the room and sat with his back to the window. "There's plenty of time."

"I take it I'm the crowd," Slade remarked. "So I'll step out."

Morrow stiffened suddenly in his chair as a cold ring was pressed against the back of his neck through the crack of the window. At the same instant Carp had tilted back and raised one knee. The gun that rested on his leg was peeping over the table at Slade.

"Steady!" he ordered. "Sit tight!"

The window was thrown up to full height; Waddles and the curtain snatched away from the gun which Harris held against Morrow's neck. Carp flipped back his vest and revealed a marshal's badge.

"I'd as soon take you along feet first as any way," he said. "So if you feel like acting up you can start any time now."

Slade's eyes came back from the two men at the window and rested on the badge.

"So that's it," he said with evident relief. "A real arrest—when I figured it was an old-fashioned murder you had planned. What do you want with me?"

Waddles had reared down and removed Morrow's gun.

"A number of things," Carpenter said. "Obstructing the homestead laws for one."

Slade shook his head and smiled. "You've got the wrong party," he said. "You can't prove anything on me."

"I don't count on that," Carp said. "You've covered up right well. We know you work through Morrow but can't prove a word. We've got enough to hang him; but I expect maybe you'll get off."

There was a scrape of feet outside the door and the sheriff entered and took possession of Slade's gun as Harris and Waddles moved round from the window and went inside.

"I'm a few minutes late," Alden said. "I wasn't right sure how close I was to the house so I left my horse too far back."

"Here's your prisoners," Carp said. "Captured and delivered as agreed. I haven't anything on Slade myself but if you want him he's yours."

"What do you want with me?" Slade demanded a second time.

"I'm picking you up on complaint made by the Three Bar," Alden said. "I'll have to take you along."

Slade turned on Harris.

"What charge?" he asked.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Sweetness Found in Life's Little Things

It is as great a mistake to expect too little of life as to expect too much. No one is immune from trouble and no one has a monopoly of it, even if self-pity—a most insidious form of mental indulgence—sometimes appears to suggest it.

So many of the sweetest things of life come almost unnoticed. We look forward, says the London Chronicle, all the year to our holidays, but often despise the hours of leisure which, perhaps, are really more important to our well-being.

Retrospection will sometimes make clear how much quiet pleasure a single day has brought—a letter by the morning's post, a word of encouragement which has formed an undertone of harmony to the melody of toil,

a child's gratitude for some trifle, even the welcome of our dog "with the soul in the shining eyes of him."

There are, of course, days when duties pall, when friends seem to fail us, when we grow weary of ourselves. There are times of disappointment and bitter sorrow. Yet, on the whole, it is a glad truth that—in small measures life may perfect be.

## Revolutionary Heroine

Elizabeth Zane was one of the most famous young heroines of the Revolutionary period. She dashed from an inclosure where the American colonists were fighting, to a log hut, where she secured gunpowder and returned with the ammunition under fire from the Indians.

## FINDS TOO MANY WOMEN ANXIOUS TO MARRY HIM

### Printer, Who Advertised for Wife, Locks Doors Against Big Rush.

Brockton, Mass. — Through the closed and locked door of his printing shop at No. 133 Ames street, Charles Matutis, forty-two-year-old Montello printer, shouted out the information that he was done with women for life, adding that even men did not look so good to him as they had several days ago.

"I don't want a wife, I don't want a wife," he shouted through the door; and when last seen he was tearing to shreds some letters that he had received from women who sought to be the second Mrs. Matutis.

Advertised for Wife. Charlie broadcast an appeal for a wife recently, laying down certain conditions about the woman he would marry. He has found that there are plenty—in fact more than plenty—of women who felt that they answered to his description of what a perfect wife should be.

He has had visitors, letters and telegrams, but it is all off now. He has locked himself in his little print shop, and unless the caller can convince



He Has Locked Himself In.

him that an order for printing is the reason for the visit, just try to get by that locked door.

For two days he had hardly moved outside of his shop and the small living apartment that adjoins it. He's not afraid, it seems, but now that his male acquaintances, former friends, have taken to advancing the good qualities of some friend or relative, Charlie says the matter has gone too far.

Sticks to His Shop. He used to take his meals in a nearby lunchroom, but he will not even leave his shop for that necessity now. He hires a boy from the neighborhood to bring in his meals. The doors of his home are locked securely. The windows are barred and the shades drawn.

Where there was a romance-hunting man a few days ago there is now a hermit mad at the world and mad at himself for thinking that he could get a wife by asking for one publicly.

## Destitute Father Kills Three Tots and Self

Fort Wayne, Ind.—The bodies of Fred Breer, thirty years old, and his three children, Richard, seven; Mary Jane, nine, and Robert, ten, who died from inhaling illuminating gas fumes, were found in their home here recently. Destitution and a cheerless Christ mas coupled with the disappearance of the wife and mother are believed to have prompted the father to open five gas jets of the kitchen stove just before he and his children went to bed in an adjoining room.

Neighbors last saw them the day before Christmas. A few cheap presents, probably intended for the children, were found unwrapped under a pile of rags in an upstairs bedroom.

## Buried With Mysterious Missive in His Hand

London.—The will of Dr. Francis Conn, retired surgeon of Riverbank, Putney, who died at ninety, contained the expressed desire "that my executors after my death shall place in my hands a letter which will be found in my safe and that such be buried with me."

It was revealed recently that the strange request was complied with and the secret of the man of ninety was buried without being discovered. Nobody will ever know what the precious secret was about.

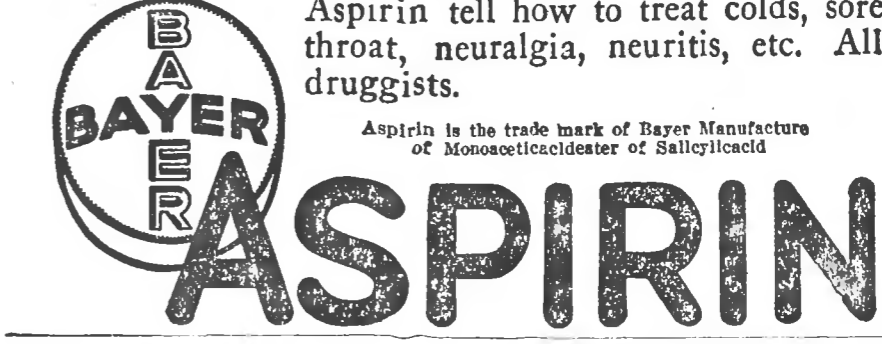
## Finds Sister After Long Hunt; Overjoy Kills Him

Regina, Sask.—Two hours after he had been reunited with a sister for whom he had been searching for a quarter of a century, Frank Chambers of Seattle, seventy-three years old, dropped dead recently. Mr. Chambers was separated from his family many years ago and had recently learned that his sister, Mrs. C. A. Palmatier, was residing at Strasburg, Sask. The effect of his overjoying joy on a weak heart is blamed for his ironic death.



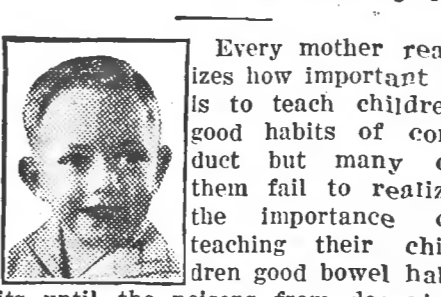
### Always for a HEADACHE

THE nurse never hesitates to give her patient the quick comfort of Bayer Aspirin. She has heard doctors declare it safe. She has seen it relieve so many kinds of suffering, and knows it to be dependable. These perfectly harmless tablets ease an aching head without penalty. Their increasing use year after year is proof that they do help and can't harm. Take them for any headache; to avoid the pain peculiar to women; many have found them a marvelous aid at such times. The proven directions with every package of Bayer Aspirin tell how to treat colds, sore throat, neuralgia, neuritis, etc. All druggists.



A Question Speaking of which came first, the chicken or the egg, we never have been able positively to make up our mind which New Year's resolution is broken first, ours not to drop any more trifling little smidgens of tobacco on the sitting room rug or a certain noble woman's not to show any feeling in the matter even if we did.—Ohio State Journal.

## Denver Boy is a Winner



Every mother realizes how important it is to teach children good habits of conduct but many of them fail to realize the importance of teaching their children good bowel habits until the poisons from decaying waste held too long in the system have begun to affect the child's health.

Watch your child and at the first sign of constipation, give him a little California Fig Syrup. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it quickly drives away those distressing ailments, such as headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, feverishness, fretfulness, etc. It gives them a hearty appetite, regulates their stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord. For over fifty years, leading physicians have prescribed it for half-sick, bilious, constipated children. More than 4 million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Mrs. C. G. Wilcox, 3855 1/2 Wolf St., Denver, Colorado, says: "My son, Jackie, is a prize winner for health, now, but we had a lot of trouble with him before we found his trouble was constipation and began giving him California Fig Syrup. It fixed him up quick, gave him a good appetite, made him sleep fine and he's been gaining in weight right along since the first few days, taking it."

To avoid inferior imitations of California Fig Syrup, always look for the word "California" on the carton.

## Boy Grows With Business

Guy S. Davidson, a business man of Laconia, N. H., has devised an unusual personal calendar which shows a picture of his young son. The recipients are asked to watch the boy grow with the business as calendars are issued in succeeding years. Mr. Davidson tells his customers he wants them to become acquainted with the boy who will some day be the man to carry on the business.

## Will Cold Worry You This Winter?

Some men throw-off a cold within a few hours of contracting it. Anyone can do it with the aid of a simple compound which comes in tablet form, and is no trouble to take or to always have about you. Don't "dope" yourself when you catch cold; use Pape's Cold Compound. Men and women everywhere rely on this amazing little tablet.—Adv.

## Health Giving Sunshine All Winter Long

Water-spider is an interesting little animal which spins a sac of silk on a water plant, which it uses as a sort of living bell. From this it obtains bubbles of air, one at a time. Thus the spider is enabled to remain below the surface a considerable time.

## Salesman Wanted

Man with car to sell high grade line of tires and tubes to Dealer accounts. Experience not necessary. Exclusive territory. Give references. \$300 per month. The G. H. Stewart Company EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

## ROSE BUSHES

Strong, thrifty, well rooted budding Rose bushes will bloom within 30 days after planting. FREE planting and cultural directions with each order.

FREE 1 Red Radiance with each order for 12 bushes, your selection.

## ROSELAND NURSERIES

Route 6, Box 603, Jacksonsville, Florida.

Farm Wanted—Cash for farm, business or residence. No matter where located. International Realty Co., Ford Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

## KODAKERS

Best wet finishing. Send quarter with roll of paper for first trial order and prices. S. Barber, 1914 7th Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.

Music Composed to your Lyrics. Hat Notes, Ballads, Specialties. Reasonable. Excellent Arrangements made. Write Art Bohne, Suite 1223 Park Row Building, New York.

SEND \$1 TO PAY FOR THIS AD AND receive a big bundle quilt pieces FREE, also surprise gift. Dixie Wonder Co., Box 433, Hartselle, Ga.

HI-Grade Rabbits, Pigeons, Guinea Pigs, Poultry and Baby Chickens. Special prices. Miller, E. Balto St., Hagerstown, Md.

CHICKS—Day old, \$15 per hundred; three weeks old, 50c each. Rocks, Reds, Anconas, Blue Stars, FLECK delivery. Guaranteed. WAYCROSS HATCHERY, WAYCROSS, GA.

Eggs and Hatched Chicks, best fertilization, heavy lit mothers, early hatching. \$2.75 100. LEXINGTON HAY CO., Lexington, Tenn.

SEND NO MONEY! Extra Fine Cactuses, Onions and Collard plants sent C. O. D. mail or express, 50c, 65c, 1.00, \$1.00, \$1.00, \$1.50. Twenty million ready. Quality Plant Farms, Box 313, Tifton, Ga.

START YOUR OWN BUSINESS AT HOME. I tell you how, particular free Get my formulas, stamp brings list. L. BRATAGER, BOX 294, BUTTE, MONT.

REAL BARGAINS IN MISSISSIPPI DELTA FARM—large or small, 20 years to pay. Write CHAS. A. FELKER, P. O. Box 643, Meridian, Miss.

LADIES' FASHION ROSE, LUSTER SILK, 45 cts. per pair, 2 pair 75 cts., all colors. LUSTERLIK HOSIERY CO., 831 E. Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gleason Direct From Factory to Consumer hand made, Box 50, 1 1/2 size, \$2.75 or 100 for \$1.35 postpaid with m. o. Satis. guar. W. M. Reektenwald, 1423 Claybourne Ave., Chicago.

Maguire's Bone Plant—Used 32 years for Dysentery, Diarrhoea, Colic, Flux, Cholera Morbus, The Parent Foot, Malaria, Medicinal, 722 Chestnut St., St. Louis, Mo.

An Investment—Established and successful mfg. Corp. has limited number preferred stock blocks of \$100, \$500, yielding 8 1/2 %. Reply, Station A, P. O. Box 134, Boston, Mass.

FROST PROOF Cabbage & Onion Plants. Leading Varieties Now Ready. Postpaid 50c-81; 1.00-2.75. Express \$1 per 1,000, 5000 for \$1.50. Special prices on large quantities. TIFTON P. D. FULWOOD GEORGIA.

Golden's Stomach Tablets are a formula achieved remarkable success in relief of such Stomach disorders as Ulcers, Gastritis, Sour and dyspeptic Stomachs, Indigestion and atrophic Stomachs. Relief course \$3 for 100 tablets. Two 1/2 bottles, if not satisfied return and I will refund full amount. A. A. Golden Co., 1201 Washington Ave. N., Minneapolis.

Health Giving Sunshine All Winter Long. Marvelous Climate—Good Hotels—Tourist Camps—Splendid Roads—Gorgeous Mountain Views. The wonderful winter resort of the West. Write Care & Charge Palm Springs CALIFORNIA.