

WE'RE NEVER SATISFIED

By A. B. CHAPIN

SHUCKS—WISH I HAD HIS JOB! NOTHIN' TO DO ALL DAY BUT RIDE AROUND IN A TRUCK DELIVERING GROCERIES—NO BACKACHE FOR HIM, NO SORE FEET, PRETTY SOFT, I'D SAY—!



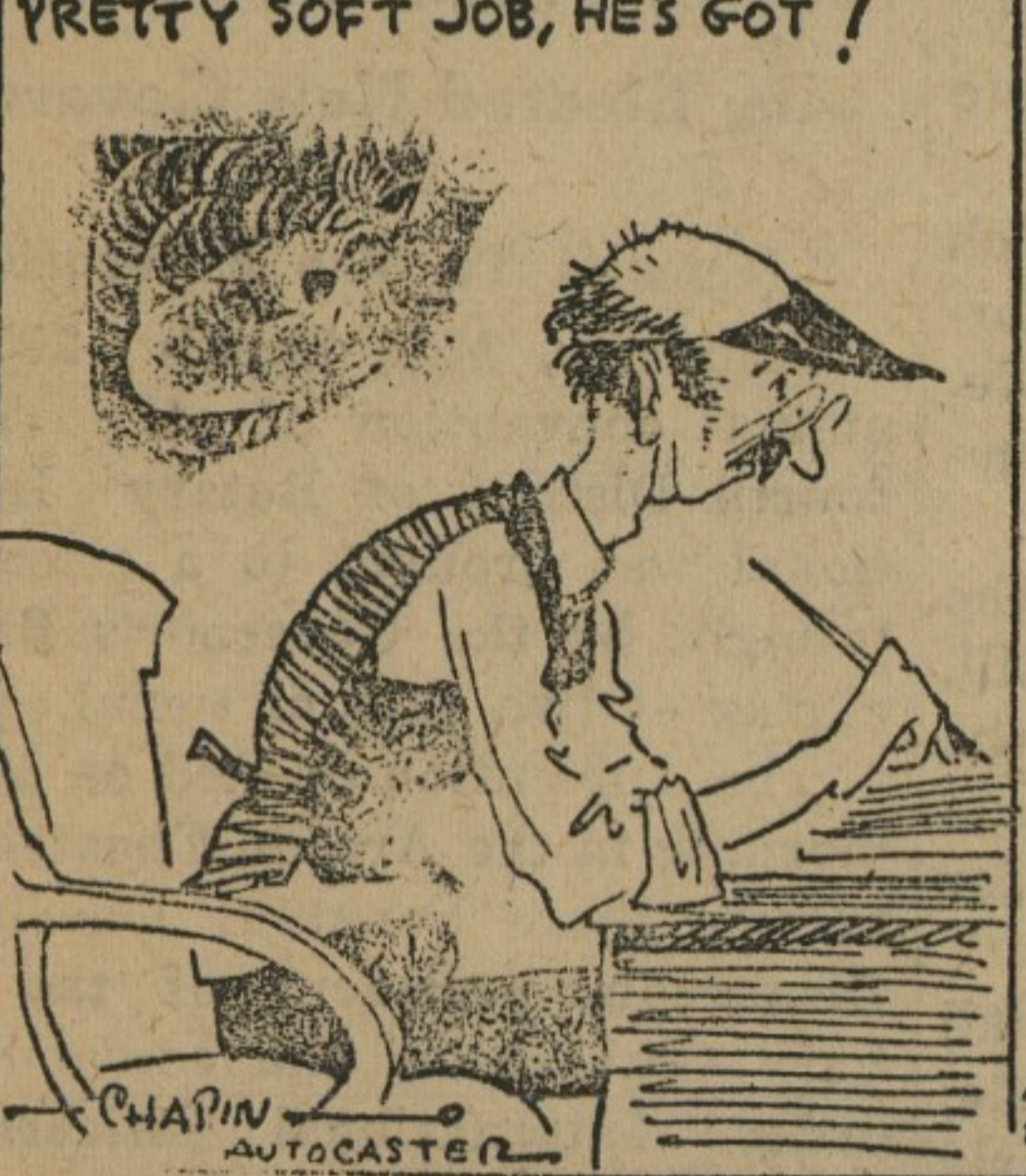
GOSH—WISH I HAD HIS JOB! NOTHIN' TO DO ALL DAY BUT SIT 'ROUND LOOKING WISE AN' FIGGERIN' UP HIS DISCOUNT PROFITS—NO WORRY 'BOUT BEIN' STUCK WITH USED CARS, NO BODDY TO TAKE HIS AGENCY AWAY FROM HIM—PRETTY SOFT, I'D SAY—!!



GEE—WISH I HAD HIS JOB! NOTHIN' TO DO ALL DAY BUT SIT ON A SOFT CUSHION KEEPIN' BOOKS—NO SMELLY OLD SODA SUIT FER HIM, NO GOODY HANDS OR SOPPY FEET—GOOD NIGHT, PRETTY SOFT FER HIM!



OH DEAR—WISH I HAD HIS JOB! NOTHIN' TO DO ALL DAY BUT RIDE AROUND ON 'BLOON TIRES AND SELL AUTO MO BILES—NO BRAIN FAC FOR HIM, NO TRIAL BALANCE HEADACHES—PRETTY SOFT JOB, HE'S GOT!



YE GODS—WISH I HAD HIS JOB! NOTHIN' TO DO ALL DAY BUT SIT 'ROUND LOOKING WISE AN' FIGGERIN' UP HIS DISCOUNT PROFITS—NO WORRY 'BOUT BEIN' STUCK WITH USED CARS, NO BODDY TO TAKE HIS AGENCY AWAY FROM HIM—PRETTY SOFT, I'D SAY—!!



GOOD GRIEF—WISH I HAD HIS JOB! THAT MAIL MAN DOESN'T KNOW HE'S WELL OFF—NO RESPONSIBILITY OF KEEPIN' THE INDUSTRIES OF THE COMMUNITY IN A FLOURISHING CONDITION—NO TREMENDOUS FINANCIAL WORRIES—HE CERTAINLY HAS IT SOFT—!!



WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Frank Beeson, from Albany, N. Y., reaches Benton, Wyoming, then—18 1/2—western terminus of the Pacific Railroad. He had been ordered by physicians to seek a climate "high and dry." He is robbed of most of his money in his hotel and loses his last twenty dollars at monte in "The Big Tent," a dance hall and gambling resort in the "roaring" town of Benton.

Edna Montoyo, companion of a gambler, is believed by Frank to have cajoled him purposely into the game. Broke, disconsolate over his discovery that "the lady of the blue eyes," as he calls her, is what she is, as he calls her, is what she is, and finally humiliated over his glaring "greenness," Frank repulses Edna when she begs him to go away with her, sobbingly telling him that she had made a mistake in letting him lose his money. He goes to take a job with

George Jenks, a teamster in a wagon train about to leave for Salt Lake City.

Capt. Adams, a Mormon, is in charge of the wagon train.

Rachel Adams, an attractive young woman, one of his wives, is in the train, as is

Daniel Adams, his loutish son. When Edna, who has shot, but not killed the gambler, Montoyo, comes a fugitive in "britches" to join the train, Daniel tells his father that she is seeking Jenks and Beeson. Capt. Adams shouts, "No hussy in men's garments shall go with the train."

Daniel, by a spectacular gun play foils Montoyo's attempt to take Edna back with him.

CHAPTER IX I Don't Want To Kill Him

One night after we had gone on some time, the sound of revolver shots burst flatly from a mess beyond us, but the shots were accompanied by laughter.

"They're only tryin' to spile a can," Jenks reassured. "By golly, we'll go over and larn 'em a lesson." He glanced at me. "Time you loosened up that weapon o' yours, anyhow. Purty soon it'll stick fast."

I went with him, glad of diversion.

The men were banging, by turn, at a sardine can set up on the sand about twenty paces out. The heavy balls sent the loose soil flying but amidst the furrows the tin can sat untouched.

"What you think to do," Jenks smiled. "Hit that can or plant a lead mine?"

"Give him room. He's made his brab," they cried. "And if he don't plug it they pilgrim sure will."

Mr. Jenks drew and took his stand; banged with small preparation and missed by six inches—a fact that brought him up wide awake.

"Gimme another try, boys," he growled, but they shoved him aside. "No, no, no, pilgrim's turn." Willy-nill I had to demonstrate

my greenness so I drew, and stood, and cocked, and aimed. The Colt's exploded with prodigious blast and wrenched—jerking, in fact, almost above my head; and where the bullet went I did not see, nor, I judged, did anybody else.

"He missed the 'arth' they clattered.

"No; I reckon he hit Montayo 'bout the middle. That's whar he scored center."

"Hold down on it, hold down, lad," Jenks urged. "To hit him in the heart aim at his feet! Here! Like this—" and taking my revolver he threw it forward, fired. The can plinked and somersaulted, lashed into action.

"By George," he proclaimed, "when I move like it had a gun in its first, I can snap it! But when I think of it as a can, I lack guts!"

Now somebody else shot, and some body else, and another, and the can gyrated, spurring us to haste as it constantly changed the range. Presently it was merely a twist of ragged tin.

me, swiftly; at the rest, frankly. And I knew that she was afraid!

Daniel laughed boisterously, his mouth widely open.

"Set me up a can. That thar one wouldn't jump to a bullet."

A can was produced.

"How fur?"

"Fur as yu like."

It was tossed contemptuously out; and watching it I heard Daniel gleefully yell, "Out o' my way, yu-all!"

—half saw his hand dart down and up again, felt the jar of a shot, witnessed the can jump like a livin' thing and away it went, with spasm after spasm, to explosion after explosion, tortured by him into fruitless capers until with the final ball peace came to it, and it lay dead, afar across the twilight sand.

Verily, by his cries and utter savagery and malevolence of his bombardment, one would have thought that he took actual lust in fancied cruelty.

"I 'laow thar's not another man hyar kin do that," he vaunted.

There was not, judging by the ill-

"I'll walk over with you." "Do," she responded readily. "We're going to have sing-in'."



Then in the little silence, as we paused, a voice spoke irritably. "I 'laow yu fellers ain't no great shucks; at throwin' lead."

Daniel stood by, with arms akimbo, and beside stood My Landy. He towered over her in a maddening atmosphere of proprietorship.

She smiled at me—at all of us; at

ence again ensuing. Only—"A can's different from a man," Jenks coolly remarked. "A can don't shoot back."

"I don't 'laow any man's goin' to, neither," Daniel faced me in turning away. "That's somethin' for yu to larn, young feller," he vouchsafed. His gaze shifted.

"Come along, Edna," he bade. "We'll be goin' back." A devil—or was it he himself?—twittered me, incited me, and in a moment, with a gush of assertion, there I was, saying to her, my hat doffed:

"I'll walk over with you." "Do," she responded readily. "We're to have sing-in'."

The men stared. Daniel whirled. "I 'laow you ain't been invited, Mister."

"If Mrs. Montoyo consents, that's enough," I informed. "I'm not walking with you; sir; I am walking with her. The only ground you control is just in front of your own wagon."

"There ain't no 'Mrs. Montoyo,'" he snarled. "And whilst yu're larin' to shoot yu'd better be larin' manners. Yu comin' with me, Edna?"

"As fast as I can, and with Mr. Beeson also, if he chooses," said she. "I have my manners in mind, too."

"By gosh, I don't walk with ye," he jawed. And he founced about, vengefully striding on as though punishing her for a misdemeanor. She dropped the men a little curtsey.

"The entertainment is concluded, gentlemen. I wish you good-night." Yet underneath her raillery there lay an appeal, the stronger because subtle and unvoiced. It seemed to me every man must appreciate that, as a woman, she invoked protection by him against an impending something, of which she had given him a glimpse.

So we left them somewhat subdued, gazing after us, their rugged faces sobered respectively.

Daniel was angrily shouldering for the Mormon wagons, his indignant figure black against the western glow. She laughed lightly.

"You're not afraid, after all, I see."

"Not of him, madam."

"And of me?"

"I think I'm more afraid for you," I confessed. "That clown is getting insufferable. He sets out to bully you."

"I'm afraid, too," she breathed. "I never have been afraid before. I didn't fear Montoyo. I've always been able to take care of myself."

"You have your revolver?" I suggested.

"No, I haven't. It's disappeared. Mormon women don't carry revolvers."

"But you're not a Mormon woman."

"Not yet." She caught quick breath. "Do you know," she queried with sudden glance, "that Daniel means to marry me?"

But you're not free; you have a husband."

"Oh!" she cried, "why don't you learn to shoot? Won't you? Let me have your pistol, please."

"You must grasp the handle firmly; cover it with your whole palm, but don't squeeze it to death; just grip it evenly—tuck it away. And keep your elbow down; and crook your wrist, in a drop, until your trigger knuckle is pointing very low—at a man's feet if you're aiming for his heart!"

"At his feet, for his heart?" I stammered. The words had an ugly sound.

"Certainly. We are speaking of shooting now, and not at a tin can! You have to allow for the jump of the muzzle. Unless you hold it down with your wrist, you over shoot; and it's the first shot that counts. Of course, there's a feel, a knack. But don't aim with your eyes. You won't have time. Men file off the front sight—it sometimes catches, in the draw. And it's useless, anyway. They fire as they point with the finger, by the feel. You see, they know. Some men are born to shoot straight; some have to practice a long while. I wonder which you are!

"If there is pressing need in my case," said I, "I shall have to rely upon my friends."

"Those gentlemen of yours are Gentiles with goods for Salt Lake Mormons," she retorted. "Are they going to throw all business to the winds?"

"You yourself may appeal to his father, and to the women, for protection if that lout annoys you, I ventured.

"To them?" she scoffed. "To Hyrum Adams' outfit? Why, they're good Mormons, and why should I not be made over? I'm under their teachings; it's time Daniel had a wife—or two, for replenishing Utah."

She paused. Then resumed. "But now if I may lend you a little something to keep you from being shot like a dog, I'll feel as

though I had wiped out your score against me. Take your gun." I took it. "There he is. Cover him!" "Where?" I asked. "Who?" "There, before you! Oh, anybody! Think of his heart and cover him."

"See that little rock Hit it!" I fired. The sand obscured the rock. She clapped her hands, delighted.

"You would have killed him. No. —He would have killed you. Quick Give it to me!"

And snatching the revolver she cocked, leveled and fired instantly. The rock split into fragments.

"I would have killed him," she murmured, gazing tense, seeing I knew not what. Wrenching from the vision she handed back the revolver to me. "I think you are going to do, Sir. Only, you must learn to draw. I mustn't stay long. Shall we go to the fire now? I am cold."

We walked almost without speaking, to the Hyrum Adams fire. Daniel lifted his upper lip at me as we entered; his eyes never wandered from my face. I was distinctly unwelcome. Accordingly, I said a civil "Good-evening" to Hyrum and raising my hat to My Lady left for my own ballwick.

Friend Jenks joined me. "We were keepin' cases on you, and se was he. He saw that practice—damn, how he did crane! She was givin' you pointers, eh?"

"Yes; she wanted amusement." Jenks rocked to and fro, as we sat by the fire. "Hell! Wall, if you got to kill him, you got to kill him and do it proper. For if you don't kill him he'll kill you; snuff you out like a—wall, you saw that can travel."

"I don't want to kill him," I pleaded. "Why should I?"

Jenks sat silent; and sitting silent I foresaw that kill Daniel I must. I was being sucked into it irrevocably willed by him, by her, by them all. If I did not kill him in defense of myself I should kill him in defense of her.

"Could this really be I? Frank Beeson, not a fortnight ago still living at a jog-trot in dear Albany, New York State? It is puzzling how detached and how strong I felt.

Continued Next Week Copyright by Edwin L. Sabin

Home Owner: "Get out of this yard or I will whistle for my dog." Peddler: "All right—al' right—but can't I sell you one of these nicker-plated, triple-pea, trilling whistles to relieve the wear and tear on your lips?"



Taking An Encore

—is the thing we like most in regard to our business. An encore is a "repeat" order—and repeat orders mean satisfied customers.

If you'll give us the opportunity to show you how we rebuild shoes—restoring all their shape and style—you too will join the ranks of those who regularly bring their shoes here for first-class repair work.

- Men's Half Sole, Sewed and Rubber Heel \$1.40
Men's Half Sole, Nailed and Rubber Heel \$1.40
Men's Whole Sole and Rubber Heel \$2.00
Ladies' Half Sole, Sewed and Rubber Heel \$1.20
Ladies' Half Sole, Nailed and Rubber Heel \$1.10
Ladies' Whole Sole and Rubber Heel \$2.20

J. Quartararo

ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIRING AND SHOE SHINE PARLOR 223 High St., Chestertown, Md.

THE TOLCHESTER COMPANY TOLCHESTER BALTIMORE FERRY TWO HOURS FROM THE EASTERN SHORE TO PIER 18 LIGHT STREET BALTIMORE. STEAMER ANNAPOLIS RUNNING WINTER SCHEDULE Weather Permitting

Effective January 13th, 1927 Leaves Baltimore week days at 8:00 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Leaves Baltimore Sundays at 8:30 a. m. and 3:00 p. m. Leaves Tolchester week days at 10:15 a. m. and 5:15 p. m. Leaves Tolchester Sundays at 10:45 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

Adults tickets one way 60 cents; Round trip, good 1 day \$1.00; Round trip good 30 days \$1.10; Children half fare.

THE TOLCHESTER COMPANY Pier 18 Light St., Baltimore.

WM. C. SUTTON

SANITARY PLUMBING Steam-Hot Water Heating Our Work Our Reference TERRA COTTA PIPE Phone—Residence 60; Office 327

DR. LOUIS C. HESS

Dentist Denistry at a reasonable cash fee Anesthetics Gases and Novocaine 347 W. High St. Phone 319 Chestertown, Maryland.

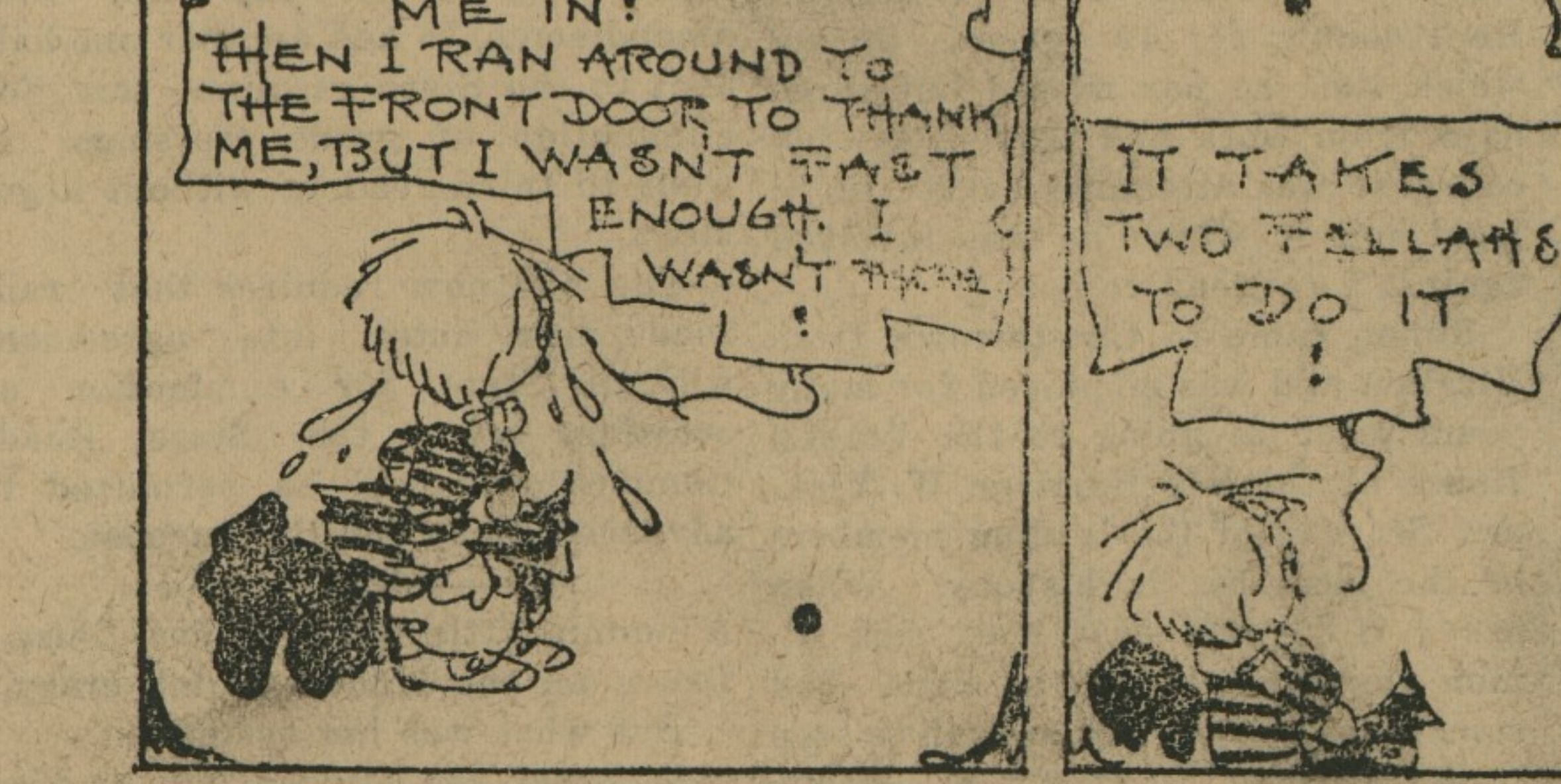
DR. H. C. HUGHES

DENTIST—Office in the Telephone Exchange Building, Chestertown, Md. Local anesthetics used of extraction. SPECIAL—Treatment given for pyorrhea alveolaris or Riggs disease—either local subcutaneous or oral.

READ THE ENTERPRISE—KENT'S NEWSIEST PAPER

Advertisement for Arlington L. Sparks, Chestertown's Best Store. Text includes: 'This Store buys the best goods the market affords and we mark them to our customers at the lowest possible price consistent with the quality of the goods.' 'We believe everything you buy from us will please you. If so tell others if not be sure and tell us. We want to make it right.' 'FAIR DEALING PROMPT SERVICE AND GOOD GOODS IS OUR MOTTO.' 'Arlington L. Sparks Chestertown MD'

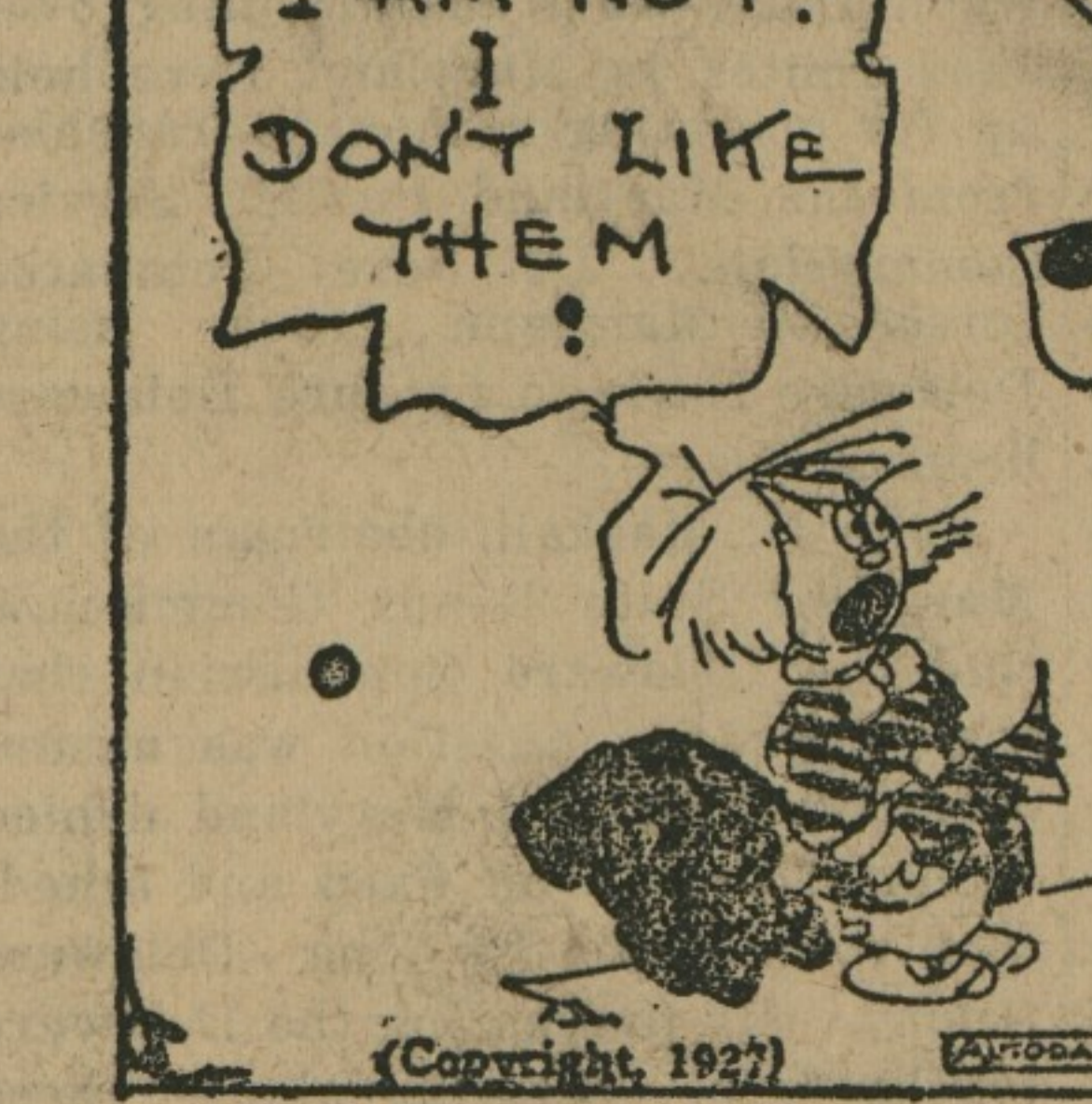
I KNOCKED ON THE FRONT DOOR, AN' RAN THROUGH THE BACK DOOR TO LET ME IN! THEN I RAN AROUND TO THE FRONT DOOR TO THANK ME, BUT I WASN'T FAST ENOUGH, I WASN'T THERE!



AH, SO YOU ARE GOING RIGHT AFTER PHYSICS!



OH, H-H-H, I AM NOT! I DON'T LIKE THEM!

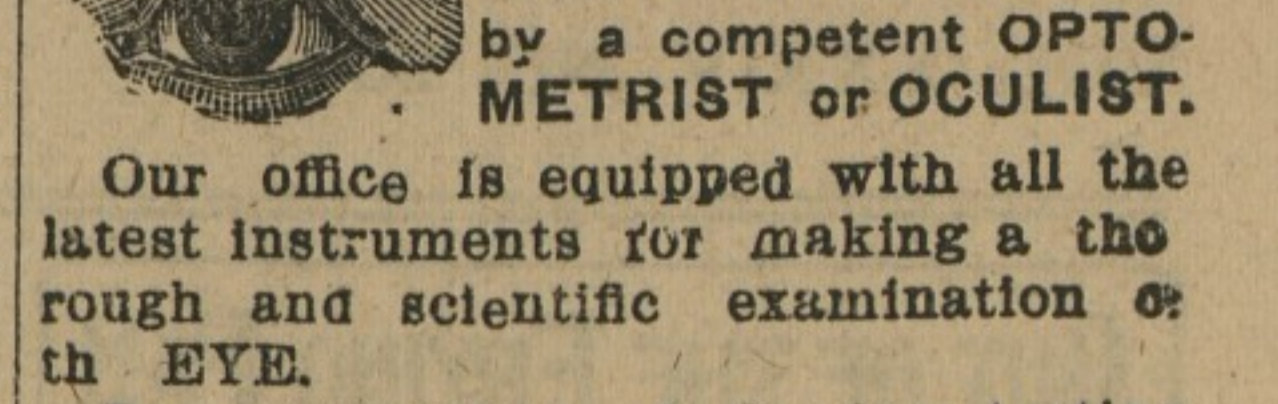


ALLRIGHT! ALLRIGHT! HAVE IT YOUR WAY! DON'T START A RIOT!



W. H. THAWLEY PLUMBING and HEATING

Town and County Work Solicited Will Go Anywhere Phone 86 Chestertown, Maryland



Before Sending Your Children to School have their EYES examined by a competent OPTOMETRIST or OCULIST. Our office is equipped with all the latest instruments for making a thorough and scientific examination of the EYE. By our method of shadow testing we are able to fit glasses without having to depend upon what the patient may say. Our 12 years of continuous practice insure satisfaction with the MOST DIFFICULT cases. JULIAN T. POWER,

COAL COAL

Of Course Everybody Knows Where to Buy GOOD CLEAN COAL ALSO WOOD, LIME, HAY, TERRA COTTA PIPEING The place to buy is from the coal and wood man J. D. BACCHUS

A Long Felt Necessity

Having a new, finely equipped Ambulance, we offer its service to the public for hospitals, etc., night or day, at reasonable charges, according to distance. Call Telephone Still Pond 3, Chestertown 3063. B. R. Fellows, Still Pond.