

THINGS THAT MAKE YOU SORE

By A. B. CHAPIN

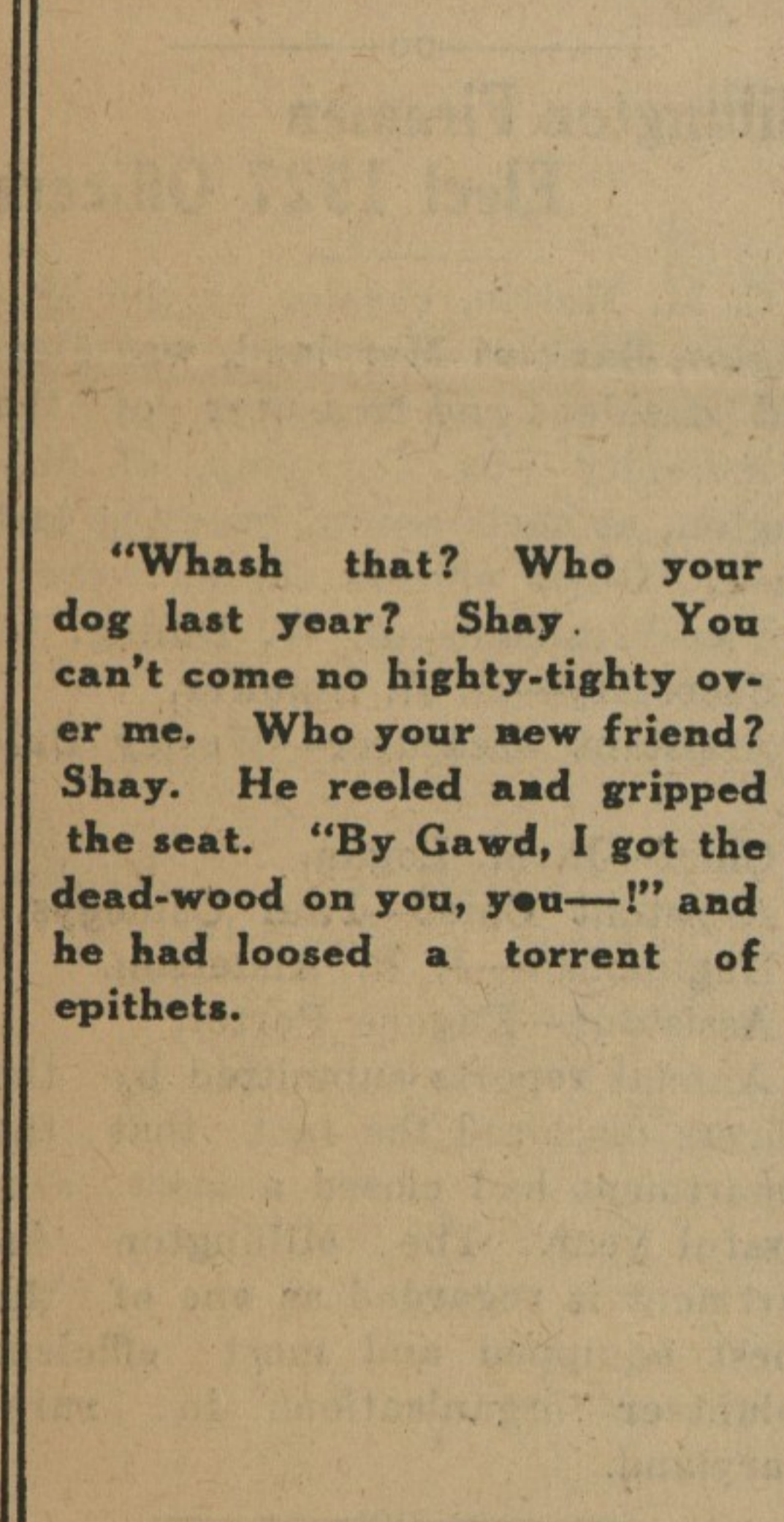


WHAT'S GONE BEFORE

1868—and the Union Pacific Railroad had reached Benton, Wyoming. For that distant point, an eastern youth, in search of health is bound. En route from Omaha, he is warned of Benton's wildness. A stylishly dressed and beautiful young woman, with pretty blue eyes, attracts him. He is astonished at her taking a drink of brandy before breakfast. The brakeman tells him she had "followed her man" to Benton.

Ride, Shoot and Tell the Truth

The brakeman went on: "But, Lord, that cuts no great figger. People here don't stand on ceremony in those matters. Everything's aboveboard. Hands on the table until time to draw—then draw quick!" His language was a little too bluff for me.



"Whash that? Who your dog last year? Shay. You can't come no highy-tighty over me. Who your new friend? Shay. He reeled and gripped the seat. "By Gawd, I got the dead-wood on you, ye—!" and he had loosed a torrent of epithets.

Benton's ticket. It's sure high, and sure dry." He leaned over the side steps, and gazed ahead. "Sidney in sight." As I left the station dining-room I found the lady of the blue eyes strolling alone upon the platform. "You are rather slow in action, sir," she lightly accused. "We might have breakfast together!" "I plead guilty, madam," I admitted. "But the next meal shall be my privilege."

"For dinner, yes; at Cheyenne." "And after that you will be home." "Of course." She laughed shortly. "Benton is now 'home.' We have moved so frequently that I have grown to call almost no place home."

"Her husband is in business?" "Business?" He laid a finger alongside his nose, and winked wisely. "You bet yuh! And good business. Are you on?" "Am I on?" I repeated. "On what? What is all this about?" "I'll be damned!" he roared vouchsafed. And—"You've been having a quiet little smile with her, eh?" He sniffed suspiciously. "A few swigs of that'll make a pioneer of your quicker'n alkali. She's favoring you—eh? Now if she tells you of a system, take my advice and quit while your hair's long."

His language was extremely offensive—he had an ugly mood on, but nobody interfered. The crowd stood aside—the natives laughing, the tourists like myself viewing him askance, and several Indians watching only gravely. "Howdy?" he uttered. shrdl aah He sighted us. "Howdy?" he uttered, with an oath. "Shay—hello, stranger. Have a 'smile.' Take two, one for lady. Hic." And he thrust a bottle at me. My lady drew back. I civilly declined the "smile."

"Thank you. I do not drink." "What?" His tone stiffened. "The hell you say. Have a smile you pilgrim; fer if you don't—" "Train's starting, Jim," she interposed sharply. "If you want to get aboard you'd better hurry."

"Whoop-ee! We're free at last! Here's a receipt for our last payment on the mortgage—HOT DOG! ITS INDEPENDENCE DAY!"

she ordered tensely. "Go back, if you know what's good for you." "Whash that? Who your dog last year? Shay. You can't come no highy-tighty over me. Who your new friend? Shay!" He reeled and gripped the seat. "By Gawd, I got the dead-wood on you, ye—!" and he had loosed a torrent of epithets.

"For that I'd kill you in any other place, Jim," she said. "You know I'm not afraid of you. Now get, you wolf!" She had made sudden movement of hand and I saw almost under my nose the smallest pistol imaginable. "No!" I warned. "No matter. I'll tend to him." The fellow's mouth opened as if for fresh abuse—and half rising I landed upon it with my fist. "Go where you belong, you drunk-on-whelp!" I had struck and spoken at the same time, with a rust of wrath that surprised me; and the result surprised me more, for while I was not conscious of having exerted much force he toppled backward clear across the aisle, crashed down in a heap under the opposite seat.

"Look out! Look out!" she cried. Up he scrambled, wrenching at his revolver, but the brakeman and conductor arrived, in a jiffy he was hustled forward. I sank back, breathless. Congratulations echoed dully. "The right spirit!" "That'll larn him to insult a lady."

"Shake, Mister." "For a pilgrim you're consider'ble of a hoss."

The lady herself was amazingly cool under the epithets that he had applied. I admired her for that as she gazed at me pleadingly. "A drunken man is not responsible for words or actions," I said. "Possibly I should have not struck him. In the Far West you may be more accustomed to these episodes than we are in the East."

"I don't know. There is a limit. You did right. I thank you heartily. "Still"—and she mused—"you can't always depend on your fists alone. Fists are a short-range weapon. The men generally wear a gun somewhere. It is the custom."

"Under your tutelage I am sure I shall do well," I accepted. "I may call upon you in Benton? If you will favor me with your address—?" "My address?" She searched my face in a manner startled. "You'll have no difficulty finding me; in event—and she smiled archly—"you are not afraid of strange women."

"I have been taught to respect women, madam," said I. "Oh!" I seemed to have pleased her. "You have been carefully brought up, sir."

body knows the Big Tent shrdluuaa body goes there. So au revoir." We stopped with a jerk, amidst a babel of cries. "Benton! All out!" Out we stumbled. Here I was, at rainbow's end. CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

Lawbreakers Beware!



Kiowa County, Kansas, can now boast of the first woman sheriff in the Sun Flower State. Mrs. Frank Chase succeeds her husband in this exceedingly "he-man" post as keeper of the peace and law.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Wm. Frazier Russell, Jr., Attorney

IN THE MATTER OF THE TRUST ESTATE OF RUBEN F. COLE AND NANNIE F. COLE, HIS WIFE.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT FOR KENT COUNTY, IN EQUITY NO. 2443.

Ordered this 29th day of November, in the year nineteen hundred and twenty six, by the Circuit Court for Kent County, in Equity, and by the authority of said Court, that the creditors of Ruben F. Cole and Nannie F. Cole, his wife, and all others claiming any interest in the estate and property, or the proceeds of the sale thereof, granted and assigned by the Deed of Trust of the said Ruben F. Cole and Nannie F. Cole, his wife, to William Frazier Russell, Jr., Trustee, for the purposes in said Deed stated and declared, be, and they are hereby directed and required to file their said claims, with the proper vouchers attached thereto, with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Kent County, Maryland, on or before the 3rd day of February in the year 1927, provided a copy of this order be published in Kent County, Maryland, once in each of four successive weeks before the 3rd day of January in the year nineteen hundred and twenty seven.

LEWIN W. WICKES, True copy, Test: ROBERT R. AYRES, Clerk.

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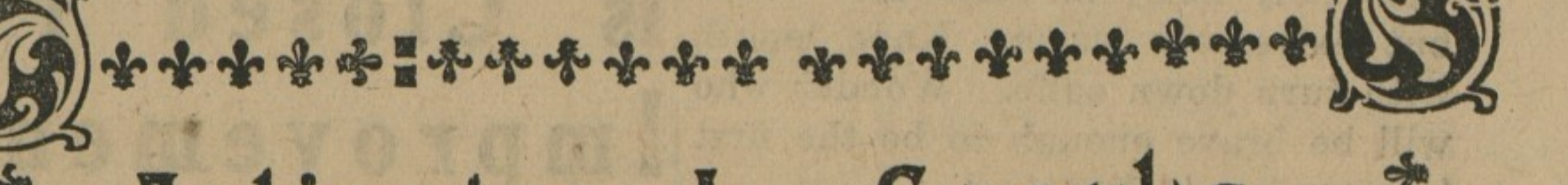
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