



CROOKED TRAILS AND STRAIGHT by William MacLeod Raine

CHAPTER VI. Eavesdropping. Out of the murmur of voices came one that Curly recognized as that of Soapy Stone...

part right here. When you choose Soapy Stone's crowd to run with that cuts out me and other decent folks. If they have sent you here to get me mixed up in their devilry you go back and tell them there's nothing doing.

"I'm listening, Curly." His friend told him the whole story from the beginning, just as he had been used to do in the old days. And Davis heard it without a word, taking the tale in quietly with a grim look settling on his face.

"You've got it about right," Slats admitted. "How about warning Luck?" "The point is, would he be willing to wait and let Soapy play his hand out till we called?"

Davis threw him a look that drenched like ice water. "I expect you and me are traveling different trails these days, Curly. You don't mean it, of course, but the point is I'm not going to joke with you along that line. Understand?"

"You?" "You?" "Now, I wonder why." The eyes of the man had narrowed to red slits. His head had shot forward on his shoulders as that of a snake does.

"That's easy to explain, Soapy. I shot him because I was driven to it. He's too much of a man to bear a grudge for what I couldn't help."

"You're a liar. He did it because you promised to sneak up on my ranch and spy on me. That's why he did it." "With the last word his gun jumped into sight. That he was lashing himself into a fury was plain. Presently his rage would end in a tragedy."

A young woman was sitting there engaged with some fancy work. Slender and straight, Kate Cullison rose and gave Curly her hand. For about two heartbeats her fingers lay curled in his big fist.

"I'm not heeled. Shoot and be damned, you coward. And with my last breath I'll tell you that you're a liar." Flandrau had called his bluff, though he had not meant it as one.

up when he had the chance. Saguache is sure buzzing his morning with the way you stood up for him. That little play of yours will help with the jury in September. Curly thanked him for going ball. Luck fixed his steel-spoken eyes on him.

"I don't know what you're doing, but I'll tell you one thing. You've done fine. Not a man in Arizona could have done better." Kate said nothing in words but her dark long-lashed eyes rained thanks upon him.

"That won't do. You'd make too tempting a target. I'll meet him instead." That suited Curly. He was not hunting trouble just now, even though he would not run away from it. For he had serious business on hand that could not take care of itself if Soapy should kill him.

"No, Mae, I ain't worrying about that any. Curly is going to get a square deal. We're all agreed on that. If there's any shooting from cover there, he's a lynching pronto. That goes." Flandrau, senior, knew perfectly well that inside of an hour word would reach Soapy Stone that only an even break with Curly would be allowed.

Another day passed. The festivities had begun and Curly had to be much in evidence before the public. His friends had attempted to dissuade him from riding in the bucking broncho

contest, but he had refused to let his name be scratched from the list of contestants. A thousand pairs of eyes in the grandstand watched the boy as he lounged against the corral fence laughing and talking with his friends.

"I'm doing something. I don't know what it is. He had a meeting with a lot of cattlemen about it—I don't see how that boy can sit there on the fence laughing when any minute—"

"Let me tell him the good news, Dick," she said, eagerly. "Sure. I'll send him right up." Bronzed almost to a coffee brown, with the lean lithic grace of youth gabled in the picturesque regalia of the vaquero, Flandrau was a taking enough picture to hold the roving eye of any girl.

"I see she has made a friend of you." "You bet she has." Miss Cullison shot a swift glance at him. "If you'll come back this afternoon you can meet her. I'm going to have all those dimples and all that sunshine here in the box with me."

"That's the boy of it. Just the same he feels pretty bad about the quarrel. I reckon there's nothing to do but keep an eye on him and be ready for Soapy's move when he makes it." "I'm so afraid something will happen to Sam."

"I'm so afraid something will happen to Sam." "Now, don't you worry, Miss Kate. Sam is going to come out of this all right. We'll find a way out for him yet." Behind her smile the tears lay close.

The 124th anniversary of the founding of the University of South Carolina was celebrated by that institution Thursday night at a banquet, at which it was the host of its alumni, members of the general assembly and the state officers.

RETURNING HOME American Typhus Fever Fighters on Way Home From Poland. Fifty-five soldiers and ten officers of the American typhus expedition to Poland left Warsaw for Coblenz on the Rhine recently in a special train of 12 cars, the mission's time having expired.

The Americans came to Warsaw 16 months ago, and worked with the Polish health authorities in combatting typhus, chiefly along the Eastern frontiers where refugees were flocking from the interior of Russia under the Bolshevik regime.

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their husbands to the headquarters of the American forces in Germany on their way to the United States. The expedition was under the command of Colonel Harry L. Giehrst, of Cleveland, O., who is to remain in Warsaw by permission of the War Department, as adviser to the Polish government.

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