

The Blazing Horizon

THE STORY THUS FAR

Caldwell, Kans., in 1880 was a wicked cow town, close to the border of the Indian territory. There Gordon W. Lillie, later to be widely known as Rawhide Bill, was waiting on table in a restaurant, when Joe Craig, town drunk, came to the bar and ordered a drink. Lillie came to town and quarreled in the restaurant with Tom Benton. Smarting under the quarrel, Benton later that night picked a fight in a poker game with Jeff Harrison, professional gambler who had come to Caldwell with his small son, Tony, and shot him.

Harrison, in the act of rising from the table, collapsed upon it, his right hand still clutched for the revolver beneath his arm pit. Confusion descended on the place and came running from the adjacent tables. The door was deserted and the crowd of the croupier as he announced the deaths of chance at the wheel was still through it, but two things were heard distinctly by Gordon Lillie: the voice of Tony Harrison as he rushed toward his fallen father and the voice of Benton saying, "I call you to witness that he was drawing when I fired. It was a fair fight."

"A fair fight!" Lillie exclaimed to himself bitterly. It was cunning, brutal murder.

Tony Harrison was clutching frantically at his father's shoulders, begging the fallen man to speak to him. With an effort, Jeff Harrison moved his lips. "Anthony," he gasped, "Anthony—"

Then he was still, and Tony Harrison threw his arms around him and pressed his face against the father's cheek.

An angry murmur of voices broke about Benton, who, still holding his gun, was backing toward the door and repeating, "He was drawing; I beat him to the draw."

There were those who seemed to be not wholly satisfied with the explanation. Technically, he had not in self defense, for Harrison undoubtedly had been reaching for his own weapon. On the other hand, Benton had hurled a deadly blow at a man while his own hand was on his gun, had invited him, so to speak, to commit suicide if he so much as made a threatening move.

Benton's two companions had moved close beside him, their guns drawn, and were retreating with him toward the street. Still no one made a move toward the killer.

"Someone moved over to where Harrison lay sprawled across the table and pressed his hand against the gambler's chest. 'Dead,' he announced with a shake of his head.

Tony Harrison whirled suddenly, his face contorted, his eyes blazing with hatred. His hand had darted to the holster beneath his father's coat and it now brandished the heavy six-shooter.

"Why don't you kill him, some of you?" he cried, his eyes searching for Benton. But that worthy, flanked by his two cronies, had made good his retreat.

The boy tore at Lillie's restraining hand. "Where is he?" he cried, and dashed for the door. "Come back here," he shouted at Benton. Then he leveled the weapon and fired.

There was a shout, and an answering shot. A bullet tore into the framework of the doorway against which he was clearly out-lined. Then came the sound of galloping hoofs, followed a little later by more shots. Tom Benton and his cronies had escaped the wrath of the crowd, which, slow to move at the tragic death of Jeff Harrison, had jumped to instant action the moment the killer had turned his run on the boy.

There were hoarse, excited cries. "Get a rope."

"He's headed for the line."

"Where's my horse?"

Only a few had changed, like Benton, to tether their horses outside the saloon, and these he had forthwith caused to untie and run off. Those who could find their mounts pursued the fleeing trio, but two hours later they returned empty-handed to find Joe Craig, self-appointed guardian of the boy and boss of the situation, reviling those about him for not

killing Benton the moment he had been shot.

But Joe, it happened so quick, I didn't think you have the nerve.

And Harrison was drawing on him when he fired.

"You all make me sick," Craig said angrily. "It was my horse, was it? You're the one who shot him."

He missed killing me by three inches and he pugged just Harrison, who was a gentleman, at the same time making a mess of his boy's life. To those two counts I'm adding a third. I've been suspecting Tom Benton of cattle rustling. Now I'm making the open charge."

He put an arm around Tony Harrison. "Son, I'm hoping you'll sort of let me look after you, unless you've got some relatives you'd rather go to. I liked your daddy a powerful lot in the short time I knew him. I'm aiming to take you back to the bar K with me and give you a horse to ride and make a cow puncher out of you. How about it?"

The boy during all this had stood a silent, tragic figure, his eyes fixed moodily on the floor. He had looked up at Jeff Harrison and laid him down on a blanket and thrown another one over him. Now, being directly addressed, Tony looked up into the broad-shouldered cowboy's face and voiced the question uppermost in his mind. "Where did Benton go?"

For a moment Craig seemed surprised. Then his lips widened in a slow smile. "Tony, I'm liking you better every minute. Benton's probably crossed the line into Indian territory. You see, there ain't any state authorities there. You have to have a federal warrant to get a man out of the territory, and getting a federal warrant is what you might call a tedious process."

He led the boy toward the door. "We're going over to your cabin now and pack your belongings. Bill," he said to Gordon Lillie, "if you'll stay here and help the boys cash in Jeff Harrison's chips I'll count it a favor. And you might preserve the cards he held when he was shot. You boys," he told the other bar K riders, "had better be riding back to the ranch. I expect you were sort of counting on not having to go back till tomorrow, but—"

"That's all right, Joe. We'll be right glad to start fixin' up a comfortable bunk for the young man. And we can tell the colonel—"

"Thank you, Heck. As for the colonel, I wouldn't tell him nothing except that I was detained."

Jeff Harrison was barred the next day, Joe Craig having personally rounded up a minister and instructed him to do as fine a job as he could.

"At the same time," he added, "I'd kind of like you to be brief. I don't like to deprive the deceased of anything that's coming to him, but I'm thinking of the boy."

The minister smiled. He was young and lately from Kansas City and still profoundly shocked at the wickedness of the town which had sprung from the prairie to inherit from Abilene, Hays, and Dodge City the notoriety that had been theirs in turn of being the wildest camp on God's footstool.

At Craig's request he was both eloquent and brief. Craig thanked him and fed him liberally, and promised his moral and, if needed, physical assistance in the young minister's avowed intention of trying to Christianize the town.

"I'm for you all the way," Joe Craig assured him. "I don't live in Caldwell and I'm not aiming to. A man like me feels sort of cramped at the thought of living any nearer than ten miles to his next door neighbor. But the decent folks here are in the majority and they're trying to get along peaceable like and tend to their business. They want to make a living and raise children and amount to something, and this town's rotten bunch that's swarmed in is weighing the wheels of progress. I'm not aiming to do anything to the general state of delinquency. Some of the boys feel like they had to split over when they come into town, for a spree after riding the range for weeks at a time without much company with some senseless cowboys."

"If you'd only say that from my pulpit some time," the minister interrupted. "It encourages me to feel that a man like you is on the side of righteousness. It would do more good than any sermon I could preach."

"Who, me?" Craig stared at him and reddened beneath his tan like a bashful boy. "Why, minister, I'd stammer your whole congregation if I was to repeat that plat-form of yours. Come on, Tony."

He laid a gentle hand on the boy, who was kneeling beside the fresh grave.

Gordon Lillie, between whom and Joe Craig the son of Jeff Harrison had stood while the funeral was being read, trailed along with them. It was time, he reflected, to be returning to the restaurant—another day of mark-making time until the cowboy came. He swung his head around to the south. Between him and the horizon stretched an invisible barrier, halting the southward flow of civilization. Beyond it lay a vast empire of fertile ground, unbroken by the plow. It was a red man's empire; his horse, his hunting ground. The settlers stopped at its boundaries, the

Your Thanksgiving dinner will taste better if you will decorate your table with some of the beautiful chrysanthemums or carnations from THE FERN. We have a large supply of the finest quality.

white man might pass through but not linger, by order of the government at Washington.

The thought evoked some bitterness in him. "The government at Washington," he told himself, "isn't doing much toward keeping the big cattle men out. Where lay the fairness in barring the country to home seekers and at the same time tolerating the presence of the cattle men who were turning much of the Indian territory into grazing land?"

Even now the Cherokee Strip, that ribbon of land bordering Kansas and stretching 60 miles deep, from the Arkansas river to the western boundary of the territory, 200 miles away, was the home of some of the biggest ranches in the southwest. A gigantic cattle industry was in the making; rumors already were afloat that a cattle men's association was to be formed, to lease millions of acres from the Cherokee nation.

Craig noticed his preoccupation. "What's troubling you, Bill?"

"I was just thinking. All that land down there some day is going to be thrown open for settlement. If you and I are alive it will be a sight worth seeing."

Craig made a scornful reply. "You're a cowboy; you worked for a big cowboy, Colonel Titus Moore, thousands of whose cattle were at that moment quietly grazing in the strip. 'You're talking nonsense,' Bill. Don't you go and absorb any more of those fool ideas of Dave Payne's."

Thus do men ignore the prophetic in their midst. A decade more and the first great rush of settlers—tens of thousands of them—was to storm across the barrier into Oklahoma. And Gordon W. Lillie, known to the nation as Pawnee Bill, was to lead them in.

(To Be Continued)

In the next chapter Tony Harrison finds a home at the Bar K ranch.

Fencing, Full gauge wire lasts longer, Red Strand fencing is never under gauge, 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint, 35c per rod at Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 22.—A lone robber, unarmed and with only a large, black revolver to indicate his intentions, appeared at a Union Oil station on east Broadway at noon today, and forcing the station attendant, P. O. Miller, to the door, proceeded to take \$19 from the cash register.

The robber had no car, nor any confederates. The station located at east Thirteenth and Broadway is in full view of the throngs that pass at noon time but as Miller was forced down behind the oil cans no one passing realized a robbery was going on. After he had pocketed the money the robber coolly walked away.

Fencing, Copper bearing, open heart steel, galvanized rust resisting wire gives Red Strand fencing two or three times longer life. 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint, 35c per rod at Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

SCHISLER PICKS BEST PLAYERS OF PACIFIC COAST

(Associated Press Special Wire)

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 22.—Paul J. Schisler, coach of Oregon State Agricultural College football team, when asked today for his all-star selections said:

"You ask me to pick an all-star Pacific coast team. I can't. But I'll do this, I'll pick the outstanding players in the teams we played this year and in those I've seen play."

"I never pick members of my own team in these selections, and I never place all the others, that here are the stars I've watched twinkle."

"At center, Hotentott of St. Mary's is the best on the coast by far. McCreary of Stanford is the best in the Pacific Coast conference."

"Franklin of St. Mary's is one of the finest ends I ever saw; other fine ends are Dorey of California and Schmidt of California Aggies."

"Two very fine guards are Diehl of Idaho and Hodgen of Oregon."

"The outstanding tackles of the coast are Hibbs of Southern California and Freeman of Stanford."

"The backfield is a hard job. I could name several real stars, but I'll not place them; they are Dorey of Southern California; Wilton of Stanford; Tesreau and Carroll of Washington; Lou and Elsen of California. I would place Hoffman of Stanford at full."

Mad again—to untold fencing. 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint fencing, 35c per rod. Also stock of new style Pazo fencing. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 22.—A plan for refinancing the Grant Pass Irrigation project will be prepared by a committee appointed Saturday at Grants Pass at a conference between bondholders representative and members of the state reclamation commission.

The committee is composed of two California bondholders, two Oregon bondholders, two project representatives and State Engineer Rhea Luper. H. C. Wortman and Roberts Farrell are the Oregon members. Dr. C. C. Falk of Eureka and William Grimes of Paso Robles will represent California. S. D. Noeten and H. D. Wilks are the project members.

Although the project owes the state \$409,990 for interest guarantees paid by the state, the state, it was agreed, will not be a preferred creditor.

The committee will make a detailed study of the condition of the district, estimating the amount of money needed to aid it to recover from the effect of a flood of last winter. It will study the soil, the productive value and estimate how much it should pay in annual assessments. The study is to be with reference to a proposed refunding bond issue. The committee will submit its plan to the project officials and the reclamation commission.

The present outstanding bonded indebtedness of the district is \$1,459,099.

Mad again—to untold fencing. 9-39 Square Deal or hinge joint fencing, 35c per rod. Also stock of new style Pazo fencing. Stearns & Chenoweth, Oakland, Ore.

WOMEN, WEAK, THIRDS, Run-down and Nervous

or who suffer ovarian pains, pains in the lower part of the stomach, bearing down pains, female weakness, nervousness, headache, melancholia, depression, nervous derangements, flashes of heat, fainting and indefinite pains, white discharges, irregular periods, should write to Mrs. Ellen Lovell, 6440 Mass., Kansas City, Mo.

She will gladly explain and without charge to the inquirer advise of a convenient home method whereby she and other women may have successfully relieved similar troubles.

The most common expression of these thankful women is "I feel like a new woman." And others "I don't have any pains whatever any more." I can hardly believe myself that your Wonderful Method has done so much good for me in such a short time. Write today. Your advice is entirely free to you. She has nothing to sell.

STUDENTS ATTEND COURT

The shorthand and civics classes of the Wilbur high school came to Roseburg today to attend circuit court as a part of their study in court organization and operation. The class is being instructed by Miss Johnson, who accompanied them on their visit to the court.

Ground limestone is added at the rate of 100 pounds for every



NO, I'M not going to be married. Neither have I fallen heir to a lot of money. But I have discovered the one tobacco that makes a pipe come through a thousand per cent—Prince Albert!

Yes, Sir, Prince Albert—the world's largest-selling brand. I was sitting with a fellow-commuter the other morning, when he was filling his pipe from a bright-red tin. I got a whiff of that tobacco and said: "Do you mind if I borrow a load?" He passed the tin over, and I filled up and lighted up.

I never tasted anything so good in my life. It was wonderfully cool and sweet, with a

mildness I had never met before in a pipe-tobacco. Mild, as I say, yet it had that rich, rare body that put satisfaction into every pull. What a taste!

I could hardly wait till the train pulled in to get me a supply. I've smoked enough of this cool, mild, long-burning tobacco to know that it gives you deep-down contentment in every load. Try Prince Albert. You'll say so!

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

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You get quantity, too, with P.A.—TWO full ounces in every tin.

TWO HOMES MADE HAPPY

By Women Who Used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I think it is the most wonderful medicine I ever tried," is the statement made by Mrs. Goldie Shoun of St. Joseph, Ill., who states that after taking the Compound she is in better health than before.

Mrs. J. Storms writes: "I can not speak too highly of your medicine and I recommend it to all my friends."

These statements were taken from two enthusiastic letters which tell of the help that has been received from using the Vegetable Compound.

Both Mrs. Shoun and Mrs. Storms were in a run-down condition which caused them much unhappiness. When women are suffering from lack of strength and from weakness, their own life and that of their family is affected. When they feel well and strong and are able to do their household easily, happy homes are the result.

Are you on the Sunlit Road to Better Health?

For Sale USED CARS

- '26 Hudson Brgm\$1075
- '27 Hudson Brgm 1125
- '27 Buick Roadster .. 975
- '24 Ford Sedan 250
- '23 Hudson Speedster 450
- '22 Essex 4 Touring.. 250
- '23 Ford Coupe 150
- '21 Hudson Sedan 375
- '20 Hup. Touring 150
- '20 Chalmers Touring 100
- '22 Ford Touring 50
- '24 Essex Coach 350

These cars are all in very good condition and well worth the price asked. Convenient terms can be arranged. We also trade.

Roy Catching Motor Co.
Phone 438 Roseburg, Ore.

REFUSES REVIEW CASES

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The supreme court refused today to review three cases from Seattle, Wash., in which Roy Olmsted, Charles S. Green, Edward H. McInnis and others were convicted of violating the federal prohibition law and which challenged the right of the government to use evidence obtained by tapping telephone wires.

Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 139-L.

PRISONERS TO HAVE THANKSGIVING TURKEY

Jailer George Sewell, of the sheriff's office, yesterday purchased a big 10-pound turkey which is to be used for the Thanksgiving dinner to be served the prisoners in the county jail. It is expected to provide the prisoners with turkey and all the "fixins" on Thanksgiving. There are now seven occupants in the jail.

MEMBERS OF INSURANCE CO. PROTEST

(Associated Press Special Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 21.—A protest by some of the Oregon assessment members of the Bankers Life company of Los Angeles will be aired at a hearing before State Insurance Commissioner Clare A. Lee here today. The protest arose over an advance in assessments made by the company which it claims was necessary to pay death claims. The actuary and an attorney from the home office of the company will be present. In the suit in Los Angeles over the same question the company prevailed, and the case was appealed.

Eat barbecue sandwiches and live forever. Brand's Road Stand

AN INSURANCE DECISION

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—In imposing license fees upon insurance companies for permission to do business within their borders, states were prohibited by the supreme court today from using their gross incomes as a measure of the fee when a part of the income was received as interest from Liberty Bonds or other tax exempt United States securities. The decision was handed down in two cases from Wisconsin, brought by the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance company.

CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS

The News-Review exclusive job printing department is showing a nice line of Christmas and New Year Announcements. We have a very complete stock and at very reasonable prices. Place your order now while the stock is complete and pay for them at your convenience. We want your order early so we can be sure of prompt delivery.

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TURKEY AND DUCK DINNER

Thanksgiving Day
11:30 to 8 p. m.
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Preparations are the foremost American production in their lines. No material, perfume or beautifying agent is too expensive if it is needed in the manufacture of their line of beautifying agents. A representative line of these fine toilet articles may be seen at the

Pioneer Drug Store

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