

Red Saunders

By HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS

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CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

Now you go after him, you jealous old scoundrel! says I. Go on, I says as he started to argue the point, or I'll spread your nose all the way down your spinal column! The only thing to say 'No' to me is when I'm not mauling what I say, so away goes Wind River, and they made it up all right in no time. Well, Shadder had to pull for Blandford to take a look at the ancestral estates, and all of us went right here at this station to see him off. Look, it seems as if that happened that week! Well, I took a pile of \$50 the edge of any and all debts as much as an institution had ever seen before. There was old Smithy crying around, wiping his eyes on his sleeve and explaining to a lot of east-end folks that it wasn't Shadder's fault-gad hook it all! He was the best, holli', tooth' son-of-a-bitch-cook that ever hit a prairie breeze in spite of this dum foolishness.

What I can make no 'lord' of Shadder' hollers Smithy. That is, not for long. He's a man, Shadder is not, cher, yer d—old gangl'-legged hick rick?

And Shadder never lost his patience at all, though it must have been kind of trying to be made into such a holy show before the kind of people he used to be used to. All he'd say was, 'Get your life, old boy!' Well, it was right enough, too, as Smithy had nursed him through smallpox one winter up in the Shoshone country and might near starved himself to death feeding Shadder out of the slim grub stock when the boy was on the mend. Still, some people would have forgot that.

But did your uncle Red get under the influence of strong drink? Did he? Oh, my! Oh, my! I wish I could make it clear to you. The vigilantes put after a horse thief once in Montana, and they landed on him in a butt end canyon, and there was all the stock with the brands on 'em as big as a patent medicine sign, as the lad hadn't had time to stop for alterations.

Well, says they, 'what have you got to say for yourself?' He looked at them brands staring him in the face, and he bit off a small hunk of chewing 'Pit-chay.' Says he, 'Gentlemen, I'm at a loss for words!' And they let him go, as a good joke is worth its price in any man's country. 'In that lad's fix. I ain't got the words to tell you how seriously drunk I was on that occasion. I remember nothing for what I thought was the hotel and settling down, thinking there must be a hole of a scrap in the bar room from the noise. Then somebody gave me a punch in the ribs and says, 'Where's your ticket?' and I can't now what I said nor what he said that, but it must have been all right. Then it got light, and I met a lot of good friends I never saw before.

had as that, I hardly reckon,' says no. He dove into a safe and brought out a cigar box.

'When a gentleman's in the condition you was in last night,' he says, 'I always make it a point to go through his clothes and take out anything a stranger might find useful, trusting that there won't be no offense the next morning. Here's your watch and the rest of your valuables, including the cash. Count your money and see if it's right.'

'Well, sir! I was one happy man, and I thought that fell as I tumbled over the hills, but when I got up to a hundred and seventy I began to feel queer. Looked like I'd made good money on the trip.'

'What's the matter?' says he, seeing my face. 'Nothing wrong, I hope?'

'Why, the watch and the gun and the other things is all right,' says I, 'but I now \$50 to the good, even figuring that I didn't spend a cent, which ain't in the least likely, and here's ten dollar bills enough to make a bedspread left over.'

'Pshaw!' says he. 'Blame it! I've mixed your plunder up with the mining gentleman that came in at the same time. You and him was bound to fight at first, and then you both turned to to look me, and what with keeping you apart and holding you off and taking your valuables away from you all at the same time, and me all alone here, as it was the night man's day off, I've made a blunder of it. Just take your change out of the wad and call for a drink on me when you feel like it, will you?'

'I said I would do that, and, moreover, that he was an officer and a gentleman and that I'd stay at his hotel two weeks at least to show my appreciation, no matter where it was, but to satisfy a natural curiosity, I'd like to know what part of the country I was at present occupying.'

'You're at Boise, Idaho,' says he: 'one of the best little towns in the best little territory in the United States of America, including Alaska.'

'Well—says I. 'Well—for again I was at a loss for words. I had no idea I'd gone so far from home. I believe what you say,' says I. 'What do you do round these parts?'

'Mining,' says he. 'You're just in time—big strike in the Bob Cat district. Poor man's mining. Pincer, and turned good placer, right on the top of the ground. The mining gentleman I spoke about is having his breakfast now. Suppose you go in and have a talk with him? Nice man, drunk or sober, although excitable when he's had a little too much or not quite enough. He might put you on to a good thing. I'm not a mining person myself.'

'Thanks,' says I and in I went to the dining room.

breed Injuns, a Chinaman and four more sons of guns not classified, all in such a state of beastly intoxication that their purpose, route and destination are matters of the wildest conjecture. I've been laying around town here hating myself to death, thinking perhaps I could sell some shares in a mine that I'd find yet, if we have good luck. If you want to go wild cating over the hills and far away, I'm your luckeberry.'

'That hits me 'all right,' says I. 'For what I don't know about mining nobody don't know. When do we start?'

'This or any other minute,' says he, getting up from the table.

'Wait till I finish up these eggs,' says I. 'And there's a matter of one drink coming to me outside. I may as well put that where it won't harm any one else before we start.'

'All right,' says he, waving his hand. 'You'll find me outside, at your pleasure, sir.'

'I swallowed the rest of my breakfast whole and hustled out to the bar, where my friend and the hotel man was waiting. 'Now I'll take that drink that's coming, and rather than be small about it I'll buy one for you, too, and then we're off,' says I.

'You won't do no such thing,' says the hotel man. 'It's a horse on me, and I'll supply the liquor. Mr. Jones is in the play as much as anybody.'

'So the hotel man set 'em up, and that made one drink. Then Jones said he'd never let a drink suffer from loneliness yet when he had the price, and that made two drinks. I had to uphold the honor of the ranch, and that made three drinks. Hotel man said it was up sticks now, and he meant to pay his just debts like an honest man, and that made four drinks. Then Jones said—well, by this time I see I needn't have hurried breakfast so much. More people came in. I woke up the next morning in the same old bedroom. Every breakfast Aggy and me got ready to pull for the mines, and every morning I woke up in the bedroom. I should like to draw a veil over the next two weeks, but it would have to be a pretty strong veil to hold it. I tried to keep level with Aggy, but he'd spend three dollars to my one, and the consequence of that was that we went broke within fifteen minutes of each other.'

'Well, sir, we were a mournful pair to draw to that day. We sat there and cussed and said, 'Now, why didn't we do this, that and 'other thing instead of blowing our hard earned dough? till bimby we just dripped melancholy, you might say. However, we weren't booked for a dull time just yet. That afternoon there was a great popping of whips like an Injun skitish and into town comes a bull train half a mile long. Twelve yoke of bulls to the team; lead, swing and trail wagons for each, as big as houses on wheels. You don't see the like of that in this country. Down the street they come, the dust flying, whips cracking and the lads hollering: 'Whoo haw, Mary—up there! Wherp! Whoo haw!'

'And those fellers had picked up dry throats walking in the dust; also they had a month's wages aching in their pockets. We hadn't much more'n got the thump of their arrival out of our ears when they comes roaring into town but the Bengal Tiger gang, and they had four months' wages. The owner of the mine got on a bender and paid everybody off by mistake. You can hardly imagine how this fire-bred thing, there ain't nobody less likely to play lame duck than me, but there was no dodging the hospitality. The only idea prevailing was to be rid of the money as soon as possible. The effects showed right off. You could hear one man telling the folks for their own good that he was the Old Missouri River, and when he felt like swelling his banks it was time for parties who couldn't swim to hunt the high ground, while the gentleman on the next corner let us know that he was a locomotive carrying 200 pounds of steam with the gauge still climbing and the blower on. When he whistled three times, he said, any intelligent man would know that was dangerous round.'

'Well, sir, I put the Old Missouri River to bed that night, and he'd flattened out to a very small stream indeed, while the locomotive went lame before supper and had to be put in the roundhouse by a couple of pushers. That's the way with fine ideas. Cold facts comes and puts a crimp in them. Once I knew a small feller I could have stuck in my pocket and forgot about, but when we went out and took several prescriptions together on a day he spoke to me like this. 'Red,' says he, 'put your little hand in mine, and we'll go and take a birdseye view of the universe.' Astonishin' idea, wasn't it? And him not weighing over a hundred pound. However, he didn't take any birdseye view of the universe. He only become strikingly indisposed.'

general hilarity, and now he didn't care a cuss whether he, she or it ever sold another steer. He got himself on end and sung 'Leeb Fadderlont moxtre eckstein' in a style that made you wonder that the human nose could stand the strain.

'Aw, cheese that!' says a feller near the door. 'Come, get your steers: one of 'em's just chased the barber up a telegraph pole!'

'So then we all piled out into the street to see the steers. Sure enough, there was the barber sitting on the crosspiece and the steer pawing dirt underneath.

'He done made me come a fast beat from de colmer,' says the barber. 'I kep' hollerin' 'Next!' but he ain't pay no 'attention—he make it 'next' for me, abuh! Yeh, yeh, yeh! You gents orter seen me start at de bottom an' slide all de way up dis yer telegraph pole!'

'One of the bull whackers went out to rope the steers, and Ag gave directions from the sidewalks. He wasn't very handy with a rana, and that's a fact, but the way Ag lit into him was scandalous. When he'd lashed about six casts of his rope, Ag opened up on him: 'Put a stamp on it and send it to him by mail,' said Aggy in his sour-castle way. 'Address it, 'Ray Steer, middle of Main street, Boise, Ida. If he'd delivered within ten days, return to owner, who can use it to hang himself.' Binst my hide if I couldn't stand here and throw a box car nearer to the critter! Well, well, well! How many left hands have you got, anyhow? Do it up in a wad and heave it at him for general results. He might get tangled in it.'

'It rattled the bull whacker, having so much attention drawn to him, and he stepped on the rope and twisted himself up in it and was flying light generally.

'Say,' says Ag, appealing to the crowd, 'won't some kind friend who's fond of puzzles go down and help that gentleman do himself?'

'That made the whacker mad. He was as red in the face as a lobster.

'You come down and show what you can do,' says he. 'You've got gas enough for a balloon ascension, but that may be all there is to you.'

'Oh, I ain't so much,' says Aggy, 'although I'm as good a man today as ever I was in my life, but I have a little friend here who can rope, down and ride that critter from here to the brick front in five minutes by the watch, and if you've got a twenty-five dollar bill in your pocket or its equivalent in dust you can observe the experiment.'

'I'll go you, by gosh!' says the bull whacker, slapping his hat on the ground and digging for his pile.

sure. One thing, boy, you mark down. We leave here tomorrow morning!'

'All right,' says Ag. 'This sporting life is the very devil. I like 'em, as well as the next man, when I get there.'

'So the morning away we went. All we had for kit was the picks, shovels and pans. The rest of our belongings was staying with the hotel man until we made a rise.

'Ag said he'd be cussed if he'd wait. A hundred and fifty miles of stroll was 'so many.'

'But we ain't got a cent to pay the stage fare,' says I.

'Borrow it of Uncle Hotel-keep,' says he.

'Not by a town site,' says I. 'We owe him all we're going to at this very minute. You'll have to hoof it, that's all.'

'I tell you I won't. I don't like to have anybody walk on my feet, not even myself. I can stand off that stage driver so easy that you'll wonder I don't take it up as a profession. Now, don't raise any more objections—please don't,' says he. 'I can't tell you how nervous you make me, always finding some fault with everything I try to do. That's no way for a hired man to act, but these a-pursher.'

'So of course he got the best of me as usual, and we climbed into the stage when she come along. Now, our bad luck seemed to hold, because you wouldn't find many men in that country who wouldn't stake two fellows to a wagon ride wherever they wanted to go and be pleasant about it. I'd have sure seen that the man got paid, even if Aggy forgot it, but the man that drove us was the wildest brute that ever growled. When you'd speak to him he'd say, 'Unh—' a style of thing that didn't go well in that part of the country. I kept my mouth shut, as knowing that I didn't have the come-up-with weighed on my

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spirits, but Aggy gave him the jolly lie only meant it in fun, and there was plenty of reason for it, too, for you never seen such a game of driving as that feller put up in all your life. The Lord save us! He cut around one corner of a mountain so that for the longest second I've lived through my left foot hung over about a thousand feet of fresh air. I'd have had time to write my will before I touched bottom if we'd gone over. I don't know as I turned pale, but my hair ain't been of the same rosy complexion since.

up. 'This is about as far as I care to carry you two gents for nothin', he says. 'Of course you're to one, and I can't do nothing if you see fit to bull the thing through. But I'll say this, if either one or both of you roasters has got the least smell of a gentleman about him he won't have to be told his company ain't wanted twice.'

'Now, mind you, Ag and me didn't have the first cussed thing—not grub nor blankets nor gun nor nothing, and this the feller well knew.'

'Red,' says Aggy, 'what do you say to pulling this thing apart and seeing what makes it act so?'

'No,' says I, 'don't touch it—it might be catching. Now, you whelp,' says I to the driver, 'you tell us if there's a place where we can get anything to eat around here? We'd expect to go hungry until we hit the camp some forty miles further on, where we knew there'd be plenty for anybody that wanted it.'

'Yes,' says he. 'There's a man running a shack two mile up the river.'

'All right,' says I. 'Drive on. You've played us us dirty a trick as one man can play another. If we ever get a chink on you, you can expect we'll pull her till the liggoses snap!'

'He kept shut till he got across the river, where he felt safe.

'It's all right about that chink,' he hollers back, grinning. 'Only wait till you get it, yer suckers! Sponges! Beats! Deadheads! Yeh!'

'Well, a man can't catch a team of horses, and that's all there is about it, but I want to tell you he was on the anxious seat for a quarter of a mile. We tried hard.

'When we got back to where we started and could breathe again, we held a council of war.

'Now, Aggy,' says I, 'we're dumped. What shall we do?'

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Notice for Publication

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Or., Oct. 23, 1907. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of congress of June 3, 1878, entitled 'An act for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington territory,' as extended to all the public land states by act of August 4, 1892, William H. Pierce, of Walton, county of Lane, State of Oregon, filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8527 for the purchase of the NE 1/4 of sec. 26, T. 19, S. 3, range 8 west, Willamette Meridian, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes and to establish her claim to said land before W. W. Calkins, purposes and to establish his claim Eugene, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 7th day of January, 1908.

He names as witnesses: W. T. Bailey, of Meadow, Oregon; Aaron C. Barbour, of Walton, Oregon; Jarvis U. Sutherland, of Walton, Oregon; William Sutherland, of Walton, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 7th day of January, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

BIDS FOR WATER BONDS SOLICITED

Sealed proposals will be received by the common council of the city of Eugene until 7:30 o'clock p. m. of January 6th, 1908, at which time at the council chamber in said city said council will open and consider such proposals for the purchase of the whole or any part of an issue of \$260,000 water bonds of said city. These bonds will be issued in denominations of \$100 to \$1000, will be payable principal and interest in gold coin, will bear date January 1st, 1908, will be due January 1st, 1918, with an option in the city to pay the same or any thereof on any interest day subsequent to January 1st, 1922, and will bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. These bonds are issued under authority of an act of the legislative assembly of the state of Oregon, entitled, 'An act to reincorporate the city of Eugene and to repeal all acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith,' filed in the office of the secretary of state February 18th, 1905, as amended by the initiative bill filed in the office of the recorder of said city July 1st, 1907, and approved by the voters of said city at an election held October 14, 1907. Further information will be furnished on application to the undersigned. The common council reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Eugene, October 28, 1907. a. f. MORRIS, Recorder.

Notice of Final Settlement

Estate of William A. Marshall, deceased. Notice is hereby given that N. S. Marshall, Administrator of the estate of William A. Marshall, deceased, has filed his account or final settlement of the said estate, and Monday, the 19th day of February, 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the county court room at the court house in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, has been set by the Honorable G. B. Creelman, county judge of said county, to hear objections to the same. Dated this 27th day of December, A. D. 1907. N. S. MARSHALL, Administrator. JESSE G. WELLS.

