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ROBBERS' ROOST

by
Zane Grey

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Jim Wall, young cow-
puncher from Wyoming, in the early
days of the cattle industry, seeks a
new field in Utah. He meets Hank
Hays, who admits to being a robber,
and tells Wall he is working for an
Englishman named Herrick, who has
located a big ranch in the mountains.
Herrick has employed a small army of
rustlers and gun-fighters, and Hays
and others are plotting to steal their
employer's cattle and money. Hays
wants Wall to throw in with the
rustlers.

CHAPTER II.—At the little settle-
ment of Green River, Hays gets into
an argument with a gambler called
Stud over a poker game. Wall saves
Hays' life by bluffing the gambler out
of shooting. With Hays and two other
rustlers, Happy Jack and Lincoln, Hays
Wall starts out for Herrick's ranch.
In camp, the first night out, Jim re-
grets the step he has taken, but it is
too late to turn back.

CHAPTER III.—The four men arrive
at the ranch. Herrick announces that
his sister, Helen, is coming to the
ranch. Hays unfolds his plan for get-
ting possession of the 12,000 head of
live stock on the Herrick ranch. He
and his lieutenants ride away to drive
off the first bunch of cattle. Jim re-
mains behind to shoot it out, if neces-
sary, with Heeseman, Hays' rival
among the cattle rustlers. Jim sees a
dark cloud, which is certain de-
notes the arrival of Heeseman and his
gang. He stands with rifle ready.

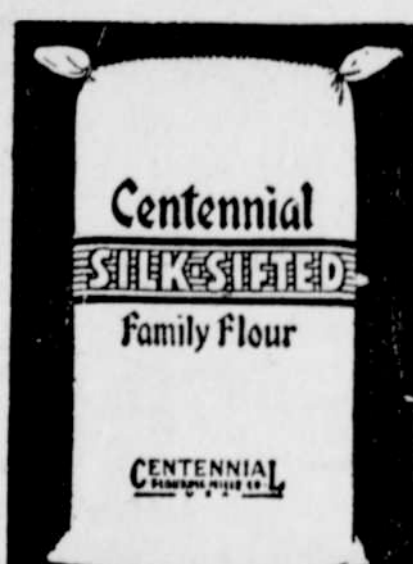
CHAPTER IV.—Heeseman tells Wall
that Hays was once his (Heeseman's)
partner and double-crossed him. Her-
rick delays Jim to go to Grand
Junction to meet Miss Herrick. Jim
gets Barnes, a young cowboy with
him, to tell her that he (Jim) is a
desperado of the worst type. Barnes
does so, but the girl treats the in-
formation lightly.

CHAPTER V.—On his arrival at the
ranch, with Helen, Jim is confronted
by Hays, who betrays an unusual in-
terest in the coming of Miss Herrick.
Jim tells Hays that Miss Herrick brought
a Wells Fargo package, probably of
money. Jim goes riding with the Her-
ricks and greatly impresses Helen with
his revolver shooting.

CHAPTER VI.—The cattle drives to
Grand Junction are started. Jim Wall
finds himself falling in love with Hel-
en. He coaches her in riding western
style, and finally kisses her. She is
angry and dismisses him, but relents
and asks him not to leave the ranch.
Hays' men return from the drive with
the stolen cattle. The leader has sold
the cattle and brought back the money.
A quick getaway is imperative. Hays
tells his men to go on ahead, that he
will join them at a certain canyon.
The riders arrive at the canyon and
to their amazement and Jim's dismay,
Hays and a lieutenant are sighted with
Helen Herrick—a captive.

CHAPTER VII.—The gang is about
to break with Hays over the abduc-
tion, but he explains that he robbed
Herrick and stole Helen for ransom.
Realizing that Helen will be worse off
if she falls into Heeseman's clutches,
Jim Wall rides on with Hank and his
men. Heeseman's riders are discovered
in pursuit. After a running battle in
which Latimer, one of Hays' men, is
wounded, Hays leads the gang into a
canyon retreat, difficult of access and
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CHAPTER VIII.—After camp has
been made, Jim seeks out Smoky Mo-
cum, and secures his promise to aid
in case Helen is threatened with harm
by the villainous Hays. Jim hears a
wild cry in the night. Before he dis-
cusses, who was wounded in the fight
with Heeseman, tells Jim and Smoky
that Hays has held out some of the
money he stole from Herrick.

CHAPTER IX.—In the "roost" the
robbers make permanent camp. Jim
keeps a watchful eye on Helen. She
steals from her tent at night to tell
him that she fears the outlaw, Hank
Hays. While they whisper, Hank steals
upon them. Jim makes him believe that
he has spurned a bribe from the girl
to rescue her. Heeseman's riders are
seen approaching and the desperados
prepare to fight.

A metallic, spanging sound accom-
panied rather than followed by a shot,
then a sudden thud right at hand
choked further speech. Happy Jack
had been cut short in one of his low
whistles. He swayed a second upright,
then uttering an awful groan, he fell.
Smoky leaped to him, bent over.

"Dead! Hit in the temple. Where'd
that bullet come from?"

"It glanced from a rock. I know the
sound."

"Jim, the only safe place from that
—is hyar, huggin' this corner," de-
clared Smoky. "An' there ain't room
enough for the two of us."

"Keep it, Smoky. I'm not going to
get hit. This is my day. I feel some-
thing in my bones, but it's not death."

"Huh. I feel somethin' too—clear to
my marrow—an' it's sickish an' cold.
... Jim, I'll sneak out an' crawl back
of them. That's my idee. I don't have
wrong ideas at this stage of a fight."

That was the last he spoke to Jim.
Muttering to himself he laid a huge
roll of bills under the belt Hays had
deposited on the little shelf of rock.
Then he vanished.

Scarcely had he gotten out of sight
when Jim thought of the field glass.
Smoky should have taken it. Jim
risked going back to his pack to se-
cure it, and had the fun of dodging
another bullet.

What had become of Hays? Wait-
ing alone among these deflecting bul-
lets wore on Jim's mood. He decided
to peep out of the hole again. To this
end he climbed to the shelf, rifle in
hand and the glass slung around his
neck.

He could command every point with
the aid of the field glass, without ex-
posing his head.

An instant later a far-off shot
thrilled Jim. That might be Smoky.
Suddenly a dark form staggered up,
flinging arms aloft, silhouetted black
against the sky. That must be the
sharpshooter. Smoky had reached
him. Headlong he pitched off the cliff,
to plunge sheer into the wash below.
Smoky had at least carried out his
idea.

Suddenly Jim espied Hays boldly
mounting the slope. But it appeared
that he had not been discovered yet.
Those on top were facing the unseen
peril to the west.

Jim marveled at the purpose of the
robber chief. Still another shot from
Smoky—the last! But Hays had
reached high enough to see over.
Leveling the rifle he took deliberate
aim. Then he fired.

"Heeseman!" hissed Jim, as sure as
if he himself had held that gun.

Hays, working the lever of his rifle,
bounded back and aside. Shots
boomed. One knocked him to his
knees, but he lunged up to fire again.
Again he was hit, or the rifle was,
for it broke from his hands. Drawing
his two revolvers he leveled them,
and as he fired one, then the other,
he backed against the last broken sec-
tion of the wall. Jim saw the red
dust spatter from the rock above.

The shots thinned out and ceased.
Hays was turning to the left, his re-
maining gun lowered. He was aiming
down the slope on the other side. He
fired again—then no more. Those who
were left of Heeseman's outfit had
taken flight. Hays watched them,
strode to the side of the big rock, and
kept on watching them.

Soon he turned back and, sheathing
one gun, took to reloading the other.
It was at this moment that Jim relin-
quished the field glass to take up his
rifle. With naked eyes through the
aperture in the brush, he could see
Hays' finish loading his gun.

This moment, to Jim's avid mind,
was the one in which to kill the rob-
ber. He drew a bead on Hays' breast.
But he could not press the trigger.
Lowering the hammer, Jim watched
Hays stride up among the rocks, to
disappear.

Jim leaped up out of the hole to
have a better look. Far beyond the
red ridge he discerned men running
along the white wash. There were
three of them, scattered. A fourth ap-
peared from behind a bank, and he
was crippled. He waved frantically to
the comrades who had left him to fare
for himself. They were headed for
the cove where the horses still stood.
And their precipitate flight attested

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to the end of that battle and as surely,
to the last of Heeseman's outfit.

CHAPTER XI

Jim picked up the field glass and
slung it on his elbow, essayed a
descent into the cave. On the shelf
he hesitated and sat a moment locked
in thought. A second time he started
down, only to halt straddling the
notch. The battle had worked out
fatefully and fatally. Would he see
Smoky again? Yet nothing had
changed the issue. The end was not
yet. With his blood surging back to
his heart, Jim leaped down to meet
the robber chief.

"Where's Smoky?" called Jim, his
lynx eyes on Hays' right hand.

"Cashed in," boomed Hays, fastening
great hollow eyes of pale fire upon
Jim. "He had cover. He plugged I
don't know how many. But Morley's
outfit had thrown in with Heeseman.
An' when that gambler Stud broke an'
run Smoky had to head him off. They
killed each other."

"Who got away? I saw four men;
one crippled."

"Morley an' Montana fer two. I
didn't recognize the others. They shore
run, throwin' rifles away."

"They were making for their horses,
tied half a mile back. Where'll they
go, Hays?"