
THE REPORT OF THE

THE SPRINGFIELD NEWS

PAGET

Crooked Trails and Straight Hv William MacLeod Raine Copertant or G W in ingham Company

SYNOPSIS. Part L

Part 1. CHAPTER L-Adventurous and reck-less, rather than criminal, and excited by invor. Curly Flandhau and his climit, Mac both practically more boys become involved in a horan steading adventure Disposing of the steller stock in the town of Baguanhe. Aris, the hand separates, Curly and his pariner staying in town. They are awakened and told a pome fa in town in pircuit of them. They clude their pursies, overtaken next day. Mac is killed by the porse and Curly made captive, after he has shot phe and hith-self been wounded. The man shot is Luck Curlison. Luck Cullison.

CHAPTEP D.-Collison's felends, all estilement, determine to lynch Corly as an example to cattle thieves. Will the rope around his used he is saved by the intervention of Kale Collison, Luck's daughter

CHAPTER 111-His wound dressed, and further violence not apprehended. Curly is sant for by Cullison. He ques-tions the boy concerning a matorious out-law. Sampy Stane, real leader of the rus-tiers who had been Curly's unidoing Flandrau learns that Soapy Stone is Cul-heou's bitter enemy and exercises a bale ful influence over the existeriff's son farm, who has quarreled with his father Cullison goes ball for Curly.

CHAPTER IV -Curly reaction Boapy CHAPTER IN -- unity removes 200422 Stone from a hear trap into which he has stumbled, and discovers that the notaw is young Sarr's fivat for the hand of Lan-ra London. She gives Curity a note to deliver to San, and Flandrau and Stone set out for the latter's ranch.

eet out for the latter's rand. CHAPTER V -Torre Curly meets his comparisons of the rushing expedition and delivers Laura's note to Sam. Young t ultimon believes Stone is his friend and mays he will stick by him. L'Indrau mees some move is being plauned and becomes convinced it is train robbery. Sam beaves the ranch to go to Saguache. Curly and companies him.

CHAPTER VI - Eavesdropping at a meeting place. Curly hears Sione and his Heutenant. Lote Blackwell, arrange to hold up the train at a crossing known as Tin Cup, and after the robbers shoot young Cultison and leave his body on the erene. Stope thus glutting his revenge on the es-sheriff through his son's death and diagrace. Curly is accused by Sinne of heing a spy of Luck Cultison's. They are exparated, but part with the understand-ing that their next meeting will mean a fight to the death. Curly smakes a dou-fidant of Dick Maloney, cattleman, and they inform Luck Cullison of Since's plot egainst his son. meeting place, Curly hears Stone and his sgainet his son

Part II.

CHAPTER I.-After an all-night ses-sion at the Roundup club, in which Colli-on has lost heavily, there is an evolunge of sharp words between Linck and a sheepman, Cass Fendrick, with whom Cullison has a feud.

CHAPTER II.-Saguache is electrified by the news of the boidup of express messengers, the bandits securing \$20,000 Cullison pars his poker debts and shortly afterward Mackenzie and Alex Plandrau, his closest friends, lear bia is suspected of the express robbery, his har baying been found on the scene and be being been found on the scene and be being

down on the back of an envelope and added them again.

Mortgage on ranch (die Oct. 1) \$15,000 Note to First National 3.599 Nets to Devisids 1.759 Same to Flandran Same to Yealer 314

Twenty thousand was the sum he norded, and mighty hadly, too, Absent- "head, mindedly he turned the envelope over and lotted down one or two other things. Twenty thousand dollars! Just the sum Jordan had coming to the bank on the Flyer. Subconsciously, Look's fingers gave expression to his thoughts. Twenty thousand dollars. Half a dozen times they penciled it. and just below the figures, "W. & S.

Ex. Co." Finally they wrote autounitically the one word, "Tonight," Luck looked at what he had written. haughed grimty, and tore the envelope in two. He threw the pieces in the waste paper busket.

CHAPTER II.

An Initialed Hat.

Mackenzie was reading the Sentine) fille be ate a late breakfast. He had propped against the water bottle, so that it need not interfere with the transportation of sausages, fried potatoes, but cakes and coffee to their common destination.

Trying to do two things at once has te disadvantages. A startling headtine caught his eyes just as the cup was at his lips. Hot coffee, precipiately swallowed, scalded his tongue ad throat. He set down the cup. -vore mildly, and gave his attention. to the news that had excited him :

"While the citizens of Saguache ere peacefully sleeping last night, a me handit held up the messengers of a- Western & Southern Express comany, and relieved them of twenty, sousand dollars just received from 13 's o on the Fiver.

"Perry Hawley, the local manager of the company, together with Len Rogers, the armed guard, had list returned from the depot, where the Luck had liquidated his poker debt money had been turned over to them and receipted for. Hawley had unlocked the door of the office and had stepped in follows: by Rogers; when a masked desperado appeared sudden ly out of the darkness, disarmed the guard and manager, took the ninney. passed through the door and locked it. after him, and vanished as silently as he had come. Before leaving, he warmed his victims that the place would be covered for ten minutes and at any attempt to call for help they would be shot. Notwithstanding this, the imprisoned men risked their lives. by raising the alarm."

discovered that the desperado was still | cattlength, but the latter could see him

debts by heart, but he joited them | you didn't do it. I know you too well; But the trouble was Mackenzle did not know him well enough. Cullisonwas hard up, close to the wall. How far would he go to save himself? In his slow, troubled fashion, Mac wondered if his old side partner's streak of tawlessness would take him as far as a holdup. Of course it would not, he assured himself; but he could not get the ridiculous notion out of his

Mackenzie drifted to the courthouse, He found Sheriff Bolt in his office. The Scotsman wanted to discuss the robhery, but was shy about attacking the subject. While he boggled at it, Bolt was off on another tack.

Inside of a guarter of an hour the sheriff had found out all he wanted to know about the poker game, Cullison's financial difficulties, and the news that

11140 "Ever See This Before?"

since breakfast. Moreover, he had talked so casually that his visitor had no suspicion of what he was driving at

Mackenzie attempted a little sleuthing of his own. "This holdup fellow kind of silpped one over on you last night, Bolt,"

"Maybe so, and maybe not."

"Got a clue, have you?" "Oh, yes-yes." The sheriff looked straight at him. "Fye a notion his initiats are L. C.7.

Billie felt bluself flushing "What makes you think that. Nick?"

Bolt walked to a caphoard and an-Further down the page Mackenzie locked it. His back was toward the take something from a shell. Turning

deenched his heavy like a rath of icy water. Upon that gray felt but with the pinched crown was stamped the individuality-and the initials-of Luck Cullison.

his pocket the roll Cullison had given him two hours before. He peeled five twentles from it. The sheriff observed that the prevailing denomination was the same.

"Get these from Luck?" he asked enrelessly.

The cattleman stared at him, and the suspicion grew on bim that he had been trapped again.

"Why do you ask?"

"Because it happens the bills stolen from the W. & S. were all twentles."

From the office of the sheriff, Mackensis wandered to the club in search of Luck. He was thoroughly dispirited. both dreaded to meet Luck, and yet was anxious to do so.

Cullison had left the club but Alec Flandran was still there.: Billie drew him into a corner, and learned that Luck had just settled with him.

"Anyone see him give it to you. Alec?

"No. He took me upstairs to the Hbrary and paid me." "In bills?"

"Yes-in twenties."

"For God's sake, don't tell anyhody

that." In a dozen jerky sentences the owner of the Fiddleback told Flandrau of the suspicions of the sheriff.

Together they went in search of Luck. But though they looked for him all day, he was not to be found. The last that had been seen of him Luck was walking along the plaza toward the hotel, not a hundred and fifty varies from the latter. A dozen men had spoken to him in the distance of a block. But he had not been seen to reach his hotel. He had not called for his room key. Somehow he had vanished, and none could tell how or where.

The Fold his disappearance was as good in a confession of guilt. He searched Luck's room at the hotel Among other things, he found an old envelope with interesting data penciled on it.

Before flightfall the word was whispered all over Sagnache that Luck Cullison, pioneer cattleman and former sheriff, was suspected of the W. & S. express robbery and had fled to save himself from arrest. At first men marveled that one so well known and so popular, one who had been so prominent in affairs, could be suspected of such a crime, but as they listened to the evidence and saw it fall like blocks of a building into place, the conviction grew that he was the masked bandit wanted by the sheriff.

Red-headed Bob Cullison finished making the diamond hitch and proudly called his cousin Kate to inspect the packhorse.

"You never saw the hitch thrown better, sis," he bragged, boylike, "Uncle Luck says I do it well as he can.

"It's fine, Bob." his cousin agreed, with the proper enthusiasm in her dark eyes. "You'll have to teach me how to do it one of these days."

She was in a khaki riding skirt, and she pulled herself to the saddle of her own horse. From this position she gave him final instructions before leav-

continued on the traff mat led down to the river.

Sweeney came out from the cabla and bailed her. He was a squat, weather-beaten man, who had ridden*for her father ever since she could remember.

"What in Mexico you got there?" be asked in surprise. She explained the circumstances un-

der which she had found the lamb.

"And what you aiming to do with 11 ?"

"I'm going to tie up its leg and take it across the river. Some of the C. F. herders are sure to find it before night."

"Sho! What are you fooling with Cass Fendrick's sheep for?" he grumbled.

"It isn't a sheep, but a lamb, And I'm not going to see it suffer, no matter who owns it. I'll just ride across and leave it outside the fence," she said.

"Lemme go. I know the river better."

Sweeney did not wait for her assent, but swung to the saddle. She handed him the lamb, and he forded the stream.

Sweency saw some one disappear into a wash as he reached the feace. The rider held up the lamb, jabbered a sentence of broncho Spanish at the spot where the man had been, put down his bleating burden, and cantered back to his own side of the river.

An hour later, Kate, on the return trip, topped the rise where she had found the lamb. Pulling up her pony. to rest the horse from its climb, she gazed back across the river to the rolling ridges among which lay the C. F. ranch. Oddly enough, she had never seen Cass Fendrick, He had come to Papago county a few, years before, and had bought the place from an earlier settler. In the disagramment that had fallen between the two men, she was wholly on the side of her father. Sometimes she had wondered what manner of man this Cass Fendrick might be; disagreeable, of course, but after precisely what fashion?

"Your property, I believe, Miss Cullison."

She turned at sound of the suave, amused drawl, and looked upon a dark, slim young man of picturesque appearance. He was bowing to her with an obvious intention of overdoing it.

Her instinct told the girl who he was. She did not need to ask herself any longer what Cass Fendrick looked like.

He was holding out to her the bloodstained kerchief that had been tied to the lamb's leg.

"I didn't care to have it returned," she told him with cold civility.

"Now, if you'd only left a note to say so, it would have saved me quite a considerable climb," he suggested,

In spite of herself a flicker of amusement lit her eyes. She had a sense of humor. "I did not think of that, and since you have troubled to return it to me, I can only say thank you."

She held out her hand for the kerchief, but he did not move. "I don't know but what I'll keep it, after ali, souvenir. for a She ignored his sardonic mockery. "I don't let live creatures suffer when I can help it. Are you going to give me my bandkerchief?" "Haven't made up my mind yet. Perhaps I'll have it washed and bring It home to you."



missing

"The man that takes chances lives longest, Mac," his friend replied, dismissing the subject carelessly. "I'm going to tuck away about three hours of sleep. So long." And with a nod he was gone to his room.

"All the same Luck's too derned rash." Flandrau commented. "And he hadn't ought to be sitting in these big games. He's hard up. Owes a good bit here and there. Always was a spender. First thing he'll have to sell the Circle C to square things. He'll pay us this week like he said he would. That's dead sure. But I swear I don't know where he'll raise the price. Money is so tight right now."

That afternoon Luck called at every bank in Saguache. All of the bankers knew him and were friendly to him, but in spite of their personal regard they could do nothing for him.

"It's this stringency, Luck," Jordan of the Cattlemen's National explained to him, "I'd he you have it if I dared, Why, we're running close to the wind, Public confidence is a mighty ficklish thing. If I didn't have twenty thousand counting from El Paso on the Flyer tonight Ud be uneasy for the bank."

"Twenty thousand on the Flyer 1 rockon you ship by express, don't NON?

"Yes. Don't mention it to anyone, That twenty thousand would come handy to a good many people in this country these times."

"It would come right handy to me." Luck taughed ruefully. "I need every cent of it. After the beef roundup I'll he on Easy street, but it's going to be hard steading to keep going till then."

"You'll make a turn somehow. It will work out. Maybe when money isn't so tight I'll be able to do something for you."

Luck returned to the hotel morosely and tried to figure a way out of his difficulties. He was not going to be beaten. He never had accepted defeat. He would not lose out after all these years of fighting. It had been his desperate need of money that had made him sit in just night's poker game But he had succeeded only in making a

The volce of Cultison reached him "That you, Macy I'll be right up. No, don't come down. I'd rather see

you alone." The owner of the Circle C came right to business. "Fve made a raise, Mac, and while five got it I'm going to skin off what's coming to you."

He had taken a big coll of bills from his pocket, and was counting off what he had lost to his friend. The latter noticed that it all seemed to be in twanties

"Twelve hundred. That squares us, Mac."

The Scotsman was vaguely uncasy without a definite reason for his auxiety. Only last night Cullison had told him not a single bank in town would advance him a dollar. Now he had money in plenty. Where had he got 31 2

Mackenzie's eye fell on a copy of the Sentinel protructing from the other's pocket. "Read about the holdup of the W. & S. express? That fellow had his nerve with him."

""Sho! This holdup game's the ensiest yet. He got the drop on them. and there was nothing to it."

"How did he know there was money couring in fast night?"

"There's always a leak about things of that sort. Somebody talks, I knew it myself, for that matter."

"You knew! Who told you?"

"That's a secret. Mac. Come to. think of H. I wish you wouldn't tell auxbody that I knew. I don't want to get the man who told me in trouble."

"Suge I won't." He passed to another phase of the subject. "The Sentinel says Bolt expects to catch the robber. Think he will?"

"Not if the fellow knows his business. Bolt has nothing to go on. He has the whole Southwest to pick from. For all he knows, it was you."

"Yes, but-"

"Or more likely me." The grav eyes of the former sheriff held a frosty smile.

In spite of that suille, or perhaps, because of it. Mackenzie felt again. that flush of doubt. "What's the use and situation worse. He knew his of talking foolidiness, Luck? Course

"Don't know as I recognize it," he fied, not very readily. "Not to know It. Why?"

"Thought perhaps you might know it. The holdup dropped it while getting away?

Mackenzie's eyes flinched, "Dropped It. How was that?"

"A man happened to come along San Miguel street just as the robber swung to his horse. He heard the cries of the men inside, guessed what was doing, and exchanged shots with the miscreant. He shot this hat off the fellow's head."

"Who was the man that shot the milihery

"Unse Fendrick."

"But he didn't claim to recognize the hoblup?

"Not for certain. He guesseds man whose mitials are the same as those in that bot?"

"If you mean Luck Cullison, It's a d----d lie," exploded the cattleman. He was furtious with himself, for he fell now that he had been unsuspectingly helping to certify the suspicious of the sheriff. Like an idior, he had let out much that told heavily againsthis friend.

"I hope so. What about this hut, with the two holes shot through the rin ?"

"Stor! We all wear hats just like that. Look at mine," Billie held it out eagerly.

"Has yours an L. C. stamped in the sweat hand?" Bolt asked with a smile,

"I know you ain't his friend. Nick. But you want to be fair to him even if. he did oppose your election." Mackenzie laid an appealing hand on the knee of the man seated opposite him.

"I'm sheriff of Papago county. It doesn't make any difference who worked for or against me, Billie. I was elected, and I'm going to enforce the law, By the way, I've got to pay wound, she recalled, ought to the for some supplies this morning. Can you cash a clock for a hundroit?"

ing. It had been on Wednesday morning that Lock Cullison disappeared from the face of the earth. Before twentyfour hours the gossip was being whispered in the most distant canons of Papago county. The riders of the Circle C knew it, but none of them had yet told either Bob or Kate,

Now it was Friday morning and Kate was beginning to wonder why her father did not call her up. Could it be that Soapy Stone was pulling off his train robbery at Tin Cup and her father so busy that he could not take time to ride to a telephone station? She did not like to leave the ranch just now, even for a few hours, but other business called her away. Sweeney was holding down the fort at the Del Oro against Fendrick's sheepherders, and his weekly supply of provisions. had to be taken to him. Since she wanted to see with her own eyes how things were getting along at the canon, she was taking the supplies in person.

She rode from sunlight into shadow and from shadow to sunlight again. winding along the hill trail that took her toward the Del Oro. After hours of travel she came to the saddle from which one looked down to the gap in the canon walls that had been the common watering place of all men's cattle, but now was homesteaded by her father. She could see the hut, the fence line running parallel to the stream on the other side, some grazing cattle, Sweeney's horse in the corral,

The pitcous bleating of a famb floated to her. Kate dismounted and made her way toward the sound. A partietic little huddle of frightened life tried to struggle free at her approach. The slim leg of the lamb had become wedged at the intersection of several rocks in such a way that it could not be withdrawn.

Kate pulled the boulder away, and released the prisoner. She took the soft, woolly creature in her arms, and examined the wounded limb, all (orn and raw from its efforts to escape. A "I reckon so," Mackenzie drew from the animal in front of the sublic and the way to build up your home tawn?

She decided he was trying to dirt with her, and turned the head of ber borse to start.

"Now your father has pulled his freight. I expect it will be safe to call," he added.

The bridle rein tightened. "What nonsense are you saying about my father?"

"No news, Miss Cullison ; just what everybody is saying, that he has gone to cover on account of the holdup."

A chill fear drenched her heart, "Do you mean the holdup of the Limited at Tin Cup?"

"No I don't." He tooked at her sharply, "Mean to say you haven't heard of the holdup of the W. & S. Express company at Saguache?"

"No. When was it?"

"Tuesday night. The man got away with twenty thousand dollars."

"And what has my father to do with that?" she demanded haughtily.

A satisfied spieen purred in his voice, "My dear young lady, that is what everyone is asking."

"What do you mean? Say it." There was fear as well as anger in her voice. Had her father somehow got lato trouble trying to save Sam?

"Oh, I'm saying nothing. But what Sheriff Bolt means is that when he gets his handcuffs on Luck Cullison he'll have the man that can tell him where that twenty thousand is."

"lt's a lie."

He waved his hand airily, as one who declined responsibility in the matter, but his dark, saturning face sparkled with malice.

(To be continued.)

Many people of Springfield and vicinity do all their banking business in Eugene when right in their home town they have a national, state, washed with cold water and bound, county, and city depository,-the First Returning to her borse, she put the in- National Bank of Springfield. Is that