

The Round-Up

A Romance of Arizona

Novelized From Edmund Day's Melodrama
By JOHN MURRAY AND MILLS MILLER

Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.

"The Round-Up" started in the Daily World Saturday, January 9. (Concluded from last issue.)

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER fording Sweetwater river several times to throw pursuit off the track Buck McKee and Bud Lane entered an arroyo to rest their mounts and hold council as to their future movements. During the flight both had been silent. McKee was busy revolving plans for escape in his mind, and Bud was brooding over the tragic ending of the lawless adventure into which he had been led by his companion.

When McKee callously informed him that the agent had been killed in the encounter Bud was too horrified to speak. A dry sob arose in his throat at the thought of his old friend lying dead all alone in the station. His first impulse was to turn back to Florence and surrender himself to the sheriff. Had this entailed the punishment of himself alone he would have done so, but he still retained a blind loyalty to his associate and principal in the crime. Murder, it seemed, was to be expected when one took the law in his own hands to right an injustice. He didn't clearly understand it. It was his first experience with a killing. The heartlessness of McKee both awed and horrified him. Evidently the half breed was accustomed to such actions. It appeared to be entirely justified in his code. So Bud followed in dumb silence the masterful man who had involved him in the fearful deed.

When they dismounted, however, his pent-up emotion burst forth. "You said there would be no killing," he gasped, passing his hand wearily across his forehead as if to wipe out the memory of the crime.

"Well, what did the old fool pull his gun fer?" grumbled McKee petulantly, as if by Terrill were the aggressor in the encounter.

Bud threw himself wearily on the ground.

"I'd give the rest of my life to undo today's work," he groaned, speaking more to himself than to his companion.

McKee heard him. His anger began to rise. If Bud weakened detection was certain. Flight back to Texas must be started without delay. If he could strengthen the will of the boy

"This hain't my first killin'. I guess Buck McKee's pretty well known in some sections. I took all the chances. I did the killin'. You git half. Now, brace up an' take yer medicine straight."

"But I didn't want to take the money fer myself," replied Bud as if to soothe his conscience. "Oh, Buck, why didn't you let me alone?" he continued as the thought of his position again overwhelmed him.

Buck gasped at the shifting of the full blame upon his shoulders.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he muttered. "You make me sick, kid." His voice rose in anger and disgust. "Why, to hear you talk one would think you wuz the only one had right feelin's. I'm goin' to take my share an' start a decent life. I'm goin' back to Texas an' open a saloon. You take yer half, marry yer gal an' settle down right here. 'Ole Man' Terrill's dead. Nothin' will bring him back, an' you might as well git the good uv the money. It's Slim Hoover's, anyhow. If Jack Payson can marry yer brother Dick's gal on Dick's money—fer there's no hope uv stoppin' that now—you can cut Slim out with Polly on Slim's salary. Aw, take the money!" and McKee pressed half of the bills into Bud's lax fingers.

The young man's hand closed upon them mechanically. A vague thought that he might some day make restitution conspired with McKee's insidious appeal to his hatred and jealousy to induce him to retain the blood money, and he thrust it within an inside pocket of his loose waistcoat.

"Now," said McKee, thoroughly satisfied that he had involved Bud in the crime too deeply for him to confess his share in it. "we'll shake hands an' say 'Adois.' Slim Hoover's probably on our track by this time, but I reckon he'll be some mixed in the trail around the mesa an' give the job up as a had one when he reaches the river. I'll show up on the Lazy K, where the whole outfit will swear I've been fer two days if Hoover picks on me as one uv the men he's been follerin'. You're safe. Nobody 'd put killin' anybody on you, let alone yer ole friend Terrill. Why, you ain't a man yet, Bud, though I don't say it to discourage you. You've made a start, an' some day you won't think no more'n me uv killin' a feller what stan's in yer way. I shouldn't be so turribly surprised if Jack Payson got what's comin' to him some day. But what have you got there, Bud?" he inquired as he saw the young man holding a letter he had withdrawn from the pocket into which he had put the bills.

"Letter I got in Florence yesterday when I was too full to read it," said Bud. He opened it. "Why, it's from Polly!" he exclaimed. "It's an invite—by God, it's an invite to Jack and Echo's wedding! It's tomorrow! The scoundrel has hurried the thing up for fear Dick will get back in time to stop it! Buck McKee, I believe you're right! I could kill Jack Payson with no more pity than I would a rattler or Gila monster!"

At this exhibition of hatred by his companion a new thought flashed suddenly through the Satanic mind of the half breed. It involved an entire change of his plans, but the devilish darning of the conception was irresistible.

"Say," he broke in, with seeming irrelevance, "don't Payson ride a pacin' mare?"

"Yes," answered Bud. "What of it?"

"Oh, nothin'," said McKee. "It jes' struck me as sorter funny—Payson an' pacin', don't you see?"

Bud was mystified. Had his companion gone daft?

McKee saw instantly that it would be very easy to fix the charge of murdering the station agent upon Payson. The ranchman had evidently left the station a short time before the murder and had gone straight south to the Sweetwater. Unless it had become confused with their own tracks the trail would be a plain one owing to the fact that it was made by a pacing horse, and the pursuit would undoubtedly follow this.

Payson rode the only pacing horse in the Sweetwater and Bar One outfits, and it was certain to come to light from Terrill's receipts that he had been with the agent about the time of the killing. The motive for the robbery would be evident. Payson was in need of \$3,000 to pay off the mortgage on his ranch.

McKee said to Bud: "I've changed my mind. I think I'll see a little fun before I break fer Texas. I'll go with you to the wedding."

"But you have had no invite," objected Bud.

"Oh, I reckon they'll take me along on yers! I know too much fer Payson to object to me too strenuous."

They rode up to Allen Hacienda shortly after Slim Hoover had arrived. They could hear the merriment of the wedding guests in the kitchen. Loud laughter was punctuated by the popping of corks, and McKee, who rode in advance of Bud, distinguished the voice of the sheriff in expostulation against the general raillery concentrated upon him.

The half breed grinned wolfishly. It



"Shoot if you want to!"

either by promises of reward or fear of punishment the chances of detection would lessen as the days passed.

"And that will be about twenty-four hours if you don't keep quiet. Why didn't he put up his hands when I holstered? He starts to wrestle an' pull his gun, an' I had to nail him." McKee shuddered in spite of his bravado.

Pulling himself together with an apparent effort, he continued: "We'll hold the money fer a spell, not spend a cent uv it till this thing blows over. They'll never git us. Here, we'll divide it."

"Keep it all. I never want to touch a penny of it," said Bud earnestly, moving along the ground to place a greater distance between him and the murderer.

"Thanks. But you don't git out uv yer part in the holdup that easy. Take yer share or I'll blow it into you," said McKee, pulling his revolver.

Bud, with an effort, arose and walked over to Buck. With clenched fists, in agonized tones, he cried: "Shoot if you want to! I wish I'd never seen you! You dragged me into this! You made me your accomplice in a murder!"

McKee looked at him in amazement. This phase of human character was new to him, trained as he had been on the border, where men rarely suffered with remorse and still more rarely displayed it.

"Shucks! I killed him. You didn't have no hand in it," cried Bud.

was certain that the bloodhound of the law had tracked the supposed murderer just as the real criminal had conjectured and desired.

Polly ran out on the piazza. She saw the man whom she regarded as her lover's evil genius. As he greeted her ingratiatingly, "Howdy, Miss Polly?" she replied sharply:

"You ain't got no invite to this wedding!"

"I come with my friend Bud," he explained, with an elaborate bow.

"I didn't see you, Bud," answered Polly, slightly mollified, as she crossed the doorway to shake hands with her sweetheart. Buck offered her his hand, but she ignored him. McKee shrugged his shoulders and started for the house.

"Bud, he's some east down because it's not his wedding," was McKee's parting shot at the young couple. "I low I'll go in an' join the boys. Excuse me."

"With pleasure," coldly replied the girl.

The half breed ignored the sarcasm, and, answering innocently, "Much obliged," he entered the house.

Polly turned on Bud, displaying her resentment. "You an' him always kick up the devil when you're together. What did you bring him along fer?" she demanded.

"It's his last chance to see any fun around here. He's leaving for Texas," explained Bud.

"Fer how long?"

"Fer good."

"Fer our good, you mean. There's too many of his kind comin' into this country. Did you hear about 'Ole Man' Terrill?"

Bud did not wait for her to explain, but nervously answered: "They told us about it in Florence when we were coming through. We've been at the Lazy K."

"Wasn't it dreadful?" rattled on Polly. "Slim's here. The boys are goin' to turn out with him after the wedding to see if they can catch the feller who did the killin'."

Bud paled as he heard the news. To conceal his distress he moved toward the door—anywhere to get away from the girl to whom he feared he would betray himself. "I'll join 'em," he huskily answered.

Polly, however, could see no reason for his evident haste to leave her.

She felt hurt, but thought his actions were due to her scolding him for being with McKee.

"You ain't ever ast me how I look?" she inquired, seeking to detain him.

"You look fine," complimented Bud perfunctorily.

"When a feller ain't seen a feller in a week, seems like a feller ought to brace up an' start somethin'," replied Polly in an injured tone.

Bud smiled in spite of his fears. Catching the girl in his arms, he kissed her and said, "I was waiting for the chance."

Polly disengaged herself from his embrace and sighed contentedly. "That's somethin' like it. That's the use of bein' engaged to a feller—if you can't have all the trimmin's that goes with it. You look as if you wasn't too happy."

Bud pulled himself together with an effort. He realized that if he did not show more interest in the girl and the wedding he might be suspected of connection with the murder.

He trumped up an explanation of his moodiness.

"Well, what call have I to be happy? Haven't I lost my job?"

"Yes, but that's because you was hot headed an' give your boss too

much lip. But everything will come out all right. Jack says—

"Has that low down liar and thief been coming it over you, Polly? Did he tell you how he gave the place he promised me to Sagebrush?"

"Hello, Polly! Hello, Bud!"

"That wasn't until you give him slack, Bud. An' I'm sure he ain't a thief. Why?"

"Thief! Of course he is, and a blacker hearted one than the man that killed Terrill. Isn't he going to steal my brother Dick's girl this very night?"

"But Dick's dead," expostulated Polly.

"Dick isn't dead. I know it—that is," he stammered. "I feel it in my bones he isn't dead. And Jack feels it too. That's why he's hurried up this wedding."

"But your own friend, Buck McKee, saw Dick just before the Paches killed him."

"But not after it, and Buck now thinks the rurales may have come up in time to save him."

"Seems to me if that's so he has had time enough since then to write," objected Polly, who was nevertheless impressed by Bud's vehemence.

"How do you know that he has not written?"

Polly could only gasp. These accusations were coming too fast for her to answer.

"You can't tell what a man might do in a case like that. Perhaps Dick's away in the mountains, away from the railroad, prospecting down in the Ghost range, where he has been trying to locate the lost lode. There's lots of reasons for his not writing to Echo, but Echo doesn't seem to mind. A year and a half is enough to mend any woman's heart."

"Now, you"—began Polly, who was growing angry under the charges which were being heaped on her two best friends by the overwrought boy.

Bud would not let her finish, but cried: "Echo never loved him. If she did she would not be acting as she is doing tonight."

Rushing to Echo's defense, Polly answered, "She may or may not have loved Dick Lane, but I know that she loves Jack Payson now with all her heart, an' even if the Paches did not get your brother he is as dead to her as if they had."

Polly was startled and confused by Bud's accusations. Accordingly it was a relief to her when Jack Payson appeared on the scene. They had been so interested in their conversation that they did not hear him ride up to the house. "Hello, Polly! Hello, Bud!" were his cordial greetings, for he was determined to ignore his former employee's hostility. Bud did not answer, but looked moodily on the ground.

To eastern eyes Payson's wedding attire would appear most incongruous. About his waist was strapped a revolver. His riding trousers, close fitting and corded, were buttoned over the calves of his legs. Soft, highly polished leather boots reached to his knees. His shirt was of silk, deeply embroidered down the front and at the collar. His jacket gave him ample breathing room about the chest, but tapered at the waist and clung closely over the hips. He wore a sombrero and a knotted silk handkerchief. His face was deeply sunburned except a spot shaped like a crescent just below the hair line on the forehead, which was protected from the sun by the hat and the shade of the brim. A similar line of fairer skin ran around the edge of the scalp, beginning over the ears. His hair shaded the upper part of his neck from the sun's rays. When his hair was trimmed the untanned part showed as plainly as if painted. It is the mark of the plainsman in a city or on a holiday.

"Well, it's about time that you got here," said Polly, with a sigh of relief. "Where have you been?"

"I stopped over at Sam Terrill's to see about something that I ordered from Kansas City. Then I had to go back to my ranch."

Bud started guiltily. Forgetting his determination to ignore Payson, he asked anxiously, "You didn't see Terrill, did you?"

"Oh, yes. Why do you ask?"

Polly laid her hand on Payson's arm and told him briefly of the shooting of Terrill.

"Who shot him?" he asked when she had finished.

"They don't know. He was robbed of a pile of money. Slim Hoover's just rode over to get a posse," she replied, looking toward the door. At this bit of information Payson became anxious about the plans for his wedding. The ceremony was uppermost in his mind at the time.

"Well, he can get one after the wedding." Then he asked, "Is the minister here yet?"

Polly laughingly replied: "You're feelin' pretty spry now, but you'll be as meek as a baby calf in a little while. In this section a bridegroom is treated worse than a tenderfoot."

Payson smiled. He knew he was in for a thorough hazing by the boys. "That's all right. I'll get back at you some day, when you and Bud"—

Polly interrupted him with a remark about minding his own business.

Bud avoided entering into the conversation. He had walked toward the door and was standing on the steps when he answered for Polly.

"Looks as if your chances of getting even with us is a long way off," he said. Turning, he entered the house to join the other guests, who, by the noise, were enjoying Allen's importations from Tucson to the bottom of every glass.

Polly looked after Bud, smiling quizzically. "Bud's mighty hopeful, ain't he? Ain't you happy?"

"You bet! Don't I look it?" cried Jack, rubbing his hands. "Never thought I could be so happy. A fellow doesn't get married every day in the week."

"Not unless he lives in Chicago. I hear it's the habit there," answered Polly.

"The sweetest girl in the territory"—began Jack.

"You bet she is!" Polly broke in. "If

you just want to keep her lovin' an' lovin' you, all you've got to do is to treat her white an' play square with her."

"Play square with her," thought Payson. Was he playing square with her? He knew that he was not, but the chance of losing her was too great for him to risk.

"For if you ain't on the level with Echo Allen—well, you might as well crawl out of camp. That's the kind of girl she is!" Polly exclaimed loyally.

(Continued)

Church Directory

Methodist Episcopal Church.
Corner Chelan and Orondo.
H. L. BEIGHTOL, Pastor.
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Morning Service 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.
Junior League 3:00 p. m.
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.
Class Meeting 7 p. m.

Christian Church.
Corner Chelan and Palouse.
A. J. ADAMS, Pastor.
Bible School 10:00 a. m.
Morning Service 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.

First Baptist Church.
Corner Chelan and First.
E. O. JESSUP, Pastor.
Bible School 10:00 a. m.
Morning Service 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.
B. Y. P. U. 6:30 p. m.

Catholic Church.
Corner Chelan and Spokane.
FATHER VANDE WALL, Priest.

The Church of Christ
One Mile South of Town.
Ministers
S. O. POOL, L. F. CLIPP and
CHAS. HARDMAN.
Bible Reading 10:30 a. m.
Preaching 7:30 p. m.

Presbyterian Church.
Corner Chelan and Palouse.
DR. STEVENSON, Pastor.
Sunday Sch'l & Bible Cl. 10:00 a. m.
Morning Service 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.
Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m.

Episcopal Church
Corner Chelan and First
F. STUART HYATT, Minister.
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Morning Prayer 11:00 a. m.
Evening Service 7:30 p. m.

FAMILIES NEEDING ASSISTANCE
The attention of the charitably inclined people of the city is called to several families living east of the railroad tracks. The families are living in shacks and have suffered severely from the recent cold weather. In one family the husband is very ill from tuberculosis, there are a number of children and the mother is forced to accept charity in order to exist. Several more families in that section are in extreme need and help from the people of the city is requested. Those having clothing, provisions or money to assist these people are requested to leave such at the store of Halbert & Webber and they will reach the needy people.

Wenatchee has had but few needy people in its history and those who have been unfortunate should be assisted by those in shape to spare a few of the requisites of life.

STEMILT HILL ITEMS.
The weather continues very cold, the thermometer still registering below zero.

W. E. Porter and Henry Steffen went to Wenatchee Saturday.

The Adventist meetings have been discontinued until warmer weather.

George Fletcher went to Wenatchee Saturday.

Henry Nelson and son came up to their ranch Monday.

W. E. Porter hauled hay to Wenatchee Thursday.

Don't forget the Sunday school at the school house every Sunday at 11 o'clock. Everybody cordially invited.

Rev. Ludland, the Methodist minister of Wenatchee Heights, has been around on the hill visiting and expects to hold services Sunday, January 24 at three o'clock.

Dan Chisholm and John Jennings hauled lumber to Wenatchee Tuesday.

Will Donegan is hauling hay to Malaga for Henry Will.

The Stemilt Hill Telephone company held another business meeting at the school house. The company is now incorporated and certificates of stock are being sold.

This is fine weather for putting up ice; the ice being from 2 to 14 inches thick.

Mrs. N. J. Drum of Cashmere is a business caller here today and also calling on old friends.

A New Ideal Hand Laundry

The best of work guaranteed. Family Washing a Specialty. 220 North D Street, Phone 1072.

Mrs. L. Dunham

Eagle Transfer Co.

INC.
CITY DRAY AND TRANSFER
Special Attention to Baggage. Bus to All Trains and Boats.
WENATCHEE, WASH.
Phone 1101

Expert Orchardist

Twenty years experience pruning, grafting and budding according to latest approved methods. All kinds of trees and shrubs affected with the various diseases peculiar to this section skillfully and successfully treated. All work guaranteed.

J. S. YOUNG

Hotel Roosevelt
Phone 1254

Hustling

But at your service. Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing. Hotel calls given prompt attention.
Phone 1251. That's us.

UNION DYE WORKS

Cor. Wenatchee Ave. and First Street.

Skating Rink

Open Week Days—2 to 5 P. M.
Evenings—7:30 to 10:15.
FREE INSTRUCTION TO BEGINNERS
10c General Admission.
Free admission in the afternoon
25c for Skates in evening.

Fruit Land

½ acres for \$6,000. 370 trees in bearing. Best varieties. Good house and barn. Picked 1500 boxes in 1908. Will be increased this season. Located close to town. Cash and terms.

5 acres, of which there are four acres in trees set last year. 4 inch water right. Will sell the whole tract for \$2,500. Cash \$500, balance easy terms.

5½ acres at Sunnyslope. Good house, barn and packing house. 30 trees in bearing. Balance in trees 1-3 years old. \$5000.

5½ acres with 500 trees. Lays nice 2nd level. Soil deep. Price \$3,000. A decided bargain. Terms.

Lake & Rickerd

OPENED A SEATTLE OFFICE.
A. L. Maltbie has opened a realty office in the Empire building, Seattle, and is the Seattle representative of the Wenatchee Valley Realty company. He is making a specialty of Wenatchee valley lands. Mr. Maltbie writes that he is much pleased with the World, and says that he reads it daily with a great deal of interest.