

Going Some

A Romance of Strenuous Affection
By REX BEACH
Suggested by the Play by Rex Beach and Paul Armstrong
Illustrated by Edgar Bert Smith

[CONTINUED.]

Stover addressed himself to Fresno, who had gone pale, and was still prostrate where he had fallen.

"Get up, Mr. Berkeley, but don't make no more moves like that behind a man's back. He most got you."

Fresno arose in a daze and mopped his brow, mumbling, weakly: "I—I didn't mean to."

Carara and Mr. Cloudy came out from cover whither they had fled at Willie's first movement.

"I dreamed about that feller agin last night," apologized the little man. "I'm sort of nervous, and any sudden noise sets me off."

As for Glass, that corpulent individual had disappeared as if into thin air; only a stir in one of the bunks betrayed his hiding place. At the first sight of Willie's revolver he had dived for a refuge and was now flattened against the wall, a pillow pressed over his head to deaden the expected report.

"Hey!" called the foreman, but Glass did not hear him.

"Seems to be gun-shy," observed Willie, gently.

Stover crossed to the bunk and laid a hand upon the occupant, at which a convulsion ran through the trainer's soft body, and it became as rigid as if locked in death. "Come out, Mr. Glass, it's all over."

Larry muttered in a stifled voice, "Go 'way!"

"It was a mistake."

He opened his tight-shut lids, rolled over, and thrust forth a round, pallid face. He saw Stover laughing, and beheld the white teeth of Carara, the Mexican, who said:

"Perhaps the Senor is sleepy!"

Finding himself the object of what seemed to him a particularly senseless joke, the New Yorker crept forth, his face suffused with anger. Strangely enough, he still retained the pipe in his fingers.

"Say, are youse guys tryin' to kid me?" he demanded, roughly. Now that no firearm was in sight, he was master of himself again; and seeing the cause of his undignified alarm leaning against the table, he stepped toward him threateningly. "If you try that again, young feller, I'll chip you on the jaw, and give you a long, dreamy nap." He thrust a short, square flat under Willie's nose.

That scholarly gentleman straightened up, and edged his way to one side, Glass following aggressively.

"You're a husky, ain't you?" said the little man, squinting up at the red face above him.

"Am I?" Glass snorted. "Take a good look!" With deliberate menace he bumped violently into the other. It was with difficulty he could restrain himself from crushing him.

Stover gasped and retreated, while Carara crossed himself, then sidled back of a bunk. Mr. Cloudy stepped silently out through the open door and held his thumbs.

"You start to kid me and I'll wallop you—"

"One moment!" Willie was transfigured suddenly. An instant since he had been a stoop-shouldered, short-sighted, insignificant person, more gentle mannered than a child, but in a flash he became a palpitating fury: an evil atom surcharged with such terrific venom that his antagonist drew back involuntarily. "Don't you make no threat'nin' moves in my direction, or you'll go East in an ice-bath!" He was panting as if the effort to hold himself in leash was almost more than he could stand.

"G'wan!" said Glass, thickly.

"You're deluded with the idea that the Constitution made all men equal, but it didn't; it was Mr. Colt." With a movement quicker than light the speaker drew his gun for the second time, and buried half the barrel in the New Yorker's ribs.

"Look out!" Glass barked the words, and undertook to deflect the weapon with his hand.

"Let it alone or it'll go off!"

Glass dropped his hand as if it had been burned, and stared down his bulging front with horrified, fascinated eyes.

"Now, listen. We've stood for you as long as we can. You've made your talk and got away with it, but from now on you're working for us. We've framed a foot-race, and put up our panga because you said you had a champion. Now, we ain't sayin' you lied—cause if we thought you had, I'd gun-shoot you here, now." Willie paused, while Glass licked his lips and undertook to frame a reply. The black muzzle of the weapon hovering near his heart, however, stupefied him. Mechanically he thrust the stem of his pipe between his lips while Willie continued to glare at him balefully.

"You're boss is a guest, but you ain't. We can talk plain to you."

"Yes—of course."

"You said just now you'd answer for him with your life. Well, we ain't

to make you! We ain't a-goin' to lose this foot-race under no circumstances whatever, so we give you complete authority over the body, health, and speed of Mr. Speed. It's up to you to make him beat that cook."

"S-s-suppose he gets sick or sprains his ankle?" Glass undertook to move his body from in front of the weapon, but it followed him as if magnetized.

"There ain't a-goin' to be no accidents or excuses. It's pay or play, money at the tape. You're his trainer, and it's your fault if he ain't fit when he toes the mark. Understand?"

Willie lowered the muzzle of his weapon, and fired between the legs of Glass, who leaped into the air with all the grace of a gazelle. It was due to no conscious action on his part that the trainer leaped; his muscles were stimulated spasmodically, and propelled him from the floor.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Willie, in a voice that sounded like the sawing of a meat bone.

Glass opened his mouth, and when no sound issued, nodded.

"And you understand?"

Again the trainer bobbed his head.

"Then I guess that's all. It's up to you." Willie replaced his gun, and the fat man threatened to fall. "Come on, boys!" The cowboys fled out silently, but on the threshold Willie paused and darted a venomous glance at his enemy. "Don't forget what I said about Mr. Colt and the equality of man."

"Yes, sir!—yes, ma'am!" ejaculated the frightened trainer, nervously. When they were gone he collapsed.

"They are rather severe, aren't they?" ventured Fresno.

"Severe!" cried the unhappy man. "Why, Speed can't—" He was about to explain everything when the memory of Willie's words smote him like a blow. That fiend had threatened to kill him, Lawrence Glass, without preliminary if it became evident that a fraud had been practiced. Manifestly this was no place for hysterical confidences. Larry's mouth closed like a trap, while the Californian watched him intently. At length he did speak.

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"But nobody is going to shoot you!" exclaimed the mystified college man.

"They ain't, hey? I missed the Golden Stairs by a lip not half an hour ago." With feverish intensity he told his narrow escape from destruction, the memory bringing a sweat of agony to his brow. "And the worst of it is," he concluded, "I'm marked with guns. I've always been that way."

"Tut! tut! Don't alarm yourself. If Covington shouldn't come, the race will be declared off."

"No chance," announced the trainer, with utter conviction. "These thugs have made it pay or play, and the bets are down."

"You know I can't run."

"If he don't come, you'll have to!" "Absurd! I shall be indisposed."

"If you mean you'll get sick, or sprain an ankle, or break a leg, or kill yourself, guess again. I'm responsible for you now. Something 's goin' wrong with me, but nothin' is goin' to happen to you. My only chance to make a live of it is to get some one to outrun this cook. You're the only chance I've got, if Culver don't show, and the first law of nature ain't never been repealed."

"Self-protection, eh?"

"Exactly." Glass coughed thrice without result, stepped off the prayer-rug, rolled it up tightly; then, hugging it beneath his arm, went on: "That four-eyed guy slipped me a whole lot of feed-box information. Why, he's a killer, Wally! And he's got a cash-register to tally his dead."

"Notches on his gun-handle, I suppose?"

"So many that it looks like his wife had used it to hang pictures with. I tell you, he's the most deceitful rummy I ever seen. What's more, he's got the homicide habit, and the habit has got its eye on me." Glass was in deadly earnest, and his alarm contrasted so strongly with his former contemptuous attitude toward the cowboys that Speed was constrained to laugh again.

"It's the most amusing thing I ever heard of."

"Yes," said the trainer, with elaborate sarcasm, "it would be awful funny if it wasn't on the square." He moistened his lip nervously.

"You alarm yourself unnecessarily. We'll hear from Culver soon, either by wire or in person. He's never failed me yet. But if I were you, Larry, I'd leave that Mexican girl alone."

"Mary?"

"Yes, Mariadetta. Now, there's something to be afraid of. If these cowboys are in love with her and have their eyes on you—"

"Come in!"

Senor Aurelio Maria Carara entered. He was smoking his customary corn-husk cigarette, but his dark eyes were grave and his slitten mustaches were pointed to the fineness of a bristle.

CHAPTER X.

BUENOS dias, Senor." Carara bowed politely to Speed.

"Good-morning again," said Wally.

Turning to the trainer, Carara eyed him from top to toe, removed his cigarette, and flipped the ashes daintily from it; then, smiling disdainfully, said:

"Buenos dias, Senor Fat!"

Glass started. "You talkin' to me?"

"Yes." Carara leaned languidly against the wall, took a match from his pocket, and dextrously struck it between the nails of his thumb and finger. He breathed his lungs full of smoke and exhaled it through his nose. "I would have spit to you before, but the Senor Fat is—he shrugged his shoulders—"frighten" so bad he will not understand. So—I come back."

"Who's scared?" said Glass, gruffly.

Carara turned his palm outward, in gentle apology.

"You been talk' a gret deal to my Senorita—to Mariadetta, eh?"

"Oh, the Cuban Queen!" Glass winked openly at Speed. "Sure! I slip her a laugh now and then."

"She is not Cubana, she is Mexicana," said Carara, politely.

"Well, what d'you think of that! I thought she was a Cuban." Glass began to chuckle.

"Senor Fat," broke in the Mexican sharply, while Larry winced at the distasteful appellation, "she is my Senorita!"

"Is she? Well, I can't help it if she falls for me." The speaker cast an appreciative glance at his employer. "And you can cut out that 'Senor Fat,' because it don't go—"

Then he gasped, for Carara slowly drew from inside his shirt a long, thin-bladed knife bearing marks of recent grinding, and his black eyes snapped. His face had become ind-

denly convulsed, while his voice rang with the tone of chilled metal. Glass retreated a step, a shudder ran through him, and his eyes riveted themselves upon the weapon with horrified intensity.

"Listen, Pig! If you spik to her again, I will cut you." The gaze of the Mexican pierced his victim. "I will not keel you, I will just—cut you!"

Speed, who had sat in open-mouthed amazement during the scene, pinched himself. Like Larry, he could not remove his gaze from the swarthy man. He pulled himself together with an effort, however, undertaking to divert the present trend of the conversation.

"Where will you cut him?" he asked, pleasantly, more to make conversation than from any lingering question as to the precise location.

"Here." Carara turned the blade against himself, and traced a cross upon his front, whereupon the trainer surged and laid protecting hands upon his protruding abdomen. "You spik Spanish?"

"No." Glass shook his head.

"But you understand 'w'at I try to say?"

"Yes—oh yes—I'm hep all right."

"And the Senor Fat will r-remember?"

"Sure!" Glass sighed miserably, and tearing his eyes away from the glittering blade, rolled them toward

his employer. "I don't want her! Mr. Speed knows I don't want her!"

Carara bowed. "And the Senor Fat will not spik wit' her again?"

"No!"

"Gracias, Senor! I thank you!"

"You're welcome!" agreed the New Yorker, with repressed feeling.

"Adios! Adios, Senor Speed!"

"Goodby!" exclaimed the two in chorus.

Carara returned the knife to its hiding-place, swept the floor gracefully with his sombrero, then placing the spangled head-piece at an exact angle upon his raven locks, lounged out, his silver spurs tinkling in the silence.

Glass took a deep breath.

"He doesn't mean to kill you—just cut you," said Speed.

"I got it," declared the other, fervently. Again he laid repressing hands upon his bulging front and looked down at it tenderly. "They've all got it in for my pad, haven't they?"

"I told you to keep away from that girl."

"Humph!" Glass spoke with soulful conviction. "Take it from me, Bo, I'll walk around her as if she was a lake. Who'd ever think that chorus-man was a killer?"

"Surely you don't care for her seriously?"

"Not now. I—I love my Cuban, (To Be Continued.)"

Better than Spanking.

Spanking will not cure children of wetting the bed, because it is not a habit but a dangerous disease. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co., Dept. B497 Chicago, Ill., have discovered a strictly harmless remedy for this distressing disease and to make known its merits they will send a 50c package securely wrapped and prepaid Absolutely Free to any reader of The Review.

This remedy also cures frequent desire to urinate and inability to control urine during the night or day in old or young. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co. is an Old Reliable House; write to them to-day for the free medicine. Cure the afflicted members of your family, then tell your neighbors and friends about this remedy.

Sheriff's Sale.

By virtue of an execution, issued out of and under the Seal of the District Court, in and for the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, upon a judgment rendered and docketed in the said Court, on the 28th day of November 1913 in an action wherein John Hagenstein Brewing Co., a corporation, is Plaintiff, and A. C. Klein, is Defendant, in favor of the said Plaintiff and against the said Defendant, for the sum of Eight Hundred Ninety and 70/100 (\$890.70) Dollars, which Execution was directed and delivered to me as Sheriff in and for the said County of Brown, I have this 25th day of April, 1914, levied upon all the right, title and interest of the said defendant A. C. Klein in and to the following described

Lot One (1) of Block Three (3) of the Village of Cobden, according to the recorded plat of said village on file and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said County of Brown and State of Minnesota.

Also on Lots Four (4) and (5) of Block Five (5) of the Village of Comfrey, according to the recorded plat of said village on file and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said County of Brown and State of Minnesota.

All of the foregoing described premises being in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota.

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned Sheriff as aforesaid, will sell the above described real property to the highest bidder, for cash, at public auction, at the front door of the Court House in the City of New Ulm in the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, on Monday the 28th day of June 1914 at ten o'clock of that day to satisfy the said Execution together with the interest and costs thereon.

Dated April 25th 1914.

W. J. JULIUS, Sheriff of Brown County, Minnesota.

SOMSEN, DEMPSKY & MUELLER, Attys. for judgment Creditor.

New Ulm, Minnesota. 18-23

Hill vs. Bin Selection of Seed Potatoes.

By A. R. KOHLER, Assistant Horticulturist, University Farm, St. Paul.

The selection of the most productive hills of potatoes for seed is probably better in most cases than no selection, and the selection of the best tubers regardless of hills is undoubtedly better than no selection.

Experiments were started at University Farm by the writer in the fall of 1907 in which the selection of the best hills was compared with the selection of the best tubers and was continued for three years. There were fifty-five lots in the trial in 1908, sixty-six in 1909 and sixty-six in 1910. These included twenty-seven lots which were in the test continually through three years, thirty-five through two years, and thirty-seven for only one year. The average gains in yield of marketable potatoes for all of the tests were as follows: 2.78 per cent in favor of hill selection in 1908; 1.63 per cent in favor of bin selection in 1909; 15.62 per cent in favor of bin selection in 1910.

Further results bearing on this problem were secured in 1911. Twenty-nine hills composed of round tubers of the Sir Walter Raleigh variety were selected at digging time in 1910. In 1911 three hills were planted from each tuber of each of the hills. In the fall the hills were weighed separately and all of the hills from each of the parent hills used in computing the average productiveness. The results were as follows:

(a) Nine small parent hills averaging 15.8 ounces had an average productiveness of twenty ounces.

(b) Twelve medium parent hills averaging 24.4 ounces had an average productiveness of 24.1 ounces.

(c) Eight large parent hills averaging 32.3 ounces had an average productiveness of 19.8 ounces.

It is thus evident that the medium sized hills were the most productive. As most of the hills in a field of potatoes are of medium size, and as they have better shaped tubers than small or large hills, it becomes evident that in the selection of the best tubers from the bin the most of them come from the medium sized hills, which were found to be the most productive.

Therefore, with these data as proof, the writer considers that the selection of the best tubers regardless of hills is better than the ordinary selection of the best hills for planting. The results of these experiments will be stated more fully in later publications.

There is still time for the selection of the best tubers for planting in a seed plot. The seed plot should be a piece of new or otherwise fertile land, and should be given extra preparation and extra cultivation during the season. By selection and use of the seed plot degeneration will be held in check and in many cases will be entirely overcome.

MINNESOTA WEEDS BULLETIN

How to Recognize and Destroy the Pests.

Do you know the common Minnesota weeds as they come through the ground, and at different stages of their growth? Are you familiar with the best methods of destroying them or preventing their spread? Can you recognize their seed among the oats, wheat, rye or barley you want to sow? If not, write today to University Farm for a copy of Bulletin 129 of the Agricultural Experiment Station. By means of drawings and descriptions W. L. Oswald, assistant botanist, enables you to recognize the plant and seed of twenty-four of Minnesota's common weeds. When you have identified the pest which is causing you so much trouble Professor Andrew Boss' clear directions in this bulletin will enable you to apply the most practical and successful methods of destroying your plant enemy.

A slight cold in a child or a grown person holds possibilities of a grave nature. Croup may come on suddenly, bronchitis or pneumonia may develop, severe catarrhal troubles and consumption are possible results. Foley's Honey and Tar Compound nips a cold at the outset, cures croup quickly, checks a deep-seated cough, and heals inflamed membranes. For sale by O. M. Olsen.

Order for Hearing proofs of will.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court. Special Term. May 3rd, 1914.

In the Matter of the Estate of Christian Filzen, deceased.

Whereas, an instrument in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Christian Filzen, late of said county, has been delivered to this court;

And whereas, Francis M. Filzen has filed therewith her petition, representing among other things that said Christian Filzen died in said county on the 21st day of April A. D. 1913, testate and that said petitioner is the sole executrix named in said last will and testament, and praying that said instrument may be admitted to probate, and that letters testamentary be to her issued thereon;

It is Ordered, that the proofs of said instrument and the said petition, be heard before this Court, at the Probate Office in the Court House in the City of New Ulm, in said County, on the 3rd day of June A. D. 1914, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, when all concerned may appear and contest the probate of said instrument.

And it is further ordered, that public notice of the time and place of said hearing be given to all persons interested, by publication of a copy of this order for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published at the City of New Ulm, in said county.