

# SAMARITAN SAM'S ROUNDUP

*Sam Jones Teaches the Law  
Guardian of San Benito  
a New Trick or Two!*

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**S**AMARITAN SAM JONES, looking like a gaunt and tattered ghost in the greying dawn, pulled his blue-ticked roan to a stand on the crest of a juniper ridge.

Blanket-roll and warbag, lashed to the cantle of his saddle, indicated that Samaritan was again on the move. He was. And being then in the most rugged and likewise the most lawless section of the state of New Mexico, he moved with caution.

Sam was not quite sure what it was that had caused him to halt. It had sounded like pistol-shots: two of them, close together, and at no great distance off. He bent his head in a listening attitude.

*Pop! Pop!*

*Wham! Wham! Wham!*

First, two reports from a small-caliber revolver, and instantly thereafter the roaring bellow of a .45!



*He fired again and again*

Sam looked down at what he could see of the wide wash below him, called Crowfoot Canyon. There was nothing much that he could make out. The creek which threaded the sandy bottom of the canyon was throwing off its usual morning mist. White puffs of it boiled up and brushed Sam's face.

More reports from below. The small-caliber gun, the spiteful crack of a rifle, the sullen blasts of .45s.

Down on the floor of the canyon, not more than two hundred yards from where the lone rider sat, jets of flame stabbed the misty curtain. Like the play of lightning behind a filmy cloud.

There was a desperate battle going on in Crowfoot. No doubt about that now. But Sam remained where he was. It was not his battle. Trouble in plenty always managed to find Samaritan Sam Jones, without his having to hunt it. Sam didn't want trouble. He only wanted to ride peacefully abroad in search of a job.

**T**HE mist began to rise, scatter. On the canyon's floor a yellow patch appeared, like a lamp burning behind a gauzy curtain. The yellow patch expanded, reached upward—

"Somethin' been set on fire," Sam grunted.

Something had. The scattering mist revealed glimpses of the scene below, and Samaritan saw that a vehicle of some sort was blazing high. There was considerable activity about the blaze, he also observed. Two men had dropped the traces of a team of broncs, led them off from the burning vehicle and dropped their neck-yoke. Then, with a slap on the rump of each bronc, the team was sent careening wildly down the wash.

The risen sun shot its rays into the canyon, dissipated the misty pall and bathed the bottom in a garish glow. Four

mounted men, grouped together about fifty feet from the burning buckboard, were revealed.

Sam scanned the men intently. He made out that one of them forked a calico bronc, another a bay with white stockings, the remaining two light claybanks. The men appeared to be conferring with each other. Then, abruptly, the man on the bay bronc wheeled and rode rapidly up the canyon toward the east. The other three watched him go for a moment; then they too departed, riding rapidly toward the west.

The fire blazed on. There was no further movement on the floor of the canyon.

Sam sat his horse without moving. He was thinking.

"All that bombardment," his thoughts ran, "musta meant curtains for somebody. At least, somebody musta got bad shot up. Reckon I'll just hafta go an' see. If there's nobody alive down there, I'll ride on. A feller couldn't hardly git in no trouble, jest ridin' down there an' then ridin' off."

He located a cow-trail down into the canyon, and presently drew up to the scene of the battle. The vehicle, a buckboard, had been consumed, only its metal parts remaining to tell what it had been. But Sam was not regarding the burned vehicle.

Back of an outcropping of granite lay a dead man, face turned up to the sky, glazed eyes wide open. A middle-aged man, clothed in a business suit. A man Sam had never seen before. Near his right hand lay a .38 caliber revolver.

Fifty feet farther on, sprawled face downward in what passed for a trail, lay the body of a second man. He was clothed in levis, scuffed boots and a flannel shirt. The walnut butt of a .45 protruded from beneath his body.

Sam dismounted, turned the second man over, then let him drop back on his

face again. The second man was a stranger too.

"A holdup," Sam said succinctly. "All the earmarks of one—"

He broke off, eyes fixed on the ground beyond the heap of smoking ashes. Something glittered in the early morning sun. He retrieved it from the ground, glanced at it and nodded understandingly.

It was a silver concho, a burnished disc about the size of a half-dollar. It was threaded with a buckskin thong, and the thong had been cut. One-half of the disk was bent upward where, undoubtedly, a bullet had struck the under side. A bullet which had then cut the leather thong.

"One o' them bullies," Sam reflected, "likes fancy fixin's on his chaps. Well, he's shy one of 'em now. Reckon I'll keep it, jest for luck."

Sam mounted and rode—but he headed directly east toward San Benito. San Benito wasn't much in the way of a town. A few stores, dwellings, cattle-loading chutes and pens. Its only other claim to importance lay in the fact that it was the county seat of the western district of San Benito County.

**T**HE sun was not yet three hours high when Samaritan returned to the scene of the killings. He was accompanied by Deputy Sheriff Plunket, Coroner Crowder, and several citizens of the town. Other early riders had discovered the crime, and had remained on the scene. A dozen men, all told, looked on in grim-faced silence while the sheriff and the coroner made their investigation.

"Bob Halliday!" Deputy Plunket exclaimed, after one glance at the man back of the outcropping. "And Pete Olds! Godalmighty—they had the Blue Butte mine payroll with 'em, I make no doubt!"

"Since when," asked a gaunt, hatchet-faced, hook-nosed citizen of San Benito,

"has the Blue Butte outfit been takin' their payroll in over this route?"

"Since they was held up an' robbed over Lost Canyon way," the deputy told him. "Halliday and Pete been drivin' to San Benito, takin' the train from there to Socorro, comin' back early and sneakin' th' money in over this old trail. But somebody got wise to that!"

"Somebody did!"

The hook-nosed man turned bleak eyes upon Samaritan. He nodded slowly, significantly, and repeated:

"Somebody did!"

The speaker was Marsh Craig, proprietor of the general store in San Benito. A man of substance and influence. Deputy Plunket looked inquiringly at Craig, received a slight nod from him, then turned to inspect Samaritan Sam.

Sam, now cold-eyed with suspicion, sustained the deputy's look, his face expressionless.

"How did yuh happen to know about this?" Craig demanded of Sam, before Plunket had a chance to speak.

"Yuh happen to be a sorta ramrod around here?" Sam wanted to know.

Craig's eyes slitted, and the lines about his mouth tightened.

"Well, hombre," Deputy Plunket cut in tersely, "answer civil questions when they're asked yuh! Howcome yuh to know about this?"

Sam explained in a few terse words. He pointed out the trail he had made in riding down from the crest, but the trails laid by the man who had ridden east and those riding west, after the killing, could not be picked out from those of others since arriving on the scene.

Plunket and Marsh Craig stepped aside and conferred in low tones. Then Plunket turned to Sam.

"Yuh better ride back with us, feller," he said, eyeing the lean puncher curiously.

"Might be we'll wanta ask yuh some more questions."

Sam nodded. "I was ridin' that direction, anyhow," he said.

On the ride back to San Benito, Samaritan found himself sandwiched between the deputy and the hooknosed merchant. He was being closely watched. Samaritan knew what that meant.

"I got it comin' to me!" he thought bitterly. "Coulda rode on an' let somebody else report the killin'—but I didn't have sense enough to do that!"

Sam knew very well where he would presently land. In the calaboose at the county seat. He'd be locked up on suspicion, and then things might begin to happen. Men in that part of New Mexico were noted for having quick-trigger passions. The killing of Halliday and Olds had been singularly cold-blooded in character. Murder for money—and coolly planned and executed.

It was in the cards that Judge Lynch might go into a session soon—and Samaritan Sam Jones—

Sam's teeth came together with a snap. That was a chance he didn't mean to take!

They rode down the single street of the cow town and stopped in front of a ramshackle building which served as a courthouse. Deputy Plunket and the hook-nosed Craig rode aside and talked things over. Craig spoke earnestly and with heat, gesturing toward Sam at frequent intervals. Finally Plunket rode up in front of the lank range tramp.

"Feller," he said, eyeing Sam uneasily, "I ain't a man that likes to make trouble for them as don't deserve it. Don't like to take an' throw a feller in jail, unless I'm satisfied he's deservin' of it. But there's considerable doubt about yuh, feller. Yuh're a stranger in these parts, an', to tell the truth, yuh don't look none too prosperous. Reckon yuh better stick right

here in town for a while. I'm callin' th' sheriff at Socorro. What he says to do about yuh, I'm goin' to do that same. Stick here, an' don't try to leave."

Sam nodded his understanding. "Reckon this here pore excuse for a town," he queried, "has got a livery barn?"

"Right on up the street," Plunket told him. "Yuh'll know it when yuh see it. What yuh aimin' to do?"

"Put up my bronc, give him a feed, then feed myself," Sam said shortly.

"All right. But if yuh try to ride fer it—yuh're goin' to be a lot outa luck!"

Sam rode up the dusty street a short distance and spied the open doors of the livery barn on his right. As he was about to turn in, a hail came from back of him.

"Hi, there—wait a minnit, feller!"

It was Deputy Plunket hailing, and he was riding toward Sam. Craig was riding around a corner just below.

"Come back here!" Plunket called menacingly. "Reckon I'll lock yuh up, after all!"

Sam had his own ideas about that. A glance down the runway inside the livery barn had disclosed the fact that the rear doors were wide open too. He leaped Buster inside the stable, touched him with spurs. An instant later he had passed through the barn and was in an alley back of it. He leaped Buster over a fence.

"Stop, there! Halt—damn you!"

The hook-nosed merchant was in the alley. He fired, just as Sam's roan leaped the fence. He fired again and again. Lead whined near the gaunt puncher—but that wasn't his day to stop.

Ten minutes later, Samaritan was under cover of the brush which clothed the north slope of Blacktop Mountain—and, for the time at least, safe.

**H**IGHER up the slope, Sam came upon a trail which lay along a narrow

bench, and he headed down it toward the west. Vaguely, he knew the trail. It led into Lobo Canyon, and, if followed through the canyon, eventually joined a highway into Silver City.

Sam jogged along, face grave, eyes slitted. Always before, he had been free to ride the ranges as he wished. To come and go as he pleased. Now—he was a fugitive. Suspected of murder and robbery!

“Jest two things I can do,” he concluded finally. “I kin either take me a long ride, or produce th’ kiutes that done it. That feller on the calico bronc, now,” he went on reflectively. “Reckon he’s the one that had the concho shot off his chaps. He kinda glittered down there when the sun struck him, an’ he’s th’ onliest one that did. A sporty cowboy. Silver dinguses on his chaps, an’ ten to one, silver studs in his hatband. Reckon, mebbe, I better see kin I locate that snake!”

Sam had a pretty good idea about where the hunting would be good. Lobo Canyon. Rough, broken, practically valueless for any legitimate purposes, it had long been a hideaway for men on the dodge. Every foot of it was dangerous ground. Dangerous to strangers, and especially dangerous for anybody suspected of being hooked up with the law.

But Sam had ridden dangerous lands before, and he wasn’t particularly concerned about the hazards Lobo would offer him. All that concerned him at the moment was to get himself clear of the laws clutches—and he knew there was only one way in which that could be done.

He decided to have a try at it.

“Might as well git shot up in Lobo,” he reasoned, “as be hung back in San Benito.”

Three of the bandits had ridden west, and westward lay Lobo Canyon. One had ridden east, and eastward lay San Benito.

Sam did not overlook the significance of that split-up after the robbery. But—he’d try Lobo first.

IT was well after noon when Sam rode down a long hogback, crossed a narrow gulch and found himself at the mouth of Lobo Canyon. He also found himself in Lobo Springs, a scattering of hovels centered about a store and saloon which stood right in the canyon’s mouth. He rode along the tortuous trail past the store and saloon, nodded to half a dozen men lounging about, got stares only in reply, and was not challenged until he drew up at a trough to give Buster water.

A big man with a beard came onto the veranda of the general store.

“Howdy, pilgrim!” he called. “Yuh jest ridin’, or be yuh goin’ somewheres?”

“Goin’ somewheres,” Sam replied shortly. “Silver City.”

“This here ain’t the shortest road to Silver!”

“It’s the road I’m ridin’,” Sam pointed out briefly—and rode on. “Hostile sorta place,” he reflected. “Wouldn’t wonder if a feller couldn’t git in a heap of trouble back there. No, sir—I wouldn’t wonder a-tall!”

An hour later, Sam became convinced that trouble was characteristic not only of Lobo Springs, but the whole of Lobo Canyon.

As he rode a narrow trail between the steep, unbroken sides of the gloomy canyon, he heard the clicking of shod hoofs on the rocks. He hitched his gunbelt up, and rode warily.

A rider appeared abruptly from around a turn. He rode at a hand-gallop—and forked a calico bronc. The rider spied Sam, and pulled down to a walk. They approached each other, both watchful.

“Howdy,” Sam greeted, as they met.

The other nodded, but did not speak.

He rode on. Sam, his blood running a bit hotter in his veins than it had been a moment before, continued his way—with now and then a glance back over a shoulder.

The rider of the paint-horse was doing the same. Glancing back over a shoulder at Sam.

Then they passed from each other's sight.

"Meanest face I ever saw, in this or any other man's country!" Sam exclaimed, his brow corrugated. "Silver dinguses on th' seams of his chaps, an' silver studs in his hatband. An'—he rides a paint-hoss!"

The puncher had not had a chance to see whether or not one of those "silver dinguses" was missing from a seam of the stranger's chaps—but he knew in his mind that he had, thus early in the game, come spang onto the man he was hunting!

What next? Sam didn't quite know.

"One thing to tree yore coon an' take him, another to git him outa this here gopher-hole," he reflected. "But, somehow or other, it's gotta be done—"

"Hold it, hombre!"

Sam brought Buster back abruptly on his haunches. A voice had challenged from a clump of laurel just ahead. The brush parted, and the barrel of a rifle came through—to be followed by a boy in scuffed, brush-torn leather chaps, dirty boots, flannel shirt and flop-brimmed sombrero. A young puncher, on the prod!

"Reach fer a gun, hombre—or I plug yuh plenty!"

"Buddy," Sam complained, "this here is shorely the most onhospitable country I ever rode! Feller gits in more trouble than yuh could shake a whole handful of sticks at—an' not tryin' to a-tall. What's eatin' on yuh, anyhow?"

The young puncher had been squinting hard at Sam. At length he lowered the rifle barrel a trifle.

"Yuh ain't nobody I know," he said disappointedly. "So I reckon I ain't got no quarrel with yuh."

"Which same is mighty pleasin' to my ears," Sam told him.

"Say!" the boy demanded abruptly. "Did yuh see a skunk a-ridin' a paint-hoss' up the trail? One with fancy fixin's on his chaps an' his hat—"

"An' totin' the ugliest mug that ever showed under the brim of a black sombrero?"

"That's him! But—" with a quizzical look at the ragged range-rider, "—if I was you, I wouldn't bring up the subject of anybody's looks."

"A man jest can't help his natural looks, hombre," Sam pointed out. "Anyhow, don't yuh know that looks is only skin deep?"

"Yores ain't even that deep, if yuh ask me—"

*Pling!*

**B**EHIND Sam, a rifle cracked. The young ranny broke off speaking, staring vacantly ahead of him. The rifle dropped from his hands, he reeled in his tracks—

Samaritan leaped Buster ahead. With his right arm he swept the wounded boy from the ground—touched Buster again with his spurs, and plunged him off the trail into the brush.

*Pling! Pling!*

Rifle bullets again—but they did no harm. Sam rode on for half a mile, then turned back slowly into the trail.

"It never rains but it pours!" he said aggrievedly, looking at the pale face of the boy he carried across the front of his saddle. "Now, ain't this a helluva mess?"

"Much—obliged—feller!"

Sam started. The boy's eyes had opened, and he had spoken. He wasn't dead, then!

"Hurt much, bud?" Sam asked.

"Don't—know. Shoulder—aches like—hell!"

"Where do yuh live when yuh're home?" Sam asked.

"Far down—th' canyon. Ride a mile—then take the—first turn. House up—there. They'll take care—o' me!"

Sam followed directions, and rode up in front of a two-room cabin which clung to a slope of the canyon wall.

"Hello!" he called.

"Stop right there!"

A woman—and there was menace in her voice! A rifle yawned at Sam, the barrel thrust through a chink between logs.

"Now," came the voice again, "who are yuh, an' what do yuh want?"

"Never mind who I am!" Sam snapped, anger rising. "I got a hurt feller here. He got shot. Said to bring him here, so yuh better come an' git him!"

The door opened, and an angular woman of middle age, poorly dressed, hard-featured, came out. She brought the rifle with her. One glance at the now unconscious young puncher, and she called loudly:

"Millie—come here!"

A girl appeared. A buxom, attractive mountain girl. She approached Buster, saw the face of the boy and cried out:

"It's Tom! Tommie Bell! What's happened—"

"Take him in th' house!" Sam broke in tersely. "Unless yuh want him to die out here!"

Between them the two women carried the boy inside and placed him on a bed in the main room of the cabin. Sam followed. While the girl stripped Tom's shirt off and exposed the wound in his right shoulder, Sam explained.

"Breeze Noland! It was Breeze Noland shot him!" the girl cried fiercely. "He's

jealous of Tommie! Wants him out of the way—"

The boy spoke unexpectedly. "Yeah—Breeze! I was huntin'—him. Told him—to keep away—from yuh, Millie—an' he didn't!"

A quick, light tread on the floor of the lean-to kitchen—and the rider of the paint-horse stood in the doorway. His face was ugly, eyes squinted, and he gripped the butt of a six-gun in his right hand. The muzzle stared Samaritan between the eyes.

"Elevate, yuh scarecrow!" he snarled. "Quick!"

"Breeze!" Millie cried, straightening from over the boy. "When did you get here—"

"Shut up!" Breeze snapped. "Ma—" to the older woman, "—take th' jasper's guns, Put 'em on th' table in th' corner. Move—damn yuh!"

Sam, under the gun of a killer and knowing it, had put his hands high. Ma promptly disarmed him.

"You, Millie," Breeze then directed, "Ride over to Turkey Run to Fiddlin' Bill's. Tell him to git Ace an' ride here—"

"Breeze Noland!" Millie broke in fiercely. "You shot Tommie—"

"Wasn't aimin' to. Shootin' at the damned tramp there. If he ain't a Law, then I never seen one! A Law, sneakin' into Lobo! Well, he ain't goin' out no more. Ride, Millie—an' ride hard. Bill and Ace an' me will take care of this Law!"

To Sam's surprise, the anger went out of Millie's face. She gave Sam a glance of scorn, then said:

"I'll ride, Breeze, just as soon as I wash this blood off'n my hands,"

She passed around the outlaw and into the kitchen. Breeze, his gun now holstered, leaned watchfully against the door jamb.

Samaritan lounged in his chair—and let his glance rove over the seams of the

newcomer's chaps. Halfway up the seam of the left leg, his glance caught and held.

One of the silver conchos was missing!

"Yuh kin come an' give me a kiss, Millie, afore yuh leave!" Breeze called over a shoulder. "Yuh ain't never kissed me yet—"

"How about right now, Breeze?"

The girl, smiling, put both hands on his shoulders from behind. She lowered her cheek against his—and, in a flash of time, had both the outlaw's guns out of their holsters!

She leaped back, brought the guns up.

"I'll kill you, Breeze—if you make a move!"

Breeze looked as though he had been stricken with paralysis. Sam leaped for his guns on the table, snatched them up—

Millie screamed, fired once—and missed.

Breeze Noland was through the kitchen door, mounted and gone by the time Samaritan, guns in hands, reached the back yard.

Sam went back inside. Millie, her arms around the young puncher, was crying hysterically. Ma's expression told nothing.

"Yuh better put a mattress in a wagon," Sam advised, looking at Ma, "an' haul that boy to town to a doc. Else he ain't goin' to make out so well."

**M**A nodded, and went out toward a barn in the rear.

"Now, Millie," Sam queried, as the girl hurriedly got ready for the trip to town, "where at is this Fiddlin' Bill's place?"

"Back up the canyon for two miles, then over the ridge through the break, and down Turkey Run Gulch. You couldn't miss it—but maybe you'd better. They're mean over that way."

"Yeah, an' I figger to be plumb mean along with 'em!"

Sam wasted no more time. He

mounted and rode back up the canyon. An hour later he had ridden around the north rim of Turkey Run Gulch, and was looking down at a light which shone in the night. He listened. The strains of "Zip Coon," played on a fiddle, came to his ears. Sam nodded.

"Reckon I'll call on yuh, Fiddlin' Bill," he grunted. Afoot, he went down into the gulch. When, crawling snakelike on his stomach, he came up within twenty feet of the open doorway of the cabin in the gulch, he lay still in his clump of brush and spied out the lay of things.

A lank puncher sat on a box in the light which came yellowly through the doorway, fiddle under chin, sawing industriously with his bow. So far as Sam could make out, there was not another person near. He moved a bit farther, slid a six-gun out and clubbed it—

When Fiddlin' Bill Clark came back to a realization of life, he was lying in his bunk, tied tightly, a gag in his mouth. He was also clothed only in his underwear, somebody having stripped off his levis, checked shirt and boots.

Had Bill's jaw not already been distended by the gag, his lower one would surely have dropped.

Somebody was sitting in front of the cabin, playing a fiddle. The tune was "Buffalo Gals!"

The fiddling kept up. Half an hour passed—then came a hail from somewhere close at hand.

"W-h-h-o-o-e-e-e! Bill!"

No answer. The fiddling kept up—ceased abruptly.

"Elevate!" snarled a voice just outside the door. There were more words, but the man in the bunk couldn't make them out.

Presently a heavy-set puncher, greatly puzzled as well as scared, came into the cabin, his hands held high. Behind him, a six-gun resting across his lean hip, came a

man strange to Bill—but the clothes he wore were not.

The stranger was wearing Bill's outfit, hat and all!

"Lay down in the corner over there!" snarled Samaritan Sam.

The chunky puncher obeyed. Soon he too was trussed up and gagged. Sam went back outdoors — and the fiddling was resumed.

Half an hour more passed—and Sam heard a horseman coming. He sawed away. The strains of "Old Dan Tucker" fairly saturated the night air.

"Hi, Bill!" came a call from the horseman as he dismounted. "Put that damned fiddle up—an' git ready to ride. They's a Law in Lobo, an' yuh know what that means! It's up to you an' me an' Ace to act—"

"An' me too," Sam cut in, dropping the fiddle and slapping out a gun. "Go high, Noland—or I'll act bad!"

Breeze Noland whirled as though a rattlesnake had buzzed at his back. He took one look into the grim, purposeful face of Samaritan Sam—then shot his hands high.

**I**N mid-afternoon of the following day, the citizens who happened to be on Main Street in San Benito — and there were plenty — were treated to a sight that made them open their eyes wide and stare. Surely, no such procession as was then slowly negotiating the street had ever moved along it before.

A gaunt cowpuncher, mounted on a blue-ticked roan, headed the cavalcade. He was followed by three men on foot. The hands of the three footmen were tied at their backs, their legs were hobbled, having just play enough to enable them to take short steps. From the horn of the puncher's saddle a long rope strung out back of him—and the rope explained

much.

Ten feet back of the roan's heels, the rope had been looped around the neck of one of the men, Breeze Noland. A few feet back of Breeze, neck also in a loop of the rope, staggered Fiddlin' Bill Clark. Noosed likewise, hardly able to drag, Ace Hawkins followed Bill.

All three men were dust-covered, worn out, and wild-eyed.

The roan was brought to a stand in front of the general store, and across from the courthouse. Deputy Sheriff Plunket stared, brushed a hand across his eyes, and stared again.

"Sheriff," Samaritan called, "I brung yuh three mavericks that I personally rounded up. Yuh probably know 'em by sight. They're three o' the gang that robbed the mine an' done that killin'. They was right shore I wouldn't ever git 'em outa Lobo Canyon, an' 'specially through Lobo Springs. So I thought up this scheme. The idea is, if anybody takes a crack at me, this here roan will bolt. If they takes a crack at the roan, he goes down in a lunge. Either case, three necks pop. The fellers up Lobo way saw the point—"

"Don't nobody risk no shot!" Breeze Noland bleated pleadingly at that point. "This here hellion has got us right—"

Samaritan Sam had fixed his glance on the doorway of the general store—and he had kept it there. There was a slight movement inside, back of the door. The barrel of a rifle came up—

Sam, with a flip of a wrist, drew and fired.

Marsh Craig, the hook-nosed merchant, staggered a few paces onto the veranda, a rifle falling with a clatter on the floor. He pitched down across it.

"I figgered there was jest one hombre that would try that," Sam told the sheriff coolly. "One man that would rather see

these three necks broke than take a chance on their owners talking. That's him yonder—" pointing to the sprawled figure on the veranda. "Marsh Craig, that tried to hang it on me. The fourth man of the gang—an' the one that rode to town with the loot. Boys—" to the noosed bandits behind him "—am I right or am I wrong?"

**T**HREE noosed necks bent, and three heads nodded — affirmatively!

Craig had the mine payroll in his safe. Sam stopped long enough to make sure of that; then he paid a visit to the local doctor. Yes, Tommie had been brought in for treatment, and was doing very well. Doing fine, under Millie's care.

At daybreak next morning, Samaritan Sam Jones led his blueticked roan out of the livery barn.

"Well, Buster," he said, as he swung a leg up, "I reckon now you an' me is free to hunt us a job!"