

INSTALLMENT 15

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built up a vast string of ranches. King was killed by his powerful and unscrupulous competitor, Ben Thorpe. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, was determined to avenge his death in spite of the opposi-

CHAPTER XX-Continued Bill glanced at Shoshone to make

sure that the man was at his elbow; then, his gun out, he flung wide the door. The slab door resisted, wedged in the ice of the sill; then shuddered open with a noisy

Roper stepped in with a sidewise step that at once made room for Shoshone and brought Roper within the wall, clear of a possible shot from behind him in the dark.

"Don't anybody move!"

The uncertain and flickering light of the little fire seemed to fill the room with ample light, compared utterly motionless. to the heavy darkness without. A man who sat upon a keg by the fire sprang up, his clawed hand reaching out to a gunbelt that lay upon the crude table; but the reaching hand rose empty in a continuous motion as the man put up his hand. Three crude bunks ranged along the rear wall. From the first of these, the one nearest the fire, a man came out with his hands up; one of his arms was heavily bandaged, and its upward motion carried its sling with it.

Now Shoshone, whose heel had kicked the door shut behind him as he came in, made a headlong dive into the second of the three bunks. In that instant the thing happened that Roper most dreaded, so that in a single split fraction of a second their chances were irrevocably hurt.

As Shoshone Wilce sprang, a gun smashed out from within the shadowy bunk. The blast of its explosion was magnified in the close quarters, leaving the ears ringing in the instant of stunned silence that fol-

The barrel of Shoshone's .45 had crashed upon the skull of the man in the bunk almost in the same instant that the shot was fired. A lean hand, gripping a six-gun, dropped out over the side of the bunk, relaxed slowly, and the sixgun slid to the floor from long, dangling fingers. Shoshone Wilce held absolutely motionless for a moment, half crouched, then straightened slowly.

"Shoshone-you hit?"

"It's only-" Shoshone began. His face was ghastly and his voice quavered; but when he had fully straightened it steadied again into the same dead flatness as before. "It's only-a kind of scratch along the ribs. I'm all right." "Jody! Jody, is it you?"

Jody Gordon had been curled up in the corner of deepest shadows. She stood up now, white-faced, her movements uncertain. Then suddenly the firelight caught the glint of the instant tears which overbrimmed her eyes.

"Bill! I thought they'd kill you!" She flung her arms about his neck and with the swift impulse of a child, kissed his mouth.

The man nearest the table made a sidelong movement toward the holstered gun that lay there; Bill Roper smashed a shot into the wall beside him, and the man jerked backward. "Shoshone, can you ride?"

There was a curious strain in the flatness of Shoshone's voice. "I'm okay, I tell you."

Bill Roper caught up a sheepskin coat with his free hand, and flung ponies' tie-ropes, and ride like hell! Here-take this!" He thrust the gunbelt from the table into Jody's unready hands. "I'll see you-where

"Bill," said Shoshone, "if it's the here while you ride with her."

"Get gone, I said! You-" "Bill, I tell you, I-"

Bill Roper bellowed at him, "You want to die?"

"Okay," Shoshone said, in that seized Jody's wrist, tore open the door with the hand that still held his

gun, and was gone into the dark. When they were gone Bill Roper stood listening. Outside two shots rang, a moment apart, as Shoshone shot the tied ponies free; then sounded a swift crackle of the ice crust under their hoofs as two horses galloped down-valley, and Roper knew

that Shoshone and Jody Gordon were on their way. Bill Roper estimated that he had a few seconds left. Unhurriedly, almost leisurely, he picked up the gun dropped by the man in the bunk, and thrust it in his own belt. After that he collected three or four other weapons in a brief search that seemed perfunctory, yet was effective because of his own practiced knowledge of where a range rider is ape to put his gun. These he kicked to try-"

so that he would know where they The man with the wounded arm spoke thickly. "You'll never get out of here alive." he told Roper. that! You have to go on!"

They waited then, while

into a little heap beside the door,

"I wouldn't worry about that, was I you," Roper said. He slammed another harmless shot over the speaker's head, interestingly close to the man's scalp. He needed a continued sound of action at the cabin to draw the outposts in, so that Shoshone and Jody Gordon would have their chance to get clear.

THE STORY SO FAR:

tion of his sweetheart, Jody Gordon, and her father. After breaking Thorpe in Texas, Roper conducted a great raid upon Thorpe's vast herds in Montana. Unable to reconcile her father with Roper. Jody set out with Shoshone Wilce to

than Shoshone had calculated; but Jody followed his example. Roper heard none of them fire.

He thought, "If I can keep them interested just ten minutes more-"

coming up. Roper flattened himself against the wall beside the open door, and waited until he heard the

With his boot Roper pushed the inert heap off the door sill, so that the door might be closed at need. Because there were only two more shots in his gun, he picked up one of the weapons he had collected, and checked its loading.

"I'd stand real still if I was you," he warned the two who stood with their hands up. He fired one more shot between them, for purposes of general discipline. "I ought to kill you; maybe I will in a minutehaven't decided yet."

Now another horse was coming in fast; in another second or two it



"I'd stand real still if I was you."

would string into view around the corner of the cabin.

Roper cast a quick glance to see that his captives were where he thought they were. They had not moved. He dropped to one knee beside the door and fired twice quickly as a shape, dark on darkness, whirled around the corner of the cabin.

That was all-the end of the oneman war he had started to cover the retreat of Shoshone. He never that downed him. All consciousness ended at once, as sharply as if cut off with a knife.

He never knew which of the two men behind him sprang forward to smash him down; but he knew as it over Jody's shoulders. "Get soon as he knew anything at all, gone!" he snapped. "Shoot free the that a long time had passed-more time than he could afford to lose.

CHAPTER XXI

Nobody but an old range rider could have located in the dark the same to you, I'd rather hold them brush corral where Shoshone Wilce and Jody Gordon were supposed to wait for Bill Roper. What would have been a simple problem by daylight, in darkness became a test of scouting ability and cowman's instinct. Yet somehow, by the throw same strained, lifeless tone. He of the land, and by his deep knowledge of the habits of thought of cowmen, Shoshone Wilce nosed out that circular corral of brush, in a darkness so thick that he was uncertain he had found the landmark until he had touched it with his hands.

A faint line of grey was already appearing on the rim of the world, and a whisky-jack was calling raucously somewhere in the scrub pine.

"It's almost daylight already," Jody Gordon said, fear in her voice. "If he doesn't come soon-if he doesn't come-"

She broke off, unable to go on. "Half an hour," Shoshone Wilce said. "We'll wait half an hour." "And then-?"

"We've got to go on." "I can't! Not if he doesn't come. We'll have to go back. We'll have

"He said go on. We have to de like he said." Shoshone's voice dropped to a curious flerce whisper. "Whatever happens-you remember

They waited then, while five min-



find him. They were attacked by some of Thorpe's men hiding in Roper's shack. Wilce escaped, but Jody was captured.

After that a full minute passed | utes passed. Shoshone Wilce kept and stretched to a minute and a his pony moving slowly up and down half. Evidently the outposts had to prevent its stiffening up by too been farther away from the cabin rapid a cooling after its run, and

Roper was looking for Jody when he ac-

cidentally met Wilce. Together they pre-

pared to rescue her.

"Listen here," Shoshone Wilce said at last. He dropped his voice, and sat motionless. For a moment Now a furiously ridden horse was or two there was no sound there except the rhythmic breathing of the hard-run ponies. "I want to tell you something," Shoshone resumed. man drop from his pony just out- his voice low, husky, and strangely side. He stepped to the door, fired unsteady. "It looks like I run away once; and a man crashed face down- and left you when your pony was ward upon the door sill itself to lie shot down. I see now it looks like that. But I want you to know I didn't go to do nothing like that, Miss Gordon."

> "I know," she said, "it was the only-"

"I shouldn't have done it," Shoshone said. "I wouldn't do it if I was doing it again. I figured I'd be more use to you if I could keep my horse on its feet. I figured I could best handle it like an Indian wouldpick 'em off one at a time, and make sure. But I'd do different if I had it to do again."

"What else could you have possibly done? There wasn't any chance for anything else.'

"I should have stood and fought," Shoshone said. "Like he would have

"It was better this way," Jody told him. "Don't you worry about it, Shoshone."

Shoshone said vaguely, "I want you to tell him about it. I want you to tell him I'd do different if I had it to do again."

"Why don't you tell him your-

"Maybe I will. But if anything comes up-so's I don't get the chance-

"Of course I'll tell him."

They fell silent, and after that a long time passed. Shoshone stopped walking his horse, and sat perfectly motionless close to the wall of the brush corral. The grey light increased, while they waited for what seemed an interminable time.

It seemed to Jody that in a few minutes more they would have to with the sentiment that prevails for admit that daylight was upon them; spectacular buttons and gadgetit seemed to her that an hour, two clips of all sorts. The dashing up hours, had passed, instead of the swept hat of black felt has a colorhalf hour which Shoshone had de- ful pheasant feather. cided they could wait. But still Bill Roper did not come.

"Do you suppose he could have ridden past?" Jody asked.

"No," Shoshone said, very low in his throat.

When she could stand the suspense no more, Jody Gordon dismounted; the inaction and the cold was stiffening her in the saddle, and now she led her pony while she stamped and swung her arms.

She thought, "I'll lead my pony five times around the outside of the corral. He'll be here by then; he must be here by then."

She wondered, as she slowly led her pony around the circle marked remembered the shock of the blow by the walls of brush, what she would do if Roper did not come-if he never came. Perhaps go on? Perhaps go back . .

Jody Gordon was fighting back an overwhelming, impossible panic. She knew the cool, hard sufficiency of the men against whom Roper had pitted himself. From the standpoint of her father, who had turned against him, she knew the unassuageable bitterness, the vast sinister malevolence which Roper had raised against himself by the miracles of the Texas Rustlers' War. If he were caught now in the grip of that malev-

It took all her will power to restrain nerself from breaking into a run, or from mounting her pony and racing him-where? Any place, if only her high-strung nerves could find expression in action. But she forced herself to lead her pony slowly, measuring her strides while the daylight

Then, as she completed the circuit of the corral, and came again to where Shoshone's pony stood, she saw that Shoshone Wilce no longer sat the saddle. At first she thought that he had tied his pony and walked away; but as she came nearer she saw that the little man was down in the snow, huddled against the rough brush of the corral barrier. Jody sprang forward, calling out his name.

She sprang forward, calling out his name, and there was a meaningless, nightmarish quarter of a minute while her pony reared backward from the sudden jerk upon its bridle and had to be quieted before she

could advance again. "Shoshone! What's the matter? Are you-are you-?"

Shoshone's eyes were half open; he was not asleep, but he did not answer. And now as she dropped to her knees beside him in the snow she saw that a bright trickle of red had traced a line from the corner of his mouth, crookedly across his

it was many seconds before she could fully comprehend that Shoshone Wilce was dead.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In the ugly panic that swept her

Handsome Wools Are New Style For Town, Travel and School

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



is pictured at right above. The round yoke of the dress ties in a bow under the chin. The allover embroidered or braided effect is important news forfall. This jacket subscribes to the new

technique in an all-over embroidering, in matching honey-colored yarn. Brass buttons artfully blend to the color scheme. The modish offface tailored brown felt hat has a corded brim.

Perfect for fall travels is the simple slim black wool dress topped by plaid jacket in red, black and white as pictured to the right. We have never seen such gorgeous plaids as those out this season. The fashion edict is "plaids for everything," skirts, blouses, jackets, suits. Dresses also have plaid accessories with monotone costumes. Interesting clips fasten it, in line

goodlooking dress to the left. Here favorite too. It flaunts several outstanding fashion trends that college shown, register in the list. Then there are the simple straight sleeves. The belt is studded with simple nailheads and there are more nailheads being used this season than you can count. Watch nailheads! Silver buttons fasten it and the big emphasis is on buttons for fall. Note the pheasant feather on the hat! Hats are being be-feathered as they have not been for years

and years past. Speaking in general, there is lots of jersey being used for everything, from jerkins to hats, daytime dresses and formal evening modes. Designers are trimming silks and wools with velvet also a vast amount of fringe is being used in versatile ways. Buttons are spectacular and

look like handsome jewels. Leather trims abound on sports and travel togs.

Take a look at 1941 autumn fashion showings and you will find a new high in costume design. The play made on colors this season is simply fascinating and the big news is rich quality-kind materials, especially the new wool weaves that glorify the entire fashion picture. Most of all, there is that indescribale something about the new coats. suits and dresses, that is surpassingly goodlooking and assuring to women who dress with discriminat-

Seeing a prevue of fashions as recently staged by The Style Creators of Chicago, one is especially impressed with the exquisite finesse and workmanship. And the lavish yet subtle use of intriguing surface Soft two-toned wool makes the decoration that marked the styling of the hundred or more coats, is a model to delight any career dresses and ensembles presented girl. It is destined to be a campus at this gala occasion, by exhibiting members of this noteworthy organization. The foursome of fashions girls adore. Huge patch pockets as shown here were especially selected from this galaxy of smart fall costumes, selected because of their adaptability for smart town, travel, school and office wear.

You will be wanting a tweed costume suit, of course. If it has a full-length topcoat, as pictured to the left at the top in the group and it will prove a many-purpose outfit that will give you infinite wear. The new raglan shoulder and above-thewaist bulkiness is well portrayed in this toast brown rough tweed. The long coat is closed with large wooden buttons and belted in crushed brown kidskin. The dress beneath has a silk crepe top with draped neckline, interesting pockets and a gold clip.

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

Lipstick on Lapel



Your lipstick worn at your lapel! Here it is, swinging from a bar-pin on this perfect date dress for the teen age. No more rummaging about in your purse when you have that impulse to wield woman's most effective weapon. This adorable dress with the lipstick gadget attached is in deep peacock blue velveteen, with bright wool embroidery, accenting the square neckline. ture.

| Feathers and Veilings Popular for Fall Hats

You will be in fashion whether you wear a very large hat or a provocative little confection that plunges forward in a saucy tilt. The little hat is keeping veils in the picture. The newest arrangement calling for veils that mass at the back so as to accent the new back-coverage treatments. Most of the little hats have snoods

to get that back-coverage look that milliners tell us is such an important style feature. If not snoods, then some other novelty that conceals the hair at the back. Larger brims are also shaped downward or curtained with ribbons so as to achieve the back-coverage look.

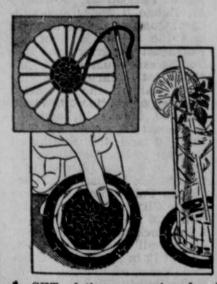
It is a season for fine feathers of every description. Entire feather hats will be worn and on most of the felts gay quills and pheasant feathers flaunt their bright colors.

'Little Black Dress'

Is Still One Favorite The dressy afternoon black dress will be repeating its triumphs all over again this fall. Very charming types are fringe-trimmed. Others have wide bands of velvet as trimming. Then again very ultra types are made of fine fabric cut along the newest dolman-sleeve. loose-fitting blouse lines. They are classics in simplicity.

The dressier blacks are enhanced with lace trims or with jet embroidery. However be the styling dressy or conservatively practical, the big news is that black remains steadfastly in the new autumn style pic-

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Fringe on Our Flag

There is no significance attached to the yellow fringe on the American flag. According to the war department it may be regarded as "fringe only, and is of no value or significance as a part of the flag.'

The use of the fringe has long been a debated question, although the war department sanctions it, and the United States Flag association does not consider the use of the fringe as improper. Nevertheless, the first flag adopted by the Continental congress in 1777 bore no fringe, and many patriotic citizens feel the American flag needs no decoration.

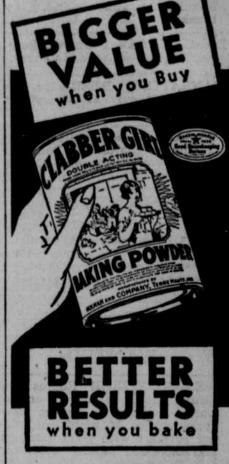
The men in the service themselves have solved the problem of what they want in the way of gifts from the folks back home. First hand information from enlisted men on shipboard, in camps and barracks indicate that tobacco is first choice in the gift line-up. is first choice in the gift line-up. Actual sales figures from service stores show that the favorite cigarette with men in the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard is Camel. Prince Albert Smoking Tobacco is another special favorite. Local dealers feature Camels by the carton and Prince Albert in the pound tins as doubly welcome gifts to the men in the service from the folks back home.—
Adv.

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