

# marked man

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By H. C. WIRE

WNU SERVICE

## THE STORY THUS FAR

Summoned to the CC ranch in central Nevada, desert-wise Walt Gandy is on his way to help his old range partner, Bill Hollister. Walt is stopped short by a girl—who holds a rifle in firing position. She knows him, tells him how to get to the ranch, and tells him that they will meet again. Within a quarter of a mile from his destination, Walt is stopped again. This time by a grotesque, misshapen man who tells him to get out and then tells him the CC crew is in Emigrant, the closest town, for an inquest. Someone has been murdered. Riding to the inquest in Emigrant, Walt leaves his horse at the livery stable. Walt learns that Cash Cameron, owner of the CC ranch, is in trouble. A hard but honest man, Cash has many enemies. At the inquest Walt sees Hollister and the girl who had stopped him. Chino Drake, former cook at the CC ranch, has been murdered and Sheriff Ed Battle is trying to pin the blame on Cash Cameron. The girl is called to stand. She is Helen Cameron, Cash's daughter. She seems faint and, as Gandy rushes to her aid, slips something in his hand. It is the bullet from Drake's body. Walt rents a post office box and leaves the bullet in it. Leaving the post office he is accosted by a dark, swarthy man who offers him a job. He draws the man out, finds that he wants to usurp Cameron's public range land. Gandy then turns him down in biting fashion. The man leaps at Walt, who whips him after a hard battle. The man is Pete Kelso, foreman of the 77 ranch, an outfit hostile to Cameron. Gandy is called to the sheriff's office, where he meets Hollister. Battle tells Hollister that Cameron is through! Hollister and Gandy return to the C. C. There they find Cash Cameron and Bent Lavin, the crippled man who stopped Gandy on his previous visit.

## CHAPTER VII—Continued

"Lavin," said Hollister. "He does that. The swing used to be Helen's. Old Bent fixed it for her when she was little."

Facing front again Walt said, "Looks like the devil had chased that Bent Lavin some time, and caught up with him, too! Who is he, anyway?"

"He's a story," Hollister answered. "A long one. Tomorrow you and I'll be together, working steers down into the sink. I can talk to you about Lavin then, and about some others." Suddenly the dark face turned into full view. Hollister's heavy eyebrows were gathered. "How much money have you got, Walt?"

"On me?"

"Yes."

Walt felt himself over; pockets, belt, remembered the ten-dollar bill in his hand.

"Two hundred bucks," he said. "That's paper. A few more in silver and a couple of pesos Mex."

Hollister looked away. "Let me have the two hundred."

"Sure," said Walt. "When?"

"Now," came the answer, and that was all.

## CHAPTER VIII

SOME time tonight, Walt knew, he was going to see Helen Cameron, alone. That was bound to happen. There was too much at stake between them. Yet when he tramped up to the kitchen door, he was not prepared for the girl who met him.

The door opened inward as his boot heels clicked on the stone step outside, and Helen stood there holding it for him to enter. No one was with her, nor in the dining-room beyond.

The boy's shirt was gone, and the boots and blue jeans. She had dressed, and in dressing had made herself a stranger to him, disturbingly feminine in every line of her neat little body. But then the candor of her brown eyes reassured him, lighting quickly as she nodded to a door next the dining-room arch.

"In there," she said. "Leave your things and come back, will you?"

Helen Cameron was not beautiful in the white, helpless way of sheltered women. The beauty of this girl was something more; mountain wind had been in her hair and a look of the limitless desert was in her deep-set eyes. Her blood was of this open range, and it knew the full hot pulse of hate and passion and love.

With a quick smile she brought her eyes back to his. "Let's do the dishes! I'll help. The new cook shouldn't have such a pile to begin on!" She waved toward the heaped sink.

"Put those hands in dishwater?"

Walt asked, looking down at them with a serious face. He shook his head. "Nope. I'll do my own pearl diving."

Helen dropped him a little bow. "You are a gallant man, Mr. Gandy!" Her brown head tipped up again and her eyes danced. "That was well said. No other has ever told me that my hands were not made for dishwater!"

But then laughter died on her parted lips, and the lift of her shoulders and the rise of her voice were gone.

"Come on," she said. "We'll do the dishes."

"No," Walt refused. He stood planted, waiting. They had more to talk about than this.

Helen turned from him. "Oh, all right then."

Still he waited. He knew for a fact she was not fooling with him, in spite of the smile. This light and round-about approach to something filled with grave purpose was not new. Let the girl take her time. Her brown eyes fell and studied her slippered feet.

"Walt," she said, unexpectedly intimate, "I want you to understand something. It's about Bill Hollister and me." She hesitated.

"All right," Gandy agreed. "Sure, go ahead." But for the girl to bring in another man just now, any man, abruptly cooled him.

"Bill Hollister," he heard her say, "is one of the finest men I have ever known, perhaps the finest. There probably is not another like him in all the world. In some ways there simply can't be."

Walt Gandy granted every word. Yet hearing from her lips things that even he himself would have declared on occasion, now brought a sudden stab of fire.

A little more forcibly than need be, he said, "You aren't telling me anything! You know, don't you, that Hollister and I were paired in the border patrol for several years? Two men don't hold down that job together without each becoming mighty sure of what his partner is made of. I could pay off Bill with everything I've got, or ever will have, and my debt to him wouldn't be half settled! What are you smiling at?"

"Not at you, Walt," said Helen gently, and her mouth was serious again. "Sometimes a girl smiles to keep from crying. Didn't you know that? It's a deeper thing than women ever know, this working companionship between men, and what you have just said is almost word for word what Bill Hollister once told me about you."

She gave herself a little fling from the table edge and came back across the room, and as she stopped, a fragrance stirred with a current of air that her movement made.

She held out her hand. "Good night, Walt; I'm glad we understand each other. That's all I wanted to know. I wanted to tell you how I felt about Bill, and to know how you felt about him. Good night."

## CHAPTER IX

GANDY blew out the kitchen lamp, poked his nose outside for a breath of cold air, saw that the sky was overcast and the wind had risen.

CC foreman's headquarters just off the kitchen was a large square room, low-ceilinged, suggesting Hollister in its economy of furniture, everything for definite use—a narrow cot, a chair, a tall chest of drawers and an iron-banded box, padlocked. With a match Walt located the cot and flung himself down upon it. He rolled a cigarette lying on his back.

It was plain to him then that he would have to go. This was Hollister's country, Hollister's girl, and there was trouble enough here without adding more. He would go through with whatever job Bill had cut out for him, then leave. Tomorrow they were working cattle into the sink. That promised action. He had not forgotten the man named Pete Kelso who had been in town hiring extra hands for the 77. If those gunmen had been hired, this range war could break wide open within twenty-four hours. The end would not be long in coming after that, and he could travel.

So, with a conclusion reached, Walt Gandy rolled another smoke and started the argument all over.

But he took only one drag on it, suddenly crushed out the cigarette, swung himself upright and stood motionless in the dark. An unmistakable sound had jerked him up as if yanked by a rope. He listened, waiting for it to repeat.

At a distance, he could not tell how far, cattle had bawled. It had come to him on a wave of night wind for only a moment, then the wind had swept on, and the sound had faded. Yet he stood fixed in his chill grip. Somewhere out along the mountain slope cattle were bawling at the smell of old blood!

Never had he buckled on his belt with such reluctance. Something told him that if it was a man dead out there, for the good of the CC and all its people, the body had best not be found. Checking the gun's full chamber with his finger tips, he moved soundlessly to the window and raised the sash.

Two short wings jutted from the long front part of the CC house. From one, Gandy looked across an inner patio to the other. Under the overcast sky only the low-roofed outline was visible; windows there were dark. He threw his leg over the sill, touched ground and stepped out.

With that first blood-bawling un-repeated, there was little for him to go by in gauging distance and direction. He would rather not be discovered saddling and riding out of this place. Secrecy seemed to be the thing here. With the whole ranch crew going their ways under cover, he'd play that game also.

Curiosity prompted him to lift the saddle shed latch and step inside.

Cash Cameron had not showed up after the meal tonight. Bill Hollister had taken two hundred dollars. Old Bent Lavin had found

nothing better to do than sit in a little girl's swing. If it was Bent Lavin! Had they all gone to bed then, to be sleeping soundly now? About as much as he had!

Having shut the door behind him, Gandy stood uncertain. It was black in this shed, blacker than inside a tar barrel with the lid on. His outstretched hands found nothing at first. He took a few cautious steps and touched the log horse where five saddles had been deposited in a row this evening. His was the one on the nearest end. Groping, he felt over the smooth leather of three more. Then there was an empty space.

Someone had saddled and gone. Who? Gandy had an urge to strike a match and see at once, yet intuitive warning checked that.

He stood for a time trying to recall the exact placing of each man's saddle, remembering that neither Horsethief Fisher nor Helen had brought theirs in here to the rack. Their gear was in another shed. That left Hollister, Cameron, Lavin, and the boy. He shook his head over the boy and the crippled man who ever had ridden off tonight must be on some business more urgent than could involve those two. It sifted down to Cash Cameron or Bill Hollister. His exploring hands came back to his sides with a jerk. Behind him, slowly, the shed door was opening.

Gently Walt lifted the thirty-eight, brought it up into the crook of his left arm and let it lie there, pointing.

He took a tentative step backward along the log saddle horse,

CHAPTER X

WHATEVER ride Cameron had taken last night—and Gandy saw signs that it had been a long one—it had done the old man no good. The CC owner was worried. In the faintly gray morning he clumped stiffly down to where horses stood ready outside the corral. He moved with ill-concealed saddle tiredness, no spring in his step, shoulders drooping, his large figure in a rainproof canvas coat looking heavy and leaden.

When forms appeared out of the faint morning, mounted, and when all were ranged before him in a half circle, Bill Hollister gave orders.

He turned in his saddle to Cameron on a tall gray. "I've got plans for the rest of us, Cash; what do you figure on doing yourself?"

"Never mind me," said Cameron. "You boys can do what combsing is left on the benches. I'll cut west to the rims and see how feed looks."

"You riding alone?" Hollister demanded.

"No. The girl's going."

Bill Hollister was foreman of the CC, but it seemed to Walt Gandy an next moment, that even so, he worked with an unusually high hand on this place.

"West," the lank man was saying, "is toward the 77. What are you taking Helen for, Cash, and why that direction? You know well enough how the sink feed looks. If you're figuring . . ."

He cut himself short, compressed his mouth, and this CC foreman and the CC owner sat looking at each other eye to eye. Hollister said then: "Well, only one thing. We're all to meet back here not later than three."

Cameron's white head nodded. He said nothing.

Hollister continued directions. "Fisher, you and the kid can take the north bench. Sand Canyon will be far enough. Remember, back here at three."

Horsethief Fisher gave a wry grin. "Barrin' accidents," he said.

"Gandy and I'll take south beyond Willow Spring," Hollister ended.

"We all ought to get these strays cleaned up and shoved into the sink by noon. We might meet there, but no need to make a point of it."

Passing a vegetable patch to the right of the fenced lane he stared with open curiosity. In there the cook, Chino Drake, had been found dead. Hollister rode with his face held front.

The lane ended, and they turned into somber shadow of the pine slope, still following a fence that snaked an irregular way from trunk to trunk. They came upon a bucket of staples left beside a blazed tree, with a claw-hammer hooked into a lower strand of the barbed wire fencing.

"That crazy Lavin!" Hollister exploded. "No use mending fence out this far. Snow'll have it down again this winter."

"Nuts is he?" Walt asked.

"Don't you think it!"

"I don't," said Gandy.

Hollister looked across at him. "Queer though, Lavin is." A grin broke the gravity of his face. "I guess, Walt, you've come to think we're all queer on the CC." He sobered. "We are. Queer. Worse than queer. Any man is who'll set himself to have one thing and let nothing else matter."

"I'm all ears," said Gandy after a long silence. "This was to be your morning to talk. Maybe you can begin on the easy ones and lead up to the tougher propositions. Give me a line on this Horsethief Fisher. He's a likeable cuss and all right. I figure—or isn't he?"

"Sure," Hollister agreed. "Horsethief's all right now. But he came into the country rustling CC stock. Went to jail for it, and then Cash bailed him out and made him go to work on the place. Cash is like that. Horsethief has been on the CC ever since, and that was fifteen years ago. Cash took the kid, too. Paul Champion, when his old man died in a gunfight, put him through school and made him one of the family. He's a good boy, if his dad's gunning streak is held down. Then there's Bent Lavin."

A coulee cut the bench top, and they put their horses slantwise down to the bottom, then up the other side. They jingled on across the flat.

come here and uncover what has happened."

He heard her back away from him, heard the door open and click shut. The girl was gone, but there was left behind her a turmoil of fright, and her desperate voice, and the puzzle of what it all meant.

Walt Gandy stood in the dark and swore softly. No one had asked him to come here and uncover what had happened!

A lot seemed explained in that. Was the whole CC covering up, instead of uncovering? Was that it? Even Hollister?

He struck a match and swept it along the saddle rack to the empty space. The short flare died, but Gandy remained rooted, trying to make reason of what he had seen. For the missing saddle was Cash Cameron's.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Methods Vary In Treatment Of Hay Fever

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON

(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

THE hay fever season will be coming along soon and thousands of sufferers will be wondering just whether the season will be severe or mild.

If much ragweed pollen is being carried in the air they know they are in for a miserable time.

Fortunately the use of injections of the ragweed pollen prevents attacks in a great many cases.

Just why some individuals are attacked and others are not, is not definitely known, but there seems to be two reasons for hay fever attacking this large group. One is an inherited tendency toward allergy or sensitiveness to substances and the other is some change in the gland system of these individuals which interferes with the balance of one gland with another or with several others.

For instance, the first thought in the treatment of asthma and hay fever is adrenalin or epinephrine—the extract of the adrenal glands, situated one on top of each kidney. This does not cure asthma or hay fever (which, with eczema are closely related) but it eases and usually stops the asthmatic attack and, if applied to eyes or lining of nose, eases the distress in hay fever.

Gland System May Be at Fault.

That the gland system may be at fault is again suggested by Dr. C. S. Bucher of Champaign, Ill., in Medical World, who, by the use of another gland extract—the pituitary gland lying on the floor of the skull—obtained excellent results in 50 consecutive cases in the treatment of hay fever. With his associates, Dr. Bucher gave hypodermic injections of the extract of the front part of the pituitary gland (15 drops, equal to 18½ grains of fresh gland) once a day for seven days to ten days, then three times a week for two weeks, twice a week for two weeks, and once a week thereafter. About 24 injections were given. This treatment is begun (as with the ragweed treatment) about two months before the usual time for the onset of hay fever.

I have spoken before of my own attacks of sciatica and lumbago. The first attack was due to injury for which I wore a Goldthwait brace for four years. The second was due to infected tonsils, the removal of which brought relief of pain in 48 hours, and full use of a partly paralyzed leg within one month. The third and fourth attacks were due to infected teeth.

Due to Injury or Infection.

In other words, sciatica and lumbago are due in the great majority of cases to injury or infection.

The injury may not be a fall, a blow, a wrench of the joints in lower back and hips. In many cases, it is due to the faulty posture or carriage; in fact, Dr. W. M. Steel, in American Journal of Surgery, says:

Poor posture is the usual "pre-disposing" cause of lumbago-sciatica. The spinal "tilt" puts an added pull on ligaments and nerves, with pain in the distant branches of these nerves. "The poor posture may be due to flat feet or just poor muscular power."

"Pain is transmitted down the leg to foot. In mild cases there is morning back stiffness and muscle fatigue, followed as the day goes on by pain over the hip joints, buttocks and down back of legs. The pain comes and goes and is made worse by sudden body twists, lifting, exposure to wet and cold, or infection."

QUESTION BOX

Q.—What causes belching?

A.—Most cases of belching are due to a sluggish liver and gall bladder. Other cases are due to gas forming foods—cabbage, onions, lettuce and cauliflower.

Q.—Will you kindly advise if citrus fruits and tomato juice are good sources of vitamin B?

A.—Citrus fruit and tomato juice contain vitamin B, but are not as rich in it as liver, milk, eggs, whole wheat grains, yeast and peanuts.

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charming silhouette—small-waisted, round-bosomed.

The pattern also includes well-tailored shorts and a brief bolero that transforms your frock into a street style, in just a twinkling. Juniors will love it, in sharkskin, gingham, linen or pique.

Pattern No. 8719 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19. Size 13 dress requires 3½ yards of 35-inch fabric without nap. Bolero, 1¼ yards. 1½ yards for shorts. ¾ yards bias fold required to trim.

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## Constipation Relief That Also Pepsin-izes Stomach

When constipation brings on acid indigestion, bloating, dizzy spells, gas, coated tongue, sour taste, and bad breath, your stomach is probably loaded up with certain undigested food and your bowels don't move. So you need both Pepsin to help break up that rich undigested food in your stomach, and Laxative Senna to pull the trigger on those lazy bowels. So be sure your laxative also contains Pepsin.

Take Dr. Caldwell's Laxative, because its Syrup Pepsin helps you gain that wonderful stomach comfort, while the Laxative Senna moves your bowels. Tests prove the power of Pepsin to dissolve those lumps of undigested protein food which may linger in your stomach, to cause belching, gastric acidity and nausea. This is how pepsinizing your stomach helps relieve it of such distress. At the same time this medicine wakes up lazy nerves and muscles in your bowels to relieve your constipation. So see how much better you feel by taking the laxative that also puts Pepsin to work on that stomach discomfort, too. Even finicky children love to taste this pleasant family laxative. Buy Dr. Caldwell's Laxative—Senna with Syrup Pepsin at your drugist today!

In Flexibility Resolve rather than err by too much flexibility than too much perverseness, by meekness than by self-love.—Hammond.

WANTED! WOMEN 35 to 52 yrs. old, who are restless, moody, nervous, fear hot flashes, dizzy spells, to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Famous in helping women go smiling thru "trying times" due to functional "irregularities." Try it!

Gentle Speech It is difficult to say how much men's minds are conciliated by a kind manner and gentle speech.—Cicero.

KILL ALL FLIES Placed anywhere, Daisy Fly Killer attracts and kills flies, gnats, mosquitoes, bees, wasps, etc. Convenient—CANNOT SPILL—Will not rot or injure anything. Lasts all season. 25¢ at all dealers. Harold Somers, Inc., 150 De Kalb Ave., N. Y. City.

Belief and Unbelief Belief consists in accepting the affirmations of the soul; unbelief in denying them.—Emerson.

## Strange Facts

'Blow Out' Torpedo Intricate Accounting New Shinto Mass

On some German destroyers, torpedoes are fired with the mouth. With his eyes at the range finder and his hands on the tubing controls, the gunner merely has to blow into a "peashooter" to actuate the trigger.

One electrical accounting machine on the market today, only 47 inches long, 38 inches wide and 43 inches high, contains 55,000 parts and more than 75 miles of wire.

A new kind of Shinto mass has been established in Japan. After an airplane accident, Shinto priests fly over the spot and wave branches of sacred trees to put to flight the evil spirits responsible for the disaster.—Collier's.

I ALWAYS SMOKE CAMELS. THEY BURN SLOWER AND GIVE ME EXTRA MILDNESS

SLOWER BURNING CLICKS WITH ME ALL WAYS—FROM CAMEL'S EXTRA FLAVOR TO THE EXTRA SMOKING

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking plus equal to

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