

# Cattle Kingdom

By  
**ALAN  
LEMAY**

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WNU Service

**SYNOPSIS**

Billy Wheeler, wealthy young cattleman, arrives at the 94 ranch, summoned by his friend Horse Dunn, its elderly and quick-tempered owner, because of a mysterious murder. Billy is in love with Dunn's niece Marian, whom he has not seen for two years. She had rejected his suit and is still aloof. Dunn's ranch is surrounded by enemies, including Link Bender, Pinto Halliday and Sam Caldwell, whom he has defeated in his efforts to build a cattle kingdom. Dunn directs his cow hands, Val Douglas, Tulare Callahan and others to search for the killer's horse. He explains to Billy that the morning before he had come upon bloodstained ground at Short Creek and found the trail of a shod and unshod horse. The shod horse's rider had been killed. The body had disappeared. Link Bender had arrived at the scene and read the signs the way he had. Dunn reveals that because of a financial crisis the ranch may be in jeopardy; his enemies may make trouble since Sheriff Walt Amos is friendly with them. He says he has asked Old Man Coffee, the country's best trapper, to join them. Dunn and Billy meet Amos, Link Bender, his son "the Kid" and Cayuse Cayetano, an Indian trapper, at Short Creek. Bender has found the slain man's horse, but the saddle is missing. Almost supernaturally, cattle attracted to the scene by the blood-stained ground, stamp out all the traces. Dunn is angered when Amos tells him not to leave the county. Following an argument, Bender draws his gun, but Dunn wounds him in the arm. Back at the ranch Old Man Coffee arrives, with a pack of hounds. Coffee goes in search of the dead man's saddle. Dunn tells Billy that Marian is incensed at him for trying to settle disputes by bloodshed. He reveals that the ranch is really hers, also that he recently sold his own ranch in Arizona and that his partner, Bob Flagg, is en route with the money. Billy accompanies Marian on a ride to Short Creek. "Kid" Bender, now a deputy, rides up. They have an argument.

**CHAPTER III—Continued**

Kid Bender's quirt-marked hand flashed to his gun. For the second time in two days Wheeler forgot his own unaccustomed wheel. The horses were neck to neck, facing each other, and now Wheeler, slamming the rowels into his own pony, grabbed at the spade bit of Kid Bender's horse.

Kid Bender's gun exploded skyward as the Kid's horse reared straight up, driven over backwards by the plunge of Wheeler's pony against the cruel bit. For an instant Bender's pony fought for its balance on its hind legs. Then together horse and man went down.

Wheeler whirled his pony aside, and now he drew at last, and turned the muzzle of his cocked gun upward, ready.

Bender's horse struggled up and bolted, bucking against the loosened saddle; but the man lay quiet where he had gone down.

**CHAPTER IV**

Val Douglas, wagon boss for the 94, leaned against the red rock fireplace of the main room of the ranch house, and looked at Billy Wheeler without admiration. "Now you've done it," he said; "oh, you've done it now, all right!"

"I won't ask you what you'd have done in my place," Wheeler said, "because I don't give a hoot. But I'll say this—if you had done much differently it would be because you're a worse fool than I thought."

It was many hours now since Billy Wheeler had upset Kid Bender's horse, pinning that newly-made deputy sheriff under the saddle; the long peculiarly lucid twilight of the Red Hills country now lay cool and lingering upon the range. But report of the clash with Kid Bender had been delayed by Horse Dunn's absence.

Horse Dunn and his wagon boss had now heard the story of the order Kid Bender had given Wheeler, and Wheeler's refusal; and of how the Kid had tried to trick Wheeler into glancing away while he drew. There had been a bad moment for Wheeler after he had overthrown the Kid's horse, for at first Kid Bender had looked as if he might be dead, saddle-crushed by his fallen car.

Kid Bender, though, had come to with only a broken leg and a dirty crack on the head to show. And Pinto Halliday, shifty-eyed, lanky, had appeared from the Short Creek cuts to take Kid Bender off of Wheeler's embarrassed hands. Halliday, it appeared, was another newly-made deputy. Evidently he had been the other half of the Short Creek patrol.

"No show-off play like that ever does any good," Douglas said. "It only stacks trouble onto plenty we already got."

At the window Horse Dunn stirred impatiently. "Understand this, Val," he said. "Billy done just what I would have done in a like case. I'll back Billy's play to the limit, and that goes for any other play he wants to make!"

"Sure," said Douglas. "What else can we do?"

Wheeler sat up, angering again. "Now just a minute!"

Horse Dunn whirled. "Cut it out," he snapped. "Val, that was Old Man Coffee just come in; go take care of his horse, and see that there's grub laid out at the cook shack."

When Val Douglas had gone out Billy Wheeler's anger left him. "He's mostly right, Horse," he said. "Horse Dunn bristled and his voice rose to its familiar roar. "All I'm

worry for is you didn't kill the little sneak! If I had a couple more riders with enough guts in their bellies to—" His thunder subsided; Wheeler noticed how all the hard fire went out of this old man in the presence of his niece. Marian Dunn sat relaxed at the other window, her eyes in the far hills, and her profile was as motionless as if she were carved of cream-colored marble. Billy Wheeler had that day seen horror and antipathy in her eyes after he had downed Kid Bender; and he no longer wondered why Horse Dunn lost spirit sometimes when she was there.

Horse Dunn mumbled in obscure apology. "We're right sorry. Things sometimes go like this. / But sometimes we can't help it if they do. If only Bob Flagg would get here—" Marian Dunn gave no sign of having heard, and there was an awkward silence. Then Old Man Coffee came stalking across from the corals, dropped a saddle from his hip to the gallery floor, and let himself in.

"Val Douglas says that Billy Wheeler, here, stirred up a little extra hell today," he said without preliminaries.

Horse Dunn grunted, and Wheeler briefly explained to the old lion hunter what had happened.

"Well," Old Man Coffee said, "I reckon Marian can testify she seen him go for his gun."

Marian did not verify this. After a moment Horse Dunn said, "I suppose you didn't find anything, or you'd be saying so."

"I'd sure like to catch up with that Cuyetano," Coffee said.



"How'd You Lay Hands on That?"

"Today I seen him riding a horse to death, some northward, toward the Red Sleep. I'd sure like to know what he was at."

"You worry plenty about that Indian, don't you? If—"

"He knows too much, too soon," Coffee complained. "Why wasn't he promoting the Short Creek trails, like me? Something funny about this Cayuse, Horse."

"So you lost out," Horse accused him.

Old Man Coffee eased himself onto the most uncomfortable chair in the room, and there draped himself angularly. "If there's anything in the world makes me mad," he said morosely, "it's a cussed fool hound."

The droop-eared old lion dog which had followed Coffee in looked at him mournfully, and looked to the floor with a great rattle of elbows, but made no remark. "I set out to trail the killer's horse," Coffee went on. "I took down-crack; Rock seeking the trail where it come out of the water. Pretty soon he says he's got it, and sets up a beller, and away we go, inching along about two miles an hour. That fool hound takes anyway six, eight miles, all the time hollering just as confident as if he knew what he was at."

Old Man Coffee crammed cut plug into an ancient pipe, the bowl of which was carved to represent hearts and flowers.

"Well?" Dunn demanded at last. "All this time," Coffee said, "I hadn't been able to make out a decent track; but I was getting kind of suspicious because of the way the trail wandered around. Then finally we come on a soft place, where I could see plain. And it was the wrong trail."

"I thought this dog couldn't be fooled," Dunn grunted.

"He was sure fooled this time. The trail your wagon boss showed me was off a cup-hoofed pony; the hoofs showed nail splits. But old Rock took after a pony that was flat-footed as a duck—his feet wore down right onto the frog."

"So," Horse Dunn said, "you ended up empty-handed, same as our ordinary folks!"

"Not altogether and complete,"

Coffee retorted. "Rock quit cold—wouldn't work no more. But I took and unraveled the other trail by hand." He stepped out onto the gallery and came back with the saddle, which he now threw down among them in a tangle of broken strap-page. "There," he said casually, "is the death saddle you was inquiring after."

Billy Wheeler heard Marian's breath jerk through her teeth. In the failing light her eyes looked surprisingly dark.

"Good Lord!" said Dunn. "How'd you lay hands on that?"

"Why, I followed the trail of the dead man's horse, until I come to the place he rolled loose from it. How'd you suppose?"

Horse Dunn had dropped to his knees beside the saddle. None of them had realized how deep the room was in twilight until it was brightened by the flare of the match he struck. For a long moment Horse Dunn studied the old worn leather, until the flame burned to his finger tips and went out. He stood up slowly. "You know that saddle?"

"No," said Wheeler. "Do you?"

Behind Horse Dunn's shaggy face the muscles were stiffening slowly, so that although his features remained in some sense a mask, his eyes presently began to gleam with the white heat of the anger which he could not repress. "Yes," he said.

Yet he did not immediately answer their unspoken question. He turned to the window again, and for a little while stood looking out as if he could not yet trust himself to speak. Out behind the barns, Coffee's five other hounds were churning the quiet twilight with mournful howlings, and for a little while they all seemed to be listening to that. Then Marian got up and went quietly from the room, and for once her uncle seemed glad to have her go.

"Here they're setting out to put the look to me," Horse Dunn said at last—"hunting a strange holt on my brand. And it's a shameful thing that this should come onto us because somebody rubbed out maybe the most worthless character that ever rode the Red Hills range."

"You know the name?" said Old Man Coffee.

"What's his name matter?" Horse Dunn exploded. "His name was Lon Magon—and what of it? A cow thief—in a small, cheap way. He'd go around on different ranges, and he'd steal a beef here, and another there; skin 'em and sell 'em to some butcher a hundred miles away for half price."

"Horse," said Coffee, "who would have killed this man?"

"Anybody!" Horse Dunn roared. "Any cowman with enough guts to rub out a cow thief! I ought to've killed him myself last time I caught him with the carcass of a 94 cow!"

"Did you know he was operating on this range?"

"What's the difference if I did or not? We know it now. Billy, you take that saddle, and kick it under my bunk!"

"You better turn it in to the sheriff, Horse," Coffee said. "You'll be suppressing evidence if you keep it here."

"Damned if I will!" Horse Dunn said. "All they want is to hang this thing on the 94—on me. You think I called you in to help 'em? No, by God!"

Tulare Callahan was a small man, very wiry, with a cheerful hard face. He had relieved Steve Hurley, who for three days had kept an eye on the state of affairs at the county seat of Inspiration, and he now came roaring into the 94 lay-out in Horse Dunn's heavy old touring car. He was grinning with the delight of an action-hungry man who smells smoke at last.

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"I hear Billy Wheeler like to murdered a guy," said he.

"Billy Wheeler slapped Kid Bender with a horse," Dunn said. "You come all the way back here to tell us that?"

"I thought maybe you might want to hear the upshot," Tulare said. "The sheriff's coming out to get Wheeler, either tonight or first thing in the morning. He's going to throw him in the jug."

"What's the charge against Billy?" Horse asked.

"Assault with a deadly weapon."

"Billy didn't assault him with anything!"

"The heck he didn't," Old Man Coffee put in. "Didn't he hurl the Kid's horse at him?"

"The town is full of small-time cowmen and their professional calf thieves," Tulare reported. "Seems like every guy in the country that has it in for the 94 is swarming into Inspiration. I bet there's 20 guys that's tried to get themselves made deputies. If Walt Amos called for a posse he could easy raise a hundred men."

"So they figure to arrest Billy Wheeler," Dunn said.

"They can't hold him," Coffee said. "I suppose Kid Bender will run in Pinto Halliday as a witness, and they'll all lie to beat the cards. But what good will it do 'em? Marian was there. Billy's got a witness that can make a fool of 'em in any court in the world."

Marian Dunn said, almost under her breath, "I can't testify."

"What's that?" he demanded.

"I didn't see anything," the fight started. Billy just suddenly jumped his horse at the other horse, and it went over backward. That's all I saw."

Horse Dunn turned to her. He seemed puzzled, but very quiet.

"Marian," he said, "didn't you hear Billy tell what happened? How Kid Bender went for him?"

"The girl said, 'Yes, I heard him.'"

"I've known Billy Wheeler since he had to shin up a horse's leg to get on. You think he'd lie to us here?"

"No; I didn't say I thought he lied."

"Then what's to stop you from backing him up?"

In the girl's eyes showed something Billy Wheeler had never seen there before. Her face was as gentle and lucid as the face of a child; but though her eyes were troubled there was a sober strength behind them as immutable in its way as the rocky will of Horse Dunn.

"I can't swear to something I didn't see."

Horse Dunn looked at her, then turned away and let his hands fall in a gesture of utter futility. His eyes turned to Billy Wheeler. "You see?" he said. "You see?"

Old Man Coffee broke the awkward pause. "Look here," he said. "There's something about this I don't get. Yesterday you shot Link Bender through the arm, Horse, right before the sheriff's eyes. Nothing comes of that. How is it the sheriff lets that pass, yet jumps in with both feet the minute Billy Wheeler raises his hand in self-defense?"

"You want to know the answer?" Horse Dunn demanded. "He didn't take me because he hasn't got the guts to take me. What, haul me in on a charge like that? He knows it can't be done! What he fails to allow for now is that the 94 will back Billy Wheeler just the same as if he'd been here all his life. When he finds that out you'll see him drop back!"

"I'm not so sure," said Old Man Coffee again.

"You're not sure? Look at it, man!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Flu May Follow Common Cold

By  
**DR. JAMES W. BARTON**  
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AS MEDICAL students were taught that influenza or flu was due to a certain little organism or bacillus called the bacillus of Pfeiffer, after its discoverer.

During the flu epidemic of 1918, it was found that a number of individuals who did not suffer with flu had this bacillus in their throats. Today many physicians believe that more than one organism may cause the common cold and give rise to the usual symptoms of sneezing, running nose, increased pulse and temperature and a feeling of tiredness.



Dr. Barton

However, when a case goes on to extreme prostration and greatly increased temperature, it is believed due to the organisms of another ailment entering in, such as that of flu, pneumonia, bronchopneumonia or others.

**Cold Leaves the Door Open.**

Thus someone has said that the common cold when it enters the system leaves the door open which so interferes with the defenses of the nose and throat that they can't stop these other organisms from entering. It would seem that very often the first ailment to follow a simple or common cold is the flu, and the flu so prostrates the individual during the first few days that these other organisms, often already present in the body, are able to fight off the natural defenses and manufacture the poisons which cause the serious symptoms that follow.

During the 1918 epidemic it was my privilege to be senior medical officer of a military base hospital of 800 beds. At the end of the first week of the epidemic we had to install extra beds in wards and in the corridors to accommodate the large number of flu patients.

Fortunately most of the patients came to us directly from their units, remained a few days, and made a good recovery. But many patients who remained on their feet for the first two or three days of the flu, then reported sick to their own medical officer and were then sent on to us, had or developed serious complications during their stay with us—pneumonia and bronchopneumonia.

One must get off his feet and to bed immediately when attacked by a severe cold or the flu.

**Safe Method of Reducing.**

There are a great many individuals who, while not really fat, know that they are carrying ten to fifteen more pounds than they should to have comfort and proper working ability. They naturally dislike the idea of going on any one of the special diets, but would be willing to follow in a general way a system that would take off the surplus weight over a period of six months to a year.

Sometimes it is enough for them to know what classes of foods to avoid and what classes to eat. Thus cutting down on highly nutritious or high caloric foods—sugar, potatoes, bread, butter, cream, egg-yolks—and increasing the less nutritious or low caloric foods—cabbage, cauliflower, skimmed milk, fresh fruits, and green vegetables—is all that is needed to bring about the required reduction in weight.

As far as meat, fish, eggs (proteins) are concerned at least one helping of meat or fish should be eaten daily to maintain the "structure" of the body. Thus the reducing diet should include lean meat, eggs and soft cheeses (which supply protein and are at the same time not too high in fuel value) and small amounts of a few carbohydrate or starch foods such as bread, potatoes and very simple desserts.

Fats should be almost entirely avoided because their fuel or food value is more than twice that of protein or starch foods.

However, even if fats and starches are cut down and fruits and leafy vegetables increased, the proteins (meat, eggs, fish) must be increased not only for their "staying" power, and for maintaining body structure but also because protein foods make a "fast burning" fire in the system, greatly increasing the heat, and burning up surplus tissue such as fat. Hence a person would lose weight faster on a diet containing an insufficient amount of food but with a greater amount of protein in proportion to fats and starches because the meat and eggs "burn" more fiercely.

This doesn't mean that a "great" amount of extra meat or eggs should be eaten because many overweights may have the early symptoms of high blood pressure or kidney conditions.

Research physicians doing special work on obesity or overweight, while advising almost a complete avoidance of fat foods, advise that "some" starch foods be eaten every day.

## Fine Feathers for Three



sheer wool, will do nicely as the material.

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## RECREATE!

THE leisure time period contributes most to the development of the individual. It has been said, "What we earn while at work we put into our pockets, and what we spend during our leisure time we put into our character." Our occupations are tending to become more and more specialized and one-sided.

So much of the time we are using only one part of our body or mind, allowing the other parts to deteriorate through disuse. There is great need, therefore, for our leisure-time activities to provide opportunities for developing those faculties which remain inactive during the working period and thus build a more all-around individual.

Active recreation, such as sports, games, dramatics and singing, develops powers of self-expression, of individuality, of initiative and of decision which many occupations tend to stifle. They provide a beneficial outlet for our natural demand for play and help to form certain desirable habits of perseverance, pluck, quick thinking, self-restraint and co-operation.

Fair play learned in games makes it easier to live a clean, courageous and generous life. Group activities also render service to the individual by promoting his happiness and decreasing his loneliness.

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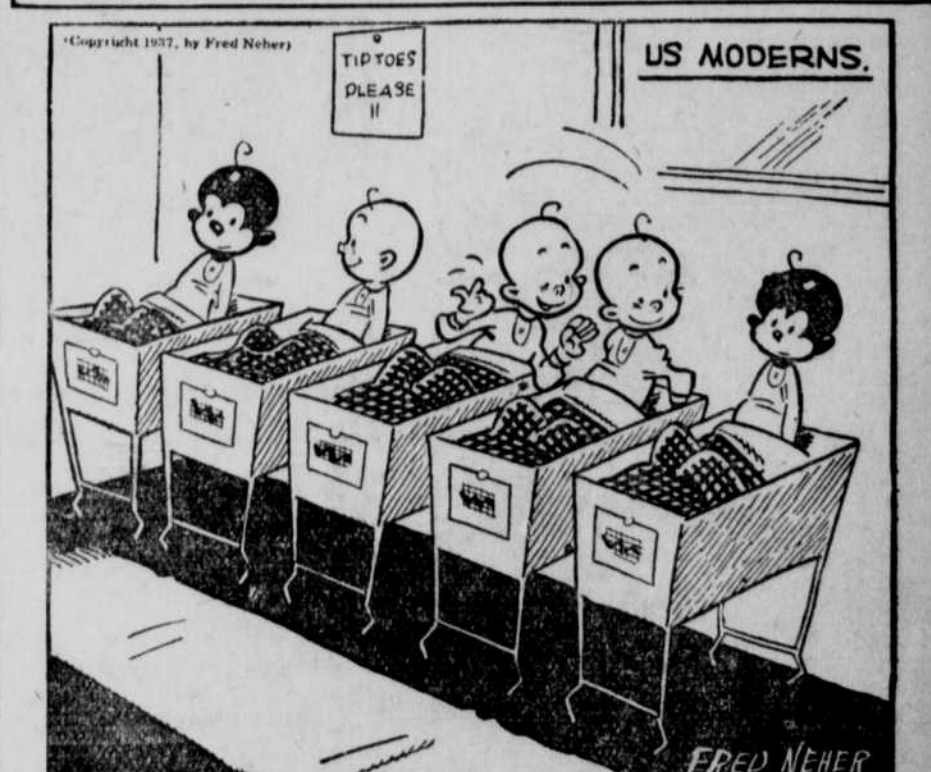
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## CHEW LONG BILL NAVY TOBACCO 5¢ PLUG

## LIFE'S LIKE THAT By Fred Neher



"How about a minstrel show now that we have two good end men."