CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

CHAPTER VII-Continued

Walt Amos turned his back on them, and stood staring out into the curiously empty - unwholesomely empty, so that nobody who had seen the crowd there could look at that street now without knowing that something was irregular, something

"Move out, then," the sheriff said. "Drag your freight and drag it quick. Keep going. Five minutes its coils with bony old fingers. from now I don't want you in this town."

Horse Dunn chuckled in his short beard and hitched his belt up. Slowly he sauntered past the deputies, staring at each of them with an open insolent amusement as he passed; then he shouldered out, a frame of the door.

Unhurrying, the 94 men made their car.

But as the dust of Inspiration kicked out from under their tires crying the trail of the killer horse.' they knew that they had put behind them a violence that was not avoided, but only delayed.

By the time they reached the ranch it was already late afternoon. and the tall Tuscaroras were sending vast, vague fingers of shadow about the layout of the 94, while the high eastern horizon was still brightly brassy in the sun. Marian did not come out to meet them. Hunting around, Horse Dunn presently sighted her sitting on the fence of a little empty corral, hidden from the house by the barns. He walked out to climb the fence beside her; and Billy Wheeler, tired of people around him, went to his room, and got his razors out.

Here Horse presently came looking for him. The old cow boss walked in slowly, and closed the door after him. He sat down on the edge of the bunk with the movements of a man a hundred years old: and he covered his face with his hands.

"You know what she said to me?" he demanded.

"Nope." 'I went out to where she's sitting on that corral. I just wanted to tell her about Rufe Deane throwing down his deputy badge, and the way they cleared the street. I thought maybe if she'd seen it all she'd know what we're up against. So I went out there and said, 'Marian-' That was all I said. She never even looked at me. And pretty soon she says-'You're making this country run red.' "

Suddenly Billy Wheeler felt a detached pity for this old man and this girl. He was able to see what Horse Dunn could not: that the girl was curiously dependent upon this old man, who looked like her father; was dependent upon him in more ways than she was aware. And both were deeply hurt, at a loss, because they could not understand each other.

He could not see much chance that the girl would learn to understand either Horse Dunn or the dry country men whom he faced. Horse Dunn was what the dry country had made him; and there was no longer anything in the old man's life except the cow kingdom he had dreamed, and tried to build, for her. A slight noise was heard and Old Man Coffee came in gloomily and threw his coiled dog whip on the

"I haven't actually hit a dog with that thing for over nine days," he offered. "But I swear I come close to hitting one tonight. That old fool makes me so cussed-'

"Coffee." Dunn interrupted. "you haven't been here long; but you've trailed and back-trailed, and promoted all over this place with those long-eared hounds. Now tell me one thing: do you see any show of finding out who killed Lon Magoon?"

Old Man Coffee dropped into a chair and considered for several long moments. "No," he said at last.

"Why?" Dunn demanded.

"Somebody, some place, may have killed Lon Magoon, for all I know. But he sure wasn't killed at Short Crick."

For once in his life old Horse Dunn's jaw dropped. "Look here! You wouldn't go to fooling with me?"

"I don't always know what I'm talking about. This time I know. "But the saddle-"

"I don't question it was Magoon's saddle; I only say it was a different man was killed in it."

Again Horse stared at Coffee then he relaxed a little, and sat down on the bunk. "Coffee," he said, "if you're so dead sure, in

God's name tell us what you know!' Coffee squinted his deep-set eyes at Dunn. "I sore-footed a good dog, and like to killed a mule, getting over here to help you with this case. I don't ask for that to be appreciated. But I'm getting a little tired of answering all the questions

around here!" matter with you?"

one thing."

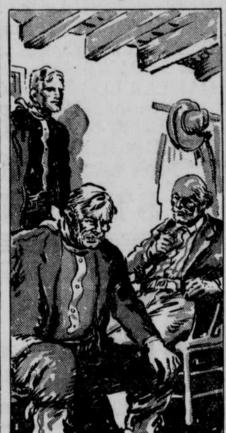
"Who's lied to you?"

here to suit me!" "Coffee," said Horse Dunn with-

do you mean by that?"

"I'll just give you one sample." Old Man Coffee picked up his dog whip from the floor and sorted out "There's been a horse in this case that's been known as the killer's horse, because he left his trail at Short Crick, mixed up in the sign of the killing. You know I took old Rock and we trailed that horse; though it come to nothing, then. Now, since we've been back here huge hulk that filled the whole this afternoon, I've seen a funny thing. Rock's been working around the horse corrals, by himself; trytheir way along the main street of ing to work out a trail. Dog voices Inspiration, around the corner to is peculiar-they call different trails in different ways. And as soon as I heard Rock's voice, I knew he was

They stared at him in silence. Then Horse Dunn said, "You're tell-



"I Swear I Never Heard the Beat."

ing me that the killer's horse has been here in this layout-right here -within the past few days?" "Within the past 24 hours," Coffee

Horse Dunn made a gesture of impatience, almost of disgust. "I swear I never heard the beat," he said. "You set out to give me a does it come to? You read names, dates and places into the howl of a hound; and you figure out that right here among us he's come on a trail the straight run of it."

CHAPTER VIII

their early lucid twilight across the range of the 94 by the time the cowboys cleared their supper plates. They had eaten in silence. But somehow in the interval since the conference in Billy Wheeler's room, quarrel seemed about to smoke up between Old Man Coffee and Horse Dunn. So now they still loafed in the mess shack, and nobody spoke of seven-up. They rolled cigarettes and lighted pipes, and a couple of shadows of the men on the walls

Horse Dunn broke the silence impatiently. "There sure ought to be without hunting up trouble among ourselves. In ordinary times this whole killing case wouldn't amount to a tinker's damn to begin with." "I'm not so sure," said Old Man

"What kind of a case have they

got?" Horse demanded. "They can' even find their everlasting stiff!" "They're pretty liable to find it. Old Man Coffee thought. "When they find it, it'll be about all they need. If it's Magoon, like you claim

they can show motive-you said openly that you'd kill Magoon if you caught him on 94 range. They've got opportunity-by your own state ment you were riding alone on Rec Sleep Ridge that day, and the Red Sleep is within striking distance of Short Crick. They can prove you hid the dead man's saddle-which they can stretch to make look like a concealment of the crime. And al this says nothing about the killing of

"What's known about the killing of Cavuse?"

Cayuse Cayetano.'

"How do I know? We're so popular around here we can't even go Horse looked baffled. "What's the look over Ace Springs without get ably was charcoal, which is the the churchyard of Temple church, ting into a scrap with officers of fairly good grade of carbon left Fleet street, London

at Short Crick."

"More than one, right here on this and went to growling into his war- had thought of a way. sun-blasted street. That street was place. Dunn, there's too many like beard. "I don't believe you things not open to the eye around know any more about it than the rest of us do."

"I'll put it stronger than that. out belligerence, "what in all hell Maybe-" Old Man Coffee made each word separately heard-"someone in this room knows a whole lot more than I know!"

> Horse Dunn sat perfectly still, exto back up."

"I'll say just one thing more. the murdered man." There's scarcely a man in this room that hasn't lied to me at least once, in the little time I've been here."

ing himself square in his chair, got bullheaded and held onto Maa little hazy and loose-spoken about it in to the sheriff-but no, he had where they've been, and when. No to have his own way. This time I'm man knows what he's up against running no chapces. If I find the here. Take Gil, here-the sheriff dead man, my next move will be to mixed him up. And why? Because take word to the sheriff." Gil would try to stand by his side riders even if he knew every last one of 'em was guilty. If you hold brush and sleep for a week." that against him, then maybe you know dogs-but you're nuts!"

pipe stem in his teeth. "I suppose deck? Where does the 94 come in?" that lets you out, too?" He sat look-

like the voice of a bull. "If you we'll see." say I lied, then by God name what you mean!"

"To hell with you," Coffee said. without lifting his voice.

"You'll either back what you said," the outraged Horse Dunn stormed, "or you'll swaller it whole!"

"That I won't do either," Coffee

at him blankly; then he sat down, giving place to something ugly. "I organized, at a loss. can't stand for that, Coffee," he

"I can't help that."

you want to stick to what you said?" | trap it was in. "Naturally."

me-I've got along all right so far, ing outside the door of the ranch and I guess I'll be able to go on house. In the stillness of the night entirely, both at the table and in struggling along. I-" "Wait," Billy began. "You-"

me a bill for what I owe."

stretched himself, a queer smile on twist him inside. that he completely lost when he had his face. "Just send me a check for tered out into the dark.

their number.

now he's gone cracked altogether. I suppose the old fool won't even ring battle, or a man in danger. stay the night-he'll go sleep in the

Coffee saddled his black mule. He brush was as awake as he. was up against a thrash-out, with- that a man has to try. He kept cracked. trying to think of an angle of ap-

"I'm tired of being lied to, for | the peace-same as Billy got into | proach, but Old Man Coffee, whose packing up was easily done, was Dunn slumped down in his chair ready to move out before Wheeler

> Old Man Coffee extended his hand. "Well, so long, son."

"I'm almighty sorry," Wheeler said, "to see you leave this case. You're needed here, if ever a man was.'

"Tough," said Old Man Coffee. He swung aboard the black mule and sat looking down at Billy Wheeler pressed into the flesh, the want to see the city. For ten years cept for his eyes; his head did not from the saddle. "I kind of like raise and no muscle of his face you, son. You seem to have a litchanged, but his eyes whipped to the more savvy than the others. So the old lion hunter's face. After a here's something for you to keep moment he said, "Coffee, that's one under your hat. I'm not out of this remark you're sure going to have case yet. I'm going to do one more job before I go. I'm going to find "You think you can?"

"Looks like I might. Horse Dunn -he ain't in on this. He made a Horse Dunn sat up slowly, hitch- fool of me, and himself too, when he 'Maybe some of my boys have been goon's saddle. I told him to turn "And then-"

"And then I'm, going off in the

"But look here! Do you realize, if you do that the Inspiration crowd Old Man Coffee spoke past the will be holding every card in the

"That's your worry. But I'll help ing at Dunn steadily, a little smile you this much: you be up on Lost Whiskey Butte tomorrow about an Horse spread his hands in front hour after sun-up. Tomorrow's go- age individual of the same weight of him on the table, as if he would ing to be my last day's work on this and height. jump across it, and his voice rose case-I hope. And we'll see what

"I'll be there," Wheeler said. "And don't you bring Horse Dunn -or any of his hired men either. Or by golly, I'll-"

"Okay."

climbed to the top rail of the corral, where he sat despondently eyeing the horizon stars. For the first time he felt an overwhelming sense For a moment Horse Dunn stared of the 94's helplessness against odds. Everything had gone against Horse and the flame went out of his eyes, Dunn; the outfit was confused, dis-

One question stood out largely in or injection some extract of pitul said. "You know I can't stand for his mind. Where was Bob Flagg? To Billy Wheeler it seemed that the appearance of Bob Flagg, and these "water retainers," Dr. A. H. "You don't give me any choice," this alone, could give them any said Horse Dunn thickly. "You sure chance to extricate the 94 from the

"If you don't want to work with stood talking to Val Douglas, linger- pints a day; (2) limiting or cuthe could hear the low continuous the cooking; (3) giving a diet of low murmur of Val's voice, talking caloric (fuel or food) value as fol-"Shut up, Wheeler," Coffee said. steadily-doubtless in his own be-"You've acted like you've wanted half. And he could see Marian's out of this ever since I got you in lowered profile against the yellow sample of how you've been done it," Dunn clipped out. "All right light of a window pane. It was wrong by, around here. And what then-you're out! And you can send curious how every suggested line of that girl, every least bend of her Old Man Coffee stood up and head could move Billy Wheeler,

Then a strange thing happeneda million dollars," he said. He saun- strange in that Billy Wheeler had almost a forenotice of it. As he sat butter and green vegetables. Fish For a few moments after Old Man | there alone in the dark he now found Coffee had gone out, the 94 people himself keenly aware of the peopled sat silent, unable to realize that the layout about him-aware of the ex-The mountains were throwing old lion hunter was no longer of act location of the men in the bunk house, of the ponies in the corrals. Horse Dunn roused himself. "I It was a peculiar sensation, as if ing it if there is no reaction or always heard he was cracky. But he were suddenly more awake than before, as awake as a man in a

And especially he was aware of everybody there had learned that a brush somewhere. Well, fair the dark, silent brush country at enough! Somebody go catch him his his back, where buckbrush and desert juniper stood thick behind the Two or three of them moved, but corrals. Somewhere out there a Billy Wheeler wanted the job, and twig cracked, and his nerves jerked. he took it. He held a lantern while Something in that black mile of

lamps were lit, throwing tall, huge knew it was useless to try to get the Then abruptly the silence broke, two old men together again, but he definitely, once-and-for-all, as if the behind. They all knew that the 94 felt that it was one of those things night's shell of stillness had

(TO BE CONTINUED)

enough scrapping on this range Wood Long in Use, but Forever Doomed by Other Materials; Charcoal Replaced

to be replaced by something else. fuel that men burned, but now it glass, concrete, and steel are gradually taking its place. The wooden place almost completely. ships of a century ago have given way to the iron ships of today.

industry, but with one important continually been discovered to take extent. the place of the old ones.

For example, the first chemical reagent to be made from wood prob-

Wood has found a wide variety when the other elements of wood of uses as a raw material in the are driven off by intense heat. Carpast, but it seems forever doomed bon is an excellent reducing agent, which means that it can readily writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck in the combine, when hot enough, with the Chicago Tribune. It was the first oxygen of metallic ores to form gaseous carbon oxides, thereby leaving has been largely replaced by coal the metal in a free state. At one and petroleum. The first houses time practically all the iron prowere made of wood, but now brick, duced was done so with the help of cer is curable is what will be known charcoal. Now coke has taken its

Almost simultaneous with the decline of the metallurgical applica-So it has been in the chemical tion of charcoal has been the development of another important use. difference. Wood has been the although one more limited in volsource of a number of important ume. Carbon has an unusual ability raw materials which have later to absorb organic matter on its surbeen produced more economically face. The porous nature of wood from other sources. However, the charcoal gives it a great amount of chemical importance of wood itself exposed surface, so that it possesses has not declined, for new uses have this absorptive power to an unusual

> Oliver Goldsmith's Grave Oliver Goldsmith's grave is in

Too Much Water in Tissues

DR. JAMES W. BARTON

COMETIMES you see an O overweight man or woman, who, instead of having a red or rosy complexion, looks unusually pale, in fact, "pasty" describes their appearance accurately. They live in?" the poor man inquired timare suspected of having heart | idly, the furrow between his eyes and kidney trouble, as this deepening. "If it's money, Lucy, pale, podgy appearance is often present in chronic inflammation of the kidneys. flesh does not "pit," and this overweight and pasty appearance is simply due to too getting you a housekeeper." much water being allowed to remain in the body tissues.

Now this condition is believed to be due to some disturbance in the ting and almost ran out of the room.

skull. This little ulate to a considerwater and the by the body tissues. Urlike the ordinary or usual overweight | Lucy Green. cases where the excess weight is due to overeating, these

pasty podgy individuals are really not large eaters; in fact they are small eaters. Thus many have been known to retain their weight on 700 calories a day, which would be about one-third the amount of food eaten by the aver-

"The patients are usually young (twelve to twenty years of age). The output of urine from the kidneys is much below normal, being about one pint a day, whereas the normal output should be more than twice that amount. Such are the When he was gone Billy Wheeler | characteristics of the 'water retainer' as these individuals are called."

Method of Treatment. You can thus see that the accu-

mulation of water is a big factor in weight production.

Naturally if the pituitary gland is at fault in these cases it would be thought advisable to give by mouth tary gland.

In outlining the treatment for Douthwaite is the British Medical Journal says:

"Treatment consists of (1) cutting Marian Dunn, he noticed, still down the fluid intake to about 11/2 ting down on salt by avoiding salt lows:

> Six large bananas 11/4 pints of skimmed milk 1/4 of medium sized cabbage or

lettuce. "Divide the above into three or four meals. Loss of weight will be for the tastefully kept house that about one-half pound daily. After two to three weeks substitute for two bananas two eggs and a little

and lean meat a week later. "(4) The use of small doses of calomel (mercury) beginning with very small doses (one-tenth to one-quarter grain), and gradually increassymptoms due to the mercury, or if there is not too much purging.

"The above complete treatment may be repeated four times a year

if necessary." Now this looks very simple but in

this type of overweight-water retention-as in all types of overweight the reduction of food is bound to affect the whole body, and door. notwithstanding the benefit to the working processes of the body by the loss of this water weight, the heart may be affected and must always be watched carefully. . . .

Women Fight Cancer.

Because millions of dollars are being spent and hundreds of research physicians are working night and day to try to discover the cause of cancer, many may have the idea that until that cause is found nothing can be done to save the lives of those afflicted with cancer. Yet every day men and women are attending clinics where by the use o the X-ray, radium, and th eknife many are saved. What should prove a powerful

force in spreading the idea that canas "The Women's Field Army," sponsored by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Without guns, without uniforms, without poison gas, a war is being launched. It is a war of education against one of the greatest menaces of life: cancer. The first drive against cancer is indeed a war to save human life. The soldiers are the women of America and the enemy is cancer.

The leaders of the organization feel that an educational drive, carried on over a period of years, can save perhaps 40 per cent of the 149,000 who die each year. This Women's Field Army will work through the medical societies of the states or provinces.

Hiram Steps In

By ENDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON © McClure Newspaper Syndicate, WNU Service.

"WHY, Lucy Green," Hiram Thompson said in real dismay, "you can't mean that after all these years you are going to leave

The lady addressed compressed her spinsterly mouth and resumed her knitting. "Yes, Hiram," she replied with terrible finality in her tone, "I mean just that."

"Haven't you had a nice home to name your price."

Lucy Green clicked her needles impatiently and kept her eyes upon her flying fingers. "I have no com-However, when the finger is plaint. I'm forty years old, and I now I've been keeping house for you, and I'm not getting any younger. I'm going next week, but I'm

"All right, Lucy," the man almost moaned. "I can't hold you."

Miss Lucy gathered up her knitpituitary gland lying | Hiram Thompson stared into the fire on the floor of the and thought that life was a thing exceedingly hard to endure. Lucy gland seems to reg- had made his home comfortable. had cooked just the things he liked, able extent both the had been such a nice body to have around, and his little girl, whom starch consumption Lucy had taken care of since the child was two, adored her. Really he could not picture life without

> The inexorable passing of time brought the departure of Lucy and the coming of her successor, Hetty McLeod, whom from the first Hiram felt he could never like.

That evening Hiram took his seat at the supper-table and looked across at the bony face of Hetty McLeod who talked in strident tones as she poured the tea. "I see the neighbor's cat makes

free on our side of the fence," she began. "I ain't a-goin' to have that -never did like cats." "Oh," little Mary wailed, "Aunt

Lucy useter feed him. We love that Miss McLeod sniffed and made no reply as she poured a dark fluid in-

to the cups. "We don't have coffee for supper; we have tea." Mary complained. "'Tain't coffee. Can't you smell

the tea?" the new housekeeper cor-A few days later Hiram noticed that dust had begun to coat the mahogany furniture Lucy had always polished with such pride. Little Mary, studying beneath the lamp, kicked her father gently on the ankle, and wrote on the dark surface of the table, "I'm hungry, and I want Aunt Lucy." The child had expressed the longing that filled his whole being. He was hungry not

SHORT SHORT STORY

only for the food Lucy prepared,

Complete in This Issue

breathed the presence of Lucy, but

he was hungry for Lucy herself. The next day Hiram Thompson journeyed to find Lucy Green at the address she had given. She was staying, he had known, at the home of a sister in a not far-distant city until she could find the sort of situation that would enable her to see the things she professed to yearn for. As he walked up the steps, Hiram Thompson, forty-five and usually at ease, was as nervous as a schoolboy. Lucy herself opened the door.

"Oh, Hiram," she gasped, "what's happened? Is Mary ill?"

Hiram walked in and laid his hat and coat on the chair nearest the

"We're starving for you, Lucy-Mary as much as a child can and me more'n I ever thought a man could. I thought maybe you'd consider comin' back not as Lucy Green, housekeeper, but as Lucy Thompson, owner. We just can't live without you, Lucy," he finished

There was a soft light in Miss Lucy Green's clear eyes-and also the glimmer of a twinkle. Her little plan that involved sending him the poorest housekeeper in the state and the grouchiest old maid had worked, but there was no use telling Hiram what he needn't ever know. So she dropped her lids and said gently, "Well, Hiram, I guess I'm homesick, too."

Black Cat Stowaway on Plane Fights the Pilot Flying alone-or so he thought-

from Heston, England, to Amsterdam, Holland, Pilot Mark Lacayo was enjoying the scenery. He had not gone far when he feit a touch on his shoulder. His nerves are good, but he almost went into a tailspin from surprise. Behind him was a large black cat. Lacayo made a grab at the cat and it scratched him. More grabs, more scratches, and hen the cat fled. taking refuge in the tail of the machine. There is no way to fly an airplane and chase a cat at the same time, and the pilot turned back to the starting point. The moment he landed the cat bolted.

Add a Bluebird To Your Linens

Out across the tulips fly our feathered friends the Bluebirds, so realistic when embroidered in dainty 10 to the inch cross stitch. See how prettily these bird motifs may be adapted either to border or corner various household accessories-breakfast sets, towels,



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Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Please write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

The Subconscious Mind

The expressions, conscious and subconscious mind, are well defined psychological terms. The subconscious mind may be defined as anything that is neither in the focus nor in the margin of the consciousness (that is, that does not receive attention and cannot be regarded as an actual experience of the moment) but which, nevertheless, must be assumed to be influencing the mind in some

HOW OFTEN CAN YOU KISS AND MAKE UP?

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