

# CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

CHAPTER IX—Continued

"Not very much. Aren't you going to help me find some breakfast?"

"You bet I am." They went into the cook shack, and he lit the lamp again.

Moving slowly, he quietly shoved wood into the banked fire, and got bacon into a skillet. "I'm sure sorry I can't stay while this cooks," he said. "But I've got to make a ride."

"Maybe I'll go with you."

"I'm afraid," he said gently, "you wouldn't want to do that."

"You mean you don't want me?"

"It isn't that. But—"

"If you had any imagination you'd know I got up at this unearthly hour because I want to talk to you."

He waited, disturbed. She stood close to him, talking almost in whispers. He knew he must get going, but he could not bring himself to move away.

"You see—I heard part of what you and Uncle John said last night."

"You heard—what?"

"Uncle John has a voice like old Rock in full cry," she explained. "My room isn't next to his, but it isn't far away. And when he's angry, I'll bet he can be heard ten miles back into the Tuscaroras. I couldn't help hearing what you said about Bob Flagg being dead. And if that's true—"

Wheeler was startled. "Marian—" he looked at her square—"what else did you hear?"

Her eyes did not waver. "That was all."

He thought he detected a faint wicked gleam in her eyes, but he kept his face expressionless, and stood pat.

"We've got to find Old Man Coffee," she said.

"Seems like he's left, Marian."

"You've got to take me to him," the girl said. "You can find him—I know you can find him."

"What makes you think so?"

"Can't you?"

Wheeler hesitated; what Old Man Coffee had told him had been told in confidence. Yet, invariably, he found it almost impossible to speak untruly to this girl.

His hesitation was fatal. "You know where he is," she said suddenly.

He picked up his bridle. "I've got to get out of here."

"Billy—you're riding out to meet Old Man Coffee?"

"Tell your uncle I'll be back tonight," he said abruptly, and moved toward the door.

"I'm going with you."

"I'm sorry," he said, "but you're not. You're a pest, that's what you are! Go on and eat your breakfast."

Yet he knew that he could not bluff this girl, nor control anything that she did; and that was worse, she knew it too. As he left her she was writing a note to her uncle, telling him where she had gone; and she was with him, mounted on her own pony, as he left the layout.

Wheeler pressed his pony along steadily, eyes to the front; and he was combating his keen awareness that the girl was at his side. He had loved this gaunt, clear-colored country of blasting sun and sharp shadows; differently than he had loved the girl, but as a man loves his home. But now he knew he would need another different country, a new type of grazing land, if he was ever going to forget this girl who rode beside him, whom he could never possess.

They were almost in the shadow of Lost Whiskey Butte when she broke the silence between them.

"Billy—I told you something that wasn't so."

He waited.

"It was when we were talking about Bob Flagg, and how I heard what you and Uncle John said about that. And I said that was all I heard. Well—that wasn't all."

"What else did you hear?"

"I heard—it all."

Unexpectedly he found it difficult to tell himself that it didn't matter. But now he realized that she was waiting for him to answer, and he managed to say, "That's all right."

"Isn't it better," she said, "that we both know now how things really stand—between us, I mean?"

He made himself say, "I guess so, Marian."

"It is better," she said, and he wondered why her voice seemed so sad. "Because—don't you see?—there's nothing to keep us from being friends now—really friends. And each of us—all of us—are going to need what friendliness there is left in the world, I think."

moved his mule nearer Marian's pony, and leaned forward to peer into her eyes. Then he laid a bony old hand on her shoulder. "Child, what happened to you?"

"Nothing."

"Something did, though," Wheeler contradicted. He told Coffee of the shot from the brush.

The old hunter scowled; he looked as nearly startled as they had ever seen him look. "This changes the whole set-up," he complained. "I thought I had it licked. I thought I could pretty near give names and cases. But—this smears it."

"I don't follow that," Marian said.

"Neither do I," Coffee said, dismissing discussion. He turned to Wheeler. "You told her what we aimed to try?"

"No."

"Well, you should have. This is a kind of a sad, dark job we're on today, girl. We're going to try to find the man that was killed at Short Creek."

"I guessed that," Marian said.

Old Man Coffee led off to the northeast, his sleepy-eared mule in an ambling shuffle, and they rode in silence for a little way. Coffee signaled to them to come abreast.

"Maybe you've wondered some," he said, "why I've been kind of prowling around of nights, as your



"Marian, This Is as Far as You Go."

wagon boss was at pains to make known. Well, I guess it won't hurt nothing to tell how a thing like this is done. Did you ever listen to coyote voices, of a night, Marian?"

"I couldn't very well help it, could I?"

"There's a funny thing about them. More things interest coyotes than you'd expect. And if something kind of strange and interesting happens on the range, all of 'em know it, all over the desert. We'd learn queer things from 'em if we could understand their talk a little better."

"Coyotes won't touch a dead man; neither will a loafer wolf. But they'll circle around, and kind of wail, and sing. Once before this I found out where a corpse was hid by listening to the coyote voices at night."

"This time, we got a break. There's a loafer wolf on the range. He'll only talk about certain things, and maybe speak only two, three times a week. So when he lets out the same kind of queer cry, in the same place three or four nights in a row, a man begins to wonder."

That was a long day, and a strange day—the strangest in Marian Dunn's life. Their work carried them a great distance, much of which was wasted in quaterning, and the long following of false trails. Some queer geometry of landmarks was working in Coffee's head, but what it was like they could not guess, and he did not explain. Repeatedly Old Man Coffee pulled the dogs off invisible trails which he declared were those of coyotes. It was after noon before a new note came into the howling of the hounds, signaling the trail of the loafer wolf.

"This loafer trail," said Old Man Coffee, "is three days old. I don't reckon it'll serve."

It did not serve, though Coffee let it lead them seven miles in no particular direction before he pulled off the dogs.

The sun had gone down behind the Tuscaroras, and the long gray dusk was on the range as they came on to the broken wilderness of up-thrust red rock that was known as the Red Sleep. The dogs were voicing uncertainty here, obviously running no trail, though Old Man Coffee seemed to know where he was going. And now old Rock made a curious play. The old dog had been in a sulk all day long, unwilling to quarter the trail of the loafer wolf; but now he sent up a long full-throated cry and drifted swiftly, nose down, a hundred yards along the red rock.

breath, "I'll be eternally damned!" Abruptly the old dog turned to look at Old Man Coffee, let his tail drop again, and quit the trail.

"What's the matter?"

"Everything," Coffee said. "I never done so much false figuring in my life!" He pushed ahead quickly now, shouting to his hounds, jerking new life into them with guttural Indian words that the others did not understand.

Now suddenly the big spotted leader hound sprang ahead, bawling; and in another moment the rest of the hounds were with him, running full cry, outdistancing the horses.

"The wolf again," said Coffee, a new keen edge on his voice. "Children, we're near the end of the trail!"

Yet because the trail of the wolf was indirect and circling, they spent another hour in following the dogs. The ponies were scrambling over broken rock now, keeping up as best they could. The dusk was very deep when Old Man Coffee pulled up at last and sat waiting.

They did not see what had stopped him at first; but after a few moments they saw that the hounds had made a circle and were coming back. Coffee got down off his mule, called in his dogs, and tied up each of them, separately, to rock or scrub oak. But he had to crack the long dog whip over them more than once before they would lie down, sulking and moaning in their throats. Old Rock, the only untied, lay down under the feet of the mule, raised his nose to heaven, and let out a long deep-chested wail.

Old Man Coffee tightened his saddle. "Marian," he said, "this is as far as you go." "You stay with her, Billy. I don't know how long this will take."

He said something unintelligible to the dogs, and then moved away from them, the dainty feet of his mule picking its way, and old Rock slinking close behind.

They sat there for what seemed like an endless time. Billy Wheeler tried to talk to break the sad terrible stillness, but this place smothered the words in his throat.

The first stars were showing when Old Man Coffee came back to them at last, his black mule moving like a lean tall shadow among shadows. He came close to them, then for a moment sat silent, looking back over his shoulder the way he had come; and Wheeler knew that he was futilely seeking words for what he had to say.

Long before the old man spoke they knew he had found what he had sought.

"It's Bob Flagg," Old Man Coffee said.

Horse Dunn accepted the news that Flagg was dead more quietly, more steadily, than Wheeler had expected.

"How was he killed?" Dunn asked.

"By a shotgun; the same as Cayetano."

"Where's Coffee?"

Coffee, Wheeler had found, could not be persuaded to return with them to the 94. It was Coffee's belief that Dunn had made a serious mistake when he had chosen to hold Magoon's saddle instead of turning it in to the sheriff.

"The sheriff will be out here in the morning, sure," Wheeler said. "I think Walt Amos means to be fair. But there's better than a hundred men in Inspiration, all out of outfits that hate the 94. Amos is sitting on a stove, and it's getting hotter every minute."

"Let him come."

"Any more dope on the Cayetano killing?"

"I sent Gil Baker to Ace Springs. But he hasn't come back."

"Val Douglas went to Pahrnagat, did he?"

"He left this morning. I suppose

it'll be late tomorrow night before he gets back—maybe longer. Steve and Tulare and me, we spent the day prospecting around in the Tuscarora foothills, here."

"And didn't find anything," Wheeler supposed.

"Billy," said Horse Dunn, "there's somebody been slinking around over there. We found the ashes of two different fires. And I'm not a damn bit sure there isn't somebody prowling around there yet."

"Now who the devil would that be?"

"That's just it—we don't know who that would be. I guess—it doesn't matter, now."

They had expected Sheriff Walt Amos to appear in the course of the night, or at least no later than the first light; but it was noon before Amos appeared. He again came alone, as he had come after Billy Wheeler.

At the 94 he found only Horse Dunn and Billy Wheeler, for Steve Hurley and Tulare Callahan were in the Tuscaroras in search of the unknown prowler now believed to be hiding there; Val Douglas and Gil Baker had not yet returned; and Marian was out with her pony. Walt Amos climbed out of his car and walked slowly to the gallery of the cook shack, where the 94 people happened to be. They awaited him in silence.

"Horse," said Walt Amos, "the time has come when I can't put off acting no more."

"What have you done with Gil Baker?" Horse Dunn demanded.

"He's in Inspiration. We had to take him in."

"Is he hurt?"

"Not bad. He came prowling around Ace Springs, where Cayetano was killed, and one of the deputies hollered to him to halt, but he made a run for it. They had to throw down on him before he'd give himself up. Turned out he was shot in the leg."

"You're getting almighty high-handed around here, Amos!"

"Sorry. But I reckon it's going to seem still a little more so. Dunn, I got to take you in."

"On what charge?"

"Held for questioning; concerning murder."

Horse Dunn stood up, his thumbs hooked in his belt, and his eyes rolled slowly over the foothills of the Tuscaroras; it seemed to Wheeler that he was looking for a sign.

Now Dunn answered him at last, and Wheeler saw that somehow, in the course of the night, the old man had been able to prepare himself for this thing. "When you want to move out?" he asked.

"I'd like to get on back as soon as you're ready, Dunn."

And now out of a trail that wound through the tall buckbrush back of the layout a rider came. His horse was at a quiet running walk, but the animal shone wet with sweat, and from under the edges of the saddle blanket the lather rolled. It was Tulare Callahan.

He rode directly to the cook shack gallery and swung down.

"Horse, I've seen Lon Magoon!" he announced.

"Tulare, are you sure?"

"We only sighted him far off on a high ridge, at better'n a mile. But Horse, I knew him as sure as I know my name. His horse looked like that good sorrel of ours, we call Brandy. We signed him to come and talk, but he sloped. We took out after him hell for leather—Steve Hurley's trying to trail him yet—but he got loose about four miles up the Tamale Vine. I knew you was looking for the sheriff; and I thought you might want to know this, if you was still here."

"Amos," said Horse Dunn, "I'm going to have to ask for a little more time."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER X

As Coffee, with his dogs about him, rode out to meet Wheeler and Marian Dunn from Lost Whiskey Butte, the girl pushed her horse ahead. She stopped close to the old man, facing him squarely.

"He tried to keep me from coming," she told Coffee, "but there wasn't anything he could really do. Now, if you want me to go back, I will."

Old Man Coffee grinned. He

Coconut Palm of Hawaii Yields Food, as Well as Drink, Buttons, Ornaments

Hawaii has a native skyscraper that stands as an excellent example of a self-sufficient economy, notes a writer in the Chicago Daily News.

It contains most of the elements—including food, drink, clothing and scenery—that minister to man's physical and aesthetic well-being. The name of the skyscraper is *Cocos nucifera*. Translated from the scientific this means a coconut palm.

While most of the complexities of modern civilization operate in connection with Hawaii's up-to-date and progressive commercial life, the graceful coconut palm still stands as an interesting contrast to modernity.

In many cases, where tall palms line the walks next to the modern buildings of Honolulu's business district, the two types of skyscrapers stand side by side.

The milk and the meat of the inner nut provide food as well as drink. Hats and other articles of clothing can be fashioned from the tree's leaves. These fronds can also

be woven into thatches for shelters. The outer husk of the coconut and oils derived from it can be used as fuel; and the earliest Hawaiian candle was made by stringing kukui nuts on the rib of a coco frond.

After it has surrendered its beverage and meat, the coconut shell can be highly polished and utilized for making dishes, bowls and other receptacles. Today buttons and small ornaments are carved from this material.

Rope woven from coconut fiber found many uses in the olden days, when island fishermen made many of their nets and lines in this manner.

As an important item of island scenery the graceful, swaying palm has become a regular trade-mark of Hawaii.

For every nimble-footed Hawaiian lad the section rings that circle the palms at regular intervals provide an automatic ladder-type elevator to the top "story" of these island skyscrapers.

## Make Your Own Lace Accessories

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



MISS COLLEGE GIRL. Miss Debutante and matrons young and not so young who being active in social affairs need must "dress up" to occasion, here's telling you how to economically acquire that air of elegance which fashion demands for this fall and winter. No matter how ungenerous your clothes allowance may happen to be you can have a whole collection of lace "pretties" such as the sketches here show at comparatively trifling cost. In fact the idea that prompts this illustration, together with its story, is to give you "pointers" on dressing smartly and handsomely on a limited allowance.

A touch of lace will do it! Transform your simplest demure and unpretentious gown into a costume of distinction. And now that we've told you, the first step is either to let your favorite dressmaker in on the secret (show her these sketches) or perhaps you prefer to thriftily adopt the "make it yourself" course of action. Not that you have to be an expert with the needle, for, provided with carefully selected patterns, there is no reason why, if you can sew even a little bit, that you should not successfully copy these charming fantasies. No matter how many you make of these lovely lace items you can't ever have too many.

Here's a word of friendly advice: don't stint in getting the best type laces for the finer and more exquisite lace you use in making these dainty fashions the more conclusively will they carry a message of high-style prestige.

If you are clever and have a knack of your own a pattern will not be necessary for the cape for it is cut along simple circular lines. However, a pattern similar to the model shown should be easily available. It has little tailored epaulet effects on the shoulders and cunning wee buttons with tiny thread-crochet loops to fasten it down the

### BRIDLE-PATH CHIC

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



To dress up to the part she plays should be the ambition of every true sportswoman. It may be along scenic bridle paths that the enthusiastic guides her gallant steed or it may be in the glare of bright light and trumpet loud in the fashionable horse show arena that she will make her bow. In either event her riding togs must be correct down to the slightest detail. The picture shows a sartorially perfect outfit. We would especially call your attention to the horse's head carved from brown shell catlin that is nonchalantly pinned on her coat. During the summer it became quite a fad to wear novel carved catlin fish, frogs, snails and such other clips or brooches, in one's bathing suit.

### SILHOUETTE TRENDS FOR EVENING DRESS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

Outside of that the pencil-slim Directoire with its high slit skirt and the revival of the Empress Eugenia, there is a definite tendency in many houses to a Spanish type of dress. This is usually marked by flounce ruffles. And one must not forget the gently widened skirt as evidenced also in the afternoon clothes. The most startling bit of material used in this has been the placing of various types of lace over lame to give the firmness and stiffness required. One more skirt—and the silhouette can be settled. That is the short front. This varies from the gradation effect to those cut off clear to the knees in front to show a filmy petticoat of ruffled net. A cross between this and the Directoire are skirts which are cut-away like a man's coat, to the knees and then come down to the ground at either side seam.

### Daytime Footwear for Fall

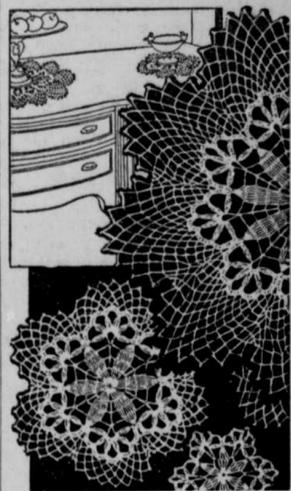
Loses Rugged Sporty Look

Most daytime shoes have lost the rugged, sporty look that formerly characterized the appropriate footwear for tailored suits. Smart, soft-toed models, many of them made with elastic insets and gores, mould the foot trimly. Others, constructed entirely of elastic leather, insure a streamlined silhouette, unmarred by gapping sides or fastenings that protrude.

These snug, form-fitting styles are as easy on the feet as bedroom slippers, partly because of their construction and partly because of their comfortable walking weight heels covered with matching materials or built up of little uncovered layers that are nick-proof and resilient.

## Doilies Offer Thrifty Way to Set Table

A perfectly appointed table is the dream of every woman's heart. With the simplest of crochet you can make this dream come true. This set of doilies, in four sizes, does the trick. There are a 6, 12 and 17-inch size suitable for luncheon and buffet sets



Pattern 1462

as well as doilies while the largest, a 22-inch doily, is just the thing for in-between cloth on many a table. Use string or mercerized cotton—they'll stand long usage and be decorative too. Pattern 1462 contains directions for making the doilies shown; illustrations of them and of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Department, 82 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### Is It Progress?

"Progress doesn't always make us happier. I'd even make bold to say that pretty often it doesn't even improve us."—Booth Tarkington.

## Constipated?



What a difference good bowel habits can make! To keep food wastes soft and moving, many doctors recommend Nujol.

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WHEN you have those awful cramps; when your nerves are all on edge—don't take it out on the man you love.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

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For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife; take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through."

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WNU-U 40-37

Fame to the Few  
Fame must necessarily be the portion of but few.—Robert Hall.

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Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment

## THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I love the nice round world so much. It gives me trees and mountains high. And never stopping day or night riding through the sky.