

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued
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Too much long riding alone—especially when it was mixed up with the night riders' long rope—could do queer things to a man whose head wasn't too strong in the first place. Lon Magoon, half outlaw, half sneak-thief, all coyote, might have turned at last into something which would be destroyed at sight, without hesitation.

Then he walked to the dead horse and roughly verified the angle of the shot; then turned and began to climb the canyon slope.

"Billy, come back! You can't!" "You stay down," he ordered her savagely. "Or by God, I'll tie you down with my pinging-string!"

It would have been easy then to walk into gunfire, easy to shoot it out with an ambushed man. Always keeping his eye on Marian's position, he searched those upper slopes, backward, forward, and quartering. But what happened to him was the one hardest thing of all—to find the broken country empty and silent, with nothing in it to fight or trail.

In the end he could only go back to the girl with no result to show, and no assurance as to what was ahead. He would not have been surprised, when he turned his back on that emptiness, if a gun had spoken from a place where no one was, and brought him down.

"No catchum," he told Marian. She had not stayed under cover, but was sitting on a rock, a little apart from her dead horse. No use quarreling with her over that; she had already proved to him that he couldn't control anything she chose to do. He put himself between her and the rim. "It's a long walk back," he said morosely. "That's my fault. I'm not used to this stuff, or I wouldn't have lost my pony. When I saw your horse drop—I lost my head, I guess."

"Because it was I," she said with an unexpected, deep-striking clarity. "We'd better get going, I think." "We can't go on? And get—"

"That must have been the man we were after, that killed your horse."

She drew a deep breath, and stood up. For a moment she looked all about her, upward at the high, towering rims. Then suddenly he saw her sway.

He stepped forward in time to steady her with his hands on her arms. And now he found that she was trembling violently. Her face was white, making her eyes look enormous, and very dark. "Billy—I'm afraid—" She sat down on the rock again, as if her knees would not hold her up.

"No more danger, child. It's all over, and he's gone." "But who could it be? Why should he want to hurt me?"

"I—I don't know that. I can't imagine any living thing wanting to hurt you. I swear, by la Madre de Dios!—he'll pay for it if I live to find him. Now don't you be afraid any more. It's all over, for now." The tears began to roll down her face, and she hid them with her hands. Quickly he looked about him, checking the throw of the land. Then he lifted her up and led her to a pocket gully at the foot of the precipitous north slope. When he had made sure that searching lead could not reach them here, he got the blanket from her dead pony, and spread it for her to rest upon; and gathered bits of dead brush to build a tiny fire. "Striking fire kind of seems like setting up a mark," he apologized. "But you're plenty safe if you stay close under the rock split. Now you take it easy. We'll rest here an hour or so; then we'll go back."

Marian drew up her knees, and hid her eyes against them. One of her hands reached out to him uncertainly, and he took it. Her fingers were moist and cold, with a tremor in them; he warmed them between his hands, noticing how huge his hands were made to look by her slim fingers.

Presently she looked up, shook her head sharply, and drew away her hand. "I'm all right now. Did you ever see such silliness?"

"Rest easy. We've got lots of time." The dusk had closed more rapidly at the last, and little light was left in the sky; but a moon was rising behind a high point of rocks, silhouetting a crag that looked like a horse's head.

He noticed how huge it looked, as moons do when they are low to the earth. The horse-head crag had a 400-foot profile, but it looked little against the moon, which was made to look bigger than a mountain, bigger than a range.

"You know," he said, "it's funny how badly things work out; never the way you want them to be. Many and many a night, lying out in the hills, watching my fire—like this—I've thought about how it would be, if you were there. How I'd get you to like these hills, and the coyotes talking, and the smell of smoke in your hair—you know, foolish stuff." "I do love the hills," she said. He shook his head. "This isn't

it. This isn't right. You ought to be able to lie by your fire and smell pine timber. And that crack out there ought to have water running in it. You sit and listen to running water, and pretty soon you get to hear voices in it; sometimes you lie awake for hours trying to get what they say. But what's more to the point, there's likewise trout in the water. There ought to be a nice pan of trout frying, here on the fire."

"You fit with things like that, you know. As if you were made out of them."

He said, "A half hour's rest in the rocks, with a long, long walk ahead—this is about as close as people get to the way they want things, I suppose."

"It's my fault, Billy. If I hadn't been so stubborn you wouldn't have lost your horse; you'd have gone on through."

"Shucks, now!" She was silent, and they sat looking into the fire. The smell of autumn was cool and clean in the air, across the dry sage; and the red-gold moon faintly mellowed the chill of darkness on the gaunt hills, so that they sat here in unreality, as if in a dream.

"Some places," he said, "they call that a harvest moon; the Indians call it the hunting moon, and they used to make smoke-medicines by it."

"What do you call it?" "Well—sometimes we call it a coyote moon. Because it puts a



"Well, You See—" She Met His Eyes Again—"I Win."

kind of singing craze on the coyotes. They gather around on hill tops, seems like, and sing their hearts out, as if it drove them wild crazy, some way. Listen."

Far off, so faint a whisper that it seemed half imagined, they could hear now a queer high crooning, full of interwoven yapping and trilling, like nothing else on earth.

"It sounds," Marian said, "as if there were 40 or 50 of them—sitting somewhere on a mountain in a ring."

"Two," he told her. "They pair off this time of year." "Two," she repeated. "Then that's why there's something more than moon madness in that singing."

He knew that they should be starting the long return, but he could not bring himself to say so. The thing that had brought them together again—the disaster to Horse Dunn and the 94—had nearly run its course. And he knew that it was a good thing for him that it had. Already he had lived under the same roof with Marian too long for his own good. He no longer had any hope that he could forget her; she would always be in the back of his mind some place, waiting to come real and close to him in his dreams.

He supposed he would have to learn to live with those dreams. To sit with her now, far out and alone beside the little fire was itself an unreal and precious thing, now that he no longer fought against it. A quiet peace had come upon this place; or something as near peace as he ever knew any more. She was very near to him, so near that though their shoulders did not touch, it seemed to him that he could feel her warmth; and her hair, with the firelight in it, was a warm smoky mist, shot with gold, clouding his eyes.

They sat for a long time listening to the faint coyote song and the little popping of the fire. Once, as they sat quiet, he heard far off a thing he did not understand. It was so distant and so muffled that he could not at once decide whether it could have been the fall of a rock from a high place, or had been the report of a gun far away up the canyon, smothered by close walls and the drift of the air. He glanced at Marian to see if she had noticed it, and saw that she had not. Marian looked at him, the firelight

pooling long shadows under the lashes of her steady eyes. "I just thought of something."

"What was it?" "This—Isn't it kind of funny?—this is exactly the situation we were speaking of the other day."

He was puzzled. "When was this?" "In Inspiration."

For a moment he didn't get it. Then it came back to him in a rush—the blast of sun upon the dusty street, the atmosphere of silent, waiting hostility, the groups of spurred and booted men in doorways, watching without seeming to watch; and he had stood talking to Marian across the door of a car, not thinking about what was ahead.

"If you and I were set afoot," she quoted, "some place far off in the mountains at night, with only one blanket between us—"

He was resting perfectly still on one elbow, looking at the fire; but he could feel her eyes, so near his face, watching him under her lashes. And behind her eyes he supposed she was laughing at him.

"I was right," she said. "You didn't know it then, but you can see it now. You see—it seems a good deal different, now that we're really here."

"Does it?" he said without expression. He got up with a sort of stiff, slow leisure, for the little fire was burning low. He went beyond the fire, squatted on one heel beside it, and fed it pieces of stick.

"You see, I know you, Billy. Sometimes I think I know you better than I know myself." Her eyes wavered and drifted out toward the low young stars. "I can remember when I was afraid of you. If we had been out here then—two years ago—I would have wanted nothing so much as to get back among other people. That's all gone, now."

He looked at her. She had never seemed more lovely, more human, more elementally desirable than she looked now, a tired girl in cow-country work clothes, slim and lazy, relaxed by the little fire as if she had never known any other resting place in her life. Her face was quiet, almost grave; but though her eyes looked drowsy there was a little gleam in them that did not come from the flame in front: a small provocative glimmer of fire within, which he had seen in her eyes only two or three times in his life—and never before the last two or three days.

Their eyes met and held, his steady and masked within, hers seeming to laugh at him a little. Half veiled by her lashes.

"I said," she reminded him, "that if we were—in a situation like this, there wouldn't be anything for me to worry about, nothing at all. And you said, if I thought that I was a fool. Well, you see—" she met his eyes again—"I win."

Still her eyes held, and he could not understand why hers did not drop. "I can't believe, hardly," he said, "that you have any idea what sort of thing you're talking about." She smiled. "You think I don't? That's because western men are certainly the most conventional people in the world."

Suddenly he angered. He had not brought her here of his own will, nor set them afoot, nor wished to rest here with her. He would not even have been on her range, or within a day's ride of it, if her interests had not drawn him in and held him. She had made her decisions in regard to him long ago, and to change them he had spent his every resource without any effect. And now, at the last—it amused her to torment him. It seemed to him that there was a capricious she-devil in that girl—perhaps in all women, given opportunity.

"You see, I know you," she was saying again.

The masks behind his eyes dropped away, and though his face hardly changed his eyes reddened.

Mustangs of Texas Face Last Round-Up; Was Ideal Mount of Ranching Industry

It's the last round-up for the mustang of the western range country. Thoroughbred stock is fast replacing the tough, nimble-footed horse which was the pioneer's staunchest ally in creating a ranch empire.

Sharply changed conditions have minimized the importance of the horse in the modern live stock industry, with the result that the mustang— the Southwest's distinctive breed of horse—is no longer in great demand.

The vast ranches which once stretched for miles across the plains, unfenced and with indefinite boundaries, have given way to compact units, the largest seldom more than a few thousand acres.

These smaller ranches, writes a Del Rio, Texas, correspondent in the Cleveland Plain Dealer, with new methods of stock raising, and the free use of motor vehicles, have less need of the durable mustang which

seemed to smoke with an angry fire that came up behind. She herself had lit that fire, long ago. It was a fire that had driven him relentlessly, making him rich; it could have made him work for her all her life—or it could break him again, and drive him up and down the world. Suddenly he did not know whether he loved or hated this girl.

"I'll give you the same answer I gave you in Inspiration," he said, his words almost inaudible, even against the stillness of the night. "If you think that, you're a little fool."

Still she met his eyes, so long, so steadily, so knowingly that he wondered for an instant what was happening, was going to happen, there under the coyote moon.

Then he saw her face change, so that she was suddenly pale, and the unreadable light in her eyes went out, and she was like a little girl. Abruptly she pressed her face hard into her hands.

He made his voice as hard and cold as the rocks that hung over them. "Now what?"

She answered in a muffled voice. "I was wrong—I am afraid. I—I fail every one . . ." She lifted her head and glanced about her, as if she were seeing this place for the first time. A black shape lay beside the empty dust of the stream, like a great black bottle overturned—the carcass of Marian's dead horse. Suddenly the girl turned sideways, and dropped her head in her arms upon the blanket. She began to cry, terribly, silently except for the choke of her breath.

He sat down against a rock and waited. The gaunt, dead rock-hills leaned over them sadly cold and silent, blackened by the twisted ghost shapes of the parched brush. And the coyote moon was pale and old, no longer golden, but greenish, like phosphorus rubbed on a dead and frozen face.

Once she said, "But it's your fault, too—that I fall—your fault as much as my own."

His answer was perfectly honest. "I don't know what you mean."

CHAPTER XII

It was impossible for him to sit waiting for her weeping to stop, while her slim body shook convulsively with her effort to suppress it, and her breath jerked uncontrollably in her throat. Her tumbled hair made her seem a child; he had never seen her look so small, so frailly made. And he thought he had never in his life seen anything so pitifully in need of comforting.

He swore under his breath and got to his feet.

For a few moments he stood over her, watching the movement of the firelight in her hair. He could hardly prevent himself from touching her; almost he stooped and picked her up in his arms. But he was telling himself that that was the last thing she wanted.

He walked out a little way into the dark, and stood listening to the night silence. He was still worrying about the distant muffled sound of concussion which he had heard. It seemed to him now that what he had heard was unquestionably the sound of a gun—perhaps a gun fired near the forgotten miner's shanty at the upper end of the gulch; but what he could not imagine was who could have fired it. He had assumed that it was Lon Magoon who had killed Marian's pony; but now he saw that something was wrong. If Magoon had fired upon Marian Dunn and killed her horse he would not have gone to the cabin at the head of the gulch, but would have put long country between himself and them. Therefore two men, not one, must be prowling these hills. He thought of Coffee's theory that there had been a third man at Short Crick—and was worse puzzled than before.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Be Chic This Fall in Fine Lace

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



LACE, lace lace! Write it down on your shopping memoranda as many times as you wish and then add a post-script in favor of lace, for lace reaches a new high this season in the matter of importance. Yes, indeed, if you are seeking style distinction, the sooner you turn laceward the better.

What the style creators of our day and generation are doing with lace in the way of daring and ingenious handling leaves nothing to the imagination. For instance, there are the stunning lace trimmed black sheer wool dresses that bear the Paris stamp and carry that "something different" look which we all covet. Perhaps it is the sleeves banded with insertions of fine black Chantilly that bespeak a new lace story, or it may be that befrilled edgings of Val edging (black or white) impart a charming and youthful air to a simple black wool frock for practical daytime wear. The way Val lace is used for neckline finishings and for outlining decorative little pockets, likewise for trimming the new blouses is most enchanting.

Another adaptation of lace is in insets and appliques of individual motifs. These are positioned anywhere on the dress much after the manner that gay print motifs were used on monotone fabric during the past summer. While these insets, which are apt to be bowknotted or bouquet cutouts, adorn evening gowns for the most part yet some designers work them discreetly and most attractively into daytime wools and other fabrics. This figure over lace has also resulted in the revival of the dress with a deep lace yoke and sleeves. Leading couturiers are showing some lovely models of this type.

The biggest thrill, however, comes in the acceptance of lace used in a fabric way. The idea, to be sure, is not new for its practicality has been demonstrated without question during the last several seasons. Nor has the advent of fall and prospect of winter retarded the movement to use lace as one would any material

for the making of practical day dresses and the blouse to wear with your autumn wool suit. On the contrary we have come to realize and appreciate that a handsome lace dress tailored to utmost simplicity is not only good looking and practical but being lace it flatters and "does something" for you as none other but lace can do.

You'll love a dress like the one shown to the right in the illustration to wear this fall and winter under your furred cloth or all-fur coat. Just try out the idea and see how practically and logically this theory of lace for the daytime frock works out. This tailored frock of black lace over a black slip fits ideally into the mood for simple elegance that dominates the new fashions. It is an almost classic style accenting the slenderizing lines that are a fashion "must" this season. The zipper fastening down neckline to hemline is the piece de resistance, giving the gold touch that glorifies black this season throughout the mode. Speaking of this fastening, most everything, dress, coat, blouse, bag and girdle, is decoratively at the same time practically and conveniently zippered this season.

If in doubt as to the new blouse to wear with your autumn suit, lace or lace, either handsome wool lace or the now-so-modish macrame or some equally as sturdy type, solve your problem. In a noted Paris collection showing new clothes for fall, Martial et Armand presented the black crepe suit with silver fox which we are showing to the left in the picture. The most outstanding thing about the ensemble is the combination of lace with crepe. Lace is also being combined with many other fabrics in the fall showings of eminent French designers. In this case the blouse is of china-blue lace with interesting neck treatment. A black belt accents the color contrast.

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HER STARLET BAG

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



The movies have a great deal to do with the modern trend in child thought, and when a child sees her favorite star carrying a smart little handbag, as little girls in filmland are wont to do, she wants one too. To satisfy this longing a well-known designer is creating miniature replicas of "grown-up" handbags for aspiring starlets. You can see by the picture that a "starlet" bag carries with it just such movie glamor as delights the heart of any and every little girl.

WOODEN TRIMMINGS FOR FALL COSTUMES

Novelty wooden buttons adorn many of the newest sports frocks while handsomely carved wooden clips, pins and buckles are also featured as trimmings. Polished themes are noted with the real grain of the wood brought out as well as though an antique cabinet maker had been working on it. Plaids, cut-out leaf and flower motifs and many other themes are also introduced.

Belts made entirely of wooden pieces hinged together or of wood in alliance with metal chains are decorative assets to suits as well as dresses while the same ideas are repeated in the designing of necklaces and bracelets.

Pouch Bags Fashionable as an Accessory for Autumn

Pouch bags are back in style for fall and are shown in soft dull leather broader at the base than at the top. Fashioned with round or rectangular caps that fit over the opening of the bag, when it is opened the sides may be spread out so that the contents may be found easily.

Silky antelopes with severe gold and silver trim are the loveliest of afternoon bags.

Tweed Skirt

A tweed skirt which has at least one contrasting panel to match the shade of sweaters with which the skirt is worn is a novelty in campus clothes.

Radio Waves

The longest time that has ever elapsed between the sending and receiving of a radio signal is four minutes and twenty seconds. If, as it is said, radio waves have a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, this particular signal may have traveled 48,360,000 miles, or a distance equivalent to almost 2,000 trips around the earth.—Collier's Weekly.

CARRY YOUR ALKALIZER WITH YOU



—HERE'S THE SENSIBLE THING TO DO

The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your Alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets—in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready.

Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets—equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over-crowding" from hyper-acidity begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," "over-acid stomach" are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress—avoid offense to others.



Safe Pleasant Way To Lose Fat

How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health?

How would you like to lose your double chin and your too prominent hips and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

How would you like to get your weight down to normal and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keenness of mind?

Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get a bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks and costs but a trifle. Take one-half teaspoonful every morning—modify your diet—get a little regular gentle exercise—and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle of Kruschen have presented you with glorious health!

But be sure for your health's sake that you ask down to normal and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keenness of mind?

HOW OFTEN CAN YOU KISS AND MAKE UP?

NEW husbands can understand why a wife should turn from a pleasant companion into a shrew for one whole week in every month.

You can say "I'm sorry" and kiss and make up easier before marriage than after. If you're wise and if you want to hold your husband, you won't be a three-quarter wife.

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."

HELP KIDNEYS

To Get Rid of Acid and Poisonous Waste

Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress.

DOAN'S PILLS