# Cattle Kingdom

By ALAN

CHAPTER XIV

-17main street of Inspiration as Billy detached curiosity. It seemed cracksman to make his way out. strange to see the street so empty and silent, where last they had seen it full of knotted groups of men. No stealthy movement in doorways this time, no eyes covertly watching them from under ten-gallon hatsnothing but clean horizontal sunlight on quiet dust, as if nothing lived in

this place at all. Marian said, "You still don't want to tell me what you're going

"It isn't that I don't want to tell you. It's just that it's-it's got to come to you in another way."

"This is a dramatic thing-rather a terrible thing." Marian said, "this coming to the end of a killer's

"Don't look at it that way. I want you to think of this thing with by-four jail. Yet, within the black all the impartiality you can. You know now that our western code is a different code. Not the six-gun code of the old days, nor the wild kind of thing some people have tried to make out it is, such as never existed here or any place else. But just a kind of a way of going about things that is bred into dry country men-the way of each man making his own right and wrong, each man looking only to himself for approval in the end. Maybe-you're only going to learn the story of a kind ofa kind of private execution; maybe by a man who believed with all his heart that he was in the right."

She looked at him wonderingly for a minute; she had never heard him talk in that way before. "Billy, Billy, don't you trust me to face out anything, even yet? Don't you think I have any courage at all?"

"I trust your courage more than I've ever trusted anything in my life. Or you wouldn't be here now."

Wheeler drove through the town and turned up a side street to the house where Sheriff Walt Amos lived. Leaving Marian and Old Man Coffee in the car he walked around the little house to the back door; there was a smell of breakfast cooking here, and Walt Amos himself was souzling water over his face and hair at a wash bench beside a pump. The young sheriff straightter. "Hardly expected to see you here."

"I've come to make a deal with you," Wheeler said.

"Don't hardly seem there's any deal to be made between you and me. Horse Dunn isn't going out on Get it out of your head." Amos began to dry his face and

"This is something else," Wheeler said. "You've wanted me out of this picture. You've wanted me out of it from the start. You know why, and there's no need for us to go into why."

"I got enough troubles on this range," Amos said, "without outside capital pitching in to make things worse for the common run of cow-

"In short, you and your gang has been afraid I'd help Dunn save the

"People from outside, that figure to throw in against the best interests of this range-" Amos began.

"All right. Now you've got a me what I want and I'll promise you I'll be out of this killing case within 24 hours."

"You haven't got any official standing in this case to begin with," Amos pointed out.

"You'd like to see me drag my freight, just the same! And here's

how you can get it done." "Well?" "Old Man Coffee and Horse Dunn's niece are here with me. Give

us an hour to talk to Horse Dunn all of the proposition."

"And if I do that you'll pull out

of here?" "Within 24 hours. I'll stay out until the killing case against Herse Dunn is cleared up, one way or another. After that maybe I'll come back to the 94 and maybe I'll help it with its finance; I don't say one way or the other. But if you want me out of it for the time being, here's your chance."

"There's a hook in this some place," Amos said. "But I'll take a chance. Horse Dunn's in the jail, where he belongs. I'll take you there and I'll give you an hour.'

the nearest dwelling.

The early sun was upon the broad In structure it was a 20-foot square cube of concrete, with tiny Wheeler drove Horse Dunn's tour- air holes near the roof, and an iron Horse Dunn said. ing car into the little cow town. Old door. Within was an inner cage of Man Coffee was in the back seat, steel bars, separated from the this time without any of his dogs. outer shell, all the way around, by a pony last night; and know why." Marian, who had been dozing corridor four feet wide. The place against Billy's shoulder, sat up and had no great capacity, but it would looked at the vacant street with a have been a double job for a good

> Old Man Coffee was reluctant to visit Horse Dunn here. "Don't hardly seem fitting."

"There's a special reason I want you to come, for a minute or two.' "Have it your own way."

Sheriff Walt Amos swung wide the outer door. "I'm putting you on your honor not to try any funny business," he said. "But in case of doubt-just remember how easy it would be to cut loose on you from the house!"

"You talk like a child," said Cof-

It seemed strange, Billy Wheeler thought, that the old king of cattle, the man who could not only dream a cow kingdom but make it live, was to be found standing here in a two-



Then "Speak Out, Man!" He Said.

shadows of concrete and steel Horse' straighter than ever; he seemed, own great body as a pawn, laid in | could not. hazard while he awaited his advantage.

But there were tears in Marian's

The walls could not shame him-it | choked and smothered. was he who shamed the walls. "A thousand miles of range have to be held by money and cows and mennot by a little tin contrivance palmed off on the county by some hardware salesman. You think they can hold me here an hour, once I decide to move out?"

No one answered him. There 94. You tried to railroad me, here ter, the silence had a way of dein Judge Shafer's court-but you scending sharply, like the closing of didn't get away with it. Maybe iron doors. After a little of that talking about. Old Man Coffee has you've got other things in mind to quiet no one could forget that a man been loading you with- Look here: try, to get me out of the way of had been found dead in the Red your plans. I don't know anything | Sleep, and another at Ace Springs, and still another at the head of a

gorge without a name. Wheeler knew that Old Man Coffee's eyes were watching him, waiting for him to speak. He drew a chance to get rid of me. You give deep breath and broke the silence.

"Horse," he said, "the whole works has been-kind of stood on its head, since I saw you last.' Horse Dunn's voice rumbled

"Well, that's good!"

Wheeler's voice was very low; he found that he could hardly speak. "No, Horse; it isn't good. This is maybe the worst thing that any of us have come to, ever, in all our long trails."

Held in that sharp, hard silence alone. That's the proposition and here they could feel the chill of the walls. Wheeler was seeking a way

Marian was holding her uncle's hand against her cheek, and now Horse drew his hand away. "Billy," he said; and hesitated. Then, "Speak out, man!" he said at last.

'Two-three different things have and I found Lon Magoon dead, a little way back in the hills. Coffee, here, he went to Pahranagat-'

Dunn asked.

Wheeler would not be turned matter, Horse, in view of a couple The Inspiration jail was tiny, but of other things. For one thing, Mar- ly, when a sub-station was built on discovery, and instructions, were it was perhaps the most modern ian had her horse shot out from the cutting to the east of the old given that a replica of the two thing in the town. It sat by itself under her, in plain light, back in the Tower station.

| hind Walt Amos' house, which was | lot, Horse," he went on, "about how | breaking restraint. "In God's name, anybody would ever come to take a shot at her. Now-I think I know.' "What are you coming to, boy?"

"Horse," said Billy Wheeler-

He saw Horse Dunn's big shaggy head sway and tip a little to one side as the old man sought to peer "If you know that-" he began.

Wheeler's voice was flat and relaxed with utter certainty. "You know I do, Horse.'

Billy Wheeler could hear his own blood beating in his ears, like a faroff Indian drum; and this time the silence was a terrible silence, unendurable to those gathered there.

"Coffee." Horse Dunn said in an unnatural voice, "I'll talk to this boy alone."

Perhaps some faint persistent nope that he was wrong had lasted somewhere in Billy Wheeler's mind. But when Horse Dunn told Old Man Coffee to go out, Wheeler knew that he had not been wrong, but that they were at the end.

Old Man Coffee moved quickly, with the smooth, sliding stride of bum.' one of his own lion hounds. He was glad to be out of there. For a liance of a powder flare-up; then the half-dark closed again as Coffee | back and forth. let the door swing shut behind him. They heard the crunch of his heels in the dirt as he walked off down the side of the hill.

"You go too, Marian," Horse Her voice was steady. "I do see Dunn said softly. "Billy and I want it! I see it all!"

"You want her to stay here, Horse, I think."

"Stay here?" The old man's voice her to stay here?"

"It's you that needs her here," Wheeler told him. Then after a moment he said, almost inaudibly-"Tell her, Horse."

An odd back light from one of the high ventilators outlined Dunn's big shaggy head and the sweep of a great shoulder, but his eyes they could not see. As he spoke it seemed that it was not the big old fighter who stood there, but an old man as vaguely bewildered as a child. "Tell | all my heart!" her?" he said dimly. "You want me to tell her-"

Once more the silence descended, Dunn towered bigger than ever, | brutal, complete; it held on endlessly, as if no one of them was ever ened up and stared at Wheeler for not an old man at the end of his going to be able to break it again. a long moment through dripping wa- rope, but a young giant, easy in his And still Horse Dunn did not speak strength. The great sense of latent nor move, but stood like a frozen power that radiated from Horse man, a great shadowy figure just Dunn made it seem that he only beyond the bars. Billy Wheeler tried waited here within these cramped to say something, anything, to break walls because he wilfully used his that terrible taut stillness; but he

Suddenly Marian Dunn stumbled forward, against the bars. She reached through, drew Horse Dunn's wrists through the barrier, Horse Dunn grinned upward and and hid her face in his two great about him at the steel and concrete. hands. Her voice came to them

"I didn't know-I didn't know-' Horse Dunn's words shuddered as he cried out-"What-what didn't you know?'

"That you-could love me-so

Wheeler saw the old fighter sway; but in a moment he was steady where the daylight could hardly en- again. He spoke across Marian's bent head, and his voice had a hard edge. "You don't know what you're is he in on this?"

"I'm virtually certain he knows, than I did.

"Figured out what? Spit it out, man!

sadness in his voice than he had ever known in the world before, "I can name you every step of-" Horse Dunn's voice blazed up,

how did you find out?" "From something Marian said. After the first shot at her, she said, 'I'm glad it happened. I can't tell you why.' I know now what she "Horse—I know who killed Marian's | meant by that. Those shots proved to her that no one who loved her was mixed up in the Short Crick works. And today it suddenly came to me that just to fix that idea in more closely into Wheeler's eyes. her mind might have been reason enough for dropping those shots near her. Then I remembered the night when you taped up your ankle where it was skinned, and spoke of straightening your spur. Of course, a spur doesn't skin a man's ankle bone. Some boot weapon would have to do that; and a derringer would have fitted in-a derringer carrying a shotgun shell. The shot in the saddle fooled Coffee, for awhile; it looked to him like it came from farther away than the horses had stood apart, and made him think there was a third man. But I just happened to think that the shot could have come from a short, weak gun with the same effect. Well-" Wheeler finished-"Coffee has been

"Dear God," Horse Dunn whispered. "It's-the end of the rope." moment the young sun splashed He pulled his hands away, and bethrough the open door with the bril- gan to pace the two strides that the cell permitted-back and forth,

to Pahranagat; he found out that

Flagg came through there like a

"Marian," Wheeler begged, "tell him you see-" Marian raised her face, surpris-

ingly in command of herself again.

Dunn's pacing stopped; he raised big shaking hands, pleading hands. 'And yet you-you ain't-you don't

was blurred by a strange and unac-customed uncertainty. "You want there was pain in her voice, but sciences and their appetites, nobody ever loved anybody so much as you have proved you love me!"

"I - I can't hardly believe"-Horse Dunn sagged down onto the bare steel cot within his cell. "Marian, if you're telling me that youyou know-and yet you're backing resistance on a Thanksgiving me, still-"

The girl was pressed against the bars that kept her from him. "I'm

Horse Dunn stood up slowly, like a man in a dream.

He said, "How much have you told her, boy?" "She knows only what she's guessed, I think. The rest of the

story has to come from you." The boss of the 94 appeared to consider for what seemed a long time. "I-I don't know as I can make out to do that. Life hasn't

gone easy, or smooth, with me. Other times, long ago, I've faced down other men, more men than these. But I swear I never raised gun to any man, without he got his break! I stood with empty hands, always, until their guns showed."

"She has to know it all," Billy insisted; "from the very begin-

"I can't hardly expect her to understand how it come up. Those shots I threw so close to her-that's the crazy part, that a man can't hardly explain. I couldn't ever have done it, if I didn't know for certain that I could put a slug into a twobit piece at a hundred yards-ten out of ten, easy as you'd put your finger on a nail. It seems a wild forty stripes save one, for lying and and crazy thing, even to me. But-I tell you, never a man lived that could throw the fear into me that this kid has always been able tojust on the scare that she'd quit me. And I thought if there was one though he figured it out different thing she'd be sure of on earth, it was that I'd give my life to save the least hair of her head from harm. And I took that way; so that "Horse," said Wheeler with more she'd always be dead certain, whatever might happen or be proved later, that it couldn't be true that it was me killed Flagg."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### Stones Run Back to Roman Occupation; to Be Used in London Transport Memorial

to erect a memorial to a Roman most remarkable being a stone bearthat could clamp down so suddenly Procurator, who will be commemo- ing beautiful and perfectly prerated by two stones built into the wall of the sub-station at Tower hill. When the Metropolitan half of the Inner Circle railway was extended to the Tower of London station in destroyed. The only consolation for that they were part of an altar the loss, says the London Times, is happened," Wheeler said. "Marian carefully. It is shown by the Commissioners for Historical Monuments in their third volume on Ro-"How'd Magoon die?" Horse trict railway at Mansion House was The London Passenger Transport completed in 1884, whereupon the Tower station was closed and Mark aside. "I guess that don't so much | Lane station took its place. The site | they felt that there should be some remained undisturbed until recent- record of the memorial near the

on a rise of ground 200 yards be- hills. I've been thinking a whole A rich store of Roman remains the substation.

London Transport has decided | was unearthed by the excavators, served lettering. Archeologists reported that a similar stone had been found on the site in 1852. It was in the British museum, but had not been identified. When the two relics 1882, 73 feet of Roman wall were were placed together it was seen tomb erected by Julia Pacata, that the wall was photographed daughter of Indus, in memory of her husband, Fabius Alpinus Classicianus, who was sent to Britain as Procurator in A. D. 62, after the man London. The link with the Dis- outbreak of Boadicea's rebellion. board agreed to present the second stone to the British museum, but stones shall be built into the wall of

# Push Gobbler as National Bird



Los Angeles, Calif.-The American eagle will have to give up his job the turkey gobbler, if the Northwestern Turkey Growers association illustration of them and of the gets its way. Senators and congressmen of 14 states were asked to make stitches used; material requirethe turkey the national bird at the next session of congress. It was ments; a photograph of the medalargued that the turkey, besides being the symbol of Thanksgiving, is native to America. Misses Edith Lawrence (left) and Pat Gergen are pictured above showing how the turkey would look in the eagle's place against the American shield.

### Ye Council Eats Right Well After Ye Slick Barter

Deer Is Thanksgiving Meal and Indian Is Goat.

IF AMERICANS this ■ Thanksgiving are well able to appease both their conthere was glory in it, too-"I think their moral dexterity is no better than that of their forebears on the town council at Danvers, Mass., in the year 1714. Venison, rather than turkey, made up the piece de feast there, but religious complications arose, as recorded by Rev. Lawrence Conant, of that city:

"After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrich of Wrentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye



Mr. Shepard's conscience was tender, and so was poor Pequot's back.

Lord's day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes with a lye in his mouth like Ananias of old. "Ye council therefore refused to

eat ye venison, but it was afterward decided that Pequot should receive profaning ye Lord's day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer, and con- of its mainstays.

A Thanksgiving Prayer

For the gentle touch of the friendly hand Of those who love and understand, We thank thee. Lord.

For what we have, though small it be, We thank thee, Lord.

For Ve simple joys of serenity.

Of all thy gifts the greatest three Are friendship, love and fidelity.

Let others pray for the harvest's yields,

For the golden grains of the fruitful fields, Humbly our prayer to thee we send

That when we've reached our journey's end. Someone may say, Farewell, good friend."

We thank thee, Lord.

sidering this a just and rightful sentence on ye heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of ye veni-In nearby Boston a few years lat-

er the arrival of autumn with its storing of the winter supply of salt



Bear meat is no longer generally available for the Thanksgiving din-

pork brought mingled thanksgiving and chagrin to a boy named Benjamin Franklin, who often became restless during the long graces which accompanied Massachusetts meals. So one day after the pork had been dutifully stored away, he suggested that if his father would only "say grace over the whole cask, once for all, it would be a vast saving of time.' In the latter half of the same

century, whenever a feast was in order in the back country of Virginia and the Carolinas, young Daniel Boone or some other hunter would go out to find venison or bear meat to mix with pork in the habitual "great stew" of such a celebration. With it were served roast pork or bear or broiled venison.

Bear and venison are no longer generally available for the Thanksgiving dinner, but turkey is still one

-e-HORE



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Men Who Do

as man's attempt to solve the

practical problem of living. The

men who did most to solve it were

not those who thought about it or

talked about it or impressed their

contemporaries, but those who si-

lently and efficiently got on with their work.—J. B. S. Haldane.

When I look at history I see it

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Frequent, scanty or burning parmay be further evidence of kids bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper tree is a diuretic medicine to help the least or the standard or the