

Home Heating Hints By John Barclay Heating Expert

Rubbish and Garbage Should Not Be Burned in Your Furnace; They Cause Trouble.

I SHOULD like to caution you against burning garbage and rubbish in the heating plant of your home. Many home-owners are given to this practice...



When burned in it, deposit a thick crust of soot on the burning surfaces, and this soot absorbs much of the heat that should go into your rooms.

Don't burn rubbish or garbage in furnace. They cause heavy soot to cake on surfaces and waste heat and also cause clinkers to form.

Remember this: A clean furnace, like a clean automobile engine, will give better service and greater comfort.

WNU Service.

Overdone Politeness

From early childhood, the Chinese are taught so thoroughly to mind their own business that they rarely render assistance when a person is drowning...

Constipated?

Don't Let Gas, Nerve Pressure Keep You Miserable

When you are constipated two things happen. FIRST: Wastes swell up the bowels, press on nerves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headaches, a dull, lazy feeling, bilious spells, loss of appetite and dizziness...

GET RID OF BIG UGLY PORES

PLENTY OF DATES NOW... DENTON'S FACIAL MAGNESIA MADE HER SKIN FRESH, YOUNG, BEAUTIFUL

Romance hasn't a chance when big ugly pores spoil skin-texture. Men love the soft smoothness of a fresh young complexion.

Watch your complexion take on new beauty. Even the first few treatments with Denton's Facial Magnesia make a remarkable difference.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER - Saves You Money. You can try Denton's Facial Magnesia on the most liberal offer we have ever made - good for a few weeks only.

DENTON'S Facial Magnesia

SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc. 4402 - 23rd St. Long Island City, N.Y. Enclosed find \$1 (plus of stamps) for which send me your special introductory combination.

Name, Street Address, City, State.

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"Oh, Horse, Horse," Marian said, "how did it ever happen?" "The shoot-out with Flagg, you mean?"

He told them now, step by step; the story of an old gun-fighter, and old ideals of justice and right. It came out haltingly, as Horse Dunn paced. But even told slowly, and with an effort greater than they could ever know, that story was brief.

Until he met Bob Flagg on the Red Sleep trail, Dunn had had no advance word of his partner's arrival. At that time he had already been waiting for Flagg's arrival for weeks—the very existence of the 94 depended upon him; and Dunn was shocked and astonished to meet a frayed-out man on a worthless horse and a saddle borrowed from a rustler—and recognize this man as his Arizona partner.

And then, riding toward the 94 with Flagg, Dunn had learned the truth. There had been no sale of the Flagg-Dunn ranch, and there were no proceeds. There had been no such ranch for more than two years!

Bob Flagg had never been completely crooked, nor completely foolish; but a combination of some folly and some crookedness had been more than enough to break the brand when the beef market failed. To Dunn, in the moment of discovery, it must have seemed that Marian's property—for the Arizona ranch was to have saved Marian's 94—had been gambled away by his cheating partner.

"There was only one thing to do," Horse Dunn said now with an odd simplicity. "Bob Flagg knew it as well as me. You have to say this for him—he put off facing the music for two years; but in the end he came and faced it like a man. I said to him, 'Bob, I can't let this pass.' He said, 'I know it, Horse.' I said, 'Bob, I aim to turn my back. Fire your first shot into the air. When I hear your gun, I'll turn and draw.' His second shot swung over me, for I had to stoop to go for the only gun I had, which was an old derringer in my boot; and in the next second I let drive—and he was through."

Slowly, then, old Horse Dunn tried to explain to them how it was he had buried Bob Flagg in the Red Sleep. It had seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should make a suitable burial of his partner in some far, open place. He felt no sense of remorse. He had simply set out to lay away his partner—no less his partner because they had split at the end of the trail.

And then the thought of seeing horror in the eyes of his niece, who would not understand—it suddenly had seemed more than he could face. Never before in all his long career had Horse Dunn concealed from the world anything that he had done. Even this time, his worship of this girl prompted him only to a single trick—the trick that had fooled Old Man Coffee in the Short Creek trailing. He was riding a horse from which the shoes had just been pulled, so that it had deep, long hoofs, with nail splits. He simply rode the horse into the water, dismounted, and trimmed the hoofs flat to the sole, with his knife. It had fooled Coffee; it had not fooled old Rock.

Nor had it fooled Cayuse Cayetano. But Horse rested no great weight in the killing at Ace Springs. Cayuse had been a worthless character; Horse already owed him a heavy debt in missing calves, for Cayetano had been a cow thief in his own right. Horse looked at this shoot-out as an execution long overdue. Yet here as before he had given his adversary a better than even break.

As Wheeler and Coffee had suspected, Lon Magoon had been a distant witness. Magoon was another whose punishment for petty rustling Dunn had considered too long delayed. He too had had best break. But before the great old fighter lesser men seemed to go to pieces, losing their fighting mettle so that there could be only one end.

To overtake Magoon, Horse Dunn had muffed the hoofs of his pony with pads cut from a harness collar, and thus had advanced in silence over naked rock. It was only incidental that the trail of the muffed hoofs had been too obscure for Billy Wheeler to see.

That was all the story. One thing, only one, had warped that whole brief history into something mysterious and strange, distorting it, to Dunn's own bewilderment, past all recognition: that was the old fighter's abject humility, his pathetic, unreasoning panic before the disapproval of Marian, his niece. Without that, that first simple shoot-out would have ended where it had occurred, without any hue or cry or storming up of a range. It had been that one effacing of the trail, and thereafter the silence of Horse Dunn, that had changed it all.

fight this to the last ditch, until they're sick of fighting. They'll never prove—

"There'll be no fight on that," Horse Dunn said. "All my life I've faced things out. Behind this girl—there ain't ever again going to be a shadow of any dark thing hid."

Marian said, "Horse—Horse—" At the sound of her voice the old man seemed to crumple and break. He sat down on the bare steel cot within his cell, bent his head, and slowly ran his big hands through his hair.

The tears were running down Marian's cheeks, but suddenly her head went up. "What he says he'll do—he'll do. No one understands that better than I. But there's one other way. There are still cattle, and open country, and space!"

"You mean—" "The Argentine! If he's spoken of it—once, he's spoken of it a dozen times. If he won't keep quiet and

spirations and the sound of its exhaust, coming to him muffled where he lay in the dark on his bare steel cot, was indistinguishable from the voice of Billy Wheeler's roadster. He started up, fearful that he had miscalculated, and delayed too long. But nothing happened; and presently he settled back again.

When he judged that most of his allotted time was gone, he sat up on the edge of the cot, and drew the ancient derringer out of his right boot. His hands automatically tested its well oiled action, raising and lowering the hammer without percussion against the shell. He had never liked that weapon, but he had carried it because it was snub-nosed and lightly built, and fitted in his boot where anyone could see that no gun could go. He pulled off his left boot. Laid close around his ankle, and secured there with a wrap of silk handkerchief, he was carrying four buckshot - loaded shells. Fired from the snub-nosed derringer the shot had poor penetration, as Old Man Coffee had observed; but at short range the shells delivered a sufficiently savage blast, as they had well proved. He now took them into his hand; and, when he had pulled his boot on again, he sat weighing them thoughtfully in his great fist, and thinking of things deep in the past.

Presently Horse Dunn grinned to himself and stood up; and one by one he tossed the shells through the iron bars into the dark. He heard them fall and lose themselves in the black alley around his barred cell. After all, he had never expected to see the Argentine.

The fourth shell he held a moment or two, wondering if it ought not to be his own. If a man came to the last pinch, and saw for certain what was ahead, it was a pity to leave it to the coyotes to finish him up. But in the end he laughed, easy and indifferent, and tossed the fourth shell after the others into the dark.

The one remaining shell was in the gun. He stretched lazily, yawned deeply to the bottom of his great lungs; and fired his last shell against the iron door.

Up the hill from the sheriff's house came the sound of running feet; the sound stopped outside, and the big keys to the steel door clattered at their locks. This was followed by a brief pause and a low-voiced conference; Dunn recognized Link Bender's voice and a spasm of regret shook him for the lost shells.

Horse Dunn stood up, thrusting the hand which held the derringer into the front of his shirt. With his free hand he gripped a bar of his cell high up, and let his knees sag down and his head fall on his chest as the door swung wide.

Walt Amos came into the open door, gun in one hand, lantern in the other. Dunn made his voice strangle in his throat as he gasped—"Amos—in God's name—"

The young sheriff sprang forward, holstering his weapon. "How in all hell—" He fumbled for a key from his belt, chattered it at the door of the inner cell. "Who got you? Man, can you speak?" Amos set the lantern down, swung the inner door; and the snub-nosed derringer that could cut men in two was in his stomach, and Dunn's great fist was clamped on the gun butt for which Amos snatched.

"Reach," Dunn said; and the sheriff's hands went up. Horse jerked the sheriff's gun, and tossed it clattering into the shadows. He turned the sheriff, gripped him by the back of the belt, and nosed the empty derringer into his back.

He kicked the lantern light into a black shatter, and his voice turned savage as he shoved the sheriff ahead of him into the door opening. "Now, you out there—how about letting drive at this door? Before I wake you up with a shot or two under his arm!"

Walt Amos sung out in a ghastly voice, "For God's sake take care yourselves! He's got me cold!"

Outside, three figures moved abruptly in the clear light of the risen moon; Dunn saw and knew Halliday and Caldwell, but had not time to recognize the third, who raced to take cover around the corner of the jail. He supposed this was Link Bender. He heard Halliday swear, and Sam Caldwell called out a sharp order to the third man. Halliday shouted, "Walt, grapple him!" And Caldwell's thick, sardonic voice said from shadows into which he had disappeared, "Grapple him yourself, you fool!"

Horse Dunn sidled along the wall of the jail, weaving the sheriff's lurching and stumbling figure between himself and the general location of Sam Caldwell. Walt Amos called out, "Link, look out! He's coming round the jail!"

"You got guts, kid," Horse Dunn said. He got around the jail, backed over the crest of the hill. He wished that he knew where Link Bender had gone. Of them all, Link Bender was the fox. Just over the crest was the long adobe wall of a storehouse long since ruined. He got his back against the remains of this wall, and here rested, for he had been almost carrying the sheriff with one hand.

For a moment or two then the night was very still. His eyes were searching shadows, trying to spot his enemies. But what came to his mind then was that the breeze from the desert was fresh and sweet, and very precious in his lungs; and the moonlight that betrayed him was very lovely. And he saw again the light of just such a blue-silver moon as this, that had once played curious tricks as it wavered in the pale hair of the woman who had become Marian's mother.

Suddenly Walt Amos twisted like a mountain lion, and his back was strong as the back of a young horse. Horse smashed out overhead with the gun butt in his fist, and Amos went down as if felled by the blow of a silvertip, and lay quiet.

Dunn half turned; and from the end of the adobe wall flame spurted to the roar of a forty-five.

Horse Dunn flattened himself against the adobe, and his knees bent; the old derringer almost slipped from his fingers, but he caught it and held it tight. Slowly he slid down until he was crouched upon one knee. He was waiting, gathering all his strength. He knew then that if some freak of luck gave him one more chance at his enemies, he would not be able to carry through the promise he had made himself in Marian's name.

A figure moved along the shadow of the adobe, coming closer, cautiously. That would be Link Bender. The old fighter could no longer judge distances very well. He waited as long as he dared, in his ebbing strength.

Suddenly Horse Dunn rose straight upward on his heels, hurled the empty derringer in Bender's face, and lunged forward. His big hands groped in thickening darkness for his enemy's gun arm.

A gun was talking, and a second gun, and a third, filling the night with battle uproar. Horse Dunn stood straight up, staggered backward two steps, found the support of the adobe wall; then folded at the knees and went down slowly, his fingers gripping at the adobe bricks.

The 94's sand-weathered touring car stood lightless in a clump of creosote bush a hundred paces off the Inspiration road. Val Douglas and Steve Hurley were draped in the front seat, their legs hanging over the doors. Billy Wheeler lay full length on a running board, trying to doze; and though Marian was supposed to be asleep in the back seat, he knew that she was as broad awake as he.

CHAPTER XV

Horse Dunn waited until he was certain that it was dark before he began to count the time. From within the concrete walls he could see no part of the sky, and it was hard to judge the time when you could not see even a single star. It was his intention to wait three hours more. He supposed that his people would choose to strike between midnight and dawn, but he dared not take any risk. Their first reconnaissance into the town must find him long on his way—whatever way that was to be. Just as there must no longer be any dark concealments in the background of Marian's life, so it was also impossible that he allow her the memory of her father's brother as a convicted murderer. Even before the steel door had closed, shutting away his last sight of the girl for whom he had labored so long and faithfully, he had made up his mind what he must do.

With war and violence so close ahead he knew that he should have been hearing the Indian medicine drums in his blood, like an old war pony smelling battle; but, somewhere along the trail, all that seemed to have gone out of him. He felt no suspense. His only concern was that he should not fail in his judgment of his time. Once as he waited a car came roaring into in-

spirations and the sound of its exhaust, coming to him muffled where he lay in the dark on his bare steel cot, was indistinguishable from the voice of Billy Wheeler's roadster. He started up, fearful that he had miscalculated, and delayed too long. But nothing happened; and presently he settled back again.

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What S. Cobb Thinks about

The Law's Injustice.

SANTA MONICA, CALIF. —Had it happened in another country, we'd say, "What curious ideas foreigners have of law enforcement."

A footpad with an evil record held up a victim. A bystander saw the crime, identified the thief.

The ruffian was held under indictment, but he could give bond. The spectator was "detained" as a material witness—a gentle way of saying he was locked up, exactly as though he had been the criminal.

Well, he was guilty of being poor.

Six months later came the trial. The defendant, having been out all that time on bail, looked hale and hearty. The prosecution's witness was produced under guard, pale and sickly from close confinement. It didn't help his health any when the crook's attorney browbeat him, yelled at him, practically accused him of perjury.

The citizen sued the state for false imprisonment, for loss of wages, for separation from his family, for all he'd suffered. Under the statutes he had no standing. They threw his case out.

Meanwhile, the convicted crook had been released by the parole board and was free as a bird.

Aquatic Novelties.

INTERESTING discoveries were made in Hawaiian waters by government ichthyologists. For fear the similarity of sound may lead to wrong impressions, let me state that this department has nothing to do with Secretary Ickes, although, since ichthyology pertains to fish, Mrs. Secretary Perkins might possibly have a contrary view on this point. Because they do say there are moments in the cabinet when all is not sweetness and accord.

However, the point is that Uncle Sam's piscatorial sharps dredged up a fish that is most delectable for six months of the year, but poisonous the other six months. So at least they've found a creature emblematic of the California climate.

Let this be regarded around here as treason. I will state that I'm as loyal a native stepson as any that ever came out of Iowa, having been here long enough now to join in passing resolutions endorsing the scenery and at intervals uttering three loud ringing cheers for the sunsets.

Also let envious Florida refrain from gloating. To typify Florida's climate that fish would be good only four months of the year and powerfully hard to put up with the rest of the time.

Lecturing Adventures.

IN ALABAMA is a sect which forbids its converts to laugh or even smile. Now I know who it was bought out the house when I delivered a humorous lecture down there.

The other day a chap asked me why I didn't go back on the lecture platform. I told him I'd appeared in practically every sizable town in America, and, though it was years ago and probably popular indignation had abated now, still I wasn't taking any chances—I was waiting for some new towns to be built.

Once I tried the experiment of slipping around to the front door to hear what the crowd said, coming out. That was the night I attempted suicide by gas, but was saved when someone, passing through the hotel corridor, smelled something that smelled even worse than the hotel smelled.

A lecturer's lot is not a happy one. But usually it's the audience that suffers most.

Eating Oysters.

THERE'S a brand new movement called eat-oysters-in-any-month-you-please movement, or, unless you're working on space rates, it may be called E. O. I. A. M. Y. P. M., for short. Its sponsor says the prejudice against eating oysters in months having an "r" in them is a fallacy dating back 2,000 years when, between hiccoughs, a Roman senator said: "Oysters should be eaten only in certain seasons."

So it appears we've been penalizing ourselves ever since then for the indigestion of a Roman senator, although, so far as eating the California oyster is concerned—he runs around forty to the dozen—I personally could refrain for the whole year without any undue longings. The California oyster looks something like a brass overall button suffering from vertigris.

Still, maybe it's all for the best. Because during May, June, July and August is when the oyster does practically all his courting. There's little enough romance left in the world—and anyhow, who am I to come between an oyster and his love-life? He doesn't seem to have any too much fun the rest of the time.

IRVIN S. COBB. Copyright.—WNU Service.

Cuddle Toys from "Odds and Ends"



Pattern 5932.

Excellent for Christmas gifts is this collection of cuddle toys. Kiddies love them! Use up those odds and ends and make your toys as colorful as possible—in short irresistible. In pattern 5932 you will find a pattern of the three toys; directions for making them; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) To The Sewing Circle, Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y.

HOW LONG CAN A THREE-QUARTER WIFE HOLD HER HUSBAND?

YOU have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unsympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it.

When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly know how you feel.

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."

Purposeful Day

A single day in the life of a learned man is worth more than the lifetime of a fool.—Posidonius.

How One Woman Lost 20 lbs of Fat

Lost Her Prominent Hips—Double Chin—Sluggishness

Gained Physical Vigor—A Shapely Figure.

If you're fat—first remove the cause! Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh. Then get a 4 oz. bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you 4 weeks.

Take one-half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water in the morning—modify your diet and get a little regular gentle exercise—in 3 weeks get on the scales and note how many pounds of fat have vanished.

Notice also that you have gained in energy—your skin is clearer—you feel younger in body—Kruschen will give any fat person a joyous surprise. But be sure it's Kruschen—your health comes first.

You can get Kruschen Salts from any leading druggist anywhere in America (lasts 4 weeks) and the cost is but little. If this first bottle doesn't convince you this is the easiest, SAFEST and surest way to help you lose ugly fat—your money gladly returned.

Faith and Logic

Faith is as much a normal function of the human mind as is logic.—William W. Keen.

666 COLDS and FEVER. LIQUID TABLETS first day. SALVE, NOSE DROPS. Headache, 30 minutes. Try "Rub-My-Tism"—World's Best Liniment.

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. Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feet weak, nervous, all played out.