

# CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

Billy Wheeler, wealthy young cattleman, arrives at the 94 ranch, summoned by his friend Horse Dunn, its elderly and quick-tempered owner, because of a mysterious murder. Billy is in love with Dunn's niece Marian, whom he has not seen for two years. She had rejected his suit and is still aloof. Dunn's ranch is surrounded by enemies, including Link Bender, Pinto Halliday and Sam Caldwell, whom he had defeated in his efforts to build a cattle kingdom. Dunn directs his cow hands, Val Douglas, Tulare Callahan and others to search for the killer's horse. He explains to Billy that the morning before he had come upon bloodstained ground at Short Creek and found the trail of a shod and unshod horse. The shod horse's rider had been killed. The body had disappeared and no one was reported missing. Link Bender had arrived at the scene and read the signs the way he had. Dunn reveals that because of a financial crisis the ranch may be in jeopardy; his enemies may make trouble since Sheriff Walt Amos is friendly with them. He says he has asked Old Man Coffee, the country's best trapper, to join them. Dunn and Billy meet Amos, Link Bender, his son "the Kid" and Cayuse Cayetano, an Indian trapper, at Short Creek. Bender has found the slain man's horse, but the saddle is missing. Almost supernaturally, cattle attracted to the scene by the blood-stained ground, stamp out all the tracks.

## CHAPTER II—Continued

"The trail of the killer turned back from here," Dunn said. "It took to the creek. I tried to find where it came out of the creek. There was too many horse tracks from the range stock; I never found where it came out. While I was trying to trail it, Link Bender came by and I hailed him. After I showed him what I found he took off after the dead man's horse."

There was a long pause. "This all you fellows got to show?" the sheriff said at last. "That's all," Dunn said. Link Bender nodded. "I lost the trail of the dead feller's horse," he said shortly. "I swung wide and found the horse further on, but I never seen the saddle."

The sheriff sat his horse for almost a full minute, as if in thought. He seemed about to speak, then apparently thought better of it. Silently he led back the way they had come. They were nearly back to Chuck Box Wash before anyone spoke. "This is a pretty bad thing, Dunn," Amos said tentatively at last. "The big end of the Red Hills cowmen are pretty well stirred up."

"Funny," Dunn said dryly, "how quick the word got round." They had come to the forking of their trails, where Dunn would turn westward toward his home ranch. They pulled up their horses. "Dunn," the sheriff said, "you wasn't figuring to go any place, was you?"

"Amos," said Horse Dunn, "what you mean by that?" The sheriff met his eye directly, but without pleasure. "I'll have to ask you not to leave the county, Dunn."

Horse Dunn was visibly angrier. Suddenly Billy Wheeler remembered that Dunn was facing out something greater than two or three men on horses. Link Bender stood for a whole ring of half-whipped brands—the wolf ring, waiting hopefully on its haunches; Sheriff Amos represented a county. Behind these men were numbers and strength—and against the many the Old Man of the 94 stood opposed as a powerful thumb opposes the fingers of a hand.

"And so," Horse Dunn thundered, "you take it on yourself to tell me where I'll go and come!" "There's plenty stuff has to be cleared up," the sheriff said stubbornly. "One thing, why was those two unknown fellers riding toward the home ranch of the 94?"

"How do I know that?" Dunn demanded. "If they're like the average run of the Red Hills, they was most likely looking for something to steal!"

"All the more reason we have to know where you are," the sheriff retorted. "If it's a cow thief that's dead, who would shoot him on your range but you or one of your boys?"

"Not one of my neighbors," Horse Dunn let his eyes drift to Link Bender's face. "No, not them! They'd never make a move—unless it was to hand the feller his brander."

Wheeler forgot his own weapon, which he had never drawn on any man. He jumped his horse at Kid Bender, striking down on the Kid's gun hand with his quirt. The quirt whistled and bit; as he jerked it back Wheeler felt the gun come with it, tangled in the snap of the lash.

In the same instant a gun roared behind him, and he whirled his pony. Horse Dunn held the smoking muzzle of his gun skyward, and steadied his half-stamped horse with his other hand. In his face was such a white blaze of fury as Wheeler had never seen. He was not roaring now; his words came through his teeth, hard-edged as broken rock. "I could have killed you," he said, almost as if he were strangling. "And I'd have done it, if only—"

Link Bender sat straight up, his face the dusty gray-green of the brush. Evidently he rode a gun-proof horse, for the reins hung slack on its neck, but it stood. Bender's left hand gripped his right arm; he swayed slightly, but recovered himself, and the color slowly began to come back into his face.

Sheriff Amos brought his hand empty away from the gun-butt to which it had dropped, and let both hands be seen in plain sight upon his reins. His face was discolored by a red flush. "You all right, Link?"

Link Bender said between set teeth, "Good enough."

"You go on home," Walt Amos said to Dunn. "I can't take you in



"Who Shot Who This Time?"

for this because I can't prove you were first to draw. But—"

Dunn said, "You know damn well who was first to draw!" "Maybe I do and maybe I don't," the sheriff said. But let me tell you this, Dunn: you've just about run out your rope! By God, if ever a man overplayed his hand, you've sure overplayed yours! You go on home, and see that you stay where you can be got, until you hear from me!"

Horse Dunn grinned, showing his teeth. "I am home," he answered. "You fellows are the visitors here. Set off easterly, and ride steady, and maybe in three-four hours you'll be off my range! I'd start at it, if I was you."

He moved off a little way into the scant shade of a Joshua stalk; then sat where he was. Presently, still sitting there, he watched them ride away, losing shape in the heat waves and the dust.

Old Man Coffee surprised them all by coming in on a mule an hour after breakfast next morning. The Fryer Pan Country from which he came was beyond the all but inaccessible Tuscaroras, and to reach the 94 by road or narrow-gauge would have called for nearly 800 miles of travel. Coffee, however, had apparently come by unsuspected short cuts; and he had come fast and hard, to judge by the ribby and droop-lipped condition of his black mule.

Marian Dunn had never seen an outfit like that of Old Man Coffee. Around the black mule as it shuffled to a stop, no less than six flop-eared dogs of a fox-hound type dropped to the ground. One of these, the leader, a big spotted hound with enormous jowls, wore a pack which seemed to contain a tightly-rolled blanket, a frying pan, and a coffee can with a hay-wire bale. Another, a grizzled ancient hound, astounded Marian because it was wearing deer-skin rock-moccasins, which looked to the girl as if the dog wore shoes—and socks.

The mule's saddle bore a high-power rifle, a pair of hobbles, a cowbell stuffed with leaves, and Old Man Coffee. The old lion hunter's face was of deep-seamed leather, from which deep-set eyes looked out penetratingly, but not unkindly. His

faded blue work clothes were like those of the cow hands, but he wore flat-heeled shoes instead of half-boots, and instead of the broad Stetson of the cowboys, the mountain man wore slantwise on his bald head a battered hat of a narrow-brimmed, indiscriminate character. "Don't you find riding a mule kind of slow?" Marian ventured.

Coffee exchanged a brief glance with Horse Dunn. "Oh, sure," he said; "but what's time to a mule?" "A mule makes mighty good time in the hills, with a good mountain man on him," Horse explained to his niece. "See?"

Marian glanced at her big old uncle but didn't answer. To the best of Wheeler's knowledge she hadn't spoken to Horse Dunn that morning. Something had come between Horse Dunn and his niece, just since the day before. Horse had a baffled, apologetic look whenever he looked at her. It was wonderful how gentle and saddle-broke the tough Old Man seemed in the case of anything this slim, pale girl was mixed into.

Old Man Coffee, Horse Dunn, and Billy Wheeler sat in Horse Dunn's room and talked it over.

"Well," Old Man Coffee came to the point, "who shot who this time?"

Briefly, Horse Dunn explained to Old Man Coffee the curious circumstance by which they knew, or supposed they did, that a man was dead by violence—while still they did not know who he was. He described in some detail the ground marks which the cattle had now erased.

Coffee nodded. Billy Wheeler noted that Coffee, the man of dim trails which only dogs could find, did not question Horse Dunn's interpretation of the sign.

"And since when," Coffee inquired, "do you get so stirred up over a possible cow-thief shot?"

"It isn't that," Dunn told him. Horse Dunn now tried to explain to Old Man Coffee why Link Bender's coyote ring could be counted on to make the most out of a mystery killing as a weapon against the 94; but Coffee interrupted him.

"I take it, all you want me to find out," said Old Man Coffee, "is what happened to you, what for, and who done it. That cover it?"

"And where is the killer now," Dunn asked. Old Man Coffee locked bony fingers behind his bald head, and sat staring out the window. "Who's been over the ground?" he suddenly demanded.

"Walt Amos, the sheriff, Link Bender. His boy, they call the Kid. My cowboys here—though I didn't let them trample the sign. An Indian deer hunter by the name of Cayuse Cayetano."

Coffee pricked up his ears at the last name. "Cayetano," he repeated. "How long has this Cayetano been over here?"

"About two years, going on three. Had relatives among the Pintwater Plutes; they took him in."

"He used to be over in the Fryer Pan Country," Old Man Coffee said. "What a sweet character he is! Got run out of the Fryer Pan by common consent. That was about a year after he beat up the Chinese girl. He—"

"Can he track?" "He couldn't track a barrel of tar through a—" Coffee stopped. He looked angry and disgruntled. "No," he corrected himself, "that ain't so. He's a good tracker. He's better than that—he's a great tracker. Maybe the best I've ever seen."

"He's pretty good, is he?" asked Dunn. "I think he can smell a cold trail like a hound," Coffee said grudgingly, "and make a fool of the hound. Or maybe he just guesses. But I can tell you this—Cayuse Cayetano will go through this case a-whistling."

"What's the answer then?" "Oh, I suppose I'll have to go out

and take a look, and mess around, and make a fool of myself," Old Man Coffee growled. "First thing, I'll get it all right—if Cayetano hasn't got it already. After that I'll find out where the killer's horse come out of the creek. That ought to be enough for one day; when I've done that I'll come home to supper."

"When you going? Now?" "Sure I'm going now. When did you suppose?"

"We'll go with you as soon as you're ready to start. I—"

"The hell you will," said Coffee. "I only got one dog that won't call me a fool if I tell him to trail a horse. That's old Rock, and he's funny. If he thinks people is watching him he flourishes around trying to look smart, and don't get anything done. Give me one cowboy that's seen the ground—one that'll come home when I send him. And you stay here."

"Oh, well," Horse Dunn grumbled, "suit yourself. I'm only the victim in this case."

"Well, give me a horse, give me a horse—we going to sit here all day?"

For once Horse Dunn did as he was told. Glumly he watched Old Man Coffee jog jogging out of the layout, the black hound dogging it at the pony's heels.

"Will he find the saddle?" Wheeler asked.

"I suppose so," said Horse Dunn gloomily. "But damnation! Much as it means to me, I pretty near hope he won't. The cocky old snort!"

"I guess I'll saddle a pony and take a look around here myself," Wheeler said.

"Wait a minute," Horse Dunn said. "There's something different I want you to do."

Billy Wheeler waited, but Horse Dunn seemed to hesitate. "I wish," he said at last, slowly, "I wish you'd talk to that girl."

Wheeler was startled. "Talk to her? About what, Horse?"

"Well, I'll tell you," Horse Dunn groped. "It's this way." He hesitated; out among the barns could be heard the grief-stricken hullabaloo of the hounds Coffee had left behind.

"You two had some kind of a fall-out, didn't you?" Wheeler asked. "You might call it that," Horse Dunn shrugged. "She doesn't understand the way you have to handle things on this range. And now she's down on me for blasting Link Bender free of his gun."

Marian Dunn had been born in this house in which they now sat; she was the daughter of Horse Dunn's brother who had once run the 94. But her father had died when Marian was five years old, and, so far as Wheeler knew, Marian Dunn had since visited the 94 but once in her life—two years ago, when she was eighteen.

"Why, she can't hardly even believe that this country is here," Dunn continued. "They've taught her that the country is all settled up—and they're right. Only, they don't understand this dry country, where a steer walks a rod for a blade of grass, and a hundred square miles supports one outfit. When they think of the West they think of some place like Montana, where you can fence a whole herd on five sections of grass and watch 'em thrive. She can't see her 94 as part and parcel of half a million miles of range."

"Her 94?" Wheeler questioned. Horse Dunn did not hear him. "I've fought this country since time out of mind. When you got enemies in this country you've got to rough 'em and force 'em. If a man tries to smash you, you got to smash him first. She tells me we got law here to take care of that, nowadays. I tell you the law we got hasn't the teeth in it that it had in the old days, even!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Year In and Year Out, Bible Society Finds Good Outlet for "Best Seller"

Agencies seeking to promote foreign trade might profit from the annual report of the American Bible Society, observes the San Francisco Chronicle. Year in and year out, the society goes on with increased distribution. Depressions, hard times, wars, political upsets, industrial activity or unemployment do not disturb the distribution of Bibles. If people are in trouble, they need Bibles. If they are not in trouble, a Bible makes good reading for leisure hours.

The society's agents put a touch of zeal in their work that might be envied by a sales manager in any other business. If they encounter a tribe of a few hundred or thousand aborigines, they do not try to force Bibles by teaching the savages our language. They just settle down to a few years of study and translation and first thing you know, there are Bibles in a language of which even the name is unpronounceable.

Also, there is no waste motion in

competition. The American Bible society, finding British Bible society agents actively at work in South America, promptly hands over Chile to the British distributors and takes Uruguay instead.

Some of the agents are paid, some are volunteer workers. Among the paid workers there are no sit-down strikes, no organized mass demands. The chief incentive is to get Bibles into the hands of people who have none. When Argentina levies a gas tax and proceeds to build roads, motor dealers think about getting into that field; oil companies see prospects of oil sales. But the Bible man sees nothing except a quick way to get to people he never has been able to reach before with a Bible.

Perhaps this helps explain why, with a distribution of 276,354,391 volumes in the 121 years of the society's existence, the Bible has held first place as a "best seller." The Bible man will insist that it is because it is the best book.

## Organdy for Midsummer Dance

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



DURING midsummer moments when a high-registering thermometer gives promise that torrid weather has decided to prolong its stay even to the point of trespassing on the rights of autumn then is it that dainty cool lingerie frocks swing into the spotlight in all their glory.

Especially this season the craze seems not to have abated for frocks of simple, inexpensive, yet fine and lovely wash materials. The younger set adore the pretty dimities, organdies, dotted swisses for their party frocks and when they go away to school this fall many a college-faring girl will slip one or two of her summery wash frocks into her wardrobe trunk, knowing full well that she will get any amount of wear out of them ere the cool fall days come upon us.

If you have never tried shadow print organdie for your midsummer night party frock, do it now! You can get this lovely material in pastels or white and it makes up beautifully, and best of all, it costs such a trifle compared with luxury-type weaves, while it "looks a million."

The charming gown on the seated figure is made of white shadow print organdie and we venture to say when this gown dances hither and thither on the ballroom floor or under the stars at the country club it will be voted among the prettiest. The fact that it is picturesquely and fashionably full-skirted makes it all the more enchanting. The corsage of flowers in realistic coloring is in gay contrast thus adding another beguiling note.

Some there are who prefer staturesque slenderizing lines rather than bouffancy.

The princess gown to the left will

tune to the liking of those who prefer the slim and tall silhouette. There is an exquisiteness expressed in the fashioning of this dress which reflects the new trend toward meticulous detail such as fine hand-tucking and myriads of wee self-material covered buttons such as fasten this princess all the way down the front. Here is really a very charming way to make up organdie if you like to be outstanding in distinctive dress.

It is not only that delightful lingerie materials are favored for party frocks but the tendency all the way through the season is to wear dainty frilly blouses in the daytime of exquisitely fine cotton sheers, also prettily feminine neckwear and beguiling accessories—jabots, ruffled halter fronts and other such flattering items. With the approach of fall, tailored suits are coming out in full force and the fad of the moment is to wear with them the frilliest fluttery blouses that fancy might picture. Fine handwork is lavished on the high-quality types.

For these handmade blouses sheers of fine white organdie or daintiest batiste or filmy handkerchief linen are first in favor. Popular too and heartily to be recommended are the attractive allover embroidered organdies that are definitely practical and pretty for the making of the blouse to be worn with one's jacket-and-skirt tailleur. It should by all means have a sprightly frill fashioned after the manner of the model pictured in the inset to the right. Trimmed with lace edging as is this blouse makes the effect all the more daintily feminine and alluring.

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## TIGHT SLEEVES ON FROCKS FALL STYLE

While the designers are draping blouses, lowering waistlines and straightening out the hemlines of skirts they also are cutting out the fullness of sleeves. Advance autumn fashions which forecast the coming season's mode have sleeves that are straight and tight. Absence of shoulder pleats is especially noteworthy and if any fullness does appear it is in the form of a drapery on the forearm.

Sleek satins are the fabrics which show off the new straight sleeves and slender skirts to best advantage so the shiny fabrics are the first to show the changes of fashion. Look for them not only in perennial black but flaunting such colors as bright blue and purple.

## Youthful Effect Stressed in New Wedding Clothes

The extremely youthful trend of this season's clothes has had its effect on wedding gowns. The most recent Paris brides have been dressed in demure creations of white mousseline or organdie which greatly resemble the frocks worn by French children for their first communion.

Instead of the halo head veils or the conventional wreaths of orange blossoms, lilies of the valley or camellias, the dressmakers are using little round caps of tulle with a long floating veil attached just in back.

The Wearing of Flowers Flowers should not be worn conspicuously. Their color and design should harmonize with the gown so that the whole effect is a finished one, and the admirer sees neither one separately.

## SHIRRED JACKET

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



As if the new sheer woollens for fall were not attractive enough in themselves designers are making them even more so in the clever way they are manipulating them via elaborate shirring, tuckings, stitchings, bandings and other intriguing workings. Sheerest navy wool makes this graceful costume. Its full cut jacket is fascinatingly shirred and banded. The frock itself, which is a slim one-piece, is also beautified with shirred bodice and slenderly fashioned skirt.

## Eating Big Meal at Noon

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON  
© Bell Syndicate.—WNU Service.

A WOMAN, 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighing 225 pounds, consulted a physician regarding the best method of reducing her weight. Before putting herself under his care, she stated that she did not want to eat less food, hated exercise and so would do none of it, and insisted that she be allowed to remain in bed until 10 a. m. each day as at present.

As there are only three ways of reducing weight in the ordinary overweight—eating less food, taking more exercise, and taking less rest during the 24 hours—the physician was about to dismiss the patient with the polite remark that as she would not follow any of the three methods of weight reduction, nothing could be done.

However, close questioning revealed the fact that the lady got a great deal of pleasure out of shopping; her hobby being the spending of every afternoon in the stores of a large city.

The physician then stated that he would allow her to follow her present habits and eat the same amount of food, if she would eat her heaviest meal—dinner—at noon instead of in the evening. She followed this advice and lost 7 pounds the first month, 5 the second month, 3 the third month and 1 the fourth month; a loss of 16 pounds in four months.

## Exercise Requires Fuel.

Eating the heavy meal at noon, and the light or lunch meal in the evening caused a loss of weight for 2 reasons: (a) the exercise of walking about the stores actually used up some of the excess fat on the body, and (b) the light meal in the evening was so light or so poor in food value, that after it was eaten, there was not much excess food to be turned into fat during the "rest" period of the evening, and during the 12 hours or more in bed during the night.

The 3 or 4 hours of walking exercise that this patient took every afternoon required extra fuel and the excess fat on her body was what furnished the food or fuel necessary.

## Work Requires Energy.

"Muscular work has a far greater effect in raising the energy consumption (using up of fuel or fat) than any other factor." For instance, the average man needs 3,000 calories or heat units of food daily, and the average woman about 2,000. Yet if just an ordinary or moderate amount of exercise is taken, such as walking a mile at a moderate pace, as much as 500 calories of food or body fat may be used up; walking a mile at a brisk pace or at a slow rate of running might easily use up 1,000 to 1,500 calories.

Many professional wrestlers carry ten to thirty pounds of excess fat because they wrestle 3 to 5 times each week (sometimes for an hour or more) and must carry extra weight to prevent going "stale." It is not unusual for them to lose 5 to 10 pounds during each bout, such is the effect of hard exercise in reducing weight.

## Nothing Much to It.

It is all very simple. "The fuel for doing work or taking exercise must come from the food eaten or from the tissues of the body; if part of the fuel foods taken in are used up in doing muscular work, the excess food eaten (which would naturally be stored away as fat) will store that much less. When the food intake is too low to provide the energy needed both for maintaining the body and for the work done, the body tissues will be called upon to supply part of the required energy and a loss in weight will result."

However, an important point about exercise in reducing weight is not fully recognized and that is that using the will power to take any exercise is a big step forward. It is no easy matter for the overweight to move the excess weight about; it means so much more effort than for one who is of normal weight. Then as the exercise becomes easier to do because of practice and because there is less weight to move, the overweight individual finds himself or herself gradually increasing the amount of exercise taken daily. A feeling of "lightness," of renewed energy replaces the "heaviness" of moving about not only during exercise but at other times during the day. As it is not much effort to walk short distances, go upstairs or perform household duties more of these little chores are done. This means more reduction of weight.

Of course, just as the reduction of weight by diet, drugs, or gland extracts should be under medical supervision so should the patient be thoroughly examined before taking exercise and at intervals thereafter so that if there should be disturbances of the heart or blood vessels, the exercise may be regulated accordingly.