THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

# CATTLE KINGDOM By ALAN LE MAY == @ Alan Le May WNU Service

#### CHAPTER IX-Continued -11-

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

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

Moving slowly, he quietly shoved wood into the banked fire, and got bacon into a skillet. "I'm sure sor- as nearly startled as they had ever dian words that the others did not of two different fires. And I'm not ry I can't stay while this cooks," he said. "But I've got to make a ride."

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

"You mean you don't want me." "It isn't that. But-"

"If you had any imagination you'd know I got up at this unearthly hour Wheeler. "You told her what we new keen edge on his voice. "Chilbecause I want to talk to you." He waited, disturbed. She stood close to him, talking almost in whis-

move away. "You see-I heard part of what

you and Uncle John said last night." "You heard—what?"

Rock in full cry," she explained. an ambling shuffle, and they rode in They did not see what had stopped "My room isn't next to his, but it silence for a little way. Coffee sig- him at first; but after a few moisn't far away. And when he's an- naled to them to come abreast. gry, I'll bet he can be heard ten miles back into the Tuscaroras. I he said, "why I've been kind of ing back. Coffee got down off his couldn't help hearing what you said prowling around of nights, as your about Bob Flagg being dead. And if that's true-"

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

Her eyes did not waver. "That was all." He thought he detected a faint

wicked gleam in her eyes, but he kept his face expressionless, and stood pat. "We've got to find Old Man Cof-

fee," she said.

"Seems like he's left, Marian." "You've got to take me to him," the girl said. "You can find him-I know you can find him."

"What makes you think so?" "Can't you?"

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

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

old hand on her shoulder. "Child, again, and guit the trail. what happened to you?"

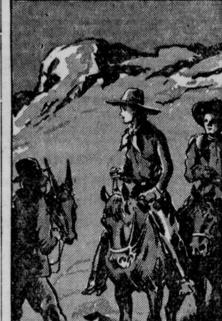
"Nothing." "Something did, though," Wheeler never done so much false figuring in Wheeler supposed. contradicted. He told Coffee of the my life!" He pushed ahead quickly

shot from the brush. seen him look. "This changes the understand. whole set-up," he complained. "I Now suddenly the big spotted body prowling around there get." thought I had it licked. I thought leader hound sprang ahead, bawl-I could pretty near give names and ing; and in another moment the rest be?" cases. But-this smears it."

"Neither do I," Coffee said, dis- horses. missing discussion. He turned to aimed to try?"

"No." "Well, you should have. This is Yet because the trail of the wolf pers. He knew he must get going, a kind of a sad, dark job we're on was indirect and circling, they spent came alone, as he had come after but he could not bring himself to today, girl. We're going to try to another hour in following the dogs. Billy Wheeler. find the-the man that was killed The ponies were scrambling over at Short Crick."

"I guessed that," Marian said. Old Man Coffee led off to the when Old Man Coffee pulled up at "Uncle John has a voice like old northeast, his sleepy-eared mule in last and sat waiting. "Maybe you've wondered some," had made a circle and were com-



moved his mule nearer Marian's | breath, "I'll be eternally damned!" |it'll be late tomorrow night before pony, and leaned forward to peer Abruptly the old dog turned to look he gets back-maybe longer. Steve into her eyes. Then he laid a bony at Old Man Coffee, let his tail drop and Tulare and me, we spent the

"What's the matter?"

of the hounds were with him, run-"I don't follow that," Marian said. ning full cry, outdistancing the who that would be. I guess-it

"The wolf again," said Coffee, a trail!

broken rock now, keeping up as best

they could. The dusk was very deep

ments they saw that the hounds mule, called in his dogs, and tied up each of them, separately, to rock or scrub oak. But he had to crack the long dog whip over them more than once before they would lie

down, sulking and moaning in their throats. Old Rock, the only one untied, lay down under the feet of the mule, raised his nose to heaven, and let out a long deep-chested wail. Old Man Coffee tightened his sad

far as you go." "You stay with her, Billy. I don't know how long this will take." from them, the dainty feet of his

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

Old Man Coffee came back to them at last, his black mule moving like murder."

day prospecting around in the Tus-

carora foothills, here." "Everything," Coffee said. "I "And didn't find anything,"

"Billy," said Horse Dunn, "there's now, shouting to his hounds, jerking somebody been slinking around The old hunter scowled; he looked new life into them with gutteral In- over there. We found the ashes a damn bit sure there isn't some-"Now who the devil would that

> "That's just it-we don't know doesn't matter, now.'

They had expected Sheriff Walt Amos to appear in the course of dren, we're near the end of the the night, or at least no later than the first light; but it was noon before Amos appeared. He again

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

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

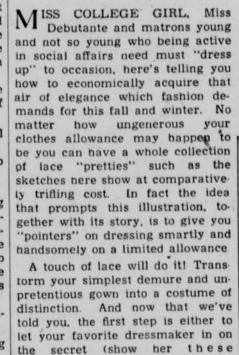
"What have you done with Gil Baker?" Horse Dunn demanded. "He's in Inspiration. We had to take him in."

"Not bad. He came prowling around Ace Springs, where Cayetano was killed, and one of the depu-He said something unintelligible ties hollered to him to halt, but he to the dogs, and then moved away made a run for it. They had to throw down on him before he'd give mule picking its way, and old Rock himself up. Turned out he was shot in the leg."

"You're getting almighty highhanded around here, Amos!"

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

"Held for questioning; concerning

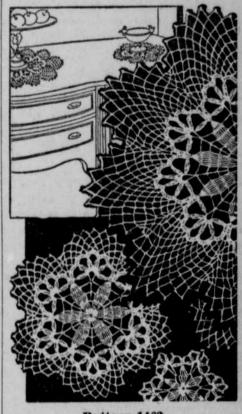


By CHERIE NICHOLAS

sketches) or perhaps you prefer to thriftily adopt the "make it yourself" course of action. Not that you have to be an expert with the needle, for, provided with carefully se lected patterns, there is no reason why, if you can sew even a little bit, that you should not successfully copy these charming fantasies. No simple basque-jacket pattern of the matter how many you make of type pictured and it will be found Now Dunn answered him at last, these lovely lace items you can't Here's a word of friendly advice: don't stint in getting the best type quisite the lace you use in making these dainty fashions the more conple afternoon dresses or over a floor clusively will they carry a message length crepe sheath which transof high-style prestige. forms it into an evening ensemble. If you are clever and have a Jeff of London has made an efnack of your own a pattern will not fective accessory ensemble of black be necessary for the cape for it is Chantilly lace. (See sketch to right the animal shone wet with sweat, cut along simple circular lines. bottom.) The jabot with its high and from under the edges of the However, a pattern similar to the neckline matches a pair of gauntmodel shown should be easily availlets of the same black Chantilly. able. It has little tailored epaulet and together they give the essential He rode directly to the cook effects on the shoulders and cunfeminine look to the most tailored

Make Your Own Lace Accessories Doilies Offer Thrifty Way to Set Table

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



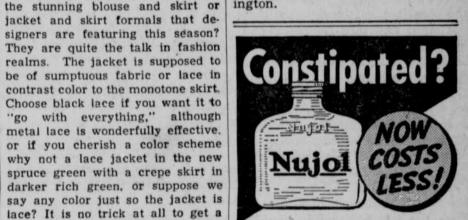
Pattern 1462

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

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

### Is It Progress?

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



"Is he hurt?"

dle. "Marian," he said, "this is as

slinking close behind.

The first stars were showing when

Long before the old man spoke

he had to say.

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

"Billy-you're riding out to meet Old Man Coffee!"

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

"I'm going with you."

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

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

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

They were almost in the shadow of Lost Whiskey Butte when she broke the silence between them. "Billy-I told you something that the same place three or four nights

wasn't so."

He waited.

"It was when we were talking strange day-the strangest in Marabout Bob Flagg, and how I heard, ian Dunn's life. Their work carried But he hasn't come back." what you and Uncle John said about them a great distance, much of that. And I said that was all I which was wasted in quartering, did he?" heard. Well-that wasn't all." Some queer geometry of land-

"What else did you hear?" "I heard-it all."

Unexpectedly he found it difficult head, but what it was like they could to tell himself that it didn't matter. not guess, and he did not explain. But now he realized that she was Repeatedly Old Man Coffee pulled waiting for him to answer, and he the dogs off invisible trails which managed to say, "That's all right." "Isn't it better," she said, "that

we both know now how things really came into the howling of the hounds. stand-between us, I mean?" He made himself say, "I guess so

Marian."

"It is better," she said, and he reckon it'll serve." wondered why her voice seemed so | It did not serve, though Coffee le sad. "Because-don't you see?- it lead them seven miles in no par there's nothing to keep us from be- ticular direction before he pulled off ing friends now-really friends. And the dogs. each of us-all of us-are going to need what friendliness there is left in the world, I think."

#### CHAPTER X

As Coffee, with his dogs about ing uncertainty here, obviously runhim, rode out to meet Wheeler and ning no trail, though Old Mar Cof-Marian Dunn from Lost Whiskey fee seemed to know where he was Butte, the girl pushed her horse going. And now old Rock made a ahead. She stopped close to the old curious play. The old dog had been buildings of Honolulu's business dis- Hawaii. man, facing him squarely.

"He tried to keep me from com- quarter the trail of the loafer wolf; stand side by side. ing," she told Coffee, "but there but now he sent up a long fullwasn't anything he could really do. throated cry and drifted swiftly. will.

Old Man Coffee grinned. He



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

they knew he had found what he wagon boss was at pains to make had sought. known. Well, I guess it won't hurt "It's Bob Flagg," Old Man Coffee nothing to tell how a thing like this said.

is done. Did you ever listen to Horse Dunn accepted the news "I couldn't very well help it, could that Flagg was dead more quietly, more steadily, than Wheeler had ex-

"There's a funny thing about pected. them. More things interest coyotes "How was he killed?" Dunn than you'd expect. And if some- asked. thing kind of strange and interest-"By a shotgun; the same as Cay ing happens on the range, all of 'em use Cayetano."

he declared were those of coyotes. It

was after noon before a new note

signaling the trail of the loafer wolf.

Coffee, "is three days old. I don't

"This loafer trail," said Old Man

The sun had gone down behind

the Tuscaroras, and the long gray

dusk was on the range as they came

on to the broken wilderness of up-

thrust red rock that was known as

the Red Sleep. The dogs were voic

the red rock.

know it, all over the desert. We'd "Where's Coffee?" learn queer things from 'em if we Coffee, Wheeler had found, could could understand their talk a little not be persuaded to return with better. them to the 94. It was Coffee's be-

"Coyotes won't touch a dead man; lief that Dunn had made a serious neither will a loafer wolf. But they'll mistake when he had chosen to hold circle around, and kind of wail, and Magoon's saddle instead of turning sing. Once before this I found out it in to the sheriff. where a corpse was hid by listening "The sheriff will be out here in

to the coyote voices at night." "This time, we got a break. fair. But there's better than a hun-There's a loafer wolf on the range. He'll only talk about certain things,

and maybe speak only two, three times a week. So when he lets sitting on a stove, and it's getting Steve Hurley's trying to trail him out the same kind of queer cry, in hotter every minute." "Let him come." in a row, a man begins to wonder.'

killing?' That was a long day, and a "I sent Gil Baker to Ace Springs. "Val Douglas went to Pahranagat,

"He left this morning. I suppose and the long following of false trails.

lean tall shadow among shadows. Horse Dunn stood up, his thumbs He came close to them, then for a hooked in his belt, and his eyes moment sat silent, looking back rolled slowly over the foothills of over his shoulder the way he had the Tuscaroras; it seemed to Wheelcome; and Wheeler knew that he er that he was looking for a sign. was futilely seeking words for what

and Wheeler saw that somehow, in ever have too many. the course of the night, the old man

had been able to prepare himself for this thing. "When you want to laces for the finer and more exmove out?" he asked.

"I'd like to get on back as soon as you're ready, Dunn." And now out of a trail that wound

through the tall buckbrush back of the layout a rider came. His horse was at a quiet running walk, but saddle blanket the lather rolled. It was Tulare Callahan.

shack gallery and swung down. "Horse, I've seen Lon Magoon!"

he announced. "Tulare, are you sure?" "We only sighted him far off on a high ridge, at better'n a mile. But Horse, I knew him as sure as I the morning, sure," Wheeler said, know my name. His horse looked "I think Walt Amos means to be like that good sorrel of ours, we

call Brandy. We signed him to dred men in Inspiration, all out of come and talk, but he sloped. We outfits that hate the 94. Amos is took out after him hell for leatheryet-but he got loose about four miles up the Tamale Vine. I knew "Any more dope on the Cayetano you was looking for the sheriff; and I thought you might want to know this, if you was still here."

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

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### marks was working in Coffee's Coconut Palm of Hawaii Yields Food, as Well as Drink, Buttons, Ornaments

ncluding food, drink, clothing and nuts on the rib of a coco frond. cenery-that minister to man's After it has surrendered its bey-

balm. While most of the complexities of this material. nodern civilization operate in connection with Hawaii's up-to-date and found many uses in the olden days, progressive commercial life, the when island fishermen made many graceful coconut palm still stands of their nets and lines in this manis an interesting contrast to mod- ner.

ernity. In many cases, where tall palms in a sulk all day long, unwilling to trict, the two types of skyscrapers The milk and the meat of the in-

Old Man Coffee said under his tree's leaves. These fronds can also skyscrapers.

Hawaii has a native skyscraper | be woven into thatches for shelters. hat stands as an excellent example The outer husk of the coconut and of a self-sufficient economy, notes oils derived from it can be used as writer in the Chicago Daily News. |fuel; and the earliest Hawaiian can-It contains most of the elements- dle was made by stringing kukui

nysical and aesthetic well-being, erage and meat, the coconut shell The name of the skyscraper is co-can be highly polished and utilized os nucifera. Translated from the for making dishes, bowls and other cientific this means a coconut receptacles. Today buttons and small ornaments are carved from sportswoman. It may be along

Rope woven from coconut fiber

As an important item of island scenery the graceful, swaying palm ine the walks next to the modern has become a regular trade-mark of

For every nimble-footed Hawaiian lad the section rings that circle the ner nut provide food as well as palms at regular intervals provide Now, if you want me to go back, I nose down, a hundred yards along drink. Hats and other articles of an automatic ladder-type elevator to wear novel carved catalin fish. clothing can be fashioned from the to the top "story" of these island frogs, snails and such, either clips

ning wee buttons with tiny threadcrochet loops to fasten it down the



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

front. You can get it hemstitched

about the edge or finish with roll

hem. As an evening wrap this cape

of black Chantilly may be worn

over the fashionable all-black gown

or over the dress done in lovely

Have you heard the news about

jacket and skirt formals that de-

signers are featuring this season?

The little white cotton lace bolero

© Western Newspaper Union.

SILHOUETTE TRENDS

FOR EVENING DRESS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

pastels.

easy to make.

of suits.

**Daytime Footwear for Fall** 

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

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

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

is very popular and it can be made INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL up so inexpensively it is worth while to keep two or three in waiting for emergency calls. Wear it over sim-

## **YOU CAN THROW CARDS** IN HIS FACE **ONCE TOO OFTEN**

WHEN you have those awful cramps; when your nerves are all on edge-don't take it out

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

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

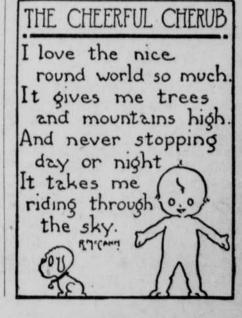
For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smil-ing through" with Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system. thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age." Don't be a three-

take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and Go "Smiling Through.

WNU-U

40-37





To dress up to the part she plays should be the ambition of every true

scenic bridle paths that the enthusia.' guides her gallant steed or it may be in the glare of bright light and trumpet loud in the fashionable horse show arena that she will

make her bow. In either event her riding togs must be correct down to the slightest detail. The picture shows a sartorially perfect outfit. We would especially call your attention to the horse's head carved from brown shell catalin that is nonchalantly pinned on her coat. During

the summer it became quite a fad or brooches, an one's bathing suit. | resilient.

**BRIDLE-PATH CHIC** 

