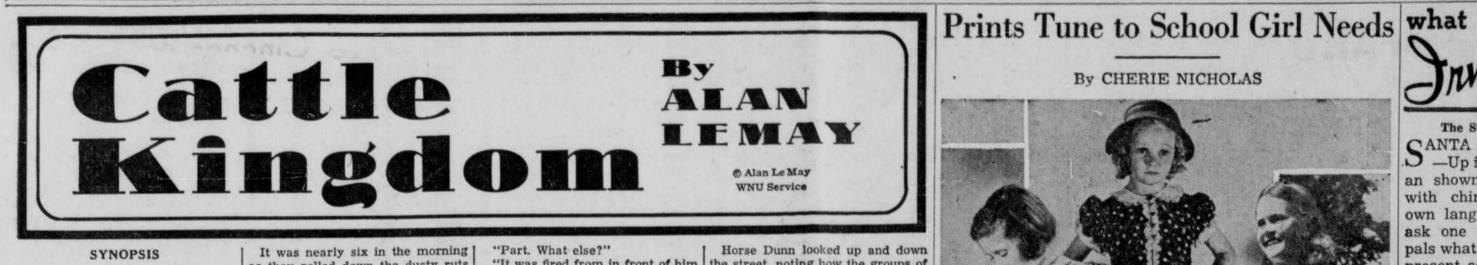
THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,



Billy Wheeler, wealthy young cattle-man, 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 Cald-well, whom he has defeated in his efforts to build a cattle kingdom. Dunn directs to build a cattle kingdom. Dunn directs his cow hands, Val Douglas, Tulare Cal-lahan and others to search for the killer's horse. He explains to Billy that the morning before he had come upon blood-stained 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. Link Bender had arrived at the scene and read the signs the way he had. Dunn reveals that be-cause 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 trailer, to join them. Dunn and Billy meet Amos, Link Bender, his son "the Kid' and Cayuse Cayetano, an Indian Trailer, 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 traces. Dunn is angered when Amos tells him Dunn is angered when Amos tens min not to leave the county. Following an argument, Bender draws his gun, but Dunn wounds him in the arm. Back at the ranch Old Man Coffee arrives, with a pack of hounds. Coffee goes in search of the dead man's saddle. Dunn tells for the that Marian is incorrect at him for Billy that Marian is incensed at him for trying to settle disputes by bloodshed. He reveals that the ranch is really hers, also that he recently sold his own ranch in Arizona and that his partner, Bob Flagg, is en route with the money. Billy ac-companies Marian on a ride to Short Creek. "Kid" Bender, now a deputy, rides up. They have an argument, and by a trick Bender tries to shoot him. Billy saves himself by plunging against Bender's pony and "the Kid" is injured. Coffee returns to the ranch with the sad-dle and reveals that Cayuse Cayetano is on the trail for Sheriff Amos. The saddle belonged to Lon Magoon. a small-time Arizona and that his partner, Bob Flagg. belonged to Lon Magoon, a small-time cattle thief. Billy learns he is to be arrested for assaulting "Kid" Bender.

## **CHAPTER IV—Continued**

"I am looking at it. Seems like to me, Horse, the game is a little different from that. He may be laying off of you because his crowd has a little different plan for you. I'll say right here, this sure makes it look to me like they must have a case against you on the murder of Lon Magoon-a case we maybe can begin worrying about."

"Then why do they turn and jump on Billy Wheeler?"

as they rolled down the dusty ruts toward the first test of strength since the killing at Short Creek. man on a horse." Three cars drove to Inspiration, for Billy Wheeler had reserved certain privileges of free action; and the that's all I know, yet." sheriff returned to Inspiration alone in his own car, as he had come. A second car was driven by Horse Dunn, who took with him Gil Baker, Steve Hurley, and Tulare Callahan; and-what seemed more important -Marian Dunn, between Val Doug- You got the shotgun right, at least las and her huge uncle in the front I suppose you seen that one shot seat. The Old Man of the 94 was possessed by a vague persistent hope that somewhere, some time, horn?" Marian would see something which would change her opinions as to the

balance of force and justice in the Red Hills ranges. Old Man Coffee rode with Billy

Wheeler, who drove his own roadster "There in that one car," said Cof-

fee, watching Horse Dunn's tower of dust, "goes all that's left of the 94 outfit; except for you and me, who don't really belong here."

Billy Wheeler nodded. "I couldn't hardly believe," he said, "that fired. If the charge hadn't been Horse was trying to run 20,000 head | weak that pellet of lead would have of cattle, even through the quiet plowed a whole lot deeper than it months, with only four men and did." himself."

"He's got 20,000 head, has he?" head. Allowing for death losses, he Short-handed as he is, he can't be the right sure."

"I've seen the day," Old Man Coffee said, "two, three years ago,

"It was fired from in front of him a little to his right-hand side, by a "What else?"

Old Man Coffee was regarding Wheeler with a peculiar fixed expression. "Son," he said at last, "I back down; I'm free to admit I wait there, until someone brings had you wrong. You're further along the trail than most of 'em. pellet bogged into the seam of the Then the car lumbered away in the leather on Lon Magoon's saddle

"Yes; I saw it."

"That little pellet is pretty well hid. I guess nobody saw it but you and me. But the rest of your dope's wrong. For one thing - Magoon wasn't killed by no man on a horse!"

"How do you know that?" "How did you know the shell was home-loaded?"

"Because the charge was weak. The sign showed the horses was close together when the shot was

Old Man Coffee nodded approval. "A good catch," he said. "But I "The book count shows 20,000 think you got it wrong. If the charge had been fired from close like you long shotgun barrel plumb have been no shot in the saddle horn. It was distance slowed that game against another's. pellet. Lon Magoon was shot by a third man, from up on the flat ground above the cut!"

"Seems like," Wheeler objected, 'the trail of the third man should have showed up, somewhere about."

"Maybe; if it had been read proper before the cattle pawed out the sign. But-there's one man mixed into this that knows too much about trails to have left one himself-even if he'd been there." They fell silent, while the hard-working engine threw the rack of the road behind them in big spasms and gouts of dust; and far ahead presently

the street, noting how the groups of booted loungers had grown. Hardly a doorway in that street was empty now. Wheeler saw Dunn run a quick "The shell was home-loaded. And glance along the second story windows across the street. Dunn turned to his car, relaxed, casual.

> "Marian, take this here car around the corner, and park it; then word."

Marian glanced once, questioningly, at her uncle, then once more, almost despairingly, at Billy Wheeler. dust as she obeyed.

Horse Dunn turned with a curious mildness to the sheriff. "I don't figure to give any answers, Amos, that I wouldn't just as leave my outfit would hear.'

The Old Man of the 94 stood square-planted-smiling a little, almost bland; but the confidence of a lifelong dominance was in the easy set of his enormous shoulders, so that he seemed then bigger than the town, bigger than the range.

The sheriff hesitated: he knew what he was up against. Abruptly he burst out, "I decide these things here!"

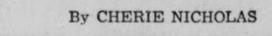
The mild mask fell away. "Then give your orders to people you can boss," Dunn snarled at him.

Walt Amos sized up the situation, then stood for a moment with a grinned, not sheepishly, and not irri-

"Oh, all right, Dunn," he said; "I don't set any great store on that point. I haven't got any of my fellers with me-I don't need 'em; but maybe you need some. Bring 'em on!"

In effect, Horse Dunn had backed Sheriff Walt Amos down; but Horse admitted afterward that it was here, in the backdown, that the young sheriff had first commanded his respect. He grunted an assent. "Billy Wheeler, Coffee-come on."

The others moved forward, but he waved them back; and Dunn, with Wheeler and Coffee, followed showed the faint disturbance on the Amos into the little old adobe that folks in regard to prints is that





M YRIADS of gay little print frocks wending their way

schoolward is the picture fashion is flashing on the screen for fall. There is really no danger of overdoing supposes he's got 14 to 16 thousand. say, the killer could have rammed blank face. Then-the young sheriff the print collection for little daughter, for there are so many varieties against Magoon - there wouldn't tably, but with the interested hu- of textures and design in the realm mor of a man who plays his own of washable prints this season mothers can assemble a wardrobe of prints ranging from playtime and classroom frocks to pretty-pretty party dresses, and then not have too many for occasions that may arise.

From mother's standpoint the new print collections should and will prove all that they should be in supplying fabrics which will insure her child the joy of being well-dressed whatsoever the occasion, because fabricists are bringing out cottons and rayons and linens that have the "looks" of choicest challis and fine crepes.

The thing that intrigues the little is fascinating for young and older

this season are unique and lovely.

ton fabrics and six to rayon. The

unique part of it is that these theme

SLATED FOR FALL

"Look casual," is the latest slo-

CASUAL COSTUMES

song designs use titles of copy righted songs. What a grand chorus of prints there will be in classroom, at home and in the highways and byways that little girls tread during the coming tangy autumn days! Not that children have a monopoly on these intriguing musical prints for designers are making them up into the smartest-ever housecoats, pajamas and daytime

dresses for grown-ups. Does your little girl love mu sic? If so she'll adore the beruffled frock of new chintz-type print (centered in the illustration) the motif of which is based on "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles," a song children know and love. Clever little girl and boy figures holding balloons and other bubble motifs following the position of the notes on the scale with tiny clef signs | more, \$8.75 of it was in cash." make the design of this print which



The State of the World. CANTA MONICA, CALIF. -Up in Montreal a veteran showman says he talks with chimpanzees in their own language. I wish he'd ask one of his chimpanzee pals what he thinks about the present setup of civilization. Because I can't find any humans who agree as to where we all are

going and what the chances are of getting there. In fact, the only two who appear to be certain about it are young Mr. Corcoran and young Mr. Cohen, and they seem to hesitate at timesnot much, but just a teeny-weeny bitwhich is disconcert-



ing to the lay mind. Irvin S. Cobb We are likely to lose confidence even in a comet, once it

starts wobbling on us. I'm also upset by a statement from England's greatest star-gazer -they call him the astronomer royal, which, by coupling it with the royal family, naturally gives astronomy a great social boost in England and admits it to the best circles.

mathematically prescribed course.

He says the moon is clear off its

#### Cash Versus I. O. U.'s.

ONLY a few weeks ago the front pages were carrying dispatches saying the adjustment of Great Britain's defaulted debt was just around the corner. Economists and financiers had discussed terms of settlement. Figures were quoted -mainly figures calling for big reductions on our part, but never mind that. They were figures anyhow.

Lately the papers have been strangely silent on the subject. Perhaps you remember the old story told on the late John Sharp Williams, who frequented a game at Washington where sportive states-

men played poker for heavy stakes -mostly with those quaint little fictional products called I. O. U.'s as mediums of exchange. Early one morning a fellow sena-

tor met the famous Mississippian coming from an all-night session. "I certainly mopped up," he proclaimed. "I won \$3,000-and what's

> . . . Autumn Millinery.

"It might be because Billy Wheeler is kind of strong as a cattleman. I'm speaking of bank strength. I don't know anything about how Billy Wheeler stands in this mess. But it may be they think he might work out as an ace card in patching up the finances of the 94. That being the case, naturally they'd like nothing better than to set him aside to cool for 30 days. A man can't read his facts unless he looks a little into the people situation. It sure begins to look," said Old Man Coffee, "as if I'm going to have to go to Inspiration for this trial."

"No," said Horse Dunn. "Because there isn't going to be any trial."

Marian Dunn said sharply, "What do you mean?"

For once Horse Dunn failed to wilt before the flare-up of his niece. "I won't stand for it," he declared. "I've stood enough! They'll take Billy Wheeler no place."

"I think," Marian Dunn said, "you must be mad!"

"Mad, is it? Mad or no mad, the coyote pack will never take Billy Wheeler in."

"There's this about it, Mr. Dunn," Val Douglas drawled. "We're coming up against bigger things here take his medicine for busting the body." Kid's leg. After all, there's something in what your niece says. Tulare says that tonight or tomorrow Amos can raise up a posse of a sixth sense in handling a trail and hundred. We'd look good trying to because of his widely heard-of luck tions I figure to ask." bronc-stomp a hundred men." Horse Dunn bellowed, "You stand Man Coffee had been called in on

there and tell me-"

Billy Wheeler cut in. "He's right, Horse." "What?"

like a feller that would be right theme song on a murder case. very often," he said at last. "But I guess. I'm going to leave 'em take me, Horse."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," Horse Dunn told him. "I'm boss here!"

Billy Wheeler sprawled relaxed, Dunn's glare evenly. If the others in coming. there did not understand why the youngster more readily than to any one else in time of need, they could by looking at them now.

"I don't know as you can stop me, Horse," Wheeler said.

when Sheriff Walt Amos came ham- give you just a sample." mering at the door.

CHAPTER V

The sheriff came alone, without show of force. Wheeler's surrender might have detected a certain pleased relief.



"For One Thing-Magoon Wasn't Killed by No Man on a Horse!"

when the 94 bunkhouse never held roundup times I've seen better than 50 riders follow the 94 wagons. But I guess those days are gone." Coffee suggested that Horse Dunn

was getting old. "It's hard for us old fellows to bend to new ways of handling cows-or men. But Horse Dunn might just as well get ready to way for a long time; but comes a

more." "And that," Wheeler said, "is what we've got to save him from. than an open fight over whether or For God knows he'll never bow his not this Wheeler will stand up and head! It's up to you, more'n any-

"Don't count on me."

That was Old Man Coffee's attitude. Because of his uncommon in making shrewd deductions, Old

many a mystery killing in the intermountain country. But though he worked hard without cost to anyone, he stubbornly avoided an offi-

Billy Wheeler looked Val Douglas cial responsibility. "I got nothing over coolly. "Val doesn't strike me to do with it." That was the Coffee Swiss Train Dogs for Service in Army;

But now he added, "Something's this ought to raise his percentage, wrong. When I first looked at this case I thought it was open and shut. But something's the matter with this case. Somebody knows some-

thing they're not telling me." Billy Wheeler waited, but the information which silence would have as if he were resting, and met brought from most men was long

"People in this country is going Old Man of the 94 turned to this to the dogs," Coffee complained. "Take you. Your old father had a pair of eyes that could find out the have learned something about that devil through the smoke of hell. But you-you ain't got any eyes. I

you. I also got to see for you and The day was hardly breaking hear for you and ride for you. I'll ficult and most dangerous situations, property of the confederation for a An ironic amusement faintly al- messages or reconnoitering were

tered Old Man Coffee's gaunt face. "Answer me one question," he said now. "What weapon killed Lon | tion of dogs into its activities to | together. Magoon?'

private initiative. A few years ago Billy Wheeler looked at Coffee a privately organized dispatch dog he outwardly took as a matter of sidelong, and for a moment he hes- service was added to the First "was killed by a shotgun. Is that what you wanted to know?'

plain which was Inspiration. Inspiration consisted principally of a main street, backed by a few score houses, some of them neatly

painted, with a tree or two; many simply unpainted shacks. To a stranger the town would not have seemed so full of people as Tulare Callahan's report perhaps once recognized a dozen or more cars which would not ordinarily Dunn, "to find out who was making -as the 94 cars pulled up in front | was equal to handling it."

of the little frame building that housed the county office-Wheeler the sheriff, "to get him here to seize noticed a small inconspicuous stir in | and suppress evidence?" doorways, a too casual moving to-Dunn's signal as he slid his roadster mountains. I'll just seize it." to a stop. He stepped down from the wheel and walked forward to Dunn?" Dunn's car.

"We want to all kind of keep together, here, as we move into this," Horse Dunn said casually. "I don't realize he has to. He's forced his think there's going to be any trou- Magoon was camping on 94 range?" ble of any kind. Still-I wish Bob time when he can't force it no Flagg had got here. There aren't so many of us as there has been some years." The sheriff pulled up and stepped

to the sidewalk. "Court won't open yet for a little

bit," he said. "You, Wheeler, park surprised. Instantly Wheeler knew lucky not to be in the lock-up, by Inspiration crowd - perhaps with God! You, Dunn, I'll speak to you field glasses-must have seen Cof- ance. inside. I've got a couple of ques- fee pick the saddle up. And second,

"All right," Horse Dunn said. "Come on, folks." "The rest of you stay outside," Sheriff Amos said. "You're the one

impossible.

I aim to talk to, Dunn."

### held the sheriff's office.

"Dunn," said Sheriff Amos, "you were the first man found out there'd been a killing at Short Crick. That was Tuesday-three days ago. Right off you sent Tulare Callahan here, to wire Old Man Coffee, clear around at McTarnahan. Dunn, why suggested. But Billy Wheeler at did you send for Old Man Coffee?" "I sent for Old Man Coffee," said

have been there, and about an equal free on my range. To tell you the number of dozing cow ponies. And truth, I didn't figure you numbskulls ture the fancy of a child. "Then it wasn't your idea," said

"When I want to seize somegether of spur-heeled loungers at thing," Horse Dunn told him, "I less than 12 or 15 hands. And in two or three places along the street. won't be sending for some old guy Billy Wheeler caught Horse the other side of two ranges of "Where were you riding Monday,

> "Monday I was riding Red Sleep Ridge."

"And when," the sheriff shot at him, "did you first learn that Lon Horse Dunn did not hesitate for a fraction of a second. "Yesterday -when Old Man Coffee found Magoon's saddle."

are pre-occupied with the question of what to wear for early fall. Al-The sheriff's smooth, cornerless though both tailored tweeds and face tightened a little, but Billy softly-feminine garments will con-Wheeler saw that the man was not tinue to be style-right for particular yourself around here close. You're two things. First, that one of the occasions, it's the casual costume that is slated for high-style accept-

Suits are always an early-fall what was equally important, that favorite but they were never better the sheriff must have succeeded in calculated to make women want to tracing out the dead man's horse- cast aside their summer clothes. Aland had identified it as belonging ready the shops are beginning to to the little cow thief, Magoon. display scores of casually cut mod-(TO BE CONTINUED) els ranging from classic two-piece

ensembles complete with blouse and

### **College Girls in Favor of** Low-Heeled Daytime Shoes

Increased interest in sports is given as the chief factor in the college girl's inclination toward lower heel heights on daytime shoes but her human warfare. Originally, states pervision of this new service was choice is also influenced by other considerations such as comfort and the suitability of low-heeled footwear to sports clothes.

The prevalence of "girls of more than average height" was one of ly given up during the World war. ice. The introductory course has a the reasons advanced for the in-The activities of the Army dog to- duration of four weeks and upon its creased popularity of low and medium-heeled evening shoes.

# Woman With Bulky Calves

The woman with oversized calves can buy shaded stockings which gradually darken in color at the The Swiss army owes the introduc- trained, must be stationed closely largest part of the leg and thus have a very slenderizing effect. These stockings shade from a light tan at the foot and ankle to a dark brown A large variety of trees grow at the calf and upper leg. For slimtan color with feet of dark brown.

many of the nicest, prettiest prints folks. The crisp white organdy rufhave been especially designed for fles and buttons add winsome acthem with pictorial motifs that cents.

make direct appeal to childhood. The dress to the left is also made Not only are the patterns charmof a theme-song "bubble" print. It ing to behold but they are in many is a pleasing type for the growing instances instructive and entertaingirl. Three narrow ribbon bows poing as well. For smaller children sitioned on ribbon crossbars set there are prints with the letters row and row march soldier-like of the alphabet scattered designfuldown the front of the bodice. Pleatly in allover patterning. Mother ed skirt and demure Peter Pan Goose figures too, and boats and collar complete this smart style. ships and birds and animals, fruits The dress to the right reflects a and flowers done in a way to capquaint spirit in the lacings up the

front, the close-fitting bodice, and The washable prints developed the now-so-fashionable "swing skirt." Any girl would love to wear It's a series of perfectly charming this dress "first day of school." The prints that we have in mind-arscattered daisies is a patterning intistic creations each of which has spired by that familiar song, been inspired by a song. There are "Daisy, Daisy, Tell Me Your Anfifteen designs in this collection nine swer True"-enough to inspire any of which have been adapted to cotlittle girl wearing this dress to be-

come a prima donna. @ Western Newspaper Union.

PLAID TAILLEUR By CHERIE NICHOLAS



Plaid's the thing for your new fall suit if you are seeking the smartest. The one pictured is of heavy plaid linen. It's a real Scotch tartan plaid done in dark green, dark blue lined with white, red and yellow. Black velvet binds the edges, pocket flaps and cuffs. This makes a stunning costume for early fall and later on you will be wanting to copy it in plaid wool. We are quite sure you will for these stunning plaid jacket

Star-Sprinkled Mode

suits are the "last word" in chic.

Silver and gold stars sparkle on the veils of new afternoon hats.

**TUST** as the poor, bewildered J males are becoming reconciled to the prevalent styles in women's hats, up bobs a style creator in New York warning us that what we've

thus far endured is merely a foretaste of what's coming. In other words, we ain't seen nothin'! For autumn, he predicts a

quaint number with a slanted peak fifteen inches high, which, I take it. will make the wearer look like a refugee trying to escape from under a collapsing pagoda.

Another is a turban entirely composed of rooster feathers.

A matching coat of rooster feath. ers goes with this design. But in the old days they used hot tar.

A third model features for its tophamper a series of kalsomine brushes sticking straight up. Naturally, the hat itself will imitate a barrel of whitewash.

But the gem of all is a dainty globular structure of Scotch plaid. Can you imagine anything more becoming to your lady wife than an effect suggesting that she's balancing a hot-water bag on her brow?

### . . . "McGuffeyisms."

THE lieutenant-governor of Ohio Lurges a return to "McGuffeyism" for settling modern problems. 'Twas in a McGuffey reader that

I met those prize half-wits of literature-the Spartan boy who let the fox gnaw his vitals; the chuckleheaded youth who stood on the burning deck; the congenial idiot who climbed an alp in midwinter while wearing nothing but a night shirt and carrying a banner labeled "Excelsior" in order to freeze to death; the skipper who, when the ship was sinking, undertook to calm the passengers by-but wait, read the immortal lines:

"We are lost!" the captain shouted. As he staggered down the stair.

And then the champion of all-the Dutch lad who discovered a leak in the dyke so he stuck his wrist in the crevice and all night stayed there. In the morning, when an early riser came along and asked what was the general idea, the heroic urchin said-but let me quote the exact language of the book:

"'I am hindering the sea from running in,' was the simple reply of the child."

Simple? I'll tell the world! Nothing could be simpler except an authority on hydraulics who figures that, when the Atlantic ocean starts boring through a crack in a mud wall, you can hold it back by using one small Dutch boy's arm for a stopper.

IRVIN S. COBB. © Western Newspaper Union.

#### **Cabot** Discovered Nova Scotia Nova Scotia was discovered by Cabot in 1497. In 1604 the country was settled by the French, who

called it Acadia. It became British in 1713.

proved his worth in numerous ways | ing courses for Army dogs, and on and for many centuries dogs have the establishment of a permanent been playing an important role in station for these animals. The sua correspondent in the Philadelphia entrusted to the commander of the Inquirer, an attempt was made to First Army corps. press the animals into field hospital The dispatch dogs are chiefly asservice. The experiment did not signed to officers and soldiers who

prove satisfactory and was partial- volunteer for this particular servday are chiefly confined to the dis- conclusion each participant has a patch service, where excellent re- trained dog assigned to him, which not only got to do your thinking for sults have been obtained. Dogs have he has to board and teach further. Shaded Stockings Boon to done splendid work in the most dif- The animal remains, however,

> where all other means of conveying number of years. The main difficulty is that the animals, in order to be systematically

### No Forests in Egypt

course; though a close observer itated. "Lon Magoon," he said, Army corps. It immediately gave throughout Egypt, especially along mer legs, there are stockings of sunproof of its usefulness. Based on the Nile, but nowhere is there ? these experiences, the Swiss Fed- forest.

Man's best friend, the dog, has | eral council decided on official train-

## topcoat or fur cape. Special Courses for Dispatch Duty

