

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Walt Amos turned his back on them, and stood staring out into the sun-blazed street. That street was curiously empty—unwholesomely empty, so that nobody who had seen the crowd there could look at that street now without knowing that something was irregular, something wrong.

"Move out, then," the sheriff said. "Drag your freight and drag it quick. Keep going. Five minutes from now I don't want you in this town."

Horse Dunn chuckled in his short beard and hitched his belt up. Slowly he sauntered past the deputies, staring at each of them with an open insolent amusement as he passed; then he shouldered out, a huge hulk that filled the whole frame of the door.

Unhappily, the 94 men made their way along the main street of Inspiration, around the corner to their car.

But as the dust of Inspiration kicked out from under their tires they knew that they had put behind them a violence that was not avoided, but only delayed.

By the time they reached the ranch it was already late afternoon, and the tall Tuscaroras were sending vast, vague fingers of shadow about the layout of the 94, while the high eastern horizon was still brightly brassy in the sun. Marian did not come out to meet them. Hunting around, Horse Dunn presently sighted her sitting on the fence of a little empty corral, hidden from the house by the barns. He walked out to climb the fence beside her; and Billy Wheeler, tired of people around him, went to his room, and got his razors out.

Here Horse presently came looking for him. The old cow boss walked in slowly, and closed the door after him. He sat down on the edge of the bunk with the movements of a man a hundred years old; and he covered his face with his hands.

"You know what she said to me?" he demanded.

"Nope."

"I went out to where she's sitting on that corral. I just wanted to tell her about Rufe Deane throwing down his deputy badge, and the way they cleared the street. I thought maybe if she'd seen it all she'd know what we're up against. So I went out there and said, 'Marian—That was all I said. She never even looked at me. And pretty soon she says—'You're making this country run red.'"

Suddenly Billy Wheeler felt a detached pity for this old man and this girl. He was able to see what Horse Dunn could not: that the girl was curiously dependent upon this old man, who looked like her father; was dependent upon him in more ways than she was aware. And both were deeply hurt, at a loss, because they could not understand each other.

He could not see much chance that the girl would learn to understand either Horse Dunn or the dry country men whom he faced. Horse Dunn was what the dry country had made him; and there was no longer anything in the old man's life except the cow kingdom he had dreamed, and tried to build, for her.

A slight noise was heard and Old Man Coffee came in gloomily and threw his coiled dog whip on the floor.

"I haven't actually hit a dog with that thing for over nine days," he offered. "But I swear I come close to hitting one tonight. That old fool makes me so cursed—"

"Coffee," Dunn interrupted, "you haven't been here long; but you've trailed and back-trailed, and promoted all over this place with those long-eared hounds. Now tell me one thing: do you see any show of finding out who killed Lon Magoon?"

Old Man Coffee dropped into a chair and considered for several long moments. "No," he said at last.

"Why?" Dunn demanded.

"Somebody, some place, may have killed Lon Magoon, for all I know. But he sure wasn't killed at Short Creek."

For once in his life old Horse Dunn's jaw dropped. "Look here! You wouldn't go to fooling with me?"

"I don't always know what I'm talking about. This time I know." "But the saddle—"

"I don't question it was Magoon's saddle; I only say it was a different man was killed in it."

Again Horse stared at Coffee; then he relaxed a little, and sat down on the bunk. "Coffee," he said, "if you're so dead sure, in God's name tell us what you know!"

Coffee squinted his deep-set eyes at Dunn. "I sore-footed a good dog, and like to killed a mule, getting over here to help you with this case. I don't ask for that to be appreciated. But I'm getting a little tired of answering all the questions around here!"

Horse looked baffled. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm tired of being lied to, for one thing."

"Who's lied to you?"

"More than one, right here on this place. Dunn, there's too many things not open to the eye around here to suit me!"

"Coffee," said Horse Dunn with all-out belligerence, "what in hell do you mean by that?"

"I'll just give you one sample," Old Man Coffee picked up his dog whip from the floor and sorted out its coils with bony old fingers.

"There's been a horse in this case that's been known as the killer's horse, because he left his trail at Short Creek, mixed up in the sign of the killing. You know I took old Rock and we trailed that horse; though it come to nothing, then. Now, since we've been back here this afternoon, I've seen a funny thing. Rock's been working around the horse corral, by himself; trying to work out a trail. Dog voices is peculiar—they call different trails in different ways. And as soon as I heard Rock's voice, I knew he was crying the trail of the killer horse."

They stared at him in silence. Then Horse Dunn said, "You're tell-



"I Swear I Never Heard the Beat."

ing me that the killer's horse has been here in this layout—right here—within the past few days?"

"Within the past 24 hours," Coffee said.

Horse Dunn made a gesture of impatience, almost of disgust. "I swear I never heard the beat," he said. "You set out to give me a sample of how you've been done wrong by, around here. And what does it come to? You read names, dates and places into the howl of a hound; and you figure out that right here among us he's come on a trail that he completely lost when he had the straight run of it."

CHAPTER VIII

The mountains were throwing their early lucid twilight across the range of the 94 by the time the cowboys cleared their supper plates. They had eaten in silence. But somehow in the interval since the conference in Billy Wheeler's room, everybody there had learned that a quarrel seemed about to smoke up between Old Man Coffee and Horse Dunn.

So now they still loafed in the mess shack, and nobody spoke of seven-up. They rolled cigarettes and lighted pipes, and a couple of lamps were lit, throwing tall, hazy shadows of the men on the walls behind. They all knew that the 94 was up against a trash-out, without itself.

Horse Dunn broke the silence impatiently. "There sure ought to be enough scrapping on this range without hunting up trouble among ourselves. In ordinary times this whole killing case wouldn't amount to a tinker's damn to begin with."

"I'm not so sure," said Old Man Coffee.

"What kind of a case have they got?" Horse demanded. "They can't even find their everlasting stiff!"

"They're pretty liable to find it," Old Man Coffee thought. "Where they find it, it'll be about all they need. If it's Magoon, like you claim, they can show motive—you said openly that you'd kill Magoon if you caught him on 94 range. They've got opportunity—by your own statement you were riding alone on Red Sleep Ridge that day, and the Red Sleep is within striking distance of Short Creek. They can prove you hid the dead man's saddle—which they can stretch to make look like a concealment of the crime. And all this says nothing about the killing of Cayuse Cayetano."

"What's known about the killing of Cayuse?"

"How do I know? We're so popular around here we can't even go look over Ace Springs without getting into a scrap with officers of

the peace—same as Billy got into at Short Creek."

Dunn slumped down in his chair and went to growling into his warlike beard. "I don't believe you know any more about it than the rest of us do."

"I'll put it stronger than that. Maybe—" Old Man Coffee made each word separately heard—"someone in this room knows a whole lot more than I know!"

Horse Dunn sat perfectly still, except for his eyes; his head did not raise and no muscle of his face changed, but his eyes whipped to the old lion hunter's face. After a moment he said, "Coffee, that's one remark you're sure going to have to back up."

"I'll say just one thing more. There's scarcely a man in this room that hasn't lied to me at least once, in the little time I've been here."

Horse Dunn sat up slowly, hitching himself square in his chair. "Maybe some of my boys have been a little hazy and loose-spoken about where they've been, and when. No man knows what he's up against here. Take Gil, here—the sheriff mixed him up. And why? Because Gil would try to stand by his side riders even if he knew every last one of 'em was guilty. If you hold that against him, then maybe you know dogs—but you're nuts!"

Old Man Coffee spoke past the pipe stem in his teeth. "I suppose that lets you out, too?" He sat looking at Dunn steadily, a little smile on his face.

Horse spread his hands in front of him on the table, as if he would jump across it, and his voice rose like the voice of a bull. "If you say I lied, then by God name what you mean!"

"To hell with you," Coffee said, without lifting his voice.

"You'll either back what you said," the outraged Horse Dunn stormed, "or you'll swallow it whole!"

"That I won't do either," Coffee said.

For a moment Horse Dunn stared at him blankly; then he sat down, and the flame went out of his eyes, giving place to something ugly. "I can't stand for that, Coffee," he said. "You know I can't stand for that."

"I can't help that."

"You don't give me any choice," said Horse Dunn thickly. "You sure you want to stick to what you said?"

"Naturally."

"If you don't want to work with me—I've got along all right so far, and I guess I'll be able to go on struggling along. I—"

"Wait," Billy began. "You—"

"Shut up, Wheeler," Coffee said. "You've acted like you've wanted out of this ever since I got you in it." Dunn clipped out. "All right then—you're out! And you can send me a bill for what I owe."

Old Man Coffee stood up and stretched himself, a queer smile on his face. "Just send me a check for a million dollars," he said. He sauntered out into the dark.

For a few moments after Old Man Coffee had gone out, the 94 people sat silent, unable to realize that the old lion hunter was no longer of their number.

Horse Dunn roused himself. "I always heard he was cracky. But now he's gone crackled altogether. I suppose the old fool won't even stay the night—he'll go sleep in the brush somewhere. Well, fair enough! Somebody go catch him his mule."

Two or three of them moved, but Billy Wheeler wanted the job, and he took it. He held a lantern while Coffee saddled his black mule. He knew it was useless to try to get the two old men together again, but he felt that it was one of those things that a man has to try. He kept trying to think of an angle of ap-

proach, but Old Man Coffee, whose packing up was easily done, was ready to move out before Wheeler had thought of a way.

Old Man Coffee extended his hand. "Well, so long, son."

"I'm almighty sorry," Wheeler said, "to see you leave this case. You're needed here, if ever a man was."

"Tough," said Old Man Coffee. He swung aboard the black mule and sat looking down at Billy Wheeler from the saddle. "I kind of like you, son. You seem to have a little more savvy than the others. So here's something for you to keep under your hat. I'm not out of this case yet. I'm going to do one more job before I go. I'm going to find the murdered man."

"You think you can?"

"Looks like I might. Horse Dunn—he ain't in on this. He made a fool of me, and himself too, when he got bullheaded and held onto Magoon's saddle. I told him to turn it in to the sheriff—but no, he had to have his own way. This time I'm running no chaps. If I find the dead man, my next move will be to take word to the sheriff."

"And then—"

"And then I'm going off in the brush and sleep for a week."

"But look here! Do you realize, if you do that the Inspiration crowd will be holding every card in the deck? Where does the 94 come in?"

"That's your worry. But I'll help you this much: you be up on Lost Whiskey Butte tomorrow about an hour after sun-up. Tomorrow's going to be my last day's work on this case—I hope. And we'll see what we'll see."

"I'll be there," Wheeler said.

"And don't you bring Horse Dunn—or any of his hired men either. Or by golly, I'll—"

"Okay."

When he was gone Billy Wheeler climbed to the top rail of the corral, where he sat despondently eyeing the horizon stars. For the first time he felt an overwhelming sense of the 94's helplessness against odds. Everything had gone against Horse Dunn; the outfit was confused, disorganized, at a loss.

One question stood out largely in his mind. Where was Bob Flagg? To Billy Wheeler it seemed that the appearance of Bob Flagg, and this alone, could give them any chance to extricate the 94 from the trap it was in.

Marian Dunn, he noticed, still stood talking to Val Douglas, lingering outside the door of the ranch house. In the stillness of the night he could hear the low continuous murmur of Val's voice, talking steadily—doubtless in his own behalf. And he could see Marian's lowered profile against the yellow light of a window pane. It was curious how every suggested line of that girl, every least bend of her head could move Billy Wheeler, twist him inside.

Then a strange thing happened—strange in that Billy Wheeler had almost a foreknowledge of it. As he sat there alone in the dark he now found himself keenly aware of the peopled layout about him—aware of the exact location of the men in the bunk house, of the ponies in the corrals. It was a peculiar sensation, as if he were suddenly more awake than before, as awake as a man in a ring battle, or a man in danger.

And especially he was aware of the dark, silent brush country at his back, where buckbrush and desert juniper stood thick behind the corrals. Somewhere out there a brush was as awake as he.

Then abruptly the silence broke, definitely, once-and-for-all, as if the night's shell of stillness had cracked.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wood Long in Use, but Forever Doomed by Other Materials; Charcoal Replaced

Wood has found a wide variety of uses as a raw material in the past, but it seems forever doomed to be replaced by something else, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck in the Chicago Tribune. It was the first fuel that man burned, but now it has been largely replaced by coal and petroleum. The first houses were made of wood, but now brick, glass, concrete, and steel are gradually taking its place. The wooden ships of a century ago have given way to the iron ships of today.

So it has been in the chemical industry, but with one important difference. Wood has been the source of a number of important raw materials which have later been produced more economically from other sources. However, the chemical importance of wood itself has not declined, for new uses have continually been discovered to take the place of the old ones.

For example, the first chemical reagent to be made from wood probably was charcoal, which is a fairly good grade of carbon left

when the other elements of wood are driven off by intense heat. Carbon is an excellent reducing agent, which means that it can readily combine, when hot enough, with the oxygen of metallic ores to form gaseous carbon oxides, thereby leaving the metal in a free state. At one time practically all the iron produced was done so with the help of charcoal. Now coke has taken its place almost completely.

Almost simultaneous with the decline of the metallurgical application of charcoal has been the development of another important use, although one more limited in volume. Carbon has an unusual ability to absorb organic matter on its surface. The porous nature of wood charcoal gives it a great amount of exposed surface, so that it possesses this absorptive power to an unusual extent.

Oliver Goldsmith's Grave
Oliver Goldsmith's grave is in the churchyard of Temple church, Fleet street, London.

Too Much Water in Tissues

By DR. JAMES W. BARTON
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SOMETIMES you see an overweight man or woman, who, instead of having a red or rosy complexion, looks unusually pale, in fact, "pasty" describes their appearance accurately. They are suspected of having heart and kidney trouble, as this pale, podgy appearance is often present in chronic inflammation of the kidneys. However, when the finger is pressed into the flesh, the flesh does not "pit," and this overweight and pasty appearance is simply due to too much water being allowed to remain in the body tissues.

Now this condition is believed to be due to some disturbance in the

pituitary gland lying on the floor of the skull. This little gland seems to regulate to a considerable extent both the water and the starch consumption by the body tissues. Unlike the ordinary or usual overweight cases where the excess weight is due to overeating, these pasty podgy individuals are really not large eaters; in fact they are small eaters. Thus many have been known to retain their weight on 700 calories a day, which would be about one-third the amount of food eaten by the average individual of the same weight and height.

"The patients are usually young (twelve to twenty years of age). The output of urine from the kidneys is much below normal, being about one pint a day, whereas the normal output should be more than twice that amount. Such are the characteristics of the 'water retainers' as these individuals are called."

Method of Treatment.
You can thus see that the accumulation of water is a big factor in weight production. Naturally if the pituitary gland is at fault in these cases it would be thought advisable to give by mouth or injection some extract of pituitary gland.

In outlining the treatment for these "water retainers," Dr. A. H. Douthwaite is the British Medical Journal says:

"Treatment consists of (1) cutting down the fluid intake to about 1½ pints a day; (2) limiting or cutting down on salt by avoiding salt entirely, both at the table and in the cooking; (3) giving a diet of low caloric (fuel or food) value as follows:

Six large bananas
1½ pints of skimmed milk
¼ of medium sized cabbage or lettuce.

"Divide the above into three or four meals. Loss of weight will be about one-half pound daily. After two to three weeks substitute for two bananas two eggs and a little butter and green vegetables. Fish and lean meat a week later.

"(4) The use of small doses of calomel (mercury) beginning with very small doses (one-tenth to one-quarter grain), and gradually increasing it if there is no reaction or symptoms due to the mercury, or if there is not too much purging.

"The above complete treatment may be repeated four times a year if necessary."

Now this looks very simple but in this type of overweight—water retention—as in all types of overweight the reduction of food is bound to affect the whole body, and notwithstanding the benefit to the working processes of the body by the loss of this water weight, the heart may be affected and must always be watched carefully.

Women Fight Cancer.
Because millions of dollars are being spent and hundreds of research physicians are working night and day to try to discover the cause of cancer, many may have the idea that until that cause is found nothing can be done to save the lives of those afflicted with cancer. Yet every day men and women are attending clinics where by the use of the X-ray, radium, and the electric knife many are saved.

What should prove a powerful force in spreading the idea that cancer is curable is what will be known as "The Women's Field Army," sponsored by the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Without guns, without uniforms, without poison gas, a war is being launched. It is a war of education against one of the greatest menaces of life: cancer. The first drive against cancer is indeed a war to save human life. The soldiers are the women of America and the enemy is cancer.

The leaders of the organization feel that an educational drive, carried on over a period of years, can save perhaps 40 per cent of the 140,000 who die each year. This Women's Field Army will work through the medical societies of the states or provinces.

Hiram Steps In

By ENDORA RAMSAY RICHARDSON
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"WHY, Lucy Green," Hiram Thompson said in real dismay, "you can't mean that after all these years you are going to leave me."

The lady addressed compressed her spindly mouth and resumed her knitting. "Yes, Hiram," she replied with terrible finality in her tone, "I mean just that."

"Haven't you had a nice home to live in?" the poor man inquired timidly, the furrow between his eyes deepening. "If it's money, Lucy, name your price."

Lucy Green clicked her needles impatiently and kept her eyes upon her flying fingers. "I have no complaint. I'm forty years old, and I want to see the city. For ten years now I've been keeping house for you, and I'm not getting any younger. I'm going next week, but I'm getting you a housekeeper."

"All right, Lucy," the man almost moaned. "I can't hold you."

Miss Lucy gathered up her knitting and almost ran out of the room. Hiram Thompson stared into the fire and thought that life was a thing exceedingly hard to endure. Lucy had made his home comfortable, had cooked just the things he liked, had been such a nice body to have around, and his little girl, whom Lucy had taken care of since the child was two, adored her. Really he could not picture life without Lucy Green.

The inexorable passing of time brought the departure of Lucy and the coming of her successor, Hetty McLeod, whom from the first Hiram felt he could never like.

That evening Hiram took his seat at the supper-table and looked across at the bony face of Hetty McLeod who talked in strident tones as she poured the tea.

"I see the neighbor's cat makes free on our side of the fence," she began. "I ain't a-goin' to have that—never did like cats."

"Oh," little Mary wailed, "Aunt Lucy useter feed him. We love that cat."

Miss McLeod sniffed and made no reply as she poured a dark fluid into the cups.

"We don't have coffee for supper; we have tea," Mary complained. "Tain't coffee. Can't you smell the tea?" the new housekeeper corrected.

A few days later Hiram noticed that dust had begun to coat the mahogany furniture Lucy had always polished with such pride. Little Mary, studying beneath the lamp, kicked her father gently on the ankle, and wrote on the dark surface of the table, "I'm hungry, and I want Aunt Lucy." The child had expressed the longing that filled his whole being. He was hungry not only for the food Lucy prepared,

SHORT SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

for the tastefully kept house that breathed the presence of Lucy, but he was hungry for Lucy herself.

The next day Hiram Thompson journeyed to find Lucy Green at the address she had given. She was staying, he had known, at the home of a sister in a not far-distant city until she could find the sort of situation that would enable her to see the things she professed to yearn for. As he walked up the steps, Hiram Thompson, forty-five and usually at ease, was as nervous as a school-boy. Lucy herself opened the door.

"Oh, Hiram," she gasped, "what's happened? Is Mary ill?"

Hiram walked in and laid his hat and coat on the chair nearest the door.

"We're starving for you, Lucy—Mary as much as a child can and me more'n I ever thought a man could. I thought maybe you'd consider comin' back not as Lucy Green, housekeeper, but as Lucy Thompson, owner. We just can't live without you, Lucy," he finished lamely.

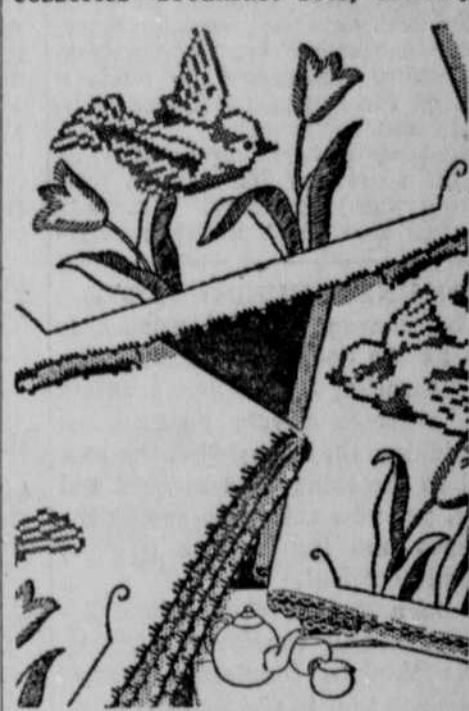
There was a soft light in Miss Lucy Green's clear eyes—and also the glimmer of a twinkle. Her little plan that involved sending him the poorest housekeeper in the state and the grouchiest old maid had worked, but there was no use telling Hiram what he needn't ever know. So she dropped her lids and said gently, "Well, Hiram, I guess I'm homesick, too."

Black Cat Stowaway on Plane Fights the Pilot

Flying alone—or so he thought—from Heston, England, to Amsterdam, Holland, Pilot Mark Lacayo was enjoying the scenery. He had not gone far when he felt a touch on his shoulder. His nerves are good, but he almost went into a tailspin from surprise. Behind him was a large black cat. Lacayo made a grab at the cat and it scratched him. More grabs, more scratches, and then the cat fled, taking refuge in the tail of the machine. There is no way to fly an airplane and chase a cat at the same time, and the pilot turned back to the starting point. The moment he landed the cat bolted.

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Pattern 1475

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Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Dept., 82 Eighth Ave., New York. Please write plainly your name, address and pattern number.

The Subconscious Mind

The expressions, conscious and subconscious mind, are well defined psychological terms. The subconscious mind may be defined as anything that is neither in the focus nor in the margin of the consciousness (that is, that does not receive attention and cannot be regarded as an actual experience of the moment) but which, nevertheless, must be assumed to be influencing the mind in some way.

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