THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,

CATTLE KINGDOM By ALAN LEMAY C Alan Le May WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued -13-

cially when it was mixed up there ought to have water running with the night riders' long rope- in it. You sit and listen to running could do queer things to a man water, and pretty soon you get to this is exactly the situation we were whose head wasn't too strong in the hear voices in it; sometimes you speaking of the other day." first place. Lon Magoon, half out- lie awake for hours trying to get law, half sneak-thief, all coyote, what they say. But what's more to might have turned at last into some- the point, there's likewise trout in thing which must be destroyed at the water. There ought to be a nice Then it came back to him in a rush sight, without hesitation.

Then he walked to the dead horse fire." and roughly verified the angle of the shot; then turned and began to know. As if you were made out of spurred and booted men in door- "If you think that, you're a little climb the canyon slope. them."

"Billy, come back! You can't-" "You stay down," he ordered her the rocks, with a long, long walk savagely. "Or by God, I'll tie you ahead-this is about as close as peo-

down with my pigging-string!" It would have been easy then to I suppose.' walk into gunfire, easy to shoot it out with an ambushed man. Al- been so stubborn you wouldn't have one blanket between us-"" ways keeping his eye on Marian's lost your horse; you'd have gone position, he searched those upper on through " slopes, backward, forward, and

quartering. But what happened to him was the one hardest thing of ing into the fire. The smell of au- lashes. And behind her eves he all-to find the broken country emp- | tumn was cool and clean in the air. ty and silent, with nothing in it to across the dry sage; and the redfight or trail.

to the girl with no result to show, that they sat here in unreality, as if deal different, now that we're really and no assurance as to what was in a dream. ahead. He would not have been surprised, when he turned his back on that emptiness, if a gun had spoken | call it the hunting moon, and they and brought him down.

"No catchum," he told Marian. She had not stayed under cover, but was sitting on a rock, a little coyote moon. Because it puts a apart from her dead horse. No use quarreling with her over that; she had already proved to him that he couldn't control anything she chose to do. He put himself between her and the rim. "It's a long walk back," he said morosely. "That's my fault. I'm not used to this stuff, or I wouldn't have lost my pony. When I saw your horse drop-I lost my head, I guess."

"Because it was I," she said with an unexpected, deep-striking clarity. "We'd better get going, I think." "We can't go on? And get-"

"That must have been the man we were after, that killed your horse."

She drew a deep breath, and stood p. For a mome

it. This isn't right. You ought to pooling long shadows under the seeming to smoke with an angry be able to lie by your fire and smell lashes of her steady eyes. "I just fire that came up behind. She her-Too much long riding alone-espe- pine timber. And that crick out thought of something." "What was it?" "This-isn't it kind of funny?-

> He was puzzled. "When was this?" "In Inspiration." For a moment he didn't get it. pan of trout frying, here on the -the blast of sun upon the dusty "You fit with things like that, you waiting hostility, the groups of

ways, watching without seeming to | fool." watch; and he had stood talking to Marian across the door of a car, not thinking about what was ahead. "'If you and I were set afoot.'' she quoted, "'some place far off in

"It's my fault, Billy. If I hadn't the mountains at night, with only He was resting perfectly still on one elbow, looking at the fire; but

he could feel her eyes, so near his She was silent, and they sat look- face, watching him under her supposed she was laughing at him. "I was right," she said. "You gold moon faintly mellowed the chill didn't know it then, but you can see In the end he could only go back of darkness on the gaunt hills, so it now. You see-it seems a good

> here." "Some places," he said, "they call that a harvest moon; the Indians

"Well-sometimes we call it a stick. "You see, I know you, Billy. Sometimes I think I know you better wavered and drifted out toward the | the choke of her breath. low young stars. "I can remember when I was afraid of you. If we

people. That's all gone, now." more elementally desirable than she and frozen face. looked now, a tired girl in cowcountry work clothes, slim and lazy, relaxed by the little fire as if she had never known any other resting place in her life. Her face was quiet, almost grave; but though

her eyes looked drowsy there was a

self had lighted that fire, long ago. It was a fire that had driven him re-

lentlessly, making him rich; it could have made him work for her all her life-or it could break him again, and drive him up and down the world. Suddenly he did not know whether he loved or hated this girl. "I'll give you the same answer I gave you in Inspiration." he said, street, the atmosphere of silent. his words almost inaudible, even against the stillness of the night.

> Still she met his eyes, so long, so steadily, so knowingly that he wondered for an instant what was happening, was going to happen, there under the coyote moon

Then he saw her face change, so that she was suddenly pale, and the unreadable light in her eyes went out, and she was like a little girl. Abruptly she pressed her face hard into her hands.

He made his voice as hard and cold as the rocks that hung over them. "Now what?"

She answered in a muffled voice, "I was wrong-I am afraid. I-I fail every one . . . " She lifted her

"Does it?" he said without ex- head and glanced about her, as if pression. He got up with a sort she were seeing this place for the of stiff, slow leisure, for the little first time. A black shape lay befrom a place where no one was, used to make smoke-medicines by fire was burning low. He went be- side the empty dust of the stream, yond the fire, squatted on one heel like a great black bottle overturned beside it, and fed it pieces of -the carcass of Marian's dead memoranda as many times as horse. Suddenly the girl turned sideways, and dropped her head in her arms upon the blanket. She began

than I know myself." Her eyes to cry, terribly, silently except for the matter of importance. Yes, in-

He sat down against a rock and waited. The gaunt, dead rock-hills had been out here then-two years leaned over them sadly cold and ago-I would have wanted nothing silent, blackened by the twisted so much as to get back among other ghost shapes of the parched brush. And the coyote moon was pale and He looked at her. She had never old, no longer golden, but greenish, seemed more lovely, more human, like phosphorus rubbed on a dead

> Once she said, "But it's your fault, too-that I fail-your fault as much as my own."

His answer was perfectly honest. "I don't know what you mean."

CHAPTER XII

hair made her seem a child; he had

never seen her look so small, so

fragilely made. And he thought he

had never in his life seen anything

He swore under his breath and

For a few moments he stood over

firelight in her hair. He could hard-

ly prevent himself from touching

He walked out a little way into the

thing she wanted.

so pitifully in need of comforting.

Be Chic This Fall in Fine Lace

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



ACE, lace lace! Write n down on your shopping you wish and then add a post-

reaches a new high this season in deed, if you are seeking style distinction, the sooner you turn laceward the better.

What the style creators of our day and generation are doing with lace in the way of daring and ingenious handling leaves nothing to the imagination. For instance, there are the stunning lace trimmed black sheer wool dresses that bear the Paris stamp and carry that "something different" look which we all covet. Perhaps it is the sleeves banded with insertions of fine black Chan-

tilly that bespeak a new lace story, or it may be that befrilled edgings of Val edging (black or white) impart a charming and youthful air to a simple black wool frock for prac-It was impossible for him to sit tical daytime wear. The way Val lace is used for neckline finishings | fashion "must" this season. The and for outlining decorative little pockets, likewise for trimming the it, and her breath jerked uncontrolnew blouses is most enchanting. lably in her throat. Her tumbled

script in favor of lace, for lace | for the making of practical day dresses and the blouse to wear with your autumn wool suit. On the contrary we have come to realize and appreciate that a handsome lace dress tailored to utmost simplicity is not only good looking and practical but being lace it flatters and "does something" for you as none other but lace can do. You'll love a dress like the one

shown to the right in the illustration to wear this fall and winter under your furred cloth or all-fur coat. Just try out the idea and see how practically and logically this theory lace over a black slip fits ideally into the mood for simple elegance

Radio Waves

The longest time that has ever elapsed between the sending and receiving of a radio signal is four minutes and twenty seconds. If, as it is said, radio waves have a velocity of 186,000 miles a second, this particular signal may have traveled 48,360,000 miles, or a distance equivalent to almost 2,000 trips around the earth .-- Collier's Weekly.

CARRY YOUR ALKALIZER WITH YOU



The fastest way to "alkalize" is to carry your alkalizer with you. That's what thousands do now that genuine Phillips' comes in tiny, peppermint flavored tablets — in a flat tin for pocket or purse. Then you are always ready Then you are always ready.

Then you are always ready. Use it this way. Take 2 Phillips' tablets — equal in "alkalizing" effect to 2 teaspoonfuls of liquid Phillips' from the bottle. At once you feel "gas," nausea, "over-crowding" from hyper-acidity be-gin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own is the quick way to ease your own distress — avoid offense to others.



of lace for the daytime frock works out. This tailored frock of black Safe Pleasant Way

about her, upward at the high, towering rims. Then suddenly he saw her sway.

He stepped forward in time to steady her with his hands on her arms. And now he found that she was trembling violently. Her face was white, making her eyes look enormous, and very dark. "Billy-I'm afraid-" She sat down on the rock again, as if her knees would not hold her up.

"No more danger, child. It's all over, and he's gone.'

"But who could it be? Why should he want to-hurt me?'

"I-I don't know that. I can't imagine any living thing wanting to out, as if it drove them wild crazy, hurt you. I swear, by la Madre de some way. Listen." Dios!-he'll pay for it if I live to find him. Now don't you be afraid any more. It's all over, for now."

face, and she hid them with her hands. Quickly he looked about him, checking the throw of the land. Then he lifted her up and led her to a pocket gully at the foot of the precipitous north slope. When he had made sure that searching lead could off this time of year." not reach them here, he got the blanket from her dead pony, and spread it for her to rest upon; and than moon madness in that singgathered bits of dead brush to build | ing." a tiny fire. "Striking fire kind of seems like setting up a mark," he apologized. "But you're plenty safe bring himself to say so. The thing if you stay close under the rock that had brought them together split. Now you take it easy. We'll rest here an hour or so; then we'll and the 94-had nearly run its go back."

Marion drew up her knees, and hid her eyes against them. One of her hands reached out to him uncertainly, and he took it. Her fingers for his own good. He no longer were moist and cold, with a tremor in them; he warmed them between her; she would always be in the his hands, noticing how huge his back of his mind some place, waithands were made to look by her slim | ing to come real and close to him in fingers.

Presently she looked up, shook her head sharply, and drew away her ever see such silliness?"

"Rest easy. We've got lots of time."

horse's head.

moons do when they are low to the hair, with the firelight in it, was a earth. The horse-head crag had a 400-foot profile, but it looked little clouding his eyes. against the moon, which was made to look bigger than a mountain, bigger than a range.

how badly things work out; never | thing he did not understand. It was the way you want them to be. Many and many a night, lying out in the hills, watching my fire-like this-I've thought about how it would be, from a high place, or had been the if you were there. How I'd get you to like these hills, and the covotes canyon, smothered by close walls talking, and the smell of smoke in and the drift of the air. He glanced your hair-you know, foolish stuff." "I do love the hills." she said.

He shook his head. "This isn't Marian looked at him, the firelight



He said, "A half hour's rest in

ple get to the way they want things,

"Shucks, now!"

"What do you call it?"

"Well, You See-" She Met His Eyes Again-"I Win."

kind of singing craze on the coyotes. They gather around on hill tops, seems like, and sing their hearts | eyes again-"I win."

Far off, so faint a whisper that it drop. "I can't believe, hardly," he her up in his arms. But he was seemed half imagined, they could said, "that you have any idea what telling himself that that was the last hear now a queer high crooning, The tears began to roll down her full of m interwoven yapping and trilling, like nothing else on earth. "It sounds," Marian said, "as if certainly the most conventional peothere were 40 or 50 of them-sitting somewhere on a mountain in a

ring.' "Two," he told her. "They pair

"Two," she repeated. "Then that's why there's something more within a day's ride of it, if her in- per end of the gulch; but what he

He knew that they should be starting the long return, but he could not and to change them he had spent Marian's pony; but now he saw that again-the disaster to Horse Dunn course. And he knew that it was a good thing for him that it had. Already he had lived under the same roof with Marian too long had any hope that he could forget his dreams.

He supposed he would have to learn to live with those dreams. To hand, "I'm all right now. Did you sit with her now, far out and alone beside the little fire was itself an unreal and precious thing, now that he no longer fought against it. A

The dusk had closed more rapidly quiet peace had come upon this at the last, and little light was left place; or something as near peace in the sky; but a moon was rising as he ever knew any more. She behind a high point of rocks, sil- was very near to him, so near that houetting a crag that looked like a though their shoulders did not touch, it seemed to him that he He noticed how huge it looked, as could feel her warmth; and her

warm smoky mist, shot with gold. They sat for a long time listening to the faint covote song and the litdemand.

tle popping of the fire. Once, as "You know," he said, "it's funny they sat quiet, he heard far off a so distant and so muffled that he could not at once decide whether it could have been the fall of a rock report of a gun far away up the at Marian to see if she had noticed it, and saw that she had not.

little gleam in them that did not come from the flame in front: a small provocative glimmer of fire waiting for her weeping to stop, within, which he had seen in her while her slim body shook coneyes only two or three times in vulsively with her effort to suppress his life-and never before the last

two or three days. Their eyes met and held, his steady and masked within, hers seeming to laugh at him a little. half veiled by her lashes.

"I said," she reminded him, "that if we were-in a situation like this, there wouldn't be anything for me to worry about, nothing at all. And got to his feet.

you said, if I thought that I was a fool. Well, you see-" she met his her, watching the movement of the Still her eyes held, and he could

not understand why hers did not her; almost he stooped and picked sort of thing you're talking about." She smiled. "You think I don't?

That's because western men are ple in the world."

the distant muffled sound of concus-Suddenly he angered. He had not sion which he had heard. It seemed brought her here of his own will, to him now that what he had heard rest here with her. He would not gun-perhaps a gun fired near the even have been on her range, or

terests had not drawn him in and could not imagine was who could held him. She had made her decisions in regard to him long ago, it was Lon Magoon who had killed his every resource without any ef- something was wrong. If Magoon lect. And now, at the last-it had fired upon Marian Dunn and amused her to torment him. It killed her horse he would not have perhaps in all women, given op-

portunity. saying again.

a few thousand acres.

The masks behind his eyes hardly changed his eyes reddened,

Mustangs of Texas Face Last Round-Up; Was Ideal Mount of Ranching Industry

It's the last round-up for the mus- | was found to be so inexpensive. tang of the western range country. Racing, with its constant call for Thoroughbred stock is fast replacblooded stock, has had a strong ining the tough, nimble-footed horse fluence on breeding in the last few which was the pioneer's staunchest | years.

ally in creating a ranch empire. It may be significant that horses Sharply changed conditions have in Texas today are valued at conminimized the importance of the siderably more than all the millions horse in the modern live stock indusof cattle or sheep in this stock. try, with the result that the mus- raising state. tang - the Southwest's distinctive

Cattlemen are concentrating on breed of horse-is no longer in great thoroughbred stables, breeding fine

horses for racing, polo and show pur-The vast ranches which once poses. The mustang, a decidedly "cheap" horse in contrast with the stretched for miles across the plains, unfenced and with indefinite boundspirited animal required for these aries, have given way to compact sports, may eventually suffer the units, the largest seldom more than fate of the buffalo, say some stockmen.

These smaller ranches, writes a Light and fast on his feet. Del Rio, Texas, correspondent in the equipped by nature to pick his way Cleveland Plain Dealer, with new over the rockiest hills and through methods of stock raising, and the brushy tangles, the mustang was the free use of motor vehicles, have less ideal mount in the early days of need of the durable mustang which the ranching industry.

Another adaptation of lace is in insets and appliques of individual motifs. These are positioned anywhere on the dress much after the manner that gay print motifs were used on monotone fabric during the past summer. While these insets, which are apt to be bowknot or bouquet cutouts, adorn evening gowns for the most part yet some designers work them discreetly and most attractively into daytime wools and other fabrics. This furore over lace has also resulted in the revival of the dress with a deep lace yoke and sleeves. Leading couturiers are showing some lovely models of this type

dark, and stood listening to the night silence. He was still worrying about The biggest thrill, however, comes in the acceptance of lace used in a fabric way. The idea, to be sure. is not new for its practicality has during the last several seasons. Nor has the advent of fall and prospect of winter retarded the movement to use lace as one would any material

HER STARLET BAG By CHERIE NICHOLAS

that dominates the new fashions. It is an almost classic style accenting the slenderizing lines that are a

zipper fastening from neckline to hemline is the piece de resistance, giving the gold touch that glorifies black this season throughout the mode. Speaking of this fastening. most everything, dress, coat, blouse, bag and girdle, is decoratively at the same time practically and conveniently zippered this season.

If in doubt as to the new blouse to wear with your autumn suit, let lace, either handsome wool lace or the now-so-modish macrame or some equally as sturdy type, solve your problem. In a noted Paris collection showing new clothes for fall, Martial et Armand presented the black crepe suit with silver fox which we are showing to the left in the picture. The most outstanding thing about the ensemble is the combination of lace with crepe. Lace is also being combined with many other fabrics in the fall showings of eminent French designers. In this

case the blouse is of china-blue lace with interesting neck treatment. A black belt accents the color contrast.

© Western Newspaper Union.

WOODEN TRIMMINGS FOR FALL COSTUMES

Novelty wooden buttons adorn many of the newest sports frocks while handsomely carved wooden clips, pins and buckles are also featured as trimmings. Polished themes are noted with the real grain of the wood brought out as well as though an antique cabinet maker had been working on it. Plaids, cut-out leaf and flower motifs and many other themes also are introduced.

Belts made entirely of wooden pieces hinged together or of wood in alliance with metal chains are decorative assets to suits as well as dresses while the same ideas are repeated in the designing of necklaces and bracelets.

Pouch Bags Fashionable as an Accessory for Autumn

Pouch bags are back in style for fall and are shown in soft duil leather broader at the base than at the top. Fashioned with round or rectangular caps that fit over the opening of the bag, when it is opened the sides may be spread out so that the

contents may be found easily. Silky antelopes with severe gold and silver trim are the loveliest of afternoon bags.

Tweed Skirt A tweed skirt which has at least one contrasting panel to match the shade of sweaters with which the skirt is worn is a novelty in campus clothes.

How would you like to lose 15 pounds of fat in a month and at the same time increase your energy and improve your health? How would you like to lose your

double chin and your too prominent hips and at the same time make your skin so clean and clear that it will compel admiration?

How would you like to get your weight down to normal and at the same time develop that urge for activity that makes work a pleasure and also gain in ambition and keen-

and also gain in ambition and keen-ness of mind? Get on the scales today and see how much you weigh—then get a bottle of Kruschen Salts which will last you for 4 weeks and costs but a trifle. Take one-halt teaspoonful every morning—modify your diet—get a little regular gentle exercise— and when you have finished the contents of this first bottle weigh yourself again. Now you will know the pleasant way to hose unsightly fat and you'll also know that the 6 salts of Kruschen have present-ed you with glorious health. But be sure for your health's sake that you ask for and get Kruschen Salts. Get them at any drugstore in the world and if the results one bottle brings do not de-light you—do not joyfully satisfy you— why money back.

HOW OFTEN CAN YOU KISS AND MAKE UP?

FEW husbands can understand why a wife should turn from a pleasant companion into a shrew for one whole week in every month. You can say "I'm sorry" and kiss and make up easier before marriage than after. If you're wise

and if you want to hold your husband, you won't be a three-quarter For three generations one woman

has told another how to go ing through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Pre-paring for motherhood. 3. Ap-proaching "middle age."

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And Poisonouis Waste Your kidneys help to keep you well by constantly filtering waste matter from the blood. If your kidneys get functionally disordered and fail to remove excess impurities, there may be poisoning of the whole system and body-wide distress. Burning, scanty or too frequent uri-nation may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance. You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes-feel weak, nervous; all played out.

Inder the eyes—left weak, her rely on a played out. In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favor-ably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multi-tude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!





thought, and when a child sees her favorite star carrying a smart little handbag, as little girls in filmland are wont to do, she wants one too. To satisfy this longing a well-known designer is creating miniature replicas of "grown-up" handbags for aspiring starlets. You can see by the picture that a "starlet" bag carries with it just such movie glamor as delights the heart of any and every little girl.

nor set them afoot, nor wished to was unquestionably the sound of a been demonstrated without question forgotten miner's shanty at the uphave fired it. He had assumed that

seemed to him that there was a gone to the cabin at the head of the capricious she-devil in that girl- gulch, but would have put long country between himself and them. Therefore two men, not one, must "You see, I know you," she was be prowling these hills. He thought of Coffee's theory that there had been a third man at Short Crickdropped away, and though his face and was worse puzzled than before. (TO BE CONTINUED)

