

"Quotations"
The true scholar is the most practical person in the world...

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.

Star of the Soul

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.—Colton.

Safe Pleasant Way To Lose Fat

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?

Nobleness

'Tis more noble to forgive, and more manly to despise, than to revenge an injury.—Benjamin Franklin.

666 checks COLDS and FEVER

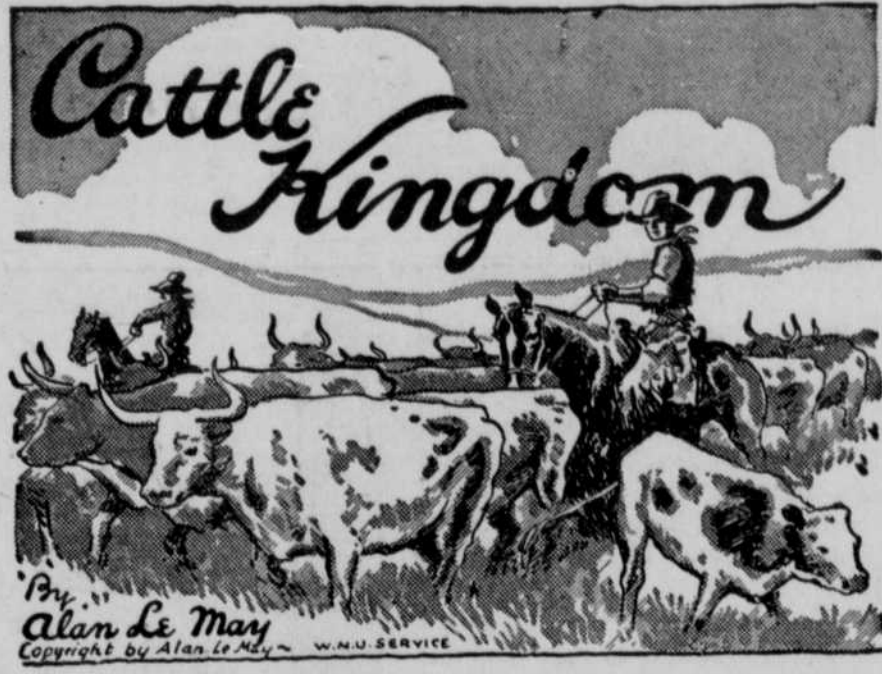
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CHAPTER XIII—Continued

"You still think the killer's horse was here in the 94 layout after the killing, like old Rock seemed to think?"

CHAPTER XIII

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"Looks like it might slack off some," Wheeler grinned.

"Not very much. Old Man Coffee's been a disappointment to me in a way. Sometimes I think he doesn't know anything about it."

"What is there for me to do? One of two things—stay here or go to Inspiration to be near Horse."

"I wouldn't count on that, Marian. They'll point out that Dunn was the main one who would be expecting Flag there; and probably make Flag's share of the money the motive."

"I'd go east now, if I were you," he told her.

"I'll be gone. I have to back track Bob Flag a little further. I'll have to go to Flagstaff; then maybe down-country. God knows how long I'll be gone. It looks like a dim crooked trail."

"Now—before daylight. I'll send a note to Horse. I don't even dare see him in Inspiration, for fear they'll hold me there on some trumped-up charge."

"They were silent again. Through the window came to them a cool, fragrant clean breeze from the uplands, with a fall tang in it that promised frosts before long."

"I'll be gone. I have to back track Bob Flag a little further. I'll have to go to Flagstaff; then maybe down-country. God knows how long I'll be gone. It looks like a dim crooked trail."

"But you'll be leaving too." She shook her head, her eyes far

away. "I'm through with hovering on the outskirts of my own life." For a moment he wondered what provision he could make for her safety here. He no longer doubted that what she determined to do she would do, and could not be dissuaded from. He thought of consigning her safety to Old Man Coffee, or to the cowboys now searching the hills for her; but he was deeply concerned.

"Sometimes I think," Marian said, "that the answer to everything is to be found right here—here at the 94—and no place else."

She was silent, and after a moment or two he went on. "Somehow those shots at you are mixed up with these other shootings; it would be too big a coincidence if the shots at you and the killing of the men were separate, yet happening at the same time."

"I can see that, all right." "But the shots at you eliminate nearly every suspect we have. Take Val Douglas. He hasn't proved very dependable. Marian. He's been caught in lies as to where he was. Even just now, when he was sent to Pahranaagat to check up Bob Flag, it seems from what Coffee says that he didn't even go near there. Sometimes I've suspected Val. Even if he didn't kill Flag to rob him, still he might have killed him by mistake, thinking it was somebody else. But one thing is certainly plain—Val Douglas would never fire on you."

"No," Marian said, "Val could never do that." "Or take Link Bender—a hard, bitter, violent man. Once he was boss of all this range, until Horse Dunn took hold. Link Bender might go to any length to put down the 94. But he controls this kid sheriff, and through the sheriff he's bearing down on the 94 through this killing; and he's getting away with it. His whole way of attack is orderly and thoughtful. He wouldn't try any such crazy thing as shooting a girl."

"It's pretty hard to see in what way I could stand between Link Bender and his plans." "The same thing applies to Pinto Halliday; he's a shifty crook, but he isn't crazy. Sam Caldwell is another that it doesn't fit in with."

"The thing just won't fit together, will it?" "Marian, it's in my mind that I know who killed Bob Flag."

"There's one man in that Inspiration crowd that is too savage bitter to wait for Link Bender's plan to pan out. That man is Rufe Deane. Rufe Deane blames Horse for the death of his son, years ago."

"Yes," Marian said, "I've thought of him." "Rufe Deane tried to raise a mob in Inspiration to see that the 94 people never got away from there. If he had started in time, there'd have been a lynching before midnight. He threw down his deputy's badge because he thought the sheriff was going too easy with Horse. And when you testified for me at the hearing—Rufe Deane was looking at you like a wolf waiting. Marian, I believe Rufe Deane is one man that's crazy enough and bitter

enough to try to kill you—to get back at Horse for the death of young Deane." "Billy, if you're right—if you can prove that—" "That's just the trouble. Suppose I'm right—Rufe Deane did it. We're no better off than we were in the beginning. You see, Marian, there's two parts to these killing cases. One thing is to find out who did it and why. The other thing is to prove it and get a conviction. I haven't one single thing to show against Rufe Deane; and until I can show evidence, it won't matter how sure I may be in my mind."

When he looked at her it was past his power to imagine how Rufe Deane or anyone else could ever look down the sights of a gun at Marian Dunn; she was so gently and sweetly made, so precious in his eyes. He didn't believe in Horse Dunn's creed of gun justice, for he thought that the use of violence outside the law was a costly thing, defeating its own purposes in the end. But he knew that if ever he faced Rufe Deane with anything like a decent proof in his hands, he would destroy the killer as he would destroy a sidewinder or a vinegaroon.

"I'll never be able to believe in God's world that anyone would set out to hurt you," he said. "Yet—somebody has tried. What naturally comes to mind is that somebody, some enemy of Horse Dunn, has gone out of his head. But—hard as it is to believe, there is one other possibility we have to take account of—that without knowing it you've heard something, or seen something, which would give away the Short Creek killer—if you remembered it, and recognized it for what it was."

She said, "I've thought of that." "Marian, if you can remember seeing anything—a rider in the distance—some horse coming home at a strange time—one of the guns missing from its rack here in the house—even an empty shell that you thought nothing of—that one thing might give us the answer!"

"I've racked my brain over and over; but I can't think of anything, Billy." "Not even a chance word, overheard somewhere—"

She shook her head. "Billy, I just can't remember anything that would answer the purpose at all." She pressed her palms against her eyes for a moment; then lifted her head sharply, shaking out her loose hair. "It's no use. This isn't the first time I've tried to remember; I've been trying hard for two days."

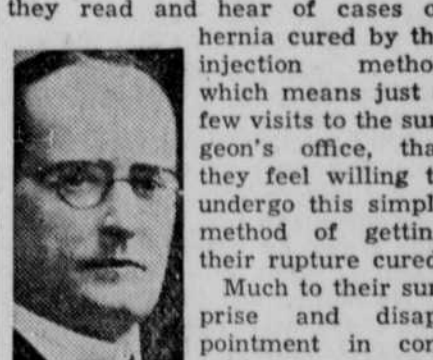
"I thought it would most likely be hopeless," he admitted. "I'll have to go to Flagstaff." "I know. I've seen that coming. I'm ready to stay here alone; without you or my uncle, I mean."

"Marian, if I could get you to pull out of here, until this is over—" "This is my outfit, Billy. It shouldn't be my outfit; it should be my mother's, or Horse Dunn's. But nothing can make Horse see that. And I see now that if you're going to run cattle on a big scale out in this country, you sometimes have to be willing to fight for your range."

He stared at her, marveling. The girl who was talking to him now was not the girl he had known two years ago; she was not even the girl he had known at the beginning of the week. It was as if some false outer clothing of ideas and habits, put upon her by her mother's sea-board world, had suddenly fallen away, leaving her revealed as what she was—a daughter of the dry land. Under the pressure of the dark days and unquiet nights since the killing of Bob Flag she had come nearer to him, becoming one of his people.

Injection for Hernia by DR. JAMES W. BARTON

I BELIEVE I am safe in saying that practically every physician has among his patients one or more who have a hernia or rupture requiring treatment who, for various reasons, will not submit to operation.



It is only natural, therefore, when they read and hear of cases of hernia cured by the injection method which means just a few visits to the surgeon's office, that they feel willing to undergo this simple method of getting their rupture cured.

Case Must Be Selected. It is fortunate just at this time that a general survey of the results of the injection treatment throughout this and other countries has been made by Dr. Nathan N. Crohn, Chicago, as reported in the Journal of the American Medical Association. The records show that the cures by this method were as high as 98 per cent in 15,000 cases in one European report.

After discussing various methods and various sclerosing or hardening material to form scar tissue, Dr. Crohn concludes: "The hernia cases for injection must be suitably selected. The tissue surrounding the hernia must be strong and elastic (not too flabby or worn too thin by a truss)."

"A large number of patients who reject surgery and who would otherwise go untreated except perhaps for a truss, will submit to the injection treatment. In proper hands, in carefully selected cases, the method is valuable; abuse is extremely easy and can cause general condemnation."

Posture and Overweight. Most physicians are of the opinion that there are just two types of overweight, (a) those whose overweight comes from outside themselves—eating more food than their body needs or uses, and (b) those whose glands do not manufacture enough juice (thyroid and pituitary gland). Then the two kinds of gland overweight differ from one another in that those whose overweight is due to lack of juice from the thyroid gland are fat all over the body, and those with lack of pituitary juice have their excess fat across shoulders, abdomen, breasts and hips, and no excess fat on forearms or lower legs.

However, Drs. W. J. Kerr and J. B. Lagen, San Francisco, in Annals of Internal Medicine, Lancaster, Pa., discuss a type of overweight that appears to be not due to any lack of gland juice but which arises in persons who not only eat more than their daily requirements, "but whose posture (position of the body when sitting or standing) is relaxed or careless. It is not easy to determine whether individuals with the relaxed habit of standing or sitting are predisposed to the train of events which follow, but it is apparent that, when medical aid is sought, these patients present the posture of relaxation. The gradual accumulation of fat tissue in the normal or usual places where fat gets deposited (abdomen—inside and outside—hips) gives the appearance of rotundity or 'roundness' which is called corpulence."

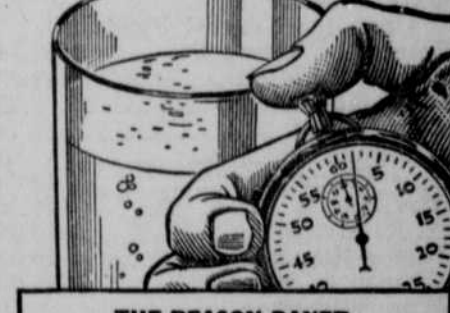
Dr. Kerr and Lagen tell us that between the ages of forty and fifty is where these overweights can do something for themselves by proper exercise and diet. They can actually "delay" the heavy and "old" appearance caused by overweight by eating less food and taking more exercise.

If they really want to postpone old age, want to give heart and lungs plenty of room, allow the floor of the chest to come down farther and get more air into the lungs, they must always sit and stand as tall as possible, take regular exercise, and eat less food. And as most of them would find this a terrible task, at first, anyway, Drs. Kerr and Lagen made this suggestion: "Treatment requires temporary support for the pendulous or low hanging abdomen, and assistance in emptying the lungs of used air which should leave the lungs. A belt—an abdominal belt—gives this support and aids the lungs in breathing out the used air. The weight should be 'gradually' reduced to bring the normal curves back in the spine."

Favorite Recipe of the Week

Dinner-in-a-Pie: 1 veal kidney, 2 small carrots, 1 cup pearl onions, 1 cup tomato soup, 4 small white turnips, 1/2 cup liquid or 2 1/2 cups cooked gravy, meat, diced, 1/2 cup peas. Trim and dice kidney. Prepare onions, turnips, carrots. Cook kidney and vegetables 10 minutes in boiling salted water. Drain, saving 1/2 cup liquid to thin soup. Fill baking dish (1 1/2 quart) with meat and vegetables. Add pepper and salt. Add tomato soup and 1/2 cup liquid. Cover with your favorite pie crust.

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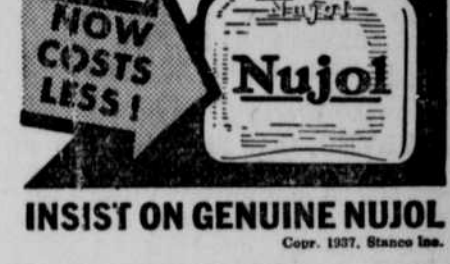
The price now is only 15¢ for twelve tablets or two full dozen for 25 cents—virtually, only a cent apiece.

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS Virtually 1 cent a tablet

Resolve Alone Never tell your resolution beforehand; but when the cast is thrown, play it as well as you can to win the game you are at.—Selden.

CONSTIPATED?

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



INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL

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