



THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS A Romance

by Zane Grey

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Now, Stillwell, out with it," she said, briefly. "Wal, Miss Majesty, there's goin' to be a fight somewhere, an' Stewart wanted to get you all in before it come off. He says the valley's overrun by vaqueros an' guerrillas an' robbers, an' Lord knows what else."

your reason," she replied. "Still, I may offer it again some day. Good-night." He said good-night and turned. Madeline wonderingly watched him go down the path with his hand on the black horse's neck.

he got mad. He hollered law. He pulled down off the shelf his old stock armoire on Stewart, accusin' him over again of that Greaser murder last fall. Stewart made him look like a fool—showed him up as bein' scared of the bandits or hev'n' some reason for sloppin' off the trail. Anyway, the row started all right, an' it might hev amounted to a fight. In the thick of it, when Stewart was drivin' Pat an' his crowd off the place, one of them de-pooties lost his head an' went fer his gun. Nels threw his gun an' crippled the feller's arm. Monty jumped then an' threw two forty-fives, an' fer a second or so it looked ticklish. But the bandit-hunters cawled, an' then lit out."

their western experience, and to snatch a little sleep before the cowboys roused them for the early start. Madeline went immediately to her room, and was getting out her camping apparel when a knock interrupted her. "Who's there?" she questioned. "Stewart," came the reply. She opened the door. He stood on the threshold. "May I speak to you?" he asked. "Certainly." She hesitated a moment, then asked him in and closed the door. "Is—is everything all right?"

me," replied Madeline, in sweet directness. She saw him shake, saw his throat swell as he swallowed hard, saw the hard fierceness return to his face. "I won't. That's why I'm going after him." "But I forbade you to start a fight deliberately." "Then I'll go ahead and start one without your permission." He shook off her hand and strode forward. "Please, don't go!" she called, beseechingly. But he kept on. "Stewart!"

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Governor Morrison of North Carolina said at a dinner: "With mysterious voices floating to us on the one hand from our broadcasting stations, and with Conan Doyle on the other ding-donging his spiritualistic miracles in our ears, we can't help getting superstitious and jumpy at times."

The death of a lawyer was announced in the papers by mistake the other morning, and a brother lawyer believed the announcement. While he was brooding over it at his breakfast his telephone bell rang.

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"In the House?" Echoed Madeline, Aghast.



"Stewart, I Forbid You to Fight, Unless in Self-Defense."

CHAPTER XIV

The Mountain Trail.

As Stewart departed from one door Florence knocked upon another; and Madeline, far shaken out of her usual serenity, admitted the cool western girl with more than gladness. Just to have her near helped Madeline to get back her balance. She was conscious of Florence's sharp scrutiny, then of a sweet, deliberate change of manner. Florence might have been burning with curiosity to know more about the bandits hidden in the house, the plans of the cowboys, the reason for Madeline's suppressed emotion; but instead of asking Madeline questions she introduced the important subject of what to take on the camping trip. For an hour they discussed the need of this and that article, selected those things most needful, and then packed them in Madeline's duffel-bags.

That done, they decided to lie down, fully dressed as they were in riding costume, and sleep, or at least rest, the little remaining time left before the call to saddle. Madeline turned out the light and, peeping through her window, saw dark forms standing sentinel-like in the gloom. When she lay down she heard soft steps on the path. This fidelity to her swelled her heart, while the need of it presaged that fearful something which, since Stewart's passionate appeal to her, haunted her as inevitable.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Signs of Wisdom.

These are the signs of a wise man: To reprove nobody, to praise nobody; to blame nobody, nor even to speak of himself or his own merits.—Epicurus.