

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

Billy Wheeler, wealthy young cattleman, 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 Hallday and Sam Caldwell, whom he has defeated in his efforts to build a cattle kingdom. Dunn directs his cow hands, Val Douglas, Tulare Callahan and others to search for the killer's horse. He explains to Billy that the morning before he had come upon Bloodstained 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 because 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 trader, to join them. Dunn and Billy meet Amos, Link Bender, his son "the Kid" and Cayuse Cayetano, an Indian trader, at Short Creek. Bender has found the slate man's horse, but the saddle is missing. Almost supernaturally, cattle attracted to the scene by the blood-stained ground, stamp out all the tracks. Dunn is angered when Amos tells him 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 Billy that Marian is incensed at him for trying to settle disputes by bloodshed. He reveals that the ranch is really hers.

CHAPTER II—Continued

Wheeler was silent. He could not altogether agree with Horse Dunn. He had seen range quarrels settled by gunfire—but never to the advantage of either winner or loser. However, he wasn't going to argue with the Old Man.

"What if she ties my hands?" Dunn demanded. "I've got to fight this thing my own way. For myself I wouldn't so much mind. But ain't the outfit hers, to begin with?"

"Hers?" Wheeler repeated.

"Sure, it's hers. Didn't you know that?"

Wheeler had not known it. "But look here! You've run this brand ever since I can remember. You must at least have some part interest here."

"Not a penny or a head of stock," Dunn told him.

"But I happen to know," Wheeler declared, "that you've always had an outfit, another outfit, down in Arizona. Yet your Arizona outfit hasn't seen you four times in a dozen years."

"I've had my hands full here," Dunn said.

"You mean," Billy Wheeler said, "you spent the last twelve-thirteen years neglecting your own outfit to build up a brand that don't belong to you?"

Dunn shrugged. "Somebody had to take hold. My brother died—sudden. He didn't leave the 94 in very good shape. For two years it was run by different bosses I hired. But this same Link Bender—he had a big outfit then—he was stealing the 94 brand. Pretty soon there wouldn't have been any 94. And it was all the kid and her mother had."

Billy Wheeler stared at Horse Dunn. Once he had heard it rumored that Horse Dunn had loved Marian's mother, long ago.

"Marian's mother always hated and feared this country. She brought up Marian to feel some similar. That's why the kid can't stand gunsmoke, or anything done by force. You see—my brother died with a gun in his hand."

Wheeler, unable to endorse the Old Man's leaning toward violence, expressed a belief that there ought to be some way to avoid smoking up the range. "If we can hold the 94 steady on the finance side," he said, "what can Link Bender's crowd do?"

"God knows I've took all the steps I know to steady the finance side," Horse Dunn said. "A minute ago you spoke of my having an outfit in Arizona. Well, I had an outfit in Arizona. Six weeks ago I sent word to Bob Flagg, my partner there, to sell her out. She's sold. For the last ten days I've been looking for Bob Flagg. He's supposed to show here with \$50,000, as good as cash; another \$50,000 in different obligations and notes. Everything I've got goes to the bracing of the 94."

Horse stared out the open doorway toward the corral; and now Billy Wheeler saw Horse Dunn's rocky face slowly relax, and soften. Out at the far corral Marian had caught the quiet old pony that Horse had given her, and was preparing to saddle. Horse Dunn watched her, his eyes gentle. There was always a shy humility about that strapping big old man when he looked at this girl, his daughter of his dead brother. It was almost as if he might have been looking at his own daughter, who had grown up away from him. After all, she might have been his daughter, if things had broken differently once.

"You go ride with her," Dunn said with a certain awkwardness. "You talk to her. Try to make her see that—that this is a—different country, kind of."

"She doesn't take any stock in me, Horse."

"You go, anyway," Dunn insisted.

ed. "I don't like to have her riding this big range alone." With a curious reluctance Wheeler picked up his hat and walked out to the stable where his saddle was.

CHAPTER III

A rise of dust was going up on the Inspiration road as Wheeler saddled; he knew the approaching car must be driven by Steve Hurley. For a moment he hesitated, for he would have liked to hear the latest word from the camp of Horse Dunn's enemies. Marian Dunn, however, was loping eastward along an old trail not far off the Inspiration road. Steve Hurley would be able to signal to him from road to trail if any new word concerned him. He let his pony lope out and caught up with Marian within the mile.

"Do you mind if I ride your way?"

"Maybe," Marian said, "you'll show me where Short Creek is."

Wheeler was startled. "Short Creek?"

"Sometimes," the girl said, "it's easier to look at a thing than to imagine it."

"I was thinking some of riding over that way," he conceded. "Only—I wish you'd let somebody know when you set off to ride a distance like that, so somebody could go with you."

She looked at him sidelong for a minute. "Sometimes it seems to me you people do everything you can to make this into an unfriendly country."

"I don't know what you mean." "These Red Hills, with the sun on them, are the background of the"

very earliest memories I have. When I came here again it was as if I were coming home. I felt free and natural, here—at first. And Horse Dunn is almost exactly like my father, what little I can remember of him—so nearly like my father that I can't remember my father's face any more; because my uncle's face comes in between."

"He worships the ground you walk on," Wheeler said.

"I know." A little shiver ran across her shoulders, anomalous in the blaze of the sun. "Then he turns and does some wild, awful thing—like yesterday; and it gives me the strangest feeling of being completely lost in a country I don't understand."

"Yesterday? What awful thing?" "He—he shot Link Bender."

"It was kind of unfortunate, sure. But I don't know what else he could do. Link drew on him. And all your uncle did was to nick him in the arm, so that he dropped the gun."

Marian's tone was curiously detached, unfeeling. "He admitted he set out to goad Link Bender into fighting."

That was not exactly what Horse Dunn had said, but essentially the girl was right. It was like Horse Dunn that he could be in no part lie to this girl, but would put himself conscientiously into the worst possible light.

"He said more," Marian added. "He said that if it hadn't been for her he would have killed Link Bender there at Chuck Box Wash."

Billy Wheeler started to say, "Oh, I don't think—" It was no use. It was futile to try to hide from this girl certain things which she was in no way equipped to understand, yet was sure to see clearly. "This is a different country than you're used to, Marian. Dry country men learned long ago to depend on themselves; they've lived that way for a long time."

The car that had been an approaching funnel of dust upon the Inspiration road now came careening around a rutty bend 200 yards below them. Steve Hurley leaned from behind his dusty windshield to wave at them, then brought his car

to a long-rolling stop. He signaled Wheeler to ride to him.

"Wait here," Wheeler said to the girl. He wheeled his horse, then hesitated to say over his shoulder, "Don't worry; we'll work everything out all right."

He put his horse down to the road, jumping it through the red rocks. From behind the wheel Steve Hurley thrust a big square hand at him, and Steve's big beefy face flashed a quick grin. "Glad to see you, Billy; the Old Man said he figured you'd sit in. As soon as I see who it was, I pulled up."

Wheeler glanced at the boiling radiator. "What's broke in Inspiration, Steve?"

"The Old Man may be wanting to call his riders in. Thought I'd stop and tell you what it was, so's you could signal in any of the boys you might see while you're out."

"I'm listening."

"It's all over Inspiration that Sheriff Walt Amos will make an arrest within three days. They're saying the sheriff knows who's dead; that it's a man Dunn swore to kill if ever he found him on 94 range." Steve Hurley's sun-squinted eyes rested steadily and keenly on Billy Wheeler.

"Steve," said Wheeler, "will Horse Dunn submit to arrest?"

Steve Hurley looked away a moment before he answered. "I don't know," he said at last. "But I guess maybe. Am I right he'll want his riders in?"

"I'd sure think so. This thing is coming faster than I figured it would, Steve."

The girl's eyes were questioning as Billy Wheeler returned to her side. "Don't worry," he said; "it's all going to work out."

They turned off, no longer paralleling the Inspiration road; and for a long while as the miles slowly unrolled under the fox-trotting hoofs of the ponies neither had anything to say.

They were near Short Creek when the girl spoke unexpectedly. "I'm glad you came. You make things seem straighter and smoother, just the way you pace your horse along, without any worry or fret."

"There isn't anything to worry about."

"You've changed since two years ago," the girl told him. "Somehow you're nicer to ride with—quieter, more restful."

He glanced at her but didn't answer.

"You used to be a stampede sort of person," she explained, "always rushing your horse at things. Whatever you went at, you always went at it by the same way—thunder of hoofs, taking all obstacles by storm. I think I used to be afraid of you."

For a moment he wondered if things would have gone differently between them if he had been less eager, less turbulent. When you wanted a thing too much you overplayed your hand and lost out altogether. Maybe you could love a girl too much, too soon, and defeat yourself the same way. Perhaps if—

A quarter of a mile away within the sharp-cut bed of Short Creek something moved, held steady a moment, then disappeared. It was a rider there, who was watching them; but it was not a rider who meant to rise in his stirrups and halt.

"Well," he said briskly, "this is Short Creek."

"You see," he said, pulling up his horse at the spot the cattle had trampled, "this is nothing but a place where it just happened that somebody took a shot at somebody. What is there to see? Nothing. I want you to think of this place as just a crack where horses come to drink."

Marian Dunn sat very quiet, staring at the shallow water. He wondered what things, terrible to her, she might be picturing.

"I'm glad I came," Marian said. "But especially I'm glad you came. You—"

"Listen," he said.

A horse as yet unseen was coming fast down the cut. Its unshod hoofs padded quietly in the sand at the margin of the water, so that its thudding lope was sensed less by sound than by shock—the faint distant tremor of the ground.

"What is it?" the girl asked.

"Don't you hear? A horse is coming up."

"I don't—" She started to say that she didn't hear anything; but just then the unseen rider cut through the shallows with a sudden sharp sound of thrown water and the ring of hoofs on stone.

"Who is it?"

"Quien sabe? Turn and ride back the way we've come," he told her without emphasis. "I'll be along in a minute."

Without a word Marian turned her horse; she was at the two hundred yards as a hard-run horse surged up over the lip of the cut. The rider was Kid Bender.

The Kid half wheeled his pony, drove close to Billy Wheeler's horse; his lean figure swayed backwards as he brought his pony to a sliding stop, very close. Across the back of his right hand showed the heavy purple welt that Wheeler's quirt had laid there; and in his face was the joyous anger of a man who takes payment for a past humiliation.

"What you doing here?"

Wheeler ignored the question. "You're a little off your range, Kid," he said. "This range comes under the head of the 94. Maybe I'll be ordering you off it pretty quick. I haven't decided yet."

"No," said Kid Bender. "I don't think you will. You're dealing with a peace officer—patrolling the scene of a crime."

"Peace officer?"

Kid Bender flipped over the tail end of his neckerchief to reveal a nickel-plated shield. It was cheap and it was new; but as it flashed in the sun Wheeler felt his scalp stir oddly, as if he had glimpsed fire behind smoke. Horse Dunn's view of the situation was shaping up faster than Horse himself had imagined.

"Yesterday," said the Kid, "you knocked a gun out of my hand."

Billy Wheeler said distinctly, "With a quirt. I whipped it out of your hand with a quirt."

Kid Bender's face darkened for an instant but the hard gleam of a joyous anticipation immediately returned to his eyes. "I have orders," he said, "to see that the hired men of the 94 don't trample over the scene of this crime any more. I'm starting with you; I'll give you fellers something to remember orders by. I'm taking your horse and your gun. Maybe your girl there will give you a lift after you're afoot. Or maybe I'll send her on home—I haven't decided that yet."

"No," said Wheeler, "you're not taking either horse or gun."

"You're against an officer of the law. You know what that means?"

"I know," Billy Wheeler said, "what I hope it means."

For a moment Kid Bender hesitated; they sat watching each other, two men in a situation from which neither could withdraw. One of them had sought this meeting—the other welcomed it. Both knew that something peculiarly personal had to be settled here, now, between the two of them alone.

"I see your girl has stopped a little way up here," the Kid said; "seems like she sets watching from the hill."

Wheeler suppressed in time an impulse to glance over his shoulder. Instead his eyes never left Kid Bender as he jerked his chin sharply toward his shoulder as if he glanced away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Dog as Pet Is Aid to Nervous People; Philosophy of Animal Simple, Logical

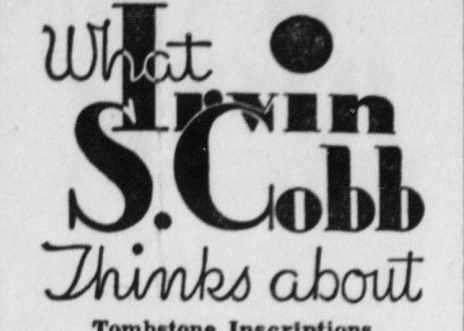
Nerve specialists contend that driving an automobile, especially through heavy traffic, tends to relieve the condition of nervous people. But the problem of the bad-tempered motorist who unnecessarily bawls his horn and says many bad things to other drivers remained one of the great unsolved puzzles until an official of the American Kennel club, (governing body of pure-bred dogs) commented on the subject. He told that it is recorded in contemporary and historical dog writings that a hot-tempered person who becomes interested in a dog improves in disposition.

The dog has such an infinite capacity to take punishment that he shames his master into calmer remarks to annoyances. The dog may look reproachfully at the master who has struck him, but will attempt no retaliation. This situation is true, of course, only between the dog and the master he

loves—often unreasonably. The pure-bred dog will not tolerate an indignity from a stranger.

The philosophy of the dog is very simple, but very logical. If he gives his affection, it is given wholeheartedly. He dislikes trouble, and will avoid it as long as possible. Yet his defense mechanism is quickly stirred by malignant forces. The curious part of dog and human relationships is that the human being invariably learns something from his dog—the degree of knowledge varying according to the intelligence of the person.

Motorists of the petulant species are not the only ones who benefit from the dog. The diabetic, who also is really of an explosive, worrisome disposition has a greater expectation of life if he becomes interested in a dog. Doctors have recommended dogs as pets especially for children suffering from diabetes.



What Irvin S. Cobb Thinks about Tombstone Inscriptions.

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—A gentleman took me sightseeing through a cemetery that abounded in proud mausoleums and stately shafts.

I figured he wanted to show me that rich folks continue to enjoy the utmost luxury even after becoming deceased.

How futile and how vain are most tombstone inscriptions. They give the dates of birth and death—events in neither of which the departed had any say—so unless he committed suicide. And just as the average graveside eulogy is a belated plea for the defense, offered after the evidence is all in, so an epitaph is an advertisement for a line of goods which permanently has been discontinued.

Somehow this burying ground stuff reminds me of hired critics of other men's efforts. The difference between professional book reviewers and the other obituaries is that the latter do their work after you pass on, but the reviewers can't wait until you're dead to write your literary death notice for you.

Maybe critics are to authors what fleas were to David Harum's dog; they keep authors from brooding on being authors.

Catching Barracuda.

LEO CARILLO is quite a yachtsman when not acting for the screen or leading parades. He's our champion parade leader. It's got so they don't dare let a colored funeral go past his house for fear he'll rush right out and head the procession.

On one of those days when there wasn't a parade, he took Victor Moore and me out on his boat. We caught a mess of slim, yet fragrant fish. Leo called them barracuda, but, with their low retreating foreheads and greedy jaws, they looked more like shyler lawyers to me—the kind who chase ambulances and eventually get disbarred.

Glad, Mad Artists.

HERETOFORE, the glad, mad geniuses, who produce masterpieces of sculpture and painting which resemble nothing on heaven or earth or in the waters below except possibly some bad dream which these parties had once while feeling pretty bilious, have depended upon the ultra-ults among the intelligentsia for support.

But now one hears divers millionaires may endow for them an academy or a gallery—or possibly it's an asylum for the more violent cases. Anyhow, there's money behind the cult, and when money gets behind a thing in this country, it usually flourishes, provided the money doesn't get too far behind, as happened in 1929, when the rest of the country was trying to figure out what had become of the deposits and investments, which we, of the sucker class, had entrusted to our leading financial wizards.

Still, we of that same ignorant mass-group do not have to buy examples of this new school. We don't even have to look at them unless we're in Germany and are escorted to the official state-run display by a regiment of Nazi storm-troopers.

And, aside from their ideas of what constitutes art, it's said that some of the artists themselves are not really dangerous, merely annoying in an itchy sort of way. In other words, they're all right if you don't set one of 'em on you.

Pugilistic Authors.

I'M ALWAYS missing something. On the occasion of one really historic battle between a brace of distinguished writers, I yawningly left the scene before Messrs. Sinclair Lewis and Theodore Dreiser quit swapping hard words and started swapping soft blows.

And it was just my luck to be out here recently when Ernest Hemingway threw a book—or maybe it was a publisher; anyhow some such hard, knobby object—at Mr. Max Eastman and Mr. Eastman retorted with a tremendous push which damaged Mr. Hemingway not at all.

The typical writer, no matter how red-blooded his style may be, packs all his wallops in his pen and never in his fist. There have been exceptions. Once Rex Beach cleaned out a night club all by himself, but his opponents were hoodlums, not fellow-writers. He had something substantial to work on.

Some of my belligerent brethren in the writing game never lose an argument, but, on the other hand, none of them ever won a fight. Neither did their literary opponents. In fact, next to the average professional pugilist, I can think of no one who, in the heat of combat, equals a writer for showing such magnificent self-control when it comes either to inflicting personal injury or sustaining same.

IRVIN S. COBB
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Ask Me Another

A General Quiz

1. What state did the Indiana give outright to one man?
2. What is intercolonial time?
3. In the early days of railroad building, how much land was donated to the railroad companies?
4. What writer is said to have aroused the American public to the necessity for the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution?
5. What is the total value of all farm machinery manufactured in the United States last year?
6. How much did the late Sir Thomas Lipton spend on America's Cup races?
7. How is the word "saith" pronounced, in one or two syllables?
8. At what age are women most successful?

- Answers
1. Rhode Island to Roger Williams.
 2. A standard time, an hour faster than eastern standard, in use in the extreme eastern provinces of Canada.
 3. Approximately 138,000,000 acres of land was donated to the railroads by the federal government and approximately 40,000,000 acres by the various states.
 4. Thomas Paine's pamphlet, "Common Sense," is said to have had a great influence on the drawing up of these documents.
 5. \$487,273,000.
 6. From 1899 to 1930 the tea magnate raced five Shamrocks and spent more than \$4,000,000.
 7. "Saith," the archaic form of the verb "say," in its present tense, a singular number, third person and indicative mood, corresponds to "says," and is correctly pronounced "seth," to rhyme with "beth." It is erroneously pronounced in two syllables, "say-eth."
 8. In the biographies of well-known women given in "American Women," the majority of those listed were born in 1890, making them forty-seven.

Early State Names

If President Thomas Jefferson had had his say-so, there would have been more than the present states comprising the Northwest Territory and most of their names would have been tongue twisters.

As you know, the Northwest Territory consists of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin and part of Minnesota, but Jefferson's suggested names were Sylvania, Cheronesus, Michigania, Assensipia, Metropotamia, Illinoia, Saratoga, Washington, Polypotamia and Pelisipia. These names can be found on the early maps.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GOOD RELIEF of constipation by a GOOD LAXATIVE

Many folks get such refreshing relief by taking Black-Draught for constipation that they prefer it to other laxatives and urge their friends to try it. Black-Draught is made of the leaves and roots of plants. It does not disturb digestion but stimulates the lower bowel so that constipation is relieved.

BLACK-DRAUGHT purely vegetable laxative

WOMEN WHO HOLD THEIR MEN NEVER LET THEM KNOW

No matter how much your back aches and your nerves scream, your husband, because he is only a man, can never understand why you are so hard to live with one week in every month.

To soothe the honeymoon experience is wrecked by the nagging tongue of a three-quarter wife. The wise woman never lets her husband know by outward sign that she is a victim of periodic pain.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomfort from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three critical years of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife; take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and go "Smiling Through."

Sentinels of Health

Don't Neglect Them! Nature designed the kidneys to do a marvelous job. Their task is to keep the flowing blood stream free of an excess of toxic impurities. The act of living—life itself—is constantly producing waste matter. The kidneys must remove from the blood if good health is to endure.

When the kidneys fail to function as Nature intended, there is retention of waste that may cause body-wide distress. One may suffer nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel tired, nervous, all worn out.

Frequent, scanty or burning passages may be further evidence of kidney or bladder disturbance.

The recognized and proper treatment is a diuretic medicine to help the kidneys get rid of excess poisonous body waste. Use Doan's Pills. They have had more than forty years of public approval. Are endorsed the country over. Insist on Doan's. Sold at all drug stores.

DOAN'S PILLS