



**Home Heating Hints**  
By John Barclay  
Heating Expert

Have Your Furnace Cleaned and Inspected Now Before the Cold Weather Comes Along.

HERE'S a straight money-saving tip: Before starting your heating plant this fall, be sure it's thoroughly vacuum cleaned. It is one of the greatest precautions you can take to insure its most economical operation during the winter ahead.



When the heating surfaces are covered with as little as one-sixteenth of an inch of soot (which acts as an insulator against heat, being five times as effective as asbestos) it wastes fully one-quarter of every ton of coal you burn!

What's more, a furnace caked with dirt and dust won't deliver nearly as much heat as a clean furnace will.

Call in a competent service man now and arrange for a thorough vacuum cleaning of your furnace. He will do the job without muss or inconvenience.

While he's doing that, have him check up the whole heating system from flue to ashpit—guard against any possible failure of the plant after cold weather sets in. I know you'll find the cost is little compared with the staggering cost of the fuel that a dirty, faulty plant is sure to waste! Every home-owner wants to save and not waste his fuel dollars!

WNU Service.

**Constipated?**

**Nujol**

**NOW COSTS LESS!**

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

**INSIST ON GENUINE NUJOL**

Act Above Doubts  
Never do an act of which you doubt the justice or propriety.

checks **666** MALARIA in three days **COLDS** first day

LIQUID TABLETS SALVE, NOSE DROPS Headache, 30 minutes.

Try "Rub-My-Tiss"—World's Best Liniment

No Tricks  
There are no tricks in plain simple faith.—Shakespeare.

**Black Leaf 40** KILLS LICE

Cap-Brush Applicator makes "BLACK LEAF 40" 60 times faster!

JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

**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.

Your husband can't possibly know how you feel for the simple reason that he is a man.

A three-quarter wife may be no wife at all if she nags her husband seven days out of every month.

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 ordeals 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."

**Your Advertising Dollar**

BUYS something more than space and circulation in the columns of this newspaper. It buys space and circulation plus the favorable consideration of our readers for this newspaper and its advertising patrons.

Let Us Tell You More About It

# CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

**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 Halliday 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 blood-stained 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 trailer, to join them. Dunn and Billy meet Amos, Link Bender, his son "the Kid" and Cayuse Cayetano, an Indian trailer, at Short Creek. Bender has found the slain man's horse, but the saddle is missing. Almost supernaturally, cattle attracted to the scene by the blood-stained ground, stamp out all the traces. Dunn is angered when Amos tells him not to leave the county. Following an argument, Bender drives 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, also that he recently sold his own ranch in Arizona and that his partner, Bob Flagg, is on route with the money. Billy accompanies Marian on a ride to Short Creek. "Kid" Bender, now a deputy, rides up. They have an argument, and by a trick Bender tries to shoot him. Billy saves himself by plunging against Bender's pony and "the Kid" is injured. Coffee returns to the ranch with the saddle and reveals that Cayuse Cayetano is on the trail for Sheriff Amos. The saddle belonged to Lon Mafoon, a small-time cattle thief. Billy learns he is to be arrested for assaulting "Kid" Bender. On the sheriff's orders, Billy and the ranchmen drive into Inspiration. On the way, Coffee tells him that the murder victim was not shot by the man riding with him.

"Yet," said the sheriff, "you never told your boss where you'd been, or why you changed your plans!"

Douglas struck a fresh match. "I'm wzgon boss," he said shortly.

"When Dunn says count cows, we count cows. But nobody tells me where to ride—they ask me where to ride."

The sheriff stared at him; then he grinned, wholeheartedly, without pretense. "We'll go over to Judge Shafer's office now," he said. "But take my advice. Talk over your story—and try to get together on it!"

**CHAPTER VI**

Outside, Horse Dunn turned to Billy Wheeler. "Guess you better get Marian. This here's the part I want her to see."

Marian was waiting in the side street to which Horse Dunn had sent her with his car; and to the grim weariness of Billy Wheeler, Val Douglas was there, helping her wait. Wheeler walked to the door of the car, a tall, narrow-hipped figure, with a deceptively lazy stride.

"We're starting now," he said.

"You run on, Val," Marian said; "I want to talk to Billy."

"Sure, hon." The wagon boss shot Wheeler a glance like a straight



"Billy, Don't! Can't We Be Friends?"

left, and went his way, leisurely swaggering.

She looked at him sadly.

"Billy, there's something I want to say, too."

Wheeler looked at her. The blue of her eyes seemed strikingly fresh and cool in the dusty heat.

"It's just this: I'd give anything in the world if I could testify for you. But I just didn't see it the way—the way it seemed to you."

"I didn't ask you to speak for me," he reminded her.

"Billy, don't! Can't we be friends? Can't we—"

"No," he said.

"But why? Can't you see—"

He looked her in the eyes, and said slowly, "If I can't have all of you, then I don't want any of you at all. Do you understand that?"

He thought she colored, very faintly. "Suppose I don't choose to understand that?"

"Then swing wide," he heard himself say. "Swing wide and stay clear! And I shouldn't have to tell you that again."

There was a peculiar gleam in her cool, amazingly clear eyes. "I don't think you're so dangerous," she said.

"I don't know what you mean."

She dropped her voice into a drawl, mocking his own. "I mean—if you and I were left afoot, on some far mountain, at night, all alone with only one blanket between us—I shouldn't be afraid of anything happening, not anything at all."

He turned on her, low-voiced.

"Then," he said, "you're a fool." He snapped the car door open.

Marian Dunn hesitated a moment more; then stepped out of the car and walked ahead of him up the street.

Henry Shafer, justice of what peace was, was a limited little man, mild and watery of eye. He had spent all his life in this one town, and he had never made any enemies because he had never taken sides. So finally he had got himself elected to office.

His office, in which they now gathered, was an exceedingly small frame structure; three or four wooden steps led up from the sidewalk to the door, and upon the window were painted the words "Real Estate, Insurance, and Justice of the Peace."

Horse Dunn—his great size made the room suddenly seem even smaller than it was—shouldered in without greeting to anyone. He shot a contemptuous glance about the walls, which were decorated with a

parcel post map, a calendar advertising tick dip, and stains from leaks in the roof; then planted himself facing the door with his back against the wall—an instinctive provision. Shafer jumped up and hustled around the table to place a chair for Marian at the end opposite himself, and when this was done the remainder of the room filled rapidly with sombreroed men.

Link Bender was there, looking hard-bitten and taciturn, and so was Rufe Deane, a green-eyed man with heavy sorrel eyebrows and a storm-carved face; the lanky Pinto Halliday took up an uncomfortable position in the corner by the door. And there were other cattlemen, and some of the cowboys and line riders from the outfits of these men, cramping what little space was left.

Horse Dunn growled into Wheeler's ear. "Wish Bob Flagg could see this. Anything like this always tickled him."

"I take it this is the case against William Wheeler," said Shafer unnecessarily. "Who's prosecuting this case?"

The sheriff said, "I am, Judge. The district attorney's gone up-state to sit in on the Democratic committee, like you know."

"I see here," said Shafer, fussing with papers, "you got him charged with resisting an officer; bearing arms against authority; assault; assault with intent to kill."

"What about assault on horseback?" said Billy Wheeler.

"Never heard of it," said Shafer. Sheriff Amos looked disgusted. "Let's get on with it."

"William Wheeler, do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty."

"What seems to have gone on here?" Shafer asked Amos.

"Judge," said Walt Amos, "since this ruckus on Short Creek there's been a lot of people tramping around there, gumming up the evidence. So we made deputies of Pinto Halliday and Kid Bender, and we sent 'em to Short Creek to keep fellers out of there. Now yesterday this Wheeler come prowling around there, and when the Kid told him to beat it, he wouldn't go. The Kid tried to argue with him, but this feller got tough, and they had words. The upshot was, Wheeler drew his gun and fired. He—"

Wheeler broke in. "Well, of all the infernal—"

"Keep quiet," said Shafer. The 94 men exchanged glances.

"Well," the sheriff went on, "he didn't hit anything, but the flash of the gun was right under the nose of the Kid's horse, and she reared over backwards on him. The Kid come out of it with concussion of the brain, fracture of the leg and two busted ribs. I got his sworn statement here."

"Now, now! You can't put that in," Wheeler objected. "Either you have to let me cross-examine him, or you can't put in his statement at all."

"Well, we'll see what it says, anyway," Shafer decided. "Justice is what we're after here!"

Amos now produced and read aloud Kid Bender's statement—a repetition of his own.

"You got any questions, Wheeler?"

Wheeler was appalled. It had not occurred to them that Bender's people would attempt so baldfaced a lie. What had started out as a sample of irritable officiousness had suddenly taken on unknown possibilities. Angering, Wheeler promised himself that once Horse Dunn was extricated he would clean house in this county if it took half of all he had.

"The Kid isn't here to be questioned," he snapped.

"I'll call Pinto Halliday," Amos said.

"Well, maybe it was ten or fifteen seconds."

"And what did you say I had smoking in my hand, all this time?"

"A gun, by God!"

Shafer looked doubtful. "Well—what you got to say, Wheeler?"

"I plead self defense, Judge," said Wheeler. "Kid Bender made a surprise draw; I grabbed his bit and raised his horse up to make him miss. But it was his own gun going off that made his horse go over. I pulled my gun and stood ready in case he took another shot at me; but I didn't fire, then or any time."

"What was the idea resisting an officer in the first place?" Shafer said.

"The only thing I resisted was getting shot."

"Well, call your witnesses."

"I'm not calling any."

Shafer looked surprised; he glanced at Marian Dunn. "I thought—"

"I move this case be dismissed," said Wheeler.

"You move what?" Shafer demanded. "You know darn well I can't dismiss it! What becomes of this country if—"

"This is a mighty serious offense, Judge," Amos said. "The law calls for as high as five years for a thing like this. We got to bind him over to district court, naturally. But what we want is to hold him without bail. We—"

The lanky Halliday came out of a corner reluctantly, looking ill-natured; and a swarthy cowboy who had no official business there was persuaded to give Halliday his seat at the table.

Under the questioning of Walt Amos, Pinto Halliday now stated that he had been in a different part of the Short Creek cuts. Being down in the arroyo, he had not seen the shot fired; but he was riding to join Kid Bender and he had ridden up out of the cut in time to see the Kid down under his fallen horse, and Billy Wheeler with a smoking gun in his hand.

"Pinto," Amos said, "was there anybody else with Wheeler?"

"Miss Dunn, here, was with Wheeler."

"Look here," Wheeler broke in again. "What's the idea dragging her into this?"

"We'll leave her out if you will," Amos said.

"He's got a right to drag in anybody he wants to," Shafer gave his opinion, "so long as it's competent and material. And constitutional?"

"Did Miss Dunn say anything?"

"Miss Dunn rides down and jumps off her horse, and she wipes off Kid Bender's face with her handkerchief. And she looks square at this jigger and she says, 'There wasn't no excuse for it,' she says."

Billy Wheeler looked at Marian. The girl sat with her cheek leaned upon one hand; her face was quiet, her eyes sober and watchful.

"That's all," said Amos.

"What's the idea," Shafer asked Wheeler sternly, "pulling a gun on an officer?"

Wheeler ignored him. "Halliday," he said, "how far away were you when you heard the shot fired?"

"I'd say about 300 yards."

"Yet right away you saw this smoke from my gun—three hundred yards away? That gun sure must have sent up a smudge!"

"By the time I came out of the cut I was closer—not over a hundred yards."

"How long after the shot was that?"

"I'd say about five seconds."

"What'll you take for the horse?"

"Huh?"

"If that horse went 200 yards and climbed out of a draw in five seconds, he sure must be a streak of light!"

"Well, maybe it was ten or fifteen seconds."

"And what did you say I had smoking in my hand, all this time?"

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**Household Questions**

**Cleaning Enameled Sinks.**—Those stubborn dark streaks which accumulate on enameled sinks and bathtubs can be removed with kerosene.

**When Peeling Small Onions.**—Cover small onions with hot water and let stand for a minute or two and the skins are easily removed.

**When Washing Soft Polishing Dusters.**—Rinse them in slightly soapy water instead of clear water. This makes the dusters much softer and they polish better.

**Crab Apple Jelly.**—Take one pint of water to every pound of apples, and boil until soft. Then put through jelly-bag. Allow one pound of sugar and a tablespoonful of vinegar for every pint of liquid, and boil for half an hour or until it jellies.

**Strain the Starch.**—Starch used in laundering should be strained to remove all lumps that might blister when ironing.

**Potatoes for Short Cakes.**—Hot, boiled and mashed white potatoes are good in making short cakes and puddings. They not only save flour, but require less shortening.

**I LEARNED TO 'BEAT' ACID INDIGESTION**

ONCE LIFE WAS MISERABLE, NO APPETITE... LITTLE SLEEP...UNTIL THE DOCTOR SAID "ALKALIZE"

**BUT NOW—AT THE FIRST SIGN OF ACID-INDIGESTION I USE PHILLIPS' AND I FEEL LIKE A NEW PERSON ALMOST IMMEDIATELY!**

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.

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 begin to ease. "Acid headaches," "acid breath," over-acid stomach are corrected at the source. This is the quick way to ease your own distress—avoid offense to others.

The Miser's Want  
The miser is as much in want of what he has as of what he has not.—Syrus.

**Watch Your Kidneys!**

**Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste**

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging headache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

**DOAN'S PILLS**

**THE CHEERFUL CHERUB**

I love the nice round world so much. It gives me trees and mountains high. And never stopping day or night. It takes me riding through the sky.

**Mussel Shells, Worth Many Millions, Made the Great Pearl Button Industry**

The history of mussels in Michigan is not much different from that in other mussel-producing areas, observes a writer in the Detroit Free Press. When a maker of mother-of-pearl buttons from sea shells in Europe, moved to Muscatine, Iowa, in 1890, and turned out pearl buttons from fresh water mussels on a little hand machine, the exploitation of the nation's mussel beds was inevitable. As soon as the business was a success, American brains and capital came into the picture. Power machines were invented to make mussel shells into pearl buttons. The business grew rapidly.

The great Mississippi river, the "father of waters," had a natural supply of mussel beds, untouched by the greed of man. It was the largest supply of fresh water mussel shells and fresh water pearls in the world, worth many millions of dollars. Some of these beds produced 3,000 to 4,000 tons of mussel shells to the mile. One man with a mussel boat could catch from one to two tons of shells a day. Some

found fresh water pearls worth thousands of dollars each.

The manufacturers in the button business were no different from other manufacturers. They were in business for profit, not for health. They made more and better machinery. They glutted the market. The shrewder men uncovered new markets, and whipped the old china and horn buttons out of existence. The fresh water pearl button became the strongest, most beautiful and best button that was ever put on manufactured garments.

In the search for new sources of supply, the Michigan mussel beds were discovered, among which those of the Grand river were most productive. Their history is the same as that of the Mississippi; in fact, the same as that of the exploitation of most of our natural resources.

**Meaning of Term "Hamper"**

The nautical term "hamper" means the rigging or other necessary articles on a ship; so-called because of their cumbrousness.