

Gay Hostess Apron
With Poppy Motif

Flit from pantry to parlor in this "hostess" apron, so gaily appliqued with poppies, and guests are sure to ask how it's made! Choose bright contrast for yoke, border, poppies. One poppy forms



Pattern 1495.

the pocket. Pattern 1495 contains a transfer pattern of the apron and a motif 6 1/4 by 10 3/4 inches; a motif 6 1/2 by 9 1/4 inches and the applique patches; illustrations of all stitches used; material requirements.

Send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for this pattern to The Sewing Circle Needlecraft Department, 82 Eighth Avenue, New York City.

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from common colds
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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with any remedy less potent than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble and aids nature to soothe and heal the inflamed mucous membranes and to loosen and expel the germ-laden phlegm. Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, try Creomulsion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the benefits obtained from the very first bottle. Creomulsion is one word—not two, and it has no hyphen in it. Ask for it plainly, see that the name on the bottle is Creomulsion, and you'll get the genuine product and the relief you want. (Adv.)

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Cattle Kingdom

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By ALAN LEMAY

WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

Walt Amos turned his back on them, and stood staring out into the sun-blasted street. That street was curiously empty—unwholesomely empty, so that nobody who had seen the crowd there could look at that street now without knowing that something was irregular, something wrong.

"Move out, then," the sheriff said. "Drag your freight and drag it quick. Keep going. Five minutes from now I don't want you in this town."

Horse Dunn chuckled in his short beard and hitched his belt up. Slowly he sauntered past the deputies, staring at each of them with an open insolent amusement as he passed; then he shouldered out, a huge hulk that filled the whole frame of the door.

Unhurrying, the 94 men made their way along the main street of Inspiration, around the corner to their car.

But as the dust of Inspiration kicked out from under their tires they knew that they had put behind them a violence that was not avoided, but only delayed.

By the time they reached the ranch it was already late afternoon, and the tall Tuscaroras were sending vast, vague fingers of shadow about the layout of the 94, while the high eastern horizon was still brightly brassy in the sun. Marian did not come out to meet them. Hunting around, Horse Dunn presently sighted her sitting on the fence of a little empty corral, hidden from the house by the barns. He walked out to climb the fence beside her; and Billy Wheeler, tired of people around him, went to his room, and got his razors out.

Here Horse presently came looking for him. The old cow boss walked in slowly, and closed the door after him. He sat down on the edge of the bunk with the movements of a man a hundred years old; and he covered his face with his hands.

"You know what she said to me?" he demanded.

"Nope."

"I went out to where she's sitting on that corral. I just wanted to tell her about Rufe Deane throwing down his deputy badge, and the way they cleared the street. I thought maybe if she'd seen it all she'd know what we're up against. So I went out there and said, 'Marian—That was all I said. She never even looked at me. And pretty soon she says—'You're making this country run red.'"

Suddenly Billy Wheeler felt a detached pity for this old man and this girl. He was able to see what Horse Dunn could not: that the girl was curiously dependent upon this old man, who looked like her father; was dependent upon him in more ways than she was aware. And both were deeply hurt, at a loss, because they could not understand each other.

He could not see much chance that the girl would learn to understand either Horse Dunn or the dry country men whom he faced. Horse Dunn was what the dry country had made him; and there was no longer anything in the old man's life except the cow kingdom he had dreamed, and tried to build, for her.

A slight noise was heard and Old Man Coffee came in gloomily and threw his coiled dog whip on the floor.

"I haven't actually hit a dog with that thing for over nine days," he offered. "But I swear I come close to hitting one tonight. That old fool makes me so cussed—"

"Coffee," Dunn interrupted, "you haven't been here long; but you've trailed and back-trailed, and promoted all over this place with those long-eared hounds. Now tell me one thing: do you see any show of finding out who killed Lon Magoon?"

Old Man Coffee dropped into a chair and considered for several long moments. "No," he said at last.

"Why?" Dunn demanded.

"Somebody, some place, may have killed Lon Magoon, for all I know. But he sure wasn't killed at Short Crick."

For once in his life old Horse Dunn's jaw dropped. "Look here! You wouldn't go to fooling with me?"

"I don't always know what I'm talking about. This time I know."

"But the saddle—"

"I don't question it was Magoon's saddle; I only say it was a different man who was killed in it."

Again Horse stared at Coffee: then he relaxed a little, and sat down on the bunk. "Coffee," he said, "if you're so dead sure, in God's name tell us what you know!"

Coffee squinted his deep-set eyes at Dunn. "I sore-footed a good dog, and like to killed a mule, getting over here to help you with this case. I don't ask for that to be appreciated. But I'm getting a little tired of answering all the questions around here!"

Horse looked baffled. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm tired of being lied to, for one thing."

"Who's lied to you?"

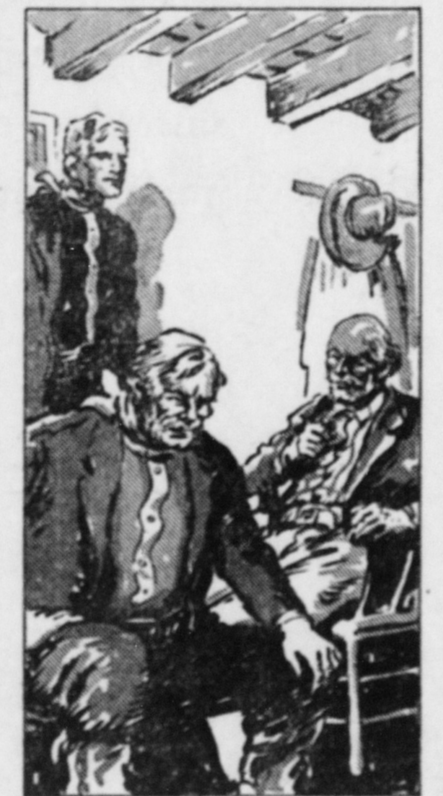
"More than one, right here on this place. Dunn, there's too many things not open to the eye around here to suit me!"

"Coffee," said Horse Dunn without belligerence, "what in all hell do you mean by that?"

"I'll just give you one sample." Old Man Coffee picked up his dog whip from the floor and sorted out its coils with bony old fingers.

"There's been a horse in this case that's been known as the killer's horse, because he left his trail at Short Crick, mixed up in the sign of the killing. You know I took old Rock and we trailed that horse; though it come to nothing, then. Now, since we've been back here this afternoon, I've seen a funny thing. Rock's been working around the horse corrals, by himself; trying to work out a trail. Dog voices is peculiar—they call different trails in different ways. And as soon as I heard Rock's voice, I knew he was crying the trail of the killer horse."

They stared at him in silence. Then Horse Dunn said, "You're tell-



"I Swear I Never Heard the Beat."

ing me that the killer's horse has been here in this layout—right here—within the past few days?"

"Within the past 24 hours," Coffee said.

Horse Dunn made a gesture of impatience, almost of disgust. "I swear I never heard the beat," he said. "You set out to give me a sample of how you've been done wrong by, around here. And what does it come to? You read names, dates and places into the howl of a hound; and you figure out that right here among us he's come on a trail that he completely lost when he had the straight run of it."

CHAPTER VIII

The mountains were throwing their early lucid twilight across the range of the 94 by the time the cowboys cleared their supper plates. They had eaten in silence. But somehow in the interval since the conference in Billy Wheeler's room, everybody there had learned that a quarrel seemed about to smoke up between Old Man Coffee and Horse Dunn. So now they still loafed in the mess shack, and nobody spoke of seven-up. They rolled cigarettes and lighted pipes, and a couple of lamps were lit, throwing tall, huge shadows of the men on the walls behind. They all knew that the 94 was up against a thrash-out, within itself.

Horse Dunn broke the silence impatiently. "There sure ought to be enough scrapping on this range without hunting up trouble among ourselves. In ordinary times this whole killing case wouldn't amount to a tinker's dam to begin with."

"I'm not so sure," said Old Man Coffee.

"What kind of a case have they got?" Horse demanded. "They can't even find their everlasting stiff!"

"They're pretty liable to find it," Old Man Coffee thought. "When they find it, it'll be about all they need. If it's Magoon, like you claim, they can show motive—you said openly that you'd kill Magoon if you caught him on 94 range. They've got opportunity—by your own statement you were riding alone on Red Sleep Ridge that day, and the Red Sleep is within striking distance of Short Crick. They can prove you hid the dead man's saddle—which they can stretch to make look like a concealment of the crime. And all this says nothing about the killing of Cayuse Cayetano."

"What's known about the killing of Cayuse?"

"How do I know? We're so popular around here we can't even go look over Ace Springs without getting into a scrap with officers of

the peace—same as Billy got into at Short Crick."

Dunn slumped down in his chair and went to growling into his warlike beard. "I don't believe you know any more about it than the rest of us do."

"I'll put it stronger than that. Maybe—" Old Man Coffee made each word separately he a r d—

"someone in this room knows a whole lot more than I know!"

Horse Dunn sat perfectly still, except for his eyes; his head did not raise and no muscle of his face changed, but his eyes whipped to the old lion hunter's face. After a moment he said, "Coffee, that's one remark you're sure going to have to back up."

"I'll say just one thing more. There's scarcely a man in this room that hasn't lied to me at least once, in the little time I've been here."

Horse Dunn sat up slowly, hitching himself square in his chair. "Maybe some of my boys have been a little hazy and loose-spoken about where they've been, and when. No man knows what he's up against here. Take Gil, here—the sheriff mixed him up. And why? Because Gil would try to stand by his side riders even if he knew every last one of 'em was guilty. If you hold that against him, then maybe you know dogs—but you're nuts!"

Old Man Coffee spoke past the pipe stem in his teeth. "I suppose that lets you out, too?" He sat looking at Dunn steadily, a little smile on his face.

Horse spread his hands in front of him on the table, as if he would jump across it, and his voice rose like the voice of a bull. "If you say I lied, then by God name what you mean!"

"To hell with you," Coffee said, without lifting his voice.

"You'll either back what you said," the outraged Horse Dunn stormed, "or you'll swaller it whole!"

"That I won't do either," Coffee said.

For a moment Horse Dunn stared at him blankly; then he sat down, and the flame went out of his eyes, giving place to something ugly. "I can't stand for that, Coffee," he said. "You know I can't stand for that."

"I can't help that."

"You don't give me any choice," said Horse Dunn thickly. "You sure you want to stick to what you said?"

"Naturally."

"If you don't want to work with me—I've got along all right so far, and I guess I'll be able to go on struggling along. I—"

"Wait," Billy began. "You—"

"Shut up, Wheeler," Coffee said. "You've acted like you've wanted out of this ever since I got you in it." Dunn clipped out. "All right then—you're out! And you can send me a bill for what I owe."

Old Man Coffee stood up and stretched himself, a queer smile on his face. "Just send me a check for a million dollars," he said. He sauntered out into the dark.

For a few moments after Old Man Coffee had gone out, the 94 people sat silent, unable to realize that the old lion hunter was no longer of their number.

Horse Dunn roused himself. "I always heard he was cracky. But now he's gone cracked altogether. I suppose the old fool won't even stay the night—he'll go sleep in the brush somewhere. Well, fair enough! Somebody go catch him his mule."

Two or three of them moved, but Billy Wheeler wanted the job, and he took it. He held a lantern while Coffee saddled his black mule. He knew it was useless to try to get the two old men together again, but he felt that it was one of those things that a man has to try. He kept trying to think of an angle of ap-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Wood Long in Use, but Forever Doomed
by Other Materials; Charcoal Replaced

Wood has found a wide variety of uses as a raw material in the past, but it seems forever doomed to be replaced by something else, writes Dr. Thomas M. Beck in the Chicago Tribune. It was the first fuel that men burned, but now it has been largely replaced by coal and petroleum. The first houses were made of wood, but now brick, glass, concrete, and steel are gradually taking its place. The wooden ships of a century ago have given way to the iron ships of today.

So it has been in the chemical industry, but with one important difference. Wood has been the source of a number of important raw materials which have later been produced more economically from other sources. However, the chemical importance of wood itself has not declined, for new uses have continually been discovered to take the place of the old ones.

For example, the first chemical reagent to be made from wood probably was charcoal, which is the fairly good grade of carbon left when the other elements of wood

are driven off by intense heat. Carbon is an excellent reducing agent, which means that it can readily combine, when hot enough, with the oxygen of metallic ores to form gaseous carbon oxides, thereby leaving the metal in a free state. At one time practically all the iron produced was done so with the help of charcoal. Now coke has taken its place almost completely.

Almost simultaneous with the decline of the metallurgical application of charcoal has been the development of another important use, although one more limited in volume. Carbon has an unusual ability to absorb organic matter on its surface. The porous nature of wood charcoal gives it a great amount of exposed surface, so that it possesses this absorptive power to an unusual extent.

College Football Started in '69
The first football game between colleges was played at New Brunswick, N. J., November 13, 1869, between teams representing Princeton and Rutgers. Rutgers won.

Smiles

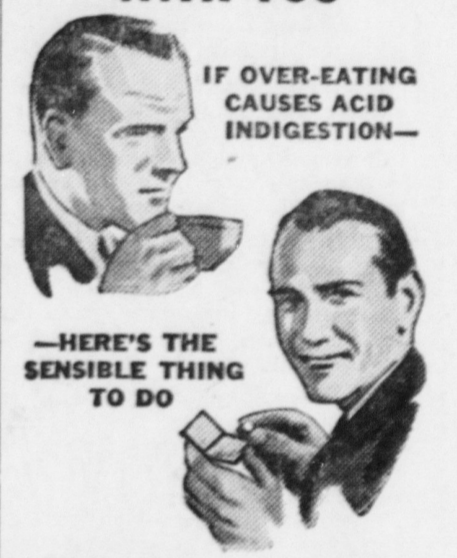
Two Sides to It
"She thinks no man is good enough for her."
"Well, she may be right."
"She may be. But she may be left, too."

It's No Use
"Every time I look at you, Maggie, I think of Ginger Rogers."
"Do you, David?"
"Yes, but a chap like me has to be content."

Resourceful: The man who promised his wife a circular tour—and took her on a merry-go-round.

A Mean Eye
Little Joan was learning to sew, and had been trying for several minutes to thread her needle. At length, losing patience, she said crossly: "I do believe the nasty eye isn't looking for the cotton."—Windsor Star.

CARRY YOUR
ALKALIZER
WITH YOU



IF OVER-EATING
CAUSES ACID
INDIGESTION—

—HERE'S THE
SENSIBLE THING
TO DO

"I'll be there," Wheeler said. "And don't you bring Horse Dunn—or any of his hired men either. Or by golly, I'll—"

"Okay."

When he was gone Billy Wheeler climbed to the top rail of the corral, where he sat despondently eyeing the horizon stars. For the first time he felt an overwhelming sense of the 94's helplessness against odds. Everything had gone against Horse Dunn; the outfit was confused, disorganized, at a loss.



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 teaspoonsful 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.

Common Sense Bows
Common sense bows to the inevitable and makes use of it.—Wendell Phillips.

Do something about
Periodic Pains

Take Cardui for functional pains of menstruation. Thousands of women testify it has helped them. If Cardui doesn't relieve your monthly discomfort, consult a physician. Don't just go on suffering and put off treatment to prevent the trouble.

Besides easing certain pains, Cardui aids in building up the whole system by helping women to get more strength from their food.

Cardui is a purely vegetable medicine which you can buy at the drug store and take at home. Pronounced "Card-u-d."

Room for Courtesy
Life is not so short but that there is always room for courtesy.—Emerson.

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Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of some kidney or bladder disturbance.

You may suffer nagging backache, persistent headaches, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—feel weak, nervous, all played out.

In such cases it is better to rely on a medicine that has won country-wide acclaim than on something less favorably known. Use Doan's Pills. A multitude of grateful people recommend Doan's. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS