



CHAPTER VIII-Continued

-10-Behind Marian's shadowed silhouette the window glass itself shattered, as if it had exploded inward; out in the brush sounded the ringing crack of a rifle. Then there was silence and the window against which Marian had stood was empty except for the lamp-lit gleam of its shattered glass.

Wheeler's breath jerked in his throat; he dropped to the ground and raced for the house.

In the dark beside the shattered window Douglas was holding the girl in his arms, and though she clung to him, Wheeler saw that the wagon boss was holding her up. He heard Douglas say, "Are you hurt? Are you-'

Billy Wheeler cried out, "In God's name, Marian-"

Marian's voice said shakily, "I'm all right."

"You hit?"

"No."

"Get a gun!" said Val Douglas crazily. "We was standing here, and somebody took a shot at-"

Wheeler turned and ran for the bunk house. Half way he almost crashed into Tulare Callahan. "What's up?"

"Get the boys out," Wheeler told "To hell with saddles, but him. get ropes and guns. Somebody fired into the layout-we've got to try to stampede over him in the brush."

Behind the 94 layout the buckbrush stood ragged, much of it shoulder high to a mounted man; in its crooked brakes the hard sandy ground showed barren in the light of the near stars.

With some difficulty Billy Wheeler restrained Gil Baker and Steve Hurley from spurring their ponies headlong into the brush, as if they were trying to jump a bunch of steers.

'Stick together, move slow, and keep stopping to listen," Wheeler said. "That's our only chance."

They trailed into the bush slowly, single file, Wheeler in the lead. He had accidentally mounted a horse that believed in ghosts, and it moved sidelong, stretching its nose warily at the brush shadows, blowing long uneasy whoofs. Repeatedly they halted to sit listening.

For an hour they combed the dark brush, alternately walking their leather. The sad

say something, so he said the first thing come into his head. Every sign we got points to the fact that Lon Magoon was killed, in his own saddle, and on his own horse, and at Short Crick."

"I'm thinking now," said Billy Wheeler, "that we can prove that one way or the other-right here and now.'

"How?" "We've still got his saddle, haven't we?"

"It's still under my bunk."

"Let me see it." Horse Dunn stared at him irritably for a moment, then picked up a lamp with a jerk, and led the way to the clean bare room in which he lived. By the yellow light of the lamp the fine old saddles on their racks against the wall glinted cleanly from silverwork and steel. Dunn sat down on a box and hooked his elbows on the table behind him. "Horse, how big a man is this

Lon Magoon? About my size?" "Hell, no! Not by eight inches.

Little short wiry feller-put you in mind of a grasshopper, or a flea."

Wheeler hauled out Magoon's saddle. Billy measured the length of the stirrup leather with his armstirrup in armpit, fingers upon the tree.

stand five-eleven," Wheeler "I "Yet these stirrups are too said. long for me to ride. Horse, the man that rode this saddle was over six feet tall."

Horse came across the room in two strides and dropped to one knee beside Billy. "Damn it, I know that's Magoon's hull!"

"You mean it was Magoon's hull. You can see the short-rig bends worn into the stirrup leathers. But since then the leathers have been let down long, and laced there with rawhide whang.

Horse Dunn measured the stirrup leathers against his own arm. Then he forked the saddle where it lay, jamming his feet into the stirrups. 'Tall as me," he breathed, unbelieving. He stared at the saddle incredulously for several moments. "Do you reckon," he said at last, "that infernal old lion hunter would let down those stirrups, just to get us balled up?"

"Look at the wear on the stirrup has t den since the stirrups were let down." Horse Dunn got up slowly and went back to his seat on the box. For a long time he sat staring at the floor. When at last he drew a deep breath and got up, his movements were those of a man preoccupied.

opening. "Horse, where was Bob Flagg last heard from?" Dunn's voice came out thickly. 'Flagstaff," he said.

CHAPTER IX

Horse Dunn sat relaxed, staring morosely at the floor. In his eyes a dark fire glowed. Wheeler wondered what ugly and shadowy things the old man was seeing. Perhaps, Wheeler thought, he would not wish to see in his life the like of what Horse Dunn was seeing, as he sat looking at the floor.

Finally Horse Dunn jerked to his feet with an abrupt impatience. "This is all pipe smoke," he said. "For a minute you threw me up in the air with that bunk. But hell! You figure Bob come here a way no man would ever think of coming. There's better than a hundred million people in this country, and Bob Flagg is one of 'em, so you figure that maybe it was him got killed!' "Well, we might anyway check

up at Pahranagat. There isn't so much travel up the Little Minto but what we could find out if Bob Flagg came that way." "I'll send Val Douglas over there

tomorrow. I sure don't aim to leave any stone unturned. But if a guess is an inch long, you sure jumped a mile."

"Maybe," Wheeler admitted.

Horse Dunn took a turn of the room and the fighting spirit that had flared up in his eyes burned low and smoky again. "This country's gone to hell in a handbasket. I've never asked for any more than justice, and I've dealt out nothing less. But where can you get it now? A man's hands are tied. There was more honesty in the old six-gun than in a thousand courts of so-called law. I'd give 'em their cock-eyed country. I'd wash my hands of the whole works, and good riddance-if it wasn't for the girl."

It always came back to Marian.

now, between himself and Horse nn, almost as clearly as if she

"No! You and me'll never make a deal like that!"

"It's your out," Wheeler told him, "and it's your only out. Let me take the finance and the outfit-and all the other ruction falls to pieces." And now Horse Dunn's eyes blazed again, and his voice crackled. "You'll never put a dime in this brand!"

"It's her brand," Wheeler reminded him. "You willing to let it bust up and go down, and the girl and her mother without a cent?"

"Let 'er bust-before it ever hangs on your dough!" "But damnation-why?"

"You want to know why? I'll tell you why! Because you want that girl! You want that girl-you think I'm blind? But she don't want you.



Couldn't You Sleep?"

I'd no sooner put her in your debt than I'd sell her to you outright. You're only making the offer because you're in love with Marian."

"You're crazy! I'm making the offer because I think I can come out on it."

"You old fool-" Wheeler held his

voice down-"do you think I'd ever

expect to get her that way? Do you

think I'd want her on the basis of-"

"Anyway, that's all over and done, two years back," Wheeler lied.

"Once she could have had me body

and soul. But that's all over. I

wouldn't tie myself up, not now, to

"You lie," said Horse calmly. "Horse, if you'll let me take-"

"Never a dime of your money in

her brand," Horse said with utter

Wheeler turned in that night feel-

It was still dark as Billy Wheeler

let himself noiselessly into the cook

himself cold biscuits; and in a huge

pot on the back of the stove he found

bitter coffee above a banked fire.

He had about finished washing

down his cold biscuits when he was

walking quietly toward the cook

light, gulped down half a cup of

Then, rounding the corner of the

cook shack he almost ran into Mar-

"Morning, Billy." He saw that

she was wearing belted overalls and

"Isn't this pretty early? Couldn't

(TO BE CONTINUED)

her or anyone else."

ing old and grim.

finality.



SOMETIMES a bad break in Hollywood leads to a good one, which is just another way of saying that motion-picture producers are slow to make up their minds. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going to star Willie Howard, the veteran comic of the stage, in a big musical extravaganza, because he was so funny in a skit in "Broadway Melody of 1938."

You never saw the skit, no matter how carefully you watched the picture, because it was cut out. When they first saw it, the officials of the studio didn't think it was so funny, and having to take something out to shorten the picture. they sacrificed what Howard was sure was the most hilarious skit of his career. Taking another look at the discarded film, officials have decided that it was very funnyso funny that they won't waste Howard's talents in the future.

-*-With the season of big motion pictures only a few weeks old, four of

the thirty or so pictures released have made outstanding hits. These are "Prisoner of Zenda" with Ronald Colman and Madeline Carroll, "100 Men and a Girl" with Deanna Durbin, "Thin Ice" with Sonja Henie, and Grand National's "Something to

Sing About" with Deanna Durbin James Cagney. This last is a grand bit of

nonsense in which the pugnacious Jimmy sings, dances, and fights his way through a delightful story, aided and abetted by Mona Barrie.

-*-Victor McLaglen roared into New York recently on his way to London to make a picture, and when Victor roars anyone would think the whole. boisterous good-humored American Legion was back in town. His high spirits are infectious and his magvetism so overpowering that when he introduced his friend Brian Donlevy as the greatest actor in the world, everyone agreed-for the mo-

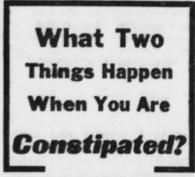


Polishing Linoleum .-- Dissolve a lump of sugar in the water when washing linoleum or oilcloth, and a brilliant polish will result.

Preserving Bright Color .-- Cooking preserves or jelly rapidly helps to retain the bright color of the fruit. The addition of pectin shortens the necessary cooking time. . . .

Just for a Change .-- If you cannot afford to buy anything new for the house and you are just a little bit disinterested this fall, try changing the position of the furniture and see if that bored feeling will not depart.

Opening Jars .- A strap with a buckle on one end can be used to good advantage in opening glass fruit jars. Run the strap through the buckle and tighten it around the cap. This enables you to get a good grip on the lid.



When you are constipated two things hap-pen. FILST: Wastes evell up the howels and press on merves in the digestive tract. This nerve pressure causes headsohes, a dull, lasy feeling, billous epells, loss of appetite and dis-siness. BECOND: Partly digested food starts to decay forming GAB, bringing on sour stemach (sold indigestion), and heartbarn. bloating you up until you conseitmes gasp for

n. en you epend many miserable days. You est. You can't sleep. Your stomach is You feel tired out, groushy and miser-

sour. You feel tired out, groussy and misser-able. To get the complete relief you sock you must do TWO things, 1. You must relieve the GAS. 3. You must clear the bowels and GET THAT PRESSURE OFF THE NERVES. As soon as offending wastes are washed out you feel marvelously refreshed, blues vanish, the world looks bright again. There is only one product on the market that gives you the double action you need. It is ADLERIKA. This efficient carminative cathartic relieves that avtil GAS at once. It often removes bowel congression in half an hour. No waiting for overnight relief. Adler-its acts on the stomash and both bowels. Or-disary laxatives act on the lower bowel only. Adlerika has been recommended by many doctors and droggists for 35 years. No grip-ing, no after effects. Just QUICK results. Try Adlerika today. You'll say you have never used such an efficient intestinal scenaer.

Character Making The man that makes a character makes foes .-- Young.



The old man didn't dare lose because of what it meant to the girl; he had labored for her too long, in years that for any other man would have been the twilight years of his life.

She came before Wheeler's eyes

horses and listening.

Not until they came out at the foot of a barren rise did they realize that they had wandered almost a, mile from their starting point. When you have seen one thicket of buckbrush by starlight you have seen them all. They had pushed through a hundred thickets, in which a man could have hidden under the very feet of their horses-yet in that mile of country there were a thousand thickets more. The riders were grim and tight-mouthed.

Horse Dunn met them at the corrals. He had been prowling all over the place, rifle on his arm. He spoke low-voiced, but no one of them



"I Don't Believe He Knows a Horse Track From a Hound's Ear."

would have crossed him then, any more than they would have fooled with a 14-hand silvertip. His words came out as hard as pieces of rock.

"Go on and turn in," he told them. "This is most likely all for tonight." Once they were inside, Horse demanded of Wheeler, "What the devil got into Old Man Coffee?"

'Whatever it was got into him, it's going to cost us plenty."

"I don't believe he knows a horse track from a hound's ear," Dunn declared angrily. "He puts me in mind of some old moss-horn-he paws and blows and hollers, but what's he know about it when he gets through? Nothing."

"I'm not so sure," Billy Wheeler said.

"Name one thing he found out!" "He figured out that the murdered man was not Magoon."

Horse snorted in disgust. "I don't telieve it. Coffee thought he had to

He got out a roll of adhesive tape, pulled off a boot and woolen sock, and began to tape up the outside of his ankle bone, which appeared to be skinned. "I've got to take a hammer to those spurs," he said, his mind on other things. "Seems like they-"

"Horse-Coffee was right! The man that died in this saddle was not Lon Magoon."

Suddenly Dunn stood up, a shaggy towering figure, staring redly at Billy Wheeler. "Then, in God's name, who's dead?"

Wheeler regarded him without expression. Within the hour, a shadowy hunch had come over him. He knew that he had no proof for the thing that was in his mind; yet somehow it stood clear and plain. He went to the fireplace, and picked up an old branding iron that had been in use as a fire poker. He squatted on his heels, and with this sooty iron began to make marks on Dunn's clean-swept floor.

"Saying that the 94 is here," he said, marking a cross, "and Short Crick over here; then here lies that broken badlands called the Red Sleep. Seems to me there used to be a trail across the Red Sleep, leading over to Pahranagat."

"Yes, sure. But-" Horse Dunn waited; Billy Wheeler studied the floor. "Where would a man be coming from, passing over Short Crick toward the 94? Maybe-Pahranagat?"

"Could," Horse admitted dubious-

ly. "That little railroad spur ends there."

"Sometimes," Horse Dunn made a sudden contribution, "Lon Magoon has shipped a few stolen beef carcasses out of Pahranagat.'

Wheeler nodded. "From Pahranagat the spur runs down the Little Minto to Plumas, then-let me see-'

"Cheat Creek, Monitor, Sikes Crossing," Dunn supplied; "and so to the main stem."

"And so to the main stem," Wheeler repeated. "And maybe an old-timer, a saddle man, working toward the 94 by train, would figure it was better to come by Pahranagat-and there pick up a horse?" They were silent, and the back-

ground of the outer night seemed uncommonly still-perhaps because Old Man Coffee's hounds were gone.

"A saddle-minded man," Wheeler repeated, "coming from - say-Flagstaff." He threw the branding iron into the fireplace; it sent up a puff of white ash, against the black

had really been in the room.

Dunn was saying, "Know what I'd like to do? I'd like to cut out for the sisted. Argentine. Where a man's cows have a chance to turn around, by God. I'd-"

"Argentine, hell!" Billy exploded at him. "If I'd been running this outfit, this situation would never have come up or started to come up!'

"I suppose you'd have sold out," Dunn said, a hard edge on his voice. "Maybe and maybe not. But I wouldn't have gone cow crazy, range crazy, until I couldn't afford to work my stock!"

Strangely, Horse did not anger. Wheeler saw that the Old Man thought his tirade was merely based. on youth and ignorance, which he had seen in unlimited quantities before.

"Maybe," Dunn said now, "you'd shack and lighted a lamp. He found have kept the 94 a little one-horse spread-in the best of shape. But that ain't the question now. We're where we are, and there's no use fighting over what went before."

"I can save it yet," Wheeler told annoyed to discover that another him rashly. "I can throw a hunearly riser was about. Someone was dred thousand into the 94."

"I didn't know you could swing shack. Hurriedly he blew cut his that much. You got it, Billy?" "What I haven't got of it-I can

dregs, and let himself out of the get.' kitchen, anxious to be on his way Horse Dunn studied him, sadly, a without conversation. long time. "That's an offer, is it?"

he said at last. "On one condition. That you give me a free hand, to hire, fire, buy or sell, land or cattle, for three

years.' "I believe," said Dunn, "I'd even do that."

"It's a deal, then?"

Army Takes Pride in Great Naval Guns;

Rifles Throw Shells Twenty-Six Miles

you sleep?"

ian.

boots.

lies the largest military concentration under the American flag, writes a Honolulu United Press correspondent.

This paradox of coast defense is due to diplomats and the formulation of the Washington Treaty. The treaty banned the addition of sixteen-inch guns to battleships, so the surplus rifles were turned over to the army.

Two of these guns, mounted on Ordnance department, were proof fired recently at Fort Barrette, 20 miles west of Honolulu, guarding the western approach to the island.

ingly their defense capabilities in fleet. time of emergency. Each is capable of hurtling a 2,100-pound projectile over a maximum range of 45,000 yards-nearly 26 miles. They can be swung around and elevated to a

maximum of 55 degrees. Hence they could drop a shell at

The army uses navy guns to | nearly any spot on a line described guard Oahu, the island on which by the perimeter of the island, guarding it from attack from virtually every side.

The guns weigh 140 tons each and

are as large as any in the world. Army experts believe they are of infinitely more value for defense than the lighter, mobile anti-aircraft guns and indicate they may recommend construction of similar batteries at other points.

A similar battery at Fort Weaver now guards the entrance to Pearl carriages constructed by the army's | Harbor, the navy's mighty Pacific base.

These guns are capable of firing 200 rounds without being dismantled. Thus each of them could Their performance showed strik- throw 200 tons of steel at an enemy

> First Eruption of Mount Etna The first recorded eruption of Mount Etna was in the Eighth century B. C. Another, occurring in 477 B. C., is graphically described in Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound."

ment. "You want the girl," Horse per-

Paramount goes right on announcing one picture after another for Frances Farmer, but Miss Farmer says that she is coming to New York to do a stage play called "The Manly Art" written by Luise Rainer's husband.

-*-

Out at the Universal studios where Henry McRae turns out thrilling serials faster than you can say "To be continued next week," they don't have much time to humor temperamental actors, but recently they had to give in and waste an hour or so while an actor had a tantrum. The actor was a lion. McRae thought he would save the lion from the exhausting period of posing while hot lights were adjusted, and brought in a stuffed lion as double. Jealous of this interloper, the lion broke loose from his cage, rushed on the set and tore the stuffed animal to bits.

-*-Theater owners all over the coun-

try are begging Republic and Grand National officials to speed up production on Westerns starring Gene Autry and Tex Ritter, so that the warbling cowboys will have time to make personal appearance tours. The ever-growing popularity of these two lads is the sensation of the bookkeeping departments.

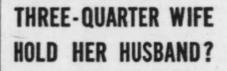
Ever since Claudette Colbert broke out in "She Met Him in Par-

is," as an accomplished figure - skater, all the other girls have wanted to show off their proficiency at winter sports. Ruby Keeler, recuperating from her recent illness, is planning for her first starring picture at R. K. O. The story is called "LoveBelow Freezing" and Claudette the big surprise is

Colbert that skiing is the main feature of the picture.

ODDS AND ENDS-Marlene Deitrich's ODDS AND ENDS—Marlene Deitrich's eyebrones that used to extend way out like streamers return to normal in her new picture "Angel" and will probably start a new fashion . . . Jean Parker made herself a hat, copied from one Gary Cooper wore in "The Plainsman" and now she is very busy helping friends make copies of it . . . Ronald Sinclair has proven entirely satisfactory in roles intended for Freddie Bartholomew, so it is doubtful that Freddie will get any-where with his strike for more money where with his strike for more money used to make records in France

Bing Crosby wants his friend, Babe Hardy, to play a dramatic role in his new picture, now that the team of Laurel and 'lardy have split. © Western Newspaper Union.



You have to work at marriage to make a success of it. Men may be selfish, unsympathetic, but that's the way they're made and you might as well realize it. When your back aches and your nerves scream, don't take it out on your husband. He can't possibly

know how you feel. For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smil-ing through" with Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the disconforts from the functional disorders which women must sndure in the three

women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Pre-paring for motherhood. 3. Ap-proaching "middle age." Don't be a three-quarter wife, take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and

Go "Smiling Through."

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