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# CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

WNU Service

### CHAPTER XI-Continued

Too much long riding alone-especially when it was mixed up with the night riders' long ropecould do queer things to a man whose head wasn't too strong in the first place. Lon Magoon, half outlaw, half sneak-thief, all coyote, might have turned at last into something which must be destroyed at sight, without hesitation.

Then he walked to the dead horse and roughly verified the angle of the shot; then turned and began to climb the canyon slope.

"Billy, come back! You can't-" "You stay down," he ordered her savagely. "Or by God, I'll tie you down with my pigging-string!"

It would have been easy then to walk into gunfire, easy to shoot it out with an ambushed man. Always keeping his eye on Marian's position, he searched those upper slopes, backward, forward, and quartering. But what happened to him was the one hardest thing of all-to find the broken country empty and silent, with nothing in it to fight or trail.

In the end he could only go back to the girl with no result to show, and no assurance as to what was ahead. He would not have been surprised, when he turned his back on that emptiness, if a gun had spoken from a place where no one was, and brought him down.

"No catchum," he told Marian. She had not stayed under cover, but was sitting on a rock, a little apart from her dead horse. No use quarreling with her over that; she had already proved to him that he couldn't control anything she chose to do. He put himself between her and the rim. "It's a long walk back," he said morosely. "That's my fault. I'm not used to this stuff, or I wouldnt have lost my pony. When I saw your horse drop-I lost my head, I guess."
"Because it was I," she said with

an unexpected, deep-striking clarity.
"We'd better get going, I think." "We can't go on? And get-"

"That must have been the man we were after, that killed your

She drew a deep breath, and stood up. For a moment she looked all about her, upward at the high, towering rims. Then suddenly he saw

He stepped forward in time to steady her with his hands on her arms. And now he found that she was trembling violently. Her face was white, making her eyes look enormous, and very dark. "Billy-I'm afraid-" She sat down on the rock again, as if her knees would not hold her up.

"No more danger, child. It's all over, and he's gone."

"But who could it be? Why should he want to-hurt me?"

"I-I don't know that. I can't imagine any living thing wanting to hurt you. I swear, by la Madre de Dios!-he'll pay for it if I live to find him. Now don't you be afraid any more. It's all over, for now."

The tears began to roll down her face, and she hid them with her hands. Quickly he looked about him, checking the throw of the land. Then he lifted her up and led her to a pocket gully at the foot of the precipitous north slope. When he had made sure that searching lead could not reach them here, he got the blanket from her dead pony, and spread it for her to rest upon; and gathered bits of dead brush to build a tiny fire. "Striking fire kind of seems like setting up a mark," he apologized. "But you're plenty safe if you stay close under the rock split. Now you take it easy. We'll rest here an hour or so; then we'll

go back." Marian drew up her knees, and hid her eyes against them. One of her hands reached out to him uncertainly, and he took it. Her fingers were moist and cold, with a tremor in them; he warmed them between his hands, noticing how huge his hands were made to look by her slim

Presently she looked up, shook her head sharply, and drew away her hand. "I'm all right now. Did you ever see such silliness?'

"Rest easy. We've got lots of time." The dusk had closed more rapidly at the last, and little light was left in the sky; but a moon was rising

behind a high point of rocks, silhouetting a crag that looked like a horse's head. He noticed how huge it looked, as

moons do when they are low to the earth. The horse-head crag had a 400-foot profile, but it looked little against the moon, which was made to look bigger than a mountain, bigger than a range.

"You know," he said, "it's funny how badly things work out; never the way you want them to be. Many and many a night, lying out in the hills, watching my fire—like this— I've thought about how it would be, if you were there. How I'd get you to like these hills, and the coyotes talking, and the smell of smoke in

your hair—you know, foolish stuff."
"I do love the hills," she said.
He shook his head. "This isn't

be able to lie by your fire and smell pine timber. And that crick out there ought to have water running in it. You sit and listen to running water, and pretty soon you get to hear voices in it; sometimes you lie awake for hours trying to get what they say. But what's more to the point, there's likewise trout in the water. There ought to be a nice pan of trout frying, here on the

"You fit with things like that, you know. As if you were made out of them.

He said, "A half hour's rest in the rocks, with a long, long walk ahead-this is about as close as people get to the way they want things, suppose."

"It's my fault, Billy. If I hadn't been so stubborn you wouldn't have lost your horse; you'd have gone on through."

"Shucks, now!" She was silent, and they sat looking into the fire. The smell of autumn was cool and clean in the air, across the dry sage; and the redgold moon faintly mellowed the chill of darkness on the gaunt hills, so in a dream. "Some places," he said, "they call

that a harvest moon; the Indians call it the hunting moon, and they used to make smoke-medicines by "What do you call it?"

"Well-sometimes we call it a



"Well, You See-" She Met His Eyes Again-"I Win."

kind of singing craze on the coyotes They gather around on hill tops, seems like, and sing their hearts out, as if it drove them wild crazy, some way. Listen."

Far off, so faint a whisper that it seemed half imagined, they could hear now a queer high crooning, full of an interwoven yapping and trilling, like nothing else on earth.

"It sounds," Marian said, "as if there were 40 or 50 of them-sitting somewhere on a mountain in a

"Two," he told her. "They pair off this time of year." "Two," she repeated. that's why there's something more than moon madness in that sing-

He knew that they should be starting the long return, but he could not bring himself to say so. The thing that had brought them together again-the disaster to Horse Dunn and the 94-had nearly run its course. And he knew that it was a good thing for him that it had. Already he had lived under the same roof with Marian too long for his own good. He no longer had any hope that he could forget her; she would always be in the back of his mind some place, waiting to come real close to him in his dreams.

He supposed he would have to learn to live with those dreams. To sit with her now, far out and alone beside the little fire was itself an unreal and precious thing, now that he no longer fought against it. A quiet peace had come upon this place; or something as near peace as he ever knew any more. She was very near to him, so near that though their shoulders did not touch, it seemed to him that he could feel her warmth; and her hair, with the firelight in it, was a warm smoky mist, shot with gold,

clouding his eyes. They sat for a long time listening to the faint coyote song and the little popping of the fire. Once, as they sat quiet, he heard far off a thing he did not understand. It was so distant and so muffled that he could not at once decide whether it could have been the fall of a rock from a high place, or had been the report of a gun far away up the canyon, smothered by close walls and the drift of the air. He glanced at Marian to see if she had noticed

it, and saw that she had not.

Marian looked at him, the firelight

it. This isn't right. You ought to pooling long shadows under the lashes of her steady eyes. "I just thought of something.'

> "This-isn't it kind of funny?this is exactly the situation we were speaking of the other day." He was puzzled. "When was this?"

"In Inspiration."

'What was it?"

For a moment he didn't get it. Then it came back to him in a rush -the blast of sun upon the dusty street, the atmosphere of silent, waiting hostility, the groups of spurred and booted men in doorways, watching without seeming to watch; and he had stood talking to Marian across the door of a car, not thinking about what was ahead. "'If you and I were set afoot,' she quoted, "'some place far off in the mountains at night, with only one blanket between us-"

He was resting perfectly still on one elbow, looking at the fire; but he could feel her eyes, so near his face, watching him under her lashes. And behind her eyes he supposed she was laughing at him.

"I was right," she said. "You didn't know it then, but you can see it now. You see-it seems a good that they sat here in unreality, as if | deal different, now that we're really

"Does it?" he said without expression. He got up with a sort of stiff, slow leisure, for the little fire was burning low. He went beyond the fire, squatted on one heel beside it, and fed it pieces of stick.
"You see, I know you, Billy.

Sometimes I think I know you better than I know myself." Her eyes wavered and drifted out toward the low young stars. "I can remember when I was afraid of you. If we had been out here then-two years ago-I would have wanted nothing so much as to get back among other people. That's all gone, now."

He looked at her. She had never seemed more lovely, more human, more elementally desirable than she looked now, a tired girl in cow-country work clothes, slim and lazy, relaxed by the little fire as if she had never known any other resting place in her life. Her face was quiet, almost grave; but though her eyes looked drowsy there was a little gleam in them that did not come from the flame in front: a small provocative glimmer of fire within, which he had seen in her eves only two or three times in his life-and never before the last two or three days.

Their eyes met and held, his steady and masked within, hers seeming to laugh at him a little, half veiled by her lashes.

"I said," she reminded him, "that if we were-in a situation like this. there wouldn't be anything for me to worry about, nothing at all. And you said, if I thought that I was a fool. Well, you see—" she met his eyes again—"I win."

Still her eyes held, and he could not understand why hers did not "I can't believe, hardly," he drop. "I can't believe, hardly," he said, "that you have any idea what sort of thing you're talking about." She smiled. "You think I don't? That's because western men are certainly the most conventional peo-

ple in the world." Suddenly he angered. He had not brought her here of his own will, nor set them afoot, nor wished to rest here with her. He would not even have been on her range, or within a day's ride of it, if her interests had not drawn him in and held him. She had made her decisions in regard to him long ago, and to change them he had spent his every resource without any effect. And now, at the last-it amused her to torment him. It seemed to him that there was a capricious she-devil in that girlperhaps in all women, given opportunity.

"You see, I know you," she was saying again. The masks behind his eyes

dropped away, and though his face hardly changed his eyes reddened,

seeming to smoke with an angry are that came up behind. She herself had lighted that fire, long ago. It was a fire that had driven him relentlessly, making him rich; it could have made him work for her all her life-or it could break him again, and drive him up and down the world. Suddenly he did not know whether he loved or hated this girl.

"I'll give you the same answer I gave you in Inspiration," he said, his words almost inaudible, even against the stillness of the night. "If you think that, you're a little fool."

Still she met his eyes, so long, so steadily, so knowingly that he wondered for an instant what was happening, was going to happen, there under the coyote moon.

Then he saw her face change, so that she was suddenly pale, and the unreadable light in her eyes went out, and she was like a little girl. Abruptly she pressed her face hard into her hands.

He made his voice as hard and cold as the rocks that hung over them. "Now what?"

She answered in a muffled voice, 'I was wrong-I am afraid. I-I fail every one . . . " She lifted her head and glanced about her, as if she were seeing this place for the first time. A black shape lay beside the empty dust of the stream, like a great black bottle overturned -the carcass of Marian's dead horse. Suddenly the girl turned sideways, and dropped her head in her arms upon the blanket. She began to cry, terribly, silently except for the choke of her breath.

He sat down against a rock and waited. The gaunt, dead rock-hills leaned over them sadly cold and silent, blackened by the twisted ghost shapes of the parched brush. And the coyote moon was pale and old, no longer golden, but greenish, like phosphorus rubbed on a dead and frozen face. Once she said, "But it's your

fault, too-that I fail-your fault as much as my own." His answer was perfectly honest.

"I don't know what you mean."

### CHAPTER XII

It was impossible for him to sit waiting for her weeping to stop, while her slim body shook convulsively with her effort to suppress it, and her breath jerked uncontrollably in her throat. Her tumbled hair made her seem a child; he had never seen her look so small, so fragilely made. And he thought he had never in his life seen anything so pitifully in need of comforting.

He swore under his breath and got to his feet. For a few moments he stood over her, watching the movement of the firelight in her hair. He could hardly prevent himself from touching her; almost he stooped and picked

her up in his arms. But he was telling himself that that was the last thing she wanted.

He walked out a little way into the dark, and stood listening to the night silence. He was still worrying about the distant muffled sound of concussion which he had heard. It seemed to him now that what he had heard was unquestionably the sound of a gun-perhaps a gun fired near the forgotten miner's shanty at the upper end of the gulch; but what he could not imagine was who could have fired it. He had assumed that it was Lon Magoon who had killed Marian's pony; but now he saw that something was wrong. If Magoon had fired upon Marian Dunn and killed her horse he would not have gone to the cabin at the head of the gulch, but would have put long country between himself and them. Therefore two men, not one, must be prowling these hills. He thought of Coffee's theory that there had been a third man at Short Crickand was worse puzzled than before. (TO BE CONTINUED)

### Azaleas of the South Imported From France: Plant Brought From Toulouse

Azalea time in the deep South is | find that Francois Ludgere Diard, one of great joy and exquisite beauty, writes Annabella Neusbaum in Nature Magazine. When the azaleas, evergreen shrubs of delicate foliage, burst their buds, masses of flowers cover the bush until, its foliage hidden, the entire plant is a glowing mass of living color.

The gracious charm of old Mobile, with her quaint old streets and spacious avenues lined with magnificent century-old live oaks and magnolias, provides a perfect setting for the azaleas and camellias. Today, Mobile has a beautiful "Azalea trail," a road some fifteen miles long that leads one through streets literally banked with these flowers. The plants range from two to twenty feet in height, the reigning color being a glorious deep pink.

The history of the azaleas is close-

ly interwoven with the romantic history and tradition of the old South. They came to the New World shortly after Bienville founded Mobile in 1711. From old family records we

native Mobilian and direct descendant of one of the original settlers, returned to France to visit relatives in Toulouse. At the time of his visit the azaleas of southern France were blooming. He was so impressed with their dazzling splendor that on his return to the New World he brought home three varieties: a deep glowing pink known today as Pride of Mobile; a lavender-pink one, and a snowy-white one. Today, gorgeous specimens of these original plants can be seen in the oldest gardens-some of them perhaps a century and a half old, 20 feet high, and spreading out to a diameter of 100 feet. Now they are found all along the Gulf Coast from Texas to Florida, up the Atlantic seaboard to South Carolina.

Death of President Garfield President Garfield was shot on July 2, 1881, by Charles Jules Guiteau, and died at Elberon. N J., on September 19, of the same year.

## Uncle Phil &

A rumor may not have a leg to stand on, yet how swiftly it

Some stones that don't roll, don't accumulate moss. They get buried in the mud.

All the ladders of success have a missing rung, here and there. You have to be prepared for that. If one must be homely why can't one be grandly homely like Abraham Lincoln was?

Things we'd like to know. Why are lawyers' arguments called

### On Uncrowded Roads

There were careless drivers 30 years ago, but the horses had

A man deserves praise for "doing what he ought," because it is so hard.

Silence doesn't always mean that your adversary in argument has given in.

Perhaps men who are "strong and silent" are not particularly interested in hearing what other people have to say, either.

### A Three Days' Cough Is Your Danger Signal

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 Creomul-sion. Your druggist is authorized to refund your money if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the bene-fits 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.)

### Self-Mastery

I will be lord ove rmyself. No one who cannot master himself is worthy to rule, and only he can rule.-Goethe.

To Women: If you suffer every month you owe it to yourself to take note of Cardui and find out whether it will benefit

Functional pains of menstruation have, in many, many cases, been eased by Cardul. And where malnutrition (poor nourishment) had taken away women's strength, Cardul has been found to increase the appetite, improve digestion and in that way help to build up a natural resistance to certain useless suffering. (Where Cardul fails to benefit, consult a physician.) Ask your druggist for Cardui - (pro-nounced "Card-u-i.")

In Our Need Just to realize that there are friends in the world who care is a great help.-Sir Wilfred Grenfell.



Plenty and Want If there is too much rice in the kitchen, there are starving people on the road .- Mencius.



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

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### Sentinels of Health

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