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your rooms exactly. Crochet the medallions one at a time, some plain, some figured, and join them for this stunning diamond design.

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All people who suffer occasionally from headaches ought to know this way to quick relief. At the first sign of such pain, take two Bayer Aspirin tablets with a half glass of water.



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Desolation Never Complete No one is so utterly desolate, but some heart, though unknown, responds unto his own.—Longfellow.

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CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

Alan LeMay WNU Service

CHAPTER XI—Continued

Too much long riding alone—especially when it was mixed up with the night riders' long rope—could do queer things to a man whose head wasn't too strong in the first place.

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.

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.

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 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.

"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."

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 fingers.

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."

pooling long shadows under the lashes of her steady eyes. "I just thought of something." "What was it?" "This—ain't it kind of funny?—this is exactly the situation we were speaking of the other day."

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.

She was silent, and they sat looking into the fire. The smell of autumn was cool and clean in the air, across the dry sags; and the red-gold moon faintly mellowed the chill of darkness on the gaunt hills, so that they sat here in unreality, as if 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 it."

"What do you call it?" "Well—sometimes we call it a coyote moon. Because it puts 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."

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

They 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 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 people 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 without 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.

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.

His answer was perfectly honest. "I don't know what you mean."

CHAPTER XII

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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.

There were 40 or 50 of them—sitting somewhere on a mountain in a ring.

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Uncle Phil Says:

Quickly Gets Around A rumor may not have a leg to stand on, yet how swiftly it travels.

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?

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.

Self-Mastery I will be lord over myself. 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 Cardul and find out whether it will benefit you.

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

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

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Azaleas of the South Imported From France; Plant Brought From Toulouse

Azalea time in the deep South is one of great joy and exquisite beauty, writes Annabella Neusbaum in Nature Magazine.

find that Francois Ludgere Diard, native Mobilian and direct descendant of one of the original settlers, returned to France to visit relatives in Toulouse.

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

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