Cattle Kingdom

"Oh, Horse, Horse," Marian said, "how did it ever happen?" "The shoot-out with Flagg, you

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

mean?" He told them now, step by step; the story of an old gun-fighter, and old ideals of justice and right. It came out haltingly, as Horse Dunn paced. But even told slowly, and with an effort greater than they

could ever know, that story was

Until he met Bob Flagg on the Red Sleep trail, Dunn had had no advance word of his partner's arrival. At that time he had already been waiting for Flagg's arrival for weeks-the very existence of the 94 depended upon him; and Dunn was shocked and astonished to meet a frayed-out man on a worthless horse and a saddle borrowed from a rustler-and recognize this man as his Arizona partner.

And then, riding toward the 94 with Flagg, Dunn had learned the truth. There had been no sale of the Flagg-Dunn ranch, and there were no proceeds. There had been no such ranch for more than two

Bob Flagg had neither been completely crooked, nor completely foolish; but a combination of some folly and some crookedness had been more than enough to break the brand when the beef market failed. To Dunn, in the moment of discovery, it must have seemed that Marian's property-for the Arizona ranch was to have saved Marian's 94-had been gambled away by his cheating partner.

"There was only one thing to do," Horse Dunn said now with an odd simplicity. "Bob Flagg knew it as well as me. You have to say this for him-he put off facing the music for two years; but in the end he came and faced it like a man. I said to him, 'Bob, I can't let this pass.' He said, 'I know it, Horse.' I said, 'Bob, I aim to turn my back. Fire your first shot into the air. When I hear your gun, I'll turn and draw.' His second shot sung over me, for I had to stoop to go for the only gun I had, which was an old derringer in my boot; and in the next second I let drive-and he

was through." Slowly, then, old Horse Dunn tried to explain to them how it was he had buried Bob Flagg in the Red Sleep. It had seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should make a suitable burial of his partner in some far, open place. He felt no sense of remorse. He had simply set out to lay away his partner-no less his partner because they had split at the end of the trail.

And then the thought of seeing horror in the eyes of his niece, who would not understand-it suddenly had seemed more than he could face. Never before in all his long career had Horse Dunn concealed from the world anything that he had done. Even this time, his worship of this girl prompted him only to a single trick—the trick that had fooled Old Man Coffee in the Short Creek trailing. He was riding a horse from which the shoes had just been pulled, so that it had deep, long hoofs, with nail splits. He simply rode the horse into the water, dismounted, and trimmed the hoofs flat to the sole, with his knife. It had fooled Coffee; it had not fooled old Rock.

Nor had it fooled Cayuse Cayetano. But Horse rested no great weight in the killing at Ace Springs. Cayuse had been a worthless character; Horse already owed him a heavy debt in missing calves, for Cayetano had been a cow thief in his own right. Horse looked at this shoot-out as an execution long overdue. Yet here as before he had given his adversary a better than even break.

As Wheeler and Coffee had suspected, Lon Magoon had been a distant witness. Magoon was another whose punishment for petty rustling Dunn had considered too long delayed. He too had had best break. But before the great old fighter lesser men seemed to go to pieces, losing their fighting mettle so that there could be only one end.

To overtake Magoon, Horse Dunn had muffled the hoofs of his pony with pads cut from a harness collar, and thus had advanced in silence over naked rock. It was only incidental that the trail of the muffled hoofs had been too obscure for Billy Wheeler to see.

That was all the story. One thing, only one, had warped that whole brief history into something mysterious and strange, distorting it, to Dunn's own bewilderment, past all recognition: that was the old fighter's abject humility, his pathetic, unreasoning panic before the dis-approval of Marian, his niece. Without that, that first simple shoot-out would have ended where it had occurred, without any hue or cry or storming up of a range. It had been that one effacing of the trail, and thereafter the silence of Horse Dunn, that had changed it all

they're sick of fighting. They'll never prove-"

"There'll be no fight on that," Horse Dunn said. "All my life I've faced things out. Behind this girl -there ain't ever again going to be a shadow of any dark thing hid." Marian said, "Horse-Horse-"

At the sound of her voice the old man seemed to crumple and break. He sat down on the bare steel cot within his cell, bent his head, and slowly ran his big hands through

The tears were running down Marian's cheeks, but suddenly her head went up. "What he says he'll dohe'll do. No one understands that better than I. But there's one other way. There are still cattle, and open country, and space!" "You mean-"

"The Argentine! If he's spoken of it once, he's spoken of it a dozen times. If he won't keep quiet and



He Never Liked That Weapon

let us fight this thing here-at least we can split this place wide open, and start him on his way!"

Horse Dunn stood up slowly, like a man rising to the lig Marian—why, Marian—' man rising to the light.

"We'll take you out of here. We've still got good men, and horses and guns. Coffee knows the old lost trails that none of these others know. Hold yourself ready-tonight, this very night! We're too much for them yet, you hear? We'll

come into this town-"
"Tush, child! I don't care what comes out of this now. I couldn't let you get into stuff like that, for me!"

"This isn't for you," she told him. "This is for me, you hear? We'll-" The door flared open and shut again as Old Man Coffee slid in. "The sheriff's started up the hill. What more you want to say-say

"Tonight," Marian said. "Nowyou can't argue any more." She pulled down his head, and kissed him, as Walt Amos hauled open

Looking back once more, Billy Wheeler saw that there were tears in the old man's eyes. Yet-he thought he had never seen the face of any man so happy, so serene, so secure in what was ahead. For a moment, though, Billy was troubled. As the door closed between them, Wheeler thought that Dunn's eyes were looking at the girl like the eyes of a man seeing her for the last

CHAPTER XV

Horse Dunn waited until he was certain that it was dark before he began to count the time. From within the concrete walls he could see no part of the sky, and it was hard to judge the time when you could not see even a single star. It was his intention to wait three hours more. He supposed that his people would choose to strike between midnight and dawn, but he dared not take any risk. Their first reconnaissance into the town must find him long on his way-whatever way that was to be. Just as there must no longer be any dark concealments in the background of Marian's life, so it was also impossible that he allow her the memory of her father's brother as a convicted murderer. Even before the steel door had closed, shutting away his last sight of the girl for whom he had labored so long and faithfully, he had made up his mind what he

With war and violence so close ahead he knew that he should have been hearing the Indian medicine drums in his blood, like an old war pony smelling battle; but, somewhere along the trail, all that seemed to have gone out of him. He felt no suspense. His only concern was that he should not fail in his "Horse." said Billy Wheeler, judgment of his time. Once as he we've got a good case yet! We'll waited a car came roaring into In-

haust, coming to him muffled where he lay in the dark on his bare steel cot, was indistinguishable from the voice of Billy Wheeler's roadster. He started up, fearful that he had miscalculated, and delayed too long. But nothing happened; and presently he settled back again.

When he judged that most of his allotted time was gone, he sat up on the edge of the cot, and drew the ancient derringer out of his right boot. His hands automatically test- him!" And Caldwell's thick, sardoned its well oiled action, raising and lowering the hammer without percussion against the shell. He had never liked that weapon; but he had carried it because it was snub-nosed and lightly built, and fitted in his boot where anyone could see that no gun could go. He pulled off his left boot. Laid close around his ankle, and secured there with a wrap of silk handkerchief, he was carrying four buckshot - loaded shells. Fired from the snub-nosed derringer the shot had poor penetration, as Old Man Coffee had observed; but at short range the shells delivered a sufficiently savage blast, as they had well proved. He now took them into his hand; and, when he had pulled his boot on again, he sat weighing them thoughtfully in his great fist, and thinking of things deep in the past.

Presently Horse Dunn grinned to himself and stood up; and one by one he tossed the shells through the iron bars into the dark. He heard them fall and lose themselves in the black alley around his barred cell. After all, he had never expected to see the Argentine.

The fourth shell he held a moment or two, wondering if it ought not to be-his own. If a man came to the last pinch, and saw for certain what was ahead, it was a pity to leave it to the coyotes to finish him up. But in the end he laughed, easy and indifferent, and tossed the fourth shell after the others into the dark. The one remaining shell was in

the gun. He stretched lazily, yawned deeply to the bottom of his great lungs; and fired his last shell against the iron door.

Up the hill from the sheriff's house came the sound of running feet; the sound stopped outside, and the big keys to the steel door clattered at their locks. This was followed by a brief pause and a lowvoiced conference; Dunn recognized Link Bender's voice and a spasm of regret shook him for the lost shells.

Horse Dunn stood up, thrusting the hand which held the derringer into the front of his shirt. With his free hand he gripped a bar of his cell high up, and let his knees sag down and his head fall on his chest as the door swung wide. Walt Amos came into the open

door, gun in one hand, lantern in the other. Dunn made his voice strangle in his throat as he gasped -"Amos-in God's name-"

The young sheriff sprang forward, holstering his weapon. "How in all hell-" He fumbled for a key from his belt, chattered it at the door of the inner cell. "Who got you? Man, can you speak?" Amos set the lantern down, swung the inner door; and the snub-nosed derringer that could cut men in two was in his stomach, and Dunn's great fist was clamped on the gun butt for which Amos snatched.

"Reach," Dunn said; and the sheriff's hands went up. Horse jerked the sheriff's gun, and tossed it clattering into the shadows. He turned the sheriff, gripped him by the back of the belt, and nosed the empty derringer into his back.

He kicked the lantern light into a ahead of him into the door open-"Now, you out there-how about letting drive at this door? Before I wake you up with a shot or two under his arm!"

Walt Amos sung out in a ghastly

fight this to the last ditch, until | spiration and the sound of its ex- | voice, "For God's sake take care yourselves! He's got me cold!" Outside, three figures moved

abruptly in the clear light of the risen moon; Dunn saw and knew Halliday and Caldwell, but had not time to recognize the third, who raced to take cover around the corner of the jail. He supposed this was Link Bender. He heard Halliday swear, and Sam Caldwell called out a sharp order to the third man. Halliday shouted, "Walt, grapple ic voice said from shadows into which he had disappeared, "Grapple him yourself, you fool!"

Horse Dunn sidled along the wall of the jail, weaving the sheriff's lurching and stumbling figure between himself and the general location of Sam Caldwell. Walt Amos called out, "Link, look out! He's coming round the jail!"

"You got guts, kid," Horse Dunn said. He got around the jail, backed over the crest of the hill. He wished that he knew where Link Bender had gone. Of them all, Link Bender was the fox. Just over the crest was the long adobe wall of a storehouse long since ruined. He got his back against the remains of this wall, and here rested, for he had been almost carrying the sheriff with one hand.

For a moment or two then the night was very still. His eyes were searching shadows, trying to spot his enemies. But what came to his mind then was that the breeze from the desert was fresh and sweet, and very precious in his lungs; and the moonlight that betrayed him was very lovely. And he saw again the light of just such a blue-silver moon as this, that had once played curious tricks as it wavered in the pale hair of the woman who had become Marian's mother.

Suddenly Walt Amos twisted like a mountain lion, and his back was strong as the back of a young horse. Horse smashed out overhand with the gun butt in his fist, and Amos went down as if felled by the blow of a silvertip, and lay quiet.

Dunn half turned; and from the end of the adobe wall flame spurted to the roar of a forty-five.

Horse Dunn flattened himself against the adobe, and his knees bent; the old derringer almost slipped from his fingers, but he caught it and held it tight. Slowly he slid down until he was crouched upon one knee. He was waiting, gathering all his strength. He knew then that if some freak of luck gave him one more chance at his enemies, he would not be able to carry through the promise he had made himself in Marian's name.

A figure moved along the shadow of the adobe, coming closer, cau-tiously. That would be Link Bender. The old fighter could no longer judge distances very well. He waited as long as he dared, in his ebbing strength.

Suddenly Horse Dunn rose straight upward on his heels, hurled the empty derringer in Bender's face, and lunged forward. His big hands groped in thickening darkness for his enemy's gun arm.

A gun was talking, and a second gun, and a third, filling the night with battle uproar. Horse Dunn stood straight up, staggered back-ward two steps, found the support of the adobe wall; then folded at the knees and went down slowly, his fingers gripping at the adobe bricks.

The 94's sand-weathered touring car stood lightless in a clump of creosote bush a hundred paces off the Inspiration road. Val Douglas and Steve Hurley were draped in black shatter, and his voice turned | the front seat, their legs hanging savage as he shoved the sheriff over the doors. Billy Wheeler lay full length on a running board, trying to doze; and though Marian was supposed to be asleep in the back seat, he knew that she was as broad awake as he.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Purple Martin Leads as Destroyer of Insects: Quail Devours Noxious Weeds

en quail as a destroyer of insect pests, for the martin feeds entirely on flying insects, captured on the wing. True as this may be, one quail is worth a hundred martins as a harvester of noxious weeds, writes Albert Stoll, Jr., in the Detroit News.

From an economical standpoint, it is difficult to say which bird is of the most benefit to mankind or whether those that feed on wing are of greater value than those that gather their food from the ground or surrounding vegetation.

The air feeders are a most interesting lot of birds. All flycatchers, particularly the phoebe and king-bird, the swallows, the martins, the swifts, the whippoorwill, the night-hawk, the ruby-throated humming bird and a few of our warblers, feed almost exclusively when in flight.

One purple martin is worth a doz-, their search for food would put to shame any sideflop, nose dive or loop-the-loop of the most experienced aviator. Seldom do they miss an insect that crosses their path and the millions that are devoured each day are beyond reckoning.

For perfect balance and stationary position in flight, our hats are off to the ruby-throated humming bird. He is a fellow who packs more wing beats to the second than any other living creature. All his food is garnered from nectar-bearing plants and shrubs of wayside gardens and tangled woods. He hovers with perfect poise over the bloom, darting with unerring accu-racy from bloom to bloom.

It is the sight of these air gymnasts, turning, twisting and turnbling that causes the spectator to look on with awe and to wonder if mankind's most ambitious plans to conquer the air will ever equal those of birdland's flying harvesters.

Change Wishes to Stitches



to pretty clothes and subject to the usual feminine foibles (but not | to wear a dress that makes you make a wish like this, don't we?

Looking to Spring. The frock at the left has never been in anybody's window, but you can bet your bottom dollar it's going to be seen this spring wherever style is of first importance. It interprets the mode in a young and graceful manner. And because it's a Sew-Your-Own original it's the last word in simplicity. Make it either with long or short sleeves in lame, sheer

Your-Own?

wool, satin, or velvet. Pajamas for Madame.

Pajamas that make you want to help you sleep like a log-is that long sleeves 4% yards. nd you have in mind, Milady? You can depend upon today's model either in taffeta or velvet for leisure; cotton flannel, silk crepe or seersucker for sleepy time. Make this becoming style in duplicate while you're about it and be the perfectly groomed pajama girl all-around-the-clock. To Start the Day.

A good way to start your day, Miss Keep-the-Home-Beautiful, is

Favorite Recipe of the Week-

Corn Tamale Pie.

ONE-DISH meals for the main portion of the supper are a great help to the housewife who is doing the last minute preparation. This popular tamale pie can be fixed in the morning when you are doing work around the kitchen and then not heated until time

1 No. 1 can whole kernel corn

2 8-ounce cans tamate sauce

1 dozen ripe olives
3/2 cup grated cheese
Salt and pepper

Blend the whole kernel corn with the tamales, tomato sauce, and olives; season with salt and pepper and pour into a casserole. Sprinkle cheese over the top and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) for about 40 minutes, or long enough to heat the pie thoroughly.

Hot biscuits, spiced peach pickles, and a green salad would taste good with this supper.

Fruit would make the best dessert. Just plain chilled canned pears, apricots, or plums would be a fine finish, or if you prefer, a soft custard may be served over the fruit.

too well-blessed financially) often pretty as a picture. The model at the right will do just that. Fur-Ah, but here's good news, Milady! thermore, you will be thrilled to Thanks to Modern Sew-Your-Own see how easy it goes together. you can make all your wishes come true on the "pretty percentage" basis. You may have "that darling dress" at half the may enjoy variety of fabrics with price (you won't have to give up the difference you save by sewyour left arm either). Why not ing. Won't you join us today-one decide today to sew, sew, Sew- pattern will convince you that Sew-Your-Own "really has something there."

The Patterns.

Pattern 1416 is designed for sizes 12 to 20 (30 to 38 bust). Size 14 requires 41/8 yards of 39-inch material; with short sleeves 3% yards. The bow requires % yard ribbon.

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No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold, or bronchial irritation, you can not relief now with Graenwelston. 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-

don't be discouraged, try Creomul-sion. 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.)

Less Cost to Consumer Advertising increases the sales of the manufacturer and merchant, enabling them to spread their overhead over a wider volume of business and so reduce the price of merchandise to the consumer.

COLDS

Are Women Better Shoppers than Men

GRANTING a woman's reputation for wise buying, let's trace the methods by which she has earned it. Where does she find out about the advantages and details of electrical refrigeration? What tells her how to keep the whole household clean - rugs, floors, bathroom tiling - and have energy left over for golf and parties? How does she learn about new and delicious entrees and desserts that surprise and delight her family? Where does she discover those subtleties of dress and make-up that a man appreciates but never understands?

Why, she reads the advertisements. She is a consistent, thoughtful reader of advertisements, because she has found that she can believe them - and profit thereby. Overlooking the advertisements would be depriving herself of data continuously useful in her job of Purchasing Agent to the Family.

For that matter, watch a wise man buy a car or a suit or an insurance policy. Not a bad shopper himself! He reads advertisements, tool