

CATTLE KINGDOM

By ALAN LEMAY

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XV—Continued

Steve Hurley kept fretting, hungry for action. "Most likely they've got Coffee and Tulare in the cooler! They should have been back an hour ago."

"More like two hours," Val Douglas thought.

"If we was to drift into that town," Steve said, "either we'd meet 'em on the road, or they're needing our help, by God! I think we oughter—"

"We're plenty close now," Wheeler said. "You can see the lights of the town from here—or could before they all went out. If you think I'm going to take Marian into town—into a shooting scrape—forget it. Unless Tulare and Coffee get back with my car, so that she can go on back to the ranch—I stay here. And so does the car stay here."

"Don't you bother about me," Marian spoke. "I'll get along all right."

It was after midnight. Their plans for the crack-out of Horse Dunn were indefinite, because their information was indefinite. First was necessary the seizure of Walt Amos, for it was known that he carried the keys to the Inspiration lock-up; but the trouble was that they did not know how many deputies were camped with Amos, in his house below the jail. If more than one or two were there, they thought that it would be a good idea to create a gunpowder diversion in some other quarter of the town, to draw away a part of the sheriff's force. Tulare had driven Old Man Coffee into Inspiration to make a reconnaissance, and what they feared now was that the hot temper of Tulare had got both scot and trouble.

"There ain't much left of the night," Steve complained.

"Leave one man here with Marian," Steve suggested, "and let the rest of us go take that town apart! Or anyway, find out what's up."

They finally agreed upon this; but only after it was conceded to Billy Wheeler that they wait a quarter of an hour more.

That last quarter of an hour dragged out like a week; and still no headlights appeared upon the Inspiration road.

"It must be time by now," Steve Hurley insisted.

"Five minutes more."

A gleam of lights showed two miles off in the outskirts of the town; a car was coming out of Inspiration at last. So slowly it came that this could not be the driving of Tulare. Even when Billy Wheeler's rooster pulled up beside them on the road they stayed quiet for a moment, suspicious that the car was no longer driven by their own men. Then Old Man Coffee sang out. "Billy Wheeler?"

"Here!"

"Billy, let me talk to you a minute—alone."

Val Douglas and Steve Hurley had started piling out, but now they looked at each other and reluctantly settled back. Billy Wheeler trotted across to the other car.

Old Man Coffee dropped his voice to a muffled undertone. "It's all over, kid."

"What's the—"

"Horse Dunn has run his own jail break, pretty near four hours ago. It took us a long time to get the full dope. We got it now. He got clear of the jail, all right, with that same durringer in the sheriff's back, and using the sheriff as a shield. But the deputies mowed him down."

"You sure? You sure this isn't one of Bender's tricks—"

"Yes, for I saw him laid out," Coffee said.

For a moment Wheeler was silent. He was laboring under heavy shock; but already he was wondering what he was going to say to Horse Dunn's niece. "Did he get anybody?" he asked, half unconscious of what he said.

"He couldn't get a man. He made his break with an empty gun. And they found his ammunition lying on the floor inside."

Tulare whispered, fiercely, "We'll get 'em for this—we'll get 'em if it takes—"

"Kind of late for that," Coffee said.

They were silent again, for a long time. And to Billy Wheeler the night turned suddenly empty, as if a great and living force had gone out of it with Old Man Coffee's words. "I suppose we may as well be getting back to the ranch," Wheeler said at last.

"Who's going to tell Marian?"

"I'm going to tell Marian. I'll take her back in my car."

Coffee and Tulare stepped down, and followed him reluctantly across to Horse Dunn's battered touring car, where the others waited.

For a moment Billy Wheeler stood silent, one foot on the running board. The eyes of Marian and Steve Hurley and Val Douglas were on his face. Steve Hurley spun the starter and the engine began to

purr; he sat waiting to jump the car down the road to Inspiration at the first word.

"Well?" Val Douglas demanded at last.

"No action tonight," Wheeler heard himself tell them. "We'll be going back to the ranch. Marian—you'd better come with me."

"What the—?" Steve began.

"Coffee will give you the dope on your way back. We got to get out of here now. Come on, Marian." They stared at him; but presently they obeyed.

Billy Wheeler let the others turn Horse Dunn's car in the road and start back toward the 94, before he started his engine. Even after he had set his roadster rolling he drove slowly, half paralyzed with the



Marian Dunn Sat Perfectly Still.

dread of what he had to say. He knew that Marian was watching his face, waiting for him to speak.

"Suddenly she grasped his arm in both her hands. 'Billy—what is it?'"

He let his car drift to a long-rolling stop beside the road, and shut off the engine.

"Billy! What's the matter?"

Still he could not speak, but sat with his hands gripped on the wheel, and his eyes on the far off vanishing tail light of Horse Dunn's car, which Horse would never drive again. Once more he was seeking words, and finding no words at his command.

Then Marian cried out sharply, as if she had read his mind. "It can't be that—Tell me it isn't so!"

"Marian—I can't hardly believe it myself. But—"

"My uncle is—"

"Dead," he said.

Marian Dunn sat perfectly still, so still that he could not hear her breathe. Still he did not look at her, as that incredible silence settled upon them; a silence so complete that somewhere, many yards from where they sat, he presently could hear the faint, small gnawing that a kangaroo rat makes, working to get at the water in a cactus heart.

Over all that vast range the moonlight shone clear and clean as a light radiated by silver; you could even see the distant mountains, and there was a color of deep blue in the dark sky. This was the range that Horse Dunn had won. As far as the eye could reach, all that lean dusty land was under the domination of the 94 brand. Somewhere off in the night, scattered over the miles, were the bunches of cattle which Horse Dunn had branded in Marian's name—scattered and few to the mile, but grazing an area so vast that Horse himself had not known how many they were, within a thousand head. It seemed a strange thing, almost impossible to believe, that the shaggy old fighter who had gained these long miles of desert, built these far-flung herds, would never ride this range again, nor count the scattered steers, nor see this moonlight, cool and serene and clear, flooding the vast dry land that he loved.

When the silence had grown until he could endure it no more, Billy Wheeler turned his eyes to Marian. She sat as still as a resting kit fox, and her face, turned straight ahead, was as white as the alkali flats under the moon. Only, once, he saw her eyes turn, sweeping the unlimited land that Horse Dunn had fought for in her name.

He tried to say something. "Marian—Marian—"

She turned into his arms, and hid her face in the hollow of his throat. For a few moments her breathing was irregular, but she did not weep. "We—can't let the 94 go under; not now."

"It isn't going under," he said. "I tell you, you and I can show this coyote ring such a fight as they've never seen!"

Marian said, "He gave me all his last years, while he was old.

He had just one great lasting dream—his dream of a cow kingdom. But somehow I think he could have spent his last years sitting somewhere contentedly in the sun; except that he wanted to do this thing, for me."

"I know."

"Billy, do we have a chance to whip the coyote ring?"

He drew a deep new breath. "We can fight 'em to a standstill, fight 'em till they quit! I can clear the 94 of its debts at a stroke. The next step may be a little different than what he would have done—"

"He'd have wanted you to fight the best way you knew—your own way."

"Then—we can win. Next step is to cut down the uncontrolled herds, and build better herds in their place; make a 40 mile fenced pasture of that north land you own—"

"We own," she corrected him.

"—and use the fenced 40 miles as a barrier, to hold the young heifers clear; get in the best bulls we can buy, by the hundred, at any cost; dig tick dips, and set up chutes; vaccinate all calves against black-leg the day they're branded, dehorn all young stock, make alliances with the feed pen outfits in west Kansas; break through a trail drive to Pahrnanagat, and ship our own stock, taking the breaks of the market—"

"But the coyote ring?"

"Hire their best men—we'll need a big outfit for the new ways; buy out what little they still own in the Red Rock country—and the coyote ring is done."

"It's a gamble, Billy. If you go into this—it may break you, before you're through."

"We'll go broke together, then! If we can't gamble together—but we will."

"This is what he would have wanted, Billy; I know it, I know!" They sat quietly there for a long time, holding each other close. "Billy," Marian whispered, "I have to know one thing more."

"Yes?"

"How—did he die?"

"He died fighting, Marian; you see—well—"

FRANK MERRIWELL AT FARDALE

by Gilbert Patten

Watch for it in our next issue . . . a brand new serial story by Gilbert Patten, the original "Burt L. Standish" who created Frank Merriwell! Now he's written another of these popular stories, "Frank Merriwell at Fardale." It will bring back memories for adults . . . it will give youngsters a new hero. Square-jawed, stern-mouthed Frank Merriwell is coming back with more of the adventures that made him famous with yesterday's children. It's the same Frank Merriwell whose earlier stories set an all-time high in sales . . . it's a grand, new pulse-pounding story that you won't want to miss!

STARTS NEXT ISSUE!

STAR DUST

Movie • Radio

By VIRGINIA VALE

EACH year the Paramount company can be counted on to present a thrilling panorama of American history in the making, and this year they offer "Wells Fargo," which in many ways tops all previous efforts, even last year's "Plainsman," for sheer excitement.

The adventure, heroism and romance of developing coast to coast transportation has the breathless sweep of fiction, doubly stirring because we know it is based on fact.

Joel McCrae and Frances Dee are the principals in the interwoven romance, and Bob Burns steps out of character to play a stalwart of the early West. Better send the children early to see this one; they will want to stay all day. And they'll learn a lot of American history in a painless and entertaining fashion.

Greta Garbo stole quietly away from Hollywood without even saying good-bye to her closest friends and sailed away to Sweden to stay indefinitely. Her contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer calls for only one more picture, and it is likely that she will make that one in England.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer want Truman Bradley, narrator on the CBS Sunday Evening hour from Chicago to go into motion pictures, but Mr. Bradley is reluctant to take a chance so they have arranged what is probably the most comprehensive series of tests ever given a performer. For one whole month Bradley will make daily film tests in New York, flying back to Chicago weekly for his Sunday evening stint.

A new combination of talent is putting over the "On Broadway" program heard over NBC. Don Johnson, known to radio listeners as the comic Professor Figsbottle, is writing the program and the leading player is Alice Frost of the "Big Sister" east.

Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge, are running into so much excitement on their stage tour, they are half tempted to write a scenario around their adventures. Recently, the company became frantic when one of the leading actors became ill just before a performance. That persuasive Freddie March, who really should have been a salesman, talked Kay Johnson the film player into tackling the role after a brief rehearsal. Miss Johnson was traveling with the company to be near her husband, John Cromwell, who directed the play as a sort of vacation from directing spectacular pictures like "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Anyone in Hollywood will tell you that a motion-picture star is lucky if he can hold on to his popularity for five years. One of the lucky exceptions is Richard Dix who has just signed one of the biggest contracts of his life, after fifteen years of uninterrupted popularity. R. K. O. plan to make a big Western spectacle, something on the order of "Cimarron," his biggest success. Like Jack Holt, another veteran, he gets better with age.

Ethel Merman could have signed a motion-picture contract any time during the past four years, but the popular blues singer preferred to make just one picture every year or so and then rush off to New York and forget about it. In "Happy Landing" however, she is so well photographed and her voice so beautifully recorded that she has succumbed to Twentieth Century-Fox blandishments and will make pictures regularly for them from now on. Ethel, whose perfect phrasing has made her many a composer's favorite singer, thus adds one more chapter to an inspiring career. She was a stenographer, and a speedy one, who used to get occasional engagements to sing at parties. Taking a chance, she went into a small night club at very low salary and within a few weeks had a contract to make Warner shorts.

ODDS AND ENDS—Sonja Henie has organized an ice carnival company that will tour several cities while she waits for the scenario of her next picture to be written . . . Jessica Dragonette is being tempted by motion picture offers again . . . Nobody can read Fred Allen's scripts but the comic himself. His writing is microscopic . . . Maureen O'Sullivan hurried back from England to play with Norma Shearer in "Marie Antoinette."

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Favorite Recipe of the Week

Vegetable Fondue a Pleasing Entree

VEGETABLE fondue is a delicate entree and one which can be easily made and is bound to please the family. To make the preparation extra simple start with a can of mixed vegetables. It may be one canned especially for salads or soup. Drain the liquid from the vegetables, but do not throw it away as it contains good food value. Chop the vegetables rather fine, or mash, whichever seems easier to do.

A little suspicion of freshly grated onion is good to add to the vegetables if the family likes the flavor, and surely they do.

Scald milk in double boiler, add bread, butter, cayenne and salt. Remove from the fire and add the onion and mixed vegetables. Beat in the egg yolks and fold in the egg whites which have been beaten until stiff. Pour the mixture into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees) until it is firm in the center, or about 40 minutes. When the fondue is done the mixture will not adhere to a silver knife when inserted in the center. Serves 4-6.

Crisp bacon and spiced peaches would be good to serve with the fondue. The peaches come all spiced in cans, too, so they do not mean extra labor.

MARJORIE H. BLACK

"Quotations"

It is some commendation that we have avoided to characterize any person without long experience.—Swift.

A wise man sees as much as he ought, not as much as he can.—Montaigne.

Love is but another name for that insupportable presence by which the soul is connected with humanity.—W. G. Simms.

Delay is cowardice and doubt despair.—Whitehead.

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.—Thompson.

Either I will find a way, or I will make one.—Sir Philip Sidney.

Beware Coughs That Hang On

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.)

To Correct Errors

To err is common to all men, but the man who, having erred, hugs not his errors, but repents and seeks the cure, is not a wastrel.—Sophocles.

HOW'S YOUR STOMACH?

Salisbury, Md. — Mrs. W. J. Williams, 103 Preston Ave., says: "I was suffering with indigestion and heartburn, also belched gas frequently. I never had an appetite and felt weak and tired. After I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I felt like a different person. My appetite was much improved and I was able to eat without fear of stomach discomfort." Buy it from your druggist today.

Watch Your Kidneys!

Help Them Cleanse the Blood of Harmful Body Waste

Your kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in this work—and do not act as Nature intended—fail to remove impurities that, if retained, may poison the system and upset the whole body machinery.

Symptoms may be nagging backache, persistent headache, attacks of dizziness, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes—a feeling of nervous anxiety and loss of pep and strength.

Other signs of kidney or bladder disorder may be burning, scanty or too frequent urination.

There should be no doubt that prompt treatment is wiser than neglect. Use Doan's Pills. Doan's have been winning new friends for more than forty years. They have a nation-wide reputation. Are recommended by grateful people the country over. Ask your neighbor!

DOAN'S PILLS