

TANGLED TRAILS

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE Author of "A Man Four-Square," "Gunsight Pass," etc.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

James Cunningham is rich and ruthless. He turns down the neck of a girl who has a claim on him and breaks out...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

KIRBY could and would. He left Rose to talk with the tenants of the Paradox Apartments, entrained for Dry Valley at once, and by noon was winding over the hillsides far up in the Rockies.

He left the train at Summit, a small town which was the center of activities for Dry Valley. Here the farmers bought their supplies and here they marketed their butter and eggs.

There had been times in the past when Summit ebbed and flowed with a rip-roaring tide of turbulent life. The road had been after the round-ups in the golden yesterday, when every other store building had been occupied by a saloon...

Kirby registered at the office of the frame building which carried the name of the word Hotel. This done, he wandered down to the shack which bore the inscription, "Dry Valley Enterprise."

"Who killed him?" the editor asked rhetorically. "Well, sir, I'll be damned if I know. But I can guess. The slacker that hoped him put through the Dry Valley steal. 'Course it might 'a' been the Jay, or it might 'a' been the nephew from Wyoming. I'll say it was Hull. We know that cuss Hull up here."

"He's one bad package, that fat man I believe me. Cunningham held out on him, an' he laid for the old crook an' got him. Don't that look reasonable to you? It sure does to me. Put a rope round Hull's neck an' you'll hang the man that killed old J. C."

Lane put in an hour or more of his person again, then read the latest issue of the Enterprise while the editor pulled off the rest of the dodgers. In the local news column he found several items that interested him. These were:

Jim Harkins is down in Denver on business and won't be home till Monday. Have a good time, Jim. Harkins is enjoying a few days vacation in the Queen City. He expects to buy some fancy stock at the depot for breeding purposes. Dry Valley is in the red. In fact, it's in a bad way. Art Jelks and Brad Mosely returned from Denver today after a three days' visit in the capital. A good time was had by both. You want to watch them, gals. They buy in both Denver and Oscar Olsen spent a few days in Denver this week. Oscar owns a place three miles out of town on the Spring Creek road.



"Better tell me than wait for the police to third-degree you"

"Will he? There's a girl under suspicion, too. She had no more to do with it than I had, but she's likely to get into mighty serious trouble just the same."

"I ain't read anything in the papers about any girl," Olson answered sullenly.

"No, it hasn't got to the papers yet. But it will. It's up to every man who knows anything about this to come clean."

"Is it?" The farmer looked bleakly at his visitor. "Seems to me you take a lot of interest in this. Who are you anyhow?"

"My name is Kirby Lane."

"Nephew of the old man?"

"Yes." Olson gave a snort of dry, sponetic laughter. "And you're out here selling registered Herefords."

"I have some for sale. But that's not why I came to see you."

"Why did you come, then?" asked the Scandinavian, his blue eyes hard and defiant.

"I wanted to have a look at the man who wrote the note to James Cunningham threatenin' to dry-gulch him if he ever came to Dry Valley again."

"Yes, that's a center shot. Kirby was sure of it. He read it in the man's face before he began to gather in his people, an' the man who wrote that letter, an' the lips of Olson were drawn back in a vicious snarl."

"You're the man."

"You can prove that, o' course."

"How?"

"By your handwriting. I've seen three specimens of it today."

"One at the courthouse, one at the bank that holds your note, an' the third at the office of the Enterprise. You wrote an article urgin' the Dry Valley people to fight Cunningham. That article, in your own handwriting, is in my pocket right now."

"I didn't tell them to gun him, did I?"

"That's not the point. What I'm gettin' at is that the same man wrote the article that wrote the letter to Cunningham."

"Prove it! Prove it!"

"The paper used in both cases was torn from the same tablet. The writin' is the same."

"You've got a nerve to come out here an' tell me something about it. I didn't kill Cunningham," Olson flung out, his face flushing darkly.

"I'm not sayin' that."

"What are you sayin' then? Shoot it at me straight."

"If I thought you had killed Cunningham I wouldn't be here now. What I thought when I came was that you might know something about it. I didn't come out here to trap you. My idea is that Hull did it. But I've made up my mind you're hidin' somethin'."

"I'm sure of it. You're good as told me so. What is it?" Kirby, resting easy in the saddle with his weight on one stirrup, looked straight into the rancher's eyes as he asked the question.

"I'd be likely to tell you if I was, wouldn't I?" jeered Olson.

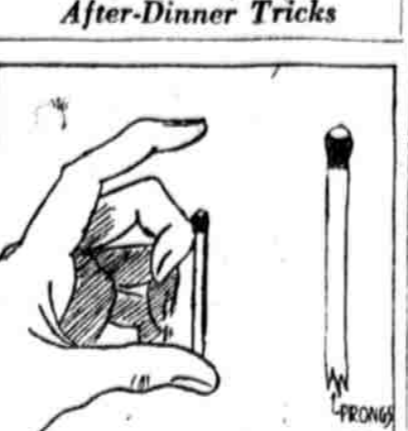
"Why not? Better tell me than wait for the police to third-degree you. If you're not in this killin' why not tell what you know? I've told my story."

could not forget the bitter hatred of Cunningham the farmer cherished. That hatred extended to Hull. What a sweet revenge to kill one enemy and let the other hang for the crime!

A detail jumped to his mind. Olson had picked up a stone and thrown it to the rock pile—with his left hand.

To be continued tomorrow

After-Dinner Tricks



No. 73—Balancing a Match

A match is balanced on the ball of the forefinger. To accomplish this feat secretly break off the tip of the match at the base. This leaves a number of tiny prongs or silvers of wood.

Derby Now Has "Fire Police"

Derby now has a new body for the borough protection, which is named the Fire Police of Derby.

"I doubt it," Lane spoke casually and carelessly. Any testimony against him loses force if it's held out too long.

"I don't doubt it," Olson snapped enough to get scot-free. An' that's about what's goin' to happen. The fellow's guilty, I believe, but we can't prove it."

"Can't we? I ain't sure o' that."

Again, through the narrowed lids, wary little glitters. "Maybe we can when the right time comes."

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Alfaretta Hallam

AND Anna Maud Hallam

Today, 3 P. M.—8:15 P. M.

"The Psychology of a Charming Personality," Afternoon (Scottish Rite Auditorium)

"Your Silent Partner," Evening Witherspoon Auditorium

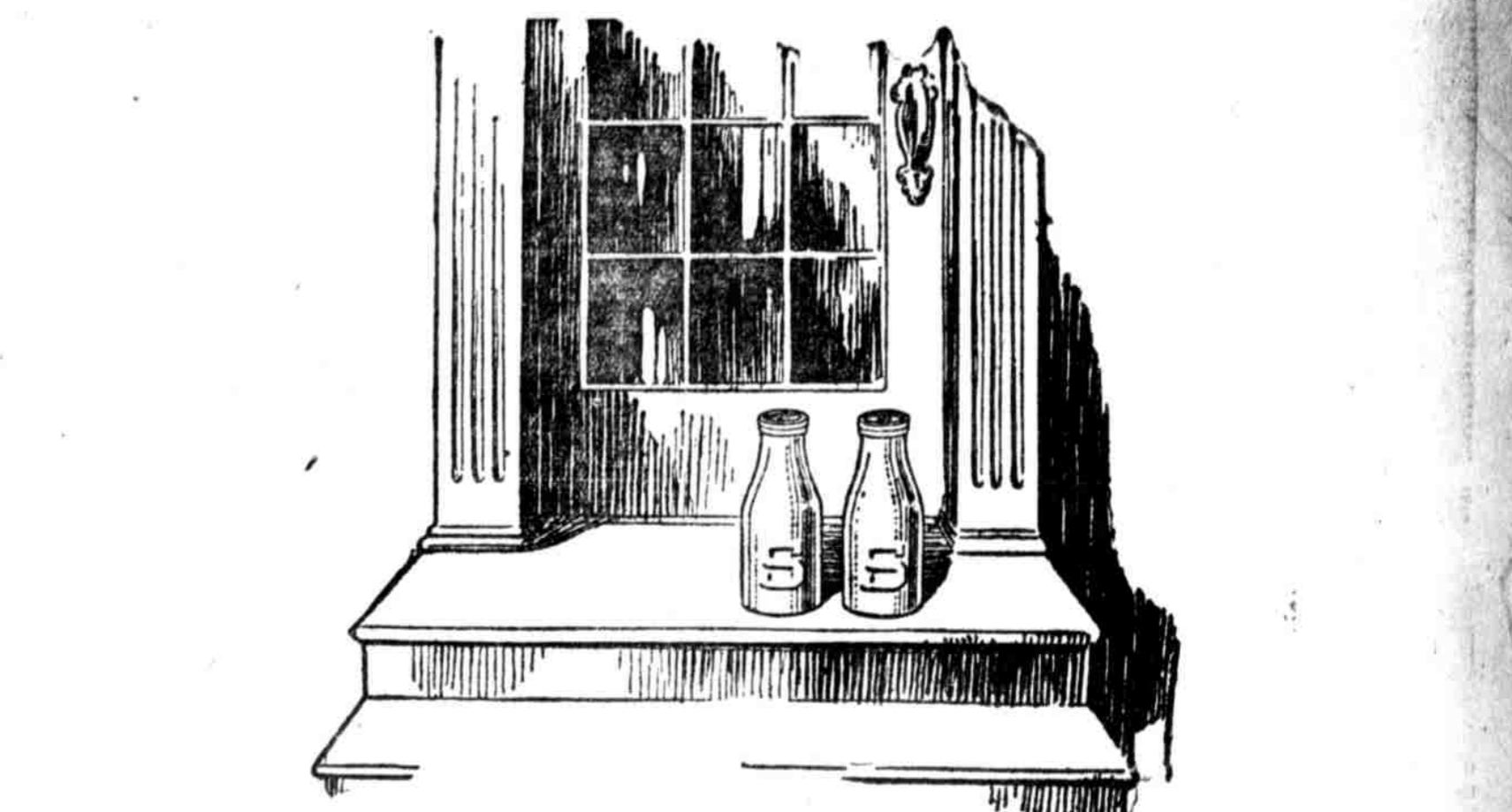


bread-and-milk

for lunch to-day!

Try it and note the increased enthusiasm you'll feel for the afternoon's work—the feeling of physical fitness and mental alertness that comes only to those who eat wisely.

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WE are proud to announce that every customer in Philadelphia, as well as in the suburban districts, was served promptly with milk and cream during the storm.

Our farmers waded through the heavy snow of this unusual storm to deliver the milk. The railroads were blocked, but our milk trains, consisting of twenty-five cars, came through and our excellent service was maintained, even to every family that deals with us.

We furnished Gold Medal Milk with Gold Medal Service.



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