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

Darby Now Has "Fire Police"

DESSERT

Corree

At all our Stores

Darby now has a new body for the

TANGLED TRAILS By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE Author of "A Man Four-Square," "Gunsight Pass," etc. Copyright, 1988, by William MacLeod Raine

James Cursingham is rich and ruthess. He turns flow the bies of a girl who has a claim on him and kicks out man who says Curningham owes him a share on a business deal. She is the dater of Wild Rose, a riding girl, who sils her slater's trouble to Kirby Lane. In upstanding and chivalrous gowboy. Occ. hearing Curningham is his uncle. ays she'll have nothing to do with the amily. Kirby then takes up the mater with his two cousins. favored rotogras of James Curningham, who denand to know the name of the girl. When he gets to his uncle's apartment of inde the man chioroformed, bound dead. On a table is a glove, one he had seen on Wild Rose. He takes it mid makes his escape by the fire-ascape, but is observed by a reporter. Horisawa Curningham's Japanese valet, lawa Curningham's Japanese valet, lawa, curningham's new sensation, both and and wild Rose are at the inquest; also a woman whose photograph, sianed "Phyliss." was in the dead nam's from Lane is arrested for the nam's from Lane is arrested for the murder. Rose goes to see the two coulings, and reveals also had been in fest, and reveals also had been in fest, and reveals also a murdered man, nepnews of the murdered man, mender, Jack and James Curning-law.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

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

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

bad been after the round-ups in the golden yesterday, when every other store building had been occupied by a saloon and the rattle of chips insted far into the small hours of night. Now Colorado was dry and the roulette wheel bad gone to join memories of the part.

"Is it?" The formation answered sulfilled in the part of the par had gone to join memories of the past. Summit was quiet as a Sunday afternoon on a farm. Its busiest inhabitant was a dog, which lay in the sun and lazily poked over its own anatomy for

Kirby registered at the office of the frame building which carried on its false front the word Hotel. This done, he wandered down to the shack which bore the inscription, "Dry Valley Enterprise." The owner of the paper, terprise." The owner of the paper, was also editor, reporter, presswho was also editor, reporter, the seandinavian, his blue eyes hard witness come right forward at once, and defiant.

'I wanted to have a look at the man who wrote the note to James Cunning who wrote the note to James Cunning "Don't you think it," Olson snapped

could always use that name as an "Open Sesame." It unlocked all tongues. Cunningham and his mysterious death were absorbing topics. The man was hated by scores who had been brought close to ruin by his chicanery. Dry Valley rejoiced openly is the retribution that had fallen upon

Casually Kirby gatheted information.
He learned that Jim Harkins was the town constable and not interested in land; that Lupton was a very prosperous cartleman whose ranch was no-where near the district promoted by Canningham; and that Jelks and Mosely were young fellows more or less connected with the garage. The

editor knew Obson only stightly.

"He's a Swede-big; fair fellow-get caught in that irrigation fake of Hull and Cunningham. Don't knew what he was doin' in Denver," the newspaper tone said.

Lane decided that he would see Olsen and have a talk with him. Incidentally, he meant to see all the Dry Valley men who had been in Denver at the time Cunningham was killed. But the others he saw only to eliminate them from suspicion. One glance at each of them was enough to give them a clean oill, so far as the mystery went. They knew nothing whatever about it.

Lane rode out to Olsen's place and found him burning brush. The cattleman explained that he was from Wvo-ming and wanted to sell some registered Herefords.

Olson looked over his dry, parched crops with sardonic bitterness. "Do I look like I could buy registered stock?" he asked sourly.

Kirby made a remark that set the ranchman off. He said that the crops looked as though they needed water. Inside of five minutes he had heard the story of the Dry Valley irrigation swin-dle. Olsen was not a foreigner. He dle. Olsen was not a foreigner. He had been born in Minnesota and attended the public schools. He spoke English idiomatically and without an

The man was a tall, gaunt, broad-shouldered Scandinavian of more than average intelligence.
The death of Cunningham had not apparently assuaged his intense hatred

of the man or the bitterness which welled out of him toward Hull.

"Canningham got his! Suits me fine! Now all I ask is that they hang Hull for it!" he cried vindictively. "Seems to be some doubt whether Hull did it," suggested Kirby, to draw him on

Seems to be some doubt whether Hull did it," suggested Kirby, to draw him on.

"That so? Mebbe there's evidence you don't know about." The words had come out in the heat of inpulse, shot at Kirby tensely and breathlessly. Olsen looked at the man on the horse and Lane could see caution grow on him. A film of suspicion sprend over the pupils beneath the heavy ragged exercises. "I ain't sayin' so. All I'm dead sure of is that Hull did it."

Kirby fired a shot point-blank at Mm. "Nobody can be dead sure of that unless he saw him do it."

"Mebbe some one saw him do it."

"Mebbe some one saw him do it. son looked across the desert beyond the palpitating heat waves to the mountains in the distance.

"No. That's tough sometimes on in-boccat people, too."

"Meanin' this nephew of old Cunningham. He'll get out all right."



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

'My name is Kirby Lane." "Nephew of the old man?"

announcing a dance at Odd Fellows
Announcing a dance at Odd Fellows
Hall. He desisted from his labors to chat with the stranger.

The editor was a lat, talkative little man. Kirby found it no touble at all to be strained by the stranger of it. He read it in the man's to set him going on the subject of James Cunningham, Senior. In fact, during his stay in the valley the Wyoming man his labors to dry-gulch him if he ever came to Dry Valley again."

It was a center shot; Kirby was sure of it. He read it in the man's tree to convict him! They haven't enough against him even to make an arrest. They've got a dezen times as much against me an' they turned me loose.

drawn back in a vicious snarl.
"You're the man."
"You can prove that, o' course." Yes." How?"

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

been brought close to rain by his chicanery. Dry Valley rejoiced open ye in
the retribution that had failen upon
him.

"Who killed him?" the editor asked
rhetorically, "Well, sir, I'll be dawged
if I know. But if I was guessin' I'd
say it was this fellow hull, the slicker
that helped him put through the Dry
Valley steal. "Course it might a' been
the Lan, or it might a' been the nepher
from Wyoning, but I'll say it was Hull,
We know that curse I'll say it was Hull,
We know that curse I'll say it was Hull,
We know that curse I'll say it was Hull,
We know that curse I'll say it was Hull,
We know that close to me. Fut a
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no him. and kalled old. Co.

Lane put in an hour make place
the make 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.

T. J. Lupton is enjoying a few days
vacation in the Queen City. He expeets to buy some fancy stock at the
yaris for breeding purposes. Dry Valley is right in the van out progress.

Art Jelka and Brad Mosely returned
from Denver today arte a three days'
visit in the capital. A good time was
had by hoth. You want to want the
grant of the fut proposed to the progress.

Osear Olsen spent a few days in
Denver this week. Osear owns a pinethree allows and the large of it. You is a good as told

that you know? I've told my story." | could not forget the bitter hatred of "After they spotted you in the court-hatred extended to Hull. What a sweet room," the farmer retorted. "An' how do I know you told all you know? Mebbe you're keepiu' secrets, too."

Kirby took this without batting an

eye. "An innocent man hasn't anything to fear," he said,
"Hasn't he?" Olson picked up a stone and flung it at a pile of rocks he had gathered lifty yards away. He was left-handed. "How do you know he hasn't? Say, just for argument, I do know somethin. Say I virtually saw Cunningham killed an' hadn't a thing to do with it. Could I get away with a story like that? You know darned well I couldn't. Wouldn't the lawyers want I couldn't. Wouldn't the lawyers want to know how come I to be so handy to the place where the killin' was, right at the very time it took place, me who is supposed to have threatened to bump him off myself? Sure they would. I'd

be tyin' a noose round my own neck."

"Do you know who killed my uncle?"
demanded Lane point-blank. "Did you see it done?" Olson's eyes narrowed. A crafty light shone through the slitted lids. "Hold yore hawses. I min't said I knew a thing. Not a thing. I was stringin' you."

ringin' you."

Kirby knew he had overshot the lark. He had been too cager and had lark. He had been too cager and had alarmed the man. He was annoyed at himself. It would take time and patience and finesse to recover lost ground.

A match is balanced on the forefinger.

bought their supplies and here they marketed their butter and eggs. In the fall they drove in their cattle and loaded them for Denver at the chutes in the railroad yard.

There had been times in the past when Summit ebbed and flowed with a rip-rearing tide of turbulent life. This about any girl," Olson answered sulband been after the round-ups in the lenly.

"Will he? There's a girl under sustince and finesse to recover lost ground. Shrewdly he guessed at the rancher's state of mind. The man wanted to tell something, was divided in mind whether to come forward as a witness or keep silent. His evidence, it was clear enough, would implicate Hull; but, perhaps indirectly, it would involve himself, too.

A match is balanced on the ball of the forefinger.

To accomplish this feat secretly something, was divided in mind whether to come forward as a witness or keep silent. His evidence, it was clear enough, would implicate Hull; but, perhaps indirectly, it would involve himself, too.

himself, too.

"Well, whatever it is you know, I hope you'll tell it," the cattleman said, "But that's up to you, not me. It Hull is the murderer I want the crime the finger.

"It have a subject to the finger."

"But that's up to you, not me. It Hull is the murderer I want the crime the finger. "Is it?" The farmer looked bleakly at his visitor. "Seems to me you take a lot of interest in this. Who are you, anyhow?"

"Me introduce I want the trible to get off scot-free. An' that's about what's goin' to happen. The fellow's guilty, I believe, but we can't prove

borough protection, which is named the Fire Police of Darby, Fire Patrol No. 2. They have been sworn in by Jus-tice of the Peace Baxter and are as "Can't we? I min't sure o' that."

"Yes:"
Olson gave a snort of dry, splenetic laughter. "And you're out here sellin' registered Herefords."
"I have some for sale. But that's not why I came to see you."
"Why did you come, then?" asked the Seandlanavian, his blue eyes hard and defiant.
"I wanted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted to have a look at the man who watted lids, wary guile gittered. "Mebbe we can when the right time comes."

'I doubt it." Lane spoke casually and earelessly. "Any testimeny against him loses force if it's held out too long. The question comes up, why didn't the witness come right forward at once. No, I reckon Hull will get away with it—if he really did it."

He's quite safe if he keeps his mouth shut-an' he will.' Olson flung a greasewood shrub on a pile of brush. His mind, Kirby could see, was busy with the problem before

The man's caution and his vindesire for vengennce were at

Alfaretta Hallam

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

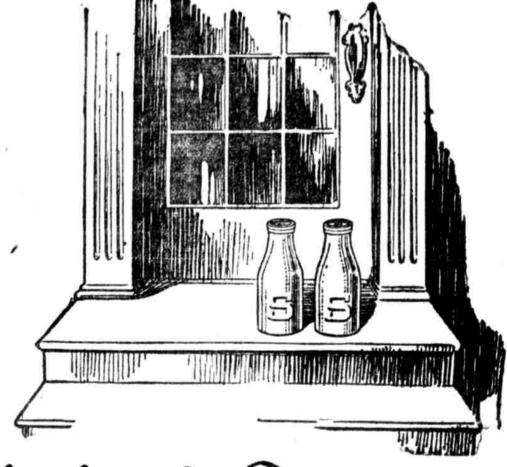


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