

# TANGLED TRAILS By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINES

Author of "A Man From Mars," "Gunsight Pass," etc. Copyright, 1928, by William MacLeod Raines

THIS BEGINS THE STORY of James Cunningham and everything that was his. He had a claim on him and looks out a man with a gun and a pistol on a dark street at night. She is the sister of Wild Rose, a riding girl, who has been seen to the matter with Jack and an understanding and chivalrous cowboy. James Cunningham, who is the son of James Cunningham, was a student at the name of the girl. When he saw the man who had been bound and dead, the murder had been committed by a man who had been seen to the matter with Jack and an understanding and chivalrous cowboy. James Cunningham, who is the son of James Cunningham, was a student at the name of the girl. When he saw the man who had been bound and dead, the murder had been committed by a man who had been seen to the matter with Jack and an understanding and chivalrous cowboy.



Then his brown fist shot out and up. It moved scarcely six inches from the college boxer's chin. Jack's knees sagged—he went down

up Platte Canyon and everything's O. K., as you might say. I reckon you are wondering how come this to be postmarked Golden. Well, old pardner, I'm sure enough married at last, but I had a great time getting Esther to see this my way. She's one swell little girl and there's only one thing I hate. Before she would marry me I had to swear up and down I wouldn't touch the yellow wolf who got her into trouble. But she didn't say nothing about you, so I will just slip you his name. It wasn't your uncle at all, but that crooked old broker nephew of his, James Cunningham. If you can mass him up proper for me you'll sure be doing a favor to Yours respectfully.

"COLE SANBORN.  
"P. S.—Esther sends bushels of love to Rose and will write tomorrow. I'll say I'm going to make her one happy kid."

Kirby laughed in sardonic mirth. He had fought the wrong man. It was James Cunningham, not Jack. And, of course, Jack had known it all the time and been embarrassed by it. He had stuck loyally to his brother and had taken the whaling of his life rather than betray him.

CHAPTER XXII  
Jack Takes Off His Coat  
AFTERWARD, when Kirby Lane looked back upon the weeks spent in Denver trying to clear up the mystery which surrounded the whole affair of his uncle's death, it seemed to him that he had been at times incredibly stupid. Nowhere did this seem more so much as in the part of the struggle which related to Esther McLean. From time to time Kirby saw Cole. He was in and out of town. Most of his time was spent running down faint trails which spun themselves out and became lost in the hills. The champion rough rider was indubitably resolute in his intention of finding her. There were times when Kirby began to fear that her little sister was lost to her forever. But Sanborn never shared this feeling.

"You wait. I'll find her," he promised. "And if I can lay my hands on the man that's done her a meanness, I'll certainly give them hospital sharks a job patchin' him up." His gentle eyes had frozen, and his cold, hard light in them was almost deadly.

He was at a moving-picture house on Curtis street with Rose when the explanation popped into his mind. They were watching an old-fashioned melodrama in which the villain's letter is laid at the door of the unfortunate hero. Kirby leaned toward Rose in the darkness and whispered, "Let's go." Kirby could not get it out of his head that James was responsible for the disappearance of the girl. Yet he could not find a motive that would justify so much trouble on his cousin's part.

She rose, and on the way to the aisle brushed past several irritated ladies. Kirby looked at her standing on the sidewalk outside did he tell her what was on his mind.

"I want to see that note from my uncle you found in your sister's desk," he said. She looked at him and laughed a little. "You certainly want what you want when you want it. Do your business offers take you like that—right out of a perfectly good show you've paid your money to see?"

"I've made a mistake. It was a seal that fell in the play that put me wise. Have you got the note with you?"

"No. It's at home. If you like we'll go and get it."

They walked up to the Pioneer's Monument and from there over to her boarding place. Kirby looked the little note over carefully. "What a chump I was not to look at this before," he said. "My uncle never wrote it."

"No. She's likely out in the country or in some small town. He's havin' her looked after. Probably an attack of conscience. Even if he's selfish as the devil, he'll be heartless."

"I'll try."

He noticed the hardening of the lean jaw that tight set of the muscles as the back teeth clenched.

"I'll try."

He begged.



To be continued tomorrow

## BRITISH TO STAMP BONDS

Consulate Here Wants to Hear From Holders of Hungarian Debt  
British subjects holding bonds of the Austrian unsecured debt and of the Hungarian unsecured debt in countries other than the succession states of the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy have been requested to send a list of such holdings to the British Consul General, 224 South Third street.

## B. T. SCALES WILL PROBATED

Famous Music Instructor Left \$7300 Estate in Private Bequest  
The will of Burton True Scales, widely known music instructor, who died January 31, was probated today. It disposed of a \$7300 estate in private bequests. Mr. Scales lived at 4727 Hazel avenue.

Other wills probated are those of Lizzie D. Shew, 2816 North Bailey street, \$18,000; Margaret Reilly, Glenwood, \$11,852; and William S. Rittenhouse, 2444 North Twenty-ninth street, \$4000.

Inventories were filed for the personal estates of Thomas C. Dill, \$142,254.00; Maria O. Koehler, \$81,701.00; and Anna P. Alexander, \$12,382.80.



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He walked to the nearest drug store and used the telephone freely. At the end of fifteen minutes he stepped out of the booth. His cousin Jack was doing some evening work at the office where he was now in charge of settling up his uncle's affairs.

Kirby found him there. A man stenographer was putting on his coat to leave, but Jack was still at his desk. He looked up, narrowed his eyes, and said, "Was that you telephoned me?" he asked.

"No."

"I told you I'd let you know when I wanted to see you."

"So you did. But you didn't let me know. The shoe on the other foot goes. I want to see you."

"It's not interested in anything you have to say."

The stenographer had gone. Kirby could hear his footsteps echoing down the corridor. He threw the catch of the lock and closed the door.

"I can promise to keep you interested," he said, very quietly.

Jack rose. He wore white shoes, duck trousers, a white shirt, and a blue serge coat that fitted his graceful figure perfectly. "What did you do that for?" he demanded. "Open that door!"

"Not just yet, sir. I've come for a settlement. It's up to you to say what kind of a one it'll be."

Cunningham's dark eyes glittered. He was no physical coward. Moreover, he was a trained athlete, not long out of college. He had been the midweight champion boxer of the university. If this tough brown cousin wanted a set-to, he would not have to ask twice for it.

"Suits me fine," he said. "What's your proposition?"

"I've been a blind idiot. Didn't see what was right before my eyes. I reckon