How a Brisk Cow-Puncher Startles &

9 9 By Katharine Mary or Newlin Burt right, 1922, by Kath-Newlin Burt, Printed transcement with Met-

Eloise? Which Should Win Unusual Hero?

WHO'S WHO IN "Q"

WHO'S WHO IN "G"

Real name Q. T. Kinwydden, a brisk
sett-puncher, diamond in the routh, tcho
smeet to a sleepy Eastern town to improve his deficient educatios. He is
chamirous and intelligent, though unlettered, He plans to marry

BLOISE GRINSCOOMBE, a sophisticated
and hauptty hetrom. whose life he has
soved while acting as her puide. She is
select with his naivete and virility. But
she is involved with

PRDINAND FADDEN, a dominating mil-

when with his natives that the in involved with partin handle with partin for Heleise.

MAT GRIMSGOUMBE. Heleise's couldness that filled with partin for Heleise.

MAT GRIMSGOUMBE. Heleise's couldness that filled with partin for his of rich character and ripe wison. Her father, a gentle, unpractical old scholar, has been discouned for marring out of his class. She teaches to add to their income, and O becomes one of her pupils.

MAS GRINSCOOMER, aunt of the girls, who sives a home to Heloise but ignores hard. She is aristocratic, but this does not prevent her being under the thumb of the sales.

not prevent her being under the thumb of PR. SALES, a fat, indotent physician, who is the cyll induced in the life of the semunity. He has been pullty of neg-lecting patients, and Q has stoom venge-age appoint hirs.

pr. SALES, Jr., toho has helped Q out in on embarrossment. He loves PAPER, a maitrees, to whom 2 has been that, which fact has caused possip.

WAND along toward mornin' that A lady, who was already scared and begretful of running away from home

"But, doc, what use did you make of that lucky letter, ch? Say, you didn't use your secret ag'in the lady, did you?

Tou didn't threaten that poor lady with that, had he heen loss exhaustion that. You didn't threaten that poor lady with that, had he been less exhausted, it tellin' her father or lettin' Sluypenkill that, had he been less exhausted, it must have driven him to the rescue of full consciousness; but, before he could struggle away, blankness overtook him sature, did you?" "No. I did not," said Sales, almost and he slept profoundly.

as roundly.

from disgrace further it for him?" Q made no answer. They were nearing Sales' door and presently the doctor hands and looked up at him.

"Not much time—but enough," he maid. "The boys are on their way.
Now, Sales'—he pointed the big, wan, shaken body to the patient's chair and seated himself in the dector's usual place belind his deck—"this is where "I've got my girl." he whispered, and she clutched his hands tight before you get a diagnosis of your case.

dirty bully. You're a blackmailer; rea derful!'

Come in. Tell me. You are wonderful to the seated herself with an unconstant reason of the seated herself with an unconstant rough All your smoothness and your smiling and your shoothness and your smiling and your sliding aim't agent to help you any now. Your cureer is reaching chapter last. Fork out that precious document of yourn—I mean. Miss Grinscoombe's letter. It's in your waisteout pecket in a leather case: I've seen you ingering it when she was getting restive. Hurry up, man,"

In the silence came a distant shuffling of feet.

She seated herself with an unconscious air of stateliness in her school-marm's place, her ruffled daintiness spreading about her, her small hands folded together on the table. She gazed up at him very steadily under the arched eyebrows and upcurling inshes. He stood opposite her, turning his roft hat in his hand and looking slowly and wistfully about the room.

'It wasn't my education that wen

and put it in his pocket. Then he rose. "Now," he said, "I'm agoin' to run looking at them too, saw torn knuckles and bruised fingers.

Ilght. By God, they're on their way."
He gripped his prisoner, locked the office door, and with all haste and stated at, Miss Mary, rather than office door, and with all haste and stated at, Miss Mary, rather than office the two men, Sales shuffling frantically ahead, got themselves along the strong and the strong A passage, through a close, clean kit-chen, and out into a garden. "Quit your shakin', man," Q mut-

through a brook and into a lane. 'I left then I had took care of your case. I everything I set out to do, had to have them on their way, to plumb near to bein' satisfied with my-squeeze the truth out of you. Presself."

Wou look," Mary shrewdly observed,

"You look," Mary shrewdly observed, were almost upon the pony tied to a tree near the roadside, before Sales than I've ever seen you look. Q, please tell me the story of your methods with unied a rope from the Western saddle. He did, gently and sturb his "I bought me a couple of these here letting her startled "Obs" disturb his bought me a couple of these here I bought me a couple of these mid: drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come," he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, half-frome monles soon after I come, he said; drawling, he said; drawling,

lights up there in his house, breathed fast and andibly.

"Well, sir. I am again' to run you out. Onet—four months ago—I called the up to the side of Jou up to come see a woman took sick with heart trouble." Here a rope settled about Sales' body, his bands were pulled back of him and deftly fastened

Four miles of rough country roads. by fields under a clearing sky of stars that began to fade into dawn, four miles of sweat and fear and anguish and dry, choking dust. When Q reined in his pony at last, the decree decrease. his pony at last, the doctor dropped

In his pony at last, the doctor dropped havily to the earth.

Q dismounted, helped his victim to stand up, and dusted him off carefully, "You got to make a railway journey how," he said. "I'll see your things set sent after you. You're not comin back to Sluypenkill. I've put your case hit the hands of the mayor, the editor of the hands of the mayor, the editor of the details about Mrs. Clinton and the details about Mrs. Clinton and of sangrene. Your pet nurse down there, Mrs. Nallow pet nurse down the hands of sangrene. Your pet nurse down there, Mrs. Nallow pet nurse down the hands of sangrene. Your pet nurse down the said want out.

Another man would have written to his lady, or seen her, or sent her a message. Q, used to enforced absences sage. Q, used to enforced absences the said.

tengrene. Your pet nurse down bere, Mrs. Nallow, has gone back a you and peached. We're sending at away in tears, a sadder, wiser Wall, I don't blame you for not feelin' onversational. Come on.

Tou gotta walk as far as the station ponder. Come on, I've got you."

They traveled slowly, the pony waiting with his reins down, Western fashion, and went along the road to a small station. Q dropped his burden like a dusty sack on one of the benches, strolled over to the office, and bought u gotta walk as far as the station

a ticket for a distant Middle-Western

"The poor old fool is drunk, but harmless," he said, "I'll put him on the train and he'll sleep like a lamb. The conductor will tell him where to change."

The station master grinned. He had never seen Sluppenkil's leading physician, but, if he had, he would not have recognized the collapsed, heavily breathing man. The train came along, oreathing man. The train came along, stopped at the signal for a passenger. Sales was plucked from his bench and heaved into a car. Q saw him propped in an empty seat, murmured, "Goodby; hit a new trail, doc," and swung himself off as the train gathered its speed.

Sales with dull eyes stared out at the tall, still figure on the platform. It stood there, graceful, tense and grim, to see him go. He was numbly glad that its face looked pale and set. Goodby to Sluypenkill, to easy rewards, to security, to rest. Feebly he lifted his big, tremulous fist and shook it against the window.

A Hold-Up

When he had climbed up to his small room, already possessed through its one and mother, came and slipped a letter narrow window by sunrise, Q did not carry himself like a conqueror. He looked, rather, like a victim of the melec, white and dusty and grim, with beck. Would you be kind enough to take her? Is that so?"

Sales nodded, or the Ford bebbed his head for him.

"Likely she put a whole lot more into "Likely she put a whole lot more into" which he had small aptitude, a sleep of surface exhaustion appropriate out. "Likely she put a whole lot more into 'which he had small aptitude, a sleep that letter. She was scared silly and you was her last hope. Say, doc, she trusted you. And so you took her home, got her way quiet from the man, and helped her lie to her pa. And you kept the letter and you kept her secret for the letter and you kept her secret for the secret for the letter and you kept her secret for the secret for the letter and you kept her secret "Yes, sir, I did," Sales spoke almost told him that she would give him anything, everything he wished, and she knew his wishes well—but in the knew-

At noon, bathed, brushed, and fault "You —— liar!" murmured Q. "I lessly attired, he presented himself at Mary Gringcombe's door. It was recken the boys will have to have you, open, and at the sound of his step she after all. You're too dirty a pack for me to handle."

To you blame a man for furthering muslin petals, she looked like a small me to handle.

"Do you blame a man for furthering white rose, a dainty, dewy, rain-beaten white rose, a dainty, dewy, rain-beaten rose. Her face had thinned, and this accentuated the beauty of her Irish eyes and left her sensitive mouth almost too expressive. She took him by both

found himself, a steel hand on his arm, led back into his own house, through a sitting-room to his office at the rear. There Q switched on a light and looked at his watch.

"You foolish Q—you've worried me dreadfully! What made you go away? I want that story of yours badly—you didn't imagine I thought Dr. Sales had the right of it!" But, seeing the

"I've got my girl." he whispered, and she clutched his hands tight before she dropped them.

The doctor pulled out the leather case her for me. Miss Mary," he drawled: numbly, and numbly handed a closely she could not fail to discern his bitwritten sheet to Q. He glanced at it terness: "it was—my fists." He looked down at his hands and she, instinctively

frantically shead, got themselves along putting out one of the strong and a passage, through a close, clean kit-shapely damaged hands across the table toward her. His face threw off its new mask of victory, and sweetened-color

"Yes, ma'am, and Sophie's got her Laurie-boy. I've done pretty nearly everything I set out to do, and I'm

the 'Sophie gel.' '
He did, gently and patiently, not

(Youngsters out of Sluypenkill."

Sales, listening to sounds and seeing York?"

She sat back as though pain made her unable any longer to keep that dainty erectness of attitude. He flushed hot and high.
"First, I'm agoin' to buy the finest,

classicst ring you need ever wish to see, and next I'm agoin' to take your pa's book to visit with a publisher." She forgot one pain for another, pulled back of him and deftly fastened logether at the wrists.

Q swing himself into the saddle. Tou told me it was too bad a night; you told me it was better for them rabbits to die off. Well, sir, the woman ded all right. It ain't such a bad night now. There's no rain. The dust is pretty thick when a pony kicks it up. But, because you didn't drive along this road that night, you're long this road that night, you're soing to run every step of the way to the Gully. I've got a short tope on you and I kin keep you from droppin' in your tracks. You've made how you like the taste of it yourself.

The pony started down the hill at a log-track. Four miles of rough country said.

Four miles of rough country said.

Four miles of rough country said.

She forget one pain for another, slaking her head patiently. "It's just, dear Q, come back with one of the horid slips. We laugh, Papa and I, but it does burt. We need the money pretty badly—worse than I though we did! That is—now it is even more a matter of pride to pay it back than we ever thought it would be. Oh," she broke out suddenly, "if I could only make a lot and a lot of money, if I could get away! Sometimes I feel that for one breath of free fresh air I'd give my soul! Don't look at me that way." she laughed shakily, and dropped her eyes to her hand; "you have—such eyes!"

They broaded over her and through her. "I was thinking." he said slowly. "of free fresh air," and his chest lifted

They broaded over her and through her. 'I was thinking,' he said slowly, 'of free fresh air.' and his chest lifted

leatial, gleamed like mysterious bub-bles that could vanish at a pin-prick

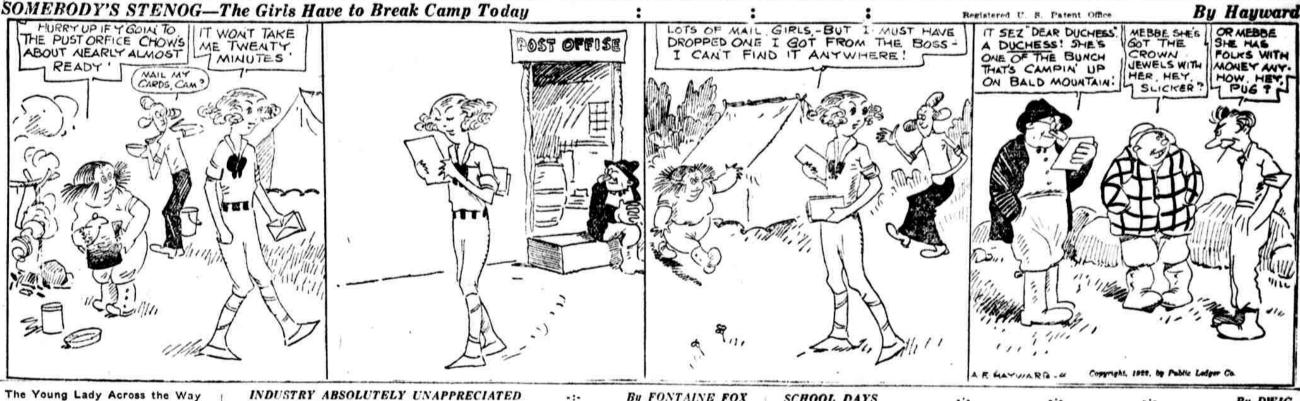
sage. Q, used to enforced absences and unbridgable distances, did not even think of calling up Heloise on the tele-phone. He had his own theory of how

an accepted suitor should act; a part of this theory was that an engaged man should appear with a ring in his hand.

The clerk at Tiffany's began by being patient and ended by being enthusiastic. Q's head almost touching bis over the counter, they examined jewel after jewel, discussed setting upon setting. The final choice was a pearl like a full moon with an arrowy sparkle sapphires and diamonds pointing

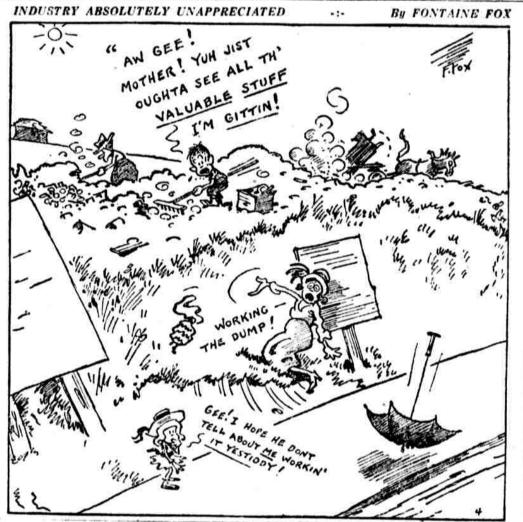
about it. CONTINUED TOMORROW.







The young lady across the way says the prohibition law should be enforced to the letter and every bucket shop should be closed.



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG HELP FLAG. EWAM CIH GOT HIM LOCKED UP IN THE ATTIC AND HE WANT LADDER. THE

