

CALL of the WEST

By R. G. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER XXXI
"So you was warnin' that gal agin me?" Swergin thrust his arm close to Stan's.
"And if my hands were untied I'd wash your dirty face." Stan Ball's eyes were as hard as steel.
"No use being a hog! You won't get to camp out with her any more." Swergin leered and his lips parted.
"You dirty rat! You may string me up but I'll still be on your trail!" Stan hissed.

Swergin stepped back. He was alone with his prisoner and so sure of him that he was willing to take his time.
"So I'm a dirty rat, eh?"
"Get it over with." Stan snapped.
"There ain't no hurry. They don't even know down at camp that you are caught." Swergin smiled broadly.
"You feel pretty safe with your Pass Creek gang at your back?" Stan sneered.

"Pass Creek is a nice place and a nice location," Swergin chuckled as though enjoying a big joke.
"Hey, boys!" he called. "Come and get him!"

A half dozen rough timber men crowded into the room. They jerked Stan from the wall and pushed him toward the door. He went with his head up. His hat was brushed off but he did not ask for its return.

The men led him outside and mounted their horses. Ball was ordered to walk ahead of the leading rider. There were 20 men in the file of riders, with Stan ahead, moved slowly toward Three Rivers by the Pass Creek trail. It was no part of Swergin's plan to have the lynching done near the cabin in the timber.

The cavalcade wound down the low divide separating the Pass Creek trail from the Three Rivers slope. Swergin had now forced out ahead with another rider. "Looking for a suitable tree?" Stan thought grimly.

Swergin halted in a clump of spruce and motioned for the men to stop and pulled to a halt. Like a band of Cossacks, the men closed in about him and silently slid from their horses. It was plain they knew exactly what to do. They crowded around their prisoner and the man who had been riding with Swergin unstrapped a lariat from his saddle and began unrolling it. The big fellow who had driven Stan ahead of his horse shouldered to the cowboy's side.

"For goin' where there won't be much chance to snook," he grinned. "Got anything to say?" He bent toward his prisoner.

Stan smiled and met the man's gaze with steady eyes. "Only that I hope you enjoy the party."

The man grinned and backed away. "Get on the end of that rope!" he ordered as he tossed the rope over a limb above Stan's head.
Swergin crowded through the throng for a final thrust at his hated enemy. He glared at Ball as though disappointed at finding him so self-possessed.

"You turned out to be pretty good," he grinned.
Stan refused to reply.

"You and old Delo make a fine pair of fools," Swergin continued.

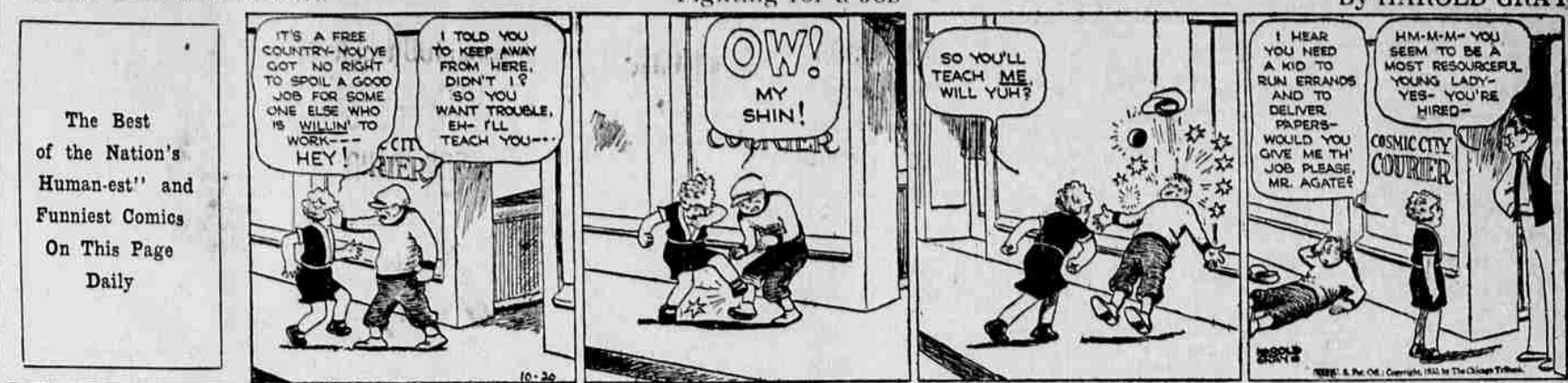
Still Stan refused to speak. He had decided hours before not to tell anything he had discovered in his checking of the activities at Three Rivers. He was aware that this was a picked group of men who were in with Swergin and that if he did speak, no word of what he said would get to Asper Delo or anyone else. But he was struck suddenly by a desire to stare off the lightning of the rope that the big lumberjack was

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

Fighting for a Job

By HAROLD GRAY



TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

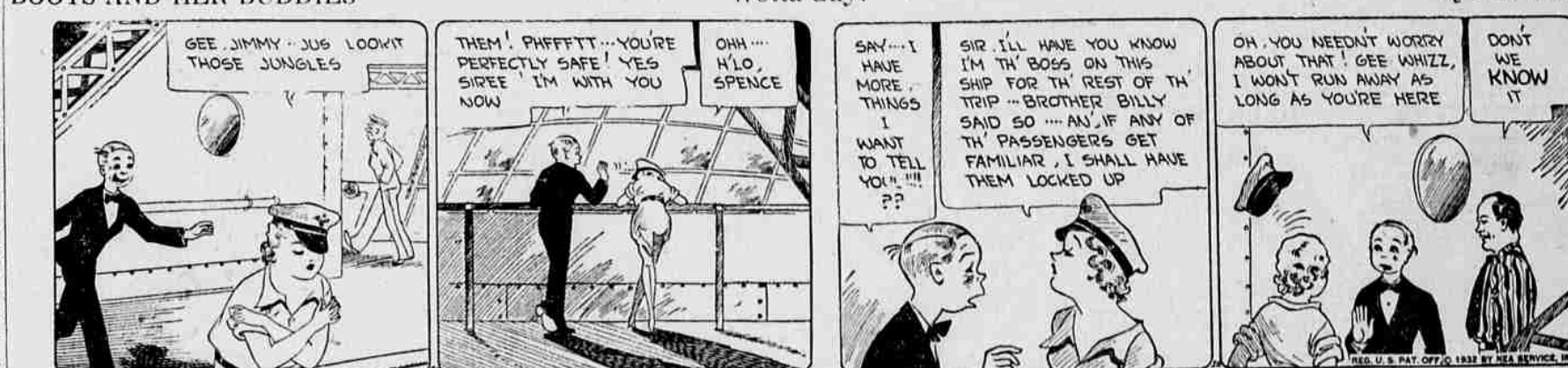
By LYMAN YOUNG



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Wotta Guy!

By MARTIN



BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS



THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING--"THE VANISHING RACE"

TOMORROW--"TREASURE ISLAND"

By E. C. Segar



OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

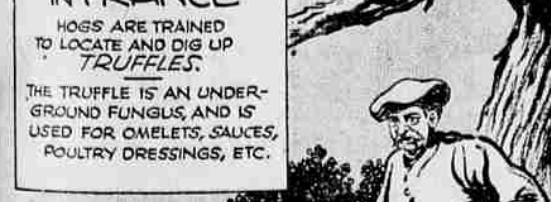


THIS CURIOUS WORLD

IN FRANCE

HOSS ARE TRAINED TO LOCATE AND DIG UP TRUFFLES.

THE TRUFFLE IS AN UNDERGROUND FUNGUS, AND IS USED FOR OMELETS, SAUCES, POULTRY DRESSINGS, ETC.



IN THE CENTRAL UNITED STATES MOST OF THE RAIN FALLS AT NIGHT. IN THE SOUTHEASTERN STATES 75 PER CENT FALLS IN THE DAYTIME.

© 1932 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

THE SAW-TOOTHED GRAIN BEETLE CAN LIVE ITS ENTIRE LIFE ON A DIET OF RED DEDDER ONLY.

© 1932 BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

WRIGLEYS

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM

INSINUATING FLAVOR

You'll like it!