

# CALL of the WEST

By R. G. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER XXXII

Dona rode down the trail slowly. Stan Hall's black mare did not seem to go. The horse kept turning its head and edging off the trail. But Stan remembered that her master had given her orders to obey the slender girl, so she made a half-hearted attempt to step along.

Torn between a wild eagerness to back with her father and fear that she was not well on the back trail, she was not sure. Dudley scarcely entered her thoughts. So many strange things had happened in the past week, many amazing twists of fate, that she had begun to seem unreal. Always she had made decisions rapidly and went straight to a finish, she was surprised at her present state of uncertainty.

The black mare's hoofs clicked on the trail with an even rhythm and from Dona's thoughts were beating to the same measure. Ball had admitted that he was guilty of all the charges against him. That means he had shot her father, killed a ranger and wounded several men. Dona was back, excited and she had started. But a man who had committed such crimes and who had treated her with the respect and dignity that Ball had shown each time they had met.

She slowed her horse a little to see if he were watching her out of the tail of his eye. The man slowed, too, and she knew that he was keeping a close check on her movements. Suddenly Dona pushed the mare ahead and rode abreast of him.

"Do you suppose they have the job done yet?" she motioned with her hand in the direction from which they had come.

The man looked at her, then grinned. "They'll bring him down the trail a ways, then—" He jerked up with one thumb and his grin widened.

Dona's lips went white. "I'm going back to put a stop to it!" she cried. The black mare had halted. The man pulled his horse to a stop. "No use to butt in," he growled.

"I'm going back! It will be plain murder!" The girl's eyes were ablaze and her lips trembling.

Dona took in the situation at a glance. Her companion was unbalanced in his saddle. One leg was cast over the horn. His gun hung from his hip on her side while his big hands rested on the saddle horn. He was drinking in the picture she made. With a lightning movement Dona lashed out with her quirt, at the same time swinging the black mare up against the other horse. The lashing leather strips cut across the fellow's eyes and cheeks, blinding him. Dona reached over and jerked his gun loose, then cut his horse cruelly across its flanks. The animal snorted and leaped into the air. Like a big sack of meal, the man sailed into the air and landed in a heap on the ground.

Out on the Pass Creek trail the black streaked. She knew where she was headed and her nostrils flared as she strained at her loose bit. Dona felt a rush of exhilaration as she watched the mare's powerful muscles lift and fall. She was riding a great horse.

In a flurry of dust and loose stones Dona burst from the trail and shot toward a clump of aspens. She had seen a group of men ahead and knew what to expect. She could make out the tree under which Ball was standing and the rope over the limb.

Sweerin saw her coming and rode out to meet her. He waved to the men to loosen up on the rope.

Dona slid to a halt before him. She was close to the men and could see Ball standing straight and calm

## LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

**The Best of the Nation's Human-est' and Funniest Comics On This Page Daily**

Panel 1: "GEE, I HATED TO HAVE TO SOCK 'LUG' SO HARD YESTERDAY-FIGHTIN' IS ALL WRONG, BUT HE STARTED SHOVIN' ME AROUND- I JUST HAD TO BELT HIM!"

Panel 2: "'MAGINE A GUY LIKE THAT STRIKIN' FOR MORE MONEY, WITH JOBS AS SCARCE AS THEY ARE NOW- HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN GLAD HE HAD A GOOD JOB!"

Panel 3: "BUT NO- A BIRD LIKE 'LUG' NEVER KNOWS WHEN HE'S WELL OFF- WHY, HE WASN'T EVEN EARNIN' WHAT MR. AGATE WAS PAYIN' HIM!"

Panel 4: "I HAVE ALL THE PAPERS DELIVERED. MR. AGATE- WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?"

Panel 5: "YOU CERTAINLY WORK FAST- BETTER CALL IT A DAY, ANNIE- COME BACK IN THE MORNING AND WE'LL TRY TO FIND SOME WAY TO KEEP YOU BUSY!"

## In These Days a Job's a Job

By HAROLD GRAY

Panel 1: "COSMIC CITY COURIER"

Panel 2: "I HAVE ALL THE PAPERS DELIVERED. MR. AGATE- WHAT SHALL I DO NOW?"

Panel 3: "YOU CERTAINLY WORK FAST- BETTER CALL IT A DAY, ANNIE- COME BACK IN THE MORNING AND WE'LL TRY TO FIND SOME WAY TO KEEP YOU BUSY!"

## TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

Panel 1: "YOU AREN'T REALLY GOING TO KILL THAT LITTLE BABY MOBO? GEE, I DON'T THINK YOU MEANT IT!"

Panel 2: "EBERETA JID TOO!"

Panel 3: "LIM THIM!"

Panel 4: "BETTER OBEY!! EAT HIM NOW THAN LET HIM EAT OBEY!! WHEN HE GROW UP BIG!"

Panel 5: "LOOK- HE THINKS YOU'RE PLAYING WITH HIM!!"

Panel 6: "WHAT NO DO? WHAT NO DO? STOP- WHAT NO DO?"

Panel 7: "I'M - I'M NOT GOING TO LET YOU KILL HIM! MOBO!"

Panel 8: "HE SCRATCH YOU - MAYBE BITE YO HAND OFF, TIM - TIM!"

Panel 9: "NO - HE WON'T! HE'S GOING TO BE MY PET AND I'M GOING TO TEACH HIM TRICKS!"

## By LYMAN YOUNG

## BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Tsk! Tsk!

By MARTIN

Panel 1: "WHERE ARE WE, KID? WOT'S THAT TOWN DOWN THERE?"

Panel 2: "I DUNNO..."

Panel 3: "YUH DUNNO? AN' YER TH SKIPPER OF TH' SHIP? SAY... WOT DAY OF TH' WEEK IS IT?"

Panel 4: "WHY, UH... ..UH..."

Panel 5: "DO YUH KNOW WOT MONTH IT IS?"

Panel 6: "SURE! IT'S... LESSEE NOW..."

Panel 7: "I KNOW IT'S 1932 - NO, GEE! IT'S 1933! I KNOW I'VE BEEN GONE OVER A YEAR..."

Panel 8: "MEBBE I'M WRONG"

## By MARTIN

## BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

Panel 1: "BY GOLLY - SINCE I'VE BEEN RUNNIN' FER MAYOR - MAGGIE LETS ME HAVE ALL ME PALS COME TO THE HOUSE - SHE KNOWS THEIR VOTES COUNT - I'VE INVITED DINNY SLATS TO 'DINNER TO-NIGHT'."

Panel 2: "HELLO, LADY."

Panel 3: "MAGGIE - THIS IS DINNY SLATS - ONE OF ME VOTE-GITTERS."

Panel 4: "CHARMED - I'M SURE - SO GLAD YOU WILL STAY FOR DINNER."

Panel 5: "I'VE ALSO INVITED MR. JOHNSON - THE CHIEF OF POLICE - TO DINNER - THAT'S HIM AT THE DOOR NOW."

Panel 6: "WHERE IS MR. SLATS?"

Panel 7: "OH - WHY - HE JUST HAPPENED TO REMEMBER HE HAD ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT."

Panel 8: "HUM - I'D LIKED TO HAVE MET HIM -"

## By GEORGE McMANUS

## THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING - "TREASURE ISLAND"

TOMORROW - "THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"

By E. C. Segar

Panel 1: "GOLD HAS NO VALUE HERE - IT IS SO PLENTIFUL THEY USE IT FOR BUILDING MATERIAL!"

Panel 2: "I GETS A BIG KICK OUTTA THAT!"

Panel 3: "THE DOOMAINS VALUE JEWELS - THERE ARE GEMS HERE THAT WOULD OUTSHINE THE BEST THAT THE OTHER COUNTRIES COULD PRODUCE"

Panel 4: "BUT DON'T ASK KING YOKO FOR JEWELS - HE WOULDN'T PART WITH ANY OF THEM"

Panel 5: "WE DON'T WANT JEWELS - GOLD IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR US - WE AIN'T PERTICKLER"

Panel 6: "MUCH OBLIGED FOR THE BUILDING MATERIAL - YCR MAJESKYS"

Panel 7: "TUDY MOG BUNOS GOP"

Panel 8: "GAND GOP TOOT!"

Panel 9: "LE'S GET THEM SACKS FILLED AN' HOIST ANCHOR - THIS PLACE GIVES ME CREEPY FEELINGS"

Panel 10: "POPEYE (WE'VE GOT ENOUGH GOLD TO PAY THE NATIONAL DEBT OF TAZILIA A DOZEN TIMES - AND TO PUT THE PEZEEE ON A PAR WITH THE MONEYS OF THE WORLD)"

## By E. C. Segar

## OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

Panel 1: "HOW DO YOU KNOW HE'S COMING? YOU NEVER GOT UP TO LOOK!"

Panel 2: "I DON'T HAVE TO - WHEN HE'S BEEN OUT RABBIT HUNTING, ALL HE EVER GETS IS FARM PRODUCE - HE DOES HIS REAL HUNTING IN TOWN - I JUST SAW A TOWARD SPLASH ON A CAT, AND A DOG JUST PASSED WITH TWO TOMATOES AFTER HIM."

Panel 3: "BUT, UNCLE AMOS, I DIDN'T HURT YOUR CONCERTINA WHEN I TOOK IT OUTSIDE YESTERDAY! IT FELT LIKE THERE WAS SOMETHING STUCK INSIDE OF IT WHEN I'D TRY TO PUSH TH' MUSIC OUT - AN' THEN - WHEN -"

Panel 4: "EGAD - EE - GAD! - WHAT'S THIS? - WHY, IT'S MY ROLL OF MONEY! - HAW - THAT'S WHERE I HID IT - IN MY OLD CONCERTINA! - WHY - AH - EGAD - BY JOVE, ALVIN, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A DOLLAR REWARD!"

## By AHERN

### THIS CURIOUS WORLD



A WIRE THAT WOULD REACH TWICE AROUND THE WORLD COULD BE DRAWN FROM ONE CUBIC INCH OF PLATINUM.

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The PINE PROFESSIONARY CATERPILAR ALWAYS LAYS A SILKEN TRACK WHENEVER IT LEAVES THE NEST, SO THAT IT MAY FIND ITS WAY BACK, AND IT ALWAYS TRAVELS WITH OTHERS OF ITS KIND, END TO END, IN SINGLE FILE. FABRE, THE GREAT NATURALIST, ONCE STARTED A PROCESSION OF THESE CATERPILARS AROUND THE RIM OF A VASE, AND THEN CUT THE SILKEN LINE TO THE NEST. THE CATERPILARS TRAVELED AROUND THE RIM EIGHT DAYS BEFORE FINDING THEIR WAY HOME.

• IN ALBANIA • IF A GIRL GROWS UP AND DOES NOT MARRY THE MAN CHOSEN FOR HER IN CHILDHOOD, SHE BECOMES A MAN-WOMAN! SHE DRESSES LIKE A MAN, BEARS ARMS, AND CAN INHERIT PROPERTY AS A MALE.

**WRIGLEY'S**

KEEPS YOUR TASTE FRESH

INEXPENSIVE SATISFYING