

CALL of the WEST

By R.G. MONTGOMERY

CHAPTER XXXIII

Stan Ball, seated himself on the grass facing his prisoner. "Bet-
sit down and rest a few min-
utes," he said.

Dona sat down and propped her
head on her hands to steady her-
self. She could not look Ball in
the face. She did not regret for a
moment saving him from the mob
that she did have to have to admit
that she could not go through with
that threat to exact the heaviest
penalty of him. Her weakness of
the past hour irritated her and
made her determined to hate Stan
more thoroughly than ever. She
knew this would be impossible if
she looked at him or let him make
her talk.

Several minutes passed. Then
Dona said in a low voice, "I am
ready now."

Stan got up and whistled softly
to the black mare. He helped Dona
into the saddle and she willingly
accepted this assistance. Leaping
up behind her, Stan headed the
mare around the steep slope, for
she would have to take a round-
about route to the timber camp.

They were making a dash across
an open space when a rifle crack-
ed to their right and a spurt of
dust rose almost under the flying
hoofs of the mare. Stan spoke
sharply and the little animal darted
to the side and leaped into a
thicket of alder and berry bushes.
From this cover, Stan sent her
plunging. Dona had suddenly be-
come very much alive.

"Please stop!" she begged.

Stan pulled up and slid to the
ground. He jerked out his gun and
stood ready to ward off an attack.
"I have been taking you in," the
girl said slowly. "I intended to let
them capture you." She met Stan's
glare for the first time. Suddenly
she burst out angrily, "You'd ride
right into camp with me!" Her
face trembled.

He shook his head negatively.
"No, I am to take you to the edge
of the clearing and then make my
 getaway. I don't care to commit
 myself now." His gray eyes held
 hers.

"You are going to leave me here!
The fool that fired at us can take
me in." Dona's eyes lowered and
she flushed deeply.

"It will be worth the trouble to
take you the rest of the way,"
Stan cried. "The lady and I"
he motioned to his horse "will
enjoy a bit more excitement."

A thrashing in the brush warned
them that several men were hot
on their trail. Dona still sat in the
saddle and Ball leaped up behind
her. With a short laugh he sent
the horse flying through the brush.
Angry shouts floated down to them
but no shots were fired.

The cover was beginning to thin.
Suddenly a man rose from behind
a boulder just ahead. He was bal-
ancing a rifle in the hollow of his
arm and listening. It was evident
that he had heard the galloping
mare and was trying to locate
them. Stan changed their course
to the right and up the slope
where they could keep to cover.
Finally he pulled up and whistled
softly.

"The woods are full of lumber-
jacks," he said grimly. "There's
one just ahead in that patch of
timber and there is another just
above us."

Dona did not reply for a mo-
ment. "I'll get down and walk out
into the open," she said firmly.
"I have something to say to
you." Stan interrupted.

"Not now!" Dona was suddenly
afraid of what he was about to
tell her.

"I have to get it off my chest,"
he insisted.

"But you are literally surround-
ed and may be shot at any min-
ute," Dona was on the verge of
nervous collapse again.

"I'm used to tight pinches. This
isn't half bad," Ball smiled evenly.

"Take the horse and make a
break back up the trail!" Dona
almost pleaded.

"Not until I tell you." He held
her in the saddle when she started
to slide to the ground.

"Please go!" she begged. Visions
of the last few hours, of Swergin's
grin and the narrow escape this
man had made from lynching were
flaming before her eyes. She did
not care what he was or what he
had done, she wanted him to live.
With an unreasoning urge Dona
wanted him to escape unharmed.

"I couldn't get a 100 yards on
horseback," Ball spoke calmly,
looking up at her.

"Hurry! Tell me," she cried.

"I give you my promise on oath
to leave this country and not to
return," he said, holding her eyes.

"Then go!" she urged.

"I'll send you down to the camp
on the mare but I'll have to have
her to get away." He hesitated a
second then hurried on. "I'll come
down to the patch of timber be-
hind the main building tonight at
9. Can you have the mare there?"

Dona met his questioning gaze
squarely. "I can't take her. I will
walk," she insisted.

"You must take her! It's my only
chance. If we wait here much long-
er I won't need her."

"I'll meet you," Dona said sim-
ply.

Stan slapped the mare across
her flank. "Hike, lady!" he called
softly to the horse.

A rider burst from the timber
and galloped toward her. It was
Dudley and he was disheveled and
dusty, the first time she had seen
him so since coming to Three
Rivers.

"Dona!" he shouted.

The girl faced him mechanically
and headed the black mare in his
direction. At her side, Dudley
leaped from his saddle.

"Are you hurt?" he cried.

She looked into his eyes and
suddenly Dona became repentant.
Dudley had suffered during her
absence, that was certain.

"I'm all right. How is Dad? She
spoke rapidly.

"He's running around like a wild
man. We'd better get right in be-
fore he burns down the camp."
Dudley was beginning to regain
his composure now that he saw
she was not harmed.

"Has he been riding?" Dona
asked contritely.

"All over the mountain! You'll
never know how glad I am to see
you. I could no more handle him
than I could a wounded tiger!"
Dudley was plainly relieved to
have Asper off his hands.

"We'll gallop right in," Dona
said. She cast a last glance up the
slope where the posse was form-
ing around the dense growth in
which she had left Stan Ball. The
circle had tightened and the men
now were crawling with the great-
est caution.

Dudley mopped his face with a
silk handkerchief as he jolted
along at her side.

"Has Swergin been in with any
news?" Dona asked.

"We haven't had a word about
you. This is the first news. Dud-
ley shouted to make her hear
above the rattle of the horses'
flying hoofs.

(To Be Continued)

LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE

The Best
of the Nation's
Humanest and
Funniest Comics
On This Page
Daily

Reverend

By HAROLD GRAY

GEE, THAT KID 'LUG' SURE LET THIS OFFICE GET INTO A MESS— BUT IT'S BEGINNING TO LOOK A LITTLE BETTER NOW— YESSIR, MR. AGATE— I'M COMIN'—

ANNIE— COME HERE FOR A MINUTE—

ANNIE, YOUR HEAVIEST WORK HERE COMES ON FRIDAY, WHEN THE PAPERS ARE DELIVERED, AND SATURDAY, WHEN YOU PUT IN A FULL DAY— SO I'M PAYING YOU FOR A WEEK—

GEE, THANKS, MR. AGATE— BUT— I THOUGHT THE SALARY WAS A DOLLAR— YOU'VE GIVEN ME A DOLLAR AND A HALF—

YES— I KNOW— I PAID 'LUG' A DOLLAR— BUT YOU'RE WORTH MORE THAN 'LUG'— YOU'RE WILLING AND NOT AFRAID OF WORK—

SAY— I SURE 'PRECATE THIS, B'LEVE ME—

LEAPIN' LIZARDS! THAT JUST GOES TO SHOW YUH— TH' BOSS KNOWS WHEN YER CHEATIN', OR WHEN YER TRYIN'— I'LL BET A LOT O' BIRDS, WHO NEVER GET AHEAD, WOULD HAVE LOTS BETTER LUCK IF THEY'D QUIT SQUAWKIN' ABOUT THEIR TIGHT BODS AND REALLY GET TO WORK AND DO SOMETHING TO EARN MORE DOUGH—

TIM TYLER'S FLYING LUCK

By LYMAN YOUNG

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SPUD? YOU'RE NOT LOSING YOUR HOLD ON THE WABAWI WARRIORS ARE YOU?

AW, I'VE GOT 'EM EATING OUT OF MY HAND, ROY! IT'S TIM I'M THINKIN' OF— TIM— AN!

MASSAH SPUD, MAKE UM GOOD WITCH DOCTOR!

PANTHER CLUB MUCH BAD MEDICINE TIM-TIM! NO CAN TAKE 'EM GROW UP, BE GOOD FOR WHILE, THEN SOME DAY— TEAR YOU TO PIECES— LUUGH—

BUT, MOSO, THIS LITTLE FELLER IS DIFFERENT! WE'RE GOING TO BE GREAT PALES, TOO! WHAT'LL I NAME HIM?

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

Hello, Everybody!

By MARTIN

SA GREAT IDEA PAI! WE WON'T SAY A THING ABOUT IT

AND WILL SHE BE SURPRISED! SHE DOESN'T SUSPECT A THING

I'VE SENT WORD AHEAD AND THE WHOLE BUNCH WILL BE THERE TO MEET US! WE MUST BE NEARLY THERE NOW

BOOTS— BOOTS!! OH GEE WHIZZ— WE'RE HOME

CUT IT OUT NOW, DOGGONE IT

I'LL LEARN YA TO KEEP THAT BIG YAP OF YOURN CLOSED AFTER THIS

BOOTS— YOU POOR DARLING

HELLO, WILLIAM

BRINGING UP FATHER

By GEORGE McMANUS

HERE COMES THAT MISS LOTTA VOTES KIN YOU IMAGINE HER THINKIN' SHE'S GONNA BE ELECTED MAYOR OF THIS TOWN?

ESPECIALLY— RUNNIN' AGIN' YOU—

LOOK AT HER— SHE THINKS SHE'S JUST ABOUT ALL RIGHT—

FOOLISH WOMAN—

HUH! LOOK AT HER WASTE HER TIME LOOKIN' AT THEM BARGAINING IN THEM WINDOWS—

YEA! THAT'S ALL WOMEN THINK OF—

NOW LOOK! POWDERIN' HER NOSE— JUST WASTIN' TIME—

YEA! THEY HAVE NO IDEA OF BUSINESS—

THIMBLE THEATRE

Starring POPEYE

NOW SHOWING—"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME" MONDAY—"THE BOY THEY LEAVE BEHIND"

By E. C. Segar

OLIVE, IT DON'T SEEM RIGHT, TAKIN' ALL THIS GOLD

WHY NOT? IT HAS NO VALUE HERE

YEAH, I KNOW, BUT HOOFMANS IS SUPPOSED TO WORK FOR WHAT THEY GETS— THIS IS TOO EASY

AW, BE YOURSELF— WE CAN GET MARRIED AND LIVE IN LUXURY THE REST OF OUR LIVES

I DON'T WANT LUXURY! I WANT HAPPINESS—

SPEAKIN' OF HAPPINESS, MAYBE THESE NATIVES WOULD BE HAPPIER IF I TOOK 'EM TO AMERICA WITH US

THEY WOULD NOT GO WITH YOU— THEY'LL STICK TIL THE END

THIS IS THEIR COUNTRY, AND EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE BUT A FEW ACRES OF DRY LAND LEFT, THEY WILL STAND BY TILL THE SEA CLAIMS IT ALL— THEY HAVE A SHIP TO USE IN CASE EVERY-THING GOES SUDDENLY

STOP QUIBBLIN' AND HELP SACK THIS GOLD— I'VE GOT TO GET HOME AND PUT THE PEZOEZE ON ITS FEET

OUT OUR WAY

By WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

By AHERN

THERE YOU ARE! THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH TH' PEOPLE OF T'DAY— LIVIN' TOO FAST— DOIN' TOO MANY THINGS AT ONE TIME— YOU CAN'T ENJOY MORE THAN ONE THING AT A TIME.

OH, I DON'T KNOW! I USED TO ENJOY A THREE-RING CIRCUS, A BAG O' PEANUTS AN' A BOTTLE O' POP, ALL AT TH' SAME TIME— AN' WATCHIN' TH' THREE RINGS KEE ME FROM EATIN' TOO MUCH PEANUTS AN' POP— AN' EATIN' TH' PEANUTS AN' POP KEE ME FROM GITTIN' TOO MUCH OF TH' CIRCUS.

SO I STILL LIKE 'EM, ALL!

NOW THAT YOU'VE FOUND YOUR MONEY, DON'T GO HIDIN' IT IN TH' VACUUM CLEANER OR MEAT GRINDER FOR SAFETY! EITHER BANK IT, OR SPEND IT!— I'D SUGGEST THAT YOU BUY A COUPLE THOUSAND HOMING PIGEONS— THAT'S AN INVESTMENT YOU CAN'T LOSE!

HAW, LAD— I AM GOING TO USE MY MONEY IN THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE!— REFIT MY LABORATORY FOR EXPERIMENTAL WORK!— EGAD, VERY SHORTLY I WILL SHOW YOU A SMOKING PIPE I HAVE INVENTED, THAT DOES NOT REQUIRE MATCHES!

— THIS CURIOUS WORLD —

BEARS GET A NEW SET OF SHOES

EVERY SPRING / WHEN BRUIN COMES OUT OF HIS WINTER HIBERNATION, A THICK SOLE PEELS FROM THE FEET, AND A NEW, SOFT, RUBBERY LAYER IS EXPOSED.

A LOAF OF BREAD DOES NOT CONTINUE TO INCREASE IN TEMPERATURE AS IT BAKES. IT HEATS RAPIDLY AT FIRST, AND THEN REMAINS AT AN EVEN TEMPERATURE.

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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT GUM

THE PERFECT GUM

KEPT RIGHT IN CELLOPHANE