

INSTALLMENT 6

Dusty King and Lew Gordon had built up a vast string of ranches which stretched from Texas to Montana. King was killed by his powerful and unscrupulous competitor, Ben Thorpe. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, undertook

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

Presently it began to appear that the tough, notoriously trouble-making outfits under Cleve Tanner were had before. Here and there men were beginning to desert the Tanner outfits - sometimes fired because they had failed, sometimes voluntarily deserting to the ranks of the raiders who were now almost openly punishing the Thorpe-Tanner

Mid-August, in the season of driest heat-

Into the Potreros, by a little used trail, a black-sombreroed horseman rode. He was a tested gunman, a proved man whose name was known and feared half the length of the Great Trail. Trouble-shooting for Cleve Tanner now, he was moving into the Potreros to find out what had gone wrong with some of Tanner's choicest herds. He had come fast, changing horses frequently, riding far into the night.

Loping down the almost invisible trail through the dark, his horse suddenly dropped from under him, headlong into nothingness. The pony might have stepped into a prairie dog hole-or it could have been the loop of a rope. But as the dazed rider struggled up, his mouth full of dirt, a rifle was prodding his belly, and a voice was saying, "Don't you think you might have took the wrong way? . . ."

West Texas, far up the lonely Pecos-One of Cleve Tanner's-outfit bosses was talking to the Ranger stationed at Mustang Point.

"Such a damn' outbust of lawlessness has cut loose here as I never seen before," he said.

The ranger here was Val McDonald. He had gone out nineteen times in battle, sometimes against Mexicans, sometimes against the Comanches, and he had hunted white renegades galore.

"Awfully tough," he said in his own sympathetic way.

The foreman of the outfit that was busted up was fit to be tied. "I tell you, we're being stolen blind," he raved. "Not just a calf here and there, either-they take 'em in swoops and bunches. It's the boldest thing I've ever seen. Even when there's no chance of getting clear with any cattle, they're game to stampede a cut herd that it's took weeks to round up, and scatter it December day. The sky was low from hell to-"

"This is one of Ben Thorne's out fits? No?"

"Does that mean-"

"Well? How many times has Cleve Rangers be damned?' He's put more lature cut down our pay until we away. practically ride for nothing, and furnish all our own stuff?"

"The question here is whether we're going to have any law, or are we going to have-'

"From what I heard," McDonald said, "Cleve Tanner has left it be the law himself. Go talk to Cleve change everything under the sky, Tanner if you want law."

"My understanding is." the foresupposed to-"

"I'll move out and straighten up your little old range," McDonald wind, and stood gripping a bar of said. "I'll be glad to. Just as soon the fence as she peered up into his as I get orders from headquarters. face, I'm waiting for them right orders now!

But the weeks rolled by, and headquarters was curiously still . . .

End of summer; a welcome end-Cleve Tanner himself, the Cleve Tanner who represented Ben Thorpe in the south, master of breeding grounds, the man who controlled the roots of all Ben Thorpe's plains organization, was talking to the Unit-

ed States Marshal at San Antonio. "There hasn't been such a wave of outlawry since the horse Indians was put down. Damnation, man! It's set us back ten years . . . I

know what your policy has been. Your idea is to let us fight it out for ourselves, against Mexico, against the Indians, against all hell. But I tell you, this thing comes from inside; this thing might be something that I couldn't beat without help."

The United States Marshal at San Antonio smiled to himself a little smile; and he said, "Seems like this must be a terrible bad thing for you, Cleve?"

"I'm telling you-"

"Go ahead and tell me. You're a Ben Thorpe man, ain't you? A right leading Ben Thorpe man. Wellmaybe I'll tell you a couple of things, some day . .

There was law in Texas, even in those days; but there was no such law as could stand against the combined renegades of the long trail, with behind them a lawyer who could delay forever in the courts; and a reckless expenditure of money, the source of which some suspected, but which was not definitely known.

THE STORY SO FAR: to break Thorpe's power. His first step was to start a cattle war in Texas. He made this decision against the opposition of Lew Gordon and the tearful pleading of his sweetheart, Jody Gordon. With the aid of Dry Camp Pierce and thousands.

CHAPTER IX

With the fall, Lew Gordon, now in sole charge of the far-scattered catspect the southern holdings of King-Gordon-the breeding ranges from which all the King-Gordon holdings drew their essential sustenance.

Reports kept coming to Bill Roper at his constantly shifting bases by him in touch with his far-spread now that he's coming to the end of wild bunch. Inevitably he knew that his string; that if this thing goes Jody was at the headquarters of the old Two-Circle, not far from Uvalde. The Two-Circle had been the original Gordon stand: from this camp had been driven the first trail herd together, for the first time-the killthat Dusty King had pushed north.

Roper knew that she was there. Yet the fall dragged on, and November passed into December before he went to see her.

He had told himself that there was no use in his going to see Jody Gordon: but in the end, of course, he went.

He rode up to the Two-Circle ranch house in late afternoon of a cold range."



He pulled up his horse a few yards from the kitchen gallery.

and heavy, and the bitter norther long way to throw it sharply in his men."

He pulled up his horse a few yards Tanner passed out the word, 'The from the kitchen gallery, then sat hundred miles of country; they're from the kitchen gallery, then sat hundred miles of country; they're there looking at the house, his sheep-beginning to call it a rustlers' war, come round quick." obstructions in the way of things skin hunched about his throat a final showdown between the wild we was trying to do than any other Even now, having come this far, he bunch and lawful men. And you-" one man. Who was it had the legis- almost made up his mind to go

Then Jody Gordon stepped out on the gallery in a whippy woolen dress and stood estimating the uninvited horseman through the dusk. Something like the strike of a buffalo lance went through Bill Roper; it festering," he said. was so long since he had seen that known that he's the biggest end of one slim little figure that could so for him.

A split pole fence separated them; man argued, "that the Rangers are and after a moment she came across the few yards of space, leaning sideways against the bitter

"I knew it was you," she said. "Child," said Bill Roper, "you get back in that house. You'll freeze!"

"Is your father here?" "He's in San Antonio."

"I don't think he'd want me here,

"Lew Gordon has never turned away any rider without a cup of coffee; not yet."

He gave in then, and stepped down. He tied his horse to the fence, and followed her into the house.

The fire in the big wood range made the room a dazing contrast to the cold sweep of the prairie; he threw his coat open, but did not take

"Of course," Jody said, "we keep hearing about you.' "That's too bad. I expect you

wouldn't be hearing anything good."

Silence again. He didn't know why he had come; there wasn't anything he could say. He stood by the stove, his eyes brooding on the iron. Deep in the pockets of his coat there was a trembling in his slack fingers, not caused by cold. It was a strange and uncomfortable thing to be so near this girl again, and

yet to be so far away. "Still," Jody said, "you seem to be getting done what you set out



other outlaw gunmen, Roper conducted raid after raid upon Thorpe's herds. Cleve Tanner, manager of Thorpe's Texas holdings, seemed helpless to stop him. Gunmen drove off cattle by the

"Sometimes it looks like I'm not even doing that."

"If you haven't accomplished anything else, you've astonished my not holding together as they always tle holdings he had shared with father. He's said himself, over and Dusty King, came to Texas to in- over, he wouldn't have supposed it could be done. No question but what Cleve Tanner is shaken; he's shaken clear down to his roots. Nobody knows what's what any more, or what will happen. People who thought a year ago that Cleve Tanway of the many riders who kept ner was invincible-they're saying

> on, Tanner will be through." "What else do they say?"

"They're saying that the worst renegades of the trail are working ers, the men who don't care if they live or die. They say they have money back of them now, and that even Cleve Tanner, with all his string of outfits, can't stand up against the everlasting raiding, and stampeding, and mysterious loss of cattle. They say he's lost twenty outfits, just because he couldn't spare the gunmen to hold the

"Eleven outfits," Roper said.

"Then it was really you?" "Those eleven outfits they speak of-those were outfits roughed away from little lonely men, on pretenses that hadn't any justice or any true law. Those outfits are back with their owners now."

"But-you admit your wild bunch is behind all this?"

"Call it that if you want to. I guess there isn't anybody knows as pery? well as you do what I'm trying to

She said in a dead voice, "I nevpatra figure? er believed it; I couldn't believe ituntil now."

"Didn't I tell you about it? I told you about it before I began. I set out to break Cleve Tanner; and by God, he'll be broken!-if I live."

"You know Cleve Tanner has put up five thousand dollars for your ar-

Bill Roper chuckled crazily. "All right. I'll put up ten thousand for his arrest. There isn't going to be any arrest, and he knows that, too."

"I can't believe it," she kept saying over and over. "I can't believe it even yet."

"You can't believe what?" "That you're an outlaw-a wild bunch boss-thrown in with the ugliest killers this range has ever seen, or any range-

He said ironically, "Don't hardhad brought a scud of hard snow a ly see how I could use second rate

"Reports have come in," Jody caller was in a wild state of alarm. said wonderingly, "from over eight

"What about me?" "Oh, Billy, it's unbearable! That dicitis." you-you've turned yourself into the festering point of all that struggle, er, however, insisting that the docand hate, and lawless gunning-"

He had to grin at that, unhappy as he was. "Didn't realize I was last, "you know that I took out

"You had everything," she said, nobody has two appendixes. 'and you threw it away . . He had only heard her say that once before; but, in memory, he

had heard it so often since that her words had the ring of a familiar "I'm sorry that we can't ever see things the same," Bill said. "I

started out to get Cleve Tanner, and I'll get him. After Tanner, Walk Lasham; and after Walk Lasham, Ben Thorpe. But when it comes to saying I had everything before I "Then you put up your horse and started in, I guess maybe that isn't

Jody said hotly, "There wasn't one thing in all the world you didn't have-or couldn't have had-before you chose this crazy way!"

"I didn't have you," he told her. "If I had had you, I guess I would have you yet. Things don't shift and change so easy as that-not in the part of the world I know."

He was pulling on his gloves now, buttoning his sheepskin coat. In what was left of the light, the shadows lay heavy upon his face. As he stood there, he could have been Dusty King himself-the man who had broken a hundred long and weary trails; except that Dusty King had perhaps never looked so old.

Her voice came to him as if from distance. "And when you're through," she said-"what are you going to have left?"

"Far as I know," Bill Roper said, I'm not going to have anything left. God knows I've got very little left now." He was glad she didn't know how his resources had dwindled, how close to the end he really stood.

Her voice rose sharply. "Can't you see there's no hope in this ghastly thing? Thorpe's grip is unbreakable." She came close to him, and her words came through her teeth. "It's your very life you're throwing away!"

Perhaps he misunderstood her then; for he grinned. "Maybe," he "that would be the least I could lose; the very least of all . . . ' (TO BE CONTINUED)

TIPS to

TRIM FLOWER GARDEN

THERE is much value in keeping the flower garden trimmed. Wise gardeners pick bouquets of favorite annuals like Marigold, Zinnia, Petunia, Sweet Peas and Snapdragon with systematic regularity, for the picking promotes continued blooming.

Periodic trimming is not best for such small, low-growing edging flowers as Alyssum. A complete cutting, however, will benefit this type of plant. This treatment may be applied to Ageratum, Linaria, Lobelia, and Nemesia as well as Alyssum.

Pinks, Cynoglossum, and Dwarf Bedding Rust Resistant Snapdragon are grown both for cutting and for garden beauty, but they too will profit by a thoroughgoing "haircut" such as that prescribed for the smaller, edging favorites. It is advisable to pick the flow-

ers of certain popular perennials when they are in their prime, to prevent their running to seed, and to promote the production of a second crop of blossoms in a single season. Delphinium, Sweet William, Coreopsis, Perennial Dihandled in this manner.

ASK ME

ANOTHER

The Questions

the dismal science?

sun dogs?

home plate?

it collapsed?

us was what?

salute?

1. Which science has been called

2. Whose inventions made the

3. What makes a fish so slip-

4. What is the explanation of

5. In what naval battle did Cleo-

6. What is the standard distance

7. Who discovered radio waves?

8. In Oliver Wendell Holmes' fa-

mous poem, how long did the won-

derful one horse shay run before

9. In ancient mythology Cerber-

10. Who introduced the Fascist

The Answers

1. Economics. 2. Thomas A. Edison.

Proving That Doctors

tor should come at once.

"Look here," said the doctor at

"Ever heard of anybody having

her appendix three years ago, and

two wives?" asked the husband.

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and are still miserable with stomach

gas! Spoils your sleep, and you hardly

dare eat. ADLA Tablets bring

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ADLA Tablets. Get them today.

Don't Know Everything

from a baseball pitcher's box to

motion picture an accomplished

NEW IDEAS for Home-makers By RUTH WYETH SPEARS



FEMININE headgear usually holds its shape best if it rests right side up on a stand that fits inside the crown, but this is not true of a man's hat. Its dashing lines may be preserved by placing it upside down in a holder.

A Quiz With Answers

Offering Information

on Various Subjects

the friction while swimming.

Sixty feet five inches.

Roman citizens greeted each oth-

er by shaking hands, and only

slaves made the sign which Mus-

One hundred years.

7. Heinrich Hertz.

atmosphere.

5. Actium.

gates of Hades.

solini adopted.

The man's hat box, shown here, is covered on the outside with maroon and blue cotton print and lined with blue chambray. The lid and the front of the box are hinged with adhesive tape before the covanthus, and Pyrethrum should be ering is pasted on with stiff paste. The stand is made of cardboard,

as shown in the sketch, and is covered to match the box. The maroon bias tape edging of the stand is cemented in place in a way that you may find useful in making many other things. The secret is in spreading the cement evenly on both surfaces, letting it dry, and then vulcanizing the two together with the heat of the pressing iron.

NOTE: Why not put away Winter things all nicely mended? It will be grand to get them out in perfect order next Fall, Mrs. Spears' Book 2 shows you how to do the most professional kinds of mending. as well as every day household mending.
There is a simple, quickly made zipper
bag for five garments in SEWING Book
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Idea and Work

Success is nothing but a good idea coupled with hard work .-Balzac.



One's Neighbor

The most pious may not live in peace, if it does not please his battle lost is a battle won .- Welwicked neighbor.-Schiller.

Lost or Won The next dreadful thing to a

For flower FERRY'S Fuller MEASURE PLEASURE BUY THEM FROM YOUR LOCAL DEALER

lington.

Simple Adversity upon a man; but for one man versity.-Carlyle.

who can stand prosperity, there Adversity is sometimes hard are a hundred that will stand ad-

As Man Wishes Men willingly believe what they wish.-Caesar.

COSTLIER TOBACCOS

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVES YOU

