



My Favorite Recipe
By Kay Francis

Stuffed Pork Chops

- 2 eggs.
- 4 slices bread, without crusts.
- 2 slices of bread, with crusts.
- ½ teaspoon salt.
- Pepper.
- Small dash of poultry seasoning.
- 1 large onion, chopped.
- 4 pork chops, with pockets.

When ordering chops, have them cut an inch thick, with slits, or "pockets," clear back to the bone. Chop the onions, shred the bread and beat the eggs well with a fork. Mix these well, kneading the mixture with the fingers until it is well blended. Add the seasoning. Pack this stuffing firmly into the pockets of the chops and close the opening with toothpicks. Lay chops in baking dish, uncovered, and broil slowly in oven for forty-five minutes. Serve with baked potatoes, which are baked at the same time.

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Scalped, Yet Lived

Even the women of early Ohio must have been as tough as buffalo hide.

When a young girl, Delia Corby of pioneer Miami county was knocked down by the Indians, who removed the scalp from the top of her head and left her for dead—the usual fate of one who is scalped. But Miss Corby recovered, and lived to marry and rear ten children. As the whole top of her head was scalped, she trained her hair to grow upward and across as a protection.

Although she lived a normal life, she did, however, complain of an occasional headache, which she attributed to her girlhood encounter with the redskins.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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READ THE ADS

GUNLOCK RANCH

by **FRANK H. SPEARMAN**

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CHAPTER XII—Continued

"Why, yes, Gus," admitted Bull, haltingly but good-naturedly. "I believe you did."

"You believe I did!" echoed Van Tumbel, enraged. "How did she get a horse out of my corral?"

"Why, she come down here to get her pony up herself—so I helped her a little."

The veins in Van Tumbel's huge neck swelled. Grabbing Bull with his powerful hands, he fastened his iron fingers on the old man's throat and choked him pitilessly, pouring on him as he did so a torrent of curses heard by Quong, who ran to the kitchen door to listen.

Only by struggling for his very life was Bull able to wriggle free from the deadly grip. In doing so, he fell backward to the ground, scrambled to his feet, and ran into the barn.

It was inside the barn that Bull's voice was heard by the China boy begging for mercy. "Why, Gus," he urged, "Jane's a nice girl. Don't take it so hard. I've worked for you a good many years, off an' on. You always found me honest, didn't you?"

Van Tumbel uttered no word. He had pursued Bull to the farthest corner of an empty stall and, filled with silent, murderous rage, caught up a broken wagon stake and swung it over his head. "Don't hit me with that, Gus," cried the frightened man. A low, fearful imprecation from Van Tumbel answered him.

"Now I'll give you what's comin' to you!"

"Why, Gus, you ain't a-goin' to kill me!"

Grunting and mad for blood, Van Tumbel struck at the cowboy and rained blow after blow on him till he sank to the floor. Then, suddenly, he dropped the stake and, bespattered with blood, staggered out of the barn and over to the house. Quong, watching stealthily, fled in terror for town.

In the cubbyhole office of McAlpin's livery barn in Sleepy Cat, Sawdy, Bob Scott, and McAlpin sat on three stools, silent and absorbed in a three-cornered bout at poker. The frightened Quong, trotting and walking from Gunlock and crossing the bridge, reached McAlpin's in pitiable condition. Throwing his hands against the glass-paneled office door, he burst in and fell sprawling almost on top of the intent players.

The gamblers jumped to their feet. McAlpin broke into angry exclamation: "What the devil! Can't we have a friendly game in my own quarters without a drunken bum chargin' in on us head first?"

Sawdy, less intent on saving his money and chips, had turned Quong partly over. "It's a chink, boys. There must be a tong war on."

Bob Scott, coolest of the trio, bent to scan the intruder's features.

"Who is it, Bob?" exclaimed McAlpin.

"It's Quong, the cook out at Gunlock, boys, if I'm not mistaken—an' from his breathin', I guess he's run all the way in. Must be somethin' doin' up at Gunlock."

Laid out on the hostler's little bunk, Quong's eyes opened and closed.

"What is it, Quong? What's wrong?" asked Scott.

With his eyes popping from his head, Quong managed to form a word: "Bull!" he exclaimed, hoarse and panting. "Bull Page!"

"What, Quong?"

"Bull Page!"

"He says Bull Page," explained Scott.

"What's a-matter with Bull, Quong?"

Quong's eyes rolled in terror. "Gus."

"Who?"

"Gus."

"Yes, Gus—what about Gus?"

"He kill him."

"What do you mean? Bull killed Gus? No!"

"Gus kill Bull."

"Who told you that, Quong?"

"I see ownself, Gus kill Bull."

"Well, I'll be damned," exclaimed Sawdy. "It looks like a straight story, boys. That why you run into town, Quong?"

The China boy nodded.

The trio consulted together. A team was hitched to a three-seated democrat wagon, Quong was helped into it, and with McAlpin driving, the four set out for the jail to pick up Bill Pardaloe. Pardaloe was in bed. They routed him out and drove over to the hotel to pick up Doctor Carpy.

Two hours later the party halted before the dark, silent ranch house at Gunlock.

In the stall farthest from the door they found Van Tumbel's victim. Incredible as the possibility seemed to Carpy, poor Bull, left alone, had dragged himself out of the stall and lay on his back.

Carpy held a lantern over him. His face and head had been battered almost beyond recognition.

"He's close to dead, boys," exclaimed Carpy, low-voiced, to his companions. "Get him to the kitchen. While I'm working with him, look for Van Tumbel."

They carried Bull to the kitchen door. Scott entered carefully and, groping in the dark, struck a match and lighted the lamp. Bull, breathing stertorously, was laid on the table.

Pardaloe tried the door leading to the dining room. It was locked. He rapped on it. He rapped again loudly, but the summons brought no reply.

"Stand to one side, Bob," murmured Pardaloe. "I'm goin' to bust it."

He threw his shoulder against the door. As it crashed open, Pardaloe, followed by Scott, walked into the dining room. The door to the living room stood open. This room, inspected, revealed no sign of disturbance.

Of the two bedroom doors opening off this room, the door, one leading to Van Tumbel's bedroom, was closed. Settling the lamp on the table in the middle of the room, Pardaloe knocked on Van Tumbel's door and, getting no reply, tried it. The door was locked.

Pardaloe called out, "If you're in there, Gus, unlock your door. I'm here to talk with you." Pardaloe awaited in silence a response from within; there was none.

Pardaloe threw himself into the door. It gave so easily that he stumbled across the threshold.

The bedroom was dark. Scott re-lighted the lamp. Pardaloe held it above his head and, followed by Scott, walked into the bedroom.

They saw the huge figure of a man lying across the bed. Pardaloe, passing the lamp to his companion, put his hand on the man's shoulder, saw that he was unconscious, and peering closer, turned the face toward him. It was Van Tumbel.

"Call Carpy, quick, Bob," muttered Pardaloe. "He's unconscious."

When Carpy stalked into the room, Sawdy with him, the doctor, aided by



"Doctor!" She Exclaimed Faintly, "He's Dead!"

his companion, turned the body partly over and examined it.

"How is he, Doc?" whispered Pardaloe.

"Dead."

Already seized by the excruciating pain that cost him his life, Van Tumbel had left his victim and staggered in his distress to the house.

"It was a quick call, boys," said Carpy to those around him.

Transfixed by agony, the cruel features could not be softened.

"Nothing more to be done here," said Carpy in the living room. "Take Bull over to the bunkhouse now and lay him on his bed."

The clatter of hoofs was heard in the yard. "It's the boys back from town," said Sawdy, looking through the window. Carpy turned to Pardaloe. "Go out and tell them what's happened, and not to touch a thing until after the coroner comes out."

Doctor Carpy came into breakfast late next morning. Jane, who had finished her breakfast, rallied him, as she rose.

"I am late," he admitted.

"Night work?"

He nodded.

Standing beside the table, she was looking over the newspaper. He put his arm around her.

"Sit down a minute, Jane. I've something to say to you. News for you."

She blanched a bit. "About Bill, Doctor?" she asked anxiously.

"Not a thing in the world about Bill. It's—about your father."

"Oh, I know he's terribly angry!"

Carpy shook his head. "Not now, Jane. He's not angry with anybody now."

"Doctor! What do you mean? Have you seen him?"

He nodded. "Yes, last night. You know how sick a man he's been—"

"Doctor!" she exclaimed faintly.

"He's dead!"

"He died last night."

She hid her face in his arm and broke into tears.

"Jane, your father had lived his life—there was nothing for him to look ahead to."

"This makes a great change in your life, girl. I guess I'll take you up to the hospital. Bill must know this. Now I've got good news for you and no fooling. You have a big surprise and a happy one coming at the hospital. I took the bandages off Bill's eyes yesterday to examine them—and his eyes are much better. If we can only hold it now!"

CHAPTER XIII

Bull Page was only a broken cowboy, but Bull was loved in Sleepy Cat. Yet even resentment at the name of Van Tumbel in Sleepy Cat was softened somewhat when men heard of Jane's unremitting attention at Bull's side in the hospital. Van Tumbel was buried. McCrossen took charge.

To Jane's infinite relief, Bull recovered and went back to Gunlock.

At the ranch there was an air of cheer when Jane was installed; everybody on tiptoe to render service. McCrossen was especially eager to please.

"Well, Jane, I guess you know whatever I can do to take care of things is goin' to be done, twenty-four hours a day if need be," he said. "All you have to do is to leave it to me."

"I shall depend on you for everything," she returned.

"Everything, Jane?" he echoed, smiling as if to invite a confidence.

Jane was not caught. "Everything connected with running the ranch," she said evenly.

But it became increasingly evident as the days went by that the energetic foreman still regarded himself as a suitor.

For a fortnight nothing further occurred to break the routine of ranch work, and McCrossen said no more. The general impression in town was that Denison, as far as Jane was concerned, was out of the running. Jane, it was argued, would never marry a blind man, and the consensus of gossip was that Bill's sight was gone.

No excitement occurred in Sleepy Cat until one day John Lefever was reported arrived at Thief River with a herd of cattle for the reservation. Sawdy, who had gone to work at Gunlock when Lefever left for Texas, rode down to Thief River to help Lefever check the herd in at Gunlock Agency and to give him the big Sleepy Cat news.

But Lefever, too, brought news. The two cronies sat down to compare notes and celebrate the end of a long drive.

"I want to tell you somethin' I ran into nearin' Thief River," said Lefever. "There's a little slaughterin' ranch a mile south of town run by our old friend, Cluffoot, the butcher—remember how he skinned us on the horse race? While our herd was headin' for the river, I stopped for a few minutes where a couple of his boys were loadin' a wagon with hides for shipping. I happened to know one of the boys. He wrangled for us, comin' up once. And I noticed all the hides I saw him tyin' up had a Gunlock brand."

"How's this?" I says. "Does Van Tumbel peddle his steers down this way?" He winked at me an' laughed. 'This bunch,' says he, 'was poker steers.'"

"It looks like McCrossen is runnin' of Gunlock cattle to pay his poker debts," said Sawdy.

When Lefever had made his delivery, he marched with Sawdy up to the hospital to call on their disabled side partner, Denison.

Bill had been promoted from a dark room to a shaded one.

"If I knew I was going to lose my eyes, boys," said he, "that would be one thing. I could end it all or settle down to making baskets for a living. But Doc keeps telling me he's going to save my eyes; and that keeps me hopin'—so the days and weeks hang on. All the same, it's tough, when you never were laid up before in your life. What's the news with you fellows?"

The visitors talked about the discovery Lefever had made of the hides at Thief River.

The half-blind ranchman listened intently, not with any noticeable excitement. But Sawdy imagined he could see Denison lighting up.

"Seein' you're not fixed up just right yet, is there anything you'd like us to do about it?" Sawdy asked.

"Why, yes, there is—just do one thing."

"What's that?"

"Keep your mouths shut till I get out of here. I guess you both know I've got a long score to settle with that bird. He was mixed up in burning my ranch house and burnin' me up. I'll attend to McCrossen myself some day," he repeated slowly. "In my own way."

The two men left the hospital somewhat uneasy. They laid their story before Carpy.

The doctor heard it unmoved. "Well," he commented, "that's not the first bunch of steers McCrossen has stolen—and it won't be the last."

"Not the first," interjected Lefever. "But it's the closest anybody ever came to nallin' it on him."

"Anyway, I don't think he should be left there to rob the girl right along," added Carpy.

"Are you goin' to tell her?" asked Lefever.

"I am; today. She's coming to town and will be in to see me."

They told him of their talk with Denison. "It left us leery, Doc," said Sawdy. "If Bill gets worked up too strong over McCrossen, he's liable to bust out on McCrossen before his eyes are in shape to give him an even break."

Doctor Carpy waved his hand. "Keep your worry for something else, Sawdy. His eyes got scorch'd; but when I let go of the boy, keep away from the small end of his gun."

"Jane, you'll think I don't bring you anything but troublesome news," the doctor began. "But this isn't really news. I've known for months—two or three years, in fact—that McCrossen was stealing Gunlock steers. But this is what John Lefever brought up from Thief River today. . . ."

"Now, there's nothing to get excited about," observed Carpy, after he had finished the story. "For if his nothing new. But if I were you I would get rid of McCrossen."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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AMONG other things to be thankful for in this land of peace and plenty, think how pleasant it is to be able to procure such lovely patterns so conveniently and so inexpensively. No longer is style the prerogative of wealth alone; every woman can look and be at her best in any company, thanks to Sewing Circle patterns.

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