

Ask Me Another A General Quiz

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1. In what zone do the trade winds blow?
2. What is meant by the gloaming?
3. In printing, what is a font?
4. What is a virtuoso?
5. Of what is gingham made?
6. Where was Gilead?
7. What does anthropoid mean?
8. About how long was a cubit?
9. Into what body of water does the Ganges flow?
10. In music, what is a triad?
11. Was Lafayette ever captured in battle?
12. Did women vote in some states before the Federal amendment granted them suffrage?

Answers

1. The torrid.
2. Dusk.
3. A complete assortment of type of a particular kind.
4. A master, in some art.
5. Cotton.
6. East of the Jordan.
7. Man-like.
8. 18 to 20 inches.
9. The Bay of Bengal.
10. A chord of three tones.
11. Yes, while defending the frontier of France.
12. Yes.

Husband Your Energy

If you are tempted to be angry, pause a moment and still the rising activities. Deal in the same way with the tendency to be annoyed, resentful, or depressed. Remember that if you spare yourself these useless expenditures of force, you husband and increase your energy.—Dresser.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

The Three Guards
A good character, good habits, and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill-luck that fools ever dreamed of.—Joseph Addison.

Beware Coughs from common colds That Hang On

No matter how many medicines you have tried for your cough, chest cold or bronchial irritation, you can get relief now with Creomulsion. Serious trouble may be brewing and you cannot afford to take a chance with anything less than Creomulsion, which goes right to the seat of the trouble to aid nature to soothe and heal the inflamed membranes as the germ-laden phlegm is loosened and expelled.

Even if other remedies have failed, don't be discouraged, your druggist is authorized to guarantee Creomulsion and to refund your money if you are not satisfied with results from the very first bottle. Get Creomulsion right now. (Adv.)

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

REMEDIES

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530 LUXURIOUS ROOMS

from \$2.25

SINGLE with bath

without bath from \$1.75

Harry E. Heathman
Manager

Heathman HOTELS

GUNLOCK RANCH

by
FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

"What's the matter?" stormed Denison, wild with the delay.
"Just a minute," muttered Pardaloe. "Forgot something. Be right back."
Pardaloe spurred back to the jail office while his companions counted time. He rejoined them after three minutes that seemed to Denison thirty. "For God's sake! Are you ready now?" Denison chopped off the words furiously.
"All set, Bill," returned Pardaloe peacefully. "You hustled me so, I got the wrong hat, boy."
Denison was waspish with impatience. "Man alive, what difference does it make what hat you wear?" he demanded testily.
"A whole lot of difference," returned Pardaloe with warmth. "Had on my new hat. It might git plugged."

Three men rode with Denison that night—Pardaloe, Bob Scott, and Fryng Pan. The ponies were fresh and the men eager. They stopped at Gunlock. A light was still burning in the living room of the ranch house.

When the men pulled up in the yard, Denison sprang from the saddle, ran to the door, and knocked.
"Who's there?" were the low words from within.

"Is that you, Jane? It's Bill."
She flung the door open. "Bill," she cried, "what are you doing here?"
"I think I'm needed here. How's Henry Sawdy?"

"Oh, he's badly wounded, Bill. How did you know?"
"Bob Scott and John Fryng Pan have strict orders to bring me ranch news of the kind that came today."

"Ben Page rode in to get Dr. Carpy."
"Tell me quickly, dear, what happened this afternoon," he urged.

"McCrosen rode out to get some things, so he said. It was sitting here sewing, Bill, when I walked McCrosen. He said he was going away for good. I said I wished him luck."

Jane hesitated a moment. "He asked me to kiss him good-by. I said no. He got angry and swore he'd take as many as he wanted. I tried to run to the front door. He caught me, and I was fighting him in his arms when Henry Sawdy walked in at the kitchen door."

"Henry told him to let go of me. That man acted like a tiger."
"He turned on Sawdy. 'Get out of here, Sawdy,' he shouted. I begged Sawdy to protect me. He drew his gun!"

"Let go that girl! Sawdy said."
"McCrosen turned on Henry, his gun in his hand."
"Henry didn't dare fire for fear of hitting me. McCrosen fired point-blank at Henry, and he fell in a heap. I screamed, tore myself loose, and ran out the front door and hid behind a tree. McCrosen walked out as cool as could be, put up his gun, mounted and rode away. Bill, I'm glad you're here! I don't feel safe a minute!"

He comforted her as best he could. "I must see how bad Henry is hurt, then I'm off with Pardaloe and Bob Scott after McCrosen. He's running off steers tonight."

With Jane, he went to the bed on which Sawdy had been laid. Sawdy looked pleasantly surprised as Jane held up the lamp and he saw Denison. "Well, Bill," he said coolly, "the old foreman is shootin' us up today."

"Henry, where are you hit?"
"In the side, Bill, but it ain't over-serious. You see, McCrosen—"
"Jane told me, Henry. Don't waste any strength talking."

"When I seen his game to hold Jane for a shield, I made up my mind to drop at his first shot—"
"You did a good job. Now keep quiet."

He told Sawdy of the word he had from the Indians that a bunch of two- and three-year-olds were to be run off that night; that George Plenty Bear was watching in the hills, and that he, Denison, and Pardaloe hoped to pick up the trail without much delay.

Over the rim of the hills a full moon was rising into a cloudless sky. Jane, with tightened lips, her heart pounding in her throat, her straining eyes tearless, stood in the open doorway watching the ghostly figures of the four horsemen silhouetted against the sky, as they made their way up the ridge that led to the hill divide.

From the moment Denison and his companions crossed the divide, they were riding into enemy country.

Fryng Pan was asked to strike farther down and across the reservation; the rendezvous had been fixed at a point on Deep Creek.

With the hills behind them, Denison, Scott, and Pardaloe made their way down the creek breaks to the benches. They were aware of a rough cattle trail along the east bank of the creek, but the night, as they halted on the creek bench, was silent. Denison

conjectured wrongly that the cattle had been driven past this point.

Working carefully downstream through clumps of willows and alders along the benches, Scott pushed ahead to locate the phantom Fryng Pan. The lone Indian after a time came down from the hills. He was taciturn. "Nobody go by," was all he said.

Denison questioned him closely without shaking his certainty that neither cattle nor horsemen had passed down the east bank. The west bank, where the pursuers were now halted, was impassable for cattle.

"They've taken another trail," Bob, declared Denison to Scott. "There's an overgrown trail through the timber to the south. It's a long way around and rough, and they took it to throw off pursuit. But that may beat them yet."

"How so?"
"They've got to double back, lower downstream to strike Deep Creek again with the cattle. We'll play it so, anyway. It's into the brush for us. We can't cross the horses here. If I'm wrong, and they're above us yet, it's safer to stick to this side, anyway."

"Where can they strike the creek?"
"About a mile above the old bridge."

"How we goin' to get to them?"
"We've got to cross that bridge."
Scott smiled a sickly smile. "That bridge's been fallin' to pieces for 10 years."

"John," said Denison to Fryng Pan, "feel out the scrub for us. Let's go!"
The riding was rough and the pace through the chaparral grueling. The four men reached a point where the creek bottom opened from a canyon out on low, rough country, and the rising moon shed more light.

"We're a mile yet above the bridge," said Denison. "You and John ride up the canyon wall a ways, Bob, and take another look," he suggested.

The Indians came back with news. "There's somethin' looks like what's left of a campfire near the bridge—"
"Push on!" exclaimed Denison. "They may have halted there."

The riding grew worse. Thickets became almost impassable. There never

He made out two voices, but this gave no assurance that one or more men might not be asleep.

Flattening on the sand, he listened. The fire and the men were not over fifty feet away. Denison could hear their words. They were talking English, though one voice was guttural and revealed a Mexican. As they were obviously waiting for someone who had failed to appear, cold, and too lazy to keep up their fire, Denison made no bones about intruding on the pair and whoever might be with them.

The first of the two men heard from him was a low but plain command: "Pitch up, boys!"

"The startled pair jumped to their feet. 'Up! Put 'em up,' came a sharper order. Their hands went haltingly up. They looked around to see where the voice came from, and while they looked they heard a short whistle and saw a man emerge from the chaparral not twenty feet away.

"Who the hell are you?" demanded the smaller man of the pair, with a bluster. His voice betrayed him to Denison.

"I'm here, same as you are, to meet some cattle coming down the creek," returned Denison. "I'm going to help you, Clubfoot. Hands up. Damn you, keep 'em where they are!" While he spoke, he heard Pardaloe clattering through the thicket. "Bill," he added, as Pardaloe appeared, "bring down the horses, will you?"

"These boys are waiting for the cattle, same as we are," explained Denison when Pardaloe reappeared. "We don't need four hands on the job. Take their guns. Tie 'em up till we get straight."

Pardaloe, tying the mounts, stamped forward, gun in hand. He searched the pair, while Clubfoot protested profanely at the outrage.

"I'm here to take over cattle that belong to me—bought and paid for," stormed the butcher.

Before Pardaloe had finished roping the butcher and his helper, a shot was heard from far across the creek. Denison started almost as if the bullet had struck him.

While he listened with every nerve on edge, a complete silence followed. It was not a fight. Was it a signal?

Almost five minutes passed when a second shot rang into the night. Denison tried to read the riddle. The first shot had come from a revolver; the second, sharper and less open, had come from a rifle. It all dawned on Denison—they were signal shots.

He whirled toward Pardaloe. "Hand me Clubfoot's gun, Bill," he said. Seizing the gun, he fired it twice in the air.

"Some guesswork here, Clubfoot," he remarked, emptying and tossing the gun on the ground. "I don't know whether your answer was to be one or two."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when a spatter of revolver shots rang across the creek.

"Bill," exclaimed Denison, "that's a fight. If these birds make you the least trouble, shoot 'em. I'm going over."

"How you goin' over?" called Pardaloe.

"Quickest way I can, Bill," he shouted. "The bridge."

He was running for his horse. "You're crazy. I'll drop you a hundred feet, man!" shouted Pardaloe.

"Watch your prisoners!"
Denison was galloping away.

Pardaloe, petrified, watched the disappearing horseman. Nothing but the sharp echo on his ears of flying hoofs convinced him he was not dreaming. For he never would have believed sober Bill Denison would take so slender a chance of getting across the creek alive.

The clatter of hoofs grew fainter. At times they ceased, and the old frontiersman's breath choked him. Then, as if in answer to his straining ears, came the hollow sound of hoofbeats on wood. Denison had reached the bridge.

An instant later there came into Pardaloe's sight, in the distant moonlight, the ghostlike figure of a horse flying across the rotten bridge. Pardaloe divined at once that the pony had thrown his rider. Then, of a sudden, the riderless beast whirled with a spring and, as if somehow guided, shot ahead again—he was a third of the way over.

Pardaloe's jaws came together squarely and comfortably, for he now understood. Denison was on that horse, clinging to its back like a panther.

But there was still the east-end plank gap to cross. Scott had said the big one was ten feet, but he had not seen it for a year. It might easily be twelve or fifteen feet; suppose it were twenty?

With Denison more than halfway across, the clatter of hoofs grew fainter. One, two, three rifle shots rang out in fairly quick succession.

The rider was out of sight. Pardaloe ran to higher ground. Try as he would, he could not see a thing on the bridge. But now and again he could hear the faint hoofbeats. They ceased. Then there was a silence; then a faint, distant shout.

To this day the gap that Denison jumped has never been measured.

The reckless rider had been spotted when he was less than halfway across. McCrosen, riding behind the cattle, had galloped forward when Rebstock ahead was intercepted and questioned by Scott. The half-breed's gun signals had been taken by Rebstock as an attack, and he had fired back. Before either side really knew what it was all about, they were exchanging shots. But the instant McCrosen saw the horse dashing along the rotten bridge, his sixth sense of danger guessed the rider for an enemy, and without a moment's hesitation he trained a rifle on him and fired.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Several Standby Designs



SEWING CIRCLE fans

will get a "lift" out of this week's selection of dapper designs for home sewing. It's not a bit too early to be anticipating your first-of-the-year requirements and each frock here presented is a veritable winner in its individual class.

The cleverly cut slip, Pattern 1909, consists of just six simple pieces to the pattern, it too offers strap and offers a choice of straps or a built up shoulder. With a combination of bust ease and a fitted waist, this number will prove a popular favorite in silk crepe, crepe de chine, pongee, or taffeta. An excellent gift for an intimate friend, by the way, the pattern is available in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. Size 16 requires 2 3/4 yards of 39 inch material.

The slick princess frock, Pattern 1993, has everything it takes for success and—you'll hardly believe it, but it's so—requires just seven pieces for the pattern. Princess frocks are always tops for home sewing, and whether for campus, business, or general gad-about wear this clever number, with a choice of long or short sleeves, simply compels admiration and demands immediate attention. The sleeves are gay and youthful, the pockets trig and tricky. Your selection of fabrics is almost as long as the counter!—wool crepe, flannel, broadcloth, velveteen, silk crepe, satin, taffeta, linen, rough weaves, or cotton. Send today for Pattern 1993 designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, and 42. Size 16 requires 3 1/4 yds. of 54 inch or 5 1/2 yds. of 39 inch fabric.

The charming morning frock for matrons, Pattern 1841, speaks for itself. A one-piece model, five pieces to the pattern, it too offers a choice of long or short sleeves and slides through your machine in a jiffy. A perfect number for comfort combined with a pleasing appearance, this delightful pattern is available in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46. Size 36, with short sleeves, requires 3 3/4 yards of 39 inch material—percale, rayon, poplin, gingham, tub silk, or seersucker.

Send for the Barbara Bell Fall and Winter Pattern Book containing 100 well-planned, easy-to-make patterns. Exclusive fashions for children, young women, and matrons. Send fifteen cents in coins for your copy.

Send your order to The Sewing Circle Pattern Dept., 149 New Montgomery Ave., San Francisco, Calif. Price of patterns, 15 cents (in coins) each.

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Remember the name! It's FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR! Double-acting. One set of ingredients quickly soothes, relieves tickling, hacking, coughing, . . . cools irritated throat linings to keep you from coughing. Another set reaches the bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up a cough due to a cold and speeds recovery. For quick relief and speeded-up recovery, ask your druggist for double-acting FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR. Ideal for children, too. Get a bottle today.

ARE YOU ONLY A THREE-QUARTER WIFE?

THERE are certain things a woman has to put up with and be a good sport.

Men, because they are men, can never understand a three-quarter wife—a wife who is all love and kindness three weeks in a month and a hell cat the rest of the time.

No matter how your back aches—no matter how loudly your nerves scream—don't take it out on your husband.

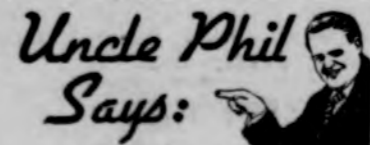
For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts from the functional disorders which women must endure in the three ordeals of life: 1. Turning from girlhood to womanhood. 2. Preparing for motherhood. 3. Approaching "middle age."

Don't be a three-quarter wife; take LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND and go "Smiling Through."

FOR COLDS Salicon Tablets

Nature can more quickly expel infection when aided by internal medication of recognized merit

HAVE RECOGNIZED MERIT



Uncle Phil Says:

Seeing Happiness

Happiness is the gift of seeing the good things of life in such high relief that the rest is unimportant.

Approve not of him who commends everything you say.

When a man with an air as if it were natural to him to give orders is found, it isn't long before the meek put him in a position to do it.

If you have savage opinions, people will be hypocritical to you to keep on good terms.

Philosopher's Task
It is the work of a philosopher to be every day subduing passions and laying aside prejudices.

When a boy gets up to his ears in love he is more careful about washing them.

The well-bred man keeps his beliefs out of his conversation.

Nature doesn't eliminate foolishness. Civilized man has to learn how, some day.

Using Abilities
The art of being able to make wins esteem, and confers more reputation than real merit.

What men say when they are angry is either the blazing truth or very unreliable.

Reading Gives Power

He that loves reading has everything within his reach. He has but to desire, and he may possess himself of every species of wisdom to judge power to perform.—William Godwin.

MUSCLES FELT STIFF AND SORE

Got Quick RELIEF From Pain

If muscles in your legs, arms, chest, back or shoulders feel stiff and sore, get a bottle of Hamlin's Wizard Oil and get quick relief. Rub it on—rub it in. Warm—soothes—gives wonderful comfort. Will not stain. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL
FOR MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS
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