WINTER RANGE

CHAPTER VIII-Continued

The murmur of Jean's voice within the house had ceased; he heard the faint stir of the door as she came into the room. He stood up, overwhelmed with such plty for this ill-situated girl that he was the victim of an unaccustomed timidity. She came close to him and her hand touched his arm.

"That shadow was a misdeal," he whispered. "There isn't anybody in that shadow. I don't believe there's anybody out there any more." She said, "Oh."

He felt infinitely gentle toward her, and compassionate. Presently he knew that he would have to ask her why that gun was concealed in her mattress. He was unable to ask her "What was the phone call?" he

"That was for you," she told him. It was Mark Ferris, that gunsmith at Waterman. He's still trying to trace Zack Sander's gun for you."
"Yes? Quick! What did he say?"

"He said-" Jean was shivering so violently that she could hardly control

the chattering of her teeth.
"Wait a minute." Kentucky picked her up, sweeping her off her feet with an arm under her knees, and laid her on the open bed; then pulled the blankets over her, and pressed the edges close about her throat. "Now go on,"

"He said that he has a record of such a gun. He sold it second-hand about a year ago."

"In G-d's name, woman, who did he sell it to?" "To Joe St. Marie."

For perhaps half a moment Kentucky Jones was completely still. Then he sucked in a deep breath and began to swear through his teeth with the vicious intonation of a man who puts his whole heart into it. He had suddenly become aware that he had perhaps put off the formation of one theory for a little bit too long.

Suddenly he whirled to the window. crouched low to avoid the sash, and vaulted the sill. He heard Jean speak his name behind him, but he was racing



She Came Close to Him and Her Hand Touched His Arm.

for the bunk house. A match was already in his hand as he thrust open the door; he struck it on the logs and with quick efficient motions lighted one

of the hanging lamps.
"St. Marie—" he said aloud.

Joe St. Marle's bunk was empty. light, and left the bunk house on the dead run. He headed now for the correl nearest the pump house, and sprang half way up the correl forms. Kentucky swore again, blew out the half way up the corral fence.

The half dozen horses in the corral were huddled together near the empty feed box. The ponies moved and shifted, but by the time he had counted them Kentucky knew which horse was gone. This information only verified, how-ever, what Kentucky had already guessed. Joe St. Marie, leaving stealthfly, as Kentucky now knew Jean had seen him leave, was certain to take the best-conditioned horse upon the place, in this case a raw-boned claybank. Kentucky leaned against the fence and pressed the palms of his hands against his eyes. He was picturing to himself the lay of the country, and the probable intricacles of Joe St. Marie's mind. Immediately he came to a conclusion which he had not reason to be certain was sound, but which was the best he could form from what information he

Once more he drove through the clogging snow at the run, this time to the house; here he got his hat and his coat. his gloves and his spurs. After that he went to the stable, and put a loop upon the pony which he believed would come the nearest to matching the claybank's performance tonight-a wiry. almost under-sized steel-dust pony, strong with the markings of Indian blood. Kentucky had the blanket on and was swinging his fifty-pound saddle aboard by the horn as Jean, coming out from the house, reached his

"What-where are you going? What's

A sudden crazy anger came into Kentucky, like a stroke of white lightning At its impact all the compassion, all the tendeness he had felt for this girl seemed to vanish, as if she had held him under a hypnosis, the spell of then at least someone who might other which had snapped. He turned on her

By ALAN LE MAY

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"What is it to you where I go or what I do? Men put their hands in the lion's mouth for you, and you tell them nothing-not even enough so that they can take care of their own lives!" She stared at him a moment in utter

bewilderment, and one hand went to her throat. "Why, Kentucky-why, Kentucky-I've told you more-more than-"

He said, "You trust no one, you work with no one; everyone trusts you, and you let us all ride blind."

He turned furiously to his horse and drew the latigo up with a snap that jerked a grunt out of the animal. And he set his teeth in his lip lest he utter the belief which had overwhelmed him: that Jim Humphreys had died because of the reticence of this slim girl,

now standing beside him in the snow. "But—but—" Jean Ragland's eyes looked enormous in her white face. She shivered; the untrampled snow beyond the corral poles was no whiter than her blue-veined ankles, or her knuckles as she held the robe close ar her throat. Kentucky Jones loomed above her like a tree, so that even in his anger he saw that she was a pitiful and desolated figure. Yer he was seeing Jim Humphreys' face as he had seen it last, staring with unseeing eyes at the first stars; and, believing that Jim Humphreys' death could have been prevented, had Kentucky known what this girl must know, he could not forgive her. His low, uncompromising voice cut hers down. -

"I've been taken for a fool and used. as a fool," he said. "But I tell you thirsty man, yet contains nothing of this: I'm going to ride this thing clear when finally it is reached. through to the end, regardless of what the end is. You hear me? And when that's done I'm through."

Jean Ragland's face contorted tragically, exactly as if he had cut her with his quirt. She managed to say. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to try to cut off St. Marle at Hightman's gap. If I don't get nim there, I may or may not go on. I haven't decided yet."

"You think-you think he-"

"The man who put the gun into Zack's hand is the man responsible for the death, just as surely as if he shot Zack himself-and that gun was St. bullet, she had availed herself of his help, he had been able to understand that he remained an outsider here, who could not expect to be told in what sort of thing he had assisted her. But in spite of Old Man Coffee he had assumed that she was at least co-operating with the interest of her father and her father's brand.

Bur the discovery of the hidden rifle told him at once that she was co-operating with no one; that, incredibly, she was playing an utterly lone hand—at least, he reflected bitterly, as far as the Bar Hook was concerned. For certainly no man had had anything to do with hiding a rifle in a Only a woman would select a cache so close under the light.

She was acting, then, without cooperation with her father, or any other of the Bar Hook personnel. The association of this fact with the circum stances of Jean's rendezvous with her father's enemy was unavoidable.

To this unhappy situation the revelation of St. Marie's connection added a sharp immediacy. He believed now that the materials for solution had been under their hands; and were now perhaps lost to them because Jean had concealed the very signs that would have shown the trail. Because of her concealment of evidence, the Bar Hook had moved uncertainly, helpless in the dark; and the result was that a good tall boy was dead, and others would perhaps join him before it was through.

In his present state of disillusionment and the dregs of anger, he was supported by no particle of faith. He could not put her out of his mind. But she seemed to him to be like a mirage, which lures all the sanity out of a

He pushed on steadily, counting upor the toughness of his pony. His hope that he would be able to make Hightman's Gap before St. Marie was very like a prayer. Until now the smash, of six-guns had never been associated in his mind with anything more desirable than the raw, sickly smell of blood. But now, for once in his life, he had a stubborn ugly urge to throw bullets into something alive, and blow it off the face of the earth. He hoped fervently not only that he would head Joe St. Marie, but that St. Marie would fight.

Then, unexpectedly, he found that he Marie's. I'm going to have me that was in country that he knew; and in

THE STORY FROM THE OPENING CHAPTER

At the inquest into the death of John Mason, banker, Jean, daughter of Campo Ragland, owner of the Bar Hook ranch, where Mason met death, surreptitiously passes to Kentucky Jones the builet which had killed Mason. Kentucky goes to work on the Bar Hook ranch. The Mason verdict is accidental death. Bob Elliot, owner of the adjoining range, drives his cattle on the Bar Hook land. Lee Bishop, Ragland's ranch boss, expostulates, and Bill McCord, Elliot's foreman, insuits him. Bishop and Jones are astounded at Ragland's indifference to Elliot's action. Bishop urges Kentucky to try to influence Jean to arouse her father. He does so, unwillingly, and her reaction mystifies him. Zack Sanders, Bar Hook cook, is found dead, murdered. Sheriff Hopper announces his knowledge that Mason also was murdered. Jones seeks to trace the ownership of a gun found on Zack Sanders, as having a bearing on the mystery, Jean sells him her share in the Bar Hook ranch, thus giving him a free hand with Elliot. In a gun fight with riders of the "88" ranch Jim Humphreys, Bar Hook cowboy, is killed, and his partner wounded. Jones sends for fighting cowmen, but Ragland countermands the order. Jones finds proof that Jean has concealed evidence connected with Mason's death, and his faith in her is shaken. evidence connected with Mason's death, and his faith in her is shaken.

man. When I've got him, I'm going to | three hundred yards more he recog-Mason. And I don't care who it is, or how close to home, or if it splits caught."

It had been on his tongue to tell her that she might shield whom she wanted to, lie to whom she wanted to, conceal what evidence she wanted to, but he would see the killer of Mason hung in the end; but he bit this back. Still jerky and explosive with his anger, he vaulted into the saddle.

He did not look back; but as he watched him as far as he could be seen. And he wondered if it was impossible for this girl to go to pieces, like other women, and lose herself in

For four miles he held steadily northward, then turned and swung a broad circle, seeking to cut a trail which would verify the supposed direction of St. Marie. He was far to the eastward when he at last cut a straight-drawn track made within the hour. He judged that the bronc rider was pushing northeast at a cat-trot, trying-as Jones had guessed-for Hightman's

The hours passed and the pony tired, and it seemed to Kentucky Jones that that ride was perhaps the longest and loneliest he had ever made in his life. He could not keep Jean Ragland out of his mind.

He remembered the strong sharp pressure of her fingers, and the touch of her cheek, and the pliant, yielded curve of her body in his arms; he could see the stir and drift of her loose hair as they had stood in the corral. This girl had become the center of all liv-ing, as a waterhole is the center of a range, or a fire the center of a camp. He had never been called upon to admit this to himself, until suddenly circumstances had asked him to accept also the certainty that she had betrayed them all.

For he could not avoid recognition that Jean's concealment of the rifle had a different meaning than had that extraordinary feat of hers at the inquest, when she had lifted the bullet that killed Mason from under the very nose of the sheriff. Her concern with the bullet had told him that she was shielding someone-if not the killer, wise have been open to an unfair suspicion. Although, in the case of the

turn and get me the man that killed nized the trail into Hightman's gap. He approached with caution, stopped his horse and swung deep out of the the rimrock wide open when he's saddle, not daring to set foot to the ground. Carefully, with ungloved hand, he explored a section of the trail inch by inch, until he was satisfied that no man had passed this way before him in the last twenty-four hours.

He proceeded into the gap, ice crackling under foot where the snow had been crushed by passing hoofs. A little way above the trail,in a twisted bunch of junipers, he easily found cover for to the quiet.

He had time for a second cigarette. and a third, leisurely smoked, with long waits between. He presently began to think that he had misread Joe St. Marie's purpose, and that the man had taken some other way. But there was nothing to do but wait, his brain tired out with its own running, like the

When at last he heard an approaching horse it startled him, it had come so close before he heard it at all. He rose cautiously, freed his gun in its leather and put his left arm around the pony's head to hold down its nose, preventing its whinny to the stranger. Around a shoulder of rock seventy-

five yards away the rider appeared; and he recognized the broad-banded black and white Mackinaw that Joe St. Marie wore.

Kentucky Jones could see now why he had been so late in hearing St. Marle's approach. St. Marle was rid-ing not in the center of the trail but in the rougher going at the side, avoiding the ice formed by the hoof-crushed snow in the trail itself. Even then, Kentucky had a moment of admiration for the horsemanship of this man. Under Joe St. Marie's suddle the sleeplest old plug always looked alertly awake, and spoiled horses, with mouths tougher to the bit than the grip of a man's hand, took on an unexpectedly decent sensitivity. It was as if something about St. Marie put into horses the fear of God.

St. Marie was now within the twen ty-five yards; he was leaning a little sideways in the saddle, peering into the junipers so directly that Kentucky thought the bronc rider was looking him straight in the face. Yet St. Marle came on. Kentucky drew his gun, and waited until St. Marie was almost be coming unexpectedly out of the quiet from within ten yards it lifted St. Marie like a fired gun. "Just a minute

The result was as if Kentucky had snapped a strip of hide from St. Marie's horse with a bull whip. The animal snorted and went forward in a great bound as St. Marie's spurs struck. Joe St. Marie himself in the same instant flung himself half out of the saddle and behind his horse. He had hooked his spur on the side nearest Kentucky into the cantle of his saddle and was riding low on the far stirrup, but the effect from where Kentucky stood was as if he had disappeared.

Kentucky's horse, startled by the other's stampede, half freed itself with a great stamping of feet, throwing Kentucky off balance as he fired; but the shot caught St. Marie's horse in its third jump. As the gun spoke the horse went down on its knees, nose into the snow, as if it had hit the end of

Kentucky, gun in hand, sprang across St. Marle's downed hofse to where the

St. Marie lay on his back, his hands above his head, one of them still hold-ing his gun, cocked but unfired. Kentucky took the gun with his left hand. He would have eased the hammer down, but St. Marie's horse, shot through the shoulders, was trying to get up, straining its neck toward its withers. Using St. Marie's gun, Kentucky put a bullet through its head.

The bronc rider was breathing heavily, but except that he had been knocked out by the throw, Kentucky could not find anything wrong with him. When he had satisfied himself that St. Marie had no other weapon any account, he unfastened St. Marle's bed-roll from the fallen horse, kicked it out flat, and dragged St. Marie onto it. Then he sat down on the horse to awalt results.

CHAPTER IX

It was a quarter of an hour before St. Marie propped himself up on an elbow and looked at Kentucky with comprehension. Kentucky saw bronc rider stealthly ascertain that he was no longer armed.
"Go ahead," Kentucky said, reading

his mind, "pick up a rock. But when you do I'm going to blow your arm right off at the wrist." St. Marle sat up and rubbed his head

with both hands. Once more he stared at Kentucky Jones. Kentucky smoked, and idly twirled his gun by the trigger guard; but he

fid not open conversation. He wanted St. Marie to begin that. "I suppose," said St. Marie at last, "you're waiting for the others to come

"I'm waiting for you to talk." "I got nothing to say."

"If you don't want to talk," said Kentucky, "I'm not a d—n bit inter-ested in trying to make you. Just keep your mouth shut tight enough and long enough and you're through-and

St. Marie studied him again. "Listen," he said at last, "listen. You guys got no call to rub me out. It'll only make it worse for you in the end -Campo ought to know that. Just as likely as not, gunning me will be the one thing that turns around and hangs all the rest of it on him, before he's

"You're mixed up." Kentucky grunted. "I've got no doubt you'll be rubbed out all right. But it won't be here or now, and it won't be by me. You're going up the chimney by due process of

St. Marie seemed mystified. "You think you're having a lot of fun with me, don't you?" he said at last. "But don't you think for a minute that I don't know what you're here for, and



"Stay Where You Are."

why you were sent, just as well as you do." St. Marie leaned forward, hitching

nearer Kentucky. "Listen—"
"Stay where you are," Kentucky warned him.

"All right. I'm not trying anything funny. Listen-who's with you?" "How many of me do you think it takes to take you where you're go-

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Denmark Has Many Islands Surrounded as it is by the sea on nearly all sides, Denmark possesses a wealth of islands and peninsulas, verdure-clad islets and wood-clad points and promontories. It is a fair and fertile land composed of the Islands, Zealand and Funen, and the peninsula of

Linen Suit a Midsummer Favorite

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



THE present vogue for linen is nothing short of sensational. Whether you go dining, dancing, swimming, flying, motoring, golfing or shopping, or play tennis, there's a linen for every occasion from rustic crashes and peasant weaves and colorful Tahitian prints to alluring novelties in stripes and plaids and in sheer lovely effects for high-style evening wear.

Midsummer days are proving that linen suits, especially in white and natural tones, are of first interest among best dressed women for about-town wear. A linen suit and a wardrobe of blouses and the problem of being smartly appareled during the daytime hours is solved not only for the imme diate moment but for well on into the fall, since the very newest linens are in wine shades, in Dubonnet red, in beetroot, purple and orange tones.

Just now, while the weather is warm, it's the white and natural liness that are lending their immaculate and wellgroomed appearance to the summe cene. The trio of stunning suits pictured represent the very creme de la creme in linens as now featuring on the style program.

The young woman seated shows that she knows fashion in that with her suit of moygashel linen, in natural color, she is wearing a dark blouse, the same being brown with white polka dots. You are doing the right thing this season if to wear with your white and natural linens you choose dark accessories. The coat is single breast ed with buttons all the way up to the collarless neckline. A novel idea is introduced in the placement of deep large pockets above the belt line. Raglan sleeves add a final touch of smartness to this linen classic.

The other two suits are also of moygashel linen. It is rather inter-

SMART BEACHWEAR

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

This beach ensemble is out of the

ordinary. It is fashioned of purple fishnet lace over a linen foundation.

Which again proves that lace goes ev-

erywhere this season. The ensemble consists of a pair of shorts and blouse

with a wrap-around skirt. The large

hat is of purple straw.

esting to know in this connection that King George sends the flax grown on his royal estate at Sandringham, England (supposed to be the finest flax in the world) to Moygashel, Ireland, there to be woven, because the workmanship is so fine-quite a royal pedigree for these linens.

The two-piece centered in the group has a tight-fitting basque coat with no belt to disturb the natural line. It is of white linen with navy buttons and tie. The double binding to the coat which gives a vestee effect is new and smart. The sports flap pockets are chic, too. Handstitching around the notched

collar and the pockets gives a distinctive touch to the white linen suit to the right. The stitching and the belt are in matched coloring. The coat is double-breasted, and a polka dot shirt is worn under it.

A very fashionable thing to do is wear a bright colored linen coat or jacket with your white linen skirt. Lilac colored linens for these coats are the rage with beetroot or Dubonnet red close seconds. Then, too, novelty linens with nubby

surface or loose porous weave are in good style for suits and for coats. These heavier suits are mostly in oyster white. Very "nifty" ones are shadow-checked in gray and some stunning weaves are in herringbone patterning flecked with brown.

There are lovely embroidered linens shown for dressler wear and sheer striped linens are made up into fasci-nating evening gowns, as formally as if they were stately silks. With the new fall tweed suits designers are creating clever blouses of fine handkerchief linens in colorings related to the costume entire.

@ Western Newspaper Union.

SHOE COMFORT IS MOST IMPORTANT

To be footloose and free during the eason of pleasant week ends and after-dark breathing spaces, one must have foot comfort.

Cool shoes with flexible construction are a likely way of getting this com-fort, with preference given lightweight numbers, and those that are ventilated by perforations; lattice and cut-outs.

Novelties in shoes are always at their peak in the summer senson, and they are usually far more moderately priced than the novelties thought up for evening shoes to complement formal winter costumes.

Sandals of printed linen or crash, slippers covered with gay flowered chiffon, oxfords of splendid supporting strength, perforated into lacy prettiness, plain cotton or linen shoes of any color you can name, plaid linen in natural tones, checked gingham in kitchen apron designs, lightweight suede in any pastel hue or any flag hue and crocheted string shoes are just a few of the kinds you can choose from in the

Oriental Influence Seen in Evening Clothes Styles

The Hindu influence, inspired by the Maharanee of India, has initiated a definite swing away from fitted, blas lines to softly draped designs in evening clothes. Allied influences, such as Persian, Arabian, and a new version of Grecian folds, contribute to the same effect. These flattering, age-old drapery details are difficult to make and hence are not easily copled, a point being stressed now in high style circles.

Alix, the Parisian couturiere, has turned out a thrilling array of Oriental formal gowns, Most of them are topped with seductive saris, those long, scarf-like affairs which start out by wrapping around the body and then proceed to cover the head in the manner of a monk's hood.

THOSE "LAST WORDS"

There used to be a silly fad of attributing to every notable man on his deathbed some phrase which was supposed to epitomize his career. The stone cutter's chisel on the entablature of the public building is a bit by way of being a similar sentimentality—the attempt to provide an age with "last words." So conceived, how would this age of ours come off?

A bevy of reporters were holding what is technically known as a "death watch" on a famous man who was thought to be dying.

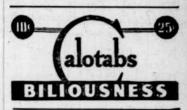
"What are his last words going to be?" asked one.

"He isn't going to have any," replied a confrere tartly. "Your city editor and mine can't get together

But this story has a happy ending. The man got well.—"Uncle Dud-ley," in the Boston Sunday Globe.



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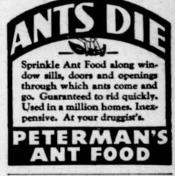
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