

THE FEUD AT SINGLE SHOT

(Continued from page six)

"No," Dorsey said simply. "I have never thought you lost anything in jail, Dave. I didn't know you before, but you couldn't have been any"—she hesitated, seeking a word, and feeling a slow flush come over her face.

"Any what?" Dave said.

"—any finer, more honest, brave," she finished.

She felt Dave's hands grip her arms, saw his dark face with its darker eyes looking down on her.

"It's worth eight years in the pen to hear you say that," he said huskily. "It—it makes a difference."

"What difference?"

"I can hold my head up now," Dave said softly. "I can go on thinkin' there's somethin' to life besides fightin', eatin' and sleepin'."

"Just because I said that, Dave?"

"You make it sound small," Dave said. "It isn't."

He looked down at her fondly. "It's like—well, like food for the way I've been. I guess I've been sick."

"Then you'll grow fat and sleek, Dave," Dorsey said with a little laugh.

Dave frowned. "I reckon I don't know what you mean."

"That was honest, anyway," Dorsey said. "It was like you."

"But I still don't see," Dave said humbly.

"If my saying I trusted you, believed in you, is food for you, Dave, then you will grow fat. There. Isn't that plain?"

Dave paused, suppressing a grin.

"I reckon not."

But Dorsey did not see the grin. "I can't make it plainer without making it too plain," she said softly.

Dave did not answer and Dorsey sighed. She would be honest. "I'll

be blunt, Dave. It's simply this: I love you."

"With a low laugh, Dave caught her in his arms and kissed her. "And I've loved you from the first time I saw you."

At the corner of the Free Throw, Quinn asked Laredo: "Think I could send a telegram tonight, Laredo?"

"Sure. I know Stanley. He'll take it."

They walked down to the station, both of them silent. Both the Free Throw and the Mile High were lighted brightly, a pleasant din issuing from their doors.

They swung into the station and Laredo hammered on the lowered window. A mild man wearing eyeglasses raised it and smiled when he saw Laredo.

"Hullo, Harvey," Laredo greeted him. "Reckon my friend here could send a telegram?"

"Sure."

The agent shoved the blank in front of Quinn, who wrote his message. When he was finished, he handed it to Laredo.

"I can't read," Laredo said dolorously. He swore. "It's the only time in my life I wanted to. What does it say?"

Quinn read aloud from the blank containing this message:

A. Wingert,
Cattle Association,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Case concluded successfully. All principals killed off, none by me. Split reward between Dave Turner, Rosy Rand, Laredo Jackson, all of Single Shot. Suggest next case you put me in range clothes since gambler's life not long. What will I do with six thousand I won running faro table in saloon?

Martin Quinn.

"Principals?" Laredo repeated. "What are they?"

"Sayers' gang. We've been after them for two years now."

Laredo stared at Quinn. "So you're a range detective?"

"That's it."

"Runnin' a faro game at the Free Throw?"

"I was working on the town end of it," Quinn explained, "checking up on where the heavy money was spent and by whom. That's why I got curious about Winters. He was spending so much money that I began to wonder if he wasn't one of the Sayers gang. You know the rest."

Laredo shook his head and waited while Quinn paid for the telegram. Outside, they turned up the street again.

"Like a drink?" Laredo asked.

"I wouldn't like one. I'd like about four," Quinn said.

He started to cross the street to the Free Throw. Laredo grabbed his arm.

"Huh-uh," Laredo said. "This is a celebration. And when I celebrate I head for the Mile High." His eyes lit up strangely. "Let's you and me go clean that joint out," he suggested soberly.

(THE END)

DR. EDMONDS TO SPEAK AT COLLEGE FORUM

Banner Elk, Nov. 2.—Harry Edmonds, widely known as the founder of the International House idea, will open the Lees-McRae forum series for this year on the evening of November 2, with a lecture on "The International Situation."

Mr. Edmonds gave up leadership in the New York International House in 1935, and since that time has traveled and studied extensively. He studied economic conditions in Europe, and last winter made a trip around the world with Japan as his objective, where he had been invited

by the Japanese authorities to make studies with reference to the possible creation of an International House in Tokyo. He has met the principal leaders of that country, and is in a position to discuss the conflict between China and Japan.

He has just returned from London and Paris, and is now on a lecture tour of this country.

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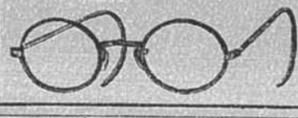
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