

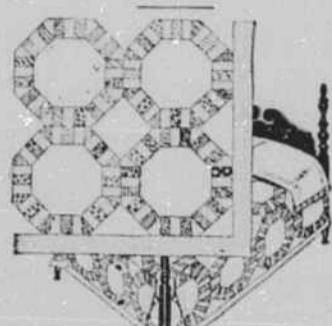
Household Hints

Add a few chopped olives to the drippings left when you broil chops, heat that and then pour it over the chops. This also goes for steaks.

Sprinkle talcum powder inside an ice bag or hot water bottle when storing them. The powder helps prevent the bag from sticking together.

The red tiles about the fireplace should be rubbed, when they become dull, with cut lemon dipped in salt and then washed with soap and water.

Wedding Ring Tile New Pieced Quilt



WEDDING RING TILE—the very name of this patchwork quilt is intriguing. Thirty-two pieces of varied prints and plain colors make up its 18-inch blocks; 30 blocks and a three-inch border are required for 96 by 114 size.

As 29063, 15 cents, you receive accurate cutting guide, yardages, and directions. Simple cross quilting is effective. For this pattern send your order to:

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MOROLINE
WHITE PETROLEUM JELLY

Life's Conduct
So to conduct one's life as to realize oneself—this seems to me the highest attainment possible to a human being. It is the task of one and all of us, but most of us bungle it.—Ibsen.

Toothpicks, Gargle Water
In Japan, meals are artistically served, but toothpicks and gargle water are the last course.

Houses in U. S.
According to the last census there are 29,904,660 homes in the United States.

Thoughts Rule
Great men are they who see that spiritual is stronger than any material force, that thoughts rule the world.—Emerson.

"MIDDLE-AGE" WOMEN 38-52 yrs. old
HEED THIS ADVICE!!
Thousands of women are helped to go smiling thru distress peculiar to women—caused by this period in life—with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years. Pinkham's Compound—made especially for women—has helped thousands to relieve such weak, nervous feelings due to this functional disturbance. Try it!



Three Chairs
I have three chairs in my house: One for solitude, two for friendship and three for society.—Thoreau.

BEAT HEAT
Dust with cooling Mexican Heat Powder. Dust in shoes. Relieves and eases chafe, and sunburn. Great for heat rash. Get Mexican Heat Powder.

BARGAINS
—that will save you many a dollar will escape you if you fail to read carefully and regularly the advertising of local merchants * * *

IN THIS PAPER

THE SMOKY YEARS

By ALAN LE MAY W.N.U. Release

INSTALLMENT 4 THE STORY SO FAR:

Dusty King and Lew Gordon were joint owners of the vast King-Gordon range which stretched from Texas to Montana. When building up this string of ranches, they continually had to fight the unscrupulous Ben Thorpe. Thorpe rivaled King-Gordon in power and wealth, but he had gained his position through wholesale cattle rustling and gunplay. King outbid Thorpe in an auction of valuable grasslands; the same afternoon he was killed. Bill Roper, King's adopted son, found out that he had been shot down by Thorpe and two aides. Against the strong opposition of his partner, Lew Gordon, Bill decided to start a cattle war in Texas against Thorpe. Before leaving Bill went to tell his sweetheart, pretty Jody Gordon, about his plans.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Bill glanced at Jody, and her startled face was very lovely, high-lighted by the little fire. He laced his hand together to stop their shaking. "Tonight I told you father what I'm going to do. My idea is to give Thorpe his own medicine, and force it down him until he's finished; a wild bunch of our own, tougher than his, made up of men that hate him to the ground."

"And then—?"
"Raid and counter-raid, and what he's taken, take back! Until his credit busts, and his varmints drop from around him, and he's just one man, so that another man can walk against him with a six-gun, and know that when that's done he's finished for sure . . ."

"Bill, are you crazy? You can't—you can't—"
His voice was bleak; it could hardly be heard. He was looking at his hands. "We've talked too many years of what couldn't be done, or how. Until now, Dusty's out there tonight, under that stone pile—and still nothing to be done. I reckon it's my turn to ride, now."

"But—all his outfits—his sheriffs, his men—"
"They'll quit, as he breaks. I'm going after Cleve Tanner first, in the Big Bend; and when I'm through with him, Thorpe won't be able to throw a feeder herd on the trail. Then Walk Lasham, in the north, where they're already hurt for lack of the Crying Wolf—until—"

His words were monotoned, but Jody Gordon, bred and born to the gaunt Texan plains, knew what a wild bunch was, and what it meant to go against Ben Thorpe by his own means.

There seemed to be no breath in Jody's voice. "I'm opposed to wait around, and think well of you, while you gang with the wild bunch in a crazy, useless feud that you can't win?"

In the uncertain light of the fire Bill Roper's eyes could not be seen; his face was a mask painted by the embers. He found nothing that he could say.

Suddenly Jody flared up. Her eyes blazed, and her hair streamed back from her face as she sat up, as if she rode in the wind.

"You can't, you can't! I won't let you—it isn't fair, nor right, nor decent—"

"It's what I have to do."
Jody stopped as if she had been struck. When she spoke again her voice was low and even, and so stony hard that he would not have recognized it.

"I don't believe you. I think tomorrow you'll be telling me that all this isn't so. But if you do mean it—if you go on and do as you say—then you and I are through, and I don't want to see you again, or hear your voice. We—we had everything; and you're throwing it all away . . ."

The firelight caught the glint of her tears, and she turned away, head up, with a toss of her hair so that its brown mist hid her face from him.

Bill didn't say anything. He had turned gray-faced, and he stared into the coals. Presently, he thought of Dry Camp's story: "Seemed like he'd never fall . . ."

Roper got up silently, and went out of the house.

Lew Gordon was playing solitaire when Bill Roper got back to the little shack by the loading pens. Roper took off his hat, tossed it aside, and sat down.

"We can just as well figure up the terms of the split."

"What did Jody say?"

"She's quitting me, Lew."

"What the devil else can you expect her to do, if you go on with this wild, stubborn—"

"I couldn't expect anything else."

Lew Gordon looked baffled; obviously he had counted on Jody to turn back Bill Roper.

"You ready to draw up the terms?"

"Hardly seems it can be done in a minute. It'll take a few days to—"

"I'm leaving in the morning. My terms are few and simple. You

can work out the details any way that suits yourself."

"Let's hear your idea of it."

"I don't figure to take much with me," Roper said. "But there are some things I need. First thing, I want seven of our camps in Texas."

Lew Gordon stared at the table, picked up a pencil, fidgeted with it.

"Which ones?"

"I want the Pot Hook camp; and the winter camp of the Three Bar, and the southwest outpost of the old Bar-Circle. I want two of the border camps; Willow Creek will do for one, and the Dry Saddle Crossing will do for the other. I want the new Bull Wagon camp, and the K-G horse ranch at Stillwater."

"The brands are going to be terrible mixed up," Gordon said.

"I'm only taking such cattle as are running under odd brands; all our regular brands stay with you. I've placed my camps so that your stock can be worked as before. Except maybe the Pot Hook, and we'll come to some special deal—"

Gordon threw his pencil down.

"You're not getting anything out of this that anybody can use," he declared.

"I think I'll know how to use it. Later on I'll send you a list of the northern camps I want; they'll amount to about the same as the ones I want in Texas."

"It sure sounds to me like you're wanting me to buy you out in cash," Gordon said. "And if that's what's

going on—"

"No, no—"

"Well—didn't you?"

"Don't you know," she said crazily, "I wouldn't ever do that?"

He was silent, his eyes on his buckskin gloves as he adjusted his rope, the buckle of his rifle boot.

"I don't care anything about King-Gordon," Jody said. "I don't care whether you stay in King-Gordon, or get out, or where you go, or what you do. I'd go with you if you wanted me to go; and if you don't know that you don't know anything at all!"

"Jody—you mean that?"

"In King-Gordon you were on the way to big things. But I don't care anything about that. Let the break-up with my father go through. Quit King-Gordon without two bits to your name. Take the least outpost camp there is under the brand, and let him have the rest. I'll go with you, and stay with you; and I'll help you in every way I can to build something of our own."

He wanted to say something, anything; but he found he could not speak at all.

Jody said, almost hysterically, "Aren't you ever going to say anything?"

Bill Roper mumbled to his saddle horn, "Didn't know you felt that way . . . Wouldn't ever be any call—any reason—for you to let go all holts like that."

She was leaning toward him now, her voice gentle, coaxing, very tender. "Our own little old outfit—any outfit, any place—don't you see what a happy place we could make that be? A place where we could plant trees near the water, and watch them grow into big trees; and we'd be there together—"

Roper shot a quick glance at Jody, and immediately sent his eyes away again, as far as they could reach. If he had looked at her again, perhaps he would have kicked his pony stirrup to stirrup with hers and picked her out of the saddle, and kissed her mouth, and kept her close to him—then, and forever. But he sat motionless on his waiting pony.

"Look," he said at last—"Look—if you mean that, come with me. Come with me, now."

He could hardly hear her as she said, "Don't you think you ought to tell me where you're going?"

"Dry Camp Pierce is on his way, by a quicker way than mine is. If he don't fall down there'll be the start of a wild bunch waiting for me when I land in the Big Bend Country. I figure to take that bunch, and build it, and add on. After that—well, you know what comes after that."

"And now, you're asking me to swing with that?"

"Jody, I've already told you what I've got to do."

The silence stretched out until you could have hung a saddle on it, and this time Bill's eyes were on Jody, and hers were on the saddle horn.

Slowly she shook her head.

After a minute he said, "I guess that settles it, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does."

Her face seemed blind, and she was like a ghost of Jody Gordon. Suddenly Bill Roper knew that if he did not take the trail he had chosen now, he would never take it at all.

"You sure, Jody? You won't come?"

Again she shook her head.

A long, loose end of Bill's rope was in his hand, though he never remembered taking it down. Hardly knowing what he did, he struck the spurs into the buckskin pony. The snap of the rope's end knocked a flying gout of fur from the rump of the black pack mule, and they were on the trail—the long trail, the dry trail, the trail of a hopeless war.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

CHAPTER VI

Bill Roper headed south shortly after sunrise. Today Dry Camp would be going east by railroad, beginning the long roundabout way which would bring him to Texas long before Bill. With his camps as a secure base, Pierce was to begin the missionary work which would lay the foundations for Bill Roper's wild bunch.

Lew Gordon had shaken hands with him gravely at his departure; an uncomfortable job for Bill, which he was glad to get over with. But Jody Gordon—he had not seen her again at all. He was thinking of her now as she had flared up at him the night before, warlike as a little eagle, but very lovely still, with the fire in her eyes.

Watchful always, he knew when, two miles off, a horseman dropped from a lookout just at the crest of a rise; and he knew that the rider had seen him and was moving to intercept his trail.

He did not have so long to wait as he had thought. No more than ten minutes had passed when the unknown rider came dusting around the shoulder of a sand hill and headed toward him at the dead run. Roper turned his horse broadside to the approach and waited.

The rider was Jody Gordon. She appeared to have taken to the saddle in a hurry, for she wasn't wearing chaps, or anything else she should have been riding in. What distance she had come she had come

fast, for her pony's flanks were heaving.

"You sure punish that horse," he said.

"I've got no call to save him. I'm not going any place."

There was a little silence, awkward for Bill Roper, as she sat and looked at him. The lower lids of her eyes were violet, so that he knew she had not slept; but he could not read her faintly smoky eyes.

She was more pale than he had ever seen her, and the passivity of her face made her look like a little girl again.

"Sure sorry," he said, "that I didn't get to say good-by to you. Didn't seem like you were any place around."

For a second or two the familiar twinkle seemed about to come into her eyes. "Did you hunt real hard?"

"Well—maybe I didn't. I guess it kind of seemed like we'd already said everything there was to be said."

"Maybe," she said slowly, "I didn't say everything I ought to have said. I want you to know this: 'When you ride out of my life there isn't going to be anything left in it.'"

Her face had even less color than before. "What did you say to my father?"

"That I—quit you."

"Well—didn't you?"

"Don't you know," she said crazily, "I wouldn't ever do that?"

He was silent, his eyes on his buckskin gloves as he adjusted his rope, the buckle of his rifle boot.

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Traveler Had Route Map For All Who Would to See

The man sat still as the fortune-teller read his palm.

"See that line?" asked the mystic, pointing to the fellow's palm.

"Yes, I see it," he returned.

"What does it mean?"

"It means," said the fortune-teller, gravely, "that you are going to take a trip in the very near future. To Chicago, perhaps."

Leaving the fortune-teller the man headed for the railway station.

"A ticket to Chicago, please," he said.

"Right, sir," replied the booking clerk. "Single or return?"

The fellow stuck out his palm. "I don't know," he said. "Take a look!"

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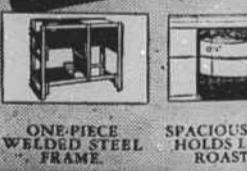


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