



Second Instalment SYNOPSIS: Slim Loyale is in the clearing a fire gloved and over it crouched a tall, leathery-faced old timer.

Slim Loyale was trembling as he left the prison behind him.

paroled from prison after serving 18 months for a crime he did not commit. He returns to his Circle L ranch to find his father dead and sinister forces at work, trying to make him violate his parole so that he can again be railroaded to prison.

Starbuck nodded, and poked a legal-looking envelope lying on the desk. "Got word yesterday. What yuh aimin' to do Slim?"

"Go out to the Circle L, an' get to work."

"Glad to hear that. Was afraid yuh'd come back with the idee of startin' trouble. An' that'd be bad—with yuh on parole."

Slim's lips tightened. "I ain't aimin' to turn the other cheek, Jigger," he said softly. "Remember, I'm human. Certain folks in this neck of the woods gave me a dirty deal. I ain't exactly gonna kiss 'em when I run into 'em, but I know what that parole means."

"At the first sign of trouble I'll be back to—hell. Well, I aim to do the best I can. But if some folks start trompin' on my toes, I'll see that they get off. Yuh can't blame me for that?"

"I ain't blamin' you for nothin', Slim. But my personal feelin's ain't matterin' one little bit in this. It's the law you're beholden to. So yuh wanta watch yore step."

Slim laughed a little harshly. "Yuh still got ice water for blood ain't yuh? You're a funny guy, Jigger. Sometimes I think you're white, an' sometimes I ain't so shore."

Starbuck shrugged without offense. "I took my oath to uphold an' enforce the law. It ain't me to question how it works. I aim to do my duty."

"Yuh would," retorted Slim tersely, "even if it broke yore own heart an' ruined yore best friend. Well, I didn't come in here to get into a argument. I was told to report here to yuh every two weeks, and I'll do it—for the next eighteen months."

"After that, I'm my own boss again. An' after eighteen months certain folks in these parts are gonna find that a woolly wolf has come back to live with 'em. Nobody can steal a year an' a half of my life, blast my reputation, an' get away with it. Now I'll thank yuh for my guns, Jigger. I suppose yuh still got 'em?"

"I've got 'em," nodded Starbuck. "But I'd rather yuh wouldn't wear 'em Slim. They'll be a temptation—a bad temptation, as long as they're hangin' on yore hip. If yuh go to townin' 'em, it's hard tellin' just how yuh'll end up."

"That's my pie," said Slim grimly. "I want 'em."

Starbuck shrugged again, crossed to a little clothes closet and lifted down a pair of cartridge belts, carrying two heavy Colts. He handed them to Slim, who buckled them about his waist, as he stepped to the door. "Much obliged, Jigger," he said over his shoulder. "See yuh two weeks from now."

Loyale left the sheriff's office and started to cross the street. A buckboard was whirling up from the south end of the street, drawn by a fast stepping pair of bang-tail mustangs. A girl was driving it alone, but on either side jogged two mounted men. Slim recognized the trio immediately. The girl was Mona Hall. The two men were Sarg Brockwell and his son, Leo.

Slim stiffened and he went a little white about the lips. For a moment his impulse was to pull his hat low over his eyes, lower his head, and hurry across the street. But a surge of burning defiance corralled this trait weakness. So he watched them quietly, rolling and lighting a cigarette with a steady hand.

They were almost opposite him before the girl saw him. For a moment she stared. Then with one lithe twist of her slender shoulders, she set the bang-tails up short, locked the brake, looped the reins about it and jump-

ed to the ground. She ran to him lightfooted as a fawn, a pliant little figure in khaki blouse and divided skirt.

Her hair, where it escaped in true tendrils from beneath her dusty Stetson, was crisply brown. Her eyes were blue and heavily lashed; her nose short and straight; her lips generous and soft. And the blood flushed rich in cheeks and throat of a smooth, velvety tan.

"Slim!" she exclaimed. "Slim Loyale—oh, but it's good to see you!"

Slim, a little shaky, took both her outstretched, gauntleted hands in his. "Yuh really mean that, Mona?" he muttered huskily.

"Mean it?" she cried. "Indeed I do mean it! If you need further convincing—there."

Before Slim could think, she had stepped close to him, risen on her tiptoes and kissed him. "Satisfied?" Her smile was a little tremulous.

For a moment Slim could not answer. "It's worth goin' through hell—to come back to heaven," he muttered finally. "Mona, you're a little thoroughbred, same as always. But yuh'll be ruinin' yore reputation, kissin' an ex-convict."

Mona stamped one little, booted foot. "Bosh! Don't mention that word to me again. You are just an innocent man who has gotten a mighty shady deal. And if I can't kiss my old pal hello, I want to know why."

"I—I'm glad you feel that way about the innocent part, Mona. Some folks don't agree with yuh."

"Other folks be hanged!" she retorted spiritedly. "I know you, Slim Loyale, better than anybody else. I ought to; we grew up together. Now let's talk of other things. You'll be going out to the Circle L, I suppose?"

Slim nodded. "Soon as I can rustle up Dakota Blue. He's over in the Wild Horse Saloon."

"Then I want you to come over home and see me this evening, Slim. There's a lot to talk about. You'll come, won't you?"

"Try an' keep me away," grinned Slim. "I reckon I ain't forgot the trail."

She gave his hands a squeeze. "That's better," she said softly. "I was afraid you would be changed in some terrible manner. I want to see my old pal, Slim Loyale, not some hard-boiled stranger. Now I'll be getting along. Don't forget—seven o'clock."

Again her slim, strong little fingers tightened. Then she went back to the buckboard, climbed in and kicked off the brake. She waved to him as the broncos broke into a run.

Slim watched her until she had halted the rig in front of Ase Langley's big general store and disappeared from sight through the shadowy doorways. Then he signed deeply and relit his cigarette, which had gone cold during her greeting.

Suddenly he remembered the men who had been riding with Mona. When he looked for them, he saw that they had dismounted in front of the Wild Horse Saloon and were just entering it. Slim's lips tightened and his eyes grew bleak. But he crossed the street and entered the place himself.

There were just five men in the Wild Horse when Slim entered. Dakota Blue was there, talking across the bar with Spud Dillon, the short fat, red-faced, jolly proprietor. Then there was old Joe Rooney, a broken-down old mule-skinner who did the swamping for Dillon. Joe was sanding down the cues behind the pool table.

Sarg Brockwell and his son had swung up to the bar near the door and Spud Dillon was just moving down toward them when Slim entered. But at sight of Slim, Dillon seemed to forget all about the Brockwells. His fat red face broke into a wide, de-lighted grin and one pudgy hand shot across the bar.

"Slim!" he cried out delightedly. "Slim Loyale, yuh danged young whelp, how are yuh, boy? Put her there! Gosh, I'm glad to see yuh."

Slim knew Spud Dillon well, and he knew that Spud meant every word of his greeting. So

he wrung Dillon's hand heartily and smiled. "An' I'm shore glad to see yuh, Spud, yuh fat ole duffer. I do believe yuh've been losin' weight."

Spud guffawed. "Oh, shore I am. I've only taken on twenty more pounds since I saw yuh last, Slim. Have a drink. I'm buyin'."

As Dillon turned for bottle and glasses, a silver dollar was rung on the bar. Then a cold, sneering voice sounded. "When yuh get through makin' over yore jailbird friend, Dillon, we'd like some service."

Slim caught his breath in a little hiss and whirled. His face was white, and his lips a tight, straight line. He made a queer rasping sound in his throat and he stepped away from the bar, rouching.

"Brockwell," he grated thickly, "yuh—"

"Shut up Slim!" It was Dakota Blue who spoke. His hand locked on Slim's shoulder and he pulled the young fellow back, stepping between him and the Brockwells. "Remember yore parole, kid," he muttered. "I'll handle this."

Dakota walked toward the Brockwells. Sarg Brockwell was a big man, dark of hair and swarthy of skin. His face was broad with high cheek bones and lithe, glinting black eyes. His lips were thick, and in repose wore a continual confident grin, disclosing two rows of teeth, starting in their size and whiteness. As Spud Dillon had said one time I never look at them teeth of Sarg Brockwell's but what I think of a graveyard."

Leo Brockwell was smaller than his father, with the same swarthy coloring and black eyes. But Leo's mouth was thin, sarcastic and sneering, twisting up at one corner. He was built on the lithe, feline lines of a panther, and he move with the same slinking walk.

His hands on his hips, Dakota Blue stopped a yard from the Brockwells. "Which one of yuh made that crack?" he demanded coldly.

"Yes, by jiminy," yelled Spud Dillon, his round face scarlet with anger, "lemme tell yuh somethin', Sarg Brockwell! I don't like yuh or yore no-good son or nothin' about yuh savy? I choose my own friends an' to hell with yuh! Yuh've had yore last drink over this bar! Yore money ain't worth a damn here, from now on. Chaw on that!"

Neither of the Brockwells paid any attention to Dillon. They were watching Dakota Blue. "Well, I'm waitin'," drawled Dakota. "Which one of yuh made that crack?"

Leo's lips twisted. "I did," he snarled. "What's it to yuh?"

Dakota's fist moved with startling speed. It landed with a spat on young Brockwell's mouth and he went over backward, clawing at his gun. At Dakota's movement, Sarg Brockwell had jumped back, his right hand flashing to his hip. Thrown a little off balance by his blow, Dakota lagged on his draw, and it looked as if Sarg Brockwell had him dead to rights.

Here Joe Rooney stepped into the game. At the first hint of hostility Joe had slipped away from the pool table, a cue gripped in his hands, his faded old eyes glinting purposefully. And now, as Sarg Brockwell threw down on Dakota, Joe jammed the cue between Sarg Brockwell's ankles and gave it a violent twist. Brockwell, his feet cut from under him, cursed raucously as he fell forward, and his gun rammled flame and smoke into the floor. Dakota's return shot, loosed as Brockwell was falling, cut through the shoulder of Brockwell's shirt, just nicking the heavy muscles.

Before Brockwell could straighten himself, Dakota stepped forward and kicked the gun from his hand.

Leo Brockwell, dazed and bleeding, was mumbling curses and fumbling at his gun. As he raised it, Joe Rooney slammed him across the wrist with his cue. The gun thumped to the floor, where Dakota Blue snapped it up.

Dakota stepped back. "A'right, Joe," he drawled. "Let 'em up I got their stingers. An' much obliged, Joe. That was quick, heady work."

Sarg Brockwell lurched to his feet and dragged Leo up beside him. A little smear of blood showed on Sarg's shoulder. And before anyone could speak further, Jigger Starbuck came lunging

Johnston 4-H Club to Stage Radio Forum

Members of the recently organized 4-H Service Club of Johnston County will appear before the microphones of Station WPTF, Raleigh, Saturday, April 10, in a special club broadcast.

Arranged for presentation on the Carolina Farm Features program, the broadcast will be heard at 1:30 o'clock. J. T. Cooper, assistant county agent, will be in charge of arrangements.

The feature of the broadcast will be a demonstration discussion on some timely farm subject by the group.

Cooper declares that a great deal of interest has been manifested in forums, and that the Extension Service is anxious that farmers hold these educational forums.

This is one of the major projects of the 4-H Service Club. Cooper went on, and the work has attracted a great deal of attention all over the State and in Washington.

The Carolina Farm Features schedule in full for the week of April 5-10 follows: Friday, R. S. Dearstyne, "Seasonal Poultry Suggestions"; and Saturday, Johnston County 4-H Service Club program.

Good Pasture Makes Excellent Pig Feed

A good, clean pasture for spring-farrowed pigs will pay big dividends at marketing time next fall.

When on good pasture, the sow and pigs are protected from disease and parasite infection and provided with feed essential to health and development.

And pasturage is the cheapest form of feed that can be given the young porkers, said H. W. Taylor, extension swine specialist at State College.

Soybeans planted in rows and cultivated twice, he added, will furnish excellent grazing from the time the plants are about 15 inches high until frost.

On good land, he said, an acre of soybeans will support 15 or 20 sows, provided they also receive a full feed of corn and a good protein supplement.

Such pastures should be sown on land where pigs have not been allowed to range during the previous year or so, Taylor continued. Best results will be obtained if the land has been cultivated with some crop since the last time sown was on it.

Land used for hog pasture or hog lots during the past year is liable to be infested with parasites, particularly worms, or other forms of disease-producing organisms, Taylor pointed out.

To get the pigs in top shape for fall market, he continued, they should be kept on full feed at all times. Plans for building self-feeders may be obtained from county farm agents.

HAYSTACK HOLDS BULL HELPLESS FOR 6 WEEKS

Columbus, Kas.—It was a long time between drinks for Israel Westervelt's bull.

Six weeks ago Westervelt, a farmer near here, missed the bull from his herd. After a long search he gave the animal up as lost.

The other day while Westervelt's son was loading straw from a stack his dog began barking and the straw moved. A few seconds the bull plowed his way out and tore out across a field to a pond.

The animal had been imprisoned when the stack caved in on him.

Most of the small grain in Lincoln County has been top-dressed with nitrate of soda and seeded to lespedeza.

through the swinging doors, a drawn gun in his hand.

"What's goin' on in here?" he snapped. "Loyale are yuh in trouble already?"

"Hardly," answered Dakota, smiling thinly. "Not quite so fast, Starbuck. Damned if yuh don't act like you're just waitin' a chance to try an' hang some-thin' on Slim."

(Continued Next Issue)

Locust Trees Reclaim Gullied Barren Land

A field so run down and gullied that it could not be reclaimed with black locust trees would be hard to find, said Rufus H. Page, Jr., assistant extension forester at State College.

These leguminous trees, he said, not only hold the soil in place, they also add nitrogen and organic matter to the land.

Millions of acres of North Carolina farm land, he continued, are unsuited to cultivation in row crops or even pastures, yet will produce good yields of timber if given the chance.

Reforestation has a definite place in soil conservation, he pointed out, and this spring is a good time to get started.

Trees check and gully erosion where they are growing and help slow the run-off of water on adjacent slopes, and they will start a profitable crop on land from which the topsoil is gone.

Under the 1937 soil-conservation program, Page pointed out, payments of \$7.50 an acre will be made to farmers who reforest land from which a crop other than wild hay has been harvested since 1930.

For reforesting other farm land, particularly abandoned fields that have become gullied, the payment will be \$5 an acre.

For gully control, trees are usually planted four feet apart each way, requiring 2,800 trees to the acre. Black locust seedlings may be obtained for \$2 a thousand in this State.

For other forest plantings, a spacing of six feet apart each way is used, Page stated. This requires 1,200 trees to the acre.

Other trees recommended for planting in North Carolina are: loblolly, shortleaf, longleaf, slash and white pines; yellow poplar, black walnut, red cedar, and Norway Spruce.

Cattle Lice Check Growth Of Animals

Examine cattle for lice and other external parasites before turning them into pasture this spring, urges Fred Haig, of the State College dairying department.

Calves and young stock, especially, should be examined, he said, as they are particularly subject to injury.

Cattle lice are very small, he went on, and one must look closely to detect them with the naked eye. They are usually found more numerous around the head, shoulders, and tail of the animal.

Infested cattle rub against posts and trees. This wears off hair and inflames and thickens the skin. If such a condition is not corrected, cattle become thin and weak, Haig warned.

To rid cattle of lice, he recommends the following treatment:

Dissolve one ounce of sodium fluoride in a gallon of water. Apply this solution with a brush to all parts of the animal's body and brush in vigorously.

Then tie the animal in the sunshine, where it will be protected from drafts, and allow it to dry.

Remove all old bedding from the stall or barn, and thoroughly disinfect the stall and barn to prevent the cattle from becoming re-infested.

The treatment is simple and inexpensive, Haig pointed out, yet it will do a great deal to promote the health, growth, and efficiency of the animals.

BANK BANDITS CAPTURED

Mt. Airy. — An 18-year-old bandit held up the Surry county Loan and Trust company at 1 o'clock and took \$423 in a daring daylight robbery, but was overtaken by officers after a 50-mile chase which reached a 100-mile an hour pace. He surrendered when his car was riddled with bullets. The youth was Douglas Christian, of Pineale.

RAY PITTS RESIGNS HIS CATAWBA COUNTY POSTS

Newton.—Ray Pitts, chief Catawba county deputy sheriff and jailor for the last seven years and brother of Oscar T. Pitts, acting director of the state penal division, resigned his county posts, effective May 1.

Better Cotton Would Bring Higher Prices

North Carolina farmers could get more for their cotton if they would produce the type of lint for which the demand is greatest, said P. H. Kime, of the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station.

Much of the State's crop is 7-8 inch or less in staple length, and there is very little demand for this cotton in the United States or abroad, he stated.

The lengths in greatest demand are from 15-16 to 1 1-16 inches in staple length, Kime pointed out, and the varieties producing the highest yields and the best quality fiber in this State produce these staple lengths.

To get the full advantage of higher prices for better cotton, he continued, farmers in entire communities will need to "standardize" their cotton—that is, produce cotton of about the same type and staple length.

Many buyers still purchase their lint in hog-round lots, paying about the same price for short and long staple cotton in a community. But if all the cotton offered in a community is of good quality and long staple, the average price paid will be higher.

Kime has prepared two circulars designed to help farmers improve their cotton crop. Both may be obtained free from C. B. Williams, head of the agronomy department at State College, Raleigh.

One is agronomy information circular No. 105, "Results of Cotton Variety Experiments." The other is agronomy information circular No. 106, "Important Factors in Cotton Growing in North Carolina."

Edward Asks King to Publish Notice of His Betrothal

London.—Edward, Duke of Windsor, has asked King George VI to publish his engagement to Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson in the Royal London Gazette, the Daily Mirror said Wednesday.

If the King consents to the request the notice will be published next month, immediately after Mrs. Simpson's expected final decree of divorce on April 27.

It was pointed out that all royal engagements and marriages are published in the London Gazette and that Edward, desiring to conform to precedent, already has submitted a draft of the announcement to his reigning brother for approval.

Edward's marriage itself does not require the King's consent, but no precedent exists for such a request, and the matter has been turned over to court officials for study.

The announcement would not be made in the name of the King, as in previous royal engagements, and royal circles speculated on its wording.

The Mirror said Edward would join Mrs. Simpson in France immediately after her final decree is handed down. They will be married in France and will go to Austria for a honeymoon at a castle leased by him at Carinthia on the Italian frontier.

Four miles of electric lines were built to supply farm families in the men are using home-made brick RoRsebud Community of Stokes brooders and the other has an oil burner.

High Quality Seed Is Best For Potato Crop

Sweet potato seed bedded early in April will produce plants for setting out the first part of June, said Robert Schmidt, horticulturist at the N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station.

Select smooth, well shaped potatoes with a good color and free from disease, he said. Plant only the best seed, as only the best potatoes will bring a good price next fall and winter.

A number of farmers make the mistake of selling the best potatoes and using the scrups for seed, Schmidt added.

The very best from this year's crop should be saved for seed, he said.

If a good crop is raised this year, he went on, it should provide sufficient good seed, with plenty of high quality potatoes for marketing.

The Family Doctor

PLAIN HORSE-SENSE IN EATING

Somehow, I can't get away from the good old plan of eating because I am hungry—the best reason on earth isn't it? If you are not hungry—and have no appetite when you should have one—then something may be wrong; better see your doctor—hat's what he's for. It may be an easy time to set you right.

Then—I still cling to the ancient plan of eating things that taste good. What's wrong with that? Just why should I be obligated to force down stuff that I despise? Eating is part of my reward for being a good, industrious boy. That also applies to you dear reader. If you are a girl, simply change genders in this letter and go ahead. Boys are not so different from girls, when it comes to living and eating.

Those two good old rules—eat because you are hungry, and eat what tastes good. It will take a lot of theory to scare up better ones.

But people get to figuring on "balanced ration," and "calories," and they fuss around about them, with an air of superior learning. First thing you know you are off on the trail of "vitamines" and then you don't lack much of being in over your head! You get afraid to eat white bread—really the most nutritious best tasting bread in the world. Are you scared of white bread? One of my contemporaries refers to certain bread alarms as "the vitamin fad." That's not far from right.

I've written thousands of words on diet and eating—yes-millions. After all, I believe I feel better by practicing plain horse sense, that tells me not to eat too much—but what I like.

WIVES WALK 350 MILES FIXING MEALS IN A YEAR

Manhattan, Kas.—An average farm wife walks about 350 miles a year in her kitchen.

E. D. Warner, extension engineer at Kansas State College says ests show the farm woman walks a mile or more preparing each day's meals. The answer, he says is a conveniently equipped kitchen.

Three broiler demonstrations using 100 baby chicks have been started by F. W. Pollock, B. C. Gray and A. N. Mills of Jones County. Two of built to supply farm families in the men are using home-made brick RoRsebud Community of Stokes brooders and the other has an oil burner.

"I STICK BY CAMELS...AND CAMELS STICK BY ME..."
SAYS JIMMIE FOXX

THIS SLUGGING FIRST BASEMAN of the Boston Red Sox (and steady Camel smoker) says: "Camels never get on my nerves. Smoking Camels at meals helps me feel that my food's agreeing with me." Yes, Camels speed up the flow of digestive fluids—alkaline digestive fluids. Enjoy Camels freely—they're so mild!

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS