



THE LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS A Romance

by Zane Grey Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

Stewart halted again. In the gloom Madeline discerned a log cabin, and beyond it spear-pointed dark trees...

Madeline went so far, however, as to promise Helen and her friends that she would go East soon, at the very latest by Thanksgiving.

Madeline had to feel round in the dark to locate the saddle and blanket. When she lay down it was with a grateful sense of ease and relief.

Then the stirring memory of the day's adventure, the feeling of the beauty of the night, and a strange, deep-seated, sweetly vague consciousness of happiness portending...

CHAPTER XVIII

The Sheriff of El Cajon.

About the middle of the forenoon of that day Madeline reached the ranch. Her guests had all arrived there late the night before...

It turned out, however, that there need be no hurry about making the decision. Madeline would have welcomed any excuse to procrastinate...

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It was annoying for her to guess that Stillwell had something to say in Stewart's defense. The old gentleman was evidently distressed.

As days passed Stewart remained at the ranch without his old faithfulness to his work. Madeline was not moved to a kinder frame of mind to see him wandering dejectedly around.

A telegram from Douglas, heralding the coming of Alfred and a minister, put an end to Madeline's brood.

Arrangements for the wedding brought Alfred's delighted approval. When he had learned all Florence and Madeline would tell him he expressed a desire to have the cowboys attend.

The dinner began quietly enough with the cowboys divided between embarrassment and voracious appetites that they evidently feared to indulge.

"An' now, girls an' boys, let's all drink to the bride an' groom; to their sincere an' lasting love; to their happiness an' prosperity; to their good health an' long life. Let's drink to the union of the East with the West."

hand—that open court out there. So we claim Al Hammond, an' we be true to him. An', friends, I think it fittin' that we drink to his sister an' to our hopes.

A heavy pound of horses' hoofs and a yell outside arrested Stillwell's voice and halted his hand in midair.

Through the open doors and windows of Madeline's chamber burst the sounds of horses stamping to a halt, then harsh speech of men, and a low cry of a woman in pain.

Rapid steps crossed the porch, entered Madeline's room. Neils appeared in the doorway. Madeline was surprised to see that he had not been at the dinner-table.

"Stewart, you're wanted outdoors," called Neils, bluntly. "Monty, you slope out here with me. You, Nick, an' Stillwell—I reckon the rest of you had better shut the doors an' stay inside."

Neils disappeared. Quick as a cat Monty glided out. Madeline heard his soft, swift steps pass from her room into her office.

"It's the sheriff of El Cajon!" he exclaimed, contemptuously. "Pat Hawe with some of his tough deputies come to arrest Gene Stewart."

"Here, you fellows, give me a chance to say a word." As Stewart appeared the Mexican girl suddenly seemed vitalized out of her stupor.

"Shut up, er I'll gag you," said the man who held Bonita's horse. "Muzzle her, Sneed, if she blabs again," called Hawe.

"Have, I'll submit to arrest without any fuss," he said, slowly, "if you'll take the ropes off that girl."

"All right, let's hurry out of here," said Stewart. "You've made annoyance enough. Ride down to the corral with me. I'll get my horse and go with you."

"Hold on!" yelled Hawe, as Stewart turned away. "Not so fast. Who's doin' this? You'll ride one of my pack-horses, an' you'll go in irons."

"You want to handcuff me?" queried Stewart, with sudden swift start of passion. "Want to? Haw, haw! Nope, Stewart, that jest my way with hoss-thieves, ridders Greasers, murderers."

Stewart saw Madeline, and, throwing up his hands, roared to be heard. This quieted the gesticulating, quarrelling men.

"What criminal?" he shouted, hoarsely. The sheriff flicked his quirt against his dirty boot, and he twisted his thin lips into a leer.

"Why, Bill, I knowed you hed a no-good outfit ridin' this range; but I wasn't wise that you hed more'n one criminal."

"So you're still harpin' on that? Pat, you're the wrong trail. You can't see that killin' onto Stewart. The thing's ardent by now. But if you insist on bringin' him to court, let the arrest go today—we havin' some fiesta here—an' I'll fetch Gene in to El Cajon."

"Nope, I reckon I'll take him when I got the chance, before he slopes." "I'm givin' you my word," thundered Stillwell.

"I reckon I don't hev to take your word, Bill, or anybody else's." Stillwell's great bulk quivered with his rage, yet he made a successful effort to control it.

"See hyar, Pat Hawe, I know what's reasonable. Law is law. But in this country there always has been an 'in' now a safe an' sane way to proceed with the law. Maybe you've forgot that. I'm a-goin' to give you a hunch. Pat, you're not overliken in these parts. You've rid too much with a high hand. Some of your deals hev been shady, an' don't you overlook what I'm sayin'.

"I'm respectin' your office, I'm respectin' it this much. If the milk of human decency is so soured in your breast that you can't hev a kind feelin', then try to avoid the unpleasantness that'll result from any contrary move on your part today. Do you get that, hunch?"

"Stillwell, you're threatenin' an officer!" replied Hawe, angrily. "I come to arrest him, an' I'm goin' to." "So that's your game!" shouted Stillwell.

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an' sich. See hyar, you Sneed, git off an' put the irons on this man."

The guerrilla called Sneed sild off his horse and began to fumble in his saddle-bags.

Stillwell was gazing at Stewart in a kind of imploring amaze. "Gene, you ain't goin' to stand fer them handkerchiefs?" he pleaded.

"Yes," replied the cowboy. "Bill, old friend, I'm an outsider here. There's no call for Miss Hammond and—"

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Cloth Frocks for Daytime; Dresses for the School Girl

When one is correctly appareled, there comes a feeling of security which reboots in one's pulse. This season fashion declares unreservedly in favor of handsome cloth as the medium de luxe for the daytime frock.

Since the mode assigns the cloth dress as an essential in the well-timed wardrobe of not only the woman of fashion but more truly of the woman of affairs, the matter of selection is of vital importance.

A wide range of choice is offered in materials, including twill, repp, broadcloth, dometyn, kasha cloth, wool crepe, striped suiting and Paris predilect a vogue for alpaca.



Straight-Line Frocks Still Popular.

Smiling "Curlylocks" to the left is experiencing the joy of wearing an all wool fine Jersey cloth dress. For children who would frolic along life's pathway there is nothing comparable to Jersey cloth for wear and tear.

When the man Sneed came forward, jangling the iron fetters, Madeline's blood turned to fire. She would have forgiven Stewart for his lapsing into the kind of cowboy it had been her blind and sickly sentiment to abhor.

"But Stewart held forth his hands to be manacled. Then Madeline heard her own voice burst out in a ringing, imperious "Wait!"

Sneed dropped the manacles. Stewart's face took on a chalky whiteness. Hawe, in a slow, stupid embarrassment beyond his control, removed his sombrero in a respect that seemed wrenched from him.

"Mr. Hawe, I can prove to you that Stewart was not concerned in any way whatever with the crime for which you want to arrest him."

The sheriff's stare underwent a blinking change. He coughed, stammered, and tried to speak. Manifestly, he had been thrown completely off his balance. Astonishment slowly merged into discomfiture.

Similar Woods Differ in Tests. Orange and black locust are much alike in structure, strength, durability and color, although the former usually has more of a golden brownish tinge.

For ten months of the year mothers are constantly confronted with the problem of dress needs for the school-girl. In this day of child welfare, one school miss standing so erect by the side of her companion, and her comely frock is patterned more along the material mode of her elders.

IS GIANT SPECIES OF CENTIPEDE

Reptile Found in Trinidad Secretes a Poison Which Enables it to Paralyze Prey.

Trinidad centipedes have been presented to the London zoo, an exchange says. They are more than a foot long, and at the broadest part nearly half an inch across. They are dark brown, with legs on the long feelers and on the legs, a pair of which projects from each flattened segment of the body.

Frocks Reflect Simplicity of Youth.

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He Was So Happy That He Appeared on the Verge of Tears.



Frocks Reflect Simplicity of Youth.

Julia Bottomley (© 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)