

Yancey Cravat and his diane! You and your miscrable tery, and who, westp said, had less-" Indian blood in his years. He "And so they killed him!" Sabra five feet high. revolts a anst the decadent arise cried, irrelevantly, "And they'll and beautiful Sabra to the dancers pioneer woman. I thought I did, manner carefree, even bland. Albegins trying to discover who unre for Cin. . .. dered the last editor, named Person

law office and dwelling is secured, seen and dreaded-cold, determined back again, Sabra brayely sets up housekeep relentless, ing and assists Yancey in the pub- "All right, Go back there. Go lication of the Oklahoma Wigwin back to your trees and your Sabra frantically pleads with churches and your sidewalks and Yancey to cease his determined your Sunday roast beef and your efforts to find the murderer of smug, dead-alive family. But not Pegler for fear f a like fate for me! Me, I'm staying here. And

### Now go on with the Pegler Pll face him with it, and

For one dreadful sickening second something closed with iron Far not alive myself." fingers around Sabra Cravat's "Oh, G-d!" whompered Sabra, heart and squeezed it, and it ceas- and sank, a limp bundle of misery, ed to beat. White faced, her dark into his arms. But those arms eyes searched her bushand's face, were, suddenly, no haven, no shel-Wichita whispers, Kausas slander, ter, He put her from him, gently, But that face was all exaltation, but with iron firmness, and walked like the face of an evangelist, and out of the house, through the newsas pure. His eyes were glowing paper office, down the broad and The iron fingers relaxed.

"But Pegler. The men who killed Pegler. Why are they so much

"Skunks. Diety jackals hired by white-livered politicians."

"But why? Why?" "Because Pepler had the same or store porch or street corner, idea I have that here's a chance "How did Pegler come to die?" The to start clean, right from scratch effect of the question always was Live and let live. Clean politics the same. One minute they were instead of the skuldingery all standing sociably, cossiping, rollaround; a new way of living and line cigarettes; citizens at ease in of thinking, because we've had a their shirt sleeves. Yancey would chance to see how rotten and nar- stroll up with his light, graceful row and bigored the other way has step, his white sombrero with the been. Here everything's fresh two bullet holes in its crown, his It's all to do, and we can do it. Prince Albert, his fine high-heeled There's never been a chance like boots. He would ask his question. it in the world. We can make a As though by magic the group model empire out of this Oklahoma dispersed, faded, vanished. country, with all the mistakes of Yancey strolled out into the glarthe other pioneers to profit by ing sunshine of Pawhuska avenue, New England, and California, and Indians, Mexicans, cowboys, solid the settlers of the Middle Westit got away from them, and they shade could be found in the hot, fell into the rut. Ugly politics, dry, dusty street. On the corner ugly towns, nely buildings, ugly stood Pete Pitchlyn talking to the minds," He was off again, Sabra, Spaniard, Estevan Miro: They all impatience, stopped him.

name. She haved the dead man Territory not alone of the Terriwho was stalking their new life tory but of the whole brilliant burn-and threatening to destroy it. ing Southwest, from Texas through "I saw that one copy of his New Mexico into Arizona, sieved paper. He called it the New Day through this pair. Mire not only -poor devil. And in it he named knew; he sold his knowledge. The names, and he outlined a policy Spaniard was very quiet, and his and a belief something like-well- movements appeared slow because along the lines I've tried to expain to your He accused the government of robbins the Indians. He accused the settlers of cheating them."

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he rolled cigarettes in the cowboy query less airy. Their faces, re- one who should be foolbardy one that the more modern element some bewilderment, and a grain-

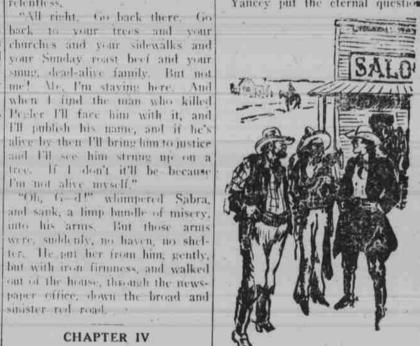
various and there was no more the unter innecence and unevent- rarin' around town bragging that with the works of Socrates-'So- well in Craven county, says his work for him to do. He was a fulness of the daily existence led they're going to make Osage the crates . . , who well inspir'd the hogs paid him a profit of from poisoned Indian arrow. It was asking a fatal question-fatal think this town ought to be run ing, even for a low-class Spaniard. Alleghany county farmers for seit thought he would surely die. This not only to the asker but to the on that principle or on a Socratic Slight embarrassment was in it, improvement work. would lose that leg. But a conbination of unlimited whisky, a constitution made up of chilled steel, and a determination that those varmints should never kill him, somehow caused him not only to live but to keep the poison-

rayaged leg clinging to his carcase. Stubbornly he had refused to have it amoutated and by a miracle it. "Oh, my heavens, Yancey! In- had failed to send its poison through the rest of that iron frame. Sabra A coable, with diety Indiane! Yen're always go- shrunk until now it was fully twelve their four-year-old son, Cimarron, ine on about them as if they mate inches, shorter, than the sound and a necto servant. Isaiah, start tered? The somer they're all dead limb. He refused to use crutches out as pictures to the newly die latter. What good are they? or the clumsy mechanical devices Wichita, Kausas, where travail bilthy, the cing, lazy things. They astonishing speed and agility. When practiced law and edited the Wich- work. You've said so your- he stood on the sound leg he was, it Whewm. A typically picture sque self. They just squat there, rot- with his magnificent breadth of "I've tried to explain to you," But occasionally the sound leg boy, been oracle, brilliant lawyer Vancey becau, sently, "White men tired, and he would rest it by whose past was shreaded in mys-lean't do those things to a help-slumping for a moment on the other. He then became a runt of

These two specimens of the focusey of his wife's family who kill you, too. Oh, Yancey-please Southwest it was that Yancey now bitterly oppose his taking the young - please -1 don't want to be a approached, his step a saunter, his and hardships of featurer life. In but I don't, if can't make things most imperceptibly the two seemed two covered warms they make the different. I liked them as aftey to stiffen, as though bracing themjourney across the prairies through were. Comfortable and safe. Let selves for action. In the old scont days of heat, with several adven- me alone. I don't want to: live it evidenced itself in his sudden turous encounters, to the month-old in a model empire. Darling! Darl- emergence from dounging cripple town of Osace. Sabra is shocked and! Let's just make it a town to statuesque giant. In the Spanby the wild and lawless character like Wichita . . . with trees . . . iard you sensed, rather than saw, of the town, and frishtened by a and people being sociable . . . not only a curiously rippling motion of pistol shot aimed at her larshand killing each other all the time . . . the muscles beneath the smooth the day after their arrival. Yancey church on Sunday . . . a school tawny skin, like a snake that glides before it really moves to go,

The face she adored was a mask. They stood, the three, wary, sil-The ocean-gray eyes were slate- ont. Yancey balanced gayly from A combination newspaper plant, cray now, with the look she had shining boot toe to high heel and

Yancey put the eternal question



Yancey put his question wherever "Well, Boys, What Do You Know?" he came upon a little group of of the inquiring reported, "Well, three or four lounging on saloon boys, what do you know?" The two were braced for a

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Funeral Directors And Embalmers We are prepared to render were the gossips of the town, these "But Pegler, What's that got to two. This Yancey knew, News prompt, courteous and do with Pegler?" She hated the not only of the town, but of the respectful service in the hour of need. ORDERS FOR FLOWERS HANDLED ing Southwest, from Texas through Ambulance Service BRYANT Furniture Company Day Phone Night Phone



CHAPTER IV

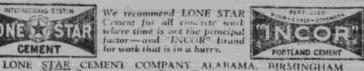
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jashion, with exquisite definess. laxed in an expression resembling enough to answer it. He knew has in mind," He lifted his great the merest fleck-of something as Pete Pitchlyn, famous Indian disappointment, It was as when Vancey, admired him head and turned his rare gaze full nearly approaching contempt as was scont of a bygone day, had grown gunfire fails to explode. The well. Yet there was little he dared on the little Spaniard. His gray he feared. porhelhed and (labby, now that the Spaniard shenceed his shoulders, a say now before the reptilian Miro, eyes, quizzical, mocking, met the Indians were rotting on their reser Protean resture intended on this Yamey continued, conversationally; black eyes, and the darker ones occasion to convey to the beholder. "I understand there's an element shifted. "Are you at all familiar.

vast fellow, his height of six feet by Estevan Viro. Pete Pitchlyn's terror of the Southwest, like Abilene oracle pronounced wisest of 60 to 70 cents a bushel for all three now balanced by his bulk, eyes, in that ravaged face, were and Dodge City in the old days; men'?" Late in his hazardons career as a coals in an ash heap. It was not and the Cimarron. I'm interview- Again Esteven Miro shrugged. scout on the plains Pitchlyn had for him to be seen talking on the ing citizens of note," continued This time the gesture was exbeen shot in the left heel by a street corner with the man who Yaneey, blandly, "on whether they quisitely complicated in its mean-

(Continued next week)

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