



SEVENTH INSTALMENT SYNOPSIS... Silas Spelle, high-handed, low-principled cat-tle baron, is out to smash the lo-cal bank and force foreclosure on the small ranchers of the Kanab desert country so that he can sleze their range lands. He is op-posed by Ed Starbuck, president of the Cattlemen's Bank, and by San Juan Delevan, prominent rancher who has been crippled by a fall from his horse. Johnny Clehoe and his partner, Tex Whipple, are cowpunchers em-ployed by San Juan Delevan to fight the rustlers and protect his interests. SEVENTH INSTALMENT

"Mama," chirruped Johnny, blowing on his knuckles. "That was shore a satisfaction. I been itin' to do that all mornin'."

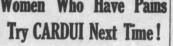
"Heh—heh!" chuckled Tex coldly. "Yuh shore rung up a bulls-eye that time, kid. Go on Pink, yuh stick to Miss Ronny." Tex

Spell was gulping with fury and ismay. While Lange had been dismay. unable to finish his statement he had let out enough to advise Spelle that something was radi-Spelle that something was radi-cally wrong concerning the Dele-van mortgage. In his thwarted greed a modicum of courage re-turned to him and he advanced threateningly into the room. "What's this?" he rasped. "What's this about the Delevan mortgage?"

mortgage?" "Nothin' much drawled Tex.

"'Ceptin' it's paid in full." "What?" roared Spelle, his gaze working evilly. "I don't want it paid. I refuse to accept payment for it.

"Yuh're plumb out o' luck, hombre," said Tex imperturbably.



many women suffer functional pains many women suffer functional pains at certain times, and it is for these that Cardul is offered on the record of the safe railed it has brought and the good it has done in helping to overcome the cause of womanly discomfort. Mrs. Cole Young, of Lessrille, La., writes: "I was suffering with irregular. . I had quite a lot of pain which made me nervous. I took Cardui and found it helped me in every way, making me regular and stopping the pain. This guieted my nerves, making my health much better." . . If Cardui does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

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"There's the money on the table —an' we got the mortgage. Just let the fact sink in. We're gonna

keep it. C'mon Johnny, the story's old. Let's rattle our hocks." The two partners made their horsemen.

The two partners made then way to the street. Tex watching Spelle warily over his shoulder. Down the street Ronny and Pink Crosby were waiting at the buck-board. Further on, tied in a line at the hitching rail before the Starlicht Salcon was a group of Starlight Saloon, was a group of horses, all wearing the Double S iron. Tex's face was furrowed and serious as he reached the buck-

board. "Pink, you an' Miss Ronny hop in that rig an' light out for home. Them broncos have been wantin' to ramble all mornin.' Let 'em out. Pour the whip into 'em. Burn the hubs off'n them wheels gettin' there. there. That mortgage won't be safe until Jim Delevan gets his hands on it."

"Tex," said Ronny fearfully. 'You don't think there will be

"You don't think there will be trouble do you?" "Don't think a thing, Miss Ron-ny," answered Tex. "I know there will. Soon as Spelle gets through snappin' at himself he's gonna turn that gang o' his loose on yore trail to try an' haid yuh off fore yuh get home." "But—but, you and Johnny,"

"But—but, you and Johnny," objected the girl, her eyes on Johnny's grim young face. "You can't fight them all off| You'll get hurt."

Johnny's face broke into a wide, beautific grin. "Nemmine us, Miss Ronny. Me an' this ole sand rat been shot at before. We're jest too cussed onery to stop lead. Pink, shake them reins. See yuh while age.

the buckboard Pink spun around on one wheel and turned the broncos loose in a wild run up the street. As the buckboard passed the bank Spelle leaped out into the street with a bawl of anger, shaking his fists above his head. Then he headed down to-wards the saloon at a clumsy run. "Fork yore hull, kid," snapped Tex crisply. "Lead's due to fly in a minute"

minute.' In a moment Tex and Johnny were spurring after the rapidly disappearing buckboard. As they cleared the edge of the town the dim roar of voices reached their ears.

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"Shows on," yelled Johnny "Whoopee! Look at that boy Pink

drive will yuh. If that buckboard had wings it'd fly." A half mile from town looked back. He could easil Tex looked back. He could easily see the black blot of hard riding

"Slow up," he snapped. "We're out here to hold this gang back instead of haul 'em up. Git yore Winchester loose, kid." Johnny pulled the rifle from the boot beneath his left thigh and levered in a cartridge. Then he and Tex hauled their nervous

mounts down to a leisurely lope. The horsemen in the rear came

up fast and Tex watching them closely, measured the distance. "Four hundred yards," he an-nounced finally. "Fan 'em a cou-ple Lohann." ple, Johnny."

Obediently Johnny turned and slammed five shots to the rear. It was hard shooting, twisted thus on a running horse, but the fol-lowing band made a big mark and at the fifth shot a horse went headlong throwing its rider

went headlong, throwing its rider spread eagling into the dust. "Bueno," cried Tex. "That slow-ed 'em up." "Yeah, fer a minute," answer-ed Johnny, feverishly plugging more shells through the loading gate. "But they're gonna spread out. Somehody's usin' his heid

Somebody's usin' his haid out. back there'

"Nemmine. Pink's almost out o sight—an' that's the main thing." As Johnny had said the pursu-ers had spread out and no longer presented a solid mass to shoot at. From now on any fire Johnny might give through his rifle rifle would perforce be merely hap-hazard with chances for a hit yery small, at least while his own

horse was in motion. The dull thudding of gun-shots sounded in the rear but only one lone bullet sang past. Tex, qui to read this sign smiled grimly. quick

"Luckris sign similed grimly. "Luckris sign similed grimly. "them got Winchesters. They can plug away all day at this distance with their six-guns without doin' any harm. Kin yuh see Pink?" "Nope. Plumb outa sight. Reck-on we done nut a crimp in Mir-

"Nope. Plumb outa sight. Reck-on we done put a crimp in Mis-ter Spelle today, Tex." Then Johnny gave a yell of alarm. "Look et comin' in ahead an' on the right, Tex. Two riders comin' in to haid us off. Now how'n hell did they git up there?" Tex turned and followed John-ny's pointing arm. Sure enough

ny's pointing arm. Sure enough two riders were spurring in at an

"If yuh'd only pack a Winches-ter," walled Johnny as they drew their plunging broncos to a halt. ed yuh never will. Jest think what "But yuh're so danged bull-haid-yuh could do with a .30-30 now." "Nemmine me," snapped Tex. "Get busy-those two jaspers are within range." within range." Johnny slipped from his horse and threw up his rifle. It waver-ed, steadied, but when it crashed flatly the bullet went far and wide. Just as Johnny pulled the trigger Tex had leaned over and swept the barrel up. "Fer gosh sakes," blazed John-ny. "What in hell did yuh do that fer? I was holdin' daid cen-ter." within range."

that fer? I was holdin' data cen-ter." Tex paid no attention. His keen old eyes were fixed on the two newcomers with a mingled ex-pression of doubt and joy. "Kid, yore eyes are betterin mine, Look close. Ain't that lead-in' hose a star faced black?"

in' hoss a star faced black?" "Yeah it is," snapped Johnny, raising his rifle again. "An' I'm gonna put me a slug right in the star."

But Tex shoved his rifle aside But Tex shoved his rille aside again. "Kid," he burst out de-lightedly. "That's ole Utah Lynch an' Al Burrows from the Bar B outfit. I telegraphed 'em to come arunnin' an' shore they're doin' it. You fan hell outa Spelle's crowd. I'm goin' out to meet Utah an' Al "

an' Al. The somewhat bewildered Johnny whirled on the rapidly nearing

Double S. crowd and with his first shot downed one of the leading riders. His second shot brought a second horse screamto earth and the rest broke ing and rode back out of range, where they gathered in a council of war. It did not take them long to realize that this time at least they

they were outmaneuvered for they saw Tex spur out to meet the newcomers and pump their hands delightedly. Two more rifles added to Johnny's deadly one were too much to face so they turned and rode back toward Carillion with their dead.

Utah Lynch, lank, dark-faced, saturnine, chuckled grimly as a shamefaced Johnny pumped his hand

"Kid," he drawled. "Yuh ain't fergot how to throw a lot o' mean lead, have yuh? ?I kinda thought you was goin' to open up on me an' Al."

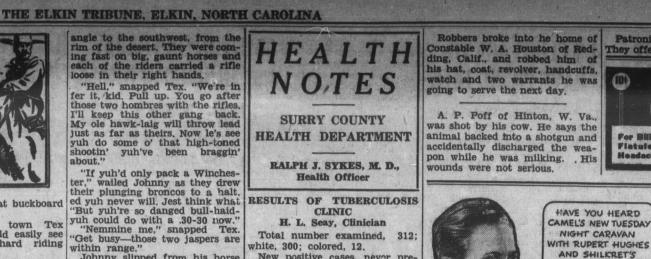
Al Burrows, chunky of body and craggy of face grinned and spat emphatically. "By gollies yes," he chimed in. "Tex, this dang cub of yores is shore developin' his claws."

"Yeah." nodded Tex, his eyes twinkling. "He's gettin' to be mean medicine with a Winchester. Trouble is his brain ain't de-velopin' like it should. If he could think as straight an' fast "Aw—g'wan," snorted Johnny. "Wouldn't o' been no loss if I had leaded you two ole highbind-ers. Jest the same I'll admit I

was glad to know it was friends droppin' in, How's Bud an' Bar-bara an' Nevada an' all the rest o' the gang back at the ole Bar

'Finer 'n frog hair," grinned Utah. "They's a new boss at the ole spread now. But, the second." "Naw?" exclaimed Johnny de-

'Fattest, happiest lil' geezer yuh



New positive cases, never previously diagnosed, 21; white, 19; olored, 2. Previously diagnosed positive,

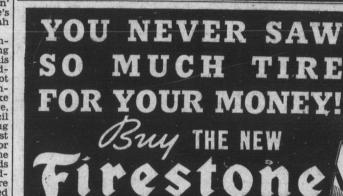
30; white, 28; colored, 2. Positive cases previously diag-

nosed: Apparently healed or arrested, 20; active, 30. Sanatorium treatment advised,

15; home treatment advised, 16; tuberculin tested, 96; flouroscoped, 312; X-rayed, 17.

Mrs. Harriet Cokely of New York directed in her will that her relatives should receive "nothing but a bag of sand to rub them-selves with."

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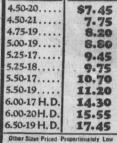
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"I'm tellin' yuh." Utah nodded.

ever saw." "That's shore fine. Tex, me'n

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you gotta take a trip someday an' look in on that young geent." "Mebbe so, someday," drawled Tex. "But right now we got our own dish o' hash to cook. Boys, y an yuh shore dropped in at the right time

Utah nodded. "Looks thataway. What's it all about, Tex? When Al an' me got them telegrams we took 'em to Bud an' told him we

Al an' me got them telegrams we took 'em to Bud an' told him we was driftin' down thisaway, pron-to. Bud shooed us off on the run an' told us to let him know if you needed any more help. If yuh do, jest wire him an' he'll come afog-gin' it with the whole outfit." "Reckon that won't be neces-sary," said Tex. "But shore I'm thankin' Bud for feelin' so. Now let's amble along, I'll tell you fel-lers the story while we ride." By the time they rode up to the corrals of the Box D ranch Utah and Al had the whole story and had jointly expressed their satisfaction at the opportunity of sitting in on things. When Tex attempted to thank them for their prompt response to his messages they waved him off. "Why thank us?" scoffed Al Burrows. "Shucks, Tex, we're the ones to renders thanks. After you an' Johnny left our neck o' the woods things got so danged quiet Utah an me began to ossify. This looks like one sviel chance to take the kinks outa our trigger fingers an' keen up our eyes a leetle." "You danged ole war-dogs," chuckled Tex. Pink Crosby and Pod Fortune were unhooking a pair of meek.

Chuckled Tex. Pink Crosby and Pod Fortune were unhooking a pair of meek, sweating broncos from the buck-board when the four riders drew up. After introductions were over Tex turned to Pink with twink-ling even ling eyes. (Continued next issue)

"I am the father of 24 children, all living," is the proud boast of J. M. Peterson of Whitesburg, Ky. He has been married seven times, and just recently made his last trip to the altar. He says he will rear a new family and estab-lish a record for his state.

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