

CHAPTER VIII-Continued

-10-

"That's part of what he's done to me. He's stole my cattle besides. McCrossen is the only man that stayed by me through thick grimly. Her eyes were half closed man for you. You can get married tomorrow if you want to."

"I haven't the slightest idea of getting married tomorrow, father. And if Mr. McCrossen were the only man left. I certainly should never marry. There's not a straight hair in his head."

"Sounds like that skunk Denison's been filling your ears for you."

"Bill Denison's barely ever mentioned McCrossen's name to me." "Well, keep away from Denison for good, don't forget that."

Jane flinched inwardly but spoke low and clearly: "I can't promise that, father." "Why not?"

"I don't think it's right," "Ain't I your father?"

"Yes." "Ain't a parent a-goin' to be obeyed?"

"If he is reasonable. I'm not child, father."

He grew furious. "I don't give s damn what you are, you're not goin' to take up with any enemy of mine. 'n' you might just as well know it now-and I'll see that you

don't." Van Tambel, quitting the house rode with McCrossen, over the hills burned the day before, to determine what further measures should be taken to insure safety for the ranch buildings. The two men halt-

ed at the foot of Gunlock Knob. "A lot of good timber gone in that blaze, Van," muttered McCrossen.

Van Tambel was silent for a mo ment. "The ranch ain't worth as much as it was yesterday, that's sure," he said at last. Then after another pause: "I wouldn't mind the timber if the damned fire had held on till it cleaned out Denison.' Both were looking down on the

neighbor's ranch. "I wish I was rid of that fellow." Van Tambel's words fairly grated out of his harsh throat. couldn't that blamed fire have cleaned out his buildings yester

"It was a close scratch. If the wind had shifted-

"Always blows the wrong way for me. I don't mind losing the timber, If it had caught him, I'd-" He checked himself suddenly. "Look here," he jerked, why can't we help the wind along next night there's a blow-just give things a start down there?"

"What d'you mean? Burn him out?"

"Why not?" McCrossen took the cigarette from his mouth but said nothing. "Well?" sputtered Van Tambel.

"Why don't you talk?" "I don't fancy that kind of a job." McCrossen shifted moodily in his saddle. "Bill Denison and I have got our differences-plenty of 'em. Some day I expect to iron 'em out

with him. But it'll be done in daylight.' Van Tambel sneered. "Look out he don't get you and the girl both.' "Well"—the words came reluctant ly-"I'll talk to Barney Rebstock

You'll have to pay him well." After Van Tambel came back from the hospital, he reopened his

office in Sleepy Cat. "I thought you said the old devil

couldn't get well," complained Pardaloe to Dr. Carpy. Carpy was laconic. "He can't

Some day he'll crack up sudden." But Van Tambel kept Jane so closely under his eye that she had no chance to see Denison.

One day her father took her in town on business. The volunteer fire fighters were clamoring for their pay, and Jane, knowing the details of the agreement with Pardaloe as to how much beer and "grub" should be provided, plus

their pay, rode with her father, to town, to settle with Pardaloe. "Bill," she said to Pardaloe, when the accounts had been straightened

out, "I want to ask a question and I want the truth." Pardaloe looked at her with

shrewd benevolence. "Fire away,

"Why does my father hate Bill Denison so?" Pardaloe shifted uneasily. You won't like the truth Miss Jane.

"Whether I like it or not, I was you to tell me, Bill," she said,
"Well, your dad wants the Spa ranch-started a fight for it at the Medicine Bend land office. Bill beat him there, so he goes up to Wash-ington, and Bill has to sell off his

at night, and no rig was at the station from the ranch. She was hotel. It was a long time afterward before she realized that the whole trip had been planned by her

She rose early, breakfasted alone, and started out to pay the few remaining fire bills. She went first to Spott's place to pay for the beer. Spotts was out. "Ought to be back pretty soon," said Oscar. "He's got bartender out for breakfast."

do's," said Jane. "I'll be back." crutches at his side, was sitting in his barber chair.

"Hello there, Miss! Well! How

"About as usual, Jake. I've come to pay for the beer."

"No more fires botherin'?" "Not at present. How much was the beer?"

old side partner back out of it,"-Spotts shook his head.

"None of us will ever forget Pan ama, Jake."

"The damnedest, meanest, orneriest fires that ever swept them But please keep my secret-will hills," said Spotts, counting over the money perfunctorily. "Done



"Some Day I Expect to Iron 'Em Out With Him,"

more damage to the range-not to speak of losin' the best man we had in Sleepy Cat and cripplin' up the best man we had in the hills.'

"Why. Bill

Jane started visibly. "Bill Denison?" she echoed in consternation. What do you mean?"

"I know nothing of the kind," exclaimed Jane sharply. She stood could ask you to marry me blind—' white as a sheet. "What has hap- "There's only one way to keep

is gone to hell?"

happened? Tell me!"

his torpor as he saw with amazement the effect of his news on his heart was dread with fear. She visitor. "Why, Doc. Carpy says that his eyes got burned some gettin' through that Gunlock Knob fire. Then some son-" Jake checked himself. "Somebody set his ranch is if there's anythin' I can do to house afire last night and nearly square myself, I'm ready to do it burned him up. Ask Carpy; he'll

doctor was out on a call. Jane hurried to McAlpin's barn, where she had left her pony, and rode straight up the hill to the hospital.

"His room is on the sec ond floor-218. Shall I show you the way?"

"If you please, Sister. I learned only a moment ago that he was here. I've heard of this dreadful ranch-house fire only this minute. Did he tell you how it happened Sister?"

brought him in. But Mr. Scott said it was getting out of the burning ranch house." "Do you think there is any chance

to save his sight? Oh, Sister, can you imagine how I feel?"

feel. Of course I don't know a thing about the case, except that Dr. Carpy has given very strict orders about his care." She was too considerate to tell how worried she knew Carpy to be. "Of course his room is dark. And his eyes are bandaged. We like Mr. Denison so much-he's always been so kind to us with nice gifts. This is his room." The nurse laid her hand on the knob of the door. "Shall I go

"Do, Sister," said Jane. Sister opened the door, morning, Mr. Denison."
"Good morning, Sister."

Jane, walking in on tiptoe behind

her guide, heard his answer. "Who's that with you, Sister?" Jane had stepped as lightly as poscompelled to spend the night at the sible; but his ears had detected her footsteps.

"I've brought you a visitor. I hope you're not cross," she added,

banteringly. "Who is visiting me?" he asked. Jane had been gradually drawing closer to him. "Bill?"

He started violently. For an instant he was silent as if listening for more. Then he responded, low and strangely, "Jane?"
"Yes, Bill."

In the dark, her hand touched his arm. He caught both her hands, crushing them with his own, and drew one and the other hungrily to his lips. "Sister," he said, composed, yet eager, "can you find a chair, in the dark, for Miss Van Tambel?"

With the nurse gliding out of the room, Jane's hands crept over his shoulders, around his neck, and as his arms enfolded her, their lips

"I didn't want you to hear that I was in trouble till we knew more about it. How did you find out I was here, Jane?"

"Jake Spotts, Bill. I never dreamed of such a thing," she said tremulously. "He told me the ranch house was burned last night. Oh, Bill !"

"I think maybe my eyes will be all right in a couple of days. Ben Page has been working for me for a while. He got hold of Bob Scott to bring me in to see Doc Carpyand the doctor sent me here." He felt her warm tears against his cheek. He kissed them away from her eyes. "Don't cry! There's nothing to cry over. I'll be all right when my eyes get better. Doctor says that won't be long. I wish you hadn't heard of it."

"I wish you'd never heard of me. Bill. To think of it, that I should have been the cause of starting all this trouble. Oh, why couldn't I have stayed home that dreadful day instead of riding into danger? I'll never, never forgive myself. And I'm ashamed to say it, Bill, but the real reason I rode up there was because I was just hungry for a sight

Denison only laughed. "Don't think you're the only one that was hungry for a sight. If I hadn't been scouting around the Knob trail where I knew you liked so much to ride, I'd never have caught sight of you. What then? Why, Jane, if you were burning in a fire. why shouldn't I jump in after you? What would be left for me?" "Do your eyes hurt terribly, Bill?"

"Not when you're here. Jane." "Oh, I know better. I know they

do. And I can do nothing to help!" He made light of her worry. There were more furtive tears, more earnest prayers, more submission from Jane. More happy laughs, more ardent embraces, more carefree cheer from Denison.

"Why, Bill," she protested at length, "one would think there was nothing the matter with you. And 1 am frightened to death."

"I was frightened to death myself till you came. It's not much fun sitting alone here in the dark. What frightens me most is the thought that if the worst should come. I'd lose you."

"You can never lose me, Bill. Re-

member that." "Yes, but a blind man!" he ex-

claimed desperately. "Jane, I never "There's only one way to keep

me from marrying that good-fornothing Bill Denison-that's to kill me and make me into dust-even then, I'd tremble under his feet. I would-just to annoy him."

Her tongue was light and happy when she said good-by, but her rode straight to Carpy's office: luckily she found him in.

"Doctor! I'm so worried about Mr. Denison-" "So am L"

"You know what happened?" "Said he got trapped in the ranch-

ouse fire." "Yes, but it was trying to save

my life when his eyes first got hurt." "Never said a blamed word about that." "I was up on Gunlock Knob, and

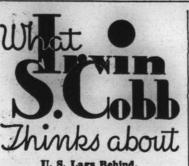
he rode up to get me through the fire, "Doctor," she asked, unsteadily, "can't you save his eyes?" "Jane, my girl, give me another

two weeks. If I thought anybody, anywhere, would do anything more than I'm doing, I'd put him on the cars tonight. It's time, Jane, time." If Jane expected to get much information about the Denison fire at home, she was disappointed. When she reported it to her father, he was silent-professing still to feel outraged at her insubordination. Mc-Crossen was more communicative, even sympathetic; but he knew little about the fire.

(TO BE CONTINUED) See in Different Directions

The curious little reptile that is noted for changing its color to suit its background, the chameleon, and the small oddly shaped fish known as the hippocampus or sea-horse, have one peculiar characteristic in Their eyes move indecommon. pendently of each other. When a chameleon gets one eye focused on an insect it moves the other eye until it, too, is focused on the prospective prey. Then it darts out its long, sticky tongue to make the catch. Persons observing sea horse in aquariums have noted that their two eyes appeared to be looking in

opposite directions.—Detroit News.



U. S. Lags Behind.

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. -What I saw at the national air races in Los Angeles set me to thinking. It's a dangerous thing-thinking isand nearly always upsetting to the peace of mind.

I'm thinking that no longer is the navy our first line of defense nor the army the second

line. I'm thinking that the chief periland the chief security from that perilis in the air now. And of all the

great powers, we

are the most woe-fully behind in the matter of airplane protection. It would take us two years to make our air force Irvin S. Cobb as strong as it was

four years ago. It would take infinitely longer than that to make it as strong as the present footing of any country which conceivably might attack us.

Well, we could always lock the stable after the horse was gone—if the stable hadn't been blown flat.

Rules for Long Life. JAPANESE doctor has landed A JAPANESE doctor ing a few simple rules, a fellow lives to be 240 years old. He didn't say, but I figure this applies only

The principal rules are to sleep on a hard mattress with a metal pillow and learn to wriggle like a goldfish. Whether, in time, the beginner sprouts gills and a fantail is not stated, but it sounds plausible.

to those of us who never go motor-

I've already spoken to a tinsmith about a pillow and, on awakening this morning, made a few experimental wriggles. My intentions might fool some people, but I don't believe they'd fool a goldfish, unless he'd been drinking or something. I'm afraid my finning was faulty. Besides, I didn't feel any too dignified-greeting the dewy dawn by behaving goldfishiously.

War Names Confusing.

NOT content with coining eighty or ninety separate different and confusing names for the opposing forces in Spain, the correspondents have gone and thunk up a plum bran' new one-extremists. Maybe, though, the point is well taken. The dispatches would seem rather to indicate that quite a number of persons over there have lately shown a tendency to verge toward the extreme.

And picking out the various parties mixed up in the French political mess-that's another tough job. Only today I ran into this one centrist. It sort of suggests Ty Cobb in his palmy days, covering the outfield. But-that couldn't be because the French don't go in for baseball. They prefer dueling as being just as exciting.

I must say it's discouraging just when, by following the news from Paris, I'm beginning to get the Reds unscrambled from the Pale Pinks, and the Mauves from the Heliotropes, and the Holy Rollers from the Merry Widows, to have this added complication bust right in my face. Looks as though I'll have to start it all over again.

How to Reduce.

EVER since the day when I was known among friends as Thyroid Deficiency Irvy, the human detour, I've fought the losing fight against overweight.

I tried dieting and became the best friend the American spinach industry ever knew, yet had only to turn my head to brag and I regained, practically instantaneously, what I'd lost. I exercised until I had the jitters, but when I'd taken off half a pound, it bounced right back while the doctors were reviv-

But now I've found the absolutely certain cure for reduction. It's working in a moving picture with little Jane Withers. When she sets the pace you can track yourself back home by your cwn perspiration. Another engagement with Janie and I could be rented out as my own living skeleton.

Has Memories of Valencia. T'S hard to concentrate on pen-

nant fights in the big leagues when we read of war-racked Spain, with 100,000 already dead. I hope the lovely old city of Va-

lencia has escaped the common ruin. Seven years ago I was traveling around and about over three continents, and at every stop had listened morning, noon and night, to the song "Valencia." So a friend and I made a pilgrim-

age to the town in which presumably, the thing originated, and Valencia turned out to be the one spot on the map where nobody had ever played that tune or sung it or hummed it or whistled it, or even heard of it.

It was indeed a relief. So we stayed a week. The sherry-andegg before luncheon was also quite good-all but the egg! IRVIN S. COBI

****** STAR DUST

* Movie · Radio * **** By VIRGINIA VALE*** HENRY FONDA'S mar-riage to Frances Seymour

Brokaw will increase the little circle of smart society women who, married to motion picture actors, reside in Hollywood. Richard Barthelmess, Gary Cooper and Fred Astaire all married into the Social Regis-

Incidentally, Mrs. Brokaw's life story is rather like that of a movie. Born in a small town in Massachusetts, she was the poor cousin of the wealthy Rogers family. Very pretty, very charming, she had ev-

erything but money.
She met George T. Brokaw, who had both wealth and social position, fell in love with him, married him; in 1931. Mr. Brokaw died nearly two years ago, leaving his widow and their small daughter well provided for. She never forgot what it meant not to have plenty of money. She has done notable things in charity work. Henry Fonda, whom she met this summer in Europe, is a fortunate young man.

Bette Davis may seem to be a temperamental star when it comes to battling over sto-

ries and salary, but away from the studio she is most decidedly just another human being. Not long ago she

and her husband were traveling through the Canadian Rockies, on the first part of that vacation trip she's taking. She did rather startle the other

guests at the hotel at Lake Louise by wearing a very low-cut evening gown-but she startled them still more by taking the bus to Banff the next day, instead of being exclusive and going in a private car. Here's a new way to break into

Bette Davis

the movies. Marjorie Gage, a young society girl, likes to fly. She entered her own plane for the Ruth Chatterton Flying Cup race—and first thing she knew, had been engaged for a picture, "The Flying Hostess". Simone Simon does so well in

'Girls' Dormitory" that she is being pushed right ahead. An American girl who, just for fun, acted in a French film made in Salzburg summer before last, declared when she came back that Simone was the cutest thing she ever saw. 'Her face and her figure are both cute," she announced. "And her

compliment or the reverse just as you please. Anyway, Simone will be seen next in "White Hunter," with Warner Baxter. A short story which has attracted

mind's cute too." Take that as a

much attention, "Beyond the Sound of a Machine Gun," has been purchased by a leading studio, and in it will appear George Raft, Cary Grant, Randolph Scott and Fred MacMurray.

We're to have still more Dickens on the screen. "Pickwick Papers" will be the next Dickens picture Paramount intended to make it with W. C. Fields, but that plan has been abandened, and Metro has taken it on.

Jean Muir decided recently that she'd like her hair better if it were brown, instead of

cut off her bangs. Then she made some tests for Warner Brothers. They objected to the changes. And as a result of a lot of argument, the hair stayed brown but the bangs returned. Some movie fans are betting that

blonde. Also, she

Jean Muir eventually Jean will return to blonde hair. They point out that it was as a petite blonde that Jean first attracted attention and that its appeal is one of her big assets.

The cycle of war pictures is well under way. Twentieth Century-Fox launched it with "The Road to Glory," and continues it with the forthcoming "King of the Kyber Rifles" and "The Splinter Fleet."

ODDS AND ENDS . . . The young Dionnes are learning some English words for "Reunion," their next picture . . . Eleanor Powell plans to drive East in October, see some new plays in New York, pick up her grandfather and grandmother and drive back to the coast . . . Pretty good for a girl who learned to drive so recently . . . William S. Hart may return to the screen . . . Did you know that the John D. M. Hamilton who is so prominent in the Republican party is a brother of Hale Hamilton, who once was a movie star? . . . Ruth Chatterton plans to return to the stage this fall, no matter how many motion pic-ture companies want her to such for

------The Mind @ Bell Syndicate, -- WNU Service

The Jumbled Sentence True-False Test

In this test there are eight mixed-up sentences, which are either true or fals-:. First, rearrange the sentence to read properly, and secondly, underline the letter T if the statement expresses a true fact, or underline the letter F if the fact expressed

1. Louis located center the in St. American financial. T-F 2. Of flows the Mexico the Gulf Mississippi into. T-F

3. Roosevelt's woman in there a President is cabinet. T—F 4. To belongs France island Ber-

n·uda of the. T—F
5. The situated Panama equator canal the is below. T-F 6. Proclamation war chief of cause Emancipation was the the

Civil the. T-F 7. Get must through China Hawaii to to one pass. T—F
8. Sea river the into the flows Black Volga. T-F

Answers:

1. The American financial center is located in St. Louis. F. 2 The Mississippi flows into the Gulf of Mexico. T.

3. There is a woman in President Roosevelt's cabinet. T. 4. The island of Bermuda belongs to France. F.

5. The Panama canal is situated below the equator. F. 6. The Emancipation Proclama tion was the chief cause of the

Civil war. F. 7. One must pass through Hawaii to get to China. F. 8. The Volga river flows into the Black sea. F.

An Emperor's Advice

What a great deal of time a ease that man gains who lets his neighbor's words, thoughts, as behavior alone, confines his i spections to himself, and tal care that his own actions are honest and righteous. - Marcus Aurelius.

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helping to get rid of them.

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cows to get money to fight and pay lawyers. 'Fore he got through, the boy had to sell everything to keep his end up." "It was tough," assented Jane

and thin. McCrossen's the right and her lips compressed, as if to shut out unpleasant details. Pardaloe warmed to his story. "If it wa'n't you, Miss Jane, an' your

own dad, I'd call a man that'd act that way-well, wonder to me is Bill never plugged him. Now don't cry; I told you you wouldn't like Jane shook her head and brushed the tears from her eyes with a

gesture of defiance. "Don't mind a little shower, Bill. You've told me what I asked for-the truth. Now I want to tell you something

you, Bill?" 'Shoot," was all he said. Swiftly she told him of her first meeting with Denison, and of their rides together. She described how he had saved her life and how afterward her father had ridden over to the Denison ranch with Dave McCrossen, created a scene and forbade her ever again to see

Denison. "I'm watched now like a twoyear-old child," she concluded, "and I'm rebellious!"

Pardaloe looked at her appraisingly. He observed the animation of her manner and the flash of her eye; he listened to the rapid flow of her words and the spirited way in which he spoke them. The old frontiersman looked at her as an artist might look on a flower; he could see, but couldn't quite understand, all that was hidden within it.

"I wish," said Jane, musing, almost as much to herself as to Pardloe, "I knew just what to do." "Do nothin'," suggested Pardaloe. Jane bridled, "Do nothing! That isn't very pleasant to think about."

"You've got to realize your cir

cumstances," he returned. "In the

mess you're in all around out there,

it's best for you to sit tight 'n' do nothin'. You don't know it, but you're settin' on a box of dyna mite." "Do you expect me to act as

peacemaker, Bill?"

there when bobcats go back on jack rabbits." "Well," sighed Jane, reluctant, you know best, Mr. Pardaloe-"

"I didn't say that-'twouldn't be

no sort of use. There'll be peace

"Bill." "You know best, Bill. I may want to talk to you again." "Any time, honey." Riding home with her father

who rode slowly, she had plenty of time to think. And her thoughts were sober-hued. McCrossen was a thorn in he side. To meet him every day and be halfway pleasant was a daily

strain. He tried to make up to her. "I got off on the wrong foot with you, Jane," he said one day. The two were standing near the ranchhouse door, in the sunshine. -"I know that, all right. All I can say

whenever you say the word. Is tell you." that fair?" Jane was looking up at the mountains. She answered without ran-

cor: a mild manner must be her cue now. 'A week passed. Van Tambel lav in bed. He had to send Jane to Medicine Bend to attend to some bank business there. To keep her under surveillance. Van Tambel or dered McCrossen to ride to Sleepy Cat with her. When Jane heard of the arrangements she flatly refused

"What's a-matter with you, you

damned cantankerous thing!" de manded her father huskily. "Ain't my foreman good enough for you to ride with?" Jane's features set. "I won't ride with him," she declared crisply.

"Why not?" thundered her father, rising in bed. Jane drew herself up the least bit. Her father's rudeness stiffened her attitude. "If you want to know the real reason, I don't want him trying to kiss me on the way home after he's had too many drinks in the Red Front saloon. I won't ride with him. If he goes, I

Finally Bull Page was assigned escort the wayward Jane, and the two set off for town. Jane was most interested to get some news from Bull Page about Denison; but Bull had neither seen nor heard of in with you?" him since the Gunlock Knob fire. In Medicine Bend, Jane extended

a note, drew some money, paid the hospital bills, and waited for the

afternoon train home, When she got to Sleepy Cat it was ten o'clock

father and McCrossen for a purto be here pretty soon to let the

"I've an order to leave at Rubi-She walked over to the general store, left her provision order for the wagon to pick up, and returned to Spott's barber shop. Jake, his

things out at Gunlock?"

"No hurry about that."

"Yes, but I want to clean it up." "Thank you, ma'am," said the sa oon keeper and barber as Jane counted out and handed him the money. "If I could only call my



"Who was that, Jake?"

'Well, you know he's in the hospital."

pened? Tell me'!" "Why, didn't you know his eyes

"What do you mean? What has Spotts started violently out of

She hurried to the hotel. The

CHAPTER IX "WHERE is he, Sister?"

"He has hardly spoken since they

"Dear heart, I do know how you