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Clallam County Journal

A PAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

VOL. I. PORT ANGELES, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1935. No. 32.

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The Best of Beer Kept In Our Frigidaire
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(Ground in our own kitchen)
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Even If Lovely Skin Is Inherited, it Must Be Preserved
For lovely hair—featuring the very best Permanent wave solution including Eugene Waves.
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The very best cosmetic including Albert of The Palace, an individual cosmetic formula. For appointment phone 738. Located next to the Lee Hotel, 114 W. First street.
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129 East Front Street
"BEER WITH CHEER"
Complete Fountain Service
Selling candy in the same spot for 49 years
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TUBES TESTED FREE
IF YOU'VE DISTORTION OR SPLUTTERING, MOANING OR GROANING IN YOUR RADIO—
Probaby One or More of Your Tubes Are Sick.
Call us on the phone, or bring your tubes to us. ..We have test equipment that will accurately tell the exact ailments of your tubes. ..And if they need replacing, we carry the complete TUNG-SOL line—Tubes that give long fine service.
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122 East First Tel. 71 Port Angeles, Wash.
Rudy's Radio Shop

LEGAL PUBLICATION
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON FOR CLALLAM COUNTY.
No. 7029
SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION
Nellie E. Paul, Plaintiff, vs. Everett Paul, Defendant.

The State of Washington, To the said Everett Paul, Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this Summons, to wit, sixty days after the 13th day of June, 1935, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled Court, and answer the Complaint of the Plaintiff and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney for the plaintiff at his office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the Complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of the Court.

The object of the action is to obtain an Interlocutory and Final Decree of Divorce forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant herein; and the ground upon which said action is brought is abandonment of the plaintiff by the defendant for a period of more than one year prior to the bringing of this action.

WM. J. CONNIFF,
Attorney for the Plaintiff.
Office and Post Office Address: 104 East First Street, Port Angeles Clallam County, Washington.
Date of first publication, June 13, 1935.
Published June 13th, 20th, 27th, July 4, 11th and 18th, 1935.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON FOR CLALLAM COUNTY.
PORT ANGELES SAVINGS and LOAN ASSOCIATION, a corporation, Plaintiff,
vs.
R. H. KIDD, Defendant,
Cause No. 6372
NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE
Under Special Execution

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE OF A SPECIAL EXECUTION issued out of and under the Seal of the Superior Court of the State of Washington, in and for said County, on the 18th day of June, 1935 upon a judgment rendered in said Court on the 10th day of June 1935, in favor of Port Angeles Savings and Loan Association and against R. H. Kidd for the sum of Three Thousand Nine and 38 100ths ($3,009.38) Dollars together with attorney's fees, interest, costs and increased costs, and to me directed and delivered, commanding me to sell the following described property to satisfy said judgment, to-wit: Beginning at a stake 100 feet northwest at right angles from the stake set on the north line of State road 445 feet from the intersection of the north line of State road with the line running due west to southwest corner stake of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of Section 36, Township 30 North of Range 13 West W. M. thence 100 feet at right angles northeast from said stake; thence at right angles northwest 50 feet; thence at right angles 100 feet southwest; thence at right angles southeast 50 feet to place of beginning. Also known as Tax No. 532.

Also beginning at a stake 150 feet northwest from a stake on the North Side of the State highway same stake on highway being located 445 feet northeast along the north boundry of said highway from the intersection of the line running west to the southwest corner stake of the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of Section 36, Township 30 North of Range 13 West of W. M.; thence northwest 50 feet to stake; thence at right angles northeast 100 feet; thence at right angles southeast 50 feet to a stake; thence at right angles southwest 100 feet to place of beginning. Also known as Tax No. 542.

All of the above described land being situated in the southeast (SE¼) quarter of the northwest quarter (NW¼) of Section 36 Township 30, North of Range Thirteen (13) West of the Willamette Meridian, Clallam County, State of Washington, Also Lots (11) Twelve (12) and Thirteen (13) in Block One (1) of Solduc View Addition to the Townsite of Beaver, Washington.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, That on Saturday the 20th day of July, 1935, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, I will sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment, together with attorney's fees, interest, costs and increased costs, in all amounting to the sum of Three Thousand Fifty Eight and 32 100ths ($3,058.32) Dollars.

Said sale will take place at the front door of the Court House in the City of Port Angeles in said County and State, and will be at public auction, for cash in hand to the highest and best bidder.

Dated at Port Angeles, Wash., this 19th day of June, 1935.

CHAS. W. KEMP,
Sheriff of Said County.
By DUNCAN LOOP, Deputy.
Date of First Publication: June 20th, 1935.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON IN AND FOR CLALLAM COUNTY.
No. 7056
SUMMONS BY PUBLICATION
H. Omstead, Plaintiff, vs. Opal

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON, to the said OPAL OMSTEAD, Defendant:

You are hereby summoned to be and appear within sixty days after the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit, sixty days after the 11 day of July, 1935, and defend the above entitled action in the above entitled court, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff and serve a copy of your answer upon the undersigned attorney for the plaintiff at his office below stated; and in case of your failure so to do, judgment will be rendered against you according to the demand of the complaint, which has been filed with the Clerk of the Court.

The object of the action is to obtain an Interlocutory and Final Decree of divorce forever dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between the plaintiff and the defendant herein; and the grounds upon which the action is brought is abandonment of the plaintiff by the defendant for more than one year prior to the institution of suit.

W. F. PHILLIPS,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Office and Post Office address: Eagle's Bldg., 110 N. Lincoln St., Port Angeles, Clallam County, Washington.
Date of first publication July 11, 1935.
Published July 11, 1935, July 18, 1935, July 25, 1935, Aug. 1, 1935, August 8, 1935, and August 15, 1935.

LEGAL NOTICE
IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF WASHINGTON FOR CLALLAM COUNTY.
No. 2251
NOTICE TO CREDITORS
IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF GILBERT OLSON, DECEASED

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been oppointed and has qualified as administrator of the estate of Gilbert Olson, deceased; that all persons having claims against said deceased are hereby required to serve the same, duly verified, on said administrator or his attorney of record at the address below stated, and file the same with the Clerk of said Court, together with proof of such service within six months after the date of first publication of this notice or the same will be barred.

JOHN A. DJERF, Attorney.
611-12 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Wash.
IVAR LUNDQUIST, Administrator.
611-12 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Wash.
Date of first publication July 11, 1935.

SPORTSMEN TO MEET AT QUINAULT JULY 20 & 21

All Invited

Lincoln Shoe Shop
C. E. CHRISTIANSEN, PROP.
If you are looking for a shoe shop this shop will guarantee First Class work on all material. Prices right and services the best.
322 LINCOLN ST. (Across from the Courthouse)

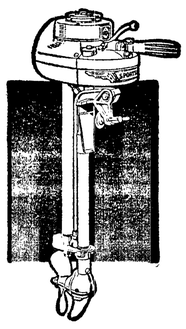
OLYMPUS FOUNTAIN
SOFT DRINKS —— BEVERAGES
POP CORN —— MAGAZINES
SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS
TOM MILLAS, Prop.
Third and Lincoln Streets, Port Angeles Wn.
"Opposite Court House"

J. C. BREITLAUCH
Plumbing
Stove and Furnace Coiling — Copper Coils — Special Attention Given to Jobbing — Estimates Cheerfully Given
805 E. First St. Store House Phone 547

Try the
Duck Inn
"24 Hour Service"
Open All the Time For Fishermen

MODEL SHOE SHOP
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
—Prices Reasonable—
EXPERT SHOE REBUILDERS
Opposite Library
Johnson Brothers, Proprietors
Port Angeles, Wash.

Co-Operative Laundry & Cleaning Company
:—:
TRY US FOR PROMPT SERVICE
212 Peabody Street Phone 76

Evinrude Sportsmen
$59.75 HERE

Is designed by the same engineers, built in the oldest outboard factory, of highest grade materials, on the same machinery, by the same skillful workmen, and backed by the same guarantee as the costliest EVINRUDE—Elto Models.
131 E. Front Street
Todd Cycle Shop

KC BAKING POWDER

Manufactured by baking powder Specialists who make nothing but baking powder—under supervision of expert chemists.

ALWAYS Uniform Dependable

Same price today as 44 years ago

25 ounces for 25c

FULL PACK NO SLACK FILLING

MILLIONS OF POUNDS HAVE BEEN USED BY OUR GOVERNMENT

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, swollen feet and ankles? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unstrung and don't know what is wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. Be sure they function properly, for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and to poison and upset the whole system.

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They are recommended the world over. You can get the genuine, time-tested Doan's at any drug store.

DOAN'S PILLS

SWEETEN Sour Stomach

—by chewing one or more Milnesia Wafers

You can obtain a full size 20c package of Milnesia Wafers containing twelve full adult doses by furnishing us with the name of your local druggist if he does not happen to carry Milnesia Wafers in stock, by enclosing 10c in coin or postage stamps. Address

SELECT PRODUCTS, INC.
4402 23rd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

My Name is.....
Street Address.....
Town & State.....
My Druggist's Name is.....
Street Address.....
Town & State.....

MILNESIA The Original WAFERS MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFERS

★A "Foot-note" worth remembering!

Cuticura Ointment

☆ For hot, tired, aching, burning feet, a light application of Cuticura Ointment, gently rubbed in, after bathing the feet in a suds of warm water and Cuticura Soap, relieves the tired muscles, soothes the skin and gives comfort and rest.

WNU—13 28—35

When in the Northwest HEATHMAN HOTELS

In the hub of Portland, Oregon's shopping and theatrical center... these two splendid hostelries offer you every comfort and luxury at extremely moderate cost.

BEST IN THE WEST

Portland's newest and finest hotels....located in the hub of the shopping and recreational district ...are the unquestioned, choice of experienced travelers.

HARRY E. HEATHMAN MANAGER

THE NEW HEATHMAN BROADWAY AT SALMON

THE HEATHMAN PARK AT SALMON

PORTLAND OREGON

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS OF INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers

Spokane — A vicious 1600-pound bull that had been terrorizing the countryside for a week after escaping from the old Union stockyards, met death when two men shot the animal following reports from north of town that it was running a rancher's cattle.

Walla Walla — All of the state penitentiary jute mill equipment at Walla Walla has been sold to a private company at Culiacan, Mexico. The plant has been closed since 1921. While no price is mentioned, it is said to amount to a few thousand dollars.

Yakima — On the Yakima reservation are 1500 head of cattle, purchased in the drought section by the government and distributed among the tribesmen. Each of the animals is branded plainly with the letters I and D. A dispute has arisen among the Indian officials and the tribesmen as to what these letters mean. The Indians stand stoutly by their own interpretation, which is "I'm a Democrat". The agency officials say it simply means "Indian Department".

Olympia—The practice of state departments in hiring attorneys outside the attorney general's office to bring court actions has been declared illegal by the state supreme court.

Dayton — Construction of the new CCC camp is progressing rapidly since necessary lumber has been secured. A few carpenters are employed in general layout work and several more went to work this week. Arrival of 195 enrollees, July 15, from the east necessitates completion by that time.

Walla Walla — Eighteen of the 20 buildings for the CCC soil erosion camp up Mill creek have been completed but there are no enrollees to use them. No word has been received locally regarding the number or date of arrival of camp members.

Seattle — Trussing up a Japanese night watchman, two men armed with pistols trundled away a 600-pound safe containing nearly $2000 in week-end receipts from the Hallberg restaurant here police reported. Mike Hara, the watchman, said the robbers pulled his apron over his head and bound him hand and foot, then rolled the safe out of the restaurant and hauled it away in a car.

Olympia — Eight chain store organizations have instituted suit in the Thurston county superior court attacking the validity of the state revenue act. They object to paying a business-occupation tax of one half of 1 per cent. of the gross revenues from products distributed to their retail outlets from wholesale stocks.

Wenatchee — An apple crop of 17,622 carloads for the Wenatchee district is the estimate of Horticultural Inspector Combelic, as compared with 19,175 carloads last year.

Ephrata — A crew of 34 United States land appraisers have wound up the work on submarginal lands in Grant and Adams counties. They will report 430,000 acres unfit for profitable cultivation.

Potatoes Stay Undug

Kennewick — A temporary lull in the potato harvest is manifested here, many growers delaying digging until somewhat later in the hope that the price may improve when the California potatoes are off the market. It is said that the crop is short in Missouri and Kansas districts, and this fact may improve the local market, since the middle west affords the best outlet for the crop from this district. The price today, $12 to $14 net, is unsatisfactory. Home-grown apricots are in the market, and many small shipments are being made from the district. The crop is too light for carload shipments, dealers here quoting seven cents a pound in the stores.

Plenty of Grandparents

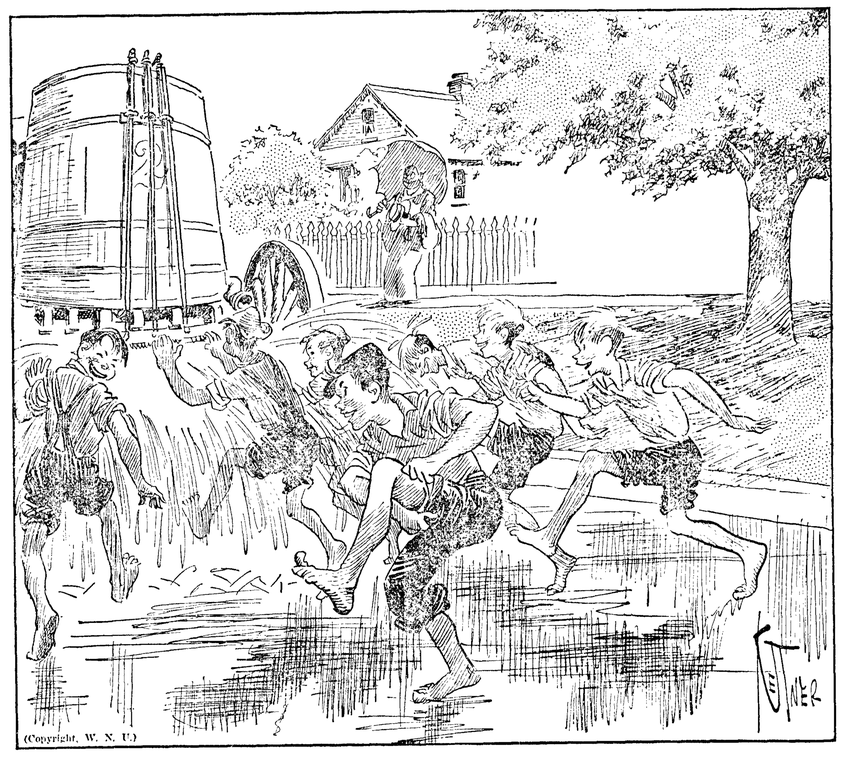
Prescott — Baby Donald Martin Tucker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Marvin Tucker, has a real record. He has 10 living grandparents to shower attention upon him. He was one of Walla Walla county's New Year babies.

Wheat Price Bid Up

Spokane — A bid of 77 cents a bushel, three cents higher than the previous price, was offered for wheat being purchased by the state welfare board. The bid was for any soft wheat in carload lots, subject to discount for smut or other damage.

OUR COMIC SECTION

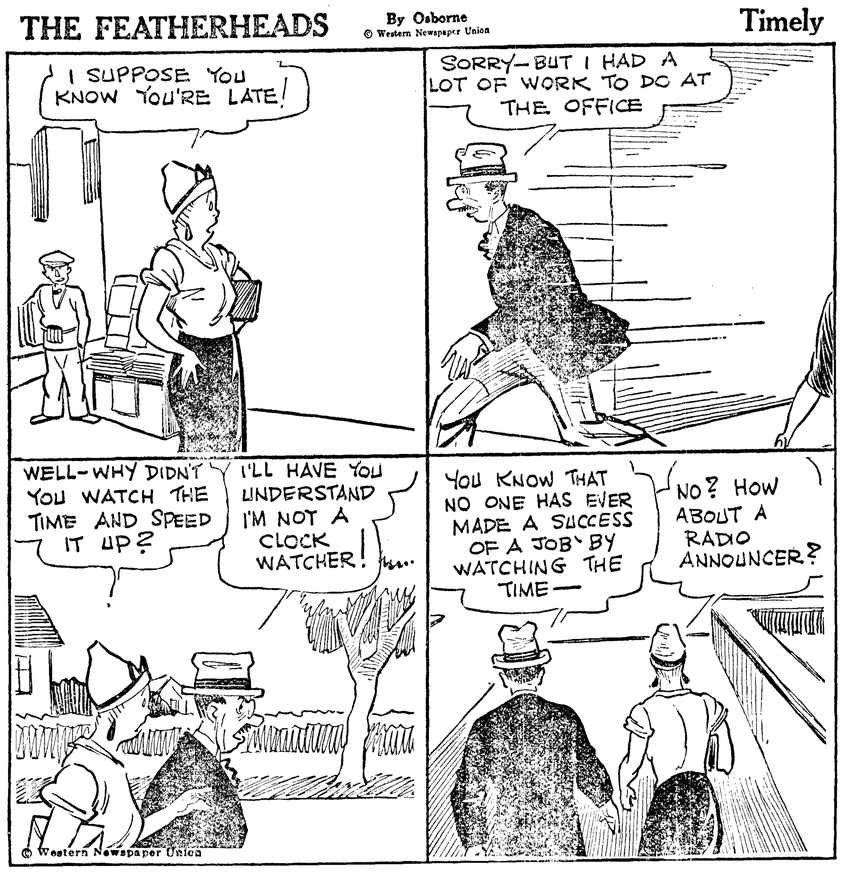
Events in the Lives of Little Men



THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
© Western Newspaper Union

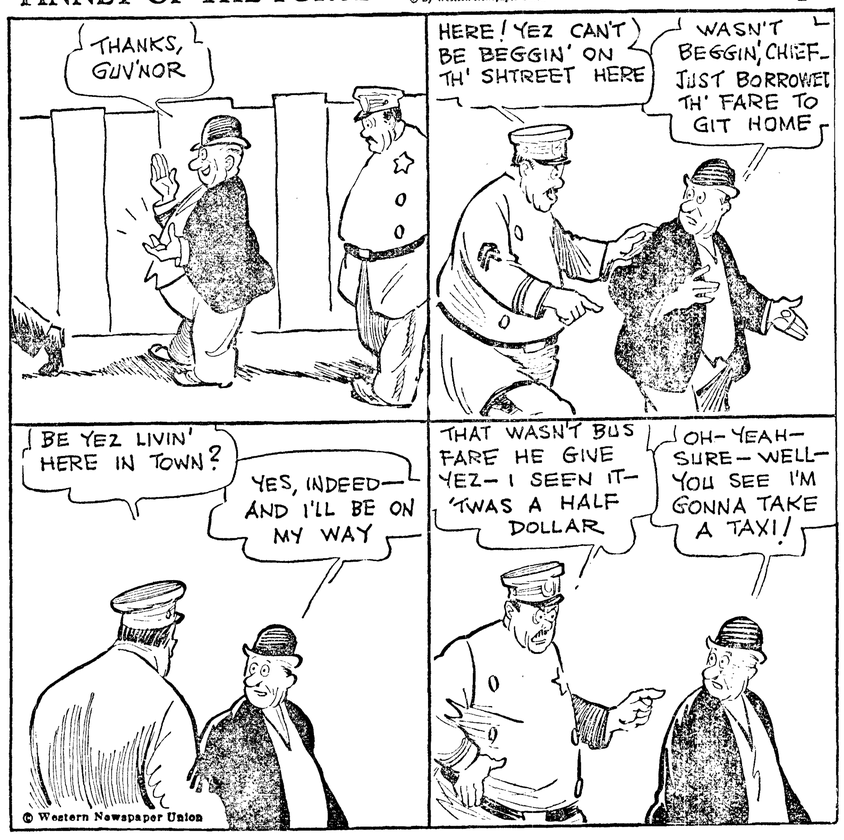
Timely



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
© By Western Newspaper Union

Fare Enough



CHARMING FROCK FOR AFTERNOON

PATTERN 9320

No matter what your age or weight there's one indisputable road to Summer Chic—that is, to make yourself an irresistible picture of dainty femininity. Pattern 9320 shown takes the easiest road—via flattering feminine softness gathered into a smooth yoke, and dainty loose flaring sleeves that lend grace to any arm. Just to make the picture more complex and interesting, the notched collar and belt detail inject a tailored note. You'll find the dress a joy to make, and there's a real thrill in picking and choosing from the wealth of suitable fabrics offered. The sheer cottons are lovely.

Pattern 9320 may be ordered only in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3⅛ yards 39 inch fabric.

SEND FIFTEEN CENTS in coins or stamps (coins preferred) for this pattern. Be sure to write plainly your NAME, ADDRESS, STYLE NUMBER and SIZE.

Send your order to Sewing Circle Pattern Department, 232 West Eighteenth Street, New York.

LET IT STAND

The Editor—You say he had all the landmarks of a bum. Don't you mean earmarks?

The Reporter—Well, there was enough soil in them to make it the same thing.

Hoped for Luck

Gimlet—I wish we'd have a roaring old thunderstorm by the time we get home.

Bracely—What's the odds?

Gimlet—It's the only time my wife becomes too frightened to speak.

The Diplomat

Mrs. Pangle—I've advertised for a servant for a whole week, with no results.

Mrs. Cumso—Well, I advertised for a good-looking help-lady and had 34 to select from the first day.

Mixed Materials

Suspicious Old Lady (who is visiting on a farm)—What's all that stuff on those sheep?

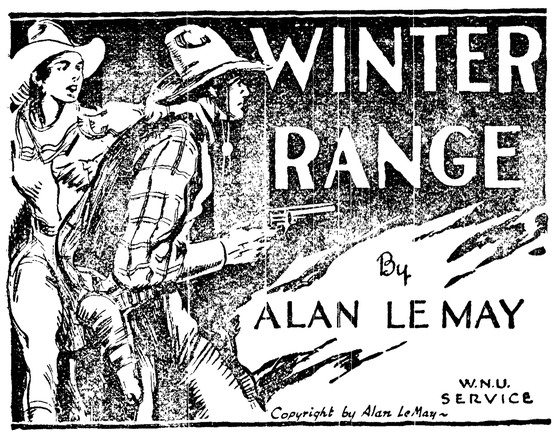
Farmer—Wool.

Old Lady—I'll bet it's half cotton.

Definition

"And now, dear friends, I want to ask you—what is home without a mother?"

"An incubator!"



CHAPTER X—Continued

—13—

"But when you found him," Kentucky pointed out, "there was no snow under him; proving he was killed before the snow began to fall."

"I can't account for that. Maybe the snow under him melted, or something."

This seemed unlikely to Kentucky, but he did not interrupt.

"I was a couple furlongs away," Bishop admitted, continuing. "But don't tell me I made a mistake. I mind how John Mason used to sit, kind of half crooked in the saddle; and I mind the round of his shoulders as he sat his horse, and the tilt of his hat. I'd know him any distance, out of a thousand men."

There was something peculiarly familiar about Lee Bishop's claim of recognition. Suddenly Kentucky knew why. He had heard Joe St. Marie use almost the same words in explaining to Jean Ragland, the night they found Zack Sanders, that he had seen a ghost.

"It isn't hardly likely," Kentucky offered speculatively, "that you'd mistake that pinto horse Mason rode that day."

"They was wrong about that," Bishop said promptly. "Mason wasn't riding no pinto horse. He was riding a little blood bay pony—an 88 pony they call Three Spot."

"Tell me one more thing," Kentucky said. "Did this—did Mason see you?"

"He ought to have seen me. I was in plain sight. But he didn't answer my wave."

Kentucky rose and went about his work of keeping up the fires. By the signal fire he stood listening for a long time, suspicious of small sounds far away; but he could make certain of no indication of nearby human life. He went back to Lee Bishop.

"Are you there, Kentucky?"

"Right here, Lee."

"Kentucky, I'm sorry I never told that. If only I'd told some people about it, it would clear you. But—use it any way you can."

"You never told anybody at all?"

"Just one person in the world, Kentucky; and that isn't liable to do you much good."

"Who was that?"

"Jean Ragland. . . . She'll back up your word if you tell 'em what I said. But I don't know as it will carry much weight. Anybody can see that she's dead gone on you, Kentuck. Most likely they'll discount what she says in your favor, on that account."

Kentucky Jones said gently, "You're wrong there, Lee."

"You're a fool if you think I am. I told her about seeing Mason, and she made me promise not to tell anybody else. I disremember what I thought was her reason for that; it seemed a reasonable thing to ask, at the time."

Kentucky Jones sucked in his breath through his teeth. "Lee," he said slowly, "you sure you got this straight?"

"Sure, Kentucky. I wouldn't disrecognize Old Iron—"

"I don't mean that, Lee. I mean—you told Jean about seeing this, and she told you not to tell anyone?"

"You beat me, Kentucky. How the h—l would a man get a thing like that mixed up?"

"All right, Lee."

"What's the matter with you, Kentuck?"

"There's a link or two missing yet, Lee," Kentucky said. "But I'm dead sure in my own mind, now."

"What are you talking about?"

"You've got me the killer of Mason," Kentucky said.

Lee Bishop started, winced, and settled back again, more limp and more still than before. "You mean," he said at last, "you know who killed Mason?"

"Don't you?"

"I— Listen!"

They were silent for a long moment while Lee Bishop lay with closed eyes, as if the life had gone out of him once and for all.

"There's a horse coming," Bishop said at last.

Kentucky listened, but could hear nothing. He got up and walked down the gully, past the signal fire, to a place from which he could sight across the flat snow to the canyon narrows. Here the firelight was no longer in his eyes, and the small whisper of the embers could not confuse his ears; and presently he was certain that he distinguished the slow trample of a walking horse. He listened for what seemed a long time, while the sound came sometimes distinct and unmistakable, and again died away until he was half convinced that the rider had turned and drawn off.

Then the sound of the walking hoofs suddenly became sharp and close at hand. Three hundred yards away Kentucky made out the movement of a shadow in shadows, and knew that the rider was sitting his horse in the mouth of the notch. Kentucky Jones freed his rifle's safety catch, carefully, without any click of metal.

For nearly five minutes the rider in the notch sat motionless, and Jones knew that their visitor was watching the signal fire, trying to make out figures near it, or other sign of what the builders of the fire intended.

The rider moved out of the mouth of the notch at last, turned uncertainly to the right, and began to skirt the foot of the canyon wall so slowly that for a little while Kentucky Jones was inclined to think that there was no rider there at all, but only an unridden horse wandering about in search of its bunch. Moving slowly it circled the signal fire, as if trying to pass at the greatest possible distance. Then the pony passed before a drift of gullied snow which stood like a panel of white set into the gray rock; and against this Kentucky Jones saw the unmistakable silhouette of the figure in the saddle.

"Is That You, Kentucky?"

The rider turned now, cutting back to circle the signal fire more closely; and at last, as if suddenly impatient, turned directly toward the fire itself and rode to the edge of its circle of light. At a distance of no more than fifty feet, Kentucky Jones slid his rifle over the lip of the coulee and brought it to bear upon the mounted figure.

Then the rider turned; and the firelight showed him Jean Ragland's face.

"Hello, Jean," he said.

Her horse jerked as if it would shy, but its rider sat steady, leaning down to peer into the shadows.

Jean called out sharply, "Is that you, Kentucky? Are you hurt?"

"They hit Lee Bishop, Jean."

She slid out of the saddle, tossing the reins over her pony's head, and came to the edge of the coulee. "Where's Lee?"

"Drop down and I'll take you to him." He held up his arms and she let herself drop into them, but freed herself immediately.

"Is he hit bad?"

He whispered, "He can hear us from here, I think. I don't know but what they've finished him, Jean. He's shot in the side of the back, and Lord knows where the bullet stopped. You shouldn't have come here—don't you know that?"

"Somebody had to come. Campo—my father is back from Waterman; but Harry Wilson quit when Campo wouldn't bring out more riders. You and Campo and I are all that's left. And now poor Lee—poor Lee—"

He led her down the cut to where Bishop lay. The range boss opened his eyes and turned his face toward her. "Is that you, Jean?"

She dropped on her knees beside him. "Yes, Lee."

"Didn't know but what I might be hearing things. Where's Campo?"

"He's making a sweep of the upper Bench trail. Lee, you must be plumb frozen."

"Pretty near," Bishop admitted.

Jean slipped off her coat, and carefully wrapped Bishop's legs. Then she scrambled out of the cut, ran to her horse and, loosening the cinch, jerked her blankets from under the saddle. When this was placed to suit her, she made ready to go.

"It's sure a shot-to-pieces outfit you bought into, Kentucky."

"That deal is off," he told her. "I own no share in the Bar Hook, nor any part of a share."

Jean looked at him but there was no expression in her face, nor in her voice as she answered. "So you're quitting, too."

"No, not quite yet," Kentucky told her grimly. "I'm just going ahead in a little different way than we figured I was going to; that's all."

Jean dropped beside Lee Bishop again, and for a long time studied the mask of his face, yellow in the firelight. He seemed asleep. Irrepressible tears appeared on Jean's cheeks, glinting in the light of the fire. She bent over Lee Bishop and kissed him. "Good-by, Lee," she said softly. "I'll be back pretty quick."

Lee Bishop smiled faintly. "Take your time, kid."

Jean caught Kentucky's wrist and led him a little way down the cut. "Do you think there's any chance of moving him?"

"I don't know as we better try, Jean. When you get back to the house, phone to Waterman for Doc Hopper. Then pack a horse and come back. Get hold of a tent if there's any on the place, and all the bed-rolls that come handy, and grub, and bandages, and stuff. You know what we'll need."

Jean Ragland scaled the side of the cut, re-cinched her saddle, and rode off at a sharp trot.

Lee Bishop said, "There goes a great girl, Kentucky. You're lucky, all right."

"Lucky? Me?"

"She'd ride her horse square off the rim," Lee Bishop said, "if you told her to." He was talking in a queer and somehow childish tone of voice which Kentucky had never heard him use. "Listen, Kentucky. Get this—can you hear me all right?"

"I can hear you, Lee."

"You're worse off than you think, Kentucky. Campo believes you killed Mason."

Kentucky said slowly, "I don't know but what Campo has almighty good reason to know better than that, Lee."

"What if he has?" Lee demanded. "What you don't know is, he's been gathering up stuff against you—tracing guns, and the like of that. In a pinch he'll turn on you, Campo will! But believe in that girl. She believes in you; and she'll stand by you."

"The pinch will come quick, now," Kentucky said. "But she'll not be with me, Lee."

Lee Bishop said in a curious hoarse whisper, "She'd jerk the heart out of her, if you needed it. She's got a faith in you that you don't have for her."

"Faith?" Kentucky repeated savagely. "If she'd trusted me only half way, only quarter way, you and I wouldn't be sitting here tonight."

Lee Bishop looked at Kentucky a long time, and his mind seemed to be turning vague. "You ain't licked, Kentucky," he said at last in a weak voice. "You can beat this game yet."

"Sure I'll beat it," Kentucky assured him. "Lee, I'll beat it in spite of her!"

Lee Bishop said in a queer voice. "You—you couldn't go against that girl, Kentucky."

"I'd sooner cut off my right hand, Lee; but I've got to go square against her now."

For another long moment Lee Bishop fixed staring, vacant eyes upon Kentucky's face. "You love her, huh?"

Kentucky Jones shivered; he felt as if the grip of the night cold was getting the better of him, so that his body had a core of ice. He covered his face with his hands, "I think," he said, "I hate her as I've never hated any living thing in my life."

Lee Bishop's words jerked out of him incoherently, but unexpectedly sharp and strong. "God help you, Kentucky—don't say that!"

"All right, Lee."

* * * * * *

Jean Ragland made the round trip—and loaded a mule at the other end—in a little over four hours, which was wonderful time on those night trails. But she might as well have saved her animals; for an hour before she reached Trap canyon Lee Bishop was dead.

When Kentucky had packed the body to the Bake Pan camp of the Bar Hook, where he placed it with that of Jim Humphreys, he faced his horse into the steep switch-back trail up the rim, and started for the main ranch.

He felt no weariness, but only a black temper. Now that he knew for the first time what set of ugly circumstances he was up against, he knew what he had to do; it was not easy, and he wanted to get it behind him.

The voices of the guns and the circumstances of Lee Bishop's death had brought him an odd new alertness, an almost painful consciousness of everything that moved within the limits of the rimrock horizon. It was as if he had found himself returned to the days of his forefathers, when an awareness of far-off details had a lot to do with keeping on a man's scalp.

And long before Jean Ragland came in sight, he knew that two horses were coming toward him along the trail, that they had but one rider, and that second horse was not driven, but led.

As they met in the trail he saw that her face was quiet with the resignation which had characterized it for the last two days; but her eyes were alive. There was a touch of feverish light in them which told him that she was still fighting, though what she was fighting, or how, he was no longer sure that he knew.

"I've brought you a fresh horse," she said immediately. "Maybe it doesn't look like much horse, but it is a whole lot of horse. Pretty near any Bar Hook horse would give down under you before this plug would."

"I suppose I kind of ought to appreciate that," Kentucky said; "but, Jean, how come you think I am going to need such a long-traveling horse?"

"Kentucky," she said, "Kentucky—" She drew her hand across her eyes, as if what she was trying to say was almost beyond her ability. "Look here. I've asked a lot of favors of you, Kentuck; a lot more than I ever had any right to ask. I have to ask you one thing more. If you'll do this one thing more for me, I'll be grateful to you all my life; and I swear I'll never ask anything of you again."

"Jean, girl," Kentucky said, "what's happened here?"

"Take this horse, and the mule, and such of the stuff as you need. I don't need to tell you where to go or how to get there, nor how to get along; but do as I say! Go a long way, and go fast, and lose yourself; and never come back until some day this ghastly thing is over with and forgotten!"

Kentucky Jones stared at her a long time, studying her face; but her eyes did not flinch from his. At last a crooked one-sided smile changed his mouth.

"I know this is a terrible sacrifice for you," Jean said. "I wouldn't ask you this, Kentucky, I swear I wouldn't, if I wasn't so positive that there's no other way. Believe this—I'll be your friend, always; it may be later that I can help you, and send your money to you, or something like that. That will work out later. All I can say now is that I'd rather be dead than sitting here telling you this; but there isn't any other way."

"Why do you ask this?" Kentucky said curiously.

"Kentucky—God forgive me!—I can't answer that! But I tell you that there isn't any time to lose! Not an hour, not even—I can't tell you any more! I can only—"

"You'll have to tell me, I think," Kentucky said.

"You've got to do what I say," she told him passionately, "without any question of why about it."

'You hardly expected me to do that, I think," he told her.

Jean cried out sharply, "Don't! Take the horse and go. Kentucky, as you love me—but you don't love me; I know that."

"I think," he said, "just now it doesn't matter a whole lot who loves who, or who doesn't."

There was a touch of hysteria in her voice as she answered him. "No, not to you—I think you don't care anything about anybody in the world!"

"God help the man who does," he said. "As for taking that horse and making a run of it, I'm sorry not to do something that you ask. But I can't imagine anything on the face of the earth that would make me do that now."

"Then," she said quickly, "I'll tell you why you must. My father—my father—" It seemed for a moment as if she were unable to go on. But she pulled herself together and spoke evenly, her words distinct and quick. "You know by this time why Bob Elliot is swamping the Bar Hook range. You have eyes that see things—I don't think anyone can hide from you what a thing means. You can't make me think that you don't know why Elliot has no fear of Campo, nor the Bar Hook."

"No," he said slowly, "I wouldn't pretend that I can't see that."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE STORY FROM THE OPENING CHAPTER

At the inquest into the death of John Mason, banker, Jean, daughter of Campo Ragland, owner of the Bar Hook ranch, where Mason met death, surreptitiously passes to Kentucky Jones the bullet which had killed Mason, she having abstracted it from the evidence. Kentucky goes to work on the Bar Hook ranch. The Mason verdict is accidental death. Bob Elliot, owner of the "88" ranch, adjoining the Bar Hook, drives his cattle on the Bar Hook land. Lee Bishop, Ragland's ranch boss, expostulates, and Bill McCord, Elliot's foreman, insults him. Bishop and Jones are astounded by Ragland's indifference to Elliot's action. Jones tells Jean Elliot knows she purloined the bullet at the inquest, which Jones has got rid of. Her reaction mystifies him. Zack Sanders, cook at the Bar Hook ranch, is found dead, murdered. Sheriff Hopper announces his knowledge that Mason also was murdered. In a gun fight with riders of the "88" ranch Jim Humphreys, Bar Hook cowboy, is killed, and Billy Petersen wounded. Jones sends for fighting cowmen, but Ragland countermands the order. Jones seeks to trace the ownership of a gun found on Zack Sanders, as a bearing on the mystery. Jean sells him her share in the Bar Hook ranch, thus giving him a free hand with Elliot. Jones finds proof that Jean has concealed evidence connected with Mason's death. A gunsmith whom he had engaged to trace Sanders' gun says he sold the weapon to a Bar Hook cowboy, Joe St. Marie. Jones questions St. Marie without avail. Lee Bishop goes "gunning" for McCord. Knowing Bishop will not be given fair play, Jones sets out after him. The foreman is shot from ambush. Jones carries him to shelter.

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A curious plant is the "Devil's tongue" which blooms without water or soil.

HOW TO ASSURE WEEDLESS LAWN AT LITTLE COST

Keeping your lawn beautiful and weed-free will not be so difficult a task if you give it a little attention right now. In those portions of the lawn where weeds are already established, it is desirable to dig them out carefully. After this is done a system of regular lawn care, including feeding, clipping and proper watering will help you keep weeds under control in your lawn.

Here are four pointers which will help you have a better lawn this season:

Reseed bare spots promptly! If you have not already reseeded all bare and thin spots in your lawn, do so immediately. Loosen the soil on these spots with a rake and reseed with a good grade of grass seed. Be sure to keep these reseeded areas moist until the seed germinates.

Feed the lawn with a complete, balanced plant food. Apply four pounds of complete plant food per 100 square feet to the lawn. Use four pounds of plant food per 100 square feet when feeding your lawn in the fall.

Clip your lawn regularly. Never let the grass shorter than one and one-half inches. Regular clipping helps keep your lawn weed-free.

Soak your lawn when you water it! Don't be satisfied with giving your lawn a light sprinkling, even though you do this daily. It is much better to soak your lawn to a depth of 4 to 5 inches. When you do this, a watering once or twice weekly is sufficient.

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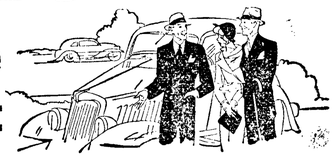

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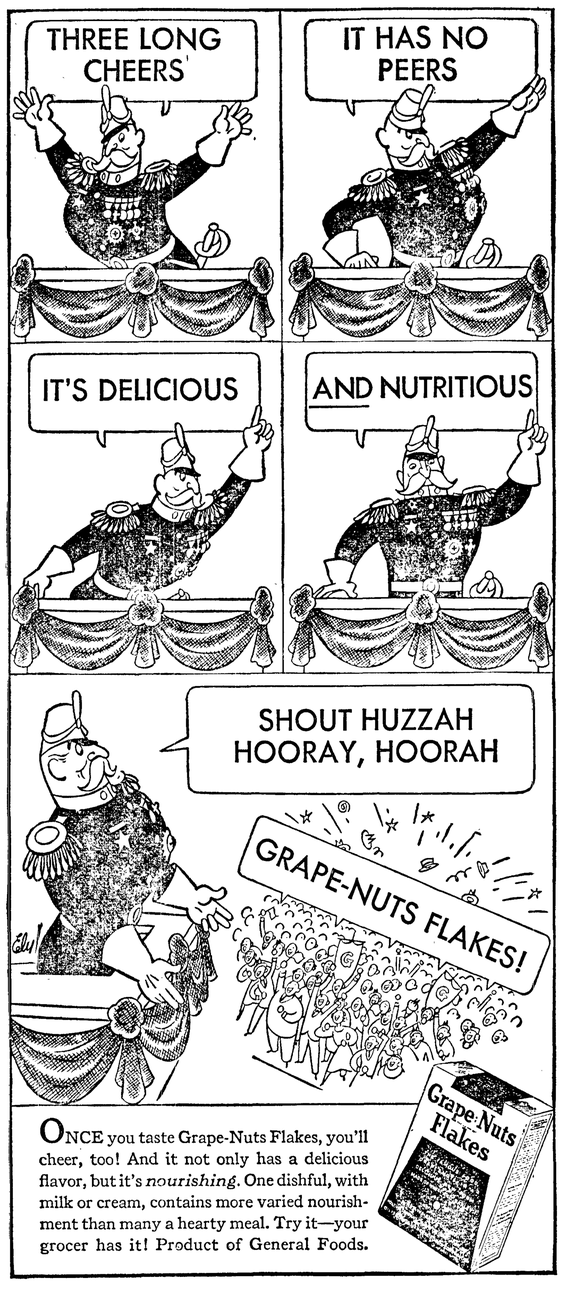

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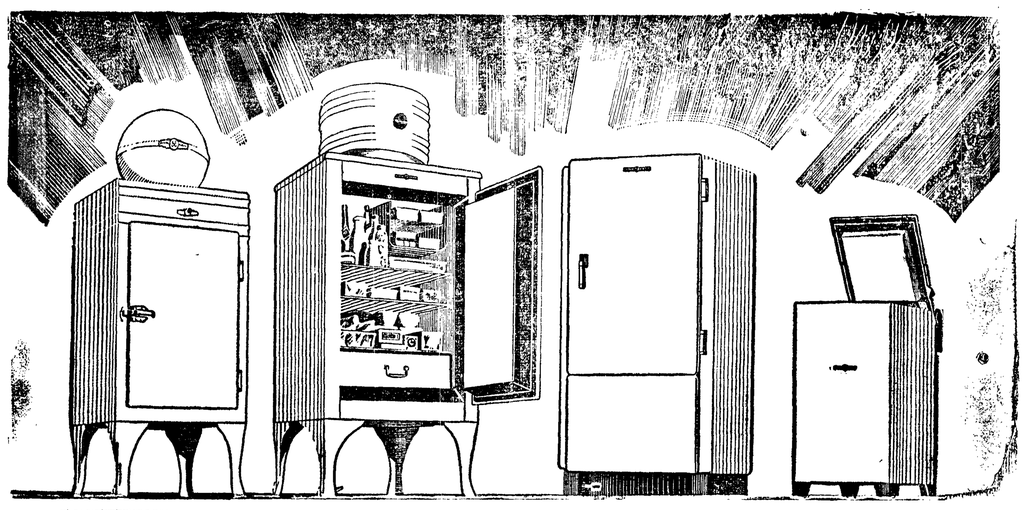
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