

Texas Guns

by L. P. HOLMES



Silas Spelle, high-principled cattle baron, ash the local bank and sure on the small Kanab desert coun- e can seize their range. e opposed by Ed. Star- ent of the Cattleman's y San Juan Delevan, ncher who has been a fall from his horse. and his partner, John- are cowpunchers em- n Juan Delevan to fight and protect his inter-

on With the Story

I INSTALMENT.

mped from his blank- tched a match, and a r the smokey lamp of khouse table threw out of yellow light. Pink side of his cherubic d with dry blood relief as he lowered the ly of Pod Fortune on hen he wobbled and fallen himself if Johnny ped forward and stead- ere was a partially emp- of whiskey on a shelf caught it down and a long drink. e hell happened?" he

ndied by the liquor, sank r and stared at Johnny r. "Spelle's crowd," he onlessly. "Tried all town to start somethin' Pod. We wanted to their way. They outnum- besides we didn't want Pod an' me ain't gun- Then come dark we k to the ranch. Damned skunks didn't dry-gulch as ridin' along quiet an' l of a sudden from a re came a streak o' fire ang of a gun. Ole Pod dropped. God! I heard t him. I went for my laig but before I could se somethin' larruped me the bald an' down I went. 't out, but somehow I em to move. Right away e hombraes came ridin' brush an' scared our They was laughin' an' ie o' them says "That air an' Donnelly, but we one more o' that damned quare it up fer Durbin. o me like Montana ice. Then somebody else sayin' that the old man, pelle I reckon, was fig- rushin' the Box D an' t on the whole cabodde. kinda driftin' off about an' I couldn't make much he rest I heard. I did body mention Miss Ron- an' then they all laughed ty like. After that they ck towards town. I musta for an hour before I up. I went over to Pod he was still alive. Then hell of a time ketchin' os, which had run off ys. I got 'em finally an' to pile pore ole Pod across Then I come on in. Tha's in pore Pod. How bad is Johnny?"

bent over Pod Fortune ttoned his blood drenched ere was a nasty wound, on the left breast. Johnny t closely for a moment. lin," he muttered, "Looks ing wound to me. Which good. Give him a little o' r, Pink. I'll go get the an' have him heat some Then yan an' him do what fer Pod. I'm haidin' fer er Doc McMurdo. Jerked on his boots and his gun belt around his hen he went up to the rear hang slept and pounded on Chang," he called softly. —Johnny—Clecho. nly Chang opened the door ed sleepily at Johnny. a malla?" he cracked. y told him about Pod and was to do, then when scurried quickly for the Johnny went to the corral un and saddled up. A mo- ter he was pounding away the darkness along the Carillion. McMurdo dressed John-

related the paramount incidents of the night and the old Scotchman's frown deepened as he listened.

"'Tis a sneakin' crafty mon he is, that Spelle. And a pity that the law is but a farce."

"We've got law," was Johnny's pregnant answer, patting the gun at his hip.

"Ay, lad—tr-ue ye are. But 'tis a law of violence."

"Bebbe," said Johnny briefly. "But it's the only law Spelle's kind can understand. All set, Doc?"

"Ay—ye'll be r-ridin' with me, lad?"

Johnny shook his head. "I'm hangin' around fer an hour or so. See yuh later, Doc."

When McMurdo rode away Johnny went down to the hash-house and had breakfast. Then, just as the sun peeped over the horizon he sauntered up to Jake Butterfield's store, to find that worthy opening up.

"Gave him his orthodox greeting. "Uh-huh. I want to get some smokin', Jake."

Johnny consumed a full hour over his meagre purchase, most of the time being spent as acting the interested listener to Butterfield's ponderous garrulousness.

"Some gents," stated Jake. "Shore want to hawg everything." Take Si Spelle fer instance. Why he even tried to buy me out yesterday. He got wrothy as hell when I turned him down. He couldn't see my side of it a-tall. I'm plumb satisfied here. I'm makin' a good livin' an' I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I had to leave. When I told Spelle that he champed on the bit fer awhile an' then—what d'yuh know—he offered me five hundred dollars cash if'n I'd refuse to sell any more supplies to Jim Delevan o' the Box D."

"No, Johnny was interested now—very interested. "I suppose you told him to go to hell, Jake?"

"Yore dang right I did," proclaimed Jake pridefully. "Yessir, I shore did. Why Jim Delevan an' me are real friends. Jim's been buyin' his supplies off'n me fer goin' on sixteen years. I told him he wa'n't foolin' ole Jake none. I told him I knowed he was figgerin' on grabbin' off Jim's spread. An'," here Jake paused to relieve himself of a mouthful of blackstrap juice and to lend dramatic effect to his words. "I told him I shore hoped Jim would lick him to a stem-windin' frazzle. Yessir that's jest what I told him. I huh—ugh!"

Jake halted so suddenly he nearly swallowed his cud of tobacco. He was staring at the door, his pale eyes bagged out alarmingly.

Johnny whirled, crouching. Two men had just entered the store. Johnny and Jake were at the rear of the counter where it was dusky and the two new arrivals were squinting and blinking to adjust their eyes to the gloom after facing the slanting sun rays outside. Johnny recognized the one in front as Montana Wade. The other was a stranger.

Jake moved forward diffidently. "What'll it be gents?" he asked.

"Spelle wants all the 30-30 shells yuh got in stock, Butterfield," snapped Wade. "Trot 'em out here quick. My partner an' me got work to do. An' say—who in hell was yuh talkin' to jest now?"

"Me," Johnny's answer snapped out like the crack of a whip. He stepped forward. "What yuh gonna do about it, yuh damned, yellow dry-gulcher?"

For a moment Wade stood as one stunned. He teetered on his toes like an animal about to spring, peering at Johnny, the fingers of his right hand uncoiling like flexing claws. Hate flamed in his eyes.

"Spike," he snarled suddenly. "Here's on scalp Spelle wants —bad. He's one o' the two what did zer Fair an' Donnelly an' Durbin. Get him!"

With the words Wade dropped to his knees, snatching at his gun.

He die in that position, slumping forward on his face. Johnny had been waiting for that movement and had gone into flaming action.

"Stay there," snapped Johnny. "Nother move an' yuh get it where Wade did. Jake —I'll take them 30-30 shells. Put 'em in a sack an' pile on five or six boxes o' 45s. Pronto now."

Jake Butterfield, stunned, awed,

shivering; his loosely hung tongue cleaving to the roof of his mouth in terror, moved automatically to obey.

"Here 'tis," he croaked shakily, shoving a hefty sack across the counter. "Thirteen boxes o' 30-30s an' six o' 45s. That cleans me. W-won't have no more in 'till the end o' the week. Sh-shall I charge 'em?"

Johnny grinned in spite of himself, but his cold eyes never wavered from the wounded man at the door.

"Yeah, charge 'em—to Jim Delevan." Then, lugging the hefty sack in his left hand, Johnny advanced to the door and drove Masters into the street ahead of him.

"Fork yore bronc an' git," snapped Johnny. "Yuh can tell Spelle fer me that if he's got any more gun-men he's yearnin' to get rid of to send 'em around. An' tell him we do our shootin' out in the open, not sneakin' around in the brush like a damned side-wind-er. Get goin'."

When Johnny reached the Box D ranchhouse he found Jim Delevan, Ronny, Doc McMurdo and Pink Crosby in conference on the porch. As he rode up to the corral Ronny advanced to the head of the stairs where she waited until Johnny came clanking up the sack of ammunition draped over one shoulder.

Johnny smiled at her cheerfully. "Chase those scary-scaries outa yore pretty eyes, Miss Ronny. The sun's ashinin' an' I saw a blue-bird down the trail a piece."

Some of the hovering shadow left Ronny's eyes at this foolishness and she even managed a tremulous little smile.

"You should have come back with the Doctor," she accused. We've been worried sick about you. I—I—" she gulped a little and winked fast.

Johnny sobered and caught her elbow with his free hand. "Don't yuh," he pleaded. "Not because o' me. I'll allus come back—to you."

He squeezed her arm tightly and Ranny had the grace to blush. Johnny steered her up the porch to the others.

"How's Pod?" he demanded. "Yera, vera sick," rumbled McMurdo. "But yon's a braw mon an' should cheat Death this time."

"I knew he would," answered Johnny complacently. "Pod's too doggoned onery an' tough to die, huh Pink?"

Pink Crosby, his rosy cheeks rather pale, grinned back in answer from beneath the shroud of a white bandage which circled his head. "Y'betcha," he nodded. "Ole Pod's one tough bronc."

"How about you?" broke in Delevan impatiently. "Suppose yuh give an account o' yourself, young feller. What'cha been doin' an' what'cha got in that sack? Looks pretty damn heavy to me."

"Jest a few supplies," was Johnny's off-hand reply. "Say Ronny—haw's chances fer a little grub? I ain't et since breakfast an' it's crowdin' two o'clock now. I'm all gaunted up."

Ronny smiled and scurried away kitchenward.

"Humph," grunted Delevan. "Yuh shore got a way with yuh, yuh dangned young hellion. She never would hop that fast fer me. But yuh got somethin' to tell us. What's weighin' down yore mind?"

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

Rid Yourself of Kidney Poisons

DO you suffer burning, scanty or too frequent urination; backache, headache, dizziness, loss of energy, leg pains, swellings and puffiness under the eyes? Are you tired, nervous—feel all unprung and don't know what's wrong?

Then give some thought to your kidneys. The secondary function properly for functional kidney disorder permits excess waste to stay in the blood, and so poisons and upset the whole system.

"This Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys only. They are recommended by the world over. You can get the genuine, trademarked Doan's at any drug store."

DOAN'S PILLS

Proteins and minerals in peas generally increase with their size, recent tests show.

GREENWOOD

(Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Reporter)

Chicken Supper and Entertainment

The McGovern Class of the Methodist Episcopal church is sponsoring a chicken supper at the I.O.O.F. hall Thursday evening from 5:30 p. m. until all are served. A program of negro spirituals in charge of Mrs. Lewis H. Abel will be given following the supper.

School Closed for Fair

Greenwood Central School was closed Wednesday to give pupils and teachers an opportunity to attend the Steuben county fair in Bath. Two buses were chartered for the trip and carried over 80 pupils.

Conference of Elementary Teachers

Elementary teachers of the Greenwood Central district met in a conference at the high school building, Tuesday afternoon from 4 to 6 o'clock. The meeting was called by Principal Lewis H. Abel. Superintendent Charles A. Bruen of Jasper was present.

Teachers present from the outlying schools were: Miss Grace Young, Norton Hollow; Miss Rosalie Fieger, Bush Hill; Mrs. Charlotte McCutcheon, Marsh School; Mrs. Harriett Redmond, Lane School.

New Arrivals

Mr. and Mrs. Ty F. Bates are parents of a daughter, Mary Escoline, born Sept. 9th.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Todd at Bethesda hospital, Hornell, Sept. 16.

Bear Seen Here

A real live black bear was seen on the Blair farm just south of the village early Thursday morning. The animal was hunting about in an alfalfa field near the buildings when first seen by H. C. McCaffery. Upon being frightened, the bear loped away over the hill into the woods. Later in the morning it was seen crossing the Christian Hollow road traveling toward Dryden Hill.

Enters University

James D. Burd left this week for Syracuse where he will enter the university as a Freshman. He was graduated from Canisius Academy in June, 1936. Music will be his specialty.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Bassett of Independence were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery, Saturday.

Miss Madeline Trestani of Hornell and Charles Giovanni of this place were married in Hornell, Saturday morning. They will reside in Mr. Giovanni's home here.

Miss Pauline Rollins was home from Elmira Business School for the week-end.

Miss Easter Clark has entered Houghton College as a freshman.

Elwood Clark, who was recently graduated from Del Kader School in Elmira, has accepted a position in a beauty parlor in Newark.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Perry and daughter, Enid, and Miss Cora Bassett have returned from a visit with friends in Buffalo.

Miss Ruby Tyler is driving a new Chevrolet sedan, purchased in Wellsville.

Miss Mary Prendergast of Wayland and Miss Margaret Coglan of Mt. Morris spent Monday evening with Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery.

Lewis H. Abel was in Wellsville, Friday afternoon, attending a conference of high school principals.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cook spent the week-end with Mrs. Cook's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Shelley in Hornell.

Mr. and Mrs. Harland Knight of Ithaca were week-end guests of relatives here.

Lyle Nye of Wellsville was a business caller here Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. McCaffery were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Stephenson of Brockport.

Mrs. W. W. Wood has returned to her home in Woodbury, N. J., Sunday, after passing a month here.

A DISH FOR THE WEEK

Baked liver Swedish style is a different and delicious way to use the less expensive pig or beef liver.

Baked Liver Swedish Style
1½ pounds of beef liver
Flour to dredge

Salt, pepper to taste
1 cup of cream or milk
2 apples sliced
6 prunes cooked and stoned
2 tablespoons of butter
3 slices of bacon

Select a thick slice of liver and soak it overnight or for several hours in a marinade dressing or in buttermilk.

Put the liver in the thick side to form a pocket, sprinkle the cavity with salt and pepper, fill it with the fruit and broken bits of butter, then sew or skewer the liver together. Make several cuts about one-fourth inch deep. Dredge the liver with flour and wrap it with strips of bacon, put it in baking dish, and add one-half cup of water.

Bake for two hours in a moderate oven, about 325 degrees Fahrenheit, basting it occasionally.

With the baked liver Swedish style, the New York State College of Home Economics suggests serving baked potatoes, sautéed green tomatoes, carrot strips, bread and butter, sliced peaches with cream or top milk, and milk for all, or at least for the children.

The earth's net grain in population averages over 30,000,000 a year.

Food Market Advice

THIS is the grape season for Concord and other slipskin eastern varieties and also for California grapes. Tokays are the outstanding Western type but Malagas, Thompson seedless and Ribiers are also available at moderate cost. In general, Concord are used for jelly and preserving and the firm, Western grapes for fruit cocktail and salads. A platter or bowl of mixed varieties makes a good dessert with or without cheese and crackers.

Meats Lower

With the exception of veal, meats are lower. The greatest reductions will be found in chunks of beef and lamb, but hindquarter cuts and fresh pork are also lower. Even smoked meats are slightly lower. Chicken prices have taken a brief elevator ride but are back where they started. Ducks are a special value this week.

Egg prices, except on top grades, continue reasonable. Storage eggs are of excellent quality and inexpensive. Butter prices fluctuate but in too narrow a range to raise retail costs.

Vegetables Plentiful, Reasonable
The unusually low prices on lima

beans continue and green beans are plentiful and cheap. Cauliflower is no more expensive than cabbage at this time and it is in prime condition.

Cooler weather brings us better spinach and salad greens with the exception of Iceberg lettuce which is scarce and high, due to a severe strike on the west coast. Tomatoes and cucumbers are still plentiful and cheap.

Pumpkins, all varieties of squash, eggplant, peppers and onions are cheap. White potatoes as well as sweets are lower.

Fruits Abundant
In addition to grapes, apples, pears, fresh prunes and melons are still abundant. Altho grapefruit are more plentiful their quality is not yet good.

Here is a menu made up of seasonal foods which are moderate in price:

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| Consomme | Roast Pork | Apple Sauce |
| Sweet Potatoes | Cauliflower | Combination Salad |
| Bread and Butter | Cheese | Crackers |
| Grapes | Coffee | |

Shrubbery Sale

FALL IDEAL PLANTING TIME

EVERGREENS — 58c up
PERENNIALS — 3 for 45c

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FREE Landscaping Advice

Salesroom Open Week Days 7:00 to 5:00 — Sundays 10:00 to 6:00

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THE HOUSE OF HAZARDS

By Mac Arthur

