"The Leashed Guns of Circle L"

by Perry Westbrook

Synopsis

Slim Loyale is paroled from prison after serving 18 months for a crime he did not commit. He returns to his Circle L ranch to find his father dead and sinister forces at work, trying to make him violate his parole so that he can again be railroaded to prison.

The Brockwells and their gang are plotting to gain possession of Circle L ranch and the property of Mona Hall, a neighbor and life-long friend of Slim Loyale.

Slim discovers that Sheriff Starbuck has joined the plot against him. With the help of Dakota Blue and his cowboys, Slim Loyale defies the land-grabbers to do their worst.

Mona stamped her foot. "Stop that kind of talk, Slim Loyale. You're no quitter. You've got a hard fight ahead, but it's worth while, isn't it? You see how your real friends feel about it. They are willing to back you to the limit, believing in you utterly. And if you don't do your part you are throwing them down, rendering their faith in you a worthless, empty thing."

Slim's head came up slowly. "Yo're right, Mona," he agreed grimly. "I never guessed what real friendship meant until now. Shore, I'll play the game. Dakota Blue tells me that Leo Brockwell has been hangin' around yuh a lot. That don't mean yuh care in particular about him, does it?"

"All I've Got"

"Does it appear like it?" she retorted. "No, I don't care for him; I should say not. He gives me the shivers, always did. But I've got to get money from somewhere, things have been going so bad for me. And I've been tolerating him merely to put over this sale of stock that Abe was talking with him about. I—I guess it's all off now."

Mona's shoulders sagged a little wearily. Slim stood up and went over to her. "My friends ain't haltin' at nothin' to help me," he stated quietly. "An' I ain't gonna halt at nothin' to help them. How much money do yuh need? Yuh can have all I've got."

Mona's eyes grew a little misty. "I could use five thousand dollars very nicely, Slim," she acknowledged. "But I won't take a cent from you. You may need it yourself, later. Courtney and his gang may start in rustling you to paupership any time, the same as he has me."

"Courtney!" exclaimed Slim. "Yuh mean Flash Courney from over past Battle Mountain?"

Mona nodded.

Slim was silent, thinking. "Yeah," he muttered finally, "it could be done. Flash Courney, eh?" He looked at Mona. "How come yuh ain't been able to fight him off? Have yuh taken it up with Jigger Starbuck?"

Mona shrugged. "I've seen Starbuck about it, but so far he hasn't done a great deal. And because of lack of funds, I haven't been able to keep anything like a full crew for the past year.

"You know how Dad got roped in on that mining stock deal. When he died he left a lot of debts. Those whom he owed money to weren't very patient about it. It got to where I couldn't stand being haggled at any longer. So I borrowed five thousand dollars and paid off all of those old debts.

"I thought that owing the money in one lump sum to the right sort of a person would enable me to get more time and pull through. But I find it was merely robbing Peter to pay Paul. This sale I was dickering with the Brockwells for, would have helped some, but I imagine it was just a matter of stalling off the inevitable a little longer. I'm afraid I'm going to lose my ranch, Slim." Mona's voice was choked and teary as she finished.

"Who'd you borrow that money from?" asked Slim.

"From—from the lawyer, Geo. Arthur."

"George Arthur!" exploded Slim. "Why he was the lyin' polecat who sold out on me at my trial an' let 'em railroad me for somethin' I never did. I didn't think yuh'd have anythin' to do with him after that, Mona," Slim's words were bitter.

"I don't think your understand, Slim," she said wearily. "I was desperate. I had to get the money somewhere. Mr. Arthur was the only one who would loan me that much on a straight mortgage. Remember, Slim: it was a case of fight to live. I had no other recourse. Dad's creditors gave me sixty days to produce the money before they called a sheriff's sale. In my place you'd have done the same.'

"But Arthur ain't givin' yuh a whole lot of time," argued Slim roughly. "If yuh've got to sell off yore stock to keep up with his demands he must be houndin' yuh."

Mona lifted her hands protestingly. "Please, Slim," she begged. "Please don't use that tone to me. I've been so gorgeously happy since I've known you were coming back. I felt at last I had a shoulder to lean on that was trustworthy.

"Did you ever stop to figure what the interest on five thousand dollars at seven per cent. amounted to? Add that to my other expenses and you'll understand why I want to sell some of my stock."

Takes Over the Mortgage

The note of tearful misery in her voice made Slim quite humble and contrite. "I'm sorry, Mona; I'm on edge. Shore, yuh did right all along. But listen to me; don't yuh go to sellin' another haid of yore cattle. I'm gonna see George Arthur tomorrow an' I'm payin' him every cent yuh owes him. Yes, sir, I'm takin' over that mortgage myself. An' if you ever try an' pay me one cent of interest, I'll —I'll—why I'll cuff yore ears for yuh." He grinned boyishly.

Mona smiled in return, but shook her head at the same time. "That's dear of you, Slim. But you mustn't do it. I'd feel terrible, owing money to you. And I'll make out some way or other. I feel pretty confident of that."

Mona's more spirited tone did not fool Slim a bit. He saw through it and understood the valiant courage of this slip of a Western girl. Without kith or kin she was waging a lone-handed, losing battle against big odds and she was courageously facing the ultimate. Slim's eyes softened as he watched her. Little Spartan, that's what she was.

"We won't talk about that any more," he drawled. "One thing is plumb certain, though; yuh ain't ever gonna lose yore ranch. Whether yuh like it or not, Mona, I shore won't stand for some slick jasper like George Arthur foreclosin' on yuh. That's final. Now cheer up; let's be happy for a change." He gave her a comforting pat on the arm.

Good to be Back

Strangely enough, they did fall into channels of easy range gossip. There was much that had happened while Slim had been away. Folks had died; others had married; babies had been ushered into the world—just homely gossip that did a lot for them both in easing them and cheering them up. When Slim squeezed Mona's hand and left, some two hours later, he was humming happily to himself. It was good to be back again.

As Slim Loyale headed homeward through the velvet night, he had already made up his mind as to how he would ward off the cloud that was hanging over Mona Hall's head. The first thing on the following morning, he promised himself, he would ride into Pinnacle and hunt up George Arthur.

Then he would buy up the mortgage on the Dot H Dot if it cost him a thousand dollars more than the amount of the note. He'd say nothing to Mona about it. When she finally did learn what had happened, there would be nothing she could do. Slim grinned to himself. He knew Mona would be as mad as hops, but she'd get over it.

A couple of miles drifted back under the steadily thrumming hoofs of his bronco. He was still engrossed with thoughts and plans concerning Mona, when, out of nowhere it seemed, a mounted figure rose before him in the trail. Slim jerked erect, wary and suspicious. Unconsciously he reached to his thigh, only to realize that he had left his guns at home.

"Pull down, Slim," came a husky undertone. "Shore an' there's dirty work abroad tonight. Not another step unless yuh'll be after wantin' a coward slug in the ribs."

"Roy!" exclaimed Loyale. "Roy O'Brien, what in blazes are yuh ridin' around at this time of night for?"

"Trail 'Em Home"

Roy swung his mount close beside Slim's. "Devil a bit do, yuh worry about the why an' wherefore, lad," he answered. "I'm swappin' hats an' bronco with yuh now."

Without waiting for the amazed Slim's consent, Roy reached over and swept off Slim's cream sombrero, replacing it with his own roll-brimmed black one. Then he swung to the ground.

"Git off'n that gray hoss of yores," he ordered. "Off I say, an' scramble up on this bay o' mine. Then do yuh turn north off the trail a bit an' be after goin' home in a roundabout way."

Still bewildered, Slim slid to the ground, but he did not relax his grip on the reins of his grey gelding. "What's the meanin' of all this hocuspocus, Roy?" he insisted. "Open up or I don't move a step."

Roy swore softly. "I tell yuh there be polecats an' dirty spalpeens ridin' tonight, lad. 'Tis yuh they are after. Unless yuh listen to told Roy, you'll never get home alive. But we'll be after foolin' them.

"Do as I say. Go north to the town trail an' then home. I'll wait here an hour to give you plenty of time. Then I'll start home myself. But I'll be drunk an' singin' loud, so it'll seem. They'll know who I be an' they won't be after botherin' me."

"But why can't we both ride a circle home?" demanded Slim.

"Because of this divil of a light-colored hoss an' hat of yores. Yuh loom up like a lighthouse, lad. Do as yo're told. Or does old Roy have to muscle yuh down an' make yuh?"

At last Slim was beginning to realize what was up. Somewhere along the home trail men were hidden out, waiting to throw a slug through him as he rode by. Roy had found it out, and the faithful Irishman was going to take Slim's risk upon his own willing shoulders.

"Damn it all, Roy, I cain't let yuh do it," objected Slim huskily. "For they'll plug yuh for me, sure."

"Not if I sing loud enough," stated Roy. "I sing like nothin' else in the wide world. Besides I've got my guns, an' I can use 'em without any worry about bustin' no parole. Now do as I say like a good lad. Yo're wastin' time arguin'."

The irony of his position dug in deep into Slim. It was maddening to be placed always thus, on the defensive with no way of fighting back. His pride was quick and very fierce, more so perhaps because of the wrong which had been done to him by the miscarriage of justice.

Blind Fury

Blind, primal fury pricked at his brain. He did not want to run. He wanted to stand and fight, to rip and tear, to pour hot lead into the vitals of those who were persecuting him. Yet his hands were tied. Once involved in a gunfight, regardless of whose making it might be, Slim knew that it would mean going back to that hell on earth.

It meant being closed between drab, gray walls of stone, way from the sky, from the warm stars, away from everything worth while. Realization of this steadied him, and drove the fungus of rage from his mind.

"Okay, Roy," he said, his voice steady once more. "Some day mebbe I'll be able to pay yuh boys back for stickin' with me like yo're doin'."

Roy snorted. "'Tis nothin' at all that we do, lad, exceptin' to be shore yuh git a square deal from now on out. Off with yuh."

(CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE)

Two From a New Basic Design!

PATTERN 4960

By ANNE ADAMS

Behold some exciting new "Pattern Magic" by Anne Adams — a dress and a housecoat easily made from the same Pattern! Need we tell you that this silhouette is the newest ever—a gathered top with a slim-hipped gently flaring skirt? The button-front panel is another feature, as popular as it is slenderizing. Observe the charming swirl of movement there is below the knees in the house coat version. And consider whether to have the collar a demure Peter Pan design or the equally gracious "notched" type. Brilliantly patterned cotton is ideal for a short sleeve lounge robe, and flannel for a cold-weather style with short sleeves. The frock has youthful chic in any fabric!

Pattern 4960 is available in junior and misses' sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18. Size 14 takes 4 5-8 yards 36 inch fabric.

Send twenty cents (20c), in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this Anne Adams pattern. Write plainly size, name, address and style number.

Send your order to Anne Adams, Room 425, 73 West Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

REMEMBER . . . .

to get your copy of this week's Toronto Star Weekly while in town.

Charm Is Needed In Business Life

It Is A Definite Asset to Any Woman Who Wishes to Be Successful at Her Job

Charm—the sincere, non-gushy, thoughtful variety—is a definite asset to any business woman who wants to be successful in her job, says Mrs. Hortense M. Odlum, president of one of New York's great Fifth Avenue stores.

Starting each day right is most important. This means leaving home with a pleasant the-show-must-go-on attitude and managing a cheery "good morning" to fellow workers.

Learn to take criticism in the spirit it is given. Don't close your ears to new suggestions.

Manners Matter

Don't lose your temper every time you cannot have your own way. Never, never be rude to anyone. Do try to be interesting and entertaining without appearing conceited.

Manners, after all, are the outward manifestations of charm. Practically everyone is polite to his employer and those over him, but the truly charming person is polite and smilingly cordial to all and sundry.

"Growing Pains" Warning Signal

All Is Not Well with Your Child If He Complains of Them — May Be Caused by Malnutrition, Bad Posture

There is no reason to believe that growing is painful, and yet the idea that children will suffer growing pains at various times is widespread.

Growing pains in most instances is a term used to cover flashes of pain that occur in children because of the presence of rheumatic conditions. This should not be taken to indicate that every child who suffers these pains is in danger of developing either inflammation of the joints or any serious condition affecting the heart. The pain, like all pains, should be considered a warning of the necessity for an investigation.

Growing pains, according to a British investigator, are usually found in children who are ill, weak, undernourished, unhappy, work too hard, or walk too far to school. The children who have these pains usually suffer frequently from colds and occasionally also have bad posture.

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Issue 49—'38

Flesherton

Beauty for YOU

The Secrets of Good Looks by Barbara Lynn

BANISH THOSE WRINKLES!

Wrinkles are easy to acquire, but overcoming them is not nearly so simple, as many of us know to our dismay! Prevention is infinitely a lot better than cure, and early attention to the face and neck will be an insurance against wrinkles later on.

Wrinkles are more often to be found on dry skins than on oily skins, and therefore the first requisite is to lubricate the skin, and the underlying tissues, using a cream with a rich base.

This cream must be applied to the surface of the skin with light friction, using the fingers only. The massage is important; keep the tips of the fingers flat on the skin, and, using both hands, smooth the skin in the direction opposite to which the wrinkles go. You must NOT stretch the skin.

Here are hints for specific wrinkles: on forehead, start in the middle and work out towards the temples. For the eyes, commence the movement at the side nearest the nose, and work your fingers outwards and right around the top of your eyes. Don't just massage to the outer edge of the eyes, and stop there, for that is where lines are so apt to appear.

You can obtain any of the following helpful leaflets by sending a 3c stamp for each one required: Face Care; Eye Beauty; Superfluous Hair; Reducing in Spots; Your Hair; Bust Development; How to Slim; Hand Beauty; Underweight. Your personal beauty problems will also be answered confidentially.

Please write to: Barbara Lynn, Room 421, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ontario.

Dolls Best Gift For Little Girls

"Wendy Ann" for Those Who Have Outgrown Rag Ones

Mothers and aunts who have little girls on their Christmas lists might like to look at the new collection of dolls assembled this season, dolls than range in price from less than a dollar to well over a hundred dollars, complete with a wardrobe fit for a queen.

First of all there is Wendy Ann, a pretty little 10-inch blonde with a charming pout. She has a floppy, slightly wavy hair and a certain air of sophistication that ought to appeal to little girls who have outgrown rag dolls. She comes dressed as Heidi in a copy of the frock that Shirley Temple wore when, as that favorite story-book character, she put on her best dress and went to town to call on her friend Clara. Wendy Ann is also available as Boy Blue, in long flannel trousers, as Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary, in pantaloons and a hoop skirt, and as Marie Antoinette in an exquisite white bridal gown, complete with orange blossoms in the hair.

KOMOL

HAIR DYE
1410 Stanley
Montreal, P.Q.

In the great struggle for life, everything depends on the age you appear to be; but don't be discouraged. KOMOL, with its 19 natural shades, gives back to hair its lost youth. Sold at all drug stores and beauty parlors.

Popularity of Hoops Fashion

Now that Hoop Skirts Are Back In Style Again, It Behooves Us to Study Their Origin

The small bay or inlet in Old Norse was a "hop" or the ancient Greek "kyphos" meaning bent and sloping, suggested that a strip of wood or metal bent into circular form be called a "Hoop." When cane, cord, whalebone, or straw, fastened together with tapes appeared, to augment milady's hipline in the 18th Century, however, the French chuckled "poultry baskets," and "panier," meaning a hamper or poultry basket, because the accepted term of fashion for hoops.

A dome-like structure made the first hoop forms in the 1700's, but as the century advanced, hoops, or paniers, were flattened front and back until a dressed hip measured 18 feet.

A Hard Time Walking

The enormous hoops created a locomotion problem that was solved by walking sideways through the narrow passages, by doubling the flexible hoops together in the front, or later, by folding the hinged metal frame upward from the hips.

Writers, preachers, orators denounced the style, but it was the theatres that accomplished what moralists could not, and when the actresses found the extravagant mode incompatible with freedom of movement, the hoop fell into disuse, except for Court occasions.

Do This If You're NERVOUS

Don't take chances on harmful opiates and products which you know nothing about. Use common sense. Get more fresh air, more sleep and take a reliable, time-proven medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made *especially for women* from wholesome herbs and roots—let it help Nature tone up your system and thus calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living.

For over 60 years one woman has told another how to go "smiling thru" with Pinkham's Compound—let it help YOU.

MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC PAINS—ACHES

It takes more than "just a salve" to bring relief. It takes a ***"counter-irritant"*** like good old Musterole—soothing, warming, penetrating and helpful in quickly overcoming the local congestion and pain when rubbed on the aching spots.

Muscular lumbago, soreness and stiffness generally yield promptly.

Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster, Musterole has been used by millions for 30 years. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. *Made in Canada*, in three strengths: Regular, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong. All druggists, 40¢ each.

MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

RAW THROAT

If Your Sore, Scratchy Throat Comes from a Cold—You Can Usually Get Fast Relief by this Simple Method

1. To ease pain and discomfort and reduce fever take 2 "Aspirin" Tablets—drink a glass of water. Repeat in 2 hours.

2. If throat is raw from cold, crush and dissolve 3 "Aspirin" Tablets in ⅓ glass of water . . . gargle.

Often Eases Pain and Discomfort in a Few Minutes When "Aspirin" is Used

The simple way pictured above often brings amazingly fast relief from discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then—*see your doctor*. He probably will tell you to continue with "Aspirin" because it acts so fast to relieve discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple way, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered.

Demand and Get "ASPIRIN"

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