Superb Flavour!

"SALADA"

VACUUM-SEALED

COFFEE

Riders for the Hoot-Owl Pool

by G. H. SHARP

CHAPTER TWO

(Continued From Last Week)

As the funeral sermon was being preached, a dozen or more riders came up the road that bordered on the cemetery. Ab Abbott was riding in the lead, his men following him. Behind them was a spring wagon.

More than one man there beside that open grave unbuttoned his slicker so that he could get to his gun quickly. They all knew what was under that wet tarp in the spring wagon. The Triangle outfit was bringing to town the dead body of the cowboy Sheriff Hank Roberts had discovered just below the Bob Anderson place.

The sheriff slipped through the crowd that stood in the mud there beside the open grave. He stepped up on his horse and rode to meet that grim cavalcade now entering the graveyard gate.

"They'll be through over there in a few minutes, Abbot." Hank Roberts blocked their way.

"We ain't got all year to plant this cowboy." Ab Abbot's heavy, purplish face had an ugly look. His eyes were bloodshot, cold as ice.

"Where's his coffin?"

"He don't need one. He was tough. Anyhow, he was in the hole to me for a hundred dollars. I got no money to pay out for coffins." He turned to his men. "Yonder's a pick and shovel. One of you men get to work on the hole. Dig fast. Take turns. Dig over there where the ground is soft. The quicker this plantin' is over, the sooner you get whisky in your bellies. Get at it."

As the preacher's last words were spoken and the slicker-clad men bowed bare heads in prayer, paying final tribute to a friend, the Triangle cowboys began digging a grave near by. The dead man in the spring wagon would be buried without a word of prayer, without even a pine box to hold him. Wrapped in the soiled, rain-wet tarp under which he had slept so many nights, he would be dumped into a hole in the ground and covered with earth that was soggy from the rain.

Sheriff Hank Roberts, a sawed-off shotgun across his saddle, stood guard between the two burial parties. His face wore a grim, worried expression and his puckered eyes glinted. He would be glad when that prayer was finished, when the crowd of men standing beside Bob Anderson's grave broke up and left.

Now the prayer was finished. The men with wives and families lost little time getting to their rigs. The younger men of the Pool mounted their horses and rode through the gateway, headed for town and a drink to warm them.

The preacher got into his buggy and drove away. Then only Mae and Webb Winters stood beside the open grave that held the body of Bob Anderson.

Mae, whose name was Kathleen Mavourneen Murphy, had reddish hair that glinted like copper, steady gray eyes, a wide, red-lipped mouth that laughed easily. She held tightly to Webb's arm. She wore a long, black slicker and a black Stetson that Bob had given her. She had ridden to the funeral on the fat, black pony Bob had given her for her birthday. She had come horseback because she knew that Bob would want it that way.

"He's gone," she whispered.

"He's gone, Mae. A whiter man never lived. Now we'd better go back to town."

The old grave digger stood some distance away. He was used to open graves and coffins. He swamped around the saloons for a living. Grave digging was a side line. He stood there glaring at the Triangle cowboys who were using his tools, cursing them in a whisky whisper.

Sheriff Hank Roberts sat his horse, watching that other grave being dug. His lips thinned as he saw them drop the tarp-covered dead man into the muddy grave. He saw Ab Abbot drain what was left of a bottle of whisky, then toss the empty bottle into the grave.

"Cover him up, boys," he said. "He's dead. So's the bottle."

Mae and Webb had ridden away. The sheriff caught up with them as they reached town.

"Drop in and see me at the office, Webb," he said, then rode on ahead.

Webb and Mae rode through the pines to her cabin. Webb put wood on the open fire and they sat there without talking.

They were sitting there when the sheriff's wife came with a laden tray.

"She hasn't touched a bite in I don't know how long," the white-haired Mrs. Roberts told Webb. "Now you run along and I'll look after her. It's a woman's job, times like this."

"If you need me," said Webb, "send somebody to find me. I won't be far off."

He walked up the street to the sheriff's office. Hank Roberts motioned to a chair.

"Webb, I got bad news for yuh."

"I reckon I can stand it. Let's have it."

"You're under arrest for the murder of Bob Anderson."

* * *

Murder is an ugly charge to make against a man, and the murder of a friend adds to its ugliness. The trial of Webb Winters lasted two days. Those members of the Scissor-Bill Pool who had joined Ab Abbot in pressing the murder charge gave their testimony. They had lost a part of that three thousand dollars that had vanished. They openly accused Webb of murder and the theft of that money.

Ab Abbot and two Triangle men swore they had seen Webb and Bob ride together along the trail that led to Bob's place. Their testimony conflicted with Webb's sworn statement that he had left Bob at the fork of the trail.

Webb sat in the packed little courtroom during those two days of the trial with his jaws clamped tightly, his narrowed eyes watching the men who accused him of murder.

Beside him sat the sheriff, grave, soft spoken, not unfriendly to the prisoner. Behind them sat Mae and the sheriff's wife. Now and then Mae would lean forward and whisper some word of encouragement to the accused man, and the hard light in Webb's eyes would momentarily soften. Mae kept telling him she knew he was innocent, that he would win out.

When Ab Abbot and his men were called to the witness stand, Sheriff Hank Roberts laid his hand on Webb's arm.

"Easy son, I don't want to put handcuffs on yuh."

Webb had nodded. He spoke through clenched teeth, his eyes fixed on Ab Abbot.

on perjured evidence."

"I'll hang onto my bushy tail, Hank. I ain't done with Abbot. Never will be 'til I watch him fill a grave. But I give you my word the other day that I'd make no bad breaks, and I'm stickin' to that promise. Let 'em go up on the stand and lie. I'll pay 'em off some day. I didn't kill Bob Anderson no more than I killed that Triangle cowboy.

(Continued Next Week)

Where To Look

A learned individual was anxious to clarify a few points on art. He approached the girl behind the information desk at a public library and asked, 'Where can I find some data on Correggio and his 'Flight into Egypt'?"

The girl stopped powdering her nose long enough to inform him, "Everything on aviation in room 123."

"We'll have a white wedding, won't we' Sandy?"

"Ay . . . if it snows."

Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret continues Britannia's maritime tradition at the launching of a new ship, the 28,000-ton Shell tanker, s.t.s. Velutina, largest tanker ever built in the Empire. Spectators cheer Her Royal Highness on her departure. Left is Sir Frederick Godber, chairman of Shell Transport and Trading Co., Ltd. Right, J. W. Elliott, chairman of Swan, Hunter and Wigham Richardson, the builders.

CHRONICLES OF GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline P. Clarke

At last! Blue skies and bright, warm sunshine. And birds singing for joy from tree-tops—trees that are bare now, but with swelling buds that give promise of new life and new beauty. Spring has been long in coming . . . now we think we never heard the bobolinks sing so sweetly nor the robins chirp so happily. Spring is a wonderful time—a time for new hope; new ambition; new desires . . . and new work.

Right now, I am writing from my portable sunroom—alias the June Bug, alias our car—and from this vantage point, I can watch the cows alternately sunning and exercising themselves in the yard. Maybe cows don't understand much about birds and buds—they seem to recognize spring more by their sense of smell. About this time of year, you see bovine noses lifted high in the air and there is a definite inquisitiveness about what may lie on the other side of the fence. Who knows—some day there might even be a blade of green grass growing! And where a person would clap their hands for joy, cows and young cattle let go with their heels and chase each other around the yard.

Yes, the weather this week-end is cause for rejoicing, but it also fills me with remorse. You see, last Wednesday came a letter from a niece, asking if it would be all right to come for the week-end, arriving Friday night. Generally speaking, any of our young relatives are more than welcome, but when this letter arrived, the house was inches deep in dust; the furnace was still going full blast with dirty, smoky coal; as a result, I haven't even started housecleaning — and the weather was windy, cold and depressing. The house wasn't fit for visitors and for some unknown reason, I could not find the energy to give it the proper cleaning it required—cleaning which I intended postponing until our belated spring showed some sign of turning that corner around which it has been hiding for so long. So I sent word to my niece suggesting she visit us a little later. And then what happened? The weather really changed and it has been warm and sunny. And the better the weather, the meaner I felt! I have one consolation — it really will be nicer in a couple of weeks when the spring flowers are out and the trees and shrubs come into leaf. And maybe by then, our worries at the barn will be over. Another calf arrived yesterday and two more are expected any day now.

And while we are on the subject of barn work, it might interest you to hear of a rather curious experience we had here last week

In our horse stable there are three electric light switch boxes, all in a row. When Partner turned out the light one night, he got a shock. We 'phoned the electricians and they promised to look after the trouble the next day. But the next morning Partner and Bob both tried the switches and nothing happened, yet at noon Partner was shocked again. When the electricians arrived, they worked the switches and so did Bob. Nothing happened. "Guess the trouble must have righted itself," one of them said. Then Partner tried it again. "Oh no it hasn't! As far as I am concerned, it's still kicking like blazes!"

So the electricians went to work opening up the boxes. One box, that which housed the three-way switch, was choked with dirt and chaff, and had become damp with moisture from the stable. This collection was cleaned out and new switches installed in each box. But every time the men wanted to test the switches, it was Partner who had to do it—he was the only one it would shock. Why? The answer was in his boots! Partner was wearing leather boots; the other three men were wearing long rubbers. That morning when Partner had tried the switch and had not been shocked, he, too, was wearing rubber boots.

Now, what would have happened if the trouble had gone on without being detected is anyone's guess. Whether the dampness would have caused a short circuit and ultimately led to a fire, we don't know, but the electricians were definitely agreed it was a matter that needed attending to.

Our switch boxes have been in operation for five years without giving any trouble except for one or two occasions when the three-way switch for the pole light would work from the house, but not from the barn. Maybe that was the time when it should have been looked at. But it righted itself and, in our ignorance, we thought no more about it

Now I am passing this bit of information along for what it is worth. Every one knows electricity can't be fooled with, but sometimes there is danger when one doesn't even know that danger exists. A yearly check-up might be a good idea!

MAGIC makes baking fine-textured, delicious!

CINNAMON SANDWICH BISCUITS

Mix and sift once, then sift into a bowl, 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour (or 1¾ c. once-sifted hard-wheat flour), 3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder, ¾ tsp. salt and ¼ c. fine granulated sugar. Cut in finely 4 tbs. chilled shortening. Combine 1 well-beaten egg, ⅓ c. milk and ½ tsp. vanilla. Make a well in dry ingredients and add liquids; mix lightly with a fork, adding milk if necessary, to make a soft dough. Knead for 10 seconds on lightly-floured board and roll out to ⅜" thickness; shape with floured 1½" cutter. Cream together 1½ tbs. soft butter or margarine, ¼ c. lightly-packed brown sugar, ½ tsp. grated orange rind and ½ tsp. ground cinnamon. Using only about half of the creamed mixture, place a small spoonful of the mixture on half of the cut-out rounds of dough; top with remaining rounds of dough and press around edges to seal. Spread biscuits with remaining creamed mixture and arrange, slightly apart, on greased cookie sheet. Bake in hot oven, 450°, about 12 minutes. Serve warm. Yield—16 biscuits.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

"Dear Anne Hirst: I hope others will profit by my horrible mistake . . . A year ago I met a young man who was a perfect gentleman—until the inevitable happened. I gave in to him, because I loved him almost to the point of worship. I paid for it in health mental anguish, and money. Yet I did not expose him.

"We were not children, both in our late 20's, both from fine families. He was the first with me—yet now he has the audacity to say there have been others!

"He was a cad. After this experience, I think all men are selfish, conceited skunks.

"I say to other young women, don't give to any man what is sacred to you. Beat them at their own game. If you love a man, don't show it . . .

JUST ANOTHER FOOL"

A HURT HEART

* I'm afraid you show yourself in a poor light. Beaten by circumstances, yes. But you were at least partly responsible for what happened. You weren't an innocent young girl, you know. You were an adult, and you should have had more mature judgment.

Perhaps you did lose your head. But weren't you, deep down in your heart, trying to forge a bond which you hoped would tie this man to you in marriage?

When you failed, the man promptly became a cad and one of the race of skunks.

His conduct was certainly reprehensible. But a wiser woman would have seen indications, during the "worship" period, that would have saved her from going off the deep end. She would have tempered her worship with restraint, and proved herself worthy of the overpowering love she knew.

Your bitterness does you no credit. Where now is this great love that swayed you so? Because you are disillusioned, you let yourself seem a shrew and a termagant. You have grown bitter. A bitter heart is deadly to yourself and to all whose lives touch your own.

Rise above this slough into which you have sunk. Take what is coming to you like a good sport. You played for high stakes, and you lost. Admit it, and go on from here.

You can, you know. This sad experience can make you more sympathetic with other women; it can mellow your nature so that you will never again condemn anyone—even men—but come to see all others as weak human beings who need your understanding and your charity.

* * *

If you have loved—and lost—rise above it. Admit your own responsibility and go on, a stronger and wiser woman. Anne Hirst will help you steer your course, if you write her at Box 1, 123 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ont.

Small china turtles placed in ash tray automatically snuff out cigarettes placed in cigarette-size holes in each shell; cut down fire hazard and stale tobacco odors.

DON'T WORRY

"Earl, Earl," whispered Phyllis Drews, poking her sleeping husband in the ribs. "Wake up, wake up, there are burglars in the kitchen and they're eating all my pies!"

"Well, what do we care," yawned Earl, "so long as they don't die in the house?"

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