

The RIDER OF GOLDEN BAR

by WILLIAM PATTERSON WHITE
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Continued From Our Last Issue.

There he lay on his back, his legs and arms spread-eagled abroad, his body displaying the flattened appearance of a corpse. Rafe's throat had been slit from ear to ear. His head was cut open and lay in a pool of blood. His face was scored with scratches. There was blood on his coat and vest and shirt, they found on examination. The district attorney ripped open the shirt and found four distinct stab wounds in the region of Rafe's heart. From one of these wounds protruded the broken end of a broad-bladed knife. "Pull it out," urged Sam Larder, with a slight shudder, his fat face so white that it showed green in the moonlight.

"Been dead about two hours," proffered the marshal.

"About that," agreed Felix. "What you lookin' at, Arthur?"

"This," replied the district attorney, holding up the handle of the butcher knife.

With his fingers he traced two initials on the wood. The initials were T. W.

"You can't tell me," said the district attorney, belligerently, "that this butcher knife didn't come from the Walton ranch?"

Sam Larder stated his belief at once. "She couldn't have done it, Arthur. Why Rafe's carved up like an issue steer. She—"

"She's a woman," interrupted the district attorney. "And a woman will do anything when her dander is up. And we know what this particular woman will do when she's mad. Didn't she try to split open Nate Samson's head when he was hardly more than joking with her? I tell you this Hazel Walton is a murderer, and I'm going to see her hung."

"Is that all?" asked Billy.

"Lemme get my breath," Guerilla begged indignantly. "No, it ain't all. The district attorney says those supplies were bought for you and they were taken by you. Hazel's ridin' horse, the one too to be her uncle's, that's gone too—with you."

"If Rafe thinks I was at Hazel's, it's reasonable to assume I might have had a hand in killin' Rafe in my own self. That goes double for Dan Slike, seeing he had the knife last."

"It's reasonable all right enough, but then you and Dan Slike ain't noways available, and Hazel is right handy."

"But how did Slike get hold of the butcher knife, that's what I want to know?" He didn't have it on him when I arrested him last January."

"That's the damndest part of the whole deal, Bill. Hazel says Dan Slike came to her place before Rafe did, and it was him took the supplies and her horse and her hat and that very same butcher knife which

ever gets more'n ten years for a hold-up where nobody's killed."

"But where somebody is killed the penalty is worth considerin'," pointed out Guerilla Melody. "And Tip O'Gorman was found yesterday morning lying on the floor of his front room dead as Julius Caesar, with your quilt beside him, and your snakeskin hatband inside the door."

"Tip killed! Tip?"

"Yes, Tip, and on account of the quilt and the hatband there's a warrant issued for you for the murder, and two posesses are out looking for you."

"I saw them," said Billy placidly. "And Tip ain't the only one cashed. Rafe Tuckleton passed out last night."

"How?"

"Throat cut, head cut, and three knife cuts through his heart. Hazel Walton is in jail charged with the job."

Billy Wingo stiffened where he sat. Hazel Walton in jail! For an instant he couldn't realize it.

"What evidence is there against Hazel?" Billy cut in sharply.

"In the first place there's the knife that killed Rafe," said Guerilla, seating himself beside his friend in the shadow of the rock. "Butcher knife with T. W. on the handle that Hazel admitted was hers when they showed it to her. But she said Dan Slike had taken the knife—stuck it in his boot when he left. Then there was Rafe's own gun which Hazel had lying on her kitchen table, showing he'd been there. She admitted that, too, but said he'd attacked her, and she'd managed to get hold of his gun after the clock fell on him, and drive him out."

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Beads Make Milady's Frock Weighty Matter



It's a good thing the bead vogue came along as dress fabrics began to get more and more sheer, and skirts shorter. Otherwise many a fair woman's scant and diaphanous draperies might have fluttered away at the first stiff breeze encountered.

The dressy afternoon frock for this season is distinguished by simplicity of line but extreme elegance of fabric and ornamentation. Heavy beading, rich embroidery or lace makes the afternoon frock for formal wear a thing of beauty and a joy for the whole season.

Chantilly laces are much used in black, brown, navy, grey and ecru. Other all-over laces and deep flounces are used, dyed to match the fabric of the gown. Often heavily beaded panels of chiffon are used over the lace flounces.

Jet beads are most used for street frocks, and are seen also on many of the afternoon frocks.

gave Rafe his come-uppance. Slike, beat her almost senseless too, she said.

Billy Wingo looked up at the stars. His lips moved. But no sound issued. After a moment he said, in an oddly dead tone of voice, "How did Slike escape?"

"Far as anybody can tell, he made him a key somehow and unlocked the jail door and walked out. Anyway, Riley Tyler found the door open yesterday afternoon and Dan's cell empty. And the district attorney lost a horse and saddle."

"If there was any kind of a trail it's queer they didn't run up on Slike at Hazel's."

"That's the funny part of it. The trail led in the opposite direction toward Jacksboro. The posse followed it clear to the West Fork of

afternoon and evening gowns, but color, either delicate or vivid, is seen everywhere in the beads. Steel beads are used to advantage on navy blue, gold, bronze or yellow beads appear on many brown frocks.

The trick of making the sleeves of another color, frequently of another fabric more sheer than the body of the dress, is an interesting development in afternoon dresses.

One such combination imported from Paris is of sand-colored Canton crepe with long, wide sleeves of henna georgette heavily embroidered in an all-over design in yarn the exact color of Canton silk. The henna note was introduced again in a narrow piping where the long waist was joined to the straight skirt.

Navy and beige is also much used in these two-color costumes, with the navy administered in sparing doses.

The Wagonjack, where they lost it on the rocky ground on the other side."

"Do you know somethin', Guerilla? It wouldn't surprise me a whole lot to find out the district attorney his own self made that trail to the Wagonjack. I guess I'd better go see the district attorney."

Guerilla Melody chuckled as one does at a pleasantry.

"I mean it," pronounced Billy. "He needs a lil' straight talk, and he's going to get it prompt and soon. Luckily he leaves his window partly open at night."

The district attorney, lying on the broad of his back in bed, suddenly snored his way into a nightmare. He dreamed that he was in the woods, and that a ninety-foot pine had fallen upon his chest.

The something on his chest spoke in a carefully restrained whisper: "Keep very quiet."

The district attorney would have shivered had he been able to move that much. He knew that voice. It belonged to Billy Wingo.

"I hear you arrested Miss Walton?"

"I—er—I had to," explained the district attorney.

"No evidence a-tall. You were too precious, Arthur. I've got a sneaking idea, old settler, that you are

cluttering up the face of the earth. Be reasonable now, don't you think so yourself?"

No reply.

"You're thinking because I'm talking to you so bright and merry that I don't mean what I say. Listen—the whisper lost its airiness and became a ruthless, snarling growl—'listen to me. Because of what you've done to her, it's all I can do to keep from strangling the breath out of you here and now.' Billy paused. 'About Miss Walton,' he continued in his former tone. 'I'll give you your choice. If she isn't out of jail and the warrant against her withdrawn by noon tomorrow, I give you my word that I'll down you on or before midnight Sunday. And I have a habit of keeping my promises.'"

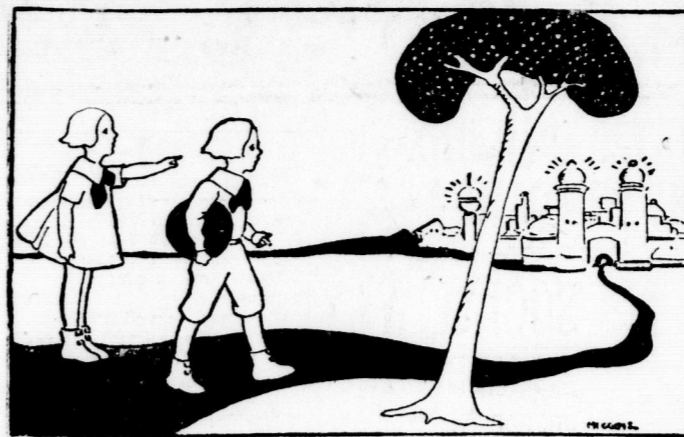
"All right," capitulated the district attorney.

CHAPTER XVI.

A MONTH had passed and Billy Wingo, now far south of Golden Bar, knew that his quest was nearly

LAND OF DIDDYEVERS

(By Olive Roberts Barton)



Off in the distance they could see a city with tall shining towers and bridges and parapets and wells.

AT last the Twins were over the Seven Mountains, and down on the plain were the Diddyevers lived. Off in the distance they could see a city with tall shining towers and bridges and parapets and wells.

A stately palace as white as a pond-lily and as sparkling as frost on marble, stood in the centre of a stately park where peacocks walked. That was where the King lived.

Beyond the town on a high hill stood another palace, as white as an Easter lily and sparkling like a million dew-drops in May. That was the palace where the Princess Therna lived.

The red-feather pen in Nick's pocket told the children everything, writing his messages on the magic paper.

"When we reach King Indig's palace," went on the pen, "I must leave you, for I must take my place among the other feathers in the wing of the furious falcon that guards the gate. King Indig will receive you

ended. In the past four weeks Billy had grown a presentable beard, had met up with Johnny Dawson, a friend of his youth, and had three times crossed the trail of Dan Slike. His latest information was that Slike and Jack Murray were inseparable.

Finally the morning came when Billy and Dawson believe they had Slike in their grasp. They could hear his rifle as they gazed down from the hill on a scene that had many counterparts in the west.

A quarter-mile out from the base of the hill was a tiny fire, beyond which lay a hog-tied calf. Beyond the calf a man sprawled behind the body of a pony. He was aiming a rifle at another man ensconced behind a windfall alongside those rocks.

Between this man and the man behind the pony were three hundred yards of ground as flat as a floor. Billy swept the background of the cutbank man with his glasses.

"There are two horses tied behind a windfall alongside those rocks. Where's the other man?"

"There's the other man," said Dawson, pointing fifty yards down stream from the cutbank. "What's he doing—drinking?"

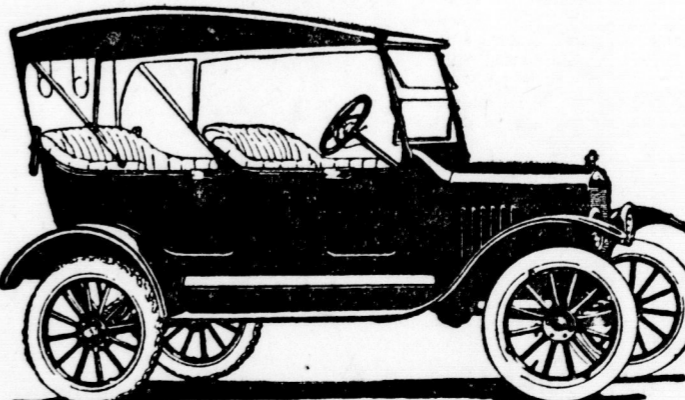
Billy turned his glasses. "He ain't drinking," he said soberly. "His head's under water."

"I'm sure hoping he ain't Dan Slike," Dawson said matter-of-factly.

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