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TEA BAGS

WEST OF THE SUN

A Serial Story
by
JOSEPH LEWIS CHADWICK

SYNOPSIS

The story time: 1867. Virginia Ames crosses the wild, frontier West by rail and stage in response to a letter from Phil Lawrence, her fiance, who left Washington to make his fortune in Arizona. When contact with the stage is held up, Lt. Jim Reardall, whom Virginia once knew in Washington, takes charge of the investigation and soon learns that Phil Lawrence was the bandit leader. Chief loser in the robbery is Steve Barron. Susie Benita cambline cear, who has long been at odds with Lawrence over gambling debts and their mutual love of Laura Carrey, dance-hall girl. Riding to Phils ranch to warn him against Barron who has learned of his part in the stage robbery, Virginia sees the two men shoot it out. Both are are wounded but Barron is able to ride off.

CHAPTER XI

"It gets me," the guide said, "that they didn't cover their tracks. Looks like they want to be followed—and that means an ambush."

"Not this time," Jim said. "Natchi is playing a shrewder game. He wants to hold Miss Ames to force the release of his son."

"Lieutenant, you're not going to trust an Apache?"

"I'm going to play the game Natchi's way," Jim said evenly, "I'm going to get Miss Ames no matter what the stakes."

The trail led deep into the mountains. They followed it the whole of the next day, until the light failed. Then, the third day, following it into a broad rock-strewn canyon they came to an abrupt dead end. It vanished on the canyon's bed of loose shale and sun-bleached rocks. Scarlett scouted in a great circle.

"They jumped off into thin air, lieutenant," he said at long last.

Jim's face was bleak. "We'll push on," he muttered.

Two hours later, the column rode from a deep gorge into another canyon. Scarlett, riding ahead, made a sign.

Jim gave Barrett quick orders, then left the detail and rode to join the guide. A man in ragged shirt and breeches, moccasins and headband squatted by a cactus stalk. He held a rifle, butt against the ground. A crude brown cigarette dangling from his lips threw off a cloud of thick blue smoke that hung about his swarthy face He looked Apache except for his pale blue eyes.

Jim said. "Who are you, stranger?"

The man's strange blue eyes lifted. "No stranger. Me Charley. Come from Natchi. Natchi say white soldier get back wife when Natchi get back son from white soldier's fort. You savvy?"

"I savvy." Jim said.

"Natchi say, son no come back, white soldier's wife go to Mexico. No come back."

Jim eyed the half breed narrowly, thinking what a blackguard he looked. He said, "Tell Natchi his son will be freed. But first I must see that he has not harmed—my wife. You savvy, Charley?"

* * *

CHAPTER XII

Gunfire racketed against the mountain stillness. The sounds came from far off among the towering rock cliffs. Suddenly the Apache camp in the furnace hot canyon was being deserted. The dusky-skinned women were frantically gathering up belongings, children and horses for an exodus. No men were in the camp; they had ridden away in early morning.

Virginia drew away from the opening of her prison hut. She had seen the half breed in ragged white man's clothes appear with her saddled horse. A moment later he stepped into the hut.

"Come," he ordered. "You go with camp."

She shrank from him. But he leapt at her and seized her arm.

Natchi say you go to Mexico. White soldiers fight. No return Natchi's son. You come——"

His voice broke in a throaty sound as a man loomed behind him and struck out with a gun. The half breed collapsed under the blow. The man—Steve Barron—stepped over the fallen Apache and took Virginia's arm.

"Come!" His voice was urgent. "There is no time to waste!"

He hurried her from the jacal. She was dazed and frightened. She saw a mounted Mexican with a rifle in his hands, warily watching the Apache women who had gathered around. Steve Barron helped her mount her horse. He swung onto his own mount, and immediately led the way across the canyon. No one attempted to stop them.

The sun was a great red ball at the desert's rim when the three rode from a deep narrow gorge into the lowlands. Steve swung east then, pushed the lathered horses harder. Then he halted abruptly.

"There are the soldiers," he said, pointing into the distance. "You will be safe now. Luis and I are riding west."

She looked at him with eyes that ached from the sun. "I can find no words to say how I feel, Steve," she said. "I can only say—thanks."

A queer glow was in his eyes. His voice sounded weary and he talked disjointedly. "Don't thank me, Virginia. I was to blame for what happened to you. I—I am to blame for much that Natchi has done in this country. I armed his band. I am a renegade.

Virginia looked shocked. "I don't understand."

His smile was hard. "Ambition—or rather greed—drove me. I was mad in my desire to own all of this great valley. I wanted a great empire for myself. I wanted the Apaches to terrorize and drive out other white men, so that I could take over their lands. I did that to Phil Lawrence—and I think I drove him a little mad. Whatever he did, I am to blame. Now the soldiers know. Lanya has told them——"

Virginia said, "I—I pity you."

"I was wrong. I saw that when you were seized. I knew the soldiers might fail to rescue you — so I came." He looked wistfully at her. "You will go to Lawrence now, but I think you have lost him. As I have lost Lanya. We're both going to suffer, Virginia." He swung his horse about and rode away followed by the Mexican.

Virginia rode on toward the distant camp. She looked back once. (Continued Next Week)

453
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Send twenty-five cents (25c) in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern. Print plainly size, name, address, style number.

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Just The Type—Surrounded by examples of his work, portrait artist Josef Abel works on another of his "typed" portraits. The Frankfurt, Germany, craftsman has been practicing for 10 years, and can now complete a typewritten portrait in about six hours. Working from photographs, Abel taps a key and moves the roller at the same instant, achieving remarkable portraits in this manner.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

For two years I've been dating a young man whom I love. My parents dislike him, because five years ago, when he was 18, he had a bad reputation.

"They do not believe he has changed. (I know he has.) They will not let me go out alone with him, and insist that I forget him. This a cannot do.

I am 20, and I don't know what to do. Can you help?

"E.V.B."

UP TO HIM

* If this young man has any spunk, he will talk to your parents himself.

* He will acknowledge his wild oats, sown so long ago. He will try to convince them that now he is a respectable, dependable citizen, who knows how to appreciate a nice girl. He will ask them to let you go out with him, and promise he will take you only to places they approve, and bring you home at the hour they ask.

* It would be well, too, if he can give them names of people they know, who can vouch for him now. And why not have his parents meet yours?

* A girl is known by the company she keeps. And in smaller towns, memories of past misconduct are not easily forgotten. This is why you, parents do not want your name associated with his—until they learn that other nice people receive him too.

* You believe he has changed now. But you are in love, and that can blind you to reality.

* It does seem that, having dated this boy for two years, you have had ample chance to know him. He has conducted himself properly with you, and you are naturally resentful that your family is not yet convinced he will continue to do so.

* But don't be critical of their attitude. They are trying to protect you from gossip, for they know that a girl's good name is her most precious possession.

* I feel that a personal talk between him and your father and mother is the manly gesture now. Let us both hope that he can plead his cause successfully.

* * *

Parents would be shirking their duty if they did not protect their children from questionable associations. If you resent your family's attitude, tell Anne Hirst about it. Address her at Box 1, 128 Eighteenth St., New Toronto, Ontario.

If you suffer from ARTHRITIS or RHEUMATISM and the pain is so great it just seems to you you cannot stand it another day, you should know that DOLCIN has helped many, many sufferers to COME OUT FROM UNDER THE SHADOW OF PAIN!

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YUMMY Honey Pecan Buns

Recipe

Measure into bowl, ½ c. lukewarm water, 1 tsp. granulated sugar; stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with 1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Let stand 10 min., THEN stir well. Scald ½ c. milk and stir in ¼ c. granulated sugar, ½ tsp. salt, 2 tbs. shortening; cool to lukewarm. Add to yeast mixture and stir in 1 well-beaten egg. Stir in 1 c. once-sifted bread flour; beat until smooth. Work in 2½ c. once-sifted bread flour. Knead until smooth and elastic; place in greased bowl and brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, combine ½ c. brown sugar (lightly pressed down), ½ c. liquid honey, 3 tbs. butter or margarine, melted; divide evenly into 24 greased large muffin pans; drop 3 pecan halves into each pan. Punch down dough and divide mixture into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong ¼" thick and 12" long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine. Sprinkle with a mixture of ¼ c. brown sugar (lightly pressed down), ¼ c. chopped pecans. Beginning at a 12" edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1" slices. Place, a cut-side up, in prepared muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 30 minutes. Turn out of pans immediately and serve hot, or reheated.

I get grand results from this New Fast-Acting Dry Yeast

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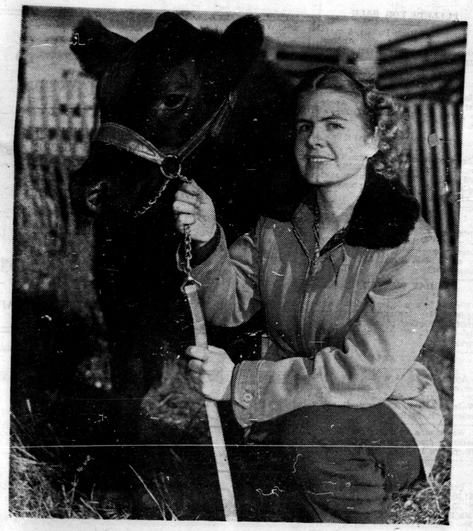
...Fall Fair Time In Ontario...

The Ferris Wheel is a big attraction at any Fair. Betty Clemans and her friend Miss Watt are shown above at Alvinston.

DOLLIES — AND TINY GIRLS — LIKE FALL FAIRS

The President of the Norwood Fair is shown above shaking hands with Minister Goodfellow.



Miss Esther Dowling placed first with her entry at the Alvinston Boys' and Girls' Calf Club.

The winners in the Baby Contest at Alvinston posed for the pretty picture above.

Everybody loves a parade — particularly when it is led by the Alvinston Band, pictured above.

"Over six months and under one year" was a very popular class in the baby contest at Alvinston. The judges were faced with a real poser when trying to choose the winner in this contest.

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