Trimble Program

Mt. Sterling, Ky.

Thursday and Friday
September 18 - 19
CARNIVAL IN COSTA RICA
Dick Haymes, Vera Ellen
Popeye and the Pirates - News

Saturday, September 20
Double Feature
WILD WEST
Eddie Dean
BULLDOG DRUMMOND AT BAY
Ron Randell, Anita Louise

Sunday and Monday
September 21 - 22
STALLION ROAD
Zachary Scott, Alexis Smith
NEWS
Tooth and Consequences

Tuesday and Wednesday
September 23 - 24
THE MAN I LOVE
Ida Lupino, Robert Alda
News, The Mild West

Thursday and Friday
September 25 - 26
13 RUE MADELEIN
James Cagney, Annabella
Brooklyn, I Love You, News

Saturday, September 27
Double Feature
MAN FROM RAINBOW VALLEY
Monte Hale, Adrian Booth
SUSIE STEPS OUT
David Bruce, Cicelius Caldwell

Tabb Program

Friday, September 19
Double Feature
RED DRAGON
Sidney Toler, Benson Fong
MISSING LADY
Kane Richmond, Barbara Reed

Saturday, September 20
LAWLESS BREED
Kirby Grant
Mysterious Mr. M, Growing Pains, News

Sunday and Monday
September 21 - 22
STATE FAIR
Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain
News, Screen Snapshots

Veterans Special
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Ends Saturday, September 20
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Firm Cabbage Heads For Best Sauerkraut

Whenever firm heads of late cabbage are available, it is time to make sauerkraut, notes Mrs. Pearl Hauk, specialist in food preservation at the UK College of Agriculture and Home Economics. Large jars, crocks or wooden kegs are suitable, a 10-gallon container holding about 50 pounds of cabbage.

When a wooden keg is used, it should be washed well with soda water, scalded, and then exposed to direct sunlight to destroy any odors.

Remove outside leaves and cores of firm heads of cabbage. To every 5 pounds, use 4 tablespoons of salt, mixing it thoroughly. Place mixture in a crock or keg and stamp thoroughly with a heavy potato masher or stamper until the cabbage is covered with juice. Add more cabbage-salt mixture and stamp again, repeating the process until the container is filled to within a few inches of the top.

Cover the cabbage with a clean cloth, put a plate or clean piece of hard wood on it and weight it with a clean rock. The cabbage is at all times should be covered with brine until bubbling stops. Remove the scum every few days and wash and scald the cloth, plate and weight.

Fermentation proceeds according to temperature, only 8 to 10 days being required in very warm weather. In cool weather, it will take a longer time.

When fermentation has stopped, heat sauerkraut to simmering, but do not boil. Pack in hot jars within a half inch of the top and cover with juice, leaving a half inch space. Adjust jar lids and, in boiling water bath, process pint jars 25 minutes and quart jars 30 minutes. Complete seal and store.

Triplet Lambs Help Boost Sheep Returns

Three sets of triplet lambs helped boost A. M. Pruett's sheep raising profits in Garrard county. His 68 northwestern ewes raised 98 lambs which weighed an average of 93 pounds when sold for $25 a hundred. Wool weighed fifty pounds.

Pence, who has been raising sheep since 1932, told County Agent H. O. Johnson that he made money every year. He says *ewes were bred extra fat to lambs early. Lespedeza hay and corn are fed through the winter and the sheep run on grain and bluegrass. Dworshing is done in November and April and phenothiazine-salt kept before the flock.*

Drug Mixed In Feed Control Hog Worms

A new treatment to control worms in hogs, announced from the University of Kentucky College of Agriculture, is feeding for one day a mixture of one part by weight of sodium fluoride and 99 parts by weight of dry ground feed.

There need be no fasting of the animals before treatment, it is stated, but the feed can be reduced on the day before they are treated. Then, the next morning, they should be given their regular amount of feed, in which the sodium fluoride has been mixed.

Treatment at two or three month of age and repeated at three to six months should prove satisfactory.

Grady Sellards, extension field agent in swine husbandry at the College of Agriculture, says the above treatment should in no way take the place of sanitation in raising hogs.

Pickle Troubles Can Be Overcome

Common difficulties in making cucumber pickles are being met by housewives, now that most cucumbers have been brined for the usual period of six to eight weeks. According to canning authorities at the UK College of Agriculture and Home Economics, softness, shriveling, hollowness and a blackish color are pickling problems which often can be avoided.

Softness or slipperiness is caused by bacteria, a salt brine that is too weak, or letting the pickles float at the top of the brine. The remedies are to use a salt brine of the proper strength throughout the entire period, and to cover the cucumbers to keep them under the brine.

Shriveled pickles are caused by the use of too strong a brine, or too strong a sugar or vinegar solution.

When pickles become hollow, they probably were held too long before being placed in the brine. Within 24 hours, is the approved rule for placing cucumbers in brine.

The use of soft water in bringing will help to avoid a blackish color in pickles.

MYERS

By Rena Crawford

Mr. and Mrs. Farris Flora had as their Sunday guests Mr. and Mrs. Ed R. Flora, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crawford and family, Mr. and Mrs. Milton Flora and Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Flegg.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Crawford of Robertson county visited Mr. and Mrs. William Crawford Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Clark of Carlisle spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jim Crawford.

Mrs. Rita Jane Hogg is spending this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elza Flora.

This community extends its deepest sympathy to Mrs. Onie Sears and to the loss of her husband.

Mrs. Cynthia Trussell spent one day the past week with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crawford.

Mr. and Mrs. Marion Flack and son from Trinity, Ky., spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flora.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson and Mrs. Ella Hayes Norwood, Ohio, visited Miss Ella Conway and Mr. Kelly Cameron one day last week.

Ray Jenson, Ida Grove, Iowa, is a guest of George Dale this week.

George Dale and Bay Jenson have returned from a visit with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Carter, Rockport, Ind.

Mrs. Pat McCall spent Friday night with her mother, Mrs. C. L. Tapp.

BANTA

By Mrs. Walls McCowen

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moran and son, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Predmore and Junior, Dover, Ohio, were in Maysville Saturday.

Mrs. Albert Moran has returned after a two weeks visit with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Omer Moran of Licking.

Mr. and Mrs. Walls McCowen were guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hamm in Ellisville Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Otha Moran were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moran Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Moran spent Thursday with her little cousin Dean Moran.

SCRUB GRASS

Mr. Marshall Walton has returned home after 10 days visit with his niece and nephew in Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McCord and daughter returned home from *a trip of a day of a night with* Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Bowen and Miss Judie Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Minton spent Sunday afternoon with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Bowen.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bowles and son spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Vold Bowles.

Mrs. Pearlie Gray and daughter, Baby, are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Shumm.

Mrs. Hughes Hall and Mr. Fred Crawford spent Thursday in Lexington.

Mr. Silas Ritchie is ill.

JACKSTOWN

Mrs. Lucy Festack, Louisville, is the guest of Mrs. Hollis Dalzell.

Mr. Earl Hardwick is ill in the Massie Memorial hospital in Paris suffering with an infected hand.

Frank Hamilton and family, Ray Hamilton and Mrs. Daisy Dalzell attended the State Fair at Louisville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Auxier visited Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Auxier near Cynthiana Sunday.

The farmers are very busy housing tobacco in this section.

We are glad to report that Keith Louis Hardwick is improving nicely after being schocked by lightning several days ago.

Mrs. Eula Highlander of Georgetown has been the guest of relatives here.

We extend to Mrs. Onie Sears and family our heart felt sympathy in her recent bereavement.

ELLISVILLE

Mr. and Mrs. Billie Prather and daughter of Lexington were Sunday guests of Bennie Prather and family.

School opened here Monday of last week. All the teachers and 144 children were present. Also several parents and friends.

This community was blessed with a good rain last week, which was badly needed.

Mrs. Charlie Hamm and daughter spent one day last week with Mrs. Nelson Fryman of Sugar Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Tudor of Covington were weekend guests of her mother, Mrs. Sneed Jr. and Mrs. C. M. Snapp and Mr. and Mrs. Carrol Forston and son all of Lexington were Sunday guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Jolly and family of Cane Run were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. Edward McKee and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Poe and sons and Mrs. D. P. Vaughn were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louie West and family of Claysville Sunday.

NEWS IN THE WORLD OF RELIGION

By W. W. Reid

The Touro Synagogue, Newport, R. I., the most historic Jewish synagogue in America and one of the most historic buildings in the continent, is the first Jewish temple to be dedicated as a national shrine. It built a hundred century after the first 15 Jewish families arrived in Newport from Recife, Portugal (1658), and was named after their leader, Rabbi Isaac Touro. Members of the congregation were prominent in colonial and Revolutionary enterprises, and George Washington once spoke from its rostrum. As a national shrine it will be under the administration and care of the United States government.

American church aid has been promised the National Christian Council of India in its efforts to relieve some of the more serious situations growing out of famine that has been described as "general, if no worse than last year" but not widely published. According to advices received by Church World Service, in New York City, from Dr. A. Blickenstaff, its representative in Bombay, food grain stocks are low in Bombay; supplies and rations are very low in the Central Provinces; "foodstuffs are short" in Madras Presidency; distribution of food is handicapped by civil disturbances in the Punjab. The next famine may last into 1948, it is believed, and the American organization is planning to ship to India powdered milk and vaniline to be distributed under the direction of the National Christian Council.

"The continued development of nuclear fission weapons of wide-spread mass destruction and obliteration will never be a way to bring lasting peace and security," says Dr. Charles F. Boss, Chicago, secretary of the Methodist Federation for Social Service, and the continuation of universal conscription will always be a threat to the peace of the world and do actually constitute plans of war-making." The United Nations must seek to bring about a reduction of war-budgets, both by the adoption of political means of international security, and by the reduction of war making processes in all nations, doing so by international agreement. There is no other way out."

"The church has long proclaimed that if Christianity is honestly believed and fully practiced, it will solve all problems of human adjustment," says a recent statement of the interdenominational Foreign Missions Conference of North America. "It brings all men into right relationship with the one God and Father of all. In him, they ground their faith in the unity of the human universe. As disciples of Christ they learn to live together as God's children, using their intelligence and ability in loving cooperation. It is the task of the church not only to make these teachings more effective in the daily life of every Christian and in the church itself, but also to increase the number of Christians, like the early church, a steadily growing worldwide Christian fellowship. Through Christian mission, the churches of North America carry on this two fold task overseas. In the spirit of Christ they minister to the whole range of human needs, hunger and disease to man's restlessness until he finds his rest in God, and to that kind of fellowship that Christians believe that in Christ they have the key to the spiritual needs of all men. Through these needs and techniques making possible speech and fellowship, the United Nations of the world work harder, faster, and more effectively than ever before. They must embody the love of God in lives of Christian action as well as proclaim it with all the newest techniques for conveying ideas."

Dr. Shui Tsai Hwang, professor of soils at he mission—support-

Eeing Married in Church

E. CLAYT CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

THE other day Mrs. Myers and I attended a wedding in a little church near our home. We had known the bride and her family for many years and the groom for several years. We had met many of other neighbors and friends who witnessed that marriage.

Thirty-five years ago, Mrs. Myers and I were married in this same little rural church—I have told you we have nine grandchildren now—and then also the folks gathered to wish us well in our venture. A good many number of the same persons attended both weddings.

First Wedding

Incidentally, I learned that ours was the first wedding in that church, which is nearly a hundred years old. Since then there have been many. I hope we started something good.

To date the couples married in this church have stuck together. While one hardly would claim that being married in a church has guaranteed permanence of marriage, something is to be said in favor of such associations. All church weddings I've observed seem to have a peculiar solemnity. There is a strong religious emphasis. The effect on all attending, especially on the young folks, even on the whole community, strikes me as wholesome. The impression left is that marriage is a serious affair, and that friends and neighbors naturally feel an interest in the young people and their welfare and are inclined to follow their fortunes after the knot has been tied. The marriage is just another institution, that there are many more church weddings, it is obvious that a church wedding is more good effect of the nature we have been considering than in a large city. Yet in any city one of the guests at the wedding may be members of the church and thereby establish a kind of community in itself. Often many of these guests have been friends of the bride or groom or both for many years and feel an interest in the success of their marriage.

Welfare Leaders

As you know, leaders of public social welfare have long agitated for a civil wedding, certainly marriage by a clergyman, whether in a church or the home.

Some years ago I witnessed a marriage in Japan. The bride and groom were asked a few questions by a minister, and then were recorded in a rough book. Several other couples were present. I was told that the marriage had needed a divorce. Not understanding Eastern, I could not tell the difference between the marriage and the divorce. Each took about two minutes. I understand there are some places in the United States where there are practices somewhat similar, just as devoid of any emotional atmosphere or air of solemnity. In comparison, the church wedding I attended a few days ago strikes me as immeasurably superior.

Guidance From Great Proverbs

HIGHLIGHTS ON THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By NEWMAN CAMPBELL

(The International Uniform Lesson on the above topic for Sept. 21 is Proverbs 3:5-7, 4:23, 6:16-19; 8:10; 11:24, 25, 1; 16:18, 19; 22:1; 27:1-2; 29:1; 29:20. James 4:17, the Memory Verse is Proverbs 15:1-3. "A soft answer turneth away wrath; But a grievous word stirreth up anger.")

THE WORDS of guidance for our lives from the book of Proverbs are signals that we should watch for carefully so that we may avoid pitfalls, just as an engineer on a train watches for the red or go-ahead signals in the cab of the locomotive on the rails to know whether he should go ahead on a free line or stop. Dreadful accidents have happened when the engineer did not notice such signals; many lives have been lost, and many others severely injured.

So in our moral lives, if we do not heed the warning signs that Solomon gives us in his wise proverbs, we may end our lives in disaster, or at least be injured in character, perhaps beyond recovery.

The first precept in today's lesson is, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."

Here we are told to acknowledge Him, and He shall direct our paths.

Do not be wise in thine own eyes; fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

When you have a difficult problem to decide, take time to take it to the Lord, and receive guidance. You cannot go far wrong if all through life you abide by that attitude.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life."

The heart is the center of our physical systems. If the heart is filled with clean, kind thoughts the actions will allow it and we will be living far wrong. Remember, too, that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: and the knowledge of the holy is understanding."

Things the Lord Hates

There are six things the Lord hates: yea, seven are an abomination unto Him. A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood.

"A heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren."

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CRAYTON

By Mrs. Oral Hollar

The Rev. and Mrs. Walter Crayton, Carl, called on Mr. and Mrs. Russell Ritchie and Mr. and Mrs. Oral Hollar and family last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Forest Morris and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Hobert Hamilton and family, Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Jenkins and Mrs. Jerry Jenkins Sunday.

Mrs. Rex Russell Ritchie had as their Sunday guests, Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Snapp and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Omar Hollar and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Vogel and daughter-in-law and Mrs. Elva Small and family and Oral Hollar visited Mr. Elbridge Hollar who is ill. Sunday.

Miss Katherine Mynear has returned home after a visit with her brother, the Rev. Robert Mynear and family.

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CHAPTER I

Warbin' Willie Andrews had not lifted his nasal voice in song since dawn. The June day was fine and the little trail herd was moving along quietly but the straw boss had not once saluted the bright morning with any of his famous vocal efforts. The weathered wrinkles at the corners of his mild gray eyes were bunched tightly as he squinted into the noonday glare, almost as significant a sign as his continued silence. Any Bar-0 waddy would have known that Warbin' Willie was troubled.

Twice he had ridden out ahead to look over the rolling country and now he dropped back to confer with the lanky redhead who was riding point.

"Bill, think we're headed right, Terry?" he asked.

Terry Donovan smiled in mild amusement at the older man's air of worry. "How can we go wrong with the river at our left all the time?" he countered. "Quit your bellyaching, will you? We'll strike Fort Hooker by noon."

"Yo' betteh be right," Willie grumbled. "This here is strange country to me and I'm dependin' on you to keep me straight."

Donovan's lean, boyish countenance was solemn as he replied, "You couldn't depend on a more upright citizen, Willie. Just keep your shirttail in your pants and everything will be all right."

Willie snorted. "Don't be so all-fired cocky! This ain't no time to be funny; I been seein' Injun tracks all day long."

"Why not? Every Indian in this part of the country will be headed toward the Agency to get his share of government beef. By the looks of the herd we will have more than enough on hand to welcome us when we arrive."

Andrews watched his rounded shoulders slowly relax. "I don't like it," he complained. "This business of feedin' cattle to Injuns is new to me. I'll be tickled to death when I get shut of the whole shebang. Them redskins are a sneaky lot. I'll be plumb tickled when we get back to the Custom Trail with the main herd."

Donovan touched a rein of the bridle hand to his lips and whistled. "Shucks, Warbler," he drawled, "you've been a trail hand for only about fifty years. Don't get yourself all pickled up before you've been promoted to be straw boss of a two bit herd like Willie owned it."

"Fifty years!" Andrews snapped, minor annoyances forgotten in the face of this greater insult. "I ain't but thirty-eight next birthday—and mebbe it's thirty-nine. Anyway I ain't worried about bein' too old in the way we've behind schedule that's got me in a pucker."

Donovan chuckled at the success of his baiting. "You ain't to blame for the delay," he soothed. "That Cimarron crossing was touch. The boss could've give you a bonus for not losing the herd."

Indians Hungry For Fresh Meat

"That cheese Willie grumbled. "They don't hand out no bonuses in this old-fashioned business, and that ain't the point. What's got me worried is the way the red screeners have been rainin' hell when their herd is low. How's old Satanta on the Nowata free into Fort Larned when their steers was a day overdue? Didn't he give the Indian Agent over on the Red Fork because old cuss they got was two days late? I got a right to be spooked up! We've two days behind us and don't know what kind of a mess we're ridin' into."

He spurred forward angrily, leaving Donovan to grin amusedly behind him. It was the first trip out for Andrews as boss of a trail herd and he was not pleased with any part of the deal. Hired on suddenly in the Territory with the Frying Pan's spring drive he had had the job dumped in his lap. A hundred of the strongest steers had been cut out of the main herd on reaching Fort Hooker as a government beef issue to the reservation Indians. Now they were nearing their destination and Willie was worrying himself into a state of nerves completely foreign to his usual carefree nature.

To add to his troubles there had been bickering in the skeleton crew. Just this morning big Al Grinnel had come mighty close to starting a fight with Donovan over the choice of jobs for the day. With so small a outfit there had been some shifting of the usual trail assignments. Donovan, the veteran, had been driving the cavvy along behind the herd, riding the dirty work of eating trail at the same time. Today, Willie waited the redhead up front where he could direct progress, so Grinnel had been sent back with the drags. The burly ex-bullwhacker had not taken kindly to the change in the matter and his remarks to Donovan had acutely precipitated a fight.

On the steaming flats just beyond the rise he could see the rambling buildings, high-fenced corral and bristling stockade of Fort Hooker. The muddy Arkansas Fork skirted along on the left but the other three sides of the Agency clearing were lined with tepees. Indians from far and near had come to get their various shares of the white man's lavish bounty.

Isolating his eyes from the middle glare Andrews tried to decide on a plan of campaign. It was going to be a ticklish job to get the herd down to the cattle pens through that crowd of excited savages. Fortunately the stock pens were on the east side of the post but all around them were the milling figures of impatient Indians. Most of the squaws seemed to be lined up at the far end of the clearing, probably receiving their allotments of flour, baking powder and sugar, but the ground where the trail herd had to cross was fairly alive with warriors of all degrees of finery. Many of them circulated around the empty corrals and

"Don't wait for me, Willie!"

Andrews grunted disconsolately as he realized their impatience. Suppose they should rush the herd in their enthusiasm for free beef!

"Dogone General Sherman anyhow!" he said aloud. "Why did he have to pigtoe 'em beef? Why couldn't he issue reservations now how an why waste good steers on 'em?"

He turned in the saddle to wave a warning to the other three riders.

He swung to the side, allowing the slow moving herd to come abreast of where he waited. "There she is!" he called to Donovan. "The plain's lousy with Injuns. I wonder if they've read about us bein' late?"

"We'll soon see," Donovan said shortly, his gray eyes focused intently on the wild arena ahead.

Andrews jerked a thumb toward the handful of Indian boys who had sighted the advancing herd and were already coming out to meet it. "Here comes trouble!" he growled. "Injun boys! They're the worst kind to rid 'em without startin' a ruckus or lettin' 'em stampede the herd!"

Even as he spoke the danger loomed. The sight of the approaching animals seemed to excite every young Indian on the flat and there seemed to be a general rush to meet the oncoming herd.

Andrews swore helplessly as he watched the gaily decked youths coming toward him at a dead run, their yelling riders drumming naked heels against the horses' flanks. The lead steers had already come to a halt, long horns tossing nervously as they stared at the charging savages. Any moment now they might break into a full fledged stampede.

Donovan's Talk Averts Trouble

Then Donovan spurred forward from his post. "Take over the point, Willie," he yelled. "I'll try to stop 'em."

Andrews had neither the time nor the inclination to protest. Already the cattle were wavering and he had to pitch in with the others in a desperate effort to hold the steers in check. Working with the precision born of long experience on the range he intercepted the steers which had started to swing toward him, turning them toward the point. Donovan was riding like a centaur of mythology, his body one with the restless herd was moving in a slow circle, safe for the moment if the Indians came no closer.

But they did and the end of the trail was in sight. Donovan had ridden out to meet the oncoming Indians and was talking with them in sign language. Andrews could see that the redhead was gesturing toward the herd and the Indians were listening intently. In the meantime the lead steers had swung back to the point as regular as his pony could carry him. The troublemakers followed more slowly, only a few tantalizing behind to accompany Donovan back to the herd.

Andrews let out his breath heavily. Now that the danger would soon have the confounded cow critters in the government pens. After that he troubles would be over.

He waited until Terry and the lieutenant were within hearing distance then he called, "Nice work, Donovan. That kind of medicine should've given 'em!"

Donovan grinned and closed one eye. "I warned 'em that you would be along to see if they didn't behave themselves. They must have heard about your fame as a fighting man from the last pronto."

Then he shouted and went on more seriously, "I just told them where the herd was coming from and don't know much about cows, being mostly used to buffalo, but they're right willing to learn if a man tells 'em what to do."

Andrews scratched his head doubtfully but did not protest. Donovan's idea of a smart deal but I ain't so keen for 'em to get on the backs of my feeders. I'll be plumb tickled when we get back to the Custom Trail with the main herd."

Donovan touched a rein of the bridle hand to his lips and whistled. "Shucks, Warbler," he drawled, "you've been a trail hand for only about fifty years. Don't get yourself all pickled up before you've been promoted to be straw boss of a two bit herd like Willie owned it."

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Donovan's Talk Averts Trouble

Then Donovan spurred forward from his post. "Take over the point, Willie," he yelled. "I'll try to stop 'em."

Andrews had neither the time nor the inclination to protest. Already the cattle were wavering and he had to pitch in with the others in a desperate effort to hold the steers in check. Working with the precision born of long experience on the range he intercepted the steers which had started to swing toward him, turning them toward the point. Donovan was riding like a centaur of mythology, his body one with the restless herd was moving in a slow circle, safe for the moment if the Indians came no closer.

But they did and the end of the trail was in sight. Donovan had ridden out to meet the oncoming Indians and was talking with them in sign language. Andrews could see that the redhead was gesturing toward the herd and the Indians were listening intently. In the meantime the lead steers had swung back to the point as regular as his pony could carry him. The troublemakers followed more slowly, only a few tantalizing behind to accompany Donovan back to the herd.

Andrews let out his breath heavily. Now that the danger would soon have the confounded cow critters in the government pens. After that the troubles would be over.

He waited until Terry and the lieutenant were within hearing distance then he called, "Nice work, Donovan. That kind of medicine should've given 'em!"

Donovan grinned and closed one eye. "I warned 'em that you would be along to see if they didn't behave themselves. They must have heard about your fame as a fighting man from the last pronto."

Then he shouted and went on more seriously, "I just told them where the herd was coming from and don't know much about cows, being mostly used to buffalo, but they're right willing to learn if a man tells 'em what to do."

Andrews scratched his head doubtfully but did not protest. Donovan's idea of a smart deal but I ain't so keen for 'em to get on the backs of my feeders. I'll be plumb tickled when we get back to the Custom Trail with the main herd."

Donovan touched a rein of the bridle hand to his lips and whistled. "Shucks, Warbler," he drawled, "you've been a trail hand for only about fifty years. Don't get yourself all pickled up before you've been promoted to be straw boss of a two bit herd like Willie owned it."

"Fifty years!" Andrews snapped, minor annoyances forgotten in the face of this greater insult. "I ain't but thirty-eight next birthday—and mebbe it's thirty-nine. Anyway I ain't worried about bein' too old in the way we've behind schedule that's got me in a pucker."

Donovan chuckled at the success of his baiting. "You ain't to blame for the delay," he soothed. "That Cimarron crossing was touch. The boss could've give you a bonus for not losing the herd."

Indians Hungry For Fresh Meat

"That cheese Willie grumbled. "They don't hand out no bonuses in this old-fashioned business, and that ain't the point. What's got me worried is the way the red screeners have been rainin' hell when their herd is low. How's old Satanta on the Nowata free into Fort Larned when their steers was a day overdue? Didn't he give the Indian Agent over on the Red Fork because old cuss they got was two days late? I got a right to be spooked up! We've two days behind us and don't know what kind of a mess we're ridin' into."

He spurred forward angrily, leaving Donovan to grin amusedly behind him. It was the first trip out for Andrews as boss of a trail herd and he was not pleased with any part of the deal. Hired on suddenly in the Territory with the Frying Pan's spring drive he had had the job dumped in his lap. A hundred of the strongest steers had been cut out of the main herd on reaching Fort Hooker as a government beef issue to the reservation Indians. Now they were nearing their destination and Willie was worrying himself into a state of nerves completely foreign to his usual carefree nature.

To add to his troubles there had been bickering in the skeleton crew. Just this morning big Al Grinnel had come mighty close to starting a fight with Donovan over the choice of jobs for the day. With so small a outfit there had been some shifting of the usual trail assignments. Donovan, the veteran, had been driving the cavvy along behind the herd, riding the dirty work of eating trail at the same time. Today, Willie waited the redhead up front where he could direct progress, so Grinnel had been sent back with the drags. The burly ex-bullwhacker had not taken kindly to the change in the matter and his remarks to Donovan had acutely precipitated a fight.

On the steaming flats just beyond the rise he could see the rambling

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ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

Scripture—Proverbs 3:5-7; 4:23; 6:16-19; 8:10; 14:34; 15:1; 16:18; 22:1; 27:1-2; 29:1; 29:20; James 4:17.

By Alfred J. Buescher

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding . . . He shall direct thy paths."

These three things doth the Lord hate: "A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood."

"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall." is Solomon's warning to the proud.

"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth."

MEMORY VERSE—Proverbs 15:1.

CHAPTER II

He did not look around until he was polishing his bronze at the call in front of the Agency. Then he saw Indians on all sides, some of them riding toward one of the shacks which stood near the trader's store. He knew well enough what that meant. All liquor sales would be halted while the Indians were on the post but there would be plenty of trade there when thirsty cowhands could find it. Obviously Grinnel and Donovan had been seized when he announced his intention of remaining at Fort Hooker long enough for a celebration.

Andrews frowned and let his glance travel across the mad scene before him. Indians exclaimed was rising to a high pitch. If Grinnel had stirred up trouble in Indians there would be plenty of trouble for the whole outfit. Over the river he could see Donovan shoving the steers into a small corral. Too bad that the redhead had not been posted. That kind of medicine should've given 'em!"

Willie snorted. "Don't be so all-fired cocky! This ain't no time to be funny; I been seein' Injun tracks all day long."

"Why not? Every Indian in this part of the country will be headed toward the Agency to get his share of government beef. By the looks of the herd we will have more than enough on hand to welcome us when we arrive."

Andrews touched his rounded shoulders uncomfortably. "I don't like it," he complained. "This business of feedin' cattle to Injuns is new to me. I'll be tickled to death when I get shut of the whole shebang. Them redskins are a sneaky lot. I'll be plumb tickled when we get back to the Custom Trail with the main herd."

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