

*The May*

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# American

*Magazine*



Will These Tests Make You  
Change Your Job?

page 47

# The American Magazine

May, 1927

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*  
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Vol. CIII

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# "Nevada"

A romance of the West

*By Zane Grey*

**H**ETTIE'S senses reeled, and almost failed her. When his kisses ceased she felt herself held closely for a long moment, then let down from the horse until her feet touched the ground. She

was falling when Nevada leaped from the saddle.

He put her on the grass with her back resting against the trunk of a tree; and there presently her eyes opened.

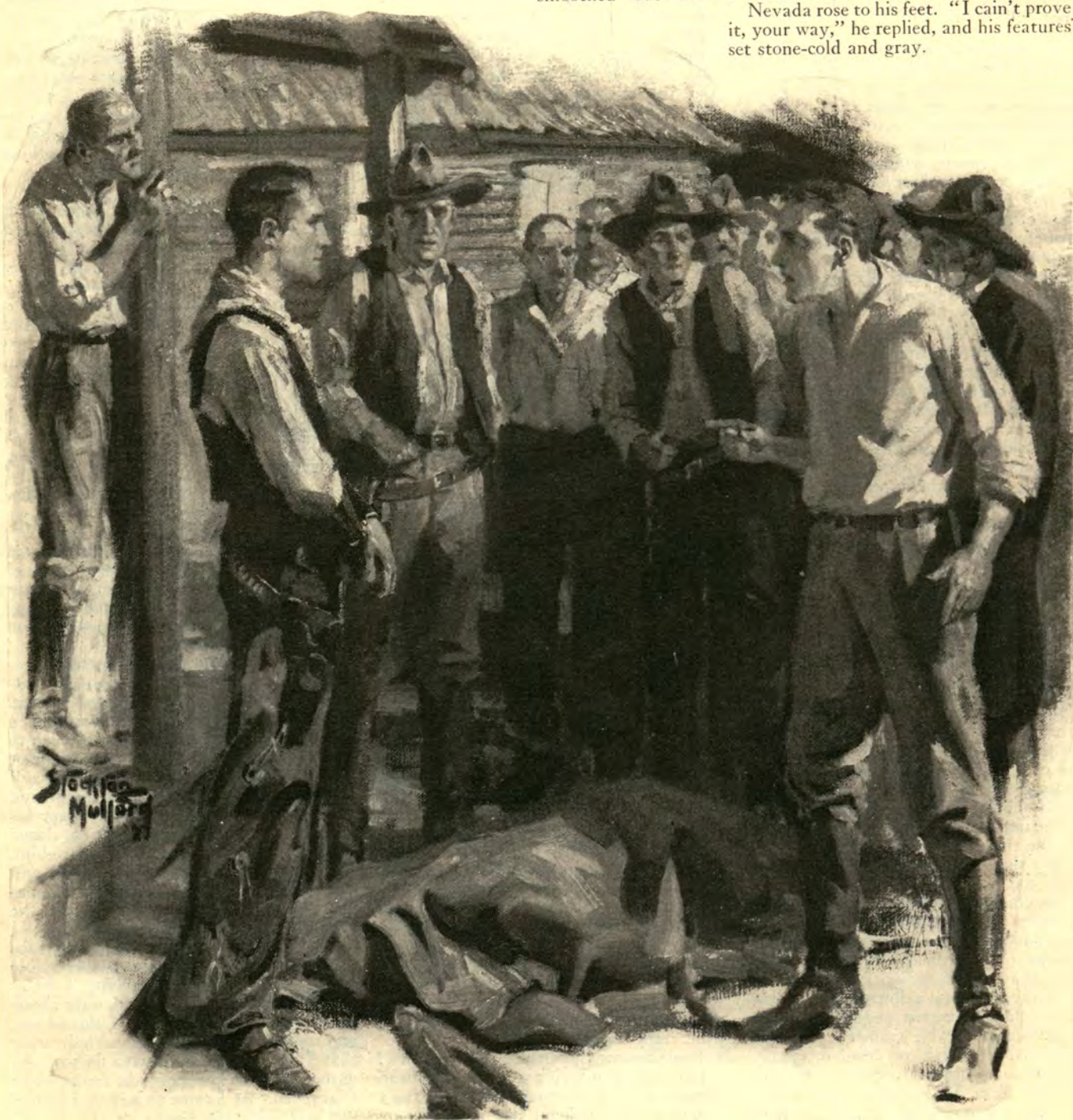
Nevada knelt before her, his face convulsed. Slowly it smoothed out and

a wild darkness faded from his eyes.

"There. I reckon I must ask you to excuse me for bein' rough. But I shore couldn't stand that talk about not lovin' you."

"I will not believe—unless you prove it," returned Hettie unsteadily, as she reached for her sombrero.

Nevada rose to his feet. "I cain't prove it, your way," he replied, and his features set stone-cold and gray.



"Oh, what have you done to me?" cried Hettie wildly, as again emotion rose strong and regained the ascendancy over her.

"Reckon nothin' compared to what you've done to me," he responded, with somber gaze upon her. "Dillon will just about beat me to a gun!"

Hettie stood up, holding to the tree trunk. "Nothing! . . . I've loved you since I first met you. I've been true. I trusted you. My faith in you was as great as my faith in God. I believed you loved me. That when you rode away from Forlorn River—to escape the consequences—when you killed Less Setter to save Ben—I still believed you would be true to me, to the higher self you had found through Ben's love and mine. . . . But you went back to the old life, to the old comrades. Rustlers, gamblers, gunmen! Jim Lacy! You killed just because you wanted to keep that name hated and feared. Oh, my God—it would be my death, if I could not kill my love. But I will kill it. It shall lie as dead as my faith."

Nevada's eyes held a blaze like black

"Sunset for Dillon! An' shore sunset for me!"

Then he spurred the big black, and clattering into the trail soon vanished from sight toward the ranch.

NEVADA approached the Ide ranch from that side closest to the forest, where the pines and cedars trooped down the gentle slopes of the benches, clear to the most outwardly of the cattle sheds.

With his brain on fire and his heart like lead, his whole being crushed under the burning weight of Hettie's outspoken love and terrible scorn, he halted under cover of the last clump of cedars, and dismounted, answering to an instinct, true even in that hour of utter catastrophe—to the instinct which had preserved him so long as Jim Lacy.

He removed saddle and bridle from his horse, and turned it free. He would have no more need of a horse. Then he crouched in the cedars, under tremendous strain, driving himself to the exclusion of all thought, of all emotion, of all faculties

riders, range hands, foreman, all would be waiting the call to supper. The day had been hot. Just now, with the first cool breeze breathing down from the hills, all the men would be outdoors.

There is a fate in many meetings of life, and singularly in all those that involved Jim Lacy.

He swept his gaze to the left, over pasture and field, which were open to his sight. A few horses and colts, cows and calves, a burro, and some black pigs dotted the gray-green pastures and the brown fields. No rider in sight!

Nevada stole swiftly along the fence to the first high corral. Climbing to the top log of the high fence he peeped over. No man in sight! He climbed and ran and climbed and ran, quickly gaining the open gate of the last corral.

A Mexican boy appeared, leading horses to a watering trough; a rider came trotting down the long lane between the fields;

ILLUSTRATED BY STOCKTON MULFORD



"Stand up. Let me look at you!" ordered Ben suddenly. With a violent wrench the prisoner jerked out of his dejected posture, and stood erect. Composed and pale, he faced his judge

someone was driving cows in from the pasture. From behind the cabins in the courtyard came the loud rollicking laughter of cowboys.

Nevada did not hesitate a moment.

Leisurely he strode from the corral toward the longest cabin, making for the nearest end, where cords of firewood were stacked high. That end, where blue smoke curled from a stone chimney, would be the kitchen. There would be a porch on the other side.

Nevada gained the wood piles. They had been stacked, seemingly, to furnish him perfect passageway and perfect cover, for the fruition of this long-planned moment. It never crossed his mind that Dillon might not be there. Dillon would be there. For the men who had wronged Jim Lacy or incurred his enmity there

lightning. "Reckon that'll be about all I want to heah," he said, in tones she had never heard before.

He gathered up the reins and vaulted into the saddle, then turned to gaze down

the trail over which he had just ridden. "Horses comin'," he said, briefly. "It's Marvie with his girl, Rose Hatt. They'll look after you. It's about sunset," he went on, with strange gaze upon the west.

except those few cardinally important for the issue at hand.

When he emerged from under cover of the cedars he might have been an automaton, with guidance of some grim-strung spirit.

He glided behind brush to the sage, and through this to the pole fence. It led to the back of log cabins, which he marked as the bunk-houses. The sunset hour was near. Silver-edged purple clouds hung over the soft rounded foothills. Soon the sun would sink from behind the broken mass of cloud, and slide down into that golden space behind the ranges. Cowboys,

existed a fatality which operated infallibly. Or else, Lacy never made a mistake. It was something that he felt.

He glided between the high stacks of wood. Before he peeped out he saw horsemen riding down the dusty road, which wound away to the north and Winthrop. Then Nevada put his eye to an aperture between two billets of cedar that protruded from the stack.

A dozen or more men lounged and sat and stood in plain sight. Cowboys in shirt-sleeves, faces shiny and red, hair glossed and wet, sat on the ground, backs to the cabin.

Nevada recognized Macklin, the Winthrop sheriff, leaning against the hitching rail, in conversation with two other men, not garbed as riders. Facing Nevada was a tall man in black with a bright badge on his vest. This was another sheriff, a stranger to Nevada.

"We sure want to get off by sun-up," he was saying to a man near him.

This man stood with his back toward Nevada. His powerful, supple shoulders showed wonderfully through his white, clean shirt. Nevada recognized that lithe, stalwart build, the leonine neck, the handsome head, with its clustering fair hair.

**DILLON!** A slight, cold thrill ran over Nevada. Following it came an instinct like that of a tiger to leap.

Nevada swiftly ran his glance over the other men, standing near and in the background. Ben Ide was not present!

Then Nevada drew back behind the woodpile, loosened his gun in its sheath, and stood there an instant, while the waiting forces of brain and muscle vibrated into a tremendous unity.

"Come an' get it," sang out the cheery voice of the cook inside.

At this instant Nevada bounded out swiftly and ran to a halt.

"Hold on!" he yelled, with all the power of his lungs.

In the instant of silence that ensued Dillon was the only man to move, and he wheeled swift as a flash, so swiftly that the receding trace of mirth had not yet left his handsome face.

"Howdy, Dillon," drawled Nevada, slow and cool.

Macklin shuffled erect.

"That's Jim Lacy!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Shore is. Careful now, you outsiders!" warned Nevada, yet with eyes only for Dillon.

Every man in line with Dillon plunged off the porch or darted into the cabin. The cowboys sank back to the ground, sagging against the log wall.

Dillon stood on the porch facing Nevada, scarcely thirty feet distant. His reaction from careless mirth to recognition of peril was as swift as his sight. But there followed the instant when his faculties had to grasp what that peril was, and how he should meet it.

Nevada had gambled on this instant. It was his advantage. He did not underrate Dillon. He read his mind in those dilating eyes.

"Wal, you know me," said Nevada icily. "An' I know you—Dillon—*Campbell*—ED RICHARDSON!"

That was the paralyzing challenge. The rustler turned a ghastly white. The frontier's bloody creed, by which he had lived, called him to his death. His green

eyes set balefully. He knew. He showed his training. He had no more fear of death than of the swallows flitting under the eaves above. But he had a magnificent and desperate courage to take his enemy with him.

Richardson never uttered a word. Almost imperceptibly his body lowered as if under instinct to crouch. His stiff, bent right arm began to quiver.

Nevada saw the thought in Richardson's eyes—the birth of the message to nerve and muscle. When his hand flashed down Nevada was drawing.

"Crash!" Nevada's shot did not beat Richardson's draw; but it broke his aim. The rustler's gun went off half-leveled. He lurched with terrible violence and his gun boomed again. The bullet scattered the gravel at Nevada's feet and spanged away into the air.

A wide red spot appeared as if by magic on the middle of Richardson's white shirt. How terrible to see him strain to raise his gun arm!

At Nevada's second shot one of Richardson's awful eyes went blank. His arm hooked round the porch post. Then it sank limp, letting him fall with sodden thud.

Nevada was the first to withdraw his gaze from that crumpled heap. He flipped his gun into the air and caught it by the barrel.

"Heah, sir," he said to the sheriff with the star on his vest, and extended the gun butt foremost. "I reckon that'll be about all for Jim Lacy!"

The strain on the watchers relaxed. A murmur of wonder ran through them, growing louder. The sheriff came to a power of movement and speech.

"What? Lacy, are you handin'—over your gun?"

"Wal, I'm not pointin' the right end of it at you," replied Nevada, and tossed the gun at the sheriff's feet.

Here Macklin came rushing up, to get between Nevada and the other sheriff.

"Jim Lacy, you're my prisoner!" yelled Macklin. "Hands up!"

"Shoot an' be hanged, you four-flush officer of the law," retorted Nevada wearily, and, turning his back to Macklin, he strode to a seat on the porch steps.

"Run for the boss!" shouted Raidy to the cowboys. "Fetch him an' Judge Franklidge."

"Hyar comes Tom Day with his outfit," yelled a cowboy, pointing to the horsemen entering the square.

Nevada experienced a weariness of soul and body. It was over. He did not care what happened.

"Say, give me a smoke, one of you punchers," he said, removing his sombrero to wipe his clammy brow.

**BEHIND,** in the forest, Marvie Blaine had come, swinging down the trail at a gallop, with Rose Hatt riding close upon his horse's heels.

Marvie rode right upon Hettie before halting. "Say, you look like thunder!" he ejaculated, with anxious concern, as he helped her mount her horse.

"Marv, that's the way I feel," replied Hettie.

Rose joined them, to crowd her pony close, eager yet shy, with eyes alight and lips parted. "Oh, Miss Hettie!" she cried rapturously. "Marvie's brought me to

you. I—I'll never go back—to the brakes."

"My dear, you're welcome to my home," returned Hettie warmly, leaning to kiss the flushed face.

"Hettie, you've seen a ghost, the same ghost I saw," declared Marvie shrewdly.

"Oh, Marvie lad—a ghost indeed!" moaned Hettie. "Nevada! . . . He just left me—to—to kill Dillon!"

"No news to me!" shouted Marvie fiercely. "I've got to see that. . . . Fetch Rose. But go 'round. Keep away from the corrals!"

The last he delivered over his shoulder, as he urged his horse into the trail and whipped him into a run. In a moment he passed out of sight among the pines. The swift patter of hoofs died away.

"Come, Rose—ride!" suddenly cried Hettie, striking her horse.

The spirited animal, unused to that, broke into a gallop, and then a run. Hettie looked back. The girl was close behind, her hair flying in the wind, her face flashing.

**WHERE** the trail emerged from the pines, Hettie turned her horse and kept to the top of the slope. Soon she passed Nevada's big black horse, grazing on the sage. "*An' shore sunset for me!*" Nevada's words of resignation and sadness rang in her ears like bells of doom.

Suddenly she imagined she heard a shot. Another! A gunshot—then two sharp cracks, clear on the breeze. She reeled in her saddle. Almost she put her horse at the ranch fence. But she kept on in wild flight, forgetting Rose, clutching with left hand at her breast, where uncertainty mounted to supreme agony.

Her fast horse, keen at the freedom afforded him, swept on as in a race, on by the corrals and gardens, up over the low bench, and through the woods to her cabin, where her mother stood, waving frantically from the porch. Hettie rode on, over the bridge, into the shady green glade before Ben's house.

Here she pulled her iron-jawed horse to a snorting halt. She saw men running. She heard Rose's pony come clattering over the bridge. Then Marvie's horse appeared over the rise of ground toward the corral.

One sight of Marvie's flashing face answered Hettie. She could have screamed in her frenzy. Marvie reached her at the moment Rose came up. His horse reared and pounded. Marvie jerked him down with powerful arm, and closed with Hettie.

"Nevada's down there—handcuffed!" he whispered pantingly. "Dillon's dead! . . . Oh, there'll be trouble now! . . . But not a word from—you an' Rose!"

The boy's heated face, the horses, Rose so white and rapt, the running riders, the houses and the pines, all blurred in Hettie's sight. She felt the girl's strong hand on her, steadying her in the saddle. The deadly faintness passed.

Ben and Judge Franklidge were striding out to meet the running cowboys.

"Judge, I told you I heard shots," Ben was saying. "Somethin's happened!"

"Seems like. But don't let it upset you," replied the judge.

"There's Marvie. . . . Has he gone loco?" exclaimed Ben in amaze, as the boy, riding wildly, scattered the men coming up the slope.

"By thunder, (Continued on page 82)



## You expect great things of him

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|         |         |
|---------|---------|
| NAME    | AGE     |
| SEX     | DATE    |
| INITIAL | INITIAL |

## "Nevada"

(Continued from page 62)

Ben!" replied Franklidge, suddenly spying Hettie and Rose as they rode in upon the lawn.

At that juncture, the first cowboy reached Ben, to blurt out:

"Boss, Jim Lacy's here! He's just killed Dillon!"

Ben Ide leaped straight up in sudden, ungovernable fury. He clenched his fists high above his head.

"Killed! My best man! Where's this Jim Lacy?"

"He's settin' on the cook-house porch," put in Raidy. "Handcuffed, sir. . . . The sheriff's put him in irons. An', Boss, Tom Day has rid in with his outfit. They wanted to lynch Lacy. But Tom roared at them like a mad bull. Reckon you'd better hurry down."

Ina came running from the house. "Ben, what—in the—world's happened?"

"Ina, this is no place for women," returned Ben. "Dillon has been shot by that bloody rascal, Jim Lacy."

"Oh, how dreadful!" Then Ina caught sight of Hettie and Rose. She ran to them. "Hettie, what has happened to you? And who's this girl with you?"

"Rose Hatt. Marvie's friend," replied Hettie, bending down. "Oh, Ina, I've—"

Ben, striding away with his men, turned to call out, "Ina, stay back; an' keep those girls with you!"

BUT Hettie did not heed him. "Listen, Ina," she said wildly, "there are not enough men in Arizona to keep me away!" Then she bent down over Ina to whisper, "Jim Lacy is Nevada!"

Ina put a hand over her mouth to stifle a scream. "No!"

"Yes! I've known it a long time. And I met him to-day. . . . But I—I can't talk now. Come!"

Hettie, with Rose on her left, rode at the heels of the striding men. Ina ran beside Hettie, clinging to the stirrup.

They reached the crowd of cowboys and men strange to Hettie.

"Open up here," shouted Ben, in loud, hard voice. "Spread out. . . . Let me see this man!"

The crowd split in a hurry, leaving a wide V-shaped space, at the apex of which sat the prisoner on the edge of the porch. The dead man lay on the ground covered with a blanket.

Hettie recognized Nevada, though his head was bowed and his sombrero hid his face. His hands, in irons, hung over his knees. What a strange, pathetic figure! Hettie's heart failed her. What mystery was here? The moment seemed charged with indefinable and profound portent.

Macklin, the Winthrop sheriff, advanced a stride, with pompous gesture.

"Wal, Mr. Ide, here's your man. I've got him in irons," he boomed.

Ben advanced, his gaze passing from the dead man on the ground to the shrinking prisoner.

"Jim Lacy!" he called, sternly. There was no movement from Nevada. Nobody else stirred. The air was fraught with tragic suggestion, with inscrutable



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## SHAVING CREAM

meaning that yet transfixed the onlookers.

"Lacy, I'm goin' to hang you!"

Still no response from this notorious gunman, whose daring, whose cold nerve had long been a subject for camp-fire gossip.

"Stand up. Let me look at you!" ordered Ben suddenly.

With a violent wrench the prisoner jerked out of his dejected posture, and stood erect. He ducked his head, removing the sombrero, which fell to the ground. Composed and pale he faced his judge.

"MY HEAVENS! . . . Who . . . is this . . . man?" Ben Ide faltered.

There was no answer. The crowd of onlookers gazed spellbound.

"Who are you?"

"Wal, Ben, I'm shore sorry we had to meet this heah way," came the reply, in the old slow, cool accents. "But I reckon it had to be."

"Nevada!"

With the hoarse, wondering cry Ben leaped forward to clasp his old friend in a close embrace, and held him so a long moment.

Hettie saw Ben's face in convulsion, his eyes shut tight, his expression one to bewilder the staring bystanders. To her it was beautiful and somehow soul-satisfying. Her eyes were dim, her heart pounding.

"My old pard! Found at last! . . . Thank God! I thought you were dead. . . . All these long years! . . . It's too good to be true. I reckon it's a dream. Say somethin' to me. . . . Nevada!"

Ben held him back, hands on his shoulders, oblivious to all but that lean, stone-gray face.

"Yes, Ben; Nevada to you; but to all the world—only Jim Lacy."

Ben's transition to reality was swift and passionate. Suddenly white, with blazing eyes, he tore at Nevada's handcuffs. "I don't care who you were. You're Nevada to me—my friend—my pard. An' so you'll be forever! . . . Macklin, unlock these irons!"

"But, Mr. Ide, he's my prisoner," protested the sheriff. "He's wanted for rustlin'. He killed your foreman. The law—"

"To thunder with your law!" interrupted Ben fiercely. "Unlock his irons! Quick. Before I throw my gun on you!"

His hand went to his hip. Tom Day stepped out to get between Macklin and Ben.

"Easy now, Ben. Let old Tom have a word," he said, in his big voice, now full and resonant. "We've had enough gun-play for one day. . . . Macklin, give me the key to these irons."

The sheriff, red of face, flustered and intimidated, complied, with poor grace. Day unlocked the irons, removed them, and cast them at Macklin's feet.

Nevada rubbed his wrists, and then looked up to smile at Day.

"Put her thar, Texas Jack," boomed the old rancher, with a wonderful smile on his rugged face. "We're shore from the old Lone Star State. Let me be the first to shake the good right hand thet did for Dillon."

"Wal, Tom, shore you needn't rub it in," drawled Nevada, as he yielded to the vigorous onslaught of the older man.

"Come heah, Franklidge," called Day,



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beckoning to the judge. "I reckon it's about time."

Ben Ide stood motionless, his eyes expressive of an incredulous wonder that he could not voice. His feeling was surely shared by others there. As for Hettie, she seemed to feel her blood and brain whirl madly. Texas Jack! That warm, splendid smile of the old rancher! Judge Franklidge moving forward with dignified step and grave, kindly face!

But the other black-garbed sheriff intercepted him.

"Mr. Ide, these are sure most extraordinary proceedings," he said authoritatively.

"Thunder, yes!" burst out Ben. "But it's an extraordinary case!"

"The law must take its course. Even if this Jim Lacy was an old pard of yours, he's now a criminal. Reckon his gun-play was always on the level. But he's a cattle an' hoss thief. We set out to hang the leader of this Pine Tree rustler outfit. Sure, Lacy is him. His killin' of Dillon proves that. If his is no hangin' case, it sure is one for jail."

"Struthers, I hired you to come up here," returned Ben, deliberately. "I admit I wanted Jim Lacy shot or hanged. But I've changed my mind. He's my friend. There's some mystery—some mistake here. That's for me to learn, an' not for you."

"All right. But I'll take Lacy to Phoenix for trial," replied Struthers.

"If you do, it'll be over my dead body. Take care, Struthers. This isn't Phoenix. You're up in the brakes."

Thus Ben Ide answered to his few months in Arizona. The situation looked grave again. But Judge Franklidge interposed to push Struthers back.

"YOU have no jurisdiction here, unless I give it," he said. Then he turned to Ben. "My son, don't distress yourself further. Just have a litt'e patience."

Judge Franklidge advanced to place his left hand on Nevada's shoulder, and extend his right, which Nevada quickly met.

Judge Franklidge turned to indicate in slight gesture the dead man on the ground.

"Dillon, of course, was the leader of this Pine Tree rustler gang," he asserted. "Otherwise you would not have risked revealing yourself here?"

"Wal, reckon I wouldn't," replied Nevada, with a smile that held no mirth.

"Dillon!" boomed Tom Day, his eyes rolling at the dead man. "Who was he, Jack?"

"Ed Richardson, late of New Mexico."

"Richardson? Lincoln County War hombre? Billy the Kid outfit?"

"That's the man, Tom."

"Wal, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" ejaculated the old rancher. "I begin to see light. Dillon was thick with Stewart. An' Stewart never worked the same for me after Dillon became foreman heah at Ben's. This mawnin' he was gone. An' he knowed where we was bound for. . . . Jack, what you make of thet?"

"Stewart was one of the three Arizonians that Richardson took into his New Mexican outfit."

"Ahuh! Who's the other two?"

"Burt Stillwell an' Cedar Hatt."

"Stillwell! . . . Jack, didn't you—meet thet hombre just lately," queried Day, "with fatal results to him?"

# LaSalle

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"Yes. It was Stillwell who stole Ben's horse, California Red. I made him send Red back. Reckon that riled Stillwell. . . . An' Marvie Blaine shot Cedar Hatt to-day. So the Pine Tree Outfit is shore broke!"

Ben Ide, in bewildered state, crowded closer to the speakers.

"**M**ARVIE BLAINE shot Cedar Hatt?" ejaculated Judge Franklidge.

"Good lord!" added Day in his booming voice. "What next? Spill it, Jack. Tell us about Marvie!"

"I happened on Cedar Hatt to-day," replied Nevada. "He was ridin' down in one of the brakes an' I was on top. Wal, I soon saw he was trailin' someone. So I worked ahaid an' got down off the Rim. There I happened to run on Marvie an' his girl, Rose Hatt. I was lookin' for Cedar, an' I knew Cedar was lookin' for them. So I kept quiet. Pretty soon, Cedar slips up, right onto them. An' he begins to rave. Rose talked back, an' shore Marvie showed spunk. Cedar knocked him down, an' then Rose too. That riled Marvie an' he tore into Cedar. It looked bad, with Cedar pullin' at his gun. He got it out, but Marvie fought him for it. . . . An', wal, in the fight Cedar dropped the gun, an' Marvie, quick as a cat, snatched it up. Usin' both hands he throwed it on Cedar an' shore bored him twice."

"Whoop-ee!" yelled one of the cowboys at the back of the crowd.

"By thunder, I'd whoop myself if I had any voice left," returned Tom Day. "Where's Marvie? Come heah, you gun-slingin' kid!"

"Come here, my lad," called Judge Franklidge, beckoning.

Marvie slipped off his horse and stalked forward to confront the three men. What a moment for Marvie Blaine!

"Son, what's this we heah?" asked Day, bluntly. "Did you shoot Cedar Hatt?"

"Reckon I did," replied Marvie. "Here's his gun. It happened just about as Nevada told you."

"Who's Nevada?"

Marvie laid a hand on his friend.

"Oho! You mean Jim Lacy heah?"

"No, I mean Nevada," replied the lad, stoutly. "That Jim Lacy handle doesn't go with me."

"Marvie, you speak for me," interposed Judge Franklidge. "He may indeed be Nevada and Jim Lacy. But for me he will always be Texas Jack. He has worked for me for two years. And before that for Tom Day. We found him to be the best cowboy who ever threw a rope for us. And more—a splendid, honest man whom it is my privilege to call friend, and whom I would be happy to take into my cattle business."

"Hey, you sheriff rustlers," boomed Tom Day, with loud satisfaction. "Did you heah that? Wal, listen to some more. Texas Jack volunteered to clean up this Pine Tree Outfit. He had my backin'. He had Judge Franklidge's office behind him. He had free hand to become a rustler an' thief, to drink an' gamble an' shoot his way into the secret of the Pine Tree Outfit. And there wasn't any raid over the Rim. The judge's men have got the rustlers an' the cattle, too, by this time. Do you savvy? Or are you wearin' your hair too long? There won't be any

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arrest here. There won't be anyone dangle on a rope!"

HETTIE lay upon her bed, face to the open window, with the cool, sweet, sage-laden wind blowing in upon her. Dusk had fallen. The last rose and gold of the afterglow of sunset lingered in the west. She never knew how she had got from Ben's courtyard, home to her own room. Dimly she remembered faces, and murmuring voices that had no meaning.

The door opened—closed. Ben knelt beside her bed—took her hands—kissed her face.

"Hettie, I came as quick as I could get away," he said, with deep agitation. "I was knocked off my pins. But, happy—oh, girl, never so happy before, except on the day Ina married me! . . . When I could think, I remembered you. So here I am."

"Oh, Ben!" she whispered, and clung to him, her overburdened heart lifting painfully.

"Hettie dear, joy never kills," he replied tenderly.

"If it were—only joy!" mourned Hettie.

"Child, there's nothing *but* joy," he rushed on. "It was a terrible shock to find our old Nevada—was Jim Lacy. But we always knew he was somebody bad. No, not bad. But somebody wild an' great. You knew, Hettie. . . . An' now he's turned up. He had given up the old, wild life. He had found honest work, an' had lived clean an' fine. As we knew him in those happy days at Forlorn River. So you see all your love an' faith an' hope were justified. He *was* worth it. Thank God I never lost—"

"Hush! You're killing—me!" gasped Hettie, writhing from his embrace.

"Hettie! Why, sister, this is not like you," he expostulated, in anxiety. "You're overcome. It has been too much for you."

"Not the joy, not the excitement," she returned. "But I have failed him so terribly!"

IT CAME out then, gradually, sometimes incoherently, the story of her meeting with Nevada; and Hettie, in her self-abasement, magnified all the bitter invective and woman's scorn which she had flung into his face.

Ben drew her head back to his shoulder and smoothed her hair.

"He . . . will . . . never . . . forgive me," she sobbed, with the relief that came through his sympathy, his championship.

"Nevada? Why, that fellow would forgive anythin'."

"I . . . can never . . . forgive myself!"

"Hettie, it will all come right. You're just overwrought by this sudden crash. Please, Hettie. Brace up, an' see it through. I swear to you Nevada will be just like I am now. On my knees to you!"

"Where is he?"

"I left him in the livin'-room playin' with Blaine. The kid took a shine to him pronto. An' Nevada! Lord, no one would ever dream of him bein' what we've learned to understand by the name Jim Lacy. He's just himself now, as we remembered him. He's Nevada, that's all!"

Hettie lay awake many hours and when she fell asleep she dreamed vague, unreal, distorted dreams. But she awoke to a



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**Y**OU know him—the "cold-bath liar." He brags, offensively, about the bracing, stimulating, zestful feeling he gets when he tumbles out of a nice warm bed and jumps under the icy shower. Yes—you may dislike him because you think he's lying half the time, but one thing you envy him. He gets by with a reputation for being antiseptically clean.

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Wash your hands thoroughly. Dry them. Rub a little Pompeian Massage Cream into the back of your hand until the cream first disappears, then comes out again. Notice this—the cream goes in pink and comes out



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new day, new as the bright morning, and with a dawning hope, like the gold and blue of the Arizona sky.

She had no time for her own thoughts. Marvie rushed in upon her, in the kitchen, to be followed by Rose, shy, sweet, modest as the wild flower for which she was named. Already they had been out in the woods, and now they were hungry as bears. They wanted to go to Winthrop. Would Hettie go? Rose must have clothes and books and things. How Marvie's face glowed under his freckles! And Rose was in a transport. Had she forgotten that sordid home down in the brakes?

"Not to-day," replied Hettie, to their importunities. "To-morrow, maybe, if Ben consents."

"What has Ben Ide to do with my affairs?" demanded Marvie loftily. "I'd like to have you know I can ride for Franklidge or Tom Day, or any other big rancher in Arizona."

"Marv, boy, of course I know," she said. "But you must use some sense. Rose is to have a home with me. And I shall take her to San Diego for the winter. I should think you would want to be near her this fall, and also go to San Diego, at least for a while."

Marvie wilted under that.

"Well, if Ben crawls to me I'll consider comin' back," replied Marvie, condescendingly.

**A**FTER breakfast Ben came to her so utterly abject that he was funny.

"Now, what?" queried Hettie. "You needn't come to me for sympathy."

"Aw, Hettie, that's what Ina said, an' she stuck to it," said Ben. "But I've got to tell somebody. An' Nevada is moon-struck or somethin'. He never heard me."

"All right, Bennie," smiled Hettie, relenting.

"You know, I fired Raidy; well, of course I had to go to him an' ask him to come back. Reckon the old fellow was hurt deep. He didn't rub it in, but he was sure cold. For a long while I apologized, made excuses, swore, an' did about everything before he would take back the old job. But at that he was nothin' compared to Marvie Blaine."

"Indeed? Yes; I remember you fired Marvie too," said Hettie.

"You would have died laughin' to see that kid," went on Ben ruefully. "I sent for him. Did he come? Not much. He sent word back by my messenger that if I wanted to talk to him I could hunt him up. So I had to. An' I'm darned if I don't believe he watched me an' kept dodgin' me."

"Well, anyway, I found him at last an' asked him to forget our difference. Whew! . . . Say, he's expanded in this Arizona air. He had an argument that floored me. It was logic, though I wouldn't admit it. He made me crawl. You know I love Marvie, an' I could never let him leave Ina an' me, till he's grown up."

"Well, after he got his job back at a higher salary he put on the screws some more. He actually hit me for the reward I offered for any clue leadin' to the apprehension of the Pine Tree Outfit. That reward was a thousand dollars. Marvie claimed Rose was his clue. The cheeky little rooster! But Nevada backed him up. An' as a matter of fact, 'most every-



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thin' came through Rose. So I promised it to him. . . . Now what do you say?"

Hettie leaped up gladly. "Good for Marv! Now, Ben, run over and crawl to Ina. Then we—you all can be happy again!"

"Ahuh! I get the hunch that 'you' aren't included. I'll bet before this day ends you'll be as crazy as Marv, an' mum as his little wood-mouse Rose."

STILL Hettie was not to have any of the solitude she craved. No sooner had Ben gone than Judge Franklidge appeared.

"I've come over to bid you and Mrs. Ide good-by," he said, in his kindly way. "It has been a rather staggering time. But we're on our feet again, and 'ridin' pretty' as the cowboys say."

Then, leaning closer to Hettie, he continued in lower tone: "You recall one day at my home, when you said somethin' mysterious to me then, but pertinent now. It was about—Nevada."

"I remember, Judge Franklidge," murmured Hettie, trembling.

"Well, would I be correct if I—sort of put two and two together—or perhaps I should say one and one? . . . Nevada and Hettie, for instance?"

His persuasive voice, deep with understanding, and his linking together the two names, quite subdued her poor and rebellious resistance. She dropped her head, murmuring a faint affirmative.

"I'm glad I hit upon the truth," he said, with eagerness. "I watched you yesterday, and I believe I saw then something of your ordeal. And I see now in your face the havoc that tells of your pain. It is my earnest hope to soothe that pain, Hettie Ide."

"It has been a terrible shock for you to find in your Texas Jack—or Nevada as you call him—no other than the infamous or famous Jim Lacy. This is natural, but it is all wrong. I've met, and trusted, no finer man than this same Jim Lacy. But I did not come to eulogize him. I want to make clear in your mind just what such men as Jim Lacy mean to me."

"I have lived most of my life on the frontier, and I know what its wildness has been and still is. There are bad men and bad men. It is a distinction with a vast difference. I have met or seen many of the noted killers. Wild Bill, Wes Hardin', Kingfisher, Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, an' a host of others. These men are not bloody murderers. They are a product of the times. The West could never have been populated without them. They strike a balance between the horde of ruffians, outlaws, and the wild life of a wild era. It is the West as any Westerner knows it now."

"And we could not be pioneers, we could not progress without this violence. Without the snuffing out of dissolute and desperate men, such as Dillon, Cedar Hatt, Stillwell. The rub is that only hard, iron-nerved youths, like Billy the Kid, or Jim Lacy, can meet such men on their own ground. That is all I wanted you to know. And, also, that if my daughter cared for Jim Lacy I would be proud to give her to him!"

"Thank you, Judge Franklidge," replied Hettie, lifting her head to look straight into his eyes. "But you misunderstand my—my case. I do not mind—that Nevada has been Jim Lacy."

"For heaven's sake, then, why all this—this—I don't know what?"

Hettie glanced away, out into the green, black-striped forest.

"I scorned him. I believed him lost to—to—I failed in faith. And I am afraid he will never forgive me."

"Hettie Ide," returned Franklidge, with solemn finality, "this Texas Jack won't even know he has anything to forgive!"

BEFORE Hettie could recover from this ultimatum, Marvie waylaid her. He hauled Hettie off the porch, and out under the trees.

"Hettie," he whispered in her ear, "I fixed it for you."

"Marvie! Are you— Oh, if you—"

"Keep in the saddle," he interrupted, shaking her. "Nevada just told me he was dyin' of love for you. . . . There now, Hettie, don't look like that. I'm dead serious. Cross my heart! . . . Didn't you make my Rose happy? Why, I'd go to torment for you. An' Nevada knows it. He's sufferin'. He thinks you ought to send for him, if you can forgive him for bein' Jim Lacy."

Hettie could only cling mutely to this glad-eyed boy who was torturing her.

"So I fixed it. You run out there across the bench," he went on, pointing with eager fingers. "You know. There among the pines where I always find you. Go now. Nevada is watchin'. He'll come. I swore I'd get you there, if I had to pack you. An' I will!"

Hettie kissed his brown, lean cheek, then ran wildly into the shelter of the pines. First, she meant only to escape Marvie, and all of them. But an irresistible magnet drew her to the secluded nook, where she went so often alone, to gaze out under the low cover of green to the purple sage and the changing radiance of the desert.

Nevada was there—somehow, the Nevada of old. Hettie ran into his arms.

"I—love—you! I love you!" she cried imploringly. "Forgive me. I'll never, never fail you again!"

Hours passed, and sunset again widened its golden effulgence down over the sage hills to the rolling slopes. Purple clouds like ships sailed in a sea of gold and rose.

Hettie and Nevada sat, backs to the great pine tree, their cheeks together, their hands clinging.

"Ben sprung somethin' on me," Nevada was saying. "Why not all of us rustle down to San Diego? Shore, it floored me. . . . But I'd like you to get away from heah just now, for a little. . . . So, darlin' Hettie, would I be asking too much if, if—"

"No. Ask me anything," murmured Hettie.

"If I'd ask you to marry me?"

"If! . . . Do you?"

"Shore. I reckon I'm darin' to."

"No," said Hettie.

He accepted that in startled silence.

"I mean no—you are *not* asking too much. . . . Oh, Nevada! Yes! Yes!"

The last golden flare of sunset burned from over the darkening range.

"Arizona is smiling at us," said Nevada, gazing at the sunset glow upon her rapt face.

"Nevada is smiling down upon *me*," she replied.

(The End)

# Today's dandruff may mean tomorrow's baldness



a simple  
pine tar method  
to prevent it



THIS is not a "before and after" picture. To show you how subtracting hair adds years, the artist has simply sketched a young man with and without his hair.

Do you know that practically all cases of baldness trace back to dandruff? Foresight, as well as a gentleman's natural distaste for dandruff, suggests that we do something definite about it.

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When you wash your hair, do this: Wet

the hair with warm water, apply Packer's Tar Soap and pile up the rich, piney lather. With the finger-tips massage three minutes. Rinse. Lather again, repeat the massage, then rinse thoroughly.

In severe cases of dandruff, repeat this every other day for one or two weeks. (In milder cases, every third or fourth day may be sufficient.) Gradually decrease the frequency of the shampoos as your scalp clears. Then *keep up* the treatments regularly once a week to prevent the dandruff from coming back.

In most cases, this simple method will soon rid your scalp of dandruff and restore your hair's normal, healthy vitality.

## Send 10c for Sample and Manual

For 10c (stamps or coin) we will send you a generous sample of Packer's Tar Soap and a copy of our new Manual, "The Care of the Hair." This profusely illustrated 28-page book has recently been re-edited to present the most scientific thought on the care of the hair. It contains dozens of authoritative suggestions for keeping your hair healthy and young-looking. Fill in the coupon, clip and mail today.

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I enclose 10c. Please send me sample  
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# PACKER'S Tar Soap

"PURE AS THE PINES"