

# GUNLOCK RANCH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

Copyright Frank H. Spearman

WNU Service

## SYNOPSIS

Sleepy Cat, desert town of the Southwest, is celebrating the Fourth of July. Jane Van Tassel, beautiful daughter of Gus Van Tassel, hated owner of Gunlock ranch, has arrived from the East for the first time. She watches the Frontier Day celebration in company with Dr. Carpy, crusty, tender-hearted friend of the community. Henry Sawdy of the Circle Dot ranch, tricked in a fake horse race the day before by Dave McCrossen, foreman at Gunlock, plans revenge.

## CHAPTER I—Continued

In consequence the Circle Dot boys, as Sawdy's outfit was known, made no special contribution to the Fairgrounds festivities; they were present but not betting.

Sawdy, long-faced and solemn, neglected to pull at his sweeping mustachios—a sure sign of mental depression. John Lefever, rotund and naturally jolly, Circle Dot foreman, only whistled softly.

The noon train from Medicine Bend brought a few more visitors to the Fairgrounds. These made just about a load for Jim McAlpin's bus. To the Medicine Bend man, Jim paid particular deference, calling him frequently by his first name.

The moment McAlpin's favored passenger had paid his fare, tipped the Scotch liverman generously, and walked toward the grandstand, McAlpin confided to those about him that this was the celebrated Harry Tenison, big-time gambler from Medicine Bend, who talked of opening a place in Sleepy Cat.

Sawdy and Lefever were in noody confab behind the grandstand when the dapper Tenison approached, picking his steps with disgust through the dust. Sawdy's eyes lighted on the new arrival first. He gave a great start.

"Harry!" he cried. "For the love o' women! Of all men you're sent this minute from heaven."

"How much is this goin' to cost, Henry?" asked Tenison, pausing to dust his shoes with an immaculate silk handkerchief. Lefever, too, beamed on Tenison.

"Harry!" he shouted. "For the love o' Mike, how come?"

"Two of you," commented Tenison calmly. "The clouds are gathering. I suppose you've been cleaned by this Sleepy Cat bunch and want me for a pay-off."

"Harry," murmured Sawdy, lowered-voiced and very sober. "I'll admit I couldn't have said it better myself. Come this way. Talk low."

The three found a quiet spot back of the grandstand. The story of the cowmen was soon told. It went into sympathetic and unhesitating ears. As with all gamblers who play big, Tenison's mind was soon made up. "I don't bank much on sure things; but you two seem to know what you're talkin' about. How much do you boys want?"

"A thousand, Harry."

Tenison thought a minute. "Is Jake Spotts in town?"

"Here on the grounds, if he's not up at the saloon."

"Hunt him up. He'll have a few hundred. I've got a few in my pocket. Where's the boy that pulls this stuff for you?"

"Come over to the horses and meet Bill Denison. We're keeping him dark. They think he's a hostler."

Tenison, when introduced, looked over Sawdy's hope in his usual cold-blooded fashion. Jake Spotts, the profane barber-shop-and-bar magnate, appeared meantime. Tenison asked for six hundred dollars. Jake counted his roll. He showed four hundred odd. "Give me the four, Jake," said Tenison calmly.

"I c'n get all you want up at the bar, Harry," suggested Spotts, thin, tall, bald-headed, hollow-jawed, and hollow-eyed.

"There's no time to make the trip, Jake," interposed Sawdy, nervous. "The races are pretty near over, and the trick ridin' comes next."

"No matter," interposed Tenison. "I'll borrow a couple hundred from Harry Boland."

"Why Boland's backin' the Gunlock outfit?"

"All the better. I'd just like to double-cross the . . ."

Within the next five minutes he was talking to Boland. "What's next on the program?" asked the Medicine Bend gambler after the preliminaries.

"Trick ridin'," said Boland. "Chance to pick up any money on it?"

"Sure, if you can place any money. Bet on McCrossen, ridin' for Gunlock."

"The rustler?"

"Hell, he's foreman at Gunlock now."

"I suppose Van Tassel wouldn't feel easy if he had an honest man stealin' for him. All right. If you say it's McCrossen, lend me a couple of hundred, Harry. I'd like to make my fare up here, anyway."

Boland counted out two hundred dollars and handed it over. Tenison handed half of it back to Boland. "Put this on McCrossen for me—"

"I suppose you've been cleaned by this Sleepy Cat bunch."

I'll see if I can place the rest on him myself. Who's ridin' against him?"

"Two or three buckaroos. The Circle Dot outfit have entered a young fellow—we'll clean 'em, same as we did yesterday," predicted Boland.

"I heard about that—suckers will always fall for it, Harry. Well, I'll go over and talk to Sawdy and Lefever—see if they got any money left—maybe I can get a small bet."

Boland was fat and short. He never breathed easily; but he would not have been able to breathe at all if he had heard the next talk between Tenison and Sawdy.

"How does it look to you, Harry?" blurted out Sawdy.

"Like many things have looked before takin'; they don't always look so good after. Here's Jake's four hundred. I'm addin' six hundred—that makes your thousand. I don't know about that cigarette trick. I never saw it done but once."

"Where was that?"

"In Madison Square Garden."

"Who pulled it?"

"A young fellow—a Texan—I didn't get his name."

Full information may be obtained from H. C. Sutherland, secretary of the U. S. Civil Service Board of Examiners, at the postoffice in this city.

**Crater Lake Accident.**  
Monday, July 20, Warren Bowden, a 19-year-old boy of Portsmouth, Va., fell over the rim of Crater lake and lost his life on the rocks below. He fell a distance of about 1000 feet. Bowden, accompanied two boys from Portsmouth.

**Spain's Revolution Crushed.**  
Madrid claims that the Spanish revolution has been crushed. It is estimated that at least 25,000 persons have been slain. The rebels, however, claim that they still control Morocco and Barcelona.

**Civil Service Examinations.**  
The United States Civil Service commission has announced open competitive examinations as follows:

Extension specialist in parent education, \$4,600 a year, department of agriculture.

Junior home economics specialist, various optionals, \$2,000 a year, bureau of home economics, department of agriculture.

Fire prevention officer, \$3,200 a year, forest service, department of agriculture.

Legislative reference assistant, \$2,300 a year social security board. In addition to specified education, applicants must have had certain experience in reference work in connection with federal and state legislative activities.

Photographers, various grades and specialties, \$1,260 to \$2,600 a year.

Topographic and lithographic draftsmen, various grades, \$1,620 to \$2,600 a year.

Inspectors of scales and weighing, \$2,000 to \$2,600 a year, bureau of animal industry, department of agriculture.

From the judges' stand came the clang of the bell. The jockeys rode up to hear the decision. When they had ridden away, the announcing judge called for the contestant in the next event—the fancy riding.

Four entries rode up and were checked in. First came McCrossen, Gunlock foreman, tall and spare, long-haired and straight as a statue, riding the identical mare that had taken the Circle Dot money the day before.

Next for entry came a Gunlock brave, accoutered with banded hair in scant Indian fashion. The third hope was a local boy in brave apparel.

The fourth to rise up was the night wrangler of the Circle Dot outfit—not an alarming threat either in looks or in reputation. He rode the horse on which he had been so badly beaten the day before. Lefever's little chestnut gelding.

Three judges had been chosen to name the victor—Jim Laramie, a north-country cattleman, himself a rider of no mean ability; John Selwood, a mining man who like-wise knew how to ride; and an ex-sheriff, Bill Pardaloe—now a deputy.

The first test came in Indian style riding. This meant bareback first with bridle stripped; then with bridle. The Reservation entry was at home in this.

Pardaloe gave him a hundred points and waited for the next man. The local boy passed out on this test. McCrossen made a splendid showing, but his size was against him for that style of horsemanship.

The wrangler, almost as large a man, seemed able better to twist and wind himself around his gelding. The last time he raced down the course it looked as if the horse had lost his rider, so completely did the wrangler hide himself on the opposite side.

The judges, at least, decided that no buck they had ever seen "ide could hide himself more effectually from a foe—they gave the Texan par with the buck. McCrossen fell a few points under the two.

Wild West riding followed. In this McCrossen made a perfect score. His long, lithe body in action, his perfect ease and his striking garb brought enthusiastic applause. The wrangler, now well though of, was a disappointment in this test. He got through all the work, but seemingly unevenly and with an effort. He dropped to eighty points, with McCrossen at par. Even the local boy and the Indian passed him.

"Looks like yesterday over again," said Harry Boland, disposed to jeer at Sawdy. "Guess your boy shot his bolt on the first round."

The laugh seemed to bore into Sawdy. "We don't quit yet," he blurted out like one baffled but not beaten.

"What do you think, Harry?" Boland was appealing now to Tenison.

"Looks like the wrangler is through," assented Tenison. Backing then to one side and speaking loud to Boland, he added: "Put that money of mine on McCrossen—he's got the act in the bag."

"Well, better luck next time, Henry," said Boland, resuming his prodding of Sawdy.

"I don't ask any better luck," retorted Sawdy. "My boy is the best rider in this bunch, an' I know it."

"Henry," asked Boland, "have you got any money that says that?"

Sawdy fairly hated the sound of the fellow's sneering voice. "The boy's just havin' an off spell—might be all right next event."

"But you wouldn't bet on it?"

Sawdy looked at his tormentor gravely. "You want a bet, eh?"

"Sounds like it, don't it?"

"What odds'll you give?"

Boland turned to Tenison to laugh. "Here's a man with the best fancy rider on earth and askin' odds on him."

"Askin' odds on him today only," explained Sawdy defensively. "He's just off color today."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

had started down the steep wall to go swimming. The survivors said they were not aware of the nearby safe trail. Witnesses said Bowden lost his grip and went hurtling down the jagged side.

**LATHAM**  
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Plaster of Waterloo arrived Sunday to spend a week at the home of their son, Claude Plaster.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Yearous and twin sons visited Monday evening at the Black home in Cottage Grove.

The Carl Buffington family spent Sunday in Cottage Grove at the Herman Hurd home.

The Gus Berglund family were Sunday dinner guests at the Wilbur Black home at Knox Hill.

Mrs. John Trunnell, daughter Jeanette, Mrs. Lee Williams, son Allan Lee, Mrs. Mearl Porter and two children went swimming at Steel Bridge Tuesday.

W. T. Garoutte is spending a few days at the homestead of his son, Nelson, at London.

Mr. and Mrs. Folmer Bodker of Junction City visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mads Overgaard.

Those from here attending the Lane county 4-H picnic at Dilly's Riverside Park Sunday were: Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Yearous and three children, the L. W. McKibben family, Benny, Harry and Albert McCall, Ivan Patten, Mrs. John Dugan and three sons, the Hugh Trunnell family, Mrs. Mamie Trunnell, Jeanette Trunnell, Lura Wilson, Juanita Peters, Eleanor McCain, the Mearl Porter family, Jessie Grubb, Keith Foster.

Mr. and Mrs. George Krause of South Pasadena, California and Mrs. Odessa Maasner of Shady Pine were expected to arrive Wednesday at the O. A. Nicholas home.

S. T. Rose and daughter of Cottage Grove visited Saturday evening at the L. W. McKibben home.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Swartz and Mr. and Mrs. Wedge of Los Angeles returned home Saturday after spending over two weeks here at the Frank Van Nortwick and John Trunnell homes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Keyes visited Sunday in Eugene at the Stanley Trunnell home. Harold Trunnell, who had been visiting with them, returned home at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Maddux spent the week end motoring in Eastern Oregon. They went via McKenzie Pass and visited relatives along the way.

Mr. and Mrs. John Trunnell took their sons Roy and Van to Poesley Sunday where they have employment.

Edna Grubb has secured a teaching position at a grade school near Cushman. She and her father motored down there Sunday.

The D. L. Jams family stopped

at the L. W. McKibben home Sunday on their way back to Eugene after a trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. J. W. Maddux returned home Wednesday after spending several days in Roseburg at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Dugette.

Robert Dugan left Tuesday to spend several days at Mountain View, with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Dugan.

Mrs. Lily Drake and Mr. Gleason of Lorane visited Saturday at the John Dugan home.

Donald Dugan is visiting in Lorane at the home of his grandmother Mrs. Lily Drake.

**Clark Has Accident on McKenzie**  
Tom Clark, while motoring on the McKenzie highway Sunday, near Alder Springs experienced an automobile accident which resulted in considerable damage to his car, although no serious injuries were reported. Clark was traveling around a curve when he met a California car and the collision resulted in the Clark machine going over an embankment. Dick Sturges was called and went to the scene with his wrecker.

## TODAY'S TAXOGRAM.

Fifty-two taxes are hidden in every loaf of bread you buy, according to a recent study of the mounting tax burden. The farmer pays 6 taxes; the grain elevator pays 6 taxes; the flour mill pays 4 taxes; the railroad which transports the ingredients pays 11 taxes; the flour trucker pays 7 taxes; the bread wrapper manufacturer pays 7 taxes; the bakery pays 11 taxes. Fifty-two taxes in all! Count them.

**Absolute Pitch**  
Absolute pitch is the ability of a person, when hearing any musical tone, to identify it correctly. It is also the ability to match by voice any named tone without first playing it on an instrument.

**California, Golden State**  
California is called the golden state and El Dorado and its flower is the golden poppy.

— NEW —

**Davenport's \$32.50 up**

**Bed Room Suites**

**\$42.75 up**

(4 Pieces)

**Felt Base Rugs \$4.98**

Here Are Real Bargains, in Fresh, Up-to-the-minute Styles. See Them.

**BRESSLER'S**

You need all these modern features to get complete motoring satisfaction



You need **NEW PERFECTED HYDRAULIC BRAKES** for your own safety and the safety of others, under today's driving conditions. These brakes are the safest, smoothest, and most dependable brakes ever built.



You need a **SOLID STEEL one-piece TURRET TOP** for complete overhead protection, for modern car styling, for the greatest degree of coolness in summer and warmth in winter.



You need **KNEE-ACTION WHEELS\*** for maximum safety as well as maximum riding comfort, because Knee-Action gives the world's safest, smoothest ride.

**Chevrolet is the only low-priced car that has them all**



You need **GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION** for correct air conditioning in all weather. It "scoops in" breezes on hot days—prevents drafts—eliminates clouding of the windshield—and gives each passenger individually controlled ventilation.



You need a **HIGH-COMPRESSION VALVE-IN-HEAD ENGINE** for the finest combination of performance and economy. This sturdy Chevrolet valve-in-head engine excels in all-round action, and gives economy without equal in a full-size car.



You need **SHOCKPROOF STEERING\*** for real driving ease on those long trips you are planning this summer. It eliminates steering wheel vibration and makes driving more nearly effortless than you ever thought it could be.

**\$495** AND UP. List price of New Standard Coupe at Flint, Michigan. With bumpers, spare tire and tire lock, the list price is \$20 additional. \*Knee-Action on Master Models only. \$20 additional. Prices quoted in this advertisement are list at Flint, Michigan, and subject to change without notice. General Motors Installment Plan—monthly payments to suit your purse.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

**PAY DAY TERMS ON**

**U. S. ROYAL TIRES**

Batteries, Spark Plugs, Purolators

**SHIELDS and WARD**

General Petroleum Station—Fifth and Main

Free Parking on Lot at Any Time

The only complete low-priced cars

**CHEVROLET**

**Cottage Grove Motor Co.**

112 North Ninth Street—Phone 77