

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 Tambel, beautiful daughter of Gus Van Tambel, 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. He enters Bill Denison, a handsome young Texas wrangler, in the rodeo which McCrossen is favored to win, and lays heavy bets on him with Harry Holland, saloonkeeper and crony of McCrossen. Unknown to the crowd, Denison is a champion horseman. McCrossen and the young stranger tie in the various events. They are then asked to propose their own stunts. McCrossen winning the toss, picks up a handkerchief from the ground riding full speed, facing backward. Denison easily follows suit. Now it is his turn. He drops a cigarette carelessly, and it is proposed that he try to pick it up riding full tilt. Racing down the track, Denison picks up the cigarette. McCrossen refuses to attempt the stunt. Entreated by the crowd, Denison agrees to perform another trick. Jane Van Tambel is asked for her bracelet and throws it on the track. Just as Denison rides to pick it up a yell from Barney Rebstock, a McCrossen henchman, scares the pony, nearly costing the rider his life. Gun play is prevented by the intervention of Dr. Carpy. Back on Gunlock ranch after two years in Chicago, because of her father's illness, Jane gets lost riding in the hills and meets Denison, now a neighbor, who guides her home. Not knowing her identity, he speaks bitterly of Van Tambel.

CHAPTER III—Continued

"I missed this time. There's never been any trouble locatin' you before. But it won't happen again. So you just wandered away and wandered home again?"

"I did not wander home. I was brought home."

"Who brought you?"

"Bill Denison."

"If a cannon cracker had been exploded under McCrossen, it could not have been more sensational than her answer. He caught his breath with a gulp. 'That fellow! Well, some things do beat the devil!'"

The name doesn't seem to sit very well with you," observed Jane crustily.

"That bird's name doesn't sit very well with anyone at Gunlock."

Jane seemed willing to pursue the subject. "Why not?" she asked languidly as she sipped her coffee.

"Why not? There's more reasons than one. Denison is a rustler. If you know what that means." He paused.

"What else?" she asked in the same fatigued manner.

It nettled her foreman. "He's the worst enemy your father ever had in this whole country. He's probably stole more Gunlock cattle than all the rustlers in the hills."

Jane rode into Sleepy Cat next morning with Bill Page, and when she had dispatched her business at the bank, she walked up street to Carpy's hotel.

She asked for Dr. Carpy, whom she remembered from her visit two years before.

The doctor was somewhat surprised at the sight of this trim, erect girl, eighteen or nineteen years of age, and seemingly a stranger, facing him. Obviously she was a newcomer to Sleepy Cat; the doctor did not at once place her. But his glance swept everything about her like a flash—her cowboy hat, her red, open-neck blouse with its dark flowing tie; her sloping feminine shoulders; delicate, pleasing bosom and slender, rounded hips; her short brown riding skirt and her soft, tight-fitting tan boots. The rig

seemed right for her brown hair and blue eyes. "Dr. Carpy?" her voice was clear and her manner possessed.

The doctor doffed his hat and set his bag down on the desk with an air of satisfaction. "I'm Dr. Carpy. But I'm glad to see you don't need me or any other doctor."

"Why, Doctor?" exclaimed Jane demurely. There was a sophistication in the delicate 'droop of her eyelids, as she protested, that did not escape the doctor. It deceived him only as to her age. "That's hardly complimentary, Dr. Carpy," she ran on. "Have you forgotten Frontier day two years ago when we sat here on the porch together and in the rickety grandstand to see the riding?" Her eyes were laughing. Dr. Carpy was flustered.

"What is your name?"

"Not a very popular one in this country. I'm Jane Van Tambel."

He knit his brows. "Why, that's maybe two years ago, and it was a little girl that I talked to here on the porch and took to the races."



"I Did Not Wander Home. I Was Brought Home."

"I'll be hanged! Two years! And you've sprung into full bloom. Full bloom!" repeated Carpy in undisguised admiration. "Where've you been ever since?"

"In Chicago. You look exactly the same, Doctor."

"Can't say I feel exactly the same, Jane," he said. His eyes still rested on her. "How long were you out last time?"

"Only two months or so. But I'm out now to stay, perhaps."

"I heard something lately about some women folks over to Gunlock, but I didn't hear of you being over there. If I had, I'd have been over there myself. So you're Gus' daughter," he mused.

"Never knew he had a child till you came out the first time. You threw your bracelet out on the track, didn't you?"

"That was partly your fault, Doctor."

"Was it? Well, you got it back."

"I did, but I never learned the name of the man that picked it up. All I could find out, when I asked, was that he was a rustler. You don't remember him, do you?"

"Of course I do. Who the hell said he was a rustler?"

"Why, that's what they told me at the ranch after we got home."

"Well, you've got some able-bodied lars at Gunlock—one in particular."

"Who's that?"

"No need to specify."

"Well, what's the name of the wonderful rider who picked up the bracelet? And the cigarette?"

"It was Bill Denison."

Jane started imperceptibly. "He's living here now on his brother's hill ranch—brother's dead. Well, Jane, what in the world brought you out here?"

"Why, because Father's so ill," Dr. Carpy nodded. "You took care of him, Doctor, and recommended his going to Medicine Bend."

"It was pretty high for him here."

"—so he telegraphed for me to come out to look after the ranch."

"Small girl for big job, as the Indians would say."

Jane laughed. "That's what Father said when he saw me. You know two years ago was the first time in his life he'd ever seen me."

"How old are you, Jane?"

"Almost nineteen."

"Well, well," mused Dr. Carpy still regarding his caller benevolently. "So you're Van Tambel's daughter. I guess you take after your mother."

"Aunt Lou says I do," she returned with composure. "So Father said, too, when I went to see him at the hospital in Medicine Bend last month. And he told me, Doctor, to come to see you about his bill. I couldn't find one from you among the bills at the ranch. Did you ever send one?"

"Hell, Jane, I never sent a bill to anybody in my life."

"Doctor!" exclaimed his caller, startled both at the expletive and the statement. "I never heard of a doctor who didn't send out bills!"

Carpy laughed uproariously. "Why, that's nothing."

"But," she went on, "you took care of Father quite a while. He thinks you're the best doctor he ever had."

The sardonic note in the doctor's slight laugh as he suppressed an exclamation did not escape the girl. "But everyone out here says that or something just like it, so you must be used to it," she added. "Please tell me now, Doctor, what the bill is; I want to pay you."

The doctor waved Jane off. When he sidestepped, she kept after him. He dodged, and she persisted. At last she drew from her purse two one-hundred-dollar bills and laid them on the table in front of him. Carpy looked at them in astonishment. "Your father hasn't gone out of his mind, has he?"

"No," Jane retorted. "Why? That's not enough, is it?" she added shamefacedly. "I didn't know."

"It's at least twice too much Did Gus send this?"

Jane had to fob a bit. She had added a hundred dollars herself to what her father had told her would be about right, if Carpy refused to name the bill. "He told me he wanted you well paid," she answered evasively.

Carpy pushed one bill back to Jane. "That's plenty."

"Doctor," she exclaimed, "I wish you'd take this other bill."

He shook his head. "Put it back in your purse. How are things out at the ranch?"

"You know how it is when the cat's away," laughed Jane.

"You must mean the wildest," suggested Carpy, grinning half amiably.

"Everyone doing things his own way," she continued, ignoring the thrust. "Or not doing them at all."

"Mostly that, I guess."

"Mostly that," agreed Jane. "I can see I have plenty of work ahead."

"And you going on nineteen. And I'll bet, never did a day's work in your life."

She straightened up. "I've worked every day of my life since I left high school at fifteen."

"What for?"

"Helping support Mother."

Carpy flashed with anger. "Do you mean to tell me that old cur mudgeon father of yours didn't support you and your mother?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Special 4-H Awards.

Twelve purebred animals, including four hogs, five lambs and three dairy calves will be awarded to outstanding 4-H club boys and girls exhibiting the various breeds at the Oregon State fair. These are known as "specials" and are in addition to the numerous cash prizes, trophies and other premiums offered. These animals are awarded by prominent breeders and breed associations as a means of encouraging the young farmers in the use of high quality animals. The basis of awards for each of these specials is outlined in the premium list, some of them requiring special entry by club members planning to compete.

Payroll Participation.

According to a recent survey of the United States News, industry and business, in 1934, paid out \$25,220,000,000 in wages to persons in low and moderate income brackets and paid \$780,000,000 in salaries to executives. Thus the workers got 97 per cent of the total and the executives 3 per cent. The relationship between wages and salaries was practically identical in 1935. Workers got \$27,654,000,000 and executives \$855,000,000. Out of money paid to workers, 57 per cent goes to hourly and piece-work employees and the balance goes to salaried workers—clerks, salesmen, stenographers, etc.

M. L. Snell Resigns.

M. L. Snell, for the last ten years janitor of the west side school, has resigned and with Mrs. Snell plans to leave early next week for Beverly Hills, Calif. to make his home. He will be employed as a traffic officer for the schools in that city. Mr. and Mrs. Snell have a daughter living in Beverly Hills.

BUILD HEALTH



with



Look for the Polka Dot Wrapper

SAFEWAY

SAFEWAY

21ST ANNIVERSARY

1915 1936

21 YEARS of Public SERVICE

2 Days Friday, Aug. 21 Sat., Aug. 22

21 YEARS of PROGRESS

Pineapple Hillsdale Broken No. 2½ Each 15c

Snowflake Crackers Salted 2 lb. ctn. 29c

Powdered Sugar Pure Cane 3 lbs. 19c

Silk Tissue Bathroom Paper 3 rolls 10c

FLOUR

Money Back Guarantee

Kitchen Craft

49-lb. bag \$1.79

Harvest Blossom

49-lb. bag \$1.59

BEER

Brown Derby

3 12 oz. tins. 35c

Buy a Case

24 Cans \$2.59

RINSO

Soap Powder, Lge. 19c

COFFEE

Airway, 1 lb. 17c

COFFEE

Nob Hill, 1 lb. 23c

PEAS, Del Monte

Early Garden 2 for 29c

DEVELOPED MEAT

Libby's ¼ lb. 3 for 10c

TOMATO JUICE

Stockley's 303 can. 10c

SOAP, Crystal White

4 large for 19c

BRAN FLAKES

Post's 2 for 19c

COCOA

Baker's ¼ lb. 9c

FRUIT JARS

Kerr Mason

Qts., dozen 67c

Complete

Jar Rubbers

2 doz. Mason 5c

BEANS

Small White or Red

Mexican

3 lbs. 15c

QUALITY MEATS

BEEF ROASTS LB. 11½c

Choice Cuts

BONED & ROLLED PICNICS LB. 29c

Mild Sugar Cured

PURE LARD 2 LBS. 27c

BOLOGNA

FRANKFURTERS 17½c lb.

LIVER SAUSAGE

SALMON LB. 13½c

By the Piece

HALIBUT LB. 15½c

By the Piece

No Sales to Dealers.

Select Your Produce from Cottage Grove's Most Modern Fruit and Vegetable Dept.

Tomatoes 6 lbs. 10c

Fancy Dillards

Buy a Lug. 20 lbs. 33c

Lemons Fancy Sunkist doz. 19c

Cantaloupes 6 for 19c

Fancy Dillards

We Reserve the Right to Limit Quantities

Miner Building

Eugene, Oregon

ENROLL FOR FALL TERM!

Stenographic, Bookkeeping, Secretarial, or General Business Course

Monday, August 31

Ask about the beginning and advanced classes; the rates are reasonable and it's a good school.

Eugene Business College

A. E. Roberts, President

Miner Building

Telephone 666

We Strive to Please

With Good Work and Good Service at the

SQUARE DEAL BARBER SHOP

CHAS. BOSLAUGH, Prop. Next door south of Sentinel

New Land Grows Best Alfalfa.

Alfalfa growing on new land was found to be doing much better than alfalfa on land of the same type which had been in alfalfa. The new land showed a higher percentage of nitrogen.

Oregon Farm Prices Go Up.

The drought situation so far has registered favorably for Oregon producers of eggs, butterfat, wheat, oats, barley, potatoes and several other commodities, says L. R. Breithaupt, agricultural extension economist at O. S. C.