

GUNLOCK RANCH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VII—Continued

The lull in the fire threat issued in fresh dangers to the hill ranches. A blaze starting up anew on the reservation cut-over lands crept north on the very night that Panama was buried.

With what aid she could bring, Jane rode next morning over to her neighbor's only to find the situation critical. By noon the fire fighters were being driven back all along the line. But, loath to abandon hope of saving the ranch buildings, the men fought till Denison, riding among them, warned them to look first to their own safety.

Riding then fast to the ranch house, she found Jane consulting with Quong in the kitchen.

"I must think of your safety, Jane," he said. "It is getting too close to danger here."

"Bill, is it that bad?"

"We might as well face the truth. It's not safe here for you. You must go, and quickly. Are your ponies saddled?"

"They are."

"Then take Quong and mount up." Jane's eyes softened. They fell before his. "I just hate to go, Bill," she pouted, tantalizingly. "It seems like deserting a friend."

"It isn't Jane. You may imagine, girl, how I hate to send you away. But you know who I'm thinking of, don't you?"

"You mustn't think too much of anybody but yourself just now, Bill," she murmured. "I do some thinking myself these days."

Quong had been called. Always forehanded, without any words he was winking and blinking in his saddle.

Denison handed Jane her lines. She leaned toward him and spoke low: "Bill, will you promise me, solemnly, one thing?"

"Promise me anything, girl."

"Solemnly, Bill?"

"Solemnly. What is it?"

"That you'll think first for your own safety. Now promise!"

"I promise, Jane."

"For my sake, Bill?"

"Do you mean that?"

"I do mean it."

"God bless you. If the buildings go, I'll ride over to report tomorrow."

Jane slept so well that she opened her eyes in the heavy air of daybreak, conscience-stricken at having rested peacefully during the hours in which her neighbor might have been burned out.

She dressed, ate Quong's hurried breakfast, saddled her pony, and set out for Denison's, directing Quong to follow as soon as he could. The smoke grew more dense as she neared the ridge, and she reluctantly turned about for home and told Quong of her failure and that she would ride up into the high hills to see what was going on.

She remounted and rode up the Divide trail. The smoke was so dense that it cut off hope of seeing the valley, and, spurred by the determination to see by riding higher, she rode on and on till she found herself at the foot of Gunlock Knob. Jane headed the pony up the mountain. The summit had never seemed so hard to reach, but panting and exhausted, the pony carried Jane to the summit, and she rode out on the table to look. The scene below was terrifying. Huge clouds of smoke billowed and spread, only to bill up anew and race on the wind. It seemed as if the whole country were in flames. Here and there tongues of fire shot from the rolling smoke.

Wary, at length, and depressed, Jane turned her pony's head to ride home. Gunlock itself might be in danger.

Even the pony took the down-

ward trail reluctantly. Jane could not tell why until, rounding a shoulder of the Knob, she saw below her a fire sweeping across the trail she was following. Worse than that, the fire was spurring through the brush, up the mountain, in front of her. The pony balked. Thoroughly frightened, Jane turned him up the narrow trail and headed for the summit.

Even the few moments she had been away from the top had changed the scene. Overwhelmed with consternation, she began to think anew of her own safety. She urged the pony swiftly down the trail again, hoping faintly to find some hidden by-pass. Her path was blocked. The hot air of the fire below was catching at her throat; gusts of smoke burned in to her eyes. She reined about to return, despairing, to the summit.

Once again the level rock afforded her temporary refuge. She dismounted. The pony was growing unmanageable. He snorted, stamped, dung his head up and down and chewed frantically at his bit. Hope deserted her. She sank to her knees and fell forward, covering her face with her arms.

For a moment her mind was a blank. She heard nothing of a frantic calling of her name, when a singed and blackened horseman spurred and lashed his pony toward her, sprang from the saddle, and caught her up in his arms.

"Jane!" he cried, as he looked into her face and shook her in his effort to restore consciousness. "Jane! Open your eyes! Speak to me! It's Bill, Jane, Bill! Can't you hear me? Speak!" Her eyes opened; she looked in a daze at him. "It's Bill, Jane!"

She threw her arms convulsively around his neck. "Oh, Bill, Bill! What can we do? Must we die, Bill, in this horror?"

"No!" he exclaimed. "We can get through. But we mustn't lose a minute, not a second. Come!"

He half carried her to an edge of the summit, where a rock crevice gave a slight footing a few feet below. Into this he lowered himself and raised his arms to Jane.

"But the horses, Bill?" she cried. "Leave them," he called back.

"They may escape. There's no footing for horses where we're going. Quick, Jane! Jump!" He caught her in his arms, steadied her, showed her how to secure herself in the precarious footing, and lowered himself to another slender ledge to brace himself, bade her spring, and caught her again in his arms.

Her heart beat so violently, he seemed to feel it as she hugged close to him. There was barely room for the two to stand. "Keep cool, Jane. We can make it, but be very, very careful of your footing, darling Jane. The fire hasn't touched this side of the mountain yet, but if you fell it would be a hundred feet."

Spurred to superhuman effort, Denison achieved the almost impossible, and by sliding, clinging with fingers, hands and arms, and by carefully using his lariat, he managed to bring Jane down unharmed to the foot of the precipitous wall that had given him the bare chance to save her life. He held out his arms to catch her for the final jump. "Bill!" she exclaimed, breathing hard and looking up in sheer amazement at the precipice down which he had brought her. "How did we ever get down there alive?"

He was still very anxious—the wrinkled veins of his smoked forehead plainly mirrored that. She waited for orders. "We must run through that grove of quaking asp and try to get away from the Knob."

This will all be burning in a few minutes. Are you able to run?"

"I'll bet I can run faster than you, Bill!" The laughing tone of her words thrilled and cheered him. He knew better than she what still lay between them and safety. They hastened on through the light timber; then, running a broad shoulder, they saw a vast panorama of smoke, lighted in places by flames. Denison hurried on, Jane briskly keeping pace with him. But when they neared the smoking pine, she felt dismayed.

"Bill, it's all on fire, yet—look at the little blazes. See the ground pine, and the trees are smoking and burning yet. Bill! See the deer running, too—why, every animal you can think of—"

"They'd better run," said Denison grimly. "We must do some more running ourselves, Jane. There's very little danger crossing this strip. But I want to get across it quick."

They dashed into the fire area together. Little tongues of flame darted from the still burning ground, but nothing to threaten Jane's stout laced boots or leather trousers.

They crossed the burned strip and broke together down a long slope that bordered another forest of pine.

Denison paused and looked anxiously at Jane. "How are you standing it, girl?"

She was panting, but game. Her high-colored cheeks, the flashing



"We Must Do Some More Running Ourselves, Jane."

brightness of her eyes, her parted eager lips, made her a picture.

"Fine, Bill. Are we out of danger?"

They were standing together in the wind and smoke that swirled and eddied up the mountain. His hand was at her back as she leaned on his arm. Perhaps overwhelmed by the thought of what he must say, he hugged her close and, drawing her unresisting lips to his own, held them in a long kiss. "I wish we were, Jane. We're going only now into danger—I wish it weren't so, Jane."

"Oh, Bill!" said Jane. "Don't think of me—do just as if I were not here." She threw her own arms around his neck, and their lips met again in passionate appeal.

"Then come, Jane. We must dash through this pine before that fire you hear roaring catches up to us."

"Is that awful roar from a fire, Bill?"

"It is. It's our worst danger. Let's go, Jane."

To cross the wide belt of pine their course lay obliquely downhill. If anything were needed to spur them on, the thunder of the fire sweeping down the forest behind served as a dread warning that they had only minutes left to escape disaster.

Halfway down the ridge, Denison paused to rest Jane in his arms. She was panting like an antelope.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Mrs. Clarence Earls at Dexter Sunday.

Mrs. Harry Skelton visited relatives in Cottage Grove the latter part of the week.

S. L. Godard, Alfred Herendeen, Carl and Marion Dunn attended the football game between U. of O. and W. S. C. in Eugene Saturday.

Emil Sutherland and Darrol Dav-

is, who attend O. S. C., spent the week end at home.

The high school girls' league gave a party to all high school students Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Godard visited Sunday with Mrs. Godard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashby, of Silk creek.

Christian Endeavor members

VOTE FOR

W. B. DILLARD

Present County Clerk and Republican Candidate for Reelection.

His record is your guaranty for efficient service and courteous treatment.



Lorane

Mrs. Edith Dunn

Lorane grange met Thursday night at the hall with about 20 guest members from Santa Clara present. The Santa Clara home economics club had charge of the program which consisted of group singing, slight of hand tricks, Mr. Baldwin, harmonica numbers, Mr. Bowlsby, a pantomime, "Curfew must not ring tonight." Names of four new candidates for membership were presented.

The high school student body will hold a carnival Friday night in the gymnasium.

Lorane P. T. A. will meet Thursday night, November 5. Many new members have been secured and each one present counts points for their side. Losers are to give a banquet later. A program is in charge of the group headed by Joe Dolan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Skelton and daughters Marjorie and Frankie, and Edna Mitchell spent Sunday fishing on the Umpqua.

Mrs. Edith Dunn, Carl, Marion and Helen Dunn, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Herendeen visited Mr. and

held a party at the home of Ruby Davis Monday night.

T. B. Jim and Jake Mitchell, Melvin Needham, Ted Anderson and Art Barker spent the latter part of the week hunting in eastern Oregon.

Little Dennis Mitchell returned Saturday from the Sacred Heart hospital, where he underwent an operation two weeks ago.

Ivan Runk, who was severely burned when his house was destroyed by fire several weeks ago, is able to sit up a little each day. It will be some time before he can leave the hospital.

Charles Mitchell, and W. T. Moore spent the week end hunting in eastern Oregon.

Four H cooking and sewing clubs have recently been organized. Mrs. Ralph King is again leader of the sewing club. Verna Powell is president and Ruth Roulette, secretary. Mrs. Cleo Gowing is leader of the cooking class again this year which is her third year. The class will meet at her house.

Thornton Corners

Mrs. J. W. Fisher.

Mrs. Henry Lake was hostess to the Gowdyville Neighborhood club at her home Wednesday for an all-day meeting. The time was spent quilting. Seventeen were present including Mrs. James Towne of Culb Creek and Mrs. Gene Ord of Cottage Grove as visitors.

Mrs. R. C. McKay of London was an all-day guest Wednesday of Mrs. S. P. Shortridge.

Mary Trent attended a birthday party in Cottage Grove Saturday at the Mrs. Clyde Butler home, honoring Billie Ann Butler on her fourteenth anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Premazzi and Joanne Premazzi were supper guests at the Bill Whitlock home at Gowdyville Friday evening in honor of the birthday anniversary of Donald Whitlock.

Mr. and Mrs. Merle Wright visited Sunday in Eugene with Mrs. Wright's mother, Mrs. O. H. Lyons.

Dr. and Mrs. Gould of Bandon were over-night guests one night last week of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis French.

Mrs. Bert Lancaster of Mosby creek and Mrs. Harvey Rhue of McKenzie were visitors one day last week at the George Foster home.

Funeral services for little Tommy William, who passed away Saturday evening of the flu were held Tuesday morning in Cottage Grove.

with interment at Waltherville. Howard Arnest, who is employed in the forest service near Bohemia, spent the week end at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis French visited Sunday in Salem with Mrs. French's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Bishop.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Shortridge and Mr. and Mrs. Palmer attended an auction sale at Yoncalla one day last week.

Mary Trent spent Sunday with Ruth Davenport at Cooley Hill.

Otis Wright of Cottage Grove was an all-day visitor Monday at the home of a brother, Merle Wright.

Discovery of Iodine

Iodine was discovered in 1811 by a French chemist, who, in trying to make gunpowder for Napoleon, treated calcium nitrate with the ash of sea weed.

Pitt House

Pitt House, the home of William Pitt when he was prime minister, stands on the highest part of Hampstead Heath, writes a London correspondent in the New York Times. It is mentioned in the Domesday Book. During his madness, Pitt shut himself up in a small room on the third floor, which remains untouched. A hole was made in the wall, through which he received food. It was while Pitt was ill in this room that his ministers revived the Stamp Act and imposed the tea duty which led to the Boston Tea Party and the War of Independence.

The best buy in town—a 25c Sentinel Wanted.

Vote for Lester G. Porter

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE

for County Clerk of LANE COUNTY

Thirty-four years of age, born, raised and educated in Lane county.

I will give my personal attention to the work of this office, and employ only persons who merit the confidence of the people.

100% for the Townsend plan.

Paid Advertisement



Yes!

LIMIT TAXES ON HOMES & FARMS

AMENDMENT LIMITING AND REDUCING PERMISSIBLE TAXES ON TANGIBLE PROPERTY.—Purpose: Constitutional amendment to limit and reduce the total permissible state tax on real and tangible personal property payable in 1937, to 6 mills per dollar of assessed and equalized valuation thereof, reducing such limit 4 per cent annually to 4.8 mills in 1942 and thereafter; limiting county, district, port and political subdivision levies to same total millage payable for 1935, and reducing such limit 4 per cent thereof annually to 4.0 mills for 1942 and thereafter. People may vote increase any one year. Shall be assessed one-half true cash value at time assessed.

310 X YES

THIS IS YOUR BILL! YOUR DEMAND FOR FAIR PLAY!

1. STOPS future tax increases on homes and farms.
2. REMOVES present threat of wholesale seizure of property for taxes.
3. REDUCES frills and waste in public expense.
4. PROVIDES generous additional funds for schools.
5. OPENS Oregon's door to new settlers and investors.
6. GIVES taxpayers a voice in future tax levies.

Tax delinquency in Oregon is now \$46,510,724.53. And growing year after year. It's time to call a halt!

Pub. Adv. by Home & Farm Owners Assn. of Oregon, Amedee M. Smith, Pres., 600 S.W. Washington St., Portland, Oregon

1610

VOTE TO LIMIT PROPERTY TAXES

310 X YES