



Gunlock Ranch By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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. He enters Bill Denison, a handsome young Texas wrangler, in the rodeo which McCrossen is favored to win, and lays heavy bets on him. Unknown to the crowd, Denison is a champion horseman. McCrossen and the young stranger tie in the various events. Denison then drops a cigarette carelessly. Racing down the track full tilt, he picks up the cigarette. The verdict goes to Denison when McCrossen refuses to attempt the stunt. Entreated by the crowd, Denison agrees to perform another trick. Jane Van Tassel 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 at 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 Tassel. She tells McCrossen who brought her home and he denounces Denison as a cattle thief. Later she asks Dr. Carpy why her father is unpopular and he tells her it is because of Van Tassel's ruthless and unscrupulous character. Visiting her father in the hospital, Jane is warned to be wary of McCrossen's honesty, but her father urges her to be nice to him. Later McCrossen tries to woo her, but is sharply rebuffed. Once again Jane loses her way in the hills and meets Denison.

CHAPTER IV—Continued

"Did you like circus work?" she asked offhand.

"Can't say I did. I never worked in a circus except that one season. It was only because I needed money bad, and it was big money to me. Then the lawyers got it all. Here's the fork for Gunlock Ranch."

He pointed. They were at the parting of their ways. A saucy impulse seized Jane. She was given to impulses and to doing whatever thing flashed into her head. She checked her horse, lifted her forearm, and unclasped the bracelet. "Since you've been so kind—"

The man had halted his horse. "Nothing at all!" he protested.

"—I'd like you," she went on, paying no attention to his disclaimer, "to have a souvenir—this bracelet." She held it out to him. He looked flabbergasted. "For what?" he stammered.

His embarrassment seemed to communicate itself to Jane—she could not have told why. "I'm grateful for your putting me on my way today, and that other night when I got lost, if you remember," she went on.

He swallowed. She was secretly delighted with his confusion. "Well, that certainly is mighty kind," he said haltingly. "But I couldn't accept such a beautiful thing for doing nothing at all."

"I've got lots of bracelets."

"But sometime I've got to find something I can really do for you."

She laid the bracelet in his outstretched hand.

"I certainly thank you a thousand times." His slow response left no doubt of what he felt. Her aim now was to escape his protestations. He put on his hat. She started to go.

"Please!" he exclaimed, raising his hand. She stopped. Her guide's brow ruffled a little in perplexity.

"What is it?" she asked, superciliously impatient.

He took his hat off again. "Would it be polite," he ventured, "to ask your name?"

"Tell me yours again," she said.

"Bill Denison."

She allowed her horse to turn into the ranch trail. Denison sat motionless, hat in hand, but looking directly at her. "You haven't told me your name yet," he remonstrated quietly.

"Oh! It's Marie. Good-bye!"

Not till after she had parted from Denison and was riding alone with her thoughts did Jane begin to feel really frightened. This was the man of whom she had heard lurid tales of rustling, an enemy of her father's, near-outlaw generally—Bill Denison.

She drew a long breath, thinking over her encounter with the redoubtable Bill; what she had said to him and how she had said it; what he had said to her and how he had said it; recalling his general appearance, his easy manner in the saddle, his peaceable features, and at last his brown eyes. As she drew near the ranch house, she resolutely dismissed him from her mind, or thought she did.

She was as hungry as a bear—but to all questioners she merely explained that she had taken a long ride over on the Reservation.

"Who was the man that brought you home?" asked McCrossen.

"Why, nobody."

"Ben Page said you rode back with a man."

So she had been discovered. No matter. "Oh, that man!" she exclaimed, tossing her head. "He was just somebody from the Reservation, going to Sleepy Cat."

In the meantime her rebuffs had not shaken the constancy of her foreman admirer, McCrossen. He made continued appeal for her favor—so marked once in a while as to make her angry. She could hardly get away from him, but his conversations, his suggestions, and his persistence got on Jane's nerves.

Whenever McCrossen was going to ride over the ranch, Jane was not so riding. When he was riding to town, Jane was riding over the ranch. In fact, chiefly to be rid of him, Jane spent much time in the saddle. And she developed a particular liking for the hill trail to town; she usually rode that way, either coming or going. What impressed itself on her was that riding the hill road alone was not quite so exciting as the first time she had ridden it with a guide. But what had become of her guide?

She controlled her impatience until she could do so no longer. Starting one day to town with Bull Page, Jane asked discreetly about their neighbor, this man Bill Denison. She had heard so much about him that she'd begun to wonder what he looked like!

"Why, Miss Jane," answered Bull, "cordin' to what I hear, Bill's been down to Medicine Bend on his lawsuit."

"But why need a man go down to Medicine Bend for a lawsuit, when there are courts in Sleepy Cat?"

"Well, this is before the U. S. Land Office; that's different." Suddenly Bull,

"Who was the man that brought you home?" asked McCrossen.

peering down the trail, straightened up. "Why, there's Bill, right now, on his way to town. The critter's back."

"Where is he? Oh, I see. The man that just rode around the bend?" Jane did some fast and bold thinking. She looked in her purse. "Bull!" she exclaimed in fancied alarm, "I've forgotten to bring Quong's grocery list for the kitchen. I'm afraid you'll have to ride back after it."

She was soon within speaking distance of the horseman ahead. Over-taking him, she slackened her pace.

"Good-morning," she said stiffly.

Denison looked around, checked his horse, touched his hat, and returned the greeting. But he was plainly confused, and Jane was correspondingly pleased. "We meet again," she said with a superior air. "And this time I'm not lost."

"I'm afraid I am, this time," he said slowly.

"How so?"

"Well, it happened I was just thinking about the other times we met, and wondering whether I'd ever see you again, when you dropped down out of the sky on me just now. It took my breath. On your way to town? So am I. Do you mind if I ride along with you?"

"I might mind if you didn't. In fact, if you don't mind a confession, I hurried a little to catch up. You were so kind before—"

"Nothing at all—"

"—and you gave me such good advice that I haven't been lost since. But I do feel safer, riding with company. So thank you again—if you're not terribly tired of being thanked."

"Just as much as you like, if you'll remember you're thanking me for nothing. I was afraid you'd gone back to Chicago."

"Where have you been all this time? I certainly couldn't have missed you,

If you ride this trail as often as I do."

"I've been away—down at Medicine Bend. How long is it since that day?"

"Oh, I haven't an idea. It was an awfully hot day, as I remember. Wasn't it?"

"I can't remember a thing about the weather. If I measured the time by my feelings, it would be about three years."

"How perfectly ridiculous!" pouted Jane.

"What I was afraid of was, you'd gone back to Chicago and I'd never see you again. Then I figured that if you went back to Chicago, I'd look there next winter for a circus job and try to get into the same show with you."

She looked at him, frankly amused.

"Now wasn't that nice of you? Really, Mr. Denison, you make me perfectly ashamed of myself. Will you get mad now if I confess again? No, you mustn't. I just won't have it. But—I was kidding about being a circus rider. It was some of our crazy cowboys started that."

He repressed a smile. She saw it.

"What amused you?" she asked.

"Nothing at all."

"Oh, yes it was. What?"

"You won't get mad?"

"Oh," she responded airily, "I never get mad."

"Well, I knew you were kidding because that time you rode up to Spring Ranch, I happened to see you come down the valley. It was after I'd heard these stories about circus riding. I said to myself, 'If that young lady ever rode in a circus, they'd have to tie her on.'"

Jane didn't like it—no girl could. But it gave her precisely the opening she wanted. "Now," she said with an attempted laugh, "it's my turn, and I hope you won't get mad."

"Try me—nothing'll make me mad."

Then, "You mustn't hate me because I am not someone you might have thought I was. I am Jane Van Tassel. My name is Jane—not Marie. I know you and Father haven't got along . . ."

They were jogging on, side by side. Then he looked over at her with an expression she had not before seen in a man's eyes. "I certainly won't ever hate you," he said very slowly.

"I just—couldn't."

CHAPTER V

Two days passed. Jane ordered up her pony. "What's takin' you into town today?" asked McCrossen suspiciously.

Bull came up with the pony. Jane tossed the question: "I forget some errands the other day. I sha'n't be gone long."

"Who's goin' with you?"

"No one. The boys are busy. I don't need the wagon today."

She had ridden some two miles toward town, when a turn in the trail brought in sight a man riding out of the woods. He checked his horse and waited for Jane. His face was expectant.

Jane's cheeks flushed in spite of herself. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting long," she stammered. He smiled and shook his head as if perfectly satisfied. "I came early," he confessed. "But I'd have hung around all night for this and not thought it long. Are we going up in the hills?"

"Not today. We—at least I—am going into town." Jane had private feelings of reserve about riding into the hills with Bill Denison. "In the hills we might get lost," she suggested, naively.

"I might; but not in the way you mean. I'm lost right now. I've been lost for two days. Something came into my life two days ago that I hope will keep me dreaming the rest of my life."

"Don't talk nonsense."

"You don't dare ask what I was dreaming about?"

"Was it about another dreamer?"

"It was."

"I know who, then." He looked at her with pathetic hope. "It was about McCrossen," she added heartlessly.

"Never! It was—"

"Let's gallop," she exclaimed, cutting him squarely off. "I feel just like riding fast. I can beat you to that big pine!"

When she pulled up after a brisk run, her face was flushed, her eyes dancing, her lips parted in laughter. Denison was just behind her. "Why, you didn't race at all," she complained, looking around at him. "Why didn't you try to pass me instead of sticking at my heels all the time?"

"If I passed you, how in the world could I see you? I wish it was fifty miles more to Sleepy Cat—don't you?"

"No."

"Well, don't you wish it was just a few miles farther?"

"No."

"Not even two miles?"

"No."

"Well, one mile then?"

"Well, maybe a mile."

"Say two."

"What a persistent tease! Well—two, then. And no more."

"We could make it two by riding a little farther into the hills."

"You might ride up that way by yourself."

"I'm just a groom. I have to follow my mistress."

"Oh, no! We mustn't ride into town together. You gallop ahead."

Jane lunched that day at Dr. Carpy's hotel, hoping she might see Carpy himself. Fortune favored her. The doctor was in the office when she came.

"By the way, Doctor," she said, "I rode into town, part of the way, this morning with a neighbor of ours who doesn't bear a very favorable reputation at Gunlock, but—"

"What's his name?"

"Bill Denison."

"(TO BE CONTINUED)"

Quickly Crocheted Squares



Pattern 5193

Here's Fun for you—and Beauty for your dinner or tea table—in a lacy pattern which you can crochet so easily of string. It won't take you any time at all to learn the "sample" square design, on which all the others are based, and to crochet a goodly number of squares. When you've enough, join them to make a beautiful table

Truth Telling

TRUTH telling is an achievement, a mark of strong mind and character. It requires accurate observation of facts, a reliable memory, a sense of justice towards others, and courage to tell the truth to our own hurt. So often lying is due to sheer cowardice. The fight is harder for some than for others, but those who start the day praying to the God of truth to make them honest discover that more and more they succeed in "putting away lying."

You can build no tomorrow without today's foundation.

cloth, bedspread, dresser scarf or pillow cover. Then sit back and wait for compliments!

In pattern 5193 you will find complete instructions for making the square shown; an illustration of it, of the stitches needed; material requirements.

To obtain this pattern send 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) to The Sewing Circle Household Arts Dept., 259 W. Fourteenth St., New York, N. Y. Write plainly pattern number, your name and address.

Kinship of Wit Spoken or written wit is what makes witty men feel akin. There is no other intellectual brotherhood on such equality.

PAIN IN BACK

NEARLY DROVE HER CRAZY Got Quick RELIEF By Rubbing



Muscles were so sore she could hardly touch them. Used Hamlin's Wizard Oil and found wonderful relief. Just rubbed it on and rubbed it in. Thousands say Hamlin's Wizard Oil works wonders for stiff, aching muscles. Why suffer? Get a bottle for speedy comfort. Pleasant odor. Will not stain clothes. At all druggists.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL For MUSCULAR ACHES AND PAINS Due to RHEUMATISM—NEURALGIA LUMBAGO—CHEST COLDS

face "Broken Out?"

Start today to relieve the soreness—aid healing—and improve your skin, with the safe medication in

Resinol

Black Leaf 40 KILLS LICE JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Serving Others He best lives who feels the noblest and acts the best.

KILL RATS USE STEARNS' ELECTRIC PASTE IN TUBES 35¢ IN BOXES \$1.00

GIRL TO WOMANHOOD

This letter comes from Mrs. J. H. Goldworth of 1116 Sonoma St., Stockton, Cal.: "When I was a girl developing into womanhood I was pale and weak. Mother gave me Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and it soon gave relief. I could eat more and felt strong and active. Two bottles of the 'Favorite Prescription' was all I needed." Go to your druggist today. New size, this size. Liquid \$1.00 & \$1.35. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLASSIFIED DEPARTMENT

OPPORTUNITY

Newspaper Clippings Yield Big Money! We pay \$1 each for certain ones. Easy quick cash. Send stamp for details. 1541 N. Western, Rm. 11, Hollywood, Calif.

WNU-13 41-36

Believe the Ads

They Offer You Special Inducements

Sometimes in the matter of samples which, when proven worthy, the merchandise can be purchased from our community merchants.

Firestone GROUND GRIP TIRES Farm-Proved FOR PERFORMANCE and ECONOMY

SAVE time and money and get greater efficiency by equipping the rear of your car and truck with a pair of Firestone Ground Grip Tires. They will give you the super-traction needed to pull through mud and unimproved roads and will save you the time, trouble and money of applying chains.

Harvey S. Firestone was born and raised on a farm in Columbiana County, Ohio, which he has operated ever since 1904. It was here on this farm that Mr. Firestone conceived the idea and worked with his tire engineers in developing a practical tire for farm use. Mr. Firestone's experience in farming gave him the realization of the need for a pneumatic tire with lugs of rubber that would increase the drawbar pull, roll easier, save time, and speed up farm operations on cars, trucks, tractors and all wheeled farm implements.

Firestone engineers are continually working with Mr. Firestone on his farm to secure greater farm efficiency. They developed the Ground Grip Tire which is so designed that in soft mud roads it cleans itself and the bars of rubber are so placed that they will not bump on paved roads. The design of this tire is so unusual and its performance so amazing that a patent has been granted by the United States Patent Office covering its exclusive features. The secret of the extra traction of Firestone Ground Grip Tires is the scientifically designed rubber lug of the tread. Under this extraordinary super-traction tread are placed two extra layers of Gum-Dipped cords. This is a patented Firestone construction feature which makes it possible to weld this heavy tread to the Gum-Dipped cord body, making it one inseparable unit.

Go to your nearest Firestone Tire Dealer or Implement Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply and Service Store today and ask to see these money-saving tires. And when you order a new tractor or implement, specify Firestone Ground Grip Tires.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone, Monday Evenings, over N. B. C.—WEAF Network. ©1936, F. T. & R. Co.

Table with columns FOR CARS, FOR TRUCKS, HEAVY DUTY, FOR IMPLEMENTS, FOR TRACTORS. Lists tire sizes and prices.

OTHER SIZES PRICED PROPORTIONATELY LOW

GUARANTEE—This heavy Super-Traction tread is guaranteed not to loosen from the tire body under any conditions, and all other parts of the tire are fully guaranteed to give satisfaction.