

Only the Brave

By PAUL EVAN LEHMAN

Chapter 2

Along the road which led from the Crown ranch to the town of Cougar, she saw a buckboard. On the seat, reins were wrapped around the small hands, and Constance King Connie looked at it as if she were seeing a prairie rose. The fact that she was heir to the richest cattle ranch in the state had spoiled her no more than had the school for young ladies which she had attended; she still managed to retain the freshness and level-eyed honesty which was her Western heritage.

The road followed the middle of a broad valley in which grazed many thousands of Crown cattle. Along the fringe of the valley were the shadows of squatters, who, like the northward where they had gathered to snatch what crumbs they could. Many a fat, yapping dog barked from behind the fence, and a few more, dog-like in their manner, were not welcomed, and even the tolerant and easy-going Jack King could find a logical answer to the question. But mere conjecture is not sufficient to narrate an accusation of cattle theft, so Chuck and his hard bitten crew rode back and forth to Cougar, and Chuck himself was courteously received at the Crown ranch.

The buckboard swept around a bend, rising to the two outside wheels as it took the turn. Expertly, Connie straightened out the racing ponies and the vehicle settled on four wheels, then away with its weight on the inside ones. The right rear wheel flew from the axle, ran crazily for a hundred feet or so into the sage and grasslands, then wobbled uncertainly and settled on its side, still spinning.

The buckboard sagged and the wheelchair axle gouged a furrow in the road, while the horse, startled at the accident, plunged wildly and threatened to throw each other. Connie leaned back on the reins, bracing her feet against the dash, and saved them by a yawning, prancing stop. She held them until they had quieted somewhat, then cautiously slackened the reins.

She got from the seat, and went along the wheel, to the horse, and leaned it against the tilted buckboard and started walking back along the course she had followed, her eyes searching the ground for the axle nut. She walked a hundred yards, two hundred yards, without finding it, then retraced her steps.

She halted at the buckboard, gave a gesture of exasperation, and for the first time looked about her. Her gaze swept the western boundary of the valley, passed along the unbroken horizon to the north, westward along the ridge, where she was arrested. A horseman had left one of the horsemen from that side and was angling for the road on a course that would bring him to it a mile or so beyond her.

The horseman turned his horse in her direction and put him to a lope. Connie was aware of a feeling of relief.

She noticed the rider and her first impression was that he deserved no more than a glance. He was not handsome, and his hair needed cutting. Just another squatter, when he was only fifty feet away, Connie looked at him again, and saw details which she had missed at first glance. To begin with, he was clean. His range clothing was well worn, but neat and spotless; his tanned face shone; his boots were scuffed but freshly polished. His face was somber to the point of mournfulness, but there was a quiet assurance about his bearing that impressed her despite her prejudice against squatters.

explained. "That's why you couldn't see it from the road."

He raised the axle, and she noticed the bulge of his smooth muscles beneath the dark coat. She slipped the wheel on and he lowered the buckboard. With pliers taken from his saddlebag, he tightened the nut as best he could.

"That ought to hold until you get to Cougar. You can stop at the blacksmith shop and have it tightened with a wrench." He stepped back and raised his hat.

Connie smiled a thin smile.

"Thank you, mister."

He returned her smile and Connie smiled a little more. She had a feeling that she was looking at a man who was not what she had expected. The smile changed his whole appearance; it was as though the sun had suddenly popped from behind a cloud. The somberness vanished; he appeared almost boyish.

Connie lingered. "You're a homesteader?" She just couldn't say squatter."

"Yes'm. I'm on a quarter-section at the foot of the hills." He made a little motion toward the slope behind him. "Trying to raise a few purebred cattle. I'm on my way to Cougar to meet the stage. My brother's coming on it. He's a lawyer." He said it proudly.

"Really?" said Connie, and unfastened the reins. "Going to settle in Cougar?"

"I sure hope so."

She nodded and smiled again. Then perhaps I'll have the pleasure of meeting him sometime. Thank you again, mister."

"Tyer, Jeff Tyer."

"I'm glad you happened along, Mr. Tyer. Goodbye."

She didn't look back, but she knew that Jeff Tyer was trailing her to be on hand if she shed the wheel again.

(To be continued)



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"I looked for that nut but couldn't find it, and there isn't even a piece of balling wire handy."

He nodded gravely and turned the wheel with a wave of his hand. She pointed where the axle had first dug into the ground, pulled up for a moment to consider, then moved slowly on bent in the saddle to search the ground. Fifty feet farther on he reined in, leaned over and picked up the missing nut. He rode back and dismounted.

"Rolled into a little hollow," he

HOW CAN SPOTS-OT HELP SNUFF OUT THE BOGUS MONEY BOYS, MR. BAUGHMAN?

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John W. H. de
Secretary of the Treasury

THE TRUTH IS, MR. ROYER, IF PEOPLE TOOK THE TIME TO LEARN AND THE TROUBLE TO LOOK, COUNTERFEITERS WOULD BE AS EXTINCT AS THE DINOSAUR!

BUT TO RECOGNIZE BAD MONEY, CHILDREN AND ADULTS MUST HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE IT!--IN YOUR MAGAZINE, FOR INSTANCE--AND TO WRITE ABOUT IT, YOU MUST KNOW A FEW QUICK LESSONS!

FILING DEPARTMENT

LOUIS: "LOUIS! LOUIS! THAT'S AN OLD NAME--BUT IF HE'S OUR BOY--"

LOUIS: "I GUESS IT'S O.K."

LOUIS: "I'LL CALL ROSETTA SOON. I GET TO THE DATE SHE HAD WAS PROB'LY WITH PHOEBE AND WILBUR OR ONE OF HER GIRL FRIENDS."

LOUIS: "AND WAS I SURPRISED TO SEE ROSETTA STONE OUT WITH ANOTHER MAN LAST NIGHT!"

LOUIS: "IT SERVES AMBY POTTS RIGHT. WE THOUGHT HE COULD HAVE HIS CAKE AND EAT IT, TOO."

LOUIS: "HMM... SO IT WAS A MAN SHE WENT OUT WITH--WOMEN IS SURE A PAIN IN THE HEART!"

LOUIS: "MY BITTEREST RIVAL IN THE PIG OF THE YEAR CONTEST IS MY OWN BROTHER."

LOUIS: "ON THAT PIG?"

LOUIS: "NO, YOU INHUMAN BEAST--ON THAT BOY! THE PIG LOVES HIM! IF SOMETHING HEAVENLY HAPPENED TO THE LAD--THE PIG WOULD PINE AWAY--IT WOULD LOSE ITS LUSCIOUS CURVES!"

LOUIS: "BUT--HE'S SUCH A LIKABLE LAD?'"

LOUIS: "US??--WE WAS JUST GOING TO HURT HIM FOR FREE--BUT IF YOU IS WILLIN' T'PAY US FOR IT--THE'LL MAKE IT TWICE AS NICE. SCRAAG IS TH' NAME!"

LOUIS: "WHEN IS THAT LITTLE BOOB GOIN' TO BED?"

LOUIS: "IT'S 3 A.M.-- OH, JEFF!"

LOUIS: "NOW LET ME SEE-- THERE ARE TWO WINDOWS AND TWO DOORS!"

LOUIS: "THIS DOOR SWINGS OUT AND THIS ONE SWINGS IN AND THE STAIRWAY IS TEN FEET FROM THIS DOOR!"

LOUIS: "WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'?"

LOUIS: "I'M MAKIN' MYSELF FAMILIAR WITH MR. GOMEZ'S HOUSE!"

LOUIS: "WHAT FOR?"

LOUIS: "I'M GONNA ASK HIM IF I CAN MARRY HIS DAUGHTER-- THE PIRE ESCAPE IS HERE AND--"

LOUIS: "TONY, I'M REAL SORRY YOU FEEL YOU HAVE TO LET YOUR CANYON LAND GO AT A LOW PRICE. CAN YOU AFFORD TO HANG ON TO IT FOR A WHILE?"

LOUIS: "I REALLY NEED THE MONEY, TEX. THE RENTAL FOR GRAZING RIGHTS USED TO PAY THE TAXES-- BUT THAT'S FINISHED NOW."

LOUIS: "DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT STUFF ABOUT THE GHOST WAGON WILL SCARE EVERYBODY OFF?"

LOUIS: "WELL, TEX, THESE SMALL RANGERS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS, MOSTLY. THOUGH, THEY'RE AFRAID OF A POISON WEED GROWS OUT THERE, IF ONLY ANOTHER BIG MOVIE COMPANY WOULD WANT TO USE THE CANYON."

LOUIS: "WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID ABOUT A MOVIE? WHAT PICTURE WAS MADE OUT THERE, TONY?"

LOUIS: "WHY, CRISTAL PICTURES MADE A BIG MOVIE THERE; IT WAS CALLED THE GLITTERING TRAIL."

LOUIS: "SURE THING, MRS. WORTH. TAY FINE DRESS! I BUY HER AT BEAVER TAIL TRADEING POST!"

LOUIS: "THAT'S GOOD! THE STORES ARE CLOSED NOW--AND IT'S LESS THAN AN HOUR TILL TIME FOR MR. GREENWOOD'S FORMAL DINNER!-- WE COULDN'T GET A NEW ONE--!"

LOUIS: "WHO NEEDS DEEFERENT WAN? SON OF A BLUE OX!-- I ONLY WEAR THEES WAN TO CHURCH! SHE'S TOUGH LIKE BOCKSKEEM! GOOD FOR 20 YEARS MORE!"

LOUIS: "I HEAR HE SELLS CAN OPENERS, AND I'M SAYING TH' JUDGE WILL MAKE TO USE ALL HIS CLUE-- I'M GONNA GET TWO WOLFGANG'S WALLET!"

LOUIS: "TH' JUDGE HAS SHARED HIS UNCLE WOLFGANG INTO A CARD GAME DOWNSTAIRS, IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET BACK PART OF THE 25 HE BLEW ON ENTERTAINING TH' OL' NICKEL--HUGGER!"

LOUIS: "MAYBE WOLFGANG CAN DEAL 'EM FROM UNDER TH' KOO!"

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RADIO PROGRAMS

THURSDAY--P.M.	KLSM 1200	KGW 820	KOCO 14th St.	KOIN 970
5:00	Fallon Lewis, Jr. News	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
5:30	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
6:00	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
6:30	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
7:00	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
7:30	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
8:00	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
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11:00	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
11:30	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
12:00	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show

FRIDAY--6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.	KLSM 1200	KGW 820	KOCO 14th St.	KOIN 970
6:00	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
6:30	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
7:00	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
7:30	Frank Hemmingsworth News	Wesley's Secret News	Wesley's Secret News	Herb Shriner Little Show
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WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

HEALTHFUL · REFRESHING · DELICIOUS

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS: 1. Cover with a hard surface. 2. Small round. 3. Cards held at a deal. 12. Mohammedan. 14. Age. 14. Exchange premium. 17. Flowers. 17. Hidden. 18. Before. 20. Ventilated. 22. Negative. 24. Borough in Pennsylvania. 25. Felted. 27. Adult form of an insect.

DOWN: 1. Near. 2. Angry. 3. Infatuation. 4. Babyishness. 5. Delity. 6. Charge. 7. One who makes thread. 8. Animal. 9. Devoured. 10. Turnmeric. 11. Lark. 12. Starlike. 13. Atrush. 14. Nocturnal bird. 15. Stocking. 16. Early part of a verb. 17. Cavity of a verb. 18. Footlike part. 19. Is under. 20. Wishful obligation.

6. Indicative of choice. 7. Tarn. 8. Artifice of appeal. 9. Things to be done. 10. One of Columbus's ships. 11. Discarded by decay. 12. Officer who pays salaries. 13. Increases. 14. Things; law. 15. One who points a gun. 16. Improve. 17. Close firmly. 18. Greek letter. 19. Teamster's command. 20. Taking to a higher court. 21. Middle. 22. Occupied a chair. 23. Not wide. 24. First man. 25. Seat of the University of Nevada. 26. On the summit. 27. Amino acids. 28. Board of grain. 29. Indo-Chinese native. 30. Ouratives.

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ROOM AND BOARD

By Gene Ahern

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