

DOUBLE TROUBLE

AP Newsfeatures By WILLIAM HOBSON

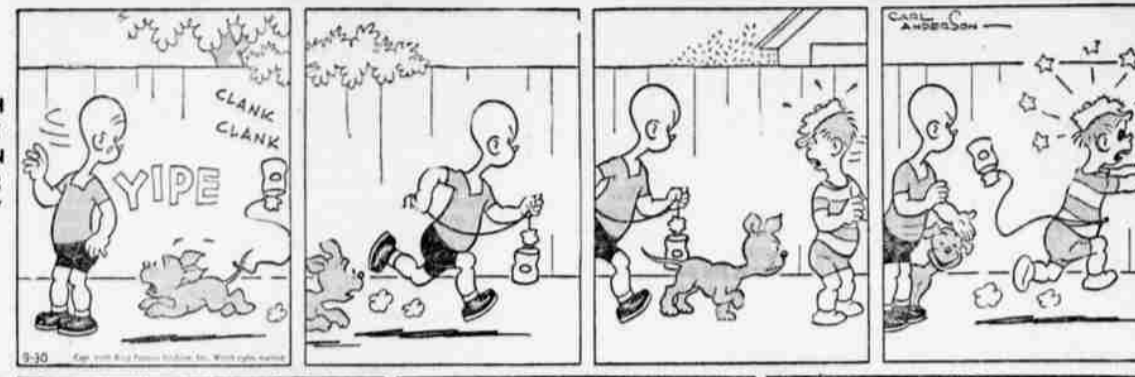
(Chapter 3)
Mrs. Randall was a buxom, motherly-looking woman in her forties and quite handsome. She smiled a greeting at Jay and nodded for the two men to sit down. "It's good to see you again, Joe," she said. "How were your folks?"
"Fair to middling," he answered. "Range is pretty dry, but they'll pull through all right."
"We haven't ordered yet," Ellen said. "We were waiting on you two."
"Anything much doing since I left?" he asked casually, after they had ordered.
"He wanted all the information he could get, so I tried to give him a little bit of everything that might arise. He knew he was going to need it. One slip on his part and the whole thing would blow up in their faces."
"Mike Randall grunted. "We're just a trickle of cows now and then, but not enough to show any organized rustling. They tried another raid on the horses sometime back but didn't make it. One of the thieves got shot, but that's all."
"When are you having for the ranch again?" he asked.
"Ellen put in. "Not until tomorrow, Joe. I forgot to tell you. We are having visitors out from the east, due tomorrow. People I stay with while I was in school back there. They want to see what life on a wild Texas range is like and will be here all summer, party for Mr. Seller's health. Mary, their daughter, was my best chum in school. Henry, who's my own age, used to be my best fellow and I warn you, darling, he's almost as handsome as you. And he'll be there all summer with me while you're at the line camp. So don't be too sure of yourself."
"I'll just have to hope for the best, I guess," he replied lamely, and felt a slight flush come to his face.
He was glad when the mince pie and coffee were done with. He wiped his lips with his napkin and rose with the others. They went out into the lobby where Mike Randall paid for the meal.
"I suppose you'll be coming out with us tomorrow?" he asked Jay. "I imagine you'll be pretty well loaded, air. I've got to see a few friends anyhow, so perhaps it would be better if I picked up a horse and rode out, though you could take my warbag. I'll leave it in my room."
"All right. But I want you in that camp by day after tomorrow morning to start riding the line again. I'm short-handed and Turk's got his hands full."
"Okay," Jay answered in the careless way Joe would have. "And now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to see a few folks."
Ellen said, "Would it be asking too much if you walked down to the post office with me to get the ranch mail? We got in too late for me to get it before supper."
"Sure," he said, and took her arm with exaggerated gallantry.
"We haven't been in here for two weeks now," she said. "But the Sellers said they'd be here on the fifteenth and that's tomorrow. I—why, Joe! Here's a letter for you from your mother. Why here's two more! How come she was writing you when you were home all the time?"
He said, grabbing at the first idea that came to him and hoping she'd accept it. "Of course she wrote home. Mom's sentimental. She's also a creature of firm and rigid habits. She wrote me every week while I was home. I tried to believe her to let me see the letters, but she chased me out of her writing room. Said I could read 'em after I got back. You don't know Mom."
"Oh," she said, partly convinced. "I guess that's it, but—" he had to stop it, and he did it in the only way he knew how. He summoned all his courage and grabbed her in his arms. He kissed her and the mail fluttered to the floor. Finally she pushed him back, her face flushed with happiness.
"Get away from me, you wild man," she gasped. "I thought at first you had changed. I knew better now. Here, pick up that mail while I arrange my hair and get back my breath. Joe, you devil!"

He bent and picked up the scattered mail from the floor while she arranged a tuft of dislocated hair back into position.
"And now, Miss Ellen," he said, using another of Joe's gasp and exaggerated expressions, "may I go?"
"Get out of here!" she laughed. "Go on about your business. I can walk back to the hotel alone."
In another hotel room her father sat talking with the tall man who wore both knife and pistol at his belt; Peg Smith.
Randall was saying, "Haven't found out anything more, eh?"
Peg Smith shook his head. "Just what I told you. I got one of them that night while your boys were shooting at them. I'd sworn it was Joe Allison. It shone looked like him. Looks like it wasn't Joe. Any man who catches a 45-70 slug the way I caught that, he's either wouldn't show up a month later as a chippie as can be."
"You wouldn't have had any ideas about settling a personal grudge with Joe, would you?" Mike Randall asked harshly.
"None," was the laconic reply. "I'm working for you, Mister Randall, an' as long as I am you give the orders."
"Good. That's more like it. So you follow right on through. Somewhere out that country Brad Morgan and his gang are running their stolen horses. I not only want it stopped; I don't want any more raids to try and get my Morgan."
"What about Joe?"
"Trail him. He seems a little bit changed since he came back, but I'm making damned sure he's turned a new leaf before I let him marry Ellen this winter."
"Fair enough," Smith drawled, and rose.



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RAIO PROGRAMS

FRIDAY - P.M.		SATURDAY - 6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M.	
TIME	PROGRAM	TIME	PROGRAM
5:00	KSLM 13KGM KOCO 1400 KOIN 430	6:00	Newspaper
5:10	Tom Mix	6:10	Hodge Podge
5:20	Tom Mix	6:20	Hodge Podge
5:30	Tom Mix	6:30	News
5:40	Tom Mix	6:40	News
5:50	Tom Mix	6:50	News
6:00	Tom Mix	7:00	News
6:10	Tom Mix	7:10	News
6:20	Tom Mix	7:20	News
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10:50	Tom Mix	11:50	News
11:00	Tom Mix	12:00	News

BIRTHDAYS CELEBRATED
Lyons—A dinner was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bevier. Covers were laid for Mr. and Mrs. Darwyn Raines of LaCom; Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Cribbs, Larry and Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bevier, Gary and Jimmie, Mrs. Arnold Everson, Harvie, Dickie and Rodney of Mill City; Mr. and Mrs. Dale Bassett of Corvallis; Mr. and Mrs. Merle Devine, Norma, Lorna, Bobby and Wayne, of Gates; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Bassett and Cecil, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bevier. The occasion honored Walter Bevier and Mrs. Floyd Bassett on their birthday anniversary.

Crossword Puzzle

1. Country	21. God of the underworld
2. Footless animal	22. Twisting
3. Decay	23. Drooping
4. Across	24. Wild animal
5. Japanese	25. English river
6. Cow	26. White poplar
7. Name	27. Greek letter
8. Self	28. New Zealand
9. Greek letter	29. Cerebrality
10. Footlike part	30. Metal
11. Whirlpool	31. Aromatic seed
12. Having	32. Becaugated
13. Rectangular	33. Wheat box
14. Incline	34. Unpleasant
15. Metal	35. Scarlet
16. Aromatic seed	36. Short
17. Becaugated	37. Margin

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
				13										
4				4				7						
15			8	7			20							
21	22	23		24		25			29	30	31			
26						27	28							
32				33	34						35			
36				37				38	39					
				40	41		42	43						
44	45			46			47							
48						49			50	51	52	53		
54						55				56				
57						58				59				

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