

DOUBLE TROUBLE

By WILLIAM HOBSON

(Chapter 9)

He began to quarrel with her. He did it deliberately because he knew his twin brother Joe and how Joe would have reacted. He did it, too, because he couldn't stand to have her near him, couldn't take her frankly spoken love his own delect.

And the thing ended about the way he thought it would. Her hand flashed up and slashed across his cheeks, first one and then the other, in stunning blows.

"Get out!" she shouted at him. "Get on up to that line camp where you belong. You're no good. You never were any good. I'm going to marry Harry the next time he asks me."

It took courage, but he did it. He grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her.

"On the day that you marry him you'll have a dead bridegroom on your hands," he said with simulated harshness.

Minutes later he led a saddled animal to where his gear was piled on the ground.

Then he saw the white outlines of her dress as she came close.

"Oh, Joe, Joe!" she whispered. "How much I love you. You haven't changed a bit!"

She took her into his arms and kissed her hard, and this time there was no acting. He thought, I'm falling in love with my twin brother's girl!

He had to get out of there fast and he knew it. He laughed. "Of course you do, honey, and I love you. You didn't mean a word about me being no good, did you?"

"Not a word of it. Now get out of here and don't you come back until you make good."

"I'm halfway there already, my beloved." He grinned and swung up.

Jay made the trip in a little over three hours. He saw the height of Old Sandstone loom up closer until he could see the aerated back with a hump in the middle. Then, when he had almost ridden by, he caught the outlines of a big log cabin made of sandstone and mortar and a small corral.

After a hard day in the saddle, he found a sleep.

Jay dumped his gear outside the corral, which was empty, making plenty of noise as he did so. From within came the sound of a body rolling over in a bunk and a sharp metallic clink.

"Who is it?" rapped out a voice from the darkness.

"Joe, you fool. I just got in," snorted the bogus Joe.

"Holy smokes! I'm shore glad to have company again." A match flared and Turk Pennock put the lamp globe back on and turned.

He was a big, red-faced man of ground thirty-five with the countenance of a good-natured thief who wouldn't hesitate to steal if there was money in it.

"You danged ol' woman-chasin' boot owl," he chuckled delightedly. "I'm shore glad to see you back. It's been plenty lonesome since you left."

It was obvious that he knew nothing about Joe's getting shot. "Man, am I glad to see you. It's been lonesome up here with me waitin' day after day fer you to come back. Say, how'd that raid on the ranch come out?"

Jay was removing gunbelt and snaps. "It didn't work," he said, busy with buckles along his left leg. "The old man had guards out around the horse pasture and they were well armed, from the way they lay loose. One of the boys got shot, don't know who."

They arose just before sunup, ate breakfast, swallowed down the last cup of scalding black coffee, and fixed up two packages of lunch.

He purposely waited until the other man mounted first, not knowing whether Turk had the seat or west patrol. Pennock swung up and headed east with a wave of his hand. Jay turned west, following a well worn trail made by many other riders before him, including his brother Joe. By the time he rode back the afternoon he had met the rider from the next line

camp and knew the general lay of the country.

He fell into line-camp life with ease and a certain familiarity born of his experiences in the Texas cow country. Not until the second afternoon, did he spot the strange rider. The man was about a mile away, and Jay loped toward him.

On the third day he finished his patrol early and came in about two hours before sundown. Pennock was already in, his horse unshaded in the corral.

Turk Pennock was shaving, already dressed in his Sunday clothes. "I was wonderin' if you'd ferget," he chuckled. "Hurry up an' get dressed. It's our night to hove!"

Jay didn't know what it was all about, but he went to his bunk and shed his clothes, drawing out a pair of new pants and a clean shirt from his warbag.

Pennock was fully dressed now. He said with a grin, "Come on; let's saddle an' get goin'. We can make it in a little over two hours."

It was shortly after the late summer darkness had set in that they dropped down a slope and Jay saw lights ahead, plus the gleam of water among a wide belt of sand.

"Antelope Creek!" came Turk's laughing voice in the darkness. "Brad knows what it takes to keep his hoss thieves happy."

(To Be Continued)



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RADIO PROGRAMS WEDNESDAY—P.M. Table with columns for KGW, KOIN, KEX, KSLM, KOCO and a list of programs and times.

THURSDAY—6 A.M. TO 4:45 P.M. Table with columns for KGW, KOIN, KEX, KSLM, KOCO and a list of programs and times.

DIAL LISTING, KOAC 550 Table with columns for KOAC and a list of programs and times.

Methodists Schedule Planning Conference Amity—Rev. Fremont Faul, pastor of the local Methodist church, one of the state leaders of the Oregon Methodist Conference will attend a three-day planning conference at Camp McGruder, beginning October 10, and continuing for three days. The total Sunday School and educational program of the churches, of the conference will first be set up.

Undergoing Surgery Mt. Angel—Mrs. George J. Hauptman of Brooks entered Siltverton hospital on Wednesday for major surgery. The year's activities of the three Methodist camps in the state will be reviewed and plans for the future made. The conference board of Evangelism will meet to coordinate the whole program for the conference. Mr. Faul has several projects to report on or to promote in this series of board meetings.

Crossword Puzzle with grid and clues. Clues include: 1. Exclude, 2. Meadow, 3. Rotating, 4. Mechanical part, 5. Anoint, 6. 'Bada', 7. Japanese snub, 8. Cotton fabric, 9. Sticky, 10. At a higher point, 11. Pass gradually, 12. Thicker, 13. Anker, 14. Horn first, 15. East African coin, 16. Parcel of ground, 17. Tax, 18. Channeled, 19. Literary scrap, 20. Oriental drum, 21. Compound, 22. American, 23. Indians, 24. Compound, 25. Other, 26. Hold back, 27. Land measure, 28. Tear apart, 29. Orient, 30. Land measure, 31. Grow slowly, 32. Famous electrician, 33. Sacred city of India, 34. Excuse, 35. Take away, 36. Bath, 37. Samuel's mentor, 38. Pastureways, 39. Chickens, 40. Mistletoe, 41. Skinfint, 42. Tip up, 43. Fine chalky parchment, 44. Immerse, 45. Hefor, 46. Restraints, 47. Small round mark, 48. Behind, 49. Edible roots, 50. Two halves, 51. Youngster, 52. Those, 53. Hated, 54. East Indian gateway, 55. County in Colorado, 56. Acted out of sorts, 57. Nest of a bird of prey, 58. Catch sight of, 59. Yellow ochre, 60. Historical period.

