

# Gunfighter's Return

By LESLIE ERNENWEIN  
(AP Newsfeature)

CHAPTER 13  
Sam Maiben made a tall, lean shape standing there in front of the cave with a grin creating his dark stubbly cheeks. Remembering how frequently he had been mistaken for this man, Rimbaud thought: So that's how I look. He was not pleased by the knowledge.  
"I've brought you something to eat," Della announced, going to Maiben at once.  
"Good girl," Sam praised, but his chief attention was for Rimbaud. He came out to the trail and offered his hand and said, "I met Charley Bone over on Big Mesa last night. He told me you had agreed to guard my place. I'm sure much obliged for your help."  
Rimbaud shook his head, taking a leisurely look at the man who had won Eve Odgaard's affections. "Just a case of paying off a debt," he said, and reckoned Maiben's age at twenty-four or five.  
Della asked, "Did you have any narrow escapes, Sam?"  
"Half a dozen," Maiben said, and grimaced. "They almost pocketed me in the roughs south of Canton Creek, and again when I tried to sneak into Eweda Beverly's place. Booger Bill stayed at my heels half the night."  
Maiben hadn't slept and showed it in the strained bloodshot condition of his eyes and in the nervous way he kept glancing up the trail. He said, "I dislike to shoot a man, but I'll put a bullet in that Booger Bill if he pesters me tonight."  
"Serve him right," Della agreed. Observing the way she looked at Maiben, Rimbaud was mildly amused. Della couldn't keep her eyes off him, or her hands either, for just now she brushed dust from his shirt sleeves. Her eyes held the look of a squaw waiting to serve her brave.  
"I won't need to worry about my place, with you there," Maiben said. "I'm sure pleased to have you aiding with me."  
Rimbaud shrugged and said frankly, "I had no choice, considering."  
Then Della asked pointedly, "Aren't you glad to see me too, Sam?"  
"Sure," Maiben said. "Sure I am. Especially if you brought"

something to eat. I'm hungrier than six bronca steers."  
Della turned quickly to the saddlebags on her horse, bragging, "I've got beef sandwiches, ground coffee, a canteen of water, and a canteen of coffee. Also three straight and some sack tobacco."  
"Bueno!" Maiben exclaimed. He grinned up at Rimbaud and said, "Light down, Jim. We'll have us a picnic."  
Rimbaud glanced at Della, who was busily unloading the saddlebags. She didn't speak, and so he said, "Reckon I'd better ease on over to your place and take a look around before dark."  
Presently, when Maiben had made certain suggestions, Rimbaud rode up the trail. It seemed significant that it was Sam, not Della, who had invited him to remain. She had wanted a third person at the picnic; she'd shown that by her silence, and by the spry look in her eyes. But Maiben had seemed more interested in the food than in the girl who fetched it.  
"Good country," Rimbaud mused with a cowboy's eye for grass. Then he added cynically, "Too good for Della."  
For that was the unchanging history of castledale. Good grass had invariably spawned trouble ever since the Israelis ran their herds on the hills east of Jerusalem. There had been every reason then, wanting to spread out and willing to fight for that privilege. Times had changed, but human nature hadn't.  
"Dog eat dog," Rimbaud muttered, and focused his sun-squinted eyes to search for Maiben's place. He glimpsed a windmill above the brush to the northwest, and presently, riding down a deep-grooved trail, caught a metallic glint in the scrub. It seemed to come from a low ridge, disappearing and returning, as if a piece of moving metal were reflecting sunlight.  
Rimbaud gave the ridge a concentrated attention for fully five minutes, detecting no sign of movement save the occasional flash. There seemed to be only one logical explanation: A hobbled horse with a silver-mounted bit would make a flash as it browsed on brush of foughe flies.  
So Stromberg has sent me a visitor, Rimbaud thought, and put his mind to devising a proper method of entertaining the Roman Four trespasser. This, his initial, not his final, might be an important occasion; future relations would probably depend on how he handled the first caller at Boxed M.  
Rimbaud grinned, believing he had hit upon a fit reception. When he reached the lower slopes of the divide he turned south and rode for upwards of an hour, taking a roundabout course that eventually brought him to a mesquite-fringed wash a mile south of Maiben's yard.  
(To Be Continued)



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### Crossword Puzzle

By Ahren

ACROSS

1. Likely
2. Not strong
3. Sarcastic
4. Irish
5. Large knife
6. Fall
7. Serpent
8. Go by air
9. Ardor
10. And; Latin
11. That man
12. Lie up
13. Gloomy
14. Finish
15. Animal's foot
16. Small pile
17. Destroy
18. Label
19. Labor
20. Live coal

DOWN

1. Donkey
2. Open dish
3. Catch suddenly
4. Court
5. Bar; legality
6. Northeast
7. Alternative
8. Cleansing substance
9. Affirmative
10. Black bird
11. Run
12. Light tan
13. American
14. Indian
15. Huge
16. Slagger
17. Unit of force
18. Tiny
19. Behold
20. Besides
21. Father
22. Orderly
23. Present
24. Count
25. Gentle
26. stroke
27. In a line
28. Lets bait drop lightly
29. Plump
30. Tennis
31. Opening
32. Covering of a building
33. Purchase
34. Grey white
35. Scent
36. Small horse
37. Broad-bottomed boat
38. Misery
39. Conquered
40. Regret
41. Embroidery
42. Letter of the alphabet
43. Concerning

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

### Room & Board

By Ahren

I WAS THINKING ABOUT THE WIDE GAP BETWEEN YOUR CLASSIC PERFUME IDEA AND THE CLOWN FINISH IT CAME TO... YOU STARTED TO CREATE A PERFUME FOR MILADY'S DRESSING TABLE, AND WOUND UP BY MAKING A FRAGRANCE TO PUT IN A LINIMENT FOR WRESTLER'S MUSCLE KINKS AND SPRAINS!

YOU THOUGHT THAT WOULD NETTLE ME EH? ...WELL, THE EARL PAID ME \$100 FOR MAKING AN AROMA TO GIVE HIS LINIMENT A PLEASANT SMELL... THE MATERIALS ORIGINALLY COST \$70, SO I MADE A \$30 PROFIT!

THAT SPOILS UNK'S GLEE

### Mary Worth

COULDN'T WE WALK ALONG TOGETHER... FOR JUST A FEW MINUTES... GWEN?

OH, CLIFF... I WANT TO... BELIEVE ME, DEAR... MAYBE... IF WE...

HEY! WHY SO...?

YOUR TERM PAPER MUST BE IN BY MONDAY, OR I SHALL TAKE 10 POINTS OFF YOUR GRADE!

WOW! THAT WAS SUCH A CLOSE SHAVE, MY FACE IS BURNING!

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Church in Home Music for Women	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air	Church of Air

### MONDAY—5 A.M. TO 11:45 A.M.

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Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time	Music Time

### Honeymooners Travel 4387 Miles on Scooters

Longview, Wash. (AP)—A young couple was resting here today after a 4,387-mile "honeymoon" trip across the United States on motor scooters and said they were thinking of making another tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Larry Mertsching arrived here yesterday, 68 days after they left Burkeville, Va.