

GUNLOCK RANCH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

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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 lie in the various events. McCrossen picks up a handkerchief from the ground riding full speed, facing backward. Denison easily follows suit. 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. The young stranger returns the bracelet to Jane. Back on 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.

CHAPTER III—Continued

It nettled her foreman. "He's the worst enemy your father ever had in this whole country. He's probably stole more Gunlock cattle than all the rustlers in the hills." "I don't believe it." "All right, don't," exclaimed McCrossen, nettled. "Just ask any of the boys around the ranch." Jane rode into Sleepy Cat next morning with Bull Page, and when she had dispatched her business at the bank, she walked up street to Carpy's hotel. She asked for Doctor Carpy, whom she remembered from her visit two years before. The doctor had a private office, entered both from the hotel lobby and the street. The doctor was somewhat surprised at the sight of this trim, erect girl, eighteen or nineteen years of age, and seemingly a stranger, facing him. Obviously she was a newcomer to Sleepy Cat; the doctor did not at once place her. But his glance swept everything about her like a flash—her cowboy hat, her red, open-neck blouse with its dark flowing tie; her sloping feminine shoulders; delicate, pleasing bosom and slender, rounded hips; her short brown riding skirt and her soft, tight-fitting tan boots. The rig seemed right for her brown hair and blue eyes. "Doctor Carpy?" her voice was clear and her manner possessed. Carpy nodded. Despite his years, the sight of trim, girlish womanhood always stirred the blunt old surgeon to graciousness. The doctor doffed his hat and set his bag down on the desk with an air of satisfaction. "I'm Doctor Carpy. But I'm glad to see you don't need me or any other doctor." "Why, Doctor?" exclaimed Jane demurely. There was a sophistication in the delicate droop of her eyelids, as she protested, that did not escape the doctor. It deceived him only as to her age. "That's hardly complimentary, Doctor Carpy," she ran on. "Have you forgotten Frontier day two years ago when we sat here on the porch together and in the rickety grandstand to see the riding?" Her eyes were laughing. Doctor Carpy was flustered. "What is your name?" "Not a very popular one in this country. I'm Jane Van Tassel." He knelt his brows. "Why, that's maybe two years ago, and it was a little girl that I talked to here on the porch and took to the races. I'll be hanged! Two years! And you've sprung into full bloom. Full bloom!" repeated Carpy in undisguised admiration. "Where've you been ever since?" "In Chicago. You look exactly the same, Doctor." "Can't say I feel exactly the same, Jane," he said. His eyes still rested on her. "How long were you out last time?" "Only two months or so. But I'm out now to stay, perhaps." "I heard something lately about some women folks over to Gunlock, but I didn't hear of you being over there. If I had, I'd have been over there myself. So you're Gus' daughter," he mused. "I'm his only child, Doctor." "Never knew he had a child till you came out the first time. You threw your bracelet out on the track, didn't you?" "That was partly your fault, Doctor." "Was it? Well, you got it back." "I did, but I never learned the name of the man that picked it up. All I

could find out, when I asked, was that he was a rustler. You don't remember him, do you?" "Of course I do. Who the hell said he was a rustler?" "Why, that's what they told me at the ranch after we got home." "Well, you've got some able-bodied lars at Gunlock—one in particular." "Who's that?" "No need to specify." "Well, what's the name of the wonderful rider who picked up the bracelet? And the cigarette?" "It was Bill Denison." Jane started imperceptibly. "He's living here now on his brother's hill ranch—brother's dead. Well, Jane, what in the world brought you out here?" "Why, because Father's so ill." Doctor Carpy nodded. "You took care of him, Doctor, and recommended his going to Medicine Bend—" "It was pretty high for him here." "—so he telegraphed for me to come out to look after the ranch—" "Small girl for big job, as the Indians would say." Jane laughed. "That's what Father said when he saw me. You know two years ago was the first time in his life he'd ever seen me." "I never knew till then—the your father had a family." "Father was peculiar, you know. A little while after I was born he just disappeared. It was years before we even knew where he was. Then he began sending money back to Mother sometimes, but he never wrote a line. Then Mother died, and I went to live with my Aunt Lou." "How old are you, Jane?" "Almost nineteen." "Well, well!" mused Doctor Carpy still regarding his caller benevolently. "So you're Van Tassel's daughter. I guess you take after your mother. The doctor spoke evenly, but the implication did not pass unnoticed. "Aunt Lou says I do," she returned with composure. "So Father said, too, when I went to see him at the hospital in Medicine Bend last month. And he told me, Doctor, to come to see you about his bill. I couldn't find one from you among the bills at the ranch. Did you ever send one?" "Hell, Jane, I never sent a bill to anybody in my life." "Doctor!" exclaimed his caller, startled both at the expletive and the statement. "I never heard of a doctor who didn't send out bills!" Carpy laughed uproariously. "Why, that's nothing." "But," she went on, "you took care of Father quite a while. He thinks you're the best doctor he ever had." The sardonic note in the doctor's slight laugh as he suppressed an exclamation did not escape the girl. "But everyone out here says that or something just like it, so you must be used to it," she added. "Please tell me now, Doctor, what the bill is; I want to pay you." The doctor waved Jane off. When he sidestepped, she kept after him. He dodged, and she persisted. At last she drew from her purse two one-hundred-dollar bills and laid them on the table in front of him. Carpy looked at them in astonishment. "Your father hasn't gone out of his mind, has he?" "No," Jane retorted. "Why? That's not enough, is it?" she added shamefacedly. "I didn't know." "It's at least twice too much. Did Gus send this?" Jane had to fib a bit. She had added a hundred dollars herself to what her father had told her would be about right, if Carpy refused to name the bill. "He told me he wanted you well paid," she answered evasively. Carpy pushed one bill back to Jane. "That's plenty." "Doctor," she exclaimed, "I wish you'd take this other bill." He shook his head. "Put it back in your purse. How are things out at the ranch?" "You know how it is when the cat's away," laughed Jane. "You must mean the wildcat," suggested Carpy, grinning half amiably. "Everyone doing things his own way," she continued, ignoring the thrust. "Or not doing them at all." "Mostly that, I guess." "Mostly that," agreed Jane. "I can see I have plenty of work ahead." "And you going on nineteen. And, I'll bet, never did a day's work in your life." She straightened up. "I've worked every day of my life since I left high school at fifteen." "What for?" "Helping support Mother." Carpy flashed with anger. "Do you mean to tell me that old crumudgeon father of yours didn't support you and your mother?" Jane's eyes fell. She crimsoned. Then, collecting herself, she said, "I did not mean to tell you, Doctor. It slipped out. We've nearly always had to look out for ourselves—but I hate to talk about it, Doctor. Father says he's sorry. When I telegraphed him about Mother's death, he was all broken up and sent me so much money for the expenses that I didn't know what to do with it—though it was too late to do poor Mother any good. I know Father's eccentric, Doctor," Jane continued gravely. "But that doesn't explain, to me, why everybody out here hates him. And that's what I've wanted to ask somebody like you, Doctor, somebody who would tell me the truth. Why is Father so disliked? Is it because he is so rich?" Dr. Carpy was taken aback. Here was an innocent and charming girl budding into a lovely womanhood, the daughter of an unscrupulous criminal and thoroughly detested cattle king, asking him to tell her why her father was so hated along the Spanish Sinks. "Well, Jane," he said at length slow-

ly, "many a rich man is hated without good reason." But if he thought he could get off with such a general observation he was mistaken. Jane pursued him. "Was that the case with Father?" she asked bluntly. "Other rich men are hated," continued Carpy, unmoved, "not because they're rich, but because of the way they got rich." The force of his words was not lost on his listener. "And if a man does get rich here or anywhere else, they don't lose any time hatching up lies about him, do they?" she said indignantly. "Father warned me when I saw him at the hospital that I'd hear stories about him. But there are always two sides to stories." She spoke with a fire that surprised even her listener, who was seasoned to surprises. "There's a chip of the old block," he said to himself. He regretted he had insinuated so much. But while he tried to soften the impact of his words, he would not entirely retreat. "I probably ought to say, Jane, that I myself didn't get on well with your father. So my verdict might not be a fair one. Another man might give a more favorable opinion." "What other man, Doctor?" she asked so coolly that she upset the doctor again. "Why, offhand, I couldn't say right now, Jane." "Doctor," said Van Tassel's daughter, rising, suddenly; he thought her still angry, but she really wasn't—"may I come again, just to talk with you, perhaps get a little advice—come without excuse at all to see you—just plain come?" she asked, stiffly but impulsively. "Why, of course you may, Jane. Why not? Come any time, all times—my latchstring's always out for you," declared Carpy, swayed by an admiration he could not resist. "And you won't harbor any feelings against me just because you don't like my father?" "How could I?" Doctor Carpy almost gasped with surprise at her poise. "Jane," he said, taking her hand, "just feel I'm your friend—I mean it. Sick or well, I'll be with you. I don't care a damn who your father is or was—is that plain, girl?" "I'm awfully grateful, Doctor," she said collectedly. "If I get into a tight place, or into trouble, I'll know where I'll have a friend to turn to." "Don't be afraid!" exclaimed Carpy emphatically. "You'll find you'll make plenty of friends out here just as soon as you get acquainted—don't be afraid!" he repeated. Jane was at the door. She turned. "And Doctor," she said, with seeming innocence, "try to think of the name of the man who will give that more favorable opinion." While Bull waited for his mistress during her talk with Carpy, he dropped into Jake Spotts' barber shop for a shave. Spotts, who was bald as a billiard ball, expressed surprise when Bull gave his order. "Whiskers off?" he exclaimed. "Take 'em off," repeated Bull doggedly. "Must be goin' to get married?" "Well, not exactly," explained Bull. "We got wimmen folks out to Gunlock now, 'n' the boys are spruclin' up." "What wimmen folks?" "Ain't you heard? Got a girl there, daughter of old Gus." "Is that damned old critter down at the Medicine Bend hospital yet?" demanded Spotts—but his expletives were much more ferocious. A heavy bass voice was heard from the second chair, where Oscar was shaving a man. "Slow, Jake," protested the man in the chair, "go slow—don't get to cussin' out old Van Tassel." "All right, Panama; all right," returned Spotts, resignedly, "I plum forgot you were there." "That man," gravely continued the man addressed as "Panama" and referring to Van Tassel, "will keep more Sleepy Cat folks out of heaven than the devil himself." "How's that?" asked Spotts. "Why? Because everybody cusses him so terrible whenever his name comes up." "I guess that's right," agreed Spotts. "Any way, there's more damned blasphemin' goin' on in this town—" "Careful, Jake; careful," admonished Panama. "All right, Panama," grumbled the notoriously profane barber. Then, under his breath, so Panama could not hear, "It's got so a man can't say a damned word any more. What's the girl like, Bull?" "Well," responded the Gunlock hearty, "she's comin' around eighteen or twenty; lively as a cricket and straight as a ramrod." "Is she anythin' like old Van Tassel?" "Not a bit. She's as nice and tidy as a miss as you'd want to set eyes on." "Then there's one grand big mistake somewhere," declared Spotts, definitively. "That damned old critter couldn't be the father of a girl like that." "Tut, tut, Jake," interposed Panama, rising solemnly from the chair and reaching for his collar and tie. "You promised to give up swearing." "Well, hell, I can't quit all at once, can I?" demanded Spotts testily. "Ain't I doin' better every day?" "Got to watch you, though, I guess," observed Panama shrewdly. Bull caught sight of the man out of the corner of his eye. He was almost gigantic in proportions. Tall, stout, erect, with leonine features, shaggy brows and a heavy mop of coarse, straight, black hair, worn long and cut flatly across the back of his neck. (TO BE CONTINUED)

Curiosa Americana

By Elmo Scott Watson

President-Maker

HIS name may have been Jonathan Robins, American, or it may have been Thomas Nash, Englishman—which, history has never decided for sure. But it is certain that his death kept John Adams from serving a second term in the White House. Robins, according to his story, was a Danbury (Conn.) boy attending school in England when he was seized by a British "press gang" and forced to serve in the British navy. Off the coast of Spain he struck down and killed the brutal captain of his ship, leaped overboard and swam safely to shore. Making his way to Paris, he presented himself to the American minister who obtained passage for him on a ship bound for Charleston, S. C. When he reached Charleston, the British consul there demanded his surrender, under the terms of the Jay treaty, and his return to England to stand trial for murder. Despite Robins' protest that he was an American, the consul declared that he was in reality Thomas Nash, a British subject. Robins-Nash became an international figure—the symbol of a dispute between two nations. Finally John Adams settled it by ordering the boy to be surrendered. He was taken to England, tried and hanged. Then the storm broke. The Republicans, who had repeatedly denounced the treaty made by John Jay, the Federalist, seized upon the incident for political ammunition. The Republican papers kept it hot in the minds of the public and heaped abuse on Adams' head for "servile trucking to Great Britain." When the next election came, he was eliminated from the race which lay between Jefferson and Aaron Burr and Jefferson won. Father-Congressman ONLY one Roman Catholic priest ever served in the congress of the United States, and he wasn't even a native-born American. He was Father Gabriel Richard, born in La Ville de Saintes, France, on October 15, 1767. Ordained a priest in 1790, he emigrated to the United States two years later and settled in Baltimore where he was appointed professor of mathematics in St. Mary's college located in that city. Then he was sent as a missionary to the Indians in the old Northwest territory. He was stationed first at Kaskaskia, Ill., and in 1798 was placed in charge of St. Anne's parish in Detroit. He brought with him Michigan's first printing press and printed the first books and the first newspaper published in Detroit. Greatly interested in education, he aided in establishing schools and was one of the founders of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Father Richard was elected to the Eighteenth congress, serving from March, 1823, to March, 1825. He was defeated for re-election and returned to his church duties in Detroit. He died there September 13, 1832. Longest Lakes LAKE SUPERIOR is not only the biggest lake in the United States, but it's also the largest body of fresh water in the world. It's not the longest American lake, however, for Lake Michigan is 316 miles from end to end as compared to Superior's 254 miles. Both, however, have to bow to another for length of name! East of Webster, Mass., lies Lake Chagogaggogmanchauggagchaubunagaungamaugg—46 letters including 14 g's and 10 a's! According to tradition, this name developed from the fact that the original inhabitants of the region liked to fish in this lake which had three divisions—upper, middle and lower—and the fishing was best in the middle. Two Indian tribes, living at opposite ends of the lake, used to dispute over which had the right to fish there. Finally they patched up their differences and made a treaty providing those living at the upper end would fish in the upper lake, those living at the lower end could use the lower lake, but neither could fish in the middle lake. From that treaty the lake got its name: Chagogaggog — "You fish on your side"; Manchauggagogg—"I fish on my side"; Chaubunagaungamaugg—"Nobody fish in the middle." Western Newspaper Union. Burglary Capital Offense Burglary was made a capital offense in North Carolina in 1871. The act was amended in 1889, dividing the crime into first and second degrees, the first imprisonment at the discretion of the court. Wearing Orange Blossoms The custom of wearing orange blossoms at weddings is thought to have originated with the Moors. Orange blossoms to those people were symbols of chastity and fecundity.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

By REV. HAROLD L. LUNDQUIST, Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for August 30

BEGINNING OF WORLD MISSIONS

LESSON TEXT—Acts 11:19-26, 13:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT—And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. Mark 16:15. PRIMARY TOPIC—On a Journey for Jesus. JUNIOR TOPIC—The Gospel Starts Around the World. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—New Adventures With Christ. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Holy Spirit in Missions. The normal expression of salvation in the life of a believer is a passion for the conversion of others. The early church soon began to fulfill the great commission of its Lord and Master. Its first missionary enterprise was in the great and wicked city of Antioch, only 150 miles from Jerusalem, but far from God. In this unpromising soil we find growing: I. A Model Mission Church (vv. 19-21). Its establishment was in accord with the plan of God, for it was: 1. The result of a faithful testimony (vv. 19, 20). Those who were scattered abroad by persecution had but one crowning purpose—"preaching the Lord Jesus." 2. A gathering place for all God's people (vv. 19, 20). The truth was preached to both Jews and Gentiles. 3. A living witness in a wicked city (v. 21). "The hand of the Lord was with them." Little wonder then that "a great number believed and turned unto the Lord." Note in verse 26 that it was in Antioch that the followers of Christ were first called by the beautiful name "Christians." In the midst of the most evil and degraded surroundings the sweet flower of Christian faith may grow. II. The Model Mission Church Becomes a Model Missionary Church (13:1-12). We have here the first step in the world-wide missionary movement which continues to our day and which has influenced the destinies of men and shaped the course of world history. This first missionary enterprise presents the essential principles and methods which are vital to true missionary work, even in our day. To begin with, there must be a proper base of operation, namely: 1. The home church (vv. 1-3). God calls his messengers right out of the church membership. On the Sunday that this lesson is taught missionary leaders of the next generation will be in the classes of some crossroads Sunday school. How important it will be that the teacher present the truth of God's Word plainly and faithfully. Notice that this church was spiritually alive. It was a church that prayed, fasted, and ministered the Word of God. It was responsive to the guidance of the Holy Spirit. Next we have indicated the type of men called to be: 2. The missionaries (vv. 2-4). a. The strongest men in the church (v. 2). When you want something done, ask a busy man to do it. God's missionary program calls for the best the church can give, not misfits or failures. b. Spirit-led men (vv. 3, 4). God chooses and sends men into service. He separates and places them. 3. Missionary experiences (vv. 5-12). a. Minister to all people (vv. 5-7). Paphos was a Greek city of high culture and low morals. It was ruled by Sergius Paulus, a Roman officer of noble character. With him was Barjesus also called Elymas, a wicked Jew. The missionary messenger rejoices in the opportunity to preach to Greek, Roman, and Jew. b. Meet satanic opposition (vv. 8-10). The devil has his servants who live only to oppose the gospel. Notice that even as God has children so also there are children "of the devil" (v. 10). We choose our spiritual family connections. c. Proclaim judgment on sin (v. 11). This is not an easy thing to do but is required of one who is "filled with the Holy Spirit." d. Lead men to Christ (v. 12). In this case it was the result of fear, which is a powerful factor in the conversion of some men. The Master's commission, "go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," has never been altered, modified, or abrogated. It is still the great "unfinished business" of the church. Learning From Suffering I have learned more of God, and of myself, by one week's suffering than by all the prosperity of a long lifetime.—Bishop Hall. More Work, Not Less "We get out of our troubles only by working harder, not by working less."—Roger W. Babson. Possessions To know how to dispense with things is to possess them.—Regnard.

Portrait of Kittens Done in Stitchery



Pattern No. 5604

How can you resist this appealing pair of kittens? Their "portrait" on a pillow top or picture will add charm to your home aside from your pleasure in making it. And how effective it is, worked quickly in colorful floss, the crosses an easy 8 to the inch. Since the motif requires but the merest outline, you're finished before you know it! In pattern 5604 you will find a transfer pattern of these kittens 13 1/4 by 14 inches; a color chart and key, material requirements; illustrations of all stitches needed. 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. Still Mounties Because the Royal Mounted Police now use more automobiles than horses, it has been recently suggested that the "mounted" should be dropped from their title. Canadians immediately opposed the change and it is likely that the name will remain even if all the Mounties eventually use airplanes. (They already have several.) The big job of the R. C. M. P. is preserving law and order in the wild Yukon and Arctic regions. They may also be used in any part of Canada, and many provinces hire them from the Canadian government to enforce their laws.—Washington Post. Don't be Tormented by ITCHY, BURNING SKIN Quick relief follows the use of Resinol Have You Vision? We can help you achieve your aim in life. "Planning Your Future" FREE ON REQUEST Behrke Walker BUSINESS COLLEGE S. W. Salmon at 11th Avenue PORTLAND, OREGON. FOUR TEASPOONFULS OF MILK OF MAGNESIA IN ONE TASTY WAFER DOLLARS & HEALTH The successful person is a healthy person. Don't let yourself be handicapped by sick headaches, a sluggish condition, stomach "nerves" and other dangerous signs of over-acidity. HEARTBURN? Its surprising how many have heart burn. Hurried eating, overeating, heavy smoking, excessive drinking all lead to heartburn. When it comes, heed the warning. Your stomach is on a strike. TAKE MILNESIAS Milnesia, the original milk of magnesia in wafer form, neutralizes stomach acid. Each wafer equals 4 teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia. Thin, crunchy, mint-flavor, tasty. 20c, 35c & 60c at drug stores. 35c & 60c bottles 20c tins The Original Milk of Magnesia Wafers