

# LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

## The Story So Far

Trying to escape his reputation for gun-play, "Blair" Ankrum rides into Peso Pinto and immediately becomes embroiled in trouble again when he rescues Lee Trone from a band of thugs. She offers him a job on her father's ranch, the Rafter T. As soon as she has gone the marshal nabs Ankrum.

## Chapter Three

### The Rafter T

ANKROM knew that in another second there would be gun-play if he let matters take their course. And he had had enough of shooting for one night. He turned as though to mount his horse, whirled and landed a smashing left to the marshal's jaw. Beneath that blow the marshal's head rocked back, his body followed.

Ankrum's left foot came up and he reached for the saddle horn, grasped it. Yet even as his fingers closed about it and his horse got into motion a bullet whistled past his head. Before the buckskin had taken seven rocking strides guns were spitting from all directions save dead ahead.

Lead sang perilously close as Ankrum out a row of poked ma-

"You ain't no common puncher." Ankrum let the statement lay. Suspicion and unfriendliness were piling up. Plainly Trone and the Rafter T as subjects for conversation were taboo. "I'm not a drifter," he said. "I'm a man that works at his trade. You don't know of any outfits that are hirin' eh?"

"Not your kind of man." Ankrum crushed his cigarette upon his plate and with a laugh rose to his feet. "You might try that Rafter T you mentioned!"

The spitefulness of the tone drew Ankrum's eyes to the gawking youth across the table. "Yeah," he said. "I think I will."

For hours after leaving the place Ankrum rode at a log across the range.

The sun was swinging low behind the western peaks when in a valley spread below him, Ankrum obtained his first glimpse of the Rafter T.

Ankrum could pick out the ranchhouse easily. It was the only building boasting a veranda and before it was parked a touring car—the car Lee Trone had entered in Peso Pinto the night before.

Ankrum sent the buckskin down the trail. As he neared the buildings the talk and laughter of a group of loading punchers by the feed house died down. He could feel their eyes upon him.

He swung down before the ranchhouse porch.

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THOMAS MASARYK -- WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA AT A TIME WHEN HE HAD BEEN ABSENT FROM THAT COUNTRY 14 YEARS -- AND WAS 4500 MILES AWAY... - NOV. 14, 1918 -

THE INTERNATIONAL OPERA HOUSE -- Derby Line, Vermont... THE STAGE IS IN CANADA, BUT MOST OF THE AUDIENCE SITS IN THE UNITED STATES!



A KITE WAS USED TO CATCH THE FIRST BROADBILL SWORDFISH EVER TAKEN WITH ROD AND REEL OFF CATALINA ISLAND, Calif.

TREES DO NOT GROW IN WINTER...

**International Opera.** Derby Line, Vermont, situated at the halfway point between Boston and Quebec City. This community, strange as it seems, boasts of an opera house with its stage in one country and the audience in another! Built in 1901 with funds supplied by Mrs. Martha S. Haskell, philanthropist, it has a seating capacity of 464. The international boundary line, which runs through the building separates the stage and audience in such a manner that about two-thirds of the persons sit in the United States to witness a play produced in Canada.

**The Absent President.** After dedicating four years of his life toward securing the independence of his country from Austrian rule, Thomas Masaryk, Czechoslovakian patriot, on November 14, 1918, was awarded the honor of becoming that republic's first president. Yet, strange as it seems, Masaryk was 4,500 miles away from Czechoslovakia at the time of his election. He had escaped from Austria in December, 1914, at the outbreak of the World war, to conduct a political and propagandist campaign in Switzerland, France, England, Italy, Russia and the United States on behalf of his people.

He went to the United States in May, 1918, and the result was the Lansing declaration of sympathy with the cause of Czechoslovak and Yugoslav independence. At the first meeting of the new Czechoslovak national assembly at Prague on November 14, 1918, Masaryk was unanimously elected the first president while he was in the United States. He did not return to his country until after the end of the war.

association in Rome, has been ordered to leave Italy. It was learned today.

The Earl of Perth, British ambassador to Italy, conferred with Foreign Minister Count Galeazzo Ciano last night on Cremona's behalf and obtained a promise a temporary stay in the execution of the order would be considered.

Cremona, a native of Malta, is a British subject.

Closing time for Too Late to Clarity Ads is 1:30 p. m.

## FINGER FREEZES WHEN USED AS BUNG STOPPER

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., July 27.—(UP)—Frank Spiegel, 32, of Bethlehem, Pa., decided to tap a keg of beer to quench a July thirst, and wound up in a hospital today suffering from frostbite on his index finger. When the beer began to gush from the bunghole, he stuck his finger in to plug it. The finger caught and froze.

## ARREST CREDIT BUYER FOR LACK OF LICENSE

MEMPHISVILLE, July 27.—(AP)—Bryant Williams, state department of agriculture inspector, arrested John Lee Waymire, 68, of Portland today on charge of acting as a credit buyer without a license. Williams asserted Waymire had made Cherry and apple purchases from Yamhill county growers. Bail was set at \$500.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Gets a Shock!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—He Would, Too!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Bombshell



# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

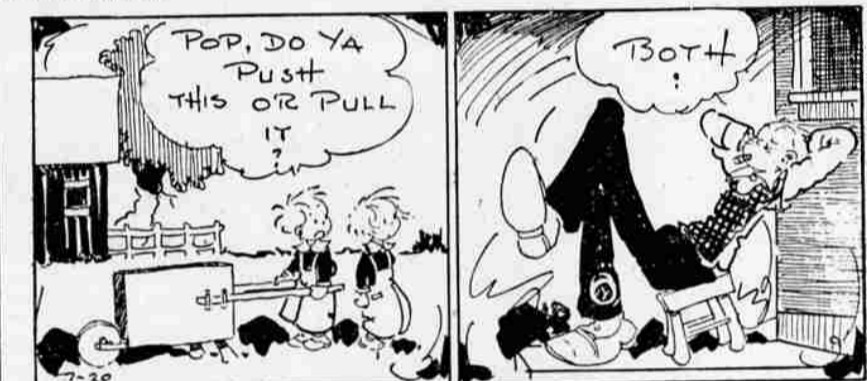
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IN FINDING THE HOUSE DARK YOU ARE CONGRATULATING YOURSELVES THAT YOU CAN SLIP CARDS UNDER THE SCREEN DOOR AND NOT WASTE AN EVENING ON A STUPID CALL, WHEN A COUGH INFORMS YOU THAT SOMEBODY IS SITTING ON THE PORCH IN THE DARK AND HAS HEARD YOUR REMARKS

# S'MATTER POF

By O. M. PAYNE



# By HAL FORREST



# By EDWIN ALGER



# By SOL HESS



He whirled, landed a smashing left to the marshal's jaw.

chines between himself and the crouching forms.

Toward the second floors of the wooden structures fringing this street Ankrum's eyes were drawn by the rattle and bang of windows as, for a moment, the shooting died down. Parted red curtains framed women's pale faces from half a dozen houses. One, a little nearer than the rest, leaned out across the sill with beckoning hand!

"Up here, cowboy! Quick!" she cried, and Ankrum saw that she had yellow hair that shone like a halo. Then he was gone, tearing down the road at breakneck speed while shouts and curses and crashing guns made the night hideous.

Ankrum's progress westward was leisurely. He doubted that any town lay between Peso Pinto in this direction and his objective, the Rafter T. Nor was he wrong. The country, where not entirely sand and cactus, was semi-arid desert country; habitations were few and far between.

The following morning he stopped at a small spread ranch and breakfasted. There was plenty to eat; a fortunate circumstance, for he was ravenously hungry. Smoking, he and the rancher sat awhile at the table after they had finished, and the rancher's son sat with them, sucking on a corncob pipe.

"Seems to me," Ankrum said casually, "a fella named Trone owns a spread around here somewhere—Rafter T, ain't it?"

The rancher and his son exchanged furtive glances. "Trone? Well, yeah. There is a Trone around here some place. Friend of his?"

"Don't even know him. Heard his name mentioned couple times in the cattle business, ain't he?" The rancher's son spoke and his tone was surly. "You seem to know all about him."

## Suspicious

ANKROM shrugged his shoulders, smoked a while in silence. An atmosphere of suspicion had settled upon this room. But no awareness of the fact was permitted to show upon his face. "Any outfits round here that could use an extra hand?"

"What kind of a hand?" There was a cold intentness in the rancher's eyes. Ankrum drawled, "What kind of a hand usually rides for a brand?"

## 'Get Outa Here!'

A MAN broke from the group, came striding forward. Ankrum, watching him come, saw that he was a bottle-nosed man whose bowed legs were encased in starred black bat-wing chaps. This was a burly figure, solid and strong and hard. He was close to forty, Ankrum judged. There was an arrogance in his stride and something in his manner that bespoke a wicked temper. "You lookin' for somebody?"

"This the Rafter T?"

"You got any business on it?"

"You got a special reason for askin'?"

"I'm the fella that runs this outfit. I'm not doin' any hirin' so you can just climb back on that nag an' be on your way."

"I've got a job already, Abe Streeter's on your payroll. Go write his name in the book."

The thin lips of the range boss parted. Then, as though his mind had changed, he shut them without speaking.

Ankrum without a word swung into his saddle. He kneeed the buckskin toward the group of watching punchers. A grin and vanished. Ankrum heard the boss's voice break across the silence: "Where the hell you goin'?" But he didn't reply.

When he reached the bunkhouse he dismounted and trailed the buckskin's reins. No one spoke while he took his blanket roll and slicker from behind the cantle. But when he started to cross the threshold a heavy hand clamped viselike upon his shoulder, jerked him around. He dropped the blanket roll and slicker. The boss's face was within three inches of his own.

"Damn you! I said I—"

"I'm not deaf," Ankrum's eyes were upon him with malicious interest. "I heard what you said the first time. Mebbe you don't understand American—I said I'd been hired already."

"You get outa here!"

"You figgerin' to put me out?" There was a shifting of the group behind the burly man. His glance snapped back to Ankrum. His voice was thick: "Who hired you?"

"That's somethin' you can talk over with ol' man Trone," Ankrum said and, picking up his things, passed inside.

(Copyright 1938, Nelson C. Nye)

Ankrum meets Lee's father, tomorrow.

## Quartet Safe On Lake Pend Oreille

SANDPOINT, Idaho, July 27.—(AP)—While searches scanned Lake Pend Oreille from two airplanes for evidence of their fate, two men and two women reached a telephone today to report their safety after two nights of exposure and hardships on the shores of the wind-whipped 30-mile long lake.

The four were Mr. and Mrs. Paul D. Perry, Ed Hayden and Mrs. L. Witterwood, all of Spokane. They had been missing since they left on a Sunday excursion.

## Bodies Recovered

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C., July 27.—(UP)—Using special equipment, the Vancouver fire department rescue squad last night recovered the bodies of Thomas Graham, 50, and his son, Fred, 16, who were asphyxiated by methane gas at the bottom of a 75-foot well near Cloverdale.

## 200 Rescued From Flooded Colorado

SAN SABA, Tex., July 27.—(UP)—Two hundred persons marooned by the flooded Colorado river at Bena, 20 miles southeast of San Saba, were rescued last night by boatmen from Lampasas, Tex., who braved the roaring stream.

The rescue group, using a dozen boats, was directed by County Judge J. C. Abney of Lampasas. Abney said that five inches of rain within the last 24 hours had brought the total rainfall to 13 inches in the area since Saturday. Six of the refugees were reported seriously ill.

## Christian Science Reporter Expelled

ROME, July 26.—(AP)—Paul Cremona, correspondent since 1922 for the Christian Science Monitor and vice president of the Foreign Press