

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far

"Blur" Ankrom is trying to escape his reputation for gun-play, but becomes enmeshed in trouble again when he rescues Lee Trone from a band of thugs. She offers him a job on the Rafter T, which is in difficulties. He goes there under the name of Abe Streeter, and immediately has a run-in with the surly range boss.

Chapter Four Old Man Trone

HARDLY had the men of the Rafter T concluded their supper and started fishing in their pockets for the makings than a shadow darkened the doorway. Mose Hackett, the range boss, stood there swinging his glance about the room. It stopped abruptly when it reached Ankrom.

The boss growled. "Streeter, the Old Man wants to see you up at the house. Right away." Without waiting for a reply, he turned upon his heel and passed from view, heading toward his private shanty across the yard.

Ankrom could feel the eyes of his companions upon him. His face was inscrutable as he rose from his place, pulled the last lungful of smoke from his cigarette and ground the butt into a dish. Still without speaking he passed through the open door and out into the gloom of early night.



To Ankrom the prospect seemed anything but fine.

When he reached the ranch-house a vague slim shape was there awaiting him among the shadows of a porch. "You came, then, after all," she said.

"I reckon I did, ma'am." "Did you have any trouble on the way?" "What kind of trouble did you think I might be havin', ma'am?" There was silence for a moment, then she said, "Dad will be waiting for you in his office. It is the first room off the right of the hall. I have told him that you are the friend of some friends of mine in Arizona; that I happened to run across you in town last night and offered you a job. Good night."

She stepped past him and entered the car. A second later Ankrom heard the purring of the motor, the moaning of the gears. With the crunch of gravel the car moved smoothly off across the yard.

Ankrom turned and entered the house. Upon the first door to the right of the hall he knocked. "Come in," a shrill voice bade and Ankrom entered an electrically lighted room.

His eyes went at once to the room's sole occupant, a man whom he judged to be well above sixty, who rose from behind a desk. This man Ankrom knew at a glance for the girl's father. His dark features held the weather-bitten appearance of having been much in the windy open. His was a big-boned frame—big, but gaunt with leanness of a man familiar with a horse's back. He thrust a wrinkled brown hand across the desk and Ankrom gripped it.

A Definite Threat

"SON," Trone said, "I'm glad to know you Streeter's the name? Abe Streeter? Well, I'm glad to know any friend of Colonel Struthers. How is the Colonel? Been some time since I've seen the boss of the XOT?" "He's making out," Ankrom said.

"Lee tells me she ran across you in town last night." "Well, we met. She invited me out. Said you could use another hand." A light appeared far back in Ankrom's eyes. "I'm kind of at loose ends right now an' a job of work would suit me fine." "Glad to have you with us—" Trone broke off to stare past

Ankrom's head. "What is it, Hackett?" Ankrom had heard the opening of the door, but had not turned. He did so now and saw the burly range boss standing in the doorway. Hackett did not look at him. "I was figurin' to see you about that load of—"

"If you reckon on talking business with me," Trone cut in, "come back later." "Well—" Now Hackett's eyes turned full upon Ankrom and there was hostility in them. "I was figurin' on ridin' out to the southeast line camp."

"We'll talk business later then," Trone's voice held a note of finality. The foreman nodded curtly, strode away. But in the look he'd flashed at Ankrom had been a definite threat. There was vanity in the man; he would not forget that scene before the burkhouse. He would bide his time until an opportunity came that would enable him to even up the score for the loss of caste inflicted on him by Ankrom before his man.

Ankrom found Old Man Trone studying him shrewdly. "What's up between you an' Hackett, son?" "Hackett? . . . Oh, you mean that fella? Shucks. I don't even know him."

Odd Layout

BUT Trone was not fooled, Ankrom saw, by this evasion. "Hackett's an odd man," the

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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WILD LLAMAS DO NOT EXIST! THEY WERE DOMESTICATED LONG BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF EUROPEANS IN SOUTH AMERICA, THEIR NATIVE HABITAT...



CACTUS THAT GROWS HAIR! THE "OLD LADY OF MEXICO," A CACTUS GROWS LONG, FINE, WHITE HAIR...



KEY TO THE PAST!

CHAMPOLLION, a French scholar UNLOCKED 6000 YEARS OF EGYPTIAN HISTORY BY WORKING 20 YEARS TO DECIPHER THE FAMED ROSETTA STONE AFTER OTHER MEN HAD FAILED! (1802-22) IT PROVED TO BE THE KEY TO TRANSLATING ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCRIPTS...

DOUBLE DEAD HEAT -- THE RUG AND ACE OF HEARTS RAN TWO SUCCESSIVE DEAD HEATS THE SAME DAY -- THEN THE RUG WON WITH A WALK-OVER! (4-mile steeplechase, Carnarthen, Eng., 1862)



One of the most remarkable episodes in the history of archeology was the finding in 1799 of the famous Rosetta Stone, which provided a key to translation of ancient Egyptian, a feat until that time unaccomplished. Divided into three parts, each a translation of the other, the Rosetta Stone presents in Egyptian hieroglyphics, in demotic writing and in Greek a decree of 195 B. C. honoring Ptolemy V. Epiphanes. By comparing the known Greek with the unknown Egyptian writings, the

"dead" Egyptian language was unfolded to modern civilization for the first time. The work of translating this famous basalt tablet proved to be no simple matter. Strange as it seems, to unlock 6000 years of ancient Egyptian history required 20 years of work by one man—Champollion, a French scholar. Discovered by a French officer near the historic city of Rosetta in northern Egypt, the stone was carried to France. Nobody could make head nor tail of it until, three years later, Champollion started to work on it.

For the next 20 years Champollion applied himself to the immense task of deciphering the Rosetta Stone's markings, realizing almost immediately what possibilities they held. Then, in 1822, he was able to announce the results of his work to the French Academy of Science. Through this key, other hieroglyphics were easily translated and today a more comprehensive picture of ancient Egypt has been gained than otherwise would have been possible. Tomorrow: The author who lived as he wrote.

MAILMAN HAS CAR TO SUIT HIS WORK

NOBLESVILLE, Ind.—(AP)—When John Duckwall, rural mail carrier, goes out in his automobile for a pleasure drive he just slides from the right to the left side of the front seat.

He has two steering wheels, one on the right and the other on the left side of his car. Mail must be delivered from the right side, hence the extra wheel. "Patient" Holds Up Doctor. OMAHA.—(UP)—Dr. C. F. Bantini never got a chance to diagnose the case of a patient who telephoned him for an appointment. When the "patient" walked into the consultation room after making the appointment, he bound Dr. Bantini and escaped with a diamond ring and \$20.

Opium Auctioned. PEIPING.—(UP)—Two thousand seven hundred ounces of opium, which the tax bureau confiscated because no taxes were paid, were auctioned off here, the vernacular press announced. Cribbed Speech Wins. PEIPING.—(UP)—A speech cribbed from official newspaper editorials won first prize for a young Chinese girl in an oratorical contest sponsored by Hain Min Hui, a Japanese-sponsored peace and cultural movement here.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Bad News!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Whose Sass?

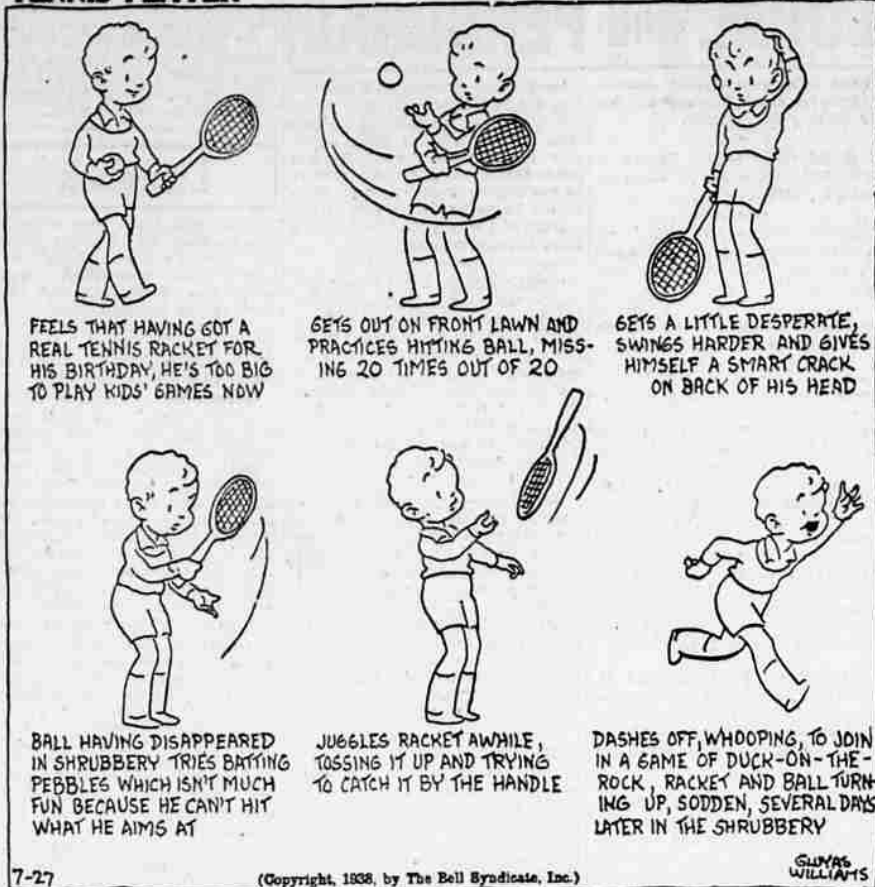


BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—High Words!



TENNIS PLAYER

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POI

By C. M. PAYNE



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BY HAL FORREST



BY EDWIN ALGER



BY SOL HESS



THEY DIDN'T FIGURE ON THE LIGHTNING

OKLAHOMA CITY, Okla. (AP)—For seven years agricultural officials carefully selected Oklahoma seeds that resisted drought, pests and disease. Finally they had strains which they believed would grow exceptionally well in dry weather and would escape disease. They stored between \$10,000 and \$20,000 worth in an Oklahoma warehouse near Woodward. Torrential rains swept the region, lightning struck the warehouse. The carefully chosen seeds were destroyed. Now some of the experiments will have to be started all over again.

MINTING OF PENNIES IS BIGGEST BUSINESS

WASHINGTON (AP)—The federal government may talk in billions but it does its biggest coin business in pennies. Three out of every five American coins minted in the fiscal year just ended were pennies. The federal money factory turned out 368,876,320 coppers compared with 11,868,338 half-dollars, 35,864,874 quarters, 73,890,530 dimes, \$1,744,005 nickels. Coins also were manufactured at cost for Honduras, Nicaragua, Columbia and China.

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

SLASHED! Dresses cut to \$3.95 up. Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann.