

LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

The Story So Far

Try to escape trouble. "Blair" Ankrom gets in it up to his neck when he rescues Lee Trone from a band of thugs. Under the name of Abe Streeter, he accepts a job at the Trone's Rafter T, which is in difficulties, and has a run-in with Mose Hackett, the range boss. Lee tells her father Ankrom knows their friends, the Struthers; then learns they are coming for a visit.

Chapter Six

'You Imitation Bad Man'

THERE was conviction in Lee's low voice when she spoke. "Mose Hackett is no fourflusher. If he's bad, which I don't believe for a minute, then he's a curly wolf. He's not the 'yes-man' type."

"Neither is a coyote," Ankrom countered. "He's a believer in the motto: 'Them as fights an' runs away, will live to fight another day.' Now let's talk about something else. As a conversational topic, Brother Hackett grows extremely odious."

He was aware that in the darkness her eyes still remained upon his face; he realized his slip almost as soon as he made it and so was not surprised to hear her say: "Where did you learn to sling words around like that?"

He answered carelessly. "I wasted a number of years at a

tinge of fear. That Hackett was primed for trouble he knew well, for he recognized certain signs to which he was accustomed in men who picked quarrels. He stiffened, but that was all.

A red flame was flickering in Mose Hackett's eyes, his body was bent forward from the waist and his right hand hovered above the pistol at his hip. An ugly snarl twisted his lips.

"Yeah—Hackett!"

"Got something on your mind?" "You're damn well right I have. There ain't no man in Texas can run on me the way you done this afternoon an' get away with it. Go on—shuck your iron, you imitation bad man!"

"The place an' time to stage this melodrama was before the bunkhouse this afternoon. I'm not healed now, an' you know it," Ankrom eyed the burly range boss coldly. "Thought you told Trone you were leavin' for the southeast line camp."

"What I told Trone ain't none of your business. An' if you ain't healed that's your tough luck." A wicked jubilation added fuel to the flame in Hackett's eyes. "I'm gonna work you over till your own mother won't even know you!"

With the words he started forward, jerking the pistol from his holster.

Ankrom's soft laugh mocked the range boss's threat. It caused Mose Hackett to draw up swiftly and



Glenching his horny fists, Hackett rushed forward.

university once," and was relieved that she let it go like that and did not press him. Several moments passed, then he put a question to her that caused her breath to be in drawn sharply:

"What makes you connect what happened in Paso Fino last night with these troubles of your father? What makes you think someone might be trying to strike at him through you?"

"Who said that's what I think?" "But you do, don't you?"

After dragging seconds she said, "Yes," slowly. Then, "You don't miss much, do you?"

"Can't afford to," he answered. "In my business a man has to stay awake." His voice went grim and a little bitter. "It's the price a gun-man pays for continued existence."

"But you're not a gun-man—"

"Some people have called me one. I can recall a number of occasions—"

"Those people were fools," she snapped. The beating of Blair Ankrom's heart stepped up terrifically.

"Lee," he dropped the arm that had lain across the back of the seat upon her shoulders in the earnestness of what he was about to say. "Lee—"

But he felt the sudden stiffening of her supple form beneath that slim and the words he had been about to launch were scattered. The moment was lost and in the darkness a cynical curve twisted the line of his lips. He removed the offending arm as though it had been burnt.

"I think I'd better go," said Lee coldly.

He watched her leave. When she had gone, the bitter mood clamped more firmly down upon him than ever. Her passing left the gulf between them plain. He'd been a fool to ever think—

He stepped from the car, strode toward the lighter space that marked the door. A slight lunge, and there, grey straight and blocked his path; he read a definite menace in its rigidity.

"Hold on, you."

Ankrom's muscles tensed; that voice belonged to Hackett!

Primed For Trouble

"HACKETT!"

Ankrom's face reflected no surprise nor showed the faintest



One-Day Record

The dream of every fisherman to catch some day a record fish, no matter what kind, came true last August for Mary C. Potter, sportswoman when she hooked onto 737 pounds of fighting bluefin tuna off Nova Scotia.

For more than two hours the tuna flashed through the water, fighting to the last ounce of its strength. Valiantly Mary clung to her rod and reel, finally pumped and wound the tuna in.

Too large to be hauled aboard, the fish was made fast and towed ashore.

It was found to have surpassed by eight pounds the former bluefin tuna record of 730 pounds held by Mrs. Fatsy Locke since 1936.

Meanwhile another woman at another pole on the stern of another boat was at that moment cruising over the same waters. Mrs. William Osholm II hooked and landed a second tuna just 30 hours after Mary's catch... four pounds larger than Mary's!

Invasion of England

Little remembered today because of overshadowing events of that time a German submarine invasion of England actually took place during the World War.

In May, 1918, a German "sub" stranded near Start Point, Sanday, the Orkneys, to lighten the craft, the crew jettisoned all its torpedoes and hundreds of shells and cartridges.

They managed to refloat the submarine and escape. While ashore, the crew members were watched by a number of citizens who supposed them to be British.

Monday: The Prisoner who went home.

War To Be Marked

AUGUSTA, Me. (UP)—The state of Maine and the province of Quebec are preparing this year to celebrate the centenary of the "Aroostook War," a bloodless conflict over ownership of 12,027 square miles along northeastern borders in upper St. John basin.

Cat's Age Set at 25

SACO, Me. (AP)—U. S. Church declares that his 25-year-old tiger cat, Babe, is the oldest feline in Maine. He also reports that Babe gave birth to three black kittens recently.

loan of \$275,000 approved for chemistry building and remodeling of science building at Oregon State college; grant of \$16,500 approved for construction of gymnasium, auditorium and school additions at Clackamas, estimated cost \$36,820; application for grant of \$14,400 for city hall at Bend, estimated cost \$32,000; application for grant of \$15,377 for water and sewage disposal system improvements at Hines, estimated cost \$37,171; application for grant of \$11,863 for high school at Langlois, estimated cost \$26,363.

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

HERBERT NEWGENT, East St. Louis, Ill., PICKED 800 FOUR, FIVE, AND SIX-LEAF CLOVERS IN 2 DAYS!

-1938-

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL—INVENTOR OF THE TELEPHONE, OBJECTED TO MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY LEAVING THE DINNER TABLE TO ANSWER THE TELEPHONE!

ENGLAND WAS 'INVADED' BY GERMANS DURING THE WORLD WAR! A GERMAN SUBMARINE BEACHED NEAR START POINT, SANDAY, ORKNEYS, IN MAY, 1918, FOR A SHORT TIME...

THE RECORD THAT GOT AWAY! MARY C. POTTER, SPORTSWOMAN, WON THE WOMEN'S WORLD BLUEFIN TUNA CATCH RECORD—AND LOST IT WITHIN 30 HOURS! SHE LANDED A 737-POUND TUNA OFF NOVA SCOTIA, AUGUST 24, 1937... THEN, IN THE SAME WATERS, MRS. WM. OSHOLM II CAUGHT ONE 3 1/2 POUNDS HEAVIER FOR A NEW RECORD!

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OREGON COLLEGE GETS PWA GRANTS

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy's Only Consolation Is to Have a Betty Win!

TOMMY'S SHIP, THE MERCURY, HAS BEEN DISQUALIFIED ON A TECHNICALITY FROM ENTERING THE RACES AND TOMMY REALIZES TO HIS DISMAY THAT HE CAN DO NOTHING ABOUT IT. HIS SHIP, WHICH CRASHED A WEEK AGO, AUTOMATICALLY LOST ITS DEPARTMENT CERTIFICATE IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT HE FAILED TO NOTIFY THE DEPARTMENT BEFORE SHOOT REPAIRS BEN SHOOT KNOWING OF THIS, CHALLENGED TOMMY'S ENTRY IN THE BENDIX RACE.

THAT WAS A PRETTY LOW-DOWN TRICK, SNOOT!

YEAH! I NEVER THOUGHT A BIRD COULD FLY THAT LOW!

LISTEN, TOMMY, INSPECTOR GENE SCROOGIE IS HERE TODAY. HE'S A SWELL GUY, AND MAYBE...

IT'S TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING NOW, NICK. THE CERTIFICATE WOULD HAVE TO BE APPROVED BY WASHINGTON. THAT TAKES TIME.

THE WINNER OF THE GIRL-PILOT'S RACE IS NOW COMING IN ON THE WEST END OF THE FIELD. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND IT LOOKS LIKE...

SEE! I HOPE IT IS BETTY!

THE NEBB'S—Right or Wrong

BRIARISIE, I'LL JUST CARRY AN ARMOFUL OF THAT WOOD UP TO THE HOUSE—RUSTY OUGHT TO BE BACK BY NOW—

JASON! GOSH, IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU! CAN YOU STAY HOME NOW?

DO YOU WANT ME TO?

WHY, OF COURSE I DO! RUSTY AND I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR COMING BACK!

YOU AN' RUSTY HAVE, EH? WELL, I'VE JUST GIVEN THAT FLIP YOUNG ROOSTER HIS WALKIN' PAPERS!

YOU'VE WHAT?

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Walk In!

FANNY, I'M IN LOVE WITH THE WIDOW! DON'T YOU THINK SHE'S A WONDERFUL WOMAN?

WELL, TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, LOOKING THROUGH A WOMAN'S SPECTACLES, SHE'S JUST ANOTHER WOMAN THAT'S ALL.

OH, TO ME SHE'S THE ONE WOMAN SHE'S GOT EYES THAT WOULD MAKE THE STARS ASHAMED OF THEIR SPARKLES.

AND SHE'S GOT TWO CHILDREN IN THEIR TEENS—A GIRL TWELVE AND A BOY FOURTEEN. WOULD YOU EXPECT THEM TO CALL YOU 'PAPA' OR 'MR. NEBB'?

CHILDREN, AND IN THEIR TEENS! ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL! THAT WOULD MAKE US BE MARRIED AT LEAST 15 YEARS... ISN'T THAT WONDERFUL?

GO AHEAD AND GET MARRIED, STEVE. THAT'S THE ONLY THING LEFT FOR A PERSON IN YOUR MENTAL CONDITION, AND I HOPE THE FATES DEAL GENTLY WITH YOU A LOT BECAUSE YOU'LL NEED

LEO J. FRANK ACCEPTS C.P.S. COACHING POST

NOMINAL PENALTY AWAITS CORRIGAN FOR MISTAKE HOP

WASHINGTON, July 30.—(AP)—The department of commerce announced today Douglas Corrigan would receive only a "nominal" penalty for making his unauthorized flight to Ireland.

Acting Secretary of Commerce Colonel J. Monroe Johnson disclosed the department, after studying the "manic elements involved" had advised Corrigan aboard the S. S. Manhattan that his commercial pilot's certificate would be suspended until next Thursday.

This mild penalty was decided upon because of the "world-wide sentiments of good-will" which were accorded the trans-Atlantic trip, Johnson said.

Corrigan, who said his compass

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

WITH A CLOSE SCORE AND THE BASES FULL, THE TEAM ALWAYS SENDS "PEEWEE" ELLIS IN TO PINCH HIT, BECAUSE HE IS BUILT SO CLOSE TO THE GROUND THAT HE INVARIABLY GETS A BASE 'ON BALLS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

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S'MATTER POF

By O M PAYNE

YOU SAY TO ME, OO! HOW NICE TO BE AN AVIATOR.

OOH, NICE TO BEAN AVIATOR?

OH, YA WANTA FLY?

YEP.

OKAY! I'LL KETCH ONE FOR YA.

HEY! LOUD LAUGHTER.

MEFF?

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THE NEBB'S—Right or Wrong

By EDWIN ALGER

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