

LOVE ON THE RANGE

By NELSON C. NYE

the Story So Far

Trouble is brewing on the Rafter T. Quick-fire "Blar" Ankrum, under the name of Abe Streeter, takes a job on the ranch to help lovely Lee Trone. He has a run-in with the range boss, Mose Hackett, and meets Ratchford, the sheriff, and Claydell, a neighboring rancher. Colonel Struthers and his daughter Betty arrive for a visit, and Ankrum recognizes Struthers as Kelton Dean, cousin of the man he killed to avenge his father's death.

Chapter 10

'Ready To Tear Loose'

THE sun was sinking low behind the western ridges when Ankrum sent the car down the valley trail, out across the yard and braked it to a halt before the ranch house.

Ratchford was told to make himself at home—in the bunkhouse. "Streeter will show you an empty bunk if you're planning to stay all night," Lee said coolly after Ankrum had unloaded his passengers before the veranda.

A crooked smile parted Ratchford's lips as he watched her walk into the house. He signed when she disappeared, sank back in his seat and scowled, seeing Ankrum's glance upon him. "If a polecat," he said bitterly, "happened to wander into a meeting of the Old Ladies' Sewin' Circle he wouldn't be a damn bit less popular than I am here."

"You didn't have to come," Ankrum said and, shoving in the gear, sent the car across the yard into the stable. Cutting off the motor, he climbed out. He heard the sheriff walking behind him as he left the stable. As he crossed toward the bunkhouse the sheriff strode abreast.

"You don't think so, eh? Well, you're dead wrong. Somethin' crowdin' up for a bust, you mark my words. This range is gettin' ready to tear loose, mister, an' when it does, all hell ain't gonna stop it! Look—you don't see no men lazin' round that bunkhouse, do you? Course you don't. Do you savvy why there ain't none around here now with grub time just about to strike?"

"I expect Hackett's got them out on the range some place," Ankrum answered. "Nothin' unusual in that, I reckon."

"Well, you reckon wrong. Mose Hackett's been keepin' his men handin' round that bunkhouse like he was scared they'd catch smallpox if they stirred outside the yard. But they ain't here now. There's somethin'—"

Ankrum cut in: "Any sheep interests located round here?"

Ratchford gave him a sharp look. "Boone Hefle, a half-witted old coot, has a little band of a couple thousand."

"Any rustlers' fraternity workin' in this range?"

A deep crease cut the sheriff's forehead. His eyes stared intently at his questioner. "Trone claims he's been losin' a little beef. That's what I came out here for—want to see him about it. What's this stuff pointin' up?"

"Gun Smoke Trouble."

"YOUR guess is as good as mine. I was just sort of wondering what sort of trouble you had in mind."

"It'll be gun smoke trouble—you can bet on that."

Ankrum was inclined to agree, but he did not say so. Instead he asked, "An' you can't do nothing to stop it?"

"That offer," said Ratchford pointedly, "is still open."

"An' the answer's still the same. I got a job."

A short sound issued from the sheriff's throat. His eyes traveled up and down Ankrum's lithe figure, resting longest at that spot on the right leg of his blue jeans where, when on the range, his scabbard pistol customarily hung. "Let me tell you, you're a nester spread. Big outfits like my Dad's hated their guts. They tried to put Trone out of business once or twice, before my time that was, but they didn't get very far. They weren't equipped an' Trone had some hard characters workin' for him, fellas that would liefer shoot than eat."

"After a while our outfit, Claydell's Swingin' J an' Corson's Double Circle got together an' doped it out that they'd have to throw in together an' all pounce on Trone simultaneously if they was goin' to clean him out. Well,

they tried it. I was a kid then an' didn't have no part in it. But it was some fracas, let me tell you, an' when it was over there was Trone still sittin' as pretty as before. That little scrimmage busted Corson flat."

"All Kinds of Queer Things"

"BOUT that time my ol' man got the idea that the only way to get Trone right was to bring in sheep. He brought 'em—but it lost him Claydell's support. Claydell figured it out that Trone was jest a little tougher than we was an' turned his coat. He threw in with the Rafter T. One mornin' Ed Ratchford found his sheep

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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First Settlers in Wyoming were emigrants from the Wyoming valley of Pennsylvania. They carried with them the name of their former home, unofficially applying it to the new land.

In 1863 a bill was introduced in Washington to establish a temporary government for the territory with its name to be officially "Cheyenne." A bitter dispute followed as nobody knew just how Cheyenne was spelled. The bill was shelved.

Three years later an attempt was made to organize Wyoming under the name of "Lincoln." This also failed.

and once more the bill was sidetracked.

That same year a third petition to organize the country was introduced into congress. This bill passed favorably and on July 25, 1890, the Territory of Wyoming was officially organized.

George Washington Curtis adopted son of President George Washington, had the honor to witness the inauguration of 14 presidents of the United States.

He saw the oath of office given to Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore and Pierce.

Only direct tax affecting the majority of Egyptians is the age-old Egyptian land tax, paid today by over 2,500,000 landowners. Oldest existing tax in the world, it dates from the time of the Pharaohs. The Bible mentions it in Genesis XLVII, 26.

Tomorrow, the president who committed forgery.

Disclosed the fact that she had not only willed away her property in the customary legal manner but that she had also willed away the possession of her 9-year old adopted daughter to friends. Her husband is contesting the right to will away a child.

Finally Reaps

NORTH BROOKSVILLE, Me. (UP)—While sowing oats in 1910, Brooks W. Grindle lost a graduation ring he had worn since 1886. Recently while working in the same field, he turned up the long missing ring.

Jail Lodging Pleases

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to Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, Jackson, Van Buren, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore and Pierce.

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NEAR BUT FAR

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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SMATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE



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By HAL FORREST



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER.

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—First-Hand Information

By SOL HESS



THIRD LARGEST CROP OF WHEAT FORECAST FOR AMERICAN SOIL

CHICAGO, Aug. 4.—(P)—The third largest wheat crop in United States history was forecast today by the six Chicago experts.

Their figures, when averaged, indicated a total wheat production of 936,000,000 bushels, largest since 1931 when the total was 941,800,000 bushels. The all-time record production was 1,026,000,000 bushels in 1915. Harvest last year totaled 873,300,000. The total forecast, however, was 81,000,000 less than the latest official government figures as of July 1. It also was 49,000,000 bushels

below the average of the private statisticians a month ago.

The current forecast placed spring wheat production at 258,000,000 bushels, compared with the latest government figures of 252,000,000 bushels and a harvest of 189,000,000 bushels in 1937. The winter wheat average was 678,000,000 bushels compared with the government forecast of 715,000,000 bushels and a crop of 683,000,000 in 1937.

Oats production was estimated at 1,060,000,000 bushels, compared with the latest government forecast of 1,094,000,000 and the 1937 harvest of 1,148,000,000. Rye output was placed at 83,000,000 bushels compared with 42,500,000 last year.

The average of the figures on probable Canadian spring wheat production in the western provinces was 340,000,000 bushels.

Will Bequests Child

REDWOOD CITY, Cal. (UP)—The will of the late Mrs. Anna Getto