

# LOVE ON THE RANGE

BY NELSON C. NYE

**The Story So Far**  
 net is tightening around the...  
 "You heard me!"

damn well please!" Ratchford's heavy voice rode through the puncher's words like a knife through cheese. "I'm the law around these parts an' I say Heffle's in the right. I've looked his title up an' it's good as gold. You pull any rough stuff out there an' you smack square up against the law!"

## Chapter 22 Speeding Up

THIS thing was bad, thought Ankrum, and would be worse. Whether ancient animosities, jealousy of water rights, or a railroad and the prospect of a future town lay behind this web, he had no means of knowing. But of one thing he was certain: things were speeding up and Trone needed him—a powder-smoke show-down could not be far away. These men against Trone were dangerous, and their next move might well be directed at himself.

He looked at Trone and saw the old man lift a shaking bottle to his lips. When the bottle was empty Trone hurled it from him with a muttered oath. Ankrum's lips curled a little. This old hel-



The sheriff stared at the numbed fingers of his shaking hand.

lion, he thought, is trying to bolster up his shattered nerves. Trone glared at Ring-Legs. "Say that again." "Them," he said, the puncher growled, "say there's been a mistake in boundary lines. They claim we been hoggin' too much land. They say that tank ain't on our land at all. They been given orders to string a fence that'll keep our cattle away from it. An' Boone Heffle give 'em orders."

"Boone Heffle!" Trone whispered the name and licked his lips. His courage seemed to be ebbing swiftly. "You made a mistake lettin' that sheepman live," said Ring-Legs. "When you was fightin' Ratchford's father an' them others years ago you oughta tromped the bunch of 'em underground—particlar Heffle!"

"But Heffle was on my side," Trone protested. "Why should he be strikin' at me now after all these years?" "The Heffles of this world ain't on nobody's side but the man that's payin' the highest!" the bow-legged puncher snarled. "It's plain as a sign at the crossroads that this Heffle snake's been bought!"

The clump of boots turned Ankrum's glance. He saw Ratchford and Lee come running toward them. When they came up Ratchford showed his burly frame to the front, grasped the puncher by the shoulder and whirled him round. "What's up?"

"Boone Heffle's jumped the tank an' cabin at our southwest line camp!"

## 'I'm The Law'

RATCHFORD released his grip and swung on Trone. "Jumped your tank, has he? Well, I'm here to say he hasn't. The tank ain't on your ground, an' you know it. You've been squatin' on the government land for twenty years—but that don't make it yours!" Trone opened his mouth, but Ratchford's voice came first: "Let's see your patent to that land." Ankrum saw the color wash from Trone's cheeks; he seemed to shrink under the impact of the sheriff's words. But not Ring-Legs. "Spreadin' it thick won't buy yuh nothin'," he jeered. "You jest watch how long Heffle stays there, Mister—"

"He'll stay there as long as he

"You heard me!" Ankrum drawled, "What you figurin' to do about this, Trone?" "Do? Streeter, you go down there an' run them water pirates off!"

"If he does, this country'll be too damn hot to hold him!" said Ratchford threateningly.

All the worry, all the agony and doubts and strivings for peace of two long years in Ankrum's life were swept aside in the surge of his hatred for this blustering sheriff. There still was about this business much he did not grasp, but one thing he saw with vivid clarity. The hand at the helm of Rafter T had been idle too long. Swift action was a necessity.

"Sort of anticipatin', ain't you, Ratchford? I'd say offhand you were right smart of an optimist countin' chicks before they've hatched." His glance ran up and down the sheriff's form contempt-

uously. "You can't run a sandy like that on us." "Sandy, eh? You think I'm bluffin'?" Ratchford thrust a step forward, bringing his face within short inches of Ankrum's own. "You bother Heffle or Heffle's men an' I'll have a posse at that waterhole inside twenty hours!"

## Like A Cracking Whip

ANKROM gave no ground. "That'll be just eight hours too late," he said.

The sheriff's face went purple with rage: "It may be too late to do Heffle any good, but it'll leave ample time to settle your account!"

"You haven't got the guts to settle my account!" "Haven't got the—why, you dry-gulchin' killer!"

That was as far as Ratchford got. Ankrum's fist smashed hard against the sheriff's lips with a force that sent him sprawling. He got up, one hand hanging at the shoulder-holstered pistol beneath his coat.

Ankrum's posture did not change until the weapon came in sight. Then his hand went snapping down. Like a cracking whip his gun sprang clear of leather; spat!

Tensely, and with bulging eyes in a face gone white, Tom Ratchford stared stupidly at the numbed fingers of his shaking hand. His gun was in the sand a good eight feet away, its mechanism jammed by Ankrum's lead.

"You was sayin', sheriff—?" Ratchford's lids drooped, but not before Ankrum had seen the new caution flooding their smoky depths. The words he spoke came through clenched teeth.

"You take this trick, Streeter—but some other gent'll be draggin' in the next. If you ain't fannin' dust inside two hours, I'll see that you're strung up for the killin' of Kelton Drenn!"

Ankrum's laugh mocked the sheriff. "I'll be fannin' dust, all right, Fannin' it toward that bunch of thievin' sheepmen. Next time you try throwin' down on a man you better have your gun in hand an' make sure the inn's lookin'!"

"Spinnin' round on his heel, Ankrum set off toward the corrals. Lee Trone called, "Abe!" Ankrum continued on his way without sign of having heard.

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Lee follows Ankrum, tomorrow.

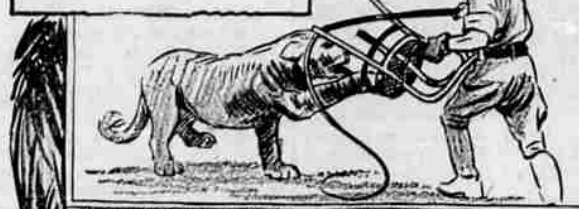
# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ROBINS WERE ONCE CLASSED AS GAME BIRDS IN SOUTHERN STATES!

CLYDE BEATTY— noted animal trainer, HAD TO GIVE UP FLYING— BECAUSE IT WAS TOO DANGEROUS!



D'ARTAGNAN— HERO OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS' "THE THREE MUSKETEERS," WAS NOT ONE OF THE THREE MUSKETEERS! (THEY WERE ATHOS, PORTHOS, AND ARAMIS)



**THE EVERGLADES** of Florida, A REGION COMPRISING 4,200,000 ACRES OF LAND AND FRESH WATER, REMAINED UNEXPLORED UNTIL ONLY 30 YEARS AGO! IT IS NOT A SWAMPLAND...

The Everglades One of the last frontiers of exploration in the United States was the Everglades of Florida, a vast region of 4,200,000 acres, shut off from the outside world by an almost impassable barrier of saw-grass interwoven with wild myrtle.

First white man to enter this mysterious, silent country was a Spaniard, Escamante de Fontenada, who had been shipwrecked in the Straights of Florida and captured by the great cacique, Calos.

Between the years 1847 and 1900 the United States government sent out frequent expeditions, but none

was able to gain access to the inner regions of the Everglades. Actually, the everglades is not a swampy region, as is generally believed. The Everglades contains much fresh water in the form of lakes and streams fed by subterranean springs.

Malaria is almost unknown, and the climate is described as being faultless. Oddly enough there is no other region in the United States similar in nature to Florida's Everglades.

Grounded Animal Trainer Few men would like to have the job of Clyde Beatty, noted trainer

of "big cats," because of the risks encountered. Yet, strange as it seems Beatty's manager will not permit the animal trainer to fly—because it is too dangerous.

Hunting Robins Strange as it seems, at one time, in southern States, robins were killed by the thousands for food or sport. This slaughter is now forbidden by the Federal Migratory Bird Law, enacted in 1913.

Tomorrow: Was it ever proven that the moon is not made of green cheese?

ill health and wish him a speedy recovery.

## PERSHING RECEIVES WELCOME IN FRANCE

PARIS, Aug. 18.—(P)—Gen. John J. Pershing received a hearty welcome today on his "homecoming" to Paris for a visit as chairman of the American battle monuments commission. More than 100 persons gathered at the Saint Lazare station to greet the wartime commander of the American armies in France. United States Am-

bassador William C. Bullitt headed a delegation from the American embassy staff.

The crowd stood respectfully silent as Pershing left the train. He waved his cane in salute to them.

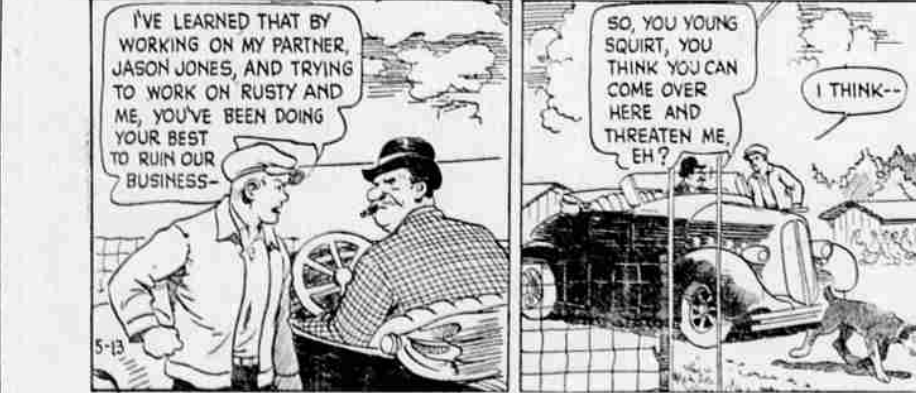
Flying Slab Kills. ASTORIA, Aug. 18.—(P)—A flying lumber slab struck and fatally injured Elmer V. Koski, 37, Sveasnon, an employe of a Westport lath mill, Tuesday.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Is It Bad News?



AN ANNOUNCEMENT CONCERNING THE INTREPID FLYER, SKEETS MILLIGAN, WHO WAS DUE TO ARRIVE EARLY THIS MORNING... I REGRET TO...

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Attempt!



I'VE LEARNED THAT BY WORKING ON MY PARTNER, JASON JONES, AND TRYING TO WORK ON RUSTY AND ME, YOU'VE BEEN DOING YOUR BEST TO RUIN OUR BUSINESS.

SO, YOU YOUNG SQUIRT, YOU THINK YOU CAN COME OVER HERE AND THREATEN ME, EH?

## THE NEBBS—Look Who's Here

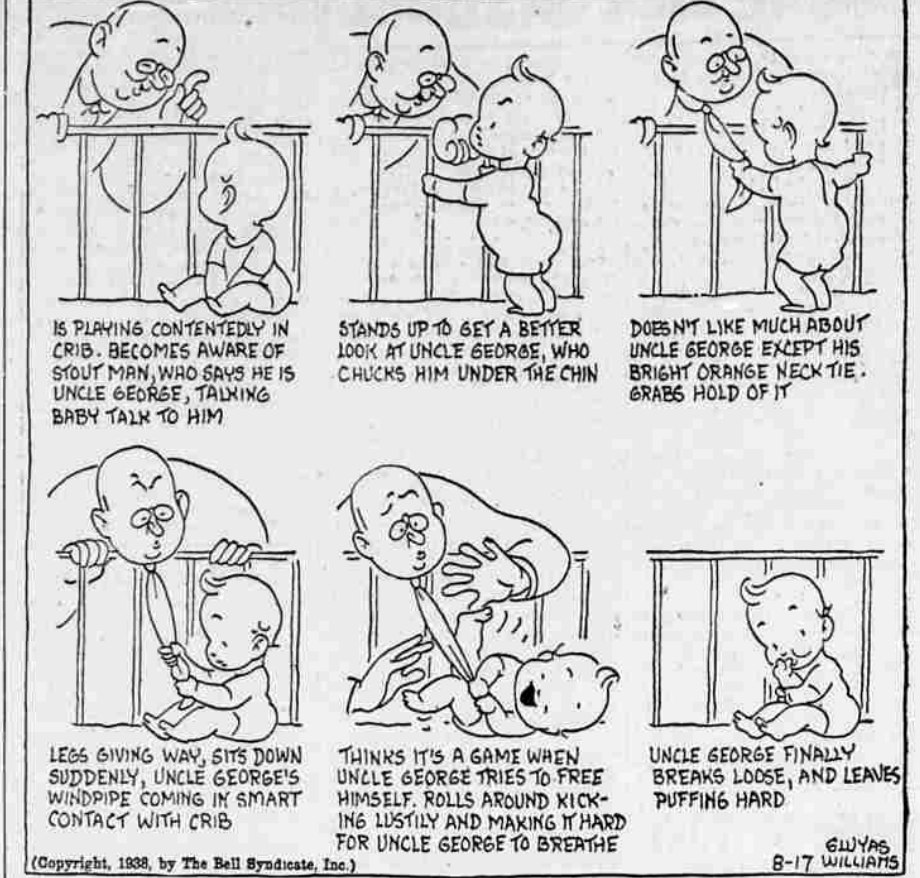


JANE, SLIP SNOW WHITE A BUCK. I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET IT BACK... TAXI!

YOU'RE NOT SEEING SO GOOD LATELY. BETTER GET YOURSELF A PAIR OF SPECS. YOU'RE SPENDING MOST OF MY MEAGER ALLOWANCE!

# TIE GAME

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS PLAYING CONTENTEDLY IN CRIB. BECOMES AWARE OF SPOUT MAN, WHO SAYS HE IS UNCLE GEORGE, TALKING BABY TALK TO HIM

STANDS UP TO GET A BETTER LOOK AT UNCLE GEORGE, WHO CHUCKS HIM UNDER THE CHIN

DOESN'T LIKE MUCH ABOUT UNCLE GEORGE EXCEPT HIS BRIGHT ORANGE NECK TIE. GRABS HOLD OF IT

LEGS GIVING WAY, SITS DOWN SUDDENLY, UNCLE GEORGE'S WINDPIPE COMING IN SMART CONTACT WITH CRIB

THINKS IT'S A GAME WHEN UNCLE GEORGE TRIES TO FREE HIMSELF. ROLLS AROUND KICKING LUSTILY AND MAKING IT HARD FOR UNCLE GEORGE TO BREATHE

UNCLE GEORGE FINALLY BREAKS LOOSE, AND LEAVES PUFFING HARD

## S MATTER POI

By O M PAYNE



WHAT YA LOOKIN' FOR? NICKEL!

WHERE'D YOU LOSE IT? I DIDN'T LOSE ONE. I WAS JUST LOOKIN' FOR ONE

DID YOU LOOK IN THIS YET?

OH-H-H, YES! THERE IS ONE!

# Derby

DERBY, Aug. 18. — (Sp.) — Bill Strang and Ernest Smith of Medford were visitors in Derby, Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Cummings and children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Muri Haynes, Sunday. Judson Miller, J. D. Junior, Lola and Evelyn Miller left Sunday for the hop yard. Mr. and Mrs. Ellison and son Elmo spent a few hours at Gypsy spring one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. Muri Haynes and family returned Saturday from a pleasant vacation of two days at Gypsy spring. They got several gallons of huckleberries. Gypsy spring seems to be very popular this year. Friday there were about 80 visitors. Saturday was raining day for the ladies in Derby. Mrs. Cora T. Gustin brought a carload of corn to can for the school's hot lunches this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson were shopping in Medford, Wednesday. Our schoolhouse is receiving a lovely white coat. Samuel Johnson received the contract for the job. Leonard and Winifred Haynes were students of the piano in the Haight studio last Thursday. We had another forest fire break out on Muri Haynes' place last Tuesday, burning over about 30 acres of good timber land. A careless hunter with a cigarette is thought to be the cause. Muri Haynes saw the smoke and, with Lyle and Carl Haynes, went to fight it, but Ben Kingery and his very efficient outfit were there to help them. Jimmie Akers has been very busy the past week delivering wood to his customers in Medford, before peck-picking starts. Jerry Arnold and Nick Myers were Medford visitors Tuesday last week. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Humphreys were visitors of the F. D. Hills Friday. We are sorry to hear of Fred Terry's

## By HAL FOREST

## By EDWIN ALGER

## By SOL HESS