

DANGER ROMANCE AHEAD

BY TOM HORNER

YESTERDAY: Larry buys new clothes, poses as a cowboy, acts a job on Colonel Miles...

CHAPTER IV

LARRY was on his hands and knees, shaking his head, as Barnes reached him, pulled him to his feet.

"Sorry, kid. You're not hurt!" Barnes led Larry to the corral tank, pushed his head under water. Larry came up sputtering.

"I'm all right, how's the horse?" Larry tried to grin. Barnes pounded him on the back.

"You'll be all right in a minute," Barnes said. "Guess that saddle don't fit!"

"Saddle's all right—So am I," Larry straightened, turned to face the girl. She was still perched on the top rail, laughing at him.

LARRY approached the horse more cautiously the second time. Nostils distended, ears back, legs widespread, the black waited.

Larry grabbed the cheekstrap, pulled the black's head close. He set his boot firmly in the stirrup, reached for the saddlehorn.

"Next time, pick a really tough one," he said. "Hope you've enjoyed the show—I have!"

"I know it, Miss Monnie. That boy's all right. Make a good hand. Don't be too tough on him. You've paid him back for the affair in town. Why not forget it and be friends now? I like the youngster."

"So do I, Pete—but he's up to something," she stared off into the distance, saying nothing for a few minutes.

"Pete," she said at last. "That canyon fence, up toward Bentley's—is that still down?"

Barnes nodded. "Been going to send someone up to work on that for a week. Never got around to it. Why?"

"Put Collins on it. Couple of days digging post holes won't hurt him—much."

SWEAT poured off Larry Collins. His back ached. His arms ached. His hands blistered.

Larry threw down his tamping bar, picked up the post hole diggers, slammed the diggers into the ground.

The last post was set. Time for a drink and a smoke. Never realized water could taste so good.

Monnie... She'd look swell in an evening dress, dancing at the Roof. She'd look swell in a house dress, too, waiting for him to come home at night.

But it wasn't worth it. She'd be getting Barnes to send him out to fix more fence—and no woman on earth was worth digging post holes for.

He'd finish up here, go back to the ranch and quit. There were other ways of checking up on Hugh's accident. How could he hope to find out anything, out here in a canyon, with nothing around but a team of mules and a few stray cows?

He rubbed the fire from his cigaret out on the wagon wheel, lifted a spool of barbed wire from the wagon and kicked it down to the first post.

TWO men were riding down the canyon toward him. One of them looked like an ordinary cowboy. Dennis trousers, gray shirt, black vest, dirty black hat.

The other was evidently an easterner. Larry studied the man, as the pair approached, although outwardly he was entirely intent on fixing fence.

Larry was whistling as he turned back to his fence building. "I was going to quit this job," he said to the sleeping mules.

WORM TREATMENT

A new product of great value to sheep breeders and farmers everywhere — PTZ capsules made with phenothiazine — will be marketed commercially by Dr. Hess and Clark, of Ashland, Ohio.

Something in Larry's voice must have warned Bentley. He swung his horse around. "You won't be working here long. . . . Come on, Bill."

Larry turned to the other man. . . . Bill. . . . There was something strangely familiar about this fellow. He had seen this Bill before.

Bill. . . . Larry's mind flashed back to that scene on the highway. The man bent over the motor. . . . That's where he had seen this Bill. This man riding with Bentley was one of the bank robbers, one of the men who had taken his car.

RACE-LACE—Under this jaunty summer sailor seen at the opening of Belmont track, New York, is Mrs. Albert J. Davis, who remains faithful to the smaller hat mode.



OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS



RED RYDER



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



WASH TUBBS



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



ALLEY OOP



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY FRED HARMAN



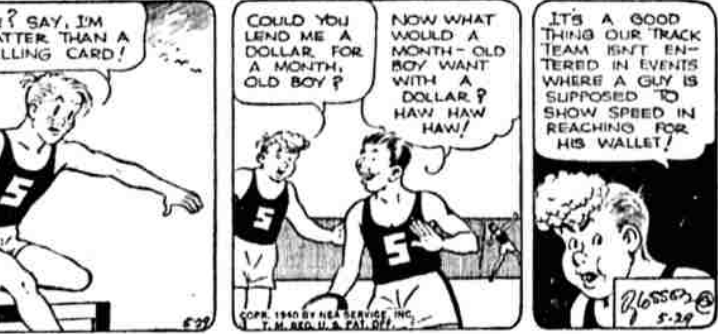
BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN



FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"If you want a perfectly honest, unbiased umpire, take Neal here—he doesn't know a thing about baseball."

MAP PUZZLE

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for horizontal and vertical words.