

SERIAL STORY

LOVE ON THE LINE

BY PAUL FRIGGENS

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YESTERDAY, Carrie Lane comes to the frontier town of Sioux Springs to take up a homestead. An orphan, she has come west for her health. But the frontier in 1902 was no place for a woman alone. Mark Deuel is interested in the girl, and interested, as she talks of the future. Mark knows their lives must be linked.

CHAPTER II

CARRIE was ready and waiting when Ashton Oaks drove up to the hotel in his rented buggy later for her in the morning. She had prepared a lunch. Mrs. Farmley had suggested it when Carrie told her the land agent had offered to drive her out to her new home-

"And say," she added, her arms akimbo, and winking knowingly, "if it don't make no difference to you, who is this land agent fellow anyhow?" That was the way Mark kept up on the day's news, asking people questions, pertinent and impertinent. But nobody seemed to mind, including Carrie. Mrs. Farmley invited confidence.

Carrie explained she had met him on the train out of Chicago, that when he had learned she was coming to Sioux Springs, he had offered to help her get settled. He was buying several town lots in Sioux Springs himself, he had told her, and would clean up with the railroad due to come in soon. When she returned from the land office, he had suggested she hire a buggy to take her out to Rock Creek next day. She had accepted. Ashton Oaks was patronizingly pleasant now as he assisted Carrie up into the buggy.

"Town look any better to you today, Miss Lane?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, ever so much better." Leaving him at the hotel last night, Carrie had had her first twinges of foreboding about Sioux Springs, the west and homesteading. Really, there was no town and the prairie seemed to swallow up both ends of the single main street. With a sudden, short stab of fear she recalled Colonel Barrington's words: "This is no country for a woman—alone."

But now, in the bright morning sunlight, Carrie was actually more assured. Things somehow looked better today with the wagons rattling forth and back, churning up the dust, a long line of settlers forming again at the low, squat land office down the street. There was a purpose, a new hope here, she sensed now, for the first time.

Ashton Oaks, watching her, spoke of these things as they jogged past the last rambling building at the edge of town and followed the deeply rutted trail across the burning grasslands north to Rock Creek.

"They all start like this, these frontier towns, Miss Lane. I've seen a hundred of them since the homestead law. I could have bought them all—at first. And I did buy a few." He phrased his words significantly, slapped the reins across the backs of the shiny bays. "But they change, they change pretty fast. The railroad'll do that here like it did back east not so long ago. You won't know Sioux Springs in a year..." He went on, picturing the growing town, the flow of new settlers, the rise in land values, the pushing back of the raw frontier.

"But there's so much of this land," she interrupted. "Will it ever be worth anything, Mr. Oaks?" She was thinking suddenly of her homestead on Rock Creek and the growth of Sioux Springs and the substantial savings her father had left her for investment. Was there more out here than health?

Whether Ashton Oaks read her mind, he answered her question. Fortunes lay out here for the asking, he told her. He was still elaborating on that theme at noon when the buggy splashed into Rock Creek at the head of a pretty little valley. Oaks stopped to water the horses and Carrie spread her lunch under a convenient fringe of cottonwood trees along the bank.

THEY ate rather hurriedly, Carrie in her enthusiasm, and started up the valley to her claim. With the aid of Colonel Barrington's instructions and a mound of rocks at the section line, they found it easily. The slow grasses touched the horses' bellies as Oaks drove off the rutted trail and up toward a little knoll back from the creek. This, he suggested, would be an excellent site for Carrie's soddy. Carrie agreed. It commanded a superb view, was out of danger of high water. Her closest neighbors would be perhaps a mile distant, Oaks told her. They left the buggy and Carrie, for the first time, stood on her own land. At least, it would be her own land in a few months. Looking over the creek below, the endless prairie beyond, suddenly she was overwhelmed.

OAKS pulled up the buggy once on the way back to talk to a man and woman in a wagon on the way out to Rock Creek. Carrie felt better when she learned they were her closest neighbors, lived only a mile up the creek. In those few moments' visit, Carrie was sure she would like hearty Ed Taylor and his homey little wife.

They drove down the busy Sioux Springs main street late in the afternoon and Oaks left Carrie off at Sioux Springs House. Later, after washing off the first real coat of prairie dust, she changed her clothes and went out to purchase supplies and to make arrangements for her homestead home.

Carrie was returning to her room in the hotel when Ashton Oaks stopped her at the desk, called her aside, a bit furtively, Carrie thought.

"Well, how are you feeling now, Miss Lane?" he asked. "Certainly

you look all right." Something about his familiarity annoyed Carrie for the first time, but she replied, "Why, I feel very well, after a good supper."

"And you should." Suddenly, Ashton Oaks was confidential, low-voiced. He went on, confidentially. "You remember, Miss Lane, I told you only this afternoon the railroad will make this town. Well, tonight I have information it is due here this fall." He paused, noting Carrie's obvious start.

"Oh, I know. I know this is pretty sudden," he went on hastily. "but, Miss Lane, I saw your feeling there at the homestead today. I know it's no life for a woman—alone, and I'm glad to do something for you, Miss Lane," he continued, hardly before Carrie could interrupt. "I can give you the best lots in Sioux Springs—railway sites—and tonight."

Carrie was incredulous. She started to speak, but a quiet, familiar voice interrupted at her side.

"Pardon, Miss Lane, but if this gentleman is selling you Sioux Springs because the railroad is coming in, I can tell you it isn't."

ASHTON OAKS whirled, his face blue with anger. His first impulse was to lunge at Mark, but he held back.

"What—what do you mean?" he stammered. "The railroad's not coming to Sioux Springs? Who—who are you, anyway? Miss Lane, I'm sorry, but this gentleman is a liar!"

Mark's fist shot out in one vicious blow and the agent stag-

gered against the desk. There was a sudden uproar in the sweltering little lobby. A settler grabbed Mark, but Deuel broke loose, lunged toward Oaks. The agent, hatless, was snarling, his hand at his side.

Mark was stopped again. Carrie, grasping his lapels, was begging, pleading with him. "Don't—don't!" she cried. "He—he'll kill you." She almost screamed the words.

Mark straightened. Men crowded around him, separating him from the growling agent. Someone was handing Oaks his hat. Carrie was looking up imploringly into Mark's eyes.

"Miss—Miss Lane," he reddened, "I'm sorry, but I couldn't see that happen. Some day I will tell you why. I think you'd better go to your room now."

(To Be Continued)

INSTRUCTION

EUGENE, Sept. 3 (AP)—A man brave enough to hold up a motorist in broad daylight on the Pacific highway three miles south of here today had to be given a driving lesson before he could move the car.

After William B. Anderson gave a nervous, gun-toting man \$4.77 and his car, he had to instruct him in gear-shifting before he could drive it away.

I am not privileged to be a citizen of this country, and hence was unable to make such a huge fortune as a citizen of this country seems able to make.—Simon Patino, Bolivian "tin king."

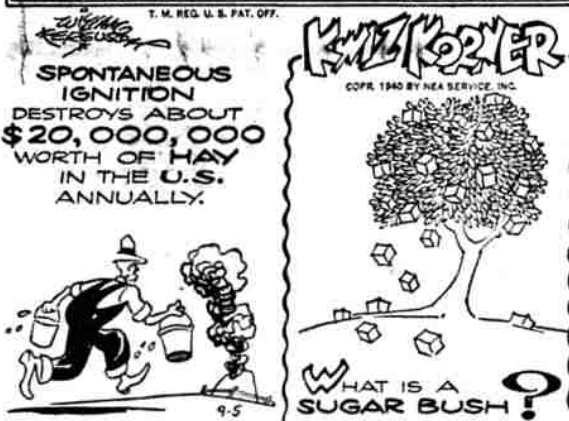
In this day and age the little voice inside us is no longer our conscience, exclusively. There's also the new pocket radio.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



A MAJORITY OF ESKIMOS HAVE NEVER SEEN SNOW HOUSES! THIS TYPE IS USED ONLY IN NORTHERN CANADA AND SOME PARTS OF GREENLAND.



SPONTANEOUS IGNITION DESTROYS ABOUT \$20,000,000 WORTH OF HAY IN THE U.S. ANNUALLY.

WHAT IS A SUGAR BUSH?

ANSWER: A maple grove or orchard, where the trees are tapped and syrup and refined sugar made.

A GODDESS

HORIZONTAL

- 1 Pictured goddess, Artemis or —
- 6 She is called the — goddess.
- 9 Apollo is the brother of Artemis.
- 12 Decorated metal.
- 14 Pirates.
- 15 Merchandise.
- 16 Copal.
- 18 Round flat plate.
- 20 Single thing.
- 21 Sandy measure.
- 23 Wild goat.
- 24 Of the thing.
- 25 Malt drink.
- 26 Italian coin.
- 28 Each (abbr.).
- 29 Saclike cavity.
- 30 Consumers.
- 32 Mohammedan nymph.
- 33 Furnishes with a ceiling.
- 34 Cracks as a whip.

VERTICAL

- 37 Devil.
- 38 Chinese measure.
- 40 To spill liquid.
- 41 Myself.
- 42 Epoch.
- 44 To strike.
- 46 Twice.
- 47 To unload.
- 49 Gold quartz.
- 50 Onager.
- 51 Wild beast.
- 53 Half an em.
- 54 Musical note.
- 55 She is also a — or killer of game.
- 56 Opposite of wet.

3 To spread.

10 Document.

11 To emanate.

13 Spirits of the field.

15 She was — in ancient times.

17 Within.

19 Crudeness.

21 Antennae.

22 To build.

25 Is on fire.

27 Extent.

28 Public auto.

31 Crime.

35 Horseback game.

36 Extra tires.

39 Culture.

41 Niggardly person.

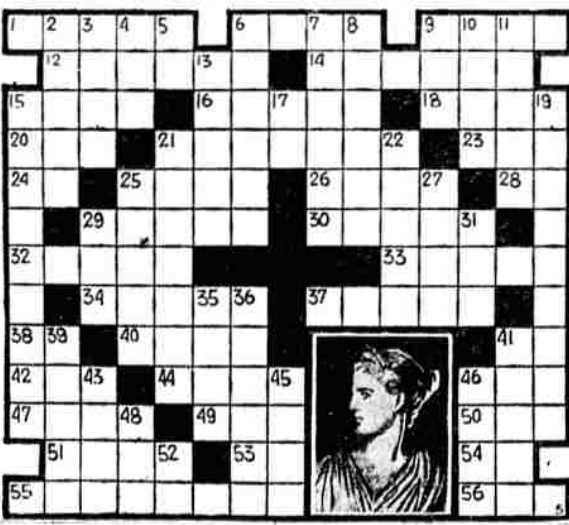
43 Prayer's last word.

45 Pig sties.

46 Post.

48 Butter lump (abbr.).

52 Railroad (abbr.).



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

