

SERIAL STORY

LOVE ON THE LINE

BY PAUL FRIGGENS

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YESTERDAY: Visiting her homestead with Ashton Oaks, Carrie is overwhelmed by the immensity of the new town. Later, at the hotel, Oaks tries to tell her that she is not alone. Mark, who is a doctor, strikes the agent when he calls Mark a doctor. Mark is a doctor, and he is a doctor.

CHAPTER III

"GORTA stirred things up last night, didn't yuh?" Newt greeted Mark outside the livery stable next morning. "Hell, I don't see why somethin' like that can't happen to me when there's a pretty woman around to show off to."

Mark grinned. "Wasn't exactly showing off, Newt."

"Well, it sure worked out that way, her a-coming to your livery and Oaks down and all." Newt wiped his shiny, bald head. "Gettin' mighty hot, Mark. Say, what do you suppose that Oaks was up to there in the hotel last night when you hit him?"

"Oh, just another land agent trying to make some quick money," Mark said. "New country like this is full of them."

"Always something worse'n the hot weather and grasshoppers," said Newt. "What can I do for you, Mark?"

"Got a good horse, Newt? I want to ride out to Rock Creek today. Be back by night."

"Best in the barn," and Newt disappeared inside the big, rambling building.

He came out quickly, leading a spirited sorrel. "Here you are, Mark. She ought to get you out there real lively. Say," he added, as an afterthought, "Rock Creek—that's where that Lane miss took up her claim, ain't it? Thinking of homesteadin' out there, too?"

THEY were having dinner when Mark rode up to Carrie's claim at Rock Creek around noon. The Taylors had hauled out supplies, window and door frames, boards and tin for a roof. Carrie had ridden out with them. She was to return to town with them, bring out more supplies in the morning.

The Taylors, living just a mile from Carrie, were going to bring over their plow the next day and turn the first furrows for Carrie's new home, the real "soddy" she had read about, but never had dreamed some day she would build.

"Get down off that horse and come in," greeted Ed Taylor, laughing loudly and indicating the spot where Carrie's soddy would be built.

There was a moment of tension as Mark dismounted, dropped his reins and tipped his hat to both Carrie and Mrs. Taylor. Taylor introduced his wife, then turned to Carrie. "Miss Lane, this here is Mark Deuel. Filin' a claim, too, ain't yuh, Deuel?"

Mark nodded. "Miss Lane and I've met before." He thought Carrie reddened ever so slightly, fidgeted with her dress. "Why, yes, Taylor, I have been thinking of taking a claim out here on Rock Creek."

"Well, better get moving, then," Taylor put in, "she's going fast." "That's why I'm here today," Mark explained.

They sat down to dinner, a cold meal of salt pork, canned tomatoes, and cornbread. Carrie, Mark noted, was herself again, gay, chatty, as she had been on the first morning he had eaten with her at Ma Parnley's.

"Wonder how far I'll have to go for water?" she said, turning to her neighbor.

"Well, don't know," Taylor looked at Mark. "But if she keeps on getting much dryer, probably three miles—straight down!"

IT was nearly 2 o'clock when Mark finally swung into his saddle, explaining he wanted to look over some more claims. Carrie watched him closely. As Mark started off, after saying goodbye to the Taylors, she walked a few paces toward his horse with him.

"Mr.—Mr. Deuel," she began awkwardly as Mark picked up his reins, adjusted the latigo, "I've been thinking about you that trouble in town at the hotel. I'm dreadfully sorry it happened. I guess it was all pretty much of a mistake." She paused abruptly.

Mark, wordless for a moment, too, swung into the saddle, looked down at her. "I'm sorry, too, Miss Lane. I guess you just haven't been out here long enough, that's all. There are some things that happen in these new towns that can't go on."

Carrie stepped closer, her hand on the saddle. Suddenly, Mark saw she was pale, frightened. "You—you won't see him again?"

"Well, if he runs into me," Mark stopped, deliberately, searching her deep, blue eyes. "Oh, but you mustn't, you mustn't. Promise you won't." She looked up, fearful, straight into Mark's eyes, the tilt of her chin infinitely sweet.

"All right, Miss Lane," he promised. "I won't go looking for trouble—nor Oaks—and I hope he does the same for me." He tipped his hat, rode off.

He looked back once. She was standing where he had left her, watching him, her hands shading her eyes, and in that moment Mark Deuel wondered whether Carrie Lane loved him.

His horse splashed through the cool, shallow waters of Rock Creek, scrambled up the other side. To the north lay the homestead claims Mark had said he was going to look over. To the south lay town. Mark spurred his horse—south.

MARK was standing at the bar talking with Newt Gale about

the land boom and the grasshoppers and the drought when Ashton Oaks swung through the door. Newt was saying that he'd heard over at the stables that the claim jumpers were getting as thick as the land agents. But over in Pike county the settlers had fixed one of them. They smoked out the fellow with sulphur and then tossed black powder down his chimney.

"He shored did come out of that soddy," Newt roared, and slapped Mark's knee. "Say, Mark, how'd you like to try somethin' like that on that friend Oaks of yours?"

"All right," said Mark. "But I don't think Oaks'll be around that long."

He felt a heavy hand on his shoulder, whirled to face the scowling agent. Oaks was hatless and his short, black hair seemed to bristle. The bird-like eyes now seemed to be smaller than ever. Instantly, Mark knew the man was drunk.

"Somebody mention my name here?" Oaks was snarling, insolent.

"Just indirectly," Mark answered, turning to face the bar again to ignore the agent. But Oaks jerked him back. Like a ruddy flame, then, the red crept up Mark's neck, flushed his face. He swung around, stepped down from the bar.

"Oaks," he said, and his voice was low, steady. "I don't argue with a drunk man."

Whether it was the sudden memory of Carrie Lane, standing there in the hotel and pleading with him not to fight, or standing there on the knoll at Rock Creek and still watching him when he

looked back, Mark Deuel would never know what prompted his next move. Ignoring the agent again for the last time, he turned, said good night to Newt Gale and walked, slowly, deliberately toward the door. Others in the room were scarcely aware of the incident.

But Mark never reached the door. There was a shot; glass crashed and the place became pandemonium. Ashton Oaks lunged forward, Newt Gale after him. "Deuel," somebody yelled, "Mark Deuel, he shot at you!" (To Be Continued)

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

ROCHESTER, N. Y. (AP)—Life's most embarrassing moment for Giovanni Evangelisti, 52, came in a crowded downtown street as he waited for a street car.

A passing automobile's door handle tangled in his trousers and nearly swished them off in full view of hundreds of passers-by.

The apologetic driver piled trouserless Evangelisti aboard, rushed him home for replacement.

ABSENT-MINDED

SEATTLE (AP)—A telephone caller complained to police that a blaring radio drew his attention to a residence across the way. Inside the window, cool as Godiva, was a young woman reading intently.

Investigating officers reported: "Disturbance quelled. Turned off radio. Lady got dressed. When we left she was still reading her book."

Nazis continue to shower bombs on London, but King George is still holding on to his reign check.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD

By William Ferguson



ANSWER: Yes . . . when in a private park or fur farm. The brand can be registered with the Livestock Inspection Board.

EMINENT ARTIST

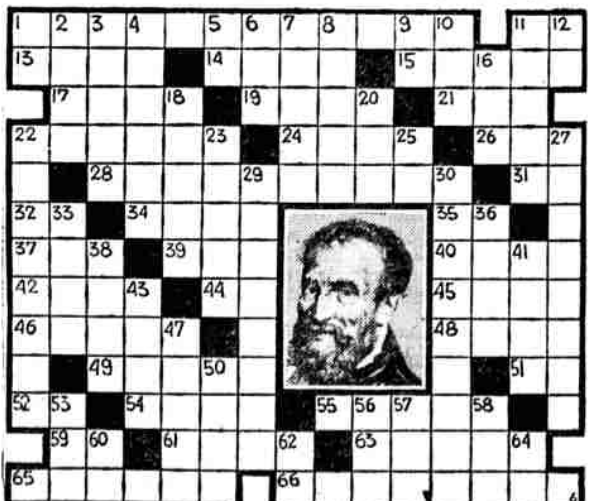
HORIZONTAL

- 1 Great Italian artist.
- 11 Plural pronoun.
- 13 Small wild ox.
- 14 Acidity.
- 15 Courageous.
- 17 Revenue from a property.
- 19 Weight allowance for waste.
- 21 Small shield.
- 22 Animal food.
- 24 Stomachs.
- 26 Sprite.
- 28 Devices for separating liquids.
- 31 Dye.
- 32 Sound of surprise.
- 34 Thieves' haunt.
- 35 Like.
- 37 To weep.
- 39 Beast's home.
- 40 To bellow.
- 42 Basket.
- 44 Compass point (abbr.).
- 45 Cavern.

Answer to Previous Puzzle

- DIANA MOON TWIN
- NIELLO ROVERS
- WADE ANIME DISC
- ONE ARENOSE TEU
- BE BEER LIRA CAE
- SE BURSA USERS
- HOURLY CELLS
- IT SNAPS SATAN
- PU SLOP
- EPA SLAD
- DUMD OME
- BEAR EN
- CUNTRISS
- OWA
- RE RE
- DRY

- 10 Native metal.
- 11 Palate lobe.
- 12 Southeast (abbr.).
- 16 Tennis point.
- 18 Lukewarm.
- 20 One plus one.
- 22 He painted in the Vatican.
- 23 Blackbird.
- 25 Senior (abbr.).
- 27 He was born in . . .
- 29 Renovations.
- 30 Peach pulp.
- 33 Ring.
- 36 Cleansing agent.
- 38 Short nail.
- 41 Birds.
- 42 To whip.
- 47 Nose noise.
- 50 Wild cattle.
- 53 Wood sorrel.
- 56 Sour plum.
- 57 Nothing.
- 58 To rent.
- 60 Bone.
- 62 Electrical term.
- 8 Noted.
- 9 Pound (abbr.).
- 64 To fare.



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 HOORLE



BY FRED HARMAN



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY CRANE



BY BLOSSER



BY MARTIN



BY V. T. HAMLIN

