THARON OF LOST VALLEY

By VINGIE E. ROE

Author of "The Maid of the Whispering Hills," "The Heart of Night Wind," etc.

Author of The Medic of the Whighering Hills," "The Heart of Night Wied," etc.

Courted Ass. to Dead, Med 4 Col.

THES STATES THE STORY THE STO

He tossed his handsome head and his eyes were bright as stars set in his silver face. Life was at high tide in him. flowing magnificently.

Tharon, her cheeks whipped into pulsing color by the wind and bounding him. no... Tharon,

Tharon, her cheeks whipped into pulsing color by the wind and bounding speed, her tawny mane loosed from its bands and flying in a cloud behind her, smoothed back from her face, looked wild as an Indian. As she drew up and sat watching the work of the evening, she smiled for the first time in many days, and Jack Masters, passing, felt his heart leap with gladness.

When the mistress of Last's was sad, so were her people.

When the last big corral gate had swung to and the boys turned in to unsaddle, she touched El Rey with a toe and went over among them

"Line up the horses, boys," she said. "I want to see them all together once more. Somethin' came back in me today—somethin' if been missing for a long time. I'll be myself again."

Billy turned Redbuck to face her, fropped his rein. Curly rode up on Drumfire. These two were red roans, fead matches. Bent brought Golden and stood him alongside. From far at the back of the corral they cailed Conford and Jack, who came wondering the former on Sweetheart, true sister of El Rey, almost as big, almost as fast, almost as beautiful.

Silver-blue roan, silver-pointed, slim, straceful, springy, she had not a single

Silver-buse roan, stiver-pointed, slim, sraceful, springy, she had not a single dark spot on her except the sharp black bars of the finger marks outside her kness "You darlin'!" said Tharon as she

wheeled in line.

Then came Jack on Westwind and
Then came Jack on Westwind and wheeled in line.

Then came Jack on Westwind and ha was another buckskin, paler than Golden, most marvelously pointed in pure chestnut brown. His finger marks were brown instead of black—the only horse at the Holding so distinguished, for no matter of what shade or color, in all the others these peculiar marks were jet black. Five splendid creatures they stood and pounded the ringing earth tossed their heads and waited, though they had all been far that day and it was feeding time.

Out in the horse corrais there were many more of their breed, slim, wiry horses, toughened and hardened by long hours and daily work, but these were the flower of Last's, the prized favorites. For a long time Tharon sat and watched them, noting their perfect condition, their glistening skins, their shinning hoofs many of which were striped, another characteristic,

"I don't believe," she said at last, "hat there's a bunch of horses in Lost Valley to come nigh 'em. Ironwoods or anything else—I'd back th' Finger Marks."

"So would we," said Conford quietly "though we're said to the same the lines."

Tharon looked over at him.

"Fast as El Rey, Jack?"

"Who could tell?" said the man. "I mow it was some speed, an' that is all." The girl struck a hand on the king's

anorted.

As they rose from the table with all the racket of outdoor men there came once more the sound of a horse's hoofs on the hard earth outside. Lest's Holding was a vast sounding-board. No one on horseback could come near without advertising his arrival far

ahead

This time it was no stranger. Tharon went to the western door to bid him light.

It was John Dement from down at the It was John Dement from down at the Rolling Cove. He was a thin, worn man, who looked ten years beyond his forty, his face wrinkled by the constant fret and worry of the constant loser.

Tonight he was strung up like a wire. His voice shook when he returned the hearty greetings that met him.

turned the hearty greetings that met him.

"Boys," he said abruptly, "an' Tharon—I come t' tell ye all good-by."

"Good-by! John, what you mean?"

Tharon went forward and put a hand on his arm. Her blue eyes searched his face.

The man stood by his horse and spuck a tragic fist in a hard palm.

"That's it. I give up. I'm done. I'm goin' down the wall some day—me an' my woman an' th' two boys. Got our duffle ready packed, an' Lord knows, it ain't enough t' heft th' horses. After five year."

There was the sound of the hopeless tears of masculine failure in the man's tragic voice. His fingers twisted his flabby hat.

"Hold up," said Conford, pushing

"Hold up," said Conford, pushing nearer, "straighten out a bit, Dement. Now, tell us what's up," "Th' last head—th' last hoof—run off "Th' last head—th' last hoof—run off last night as we was comin' in with 'em a leetle mite late. Had ben up Black Coulee way, an' it got dark on us Just as we got abreast o' th' mouth of th' Coulee, where th' poplars grow, three men come a-boilin' out. They was on fast horses—o' course—an' right into th' bunch they went, hell-bent. Stampeded the hull lot. You know my bunch'd got down t' about 100 head—don't know what I ben a-hangin' on fer, only a man hates t' give up an' own hisself beat out, an' my woman—she's a fighter.

fighter.
"She kep' standin' at my back like

Out in the horse corrals there were many more of their breed, slim, wiry horses, toughened and hardened by long hours and daily work, but these were the flower of Last's, the prized favorites. For a long time Tharon sat and watched them, noting their perfect condition, their glistening skins, their shining hoofs, many of which were striped. "I don't believe," she said at last, "that there's a bunch of horses in Lost Valley to come nigh 'em. Ironwoods or anything else—I'd back th' Finger Savoriting else—I'd back th' Finger Who of us has ever seen the Ironwoods run—a little."

"So would we," said Conford quietly "though we've seen th' Ironwoods run—a little."

"Who of us has ever seen Courtrey let Boit run like he wanted to? Not a darned one. I've seen that big bay devil pull till th' blood dripped from his mouth,"

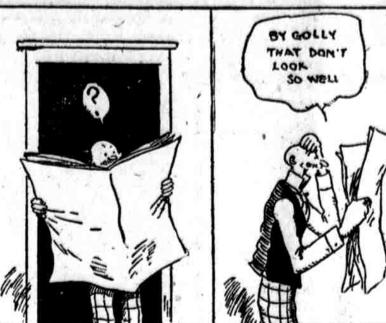
"Sure" put in Masters, "I've seen that, to—but I was lyin' up on the that, to—but I was lyin' up on the that, to—but I was lyin' up on that way on Bolt an' Arrow—an' they wasn't a-holdin' them then. Lord, Lord how they was goin'! Two long has way on Bolt an' Arrow—an' they wasn't a-holdin' them then. Lord, Lord how they was goin'! Two long has way on be and the light of the wash of the see 'em, an' I almost hollered. It was pretty work—pretty work, an' no maistake."

The girl struck a hand on the king's shoulds.

oppressor.
Dement ceased speaking and stood in bement ceased speaking and stood in silhouette against the last yellow-and-black of the dead sunset. The protrud-ing apple in his hawk-like throat work-ed up and down grotesquely. 'For a long moment there was utter

CONTINUED TOMORROWA

THE GUMPS—Carp Caviar



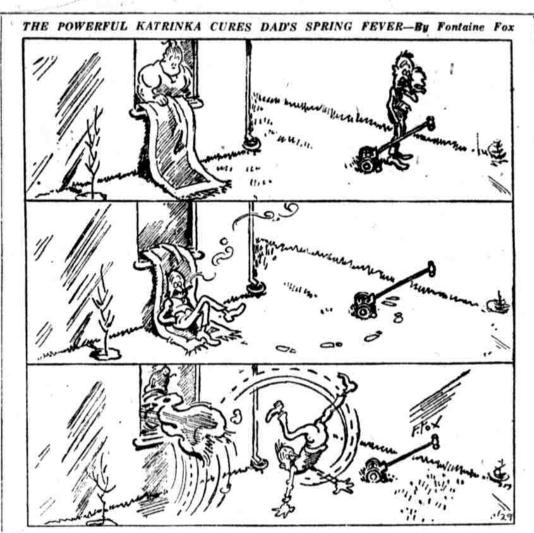


By Sidney Smith .:-WHEN THAT STARTS TO TUMBLE IT WILL MAKE THE NIAGARA FALLS LOOK AS THOUGH IT. WAS GOING BACKWARDS -- WHEN THEY WANT TO GET RID OF YOU SMALL ONES IT WILL BE JUST LIKE A CYCLONE HETTING A BASKET' OF FEATHERS - JUST LIKE BLOWING THE FUZZ OFF A DANDELION -ONE PUFF AND YOU'RE THROUGH

PETEY-Modest Henrietta By C. A. Voight -:--:--:--:--:--:--:-SARIGHT PETEY DEAR-- GEE WHIZ! HEY- HURRY - SAY, MABEL, -JUST -YOU CAN'T GOT EM UP -- WE WHERE'S YOUR PARADE AUNT-THE PARADE 4 GOTTA LEAD MINUTE WEAR LIKE STARTS RIGHT THE OVERALLS THAT PARADE AWAY. HIGH COST LIVING! SHE'S DIRESSING UNCLE PETEY



The young lady across the way says she believes in America for Americans and would deport every enemy alienist, no matter how

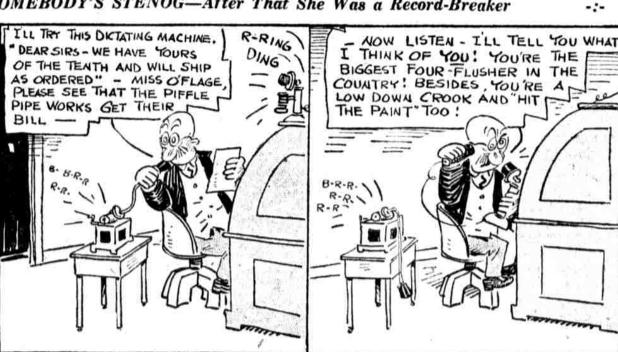




Copyright, 1920, by Public Ledger Co.

CA Voigle

SOMEBODY'S STENOG-After That She Was a Record-Breaker





-:-

-:-

MISS OFLAGE



By Hayward

'CAP" STUBBS—Gran'ma Made Him Fly

QUICK! "(AP") COME AND CHASE THAT AWFUL GOAT AWAY! HE'S EATING YOUR FATHER'S NIGHT. SHIRT ON TH' LINE!!

