

THARON OF LOST VALLEY

By VINGIE E. ROE

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

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

Tharon Last is one of the scoundrels of Lost Valley. His old Auntie...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

They looked across the woman's shoulder, and from that moment she was to stand before them...

Tharon and Billy let the horses run. Golden was a racer himself, though he could not hold a candle to the silver...

Tharon said stoutly, "I've never et an ounce of Anita's pudding since. No, I think, I finished you cleanly, as the mounted soldier woman I've caught something from that fellow of the red...

And as they swung away from the spring toward the Holding, far ahead under the cottonwoods, he let out the young horse for another stretch.

"Beat the king!" cried Tharon again. "You're foolin' Billy, an' I don't want to see you now. I've run enough this day."

"So the rider held up again and together they paced slowly up through the shadows were reaching out to touch the ground from the western Wall and the golden shades were rising. Soon they were lifting as the sun sank, were traveling up and up along the eastern mountain side toward the peaks of a high range...

"I like to ride like this," said Tharon softly. "I like to ride like this, to have some one with me that I know, some one like you, some one who will understand when I don't talk, an' who is always there somehow. It's a wonderful feeling—but like—like—like a woman who's just a woman."

"Always, Tharon," he said huskily. "Always—when you want me—or need me—I'll be there, beside you. An' you don't need to even speak a word to me. I'll like to—does—there whether you call or not."

"I know," said the girl, and reaching over she caught the rider's hand, brown though it was, and gave it a little tender pressure. Billy set his teeth to keep from crushing her fingers, and together they rode slowly along the sounding slopes to the beautiful security and comfort of the Holding.

Kenest of the foothills was very busy. Between study of his maps and the endless riding of their claimed areas he was out from dawn till dark. He found, indeed, that none but he, of his years, had ridden those sloping forest-covered slopes. Some of the maps must have come so, else the some themselves would not have been, but what marks they must have had, were stamped gone through the erosion of the elements or have been wretchedly destroyed.

He fancied the fortune had been the same, for he saw no signs of destruction, and the very curiosity of the denizens of the valley precluded familiarity. So he laid out for himself the labor of that day and went at it with a vim that had him at high tension. Thereupon Last and the strange figure in given points, only when he rode between them, did he give up to his speculation. At such times his mind invariably went back to that first day at Basin, and he saw her again as he had seen her then, tense, stooping, her hands bent above the gun as she stepped backward along the porch, feeling for the steps with her feet.

Always he saw the rafter whiteness of her cheeks beneath her blowing hair. Always he felt a thrill at the memory of her. What was she, anyway, this girl who had crept out from the wilderness and had herself aloof from his friends? Kenest said that she was "swore."

Kenest, said, quiet, peace loving, shock himself mentally and tried not to think of her. But day after day he came down along the edge of the scattered woods where the cattle grazed—on the forest lands—and looked over to where the Holding lay like a greener spot on the green stretches.

It was propitious! It was awful! Bred to another life, another another type of woman, he could not recognize this girl of Lost Valley with anything he knew.

PACKAGE FOR A GUMP

SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS— THIS CAN'T BE FOR ME—

HEAVEN'S SAKE— THAT CAN'T BE FOR US— SHE MUST BE GOING CRAZY—

SAY—!! WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT? DID YOU BUY THESE THINGS? SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS? WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM? A MILLIONAIRE?

WELL— THAT'S WHAT I UNDERSTOOD— YOU TOLD ME YOU WERE— AREN'T YOU? YOU'VE BEEN TELLIN' THE WORLD YOU'RE A MILLIONAIRE

YOU TOLD ALL YOUR FRIENDS WHAT YOU'RE MAKING— THE CARP CAVIAR KING— WHY IT'S TO YOUR CREDIT TO HAVE YOUR WIFE DRESSED UP— SHE SHOULD BE A FASHION PLATE— A QUEEN OF STYLES— WHAT'S \$60.00 TO A FELLOW THAT'S GRABBING \$2,000.00 OFF THE BACK PORCH EVERY MORNING?

NEWSPAPERS

SIDNEY SMITH

THE GUMPS—Min Cashing in on Carp Caviar

By Sidney Smith

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NEWSPAPERS

SIDNEY SMITH

PETEY—So the Painter Blacked His Eyes

By C. A. Voight

FOR THE LOVE OF—

DO YOU CARE FOR THE NEW FAD UNCLE PETER?— ALL THE LADIES ARE HAVING PICTURES PAINTED ON THEIR BACKS!

MRS. DIINK, SENT FOR ME, SHE WANTS ME TO PAINT HER BACK

OVER MY DEAD BODY!!

I'LL LEARN YOU TO DRAG A HONEST PAINTER WAY OUT HERE TO PAINT YER BACK PORCH AN' THEN TURN HIM DOWN!!

C. A. VOIGHT

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY

THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED MR. BANG

THE DAY HE JOINED THE OVERALLS CLUB THE DOORMAN AT A SWELL APARTMENT INSISTED HE GO AROUND TO THE TRADESMEN'S ENTRANCE.

THE YOUNG LADY ACROSS THE WAY SAYS SOLID MAHOGANY IS ALMOST UNOBTAINABLE NOW AND SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO FOR FINE FURNITURE WHEN THE VENEER FORESTS ARE GONE.

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SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Miss Willis Shoots in an Idea

By Hayward

MISS OF FLAGE, I'LL RETURN SHORTLY.

ALL RIGHT, BOSS, DON'T CATCH COLD IN ANY WET CELLARS.

OH HELLO MABEL! NOTHING, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? SAY LISTEN MABEL, I GOT MY NEW BLOUSE. IT'S THE MOST ADORABLE THING! YES—HUH-HUH! YES—THEY HAVE THE MOST ADORABLE THINGS—YES—HUH-HUH—

OPERATOR! I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO GET THAT NUMBER FOR AN HOUR!—NOT 2-2-2! THEY CAN'T BE BUSY—LISTEN— I KNOW—OH—HUH-HUH!

YES, AND MABEL, HE HAD THE MOST ADORABLEST DREAMY EYES AND CURLY HAIR AND HE WORE AN ADORABLE TIE! YES! SURE, WELL SO LONG DEARIE GUESS I'LL GET BUSY AND EARN MY MEAL TICKET. G'BYE!

I TRIED TO GET YOU ON THE PHONE FOR AN HOUR TO GET THE LIST PRICE OF FORTY-CENT NUTS BUT THAT FOOL OPERATOR KEPT TELLING ME THE LINE WAS BUSY SO I LOST THE SALE!

GEE ISN'T THE PHONE SERVICE AWFUL BOSS?

IDEA SENT IN COMPLETE BY MISS A. WILLIS, SAN FRANCISCO

HAYWARD

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"CAP" STUBBS—Tippie Wouldn't Stand Such Nonsense

By Edwina

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(CONTINUED TOMORROW)