THARON OF LOST VALLEY

By VINGIE E. ROE

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

Copright, 1929, by Dodd. Need & Co.J.

THIS STARTS THE STORY
Thereo Last is one of the sconderry
Armon Hersell T CONTINUES
Armon Hersell T Continue T

Courtrey sent word to Tharon—an ill spelled letter, mailed at Baston's—that he had meant nothing by that race above the Black Coulee, except another kiss. There was Courtrey's daring in the affronting words.

Once sgain Tharon met Kenset in the days that followed. Riding by the Silver fellow she stopped one breathless aftenoor, drank of the snow-cold waters, shared them with El Rey, dropped the rein over the stallion's head and flung benefit full length on the varth beside the spring. A clump of willow trees frow here, for every spring in Lost Valley had its lone sentinels to call its presence across the stretching miles. As the girl lay flat on her back with her hands beneath her head, she looked up into the blue heart of the arching skies where the fleecy white clouds sailed, and a sense of sweetness and peace came fown upon her like a garment.

Tou're sure some lovely spot, Lost Valley," she said aloud, "an' no mistake, I know, more never as th' days go by that Jim Last was only jokin' when he lold me of those other places out below, lig as you, lovely as you. It just ain't besible. Is it, El Rey, old boy."

El Rey, always aloof, always touchy, meer sure of temper, jumped and marted. The girl laughed and crossed her feet and fell to speculating idly about the world that lay beyond Lost valley. Little she knew of it. Only the brief words of her father from time to time, the reluctant speech of Last's ideas, for the master of the Holding had laid down the law concerning this. His daughter was of the valley. content. He meant her to be so always. The man who had instilled into her young mind a discontent with her enhis daugnier was of the valley, con-tent. He meant her to be so always. The man who had instilled into her young mind a discontent with her en-fronment, a longing for the "flesh-lots" of the world as he had styled it esse, would have had short shrift at Last's.

her. It stopped the wordless song on her lips stilled the breath in her throat, ett every nerve in her to listening, as it were.

et every nerve in her to listening, as twere.

Presently she sat up and feit quickly for the sun-butts in their scabbards. Then as he parted the willows and looked but over the rolling slopes and levels. The enough. A horseman was coming a from the west, making for the Silver Hollew but Tharon smiled and her Hollew but Tharon smiled and her Holley but Tharon smiled and her house traight—like a lance, she thought—and his mount was brown, a good-enough common horse, but no steed of Captain lacked the fire, the ramping the heart lacked the fire, the ramping for the lips, the hardening of all the young lines of her face. He knew he heart lacked the Finger Marks. For a long time the girl in the willows watch-the fire as they came near she than a caught E. Rey's heridle.

suh a quick hatred sometimes and had been known to wreak this sudden rage supen them in sickening fury.

So Tharen held him with a strong frown hand wrapped in the chain below the Spanish spade bit in his mouth, its stood beside him waiting, a sim, solden creature, tawny of hair and blue to superfect the superfect of eye, and the great horse towered down her mightily, his silver mane showing up above his arching neck in the little whot that came from the little who that came from the little who waden.

bod for a moment looking tood for a moment looking her eyes with his smilling it seemed to Tharon that as always smilling.

Your apring, isn't it?" he

Courtrey sent word to Tharon—an ill spelled letter, mailed at Baston's—that he had meant nothing by that race above the Black Coulee, except another kiss. There was Courtrey's daring in the affronting words.

She sent the letter back to him—riding in on E! Rey alone—with the outline of a gun traced across it.

"The little wildcat!" grinned the man, "he's sure spunky!"

Once again Tharon met Kenset in the says that followed. Riding by the Silver Hollow she stopped one breathless aftermore, drank of the snow-cold waters, hard them with E! Rey, dropped the rish over the stallion's head amd flung herself full length on the carth beside

"An'! I ain't ashamed to say I'm glad.

"An'! I ain't ashamed to say I'm glad.

"An'! I ain't ashamed to say I'm glad.

ing fittle, though presently they fell once more upon the law in Lost Valley and earnestness deepened into gravity.

And she moved a booted foot to the law's striped hoof and tapped it marrly.

El Rey, always aloof, always touchy, let be gun on her lap.

The gun on her lap.

"Why? That very question'd show your ignorance to any Lost Valley man. Because it's all there is. You've seen Courtrey. You've seen Steptoe Service. Can't you judge from them?"
"Surely, so far as they two go. A bad man and a bad sheriff. But they are not all the officers of this county. Where and who is your superior judge?"

and who is your superior judge?"

"Poor ol' Ben Barland, Weaker'n skim milk, Scared to say his soul's his own."

There was infinite scorn in her voice.

"No, it's Steptoe Service, or nothin."

Kenset thought a moment.

"Who's the coroner?" he asked presently. ently.
"Jim Banner," she answered quickly

"Jim Banner," she answered quickly, "as straight a man as ever lived. Brave, too. He's been shot at more nonce fer takin' exception to some raw piece o' work in this valley, fer pokin' his nose in, so to speak. Jim Last used to say he was th' only man at the seat, which is corvan, you know, of course." "District attorney?" "Tom Nord. Keen as a razor an' married white clouds sail by.

And as she lay by the willows and hummed a sliding tune, a soft sweet thing if minors and high notes falling, like "District attorney?" "Tom Nord. Keen as a razor an' married to Courtey's sister. Now do you see why this is th' iaw." She, too, tapped the green range. He thought of the unpainted pine building in the unpainted pine building in the standard presented to the unpainted pine building in the standard presented to the standar

along the green range. He thought of the unpainted pine building in Coryan which was the courthouse. A strange personnnel, truly, to invest it with au-thority!

seand his mount was because of the line of the fire, the ramping henness of the Ironwoods, the spirit and dash of the Finger Marks. For a long time the girl in the willows watched them. Then as they came near she them. Then as they came near she lie was no gentleman, this big bluefler king. He was savage and wild sad imperious. He hated other horses with a quick hatred sometimes and had been known to wreak this sudden rage been known to wreak this sudden rage. However, a warm surge of feeling shown to wreak this sudden rage. However, a warm surge of feeling shown to wreak this sudden rage.

Yet that caim look made his impulsive action seem unpardonable in the next second.

However, a warm surge of feeling shot through him with the quiet resting of that firm brown hand between his own, and he held it tighter. Kenset had thought he was sophisticated, that little or posting could stir him deenly—not

a creature. tawny of hair and blue to her mightily, his silver mane her mightily, his silver mane are up above his arching neck in the great horse towered by made a picture that kenset force, as he swung round the Rey screamed and pounded with Rey screamed and pounded with Rey screamed and pounded with With no gentle hand.

As still, you bully!" she said sharply. The so glad to meet you!" she said sharply. The sweet, disarming smile her hips and she was all girl de her lips and she was all

a man.
"I to! you we couldn't be friends!"
she cried, her eyes blazing with sudden
fire, "there ain't no mailner of use
a-tryin'."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



PETEY-Anything to Get Home In

- PETEY DEAR - SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED MRS DE COLLETE HAS LOST HER DIAMOND HECKLACE AND PEHDAHT!

•:•

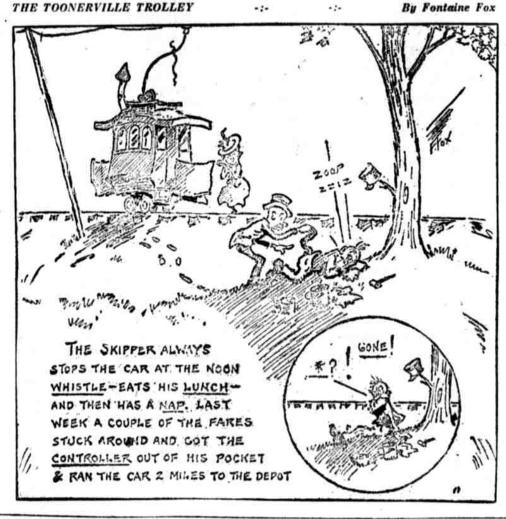
C.A. VO.8 4. -HOLY SHOWER - SHE'S -THAT'S AM WILD! AMFULL FIX-S'POSE I LET HER TAKE MY OVERCOAT

•:•

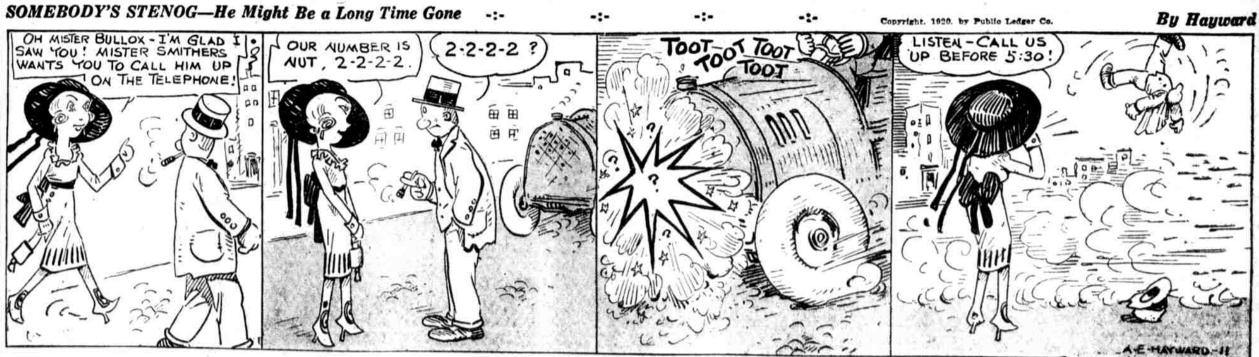
By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way

The young lady across the way says the paper her friend works for must make a great specialty of music, she hears so much talk about



SCHOOL DAYS By DWIG SA JEH, CAM I WEAR THIS FOR A BELT ? IT JES FITS ME. YOU'VE GOT ON THEM BLVE SILK STRONG GIVE YOU FOR YOUR BIRTHD AY___ CAN 1 O YIR OLD HONI SOIT QUI MALE PENSE



'CAP" STUBBS—Missus Miley's Going to Enjoy Those Cookies

