

THARON OF LOST VALLEY

By VINGIE E. ROE

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

THIS STARTS THE STORY Tharon Last is one of the wonders of Lost Valley. She and old Anita control the valley for years...

and gripped his arm in her strong fingers. "About up, Jim Banner," she said tensely...

AND HERE IT CONTINUES It was a gift he had given her, nothing less, and she made up her mind that old Pete should sleep in peace...

Billy, watching, read her mind with the half-tragic eyes of love. He hoped, with a surging tenderness, that this fateful thing was sliding over into his hands...

It was blue-dusk when they drew up at the corner beside the fortress house. Lounging around in cat-like quiet were some thirty men, riders, gunmen, vaqueros...

But she must not be allowed to do it. Not with a girl like this. If she was pledged to this thing, he was no less pledged to its prevention. He felt a tug within him as he saw the soft curve of her cheek...

When Banner called for Courtney there was a sound of boots on the board floor, and a woman's pleading voice, and the cattle king came swinging out...

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Who wants 'em?" he asked drawlingly. "We do." "Well, I want Courtney's guns! You're modest, Jim."

But he did not speak—he could not. But he had no need. He could not say nothing that would have cleared the situation, would have told himself or her what was in the pouring of his lips for to save his life he did not know.

There was a movement, a surge, the head of gun and one of the settlers tumbled from his saddle, the woman of the doubting heart, Courtney's men backed together as one, thundered backward to the wide doorway, pressed together, waited. The voice of Keneset rang like a clarion.

Mr. Keneset, she said steadily, "you're always tryin' to make me weak, to break me down with words an' looks an' touches. He shook her loose and she went on her way, and she was gone. And Tharon frowned in the darkness and drew her hands from under those pressing ones.

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Keneset, two days later, gave Sam Drake a check for \$500 and a letter, unopened but sealed with tape and wax. Drake, who owned some half-breed ironwoods, rode the best one down the valley.

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THE GUMPS—And She Laughed at Me

By Sidney Smith



PETEY—He Ought to Use Smoked Glasses

By C. A. Voight



The Young Lady Across the Way

JIMMY NOW BELIEVES THAT LOVE IS BLIND AND DEAF, TOO—By Fontaine Fox

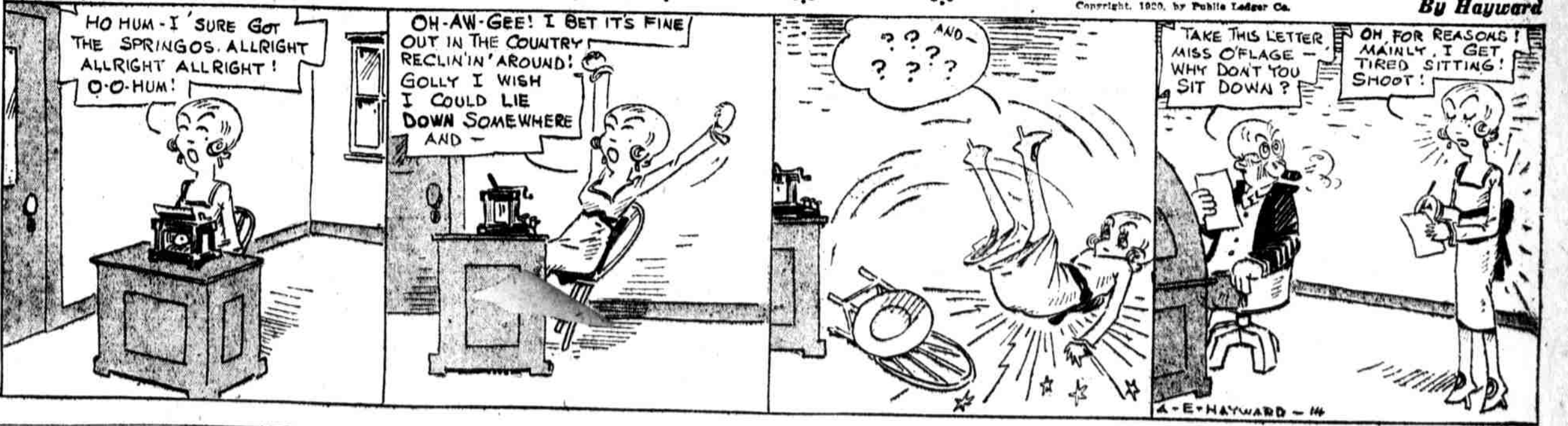
SCHOOL DAYS

By DWIG



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By Hayward



"CAP" STUBBS—Just His Luck

By Edwina



(CONTINUED TOMORROW)