something far more important-at

ablaze again with the torches and gas-

oline flares of their illicit occupants,

it was with a surcharged air of un-

certainty that appeared to pervade

everything. Bart learned the reason.

who rolled down the center of the

sidewalk, a bandage about his head,

his gait and his expression evidence

of the fact that the state of intoxica-

tion begun the day before had not

"What they goin' to do with a

barbed wire fence, huh?" he snecred

as some frightened concessionaire ap-

proached him. "Answer me that. Put

that fat-head mayor and his tin-horn

marshal in it, so we can look at the

told you that I'd see you were all

"Bull" Franniston had come out in

concealment about the fact that it was

unwelcome contingent. But Bart

walked on, knowing that many men

awaited his command at the mayor's

They came forth seemingly from a

hundred places about the house as he

reached the veranda and made himself

known to the sentry stationed there.

A moment later Bud Tarko, appearing

taller and slimmer than ever in the

shadows, slid forth, and in muffled

for no orders. Jam a clip o' cart-

ridges in them cannons and fix them

bayonets. I've run out o' commands.

They soon were on the main street.

marching toward town, the reflected

lights gleaming on their affixed bay-

onets, the rifles clicking softly with

the jar of the steady pace. A block

more and Bart brought his company

to a halt. Five minutes later, split

up into three segments, the work of

In the dance halls, planes ceased

suddenly to bang as determined ap-

pearing men showed themselves in the

doorways, closed the places of exit,

and began to sift the crowds for the

The stockade began to fill. Bart

"We'll have to start getting rid of

you believe you'd better start court?"

The mayor grinned and turned to two

"Get me a table somewhere and con-

fiscate a couple of those gasoline

torches. We're going to start building

"All right. Go back there in the

stockade and think it over." Then he

cocked his head toward the heavens.

"Sorry we haven't got a roof there.

"Thanks, Always liked honesty, Just

for that, I'll let you off with a hun-

dred and costs. Pay the gentleman

with the six-shooter here and get out

"Thanks for the donation. We'll put

your name in the corner-stone of the

new city hall and jail. Mr. Clerk, call

Bart laughed, joyously and happily,

Up in the office of "Bull" Franniston

a lamp was burning. Two men were

there-Bart could not see their forms

-but the shadows against the back

wall and ceiling were evident. It was

"Bull" Franniston and the man who

cared to be known to the world only

Plainly, from the shadows, the men

"Give me back that memorandum!"

A second's pause, while the other

From across the street Bart Rogers

saw the great form lurch forward. A

big hand went out to grasp about the

standard of the old oil lamp. Then

giant form of "Bull" Franniston

swerved forward, the lamp swinging

high over his head as he raised it

to send it erashing toward his unseen

visitor. Higher, higher went the flam-

like arm as it summoned every atom

A crash! A popping, puffing ex-

of its strength, then-

man apparently pleaded for restraint.

shouted "Bull." "Hear me? Give me

and moved on. But at the corner he

Court proceedings were simple:

"Guilty or not guilty?"

Looks a little like rain." "Er-er-guilty, your honor"

of town on the 1:22."

the next case!"

as Leon Barrows.

were quarreling.

back that memorandum!"

"Bull" flung wide his arms.

"Yes, sir, your honor."

"Not guilty, your honor."

the night was on.

persons they sought.

sought the mayor.

of his men.

a new city hall !"

Hear me? Fix them bayonets!"

"Aw-right, you fellows. Don't wait

tones began the giving of commands.

been allowed to wane.

right, didn't I?"

It was in the figure of a big man

When the streets of Bellaine became

least to him!

(Continued)

CHAPTER X

The Sway of Justice

"It was very evident what had happened," resumed Mrs. Jordan, "drunk, he had wandered home, they had quarreled and he had billed her. Jim staggered forth, gave himself up to the first policeman he met-and confessed.

"It seems that after the arrest, Bartholomew came forward as Jim's friend and took charge of the baby, stating to the court that he was sending it out West to be adopted by a childless family. Then one night, in the darkness of the jall someone slipped a packet into his cell. It contained saws, money and an addressthe name of Franniston out here in Wyoming. He sawed his way out of the comparatively flimsy jail and escaped. A week later he presented himself to Franniston here in Bellaine and asked for a job. He was given one without question. Nothing was said to indicate that Franciston knew his real identity, nothing done to show that Franniston had the slightest idea that this man was the father of the girl to whom Franniston had given his own name, but whom he had not adopted. So the relationship began. Then, a year later, the truth dawned on Jim. Bartholomew showed up in Bellaine, under the name of Barrows. Franniston could reveal the true identity of the girl, and she would be stained with the blackness of being the daughter of a man who had killed his wife. So he had Jim in

his power." "But was anything ever said to indicate that? Was-"

"Nothing." Bart Rogers stared at the carpet. "It was strange that the officials back East should learn of Jim's whereabouts so quickly-especially when they had been unable to find him for

years. I wonder if-"Jim says that Graham was the jailer back in Alkonia. I suppose he was bribed to sneak the saws into the cell. Anyway, there was an investigation afterward and he lost his job. Then he came out here. So there-" con-

cluded Mrs. Jordan, "Is the story." For a moment Bart stood uncertain, looking dully out the window, at the casket-like boxes which had been piled on the front veranda. Then, with a sudden resolve, he hurried up the stairray and to th Anita was in.

"It's Bart," he announced when her faint answer had come to his knock, Bart Rogers. May I talk to you a moment?"

Assent came from within. Bart opened the door, and walked impulsively to the quiet, white-faced girl by the window.

"I just wanted to tell you that I've heard-the whole thing," he blurted.



-the Wt. 91s Thing," He Blurted.

"And that I don't care who your father is or what he's done or or anything of the kind! That I'll help you in any way you say and that I-I-I'm proud to know you as it you werewere a queen!"

Then just as suddenly as he had spoken, he was stient ag. in, with a strange, boyish bashfulness. A second more and he had closed the door behind him and was hurrying down the hall, seething inwardly at his cowardice for Bart, as he had hurried up the stairs, had intended to fell her

of "Bull" Franniston's office. The ancient bolt broke under the pressure: an instant later Bart tumbled into the room, to rush toward the writhing. flame-wrapped being which struggled against the wall on the other side of the room. Barrows was gone—a glance toward an open window leading to a lower roof told Bart the method of exit.

He finally succeeded in enveloping Bull's head and shoulders in the heavy cloth. A second more and steps sounded on the stairs. Bart, struggling to evade and fight the flames at the same time, turned excitedly.

"Quick, men!" he shouted, "hold that stuff in front of you-and rush

ing the flames and the parts of the clutched and grasped in agony. Mumbling words came disjointedly from his blackened lips.

"He's got the combination-he's got combination-" Then, slowly, the gaspingly, "Bull" Franniston lapsed into unconsciousness. Bart Rogers rose. "Try to make some sort of a stretcher out of these blankets," he

•**************

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They finally succeeded in smotherroom that were ablaze. Then Bart turned to the injured man. His face was swollen and distorted, his hands Why suffer from headaches?

Have

YOUR EYES Examined

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dled him, both hands prying at the tight, clenched jaws, to free the paper enclosed there. A moment later he gained his objective and rose.

"Help me get him to the hotel," he ordered. "It'll be easier if we do it before he regains consciousness.

The aide obeyed. Ten minutes later, stretched upon a bed of the hotel, Leon Barrows opened his eyes to find a doctor, summoned from the room of "Bull" Franciston, examining the bullet-fractured ankle. At the other end of the room Bart Rogers was reading



"Did He Say Anything About the

dropped panting back to his pillow-"the cyanide that he bought for me to give-to give to Rogers? Eh? Look it up. Make 'em show you the poison book at the White Cross store in Cheyenne. That's where he got ithe'd have to sign for it. You'll know his writing-even if he used a false name-Did he say anything about-"

"Cyanide?" Bart had motioned the doctor closer that he might serve as a witness. "What was it for?"

"For-Rogers, I told you." "You killed him, then?"

"Barrows-and I-yes. I did it actually. But he was the man who-"When?"

"The afternoon the oil came in. I telephoned-telephoned Barrows. He -he said you were in town and to go -to go ahead. I hurried to the house -and-and made him swallow a fivegrain capsule. He-he hardly moved. Bart Rogers, white, trembling with the surprise of the confession, rubbed a hand slowly over his eyes. "Then-you'd planned for this-

this oil?" "Yes-Barrows. He knew the geol-

ogist." "And you tricked my father into

making that will?" "He thought-he thought it was a mortgage. We got him to sign it just after he had his first stroke, and then dated it back three weeks. He could still use his right hand then-and we bad. He could hardly see. We cut off a mortgage blank an inch from the bottom and magnetized-magnetized the paper with the will on-with the will on it-on the other-other side. It's easier'n it sounds. Friction, you-you know. Any-any kid can do it. He thought he was signing-sign-

His eyes—his eyes you know. Barrows did it all—he framed—he framed every bit of it." "Then it was trickery?"

ing the mortgage. He signed the will.

"What else-what else do you sup-"There was a copy of it in his safety box."

"Rangom-Rangom the clerk-was in on the deal. I stole the old man's key long enough for him to open the box. He used-used to work for Barrows. It cost-cost \$1,000,"

"And the signatures-?" "Graham's been-been one of our bunch-ever-ever since he came out here after the after the Morrison trouble.'

"Send-send for the district attorney!" Bull ordered. "Send-send for him. I'll tell the truth!"

It was late the next morning that Bart Rogers, tired, yet strong, with a nervous energy which recognized nelther fatigue nor sleeplessness, stood in the living room of the Jordan home anxiously awaiting a step on the stair. He had won. The town of Bellaine was a town once more, and not a bed lam. Those of its unwelcome popu lation who were not in the stockade had departed, poorer and wiser-to spread the word that the rifles and bayonets of the American Legion, in time of need, would protect the good name and cleanliness of a model oil town, Bellaine. Locked in the bank was some forty thousand, garnered in fines which had run all the way from a hundred to a thousand dollars, depending upon the viciousness of the human coyotes who, at last, had found their way into the trap of the law It meant a new City hall, a new jailand more worth-while appropriation to support the city police force which would succeed Bart Rogers. His work was done now-besides, out where he once had labored, on the ranch, a fortune awaited him, returned to its rightful owner through the confession of a dying murderer. Over in Mannington, a sheriff's chair was vacant, as was the post of a safety-box clerk in the bank. Both now reposed in the stockade, their first stop on the long journey that was to end-in company with the lean-faced Barrowswhen the heavy gates clanged behind them upon their entrance to Rawlins penitentiary. And it was with this knowledge, this security of thought that Bart Rogers awaited the sound of the step on the stair. A moment later he moved toward the door, his hands extended, his eyes beaming.

"I've got a bit of good news for you, anide-" The man strove to rise, and Anita. They've-let Jim go. The dis

If you enjoy a good meal, and know a good meal when you get it, You'll be back, tor you'll not forget it: Our aim is to please you.

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trict attorney just telephoned me that he'd quashed a frame-up charge against Tarko and that he'd gotten a telegram from Illinois that the old indictment against your father had been destroyed. He wasn't guilty."

The girl sighed—the quiet, heartfelt sigh of a woman from whose shoulders had fallen a tremendous, galling load. Bart went on.

"Barrows confessed, too, about an hour ago. There wasn't anything else for him to do after the district attorney had read him 'Bull's' statement. It's rather a mephisto-like story in revenge. He was your mother's suitor -Bartholmew."

"Yes, Mr. Jordan-"

"His apparent friendship had been a mask. When-when you were born, he thought that he saw a chance to cause trouble and sent that anonymous letter. He hadn't looked for anything more than to disrupt the happiness of your father and mother. Then, that afternoon he heard your father was drinking and that he had bought a revolver. Then the whole, grewsome, horrible scheme came into his headand it worked!"

"You mean-"

"Franniston was a gangster, an exconvict whom Bartholomew had been protecting. He got into communication with him and bribed him. Then he inveigled your father to his house-and the drinks which he gave him, contained chloral. Your father went to sleep in the house of Bartholomew, not to awaken until he found himself in a half-stuper in his own home, with his revolver clutched in his hand, one chamber empty, and your mother still in death. 'Bull' Franciston had taken him there-and 'Bull' Franniston had fired the shot. Into the sleeping man's hand he put the revolver and thereby condemned a man to the belief that he was a murderer."

"The flend!" "No"-Bart shook his head-"he was only a brute. The fiend was the man who worked on your father's fears and your father's imagination until he instilled into his mind the desire to escape. The fiend was the man who arranged the jail break, then who saw that your father was transported held it for him to sign. His eyes were to the place where 'Bull' Franciston had taken refuge, out here in Wyoming. The fiend was the man who followed, who changed his name, who leered and sneered at a man who was forced to go through life, believing himself a murderer, unable to reveal his own identity to his own daughter, even while he watched that daughter, mistreated, insulted, beaten by a brute, knowing that the moment he objected, the moment he rebelled against the earthly inferno into which he would be thrust, not only he would be condemned as a wife-slayer, but his daughter branded as the child of a murderer. And that fiend was Batholomew,

> rows !" The small hands of the girl clenched. She walked stlently to the window, At last-

better known as Attorney Leon Bar-

"Poor old Jim."

Bart moved closer to her. "We'll try to make it up to him-Anita."

"I-I-hope so, Bart."

He touched her arm. "Old Jim told me something one night-just before I was robbed of the power to-to try to carry out what he gave me the hope of doing. He told me that he'd-he'd help me. I wish-" and Bart laughed-"that he'd hurry back and start helping."

Then it was Anita Morrison smiled, as she half turned from the window. "Do you think you need his help,

Bart?" she asked. "I-I-" Bart Rogers, suddenly impulsive, ceased to ask questions. A moment later a form, unobserved by the two within, passed the window, turned, paused, and returned, the clongated, lanky, freckled Bud Tarko, who stood scratching his head for a moment, then leaned suddenly for

"For the love of Mike-break!" he ordered. "Don't you know them tenminute kisses is barred?" [THE END.]

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"AGREEMENT

"Bellaine, Wyo.

"July 8, 1921."

plosion. A roar which turned sudmonkeys. That's all. Forget it -1 denly to an agonized scream. The lamp had traveled too far to the rear. The hand of "Bull" Franniston had crashed it against the wall, and now the open. No longer was there any he stood, a transfixed thing of screaming, horrible fear, while the burning he who formed the bulwark upon oll enveloped him in a creeping mantle which rested the hopes of Bellaine's

of death! "Blankets!" Bart Rogers roared the order as he raced across the street.

"Blankets-canvas-anything?" A careening tent of a deserted "dollrack" stood near by where its owner had left it to travel to the stockade. One great wrench and Bart had torn balf its side away, and leaping up the stairs, crashed against the locked door ordered. "Then carry him up to the hotel and get a doctor as quick as you can. I'm afraid he's done for."

Bart followed the careful litter carriers to a corner a block away. But there he swerved, and, calling a straggler from an arresting detachment as it passed, he drew him aside.

"Come with me," he ordered briskly, and, edging across the street, sidled to the stairway of Franniston's building. Bart crept up the stairs and into the shadows of the office.

"Take that corner over there," he commanded. "Don't move until I give the order." His aide crawled cautious ly to the blackness of a cubby-hole formed by the jutting end of a desk. A closet was near by. Bart entered it, leaving the door half open. Then he prepared to wait-how long, or for whom he did not know. An hour passed, while the street outside gradually quieted and the sharp, barking orders of raiding Legion men grew this crowd," he announced. "This fewer and fewer. After a long time place'll be jammed in a minute. Don't the night train whistled in, and remained at the station far past its usual departing time all for the good eason that men and women, convinced at last that their presence no longer was desired, were departing by the wholesale for other fields, where, perhaps, they might be welcomed. It brought a sense of relief to Bart Rogers, a sense of victory and of-

Of tensity! For with the "highball" whistle of the engine as the train left the little station there came a scraping sound at the rear of the long office, followed by the stealthy form of a tall, thin man as he clambered over the window ledge and crept toward the safe!

CHAPTER XI

"Bull" Confesses

A muttered curse came from the shadowy figure that had entered, then, consulting a memorandum, he resumed his task of robbery.

The flashlight was laid on the floor of the safe, as both hands were occupled in holding, for the moment, the desired thing, found at last. After that, the paper was folded and jammed into a pocket, the flashlight was ex-

tinguished: the man rose and-"Up with your bands!" Bart had leaped from the closet and was covering the shadowy form with his revolver. From the other corner of the room the side came forth, his rifle lev-

eled. "Up with 'em. Barrows!" The man in the shadows whirled. He dodged and twisted, then with one writhing leap made for the window. Bart's finger cramped on the trigger. There was a flash of yellow flame and then the wriggling form of a man on the floor. Across the room the legionnaire had lowered his rifle, and, his bayonet ready for action, had raced to a position in front of the wounded

with another cursing demand, the man. "Stop that crawling or I'll run you through with this bayonet! Mr. Rogers! Come here, quick! He's trying to stuff something into his mouth! He's trying to swallow something!"

Quickly Bart went forward, clubbing his revolver and stunning the fallen man with a sharp blow. Leon Batrows sank motionless and Bart strad-

"In consideration and in payment for the transfer of certain oil properties,

a crumpled paper:

rights and privileges underlying the and contained in the northwest quarter of section 64, township 8, range 74, said land known as the Rogers ranch, the undersigned, Leon Barrows, does hereby agree and promise to pay Egbert Franniston of Bellaine, Wyo., the sum of \$100,000.00 (one hundred thousand dollars) upon the satisfactory evidences of the presence of oil, and agrees also, in consideration of the transfer of these rights, to deliver to the said Egbert Franniston any and all letters, papers and incriminating evidence of whatsoever sort implicating him in the deaths of Martha O. Morrison of Springfield, Ohio, and

Franklin Rogers of Bellaine, Wyo." "What's this mean?" Bart asked in a voice suddenly hoarsened. "What's-" "It's all a lie. He made me sign that thing-I don't even know what it's all about I-"

"Stop that talking!" For Bart's steady gaze had again centered upon the crumpled lines of typewriting:

"As a guarantee of the above, I, Leon Barrows, at one time known as Mason Bartholomew, hereby declare and affirm that I am equally guilty with Egbert Franniston in the deaths of the persons above stated, and that this statement is made to assure the said Egbert Franniston that the information in my possession shall not be used against him for the purpose ng him of the rights and privileges of the above-mentioned lands to be obtained under the will of Franklin Rogers, or to avoid payment of the guaranteed \$100,000.00 as above stated.

"Signed, this 8th day of July, 1921. "LEON BARROWS."

"You killed my father!" Bart's voice was hoarse, unnatural. The thin hands of Leon Barrows writhed "I did not, I'm telling you! I did

not! He made me sign that thing-I was afraid of him-I-" "I'll see about that myself. Give me the combination of that safe. Be

quick about it-otherwise I'll go through it with an acetylene torch! The teeth of Leon Barrows suddenly began to chatter.

"It's-it's all a lie." "Very well, then, prove it. Are you going to give me the combination to that safe?"

"Six-" the man was staring at the celling and talking between dry, white lips-"one turn to the left to four, then twice around-"

"Walt a minute. Mark that down, will you, doctor?"

"I've already gotten it." "Good. Go abead."

When he had the combination Bart ran out, and over to the office of Leon Barrows. It was locked, but the shoulder of Bart Rogers was strong with a new strength. One lunge and the door yielded. He went to the safe. An

hour later-The room of "Bull" Franciston was dim with its shielded light-and with approaching death. 'Bull,' " he said quietly, "I've gotten

hold of your confession. "My what?" "Your confession to the murder of old Jim's wife back in Illinois and to

the killing of my father. I caught Barrows stealing it out of your safe," "He worked the combination, eh?" The whisper came with a great effort -an effort that was heightened by a sudden hate. "What's-what's-he

say?" "That you forced him into making that agreement with you; that you threatened to kill him, and."

"Did he say anything about the cy-