

CROOKED TRAILS AND STRAIGHT
(Continued from page two)

tip against a sharp jut of quartz. When he reached the top he was panting and shaken. Before he had moved a dozen steps a man came out of the brush scarce seventy-five yards away and called to him to surrender. He flung his rifle to place and fired twice.

The man staggered and steeled himself. A shell had jammed and Blackwell could not throw it out. He turned to run as the other fired. But he was too late. He stumbled, tripped and went down full length.

The man that had shot him waited for him to rise. The convict did not move. Cautiously the wounded hunter came forward, his eyes never lifting from the inert sprawling figure. Even now he half expected him to spring up, life and energy in every tense muscle. Not till he stood over him, till he saw the carelessly flung limbs, the uncouth twist to the neck, could he believe that so slight a crook of the finger had sent swift death across the plateau.

The wounded man felt suddenly sick. Leaning against a rock, he steeled himself till the nausea was past. Voices called to him from the plain below. He answered and presently circled down into the gulch which led to the open.

At the gulch mouth he came on a little group of people. One glance told him all he needed to know. Kate Cullison was crying in the arms of Curly Flandrau. Simultaneously a man galloped up, flung himself from his horse and took the young woman from her lover.

"My little girl!" he cried in a voice that rang with love.

Luck had found his ewe lamb that was lost.

It was Curly who first saw the man approaching from the gulch. "Hello, Cass! Did you get him?"

Fendrick nodded wearily. "Yep. He's up there." The sheepman's hand swept toward the bluff.

"You're wounded?"

"Got me in the shoulder. Nothing serious, I judge."

Cullison swung around. "Sure about that, Cass?" It was the first time for years that he had called the other by his first name except in irony.

"Sure."

"Let's have a look at the shoulder."

After he had done what he could for it Luck spoke bluffly. "This dashed feud is off, Cass. You've wiped the slate clean. When you killed Black-



He Turned to Run as the Other Fired. Well you put me out of a hostile camp. "I'm glad—so glad. Now we'll all be friends, won't we?" Kate cried.

Cass looked at her and at Curly, both of them radiant with happiness, and his heart ached for what he had missed. But he smiled none the less. "Suits me if it does you."

He gave one hand to Luck and the other to his daughter.

Curly laughed gayly. "Everybody satisfied, I reckon."

CHAPTER XIII.

Loose Threads. Those who knew about Sam's share in the planning of the Tin Cup hold-up kept their mouths close. All of the men implicated in the robbery were dead except Dutch. Cullison used his influence to get the man a light sentence, for he knew that he was not a criminal at heart. In return Dutch went down the line without so much as breathing Sam's name.

Luck saw to it that Curly got all the credit of frustrating the outlaws in their attempt on the Flyer and of capturing them afterward. In the story of the rescue of Kate he played up Flandrau's part in the pursuit at the expense of the other riders. For September was at hand and the young man needed all the prestige he could

get. The district attorney had no choice but to go on with the case of the State versus Flandrau on a charge of rustling horses from the Bar Double M. But public sentiment was almost a unit in favor of the defendant.

The evidence of the prosecution was not so strong as it had been. All of his accomplices were dead and one of the men implicated had given it out in his last moments that the young man was not a party to the crime. The man who had owned the feed corral had sold out and gone to Colorado. The hotel clerk would not swear positively that the prisoner was the man he had seen with the other rustlers.

Curly had one important asset no jury could forget. It counted for a good deal that Alec Flandrau, Billy Mackenzie and Luck Cullison were known to be backing him, but it was worth much more that his wife of a week sat beside him in the courtroom. Every look and motion of the girl-wife radiated love for the young scamp who had won her. And since they were tender-hearted old frontiersmen they did not intend to spoil her joy. Moreover, society could afford to take chances with this young fellow Flandrau. Long before they left the box each member of the jury knew that he was going to vote for acquittal.

It took the jury only one ballot to find a verdict of not guilty. The judge did not attempt to stop the uproar of glad cheers that shook the building when the decision was read. He knew it was not the prisoner so much they were cheering as the brave girl who had sat so pluckily for three days beside the husband she had made a man.

From the courtroom Curly walked out under the blue sky of Arizona a free man. But he knew that the best of his good fortune was that he did not go alone. For all the rest of their lives her firm little steps would move beside him to keep him true and steady. He could not go wrong now, for he was anchored to a responsibility that was a continual joy and wonder to him.

(THE END)

BOSTON'S WELCOME TO THE ODD FELLOWS

The following editorial, reprinted from a copy of the Boston Transcript sent The News by W. F. Walker, who was a member of the Sovereign Grand Lodge from Oregon, will be of special interest to the readers:

The thousands of members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, who will throng the streets of Boston this week, deserve the cordial welcome which the city will extend to them as the representatives of loyalty and friendship. At a time when the world is unsettled, when there is much of suspicion and animosity in men's minds, this great gathering of the Odd Fellows should serve as a reminder of the power of human sympathy and the spirit of human brotherhood in soothing the pathway of troubled humanity. The Order of Odd Fellows is the outgrowth of the formation of isolated societies in English towns and cities during the eighteenth century when there was much in the governmental and industrial system which promoted the plain people to gather in groups in which they might take counsel together and find courage to meet injustice with protest and resistance. With the opening of the nineteenth century, the isolated lodges were being drawn into closer relationship. In 1812 came the formation of the organization which marks the beginning of the Order as a unified body.

From the beginning has grown an organization which includes in its membership more than 2,000,000 persons, which paid out for relief in the year 1917, the latest for which the

RECORD THROGS ENDORSE LEGION BY WILD CHEERING



One of the largest and most spectacular parades, numbering about 20,000, that ever marched in U. S. khaki, was staged in Cleveland, O., where the national convention of the American Legion was held. Thousands cheered their tribute to the great organization, which was represented by every division in the U. S. Army. Posts from every state in the Union were represented, made up of all branches of the service—Army, Navy, and Marine—also 'our boys who served with the former allies, France, England, Canada, Scotland, Australia and Italy.

The one little group—three squads only—that received the greatest ovation—even greater than the nurses and the several other branches represented by the fair sex—was the 24 heroes, the bravest of the brave, some wearing several decorations. They were part of the 54 who have received the Congressional medal of honor.

figures have been published, more than \$6,500,000 and which, at the close of the year, had invested funds of \$73,000,000. The many homes for aged and disabled members which are maintained by the order are enduring monuments to its work in alleviating distress. And with these works of mercy have gone the activities which have made the organization a force for the well-being of its members in other ways and a powerful influence for the general public good. The extent to which the order has spread throughout the world is indicated by the fact that entitled to seats in the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the World at its meetings in Boston this week are delegates from every state in the Union, from Canada, from many of the countries of Europe, and from Panama, Alaska, the Yukon Territory and Japan.

The men and women who came to Boston to participate in the meetings of an order of such ideals and achievements are visitors who honor the city by their presence. It is to be hoped that their gathering, in this year which marks the centennial of the introduction of the Order in the Commonwealth, will be in every way successful, and that, individually, Boston's guests will carry home with them only pleasant memories of their visit.

Improve Your Digestion

If you have weak digestion eat sparingly of meats, let at least five hours elapse between meals, eat nothing between meals. Drink an abundance of water. Take one of Chamberlain's Tablets immediately after supper. Do this and you will improve your digestion.

CARE OF TIRE VALVES

One part of an automobile tire which comes in for too little attention is the valve. The principal attention a motorist need give the valve is simply to see that all dust and dirt are excluded from its interior.

There is a rather common belief that the valve cap is unessential. This idea is erroneous, for when a cap is not used there is a strong likelihood that dirt will work into the valve and produce a leak. In addition, if the cap is screwed on well, a break-down of the valve inside need cause the driver no inconvenience, as the cap will prevent the tire from deflating. Valve caps on bicycles, motorcycles, automobiles and trucks are all of one size, so if a cap is lost, it may easily be replaced.

When removing the plunger from the valve do not drop it into the dirt,

GOAT DAIRYING GROWING

Portland, Ore., Oct. 13.—With over 3000 milk goats in the state at the present time, goat dairying is taking form in this section. A corporation is being organized to market the product of milk goats, with offices in Portland, Pendleton, LaGrande, Albany, Salem, Eugene, Astoria, and southern Oregon towns have recognized the value of goat milk and more importations of pure-bred animals are being made.

EXCAVATOR MADE IN PORTLAND

Portland, Ore., Oct. 13.—An excavator which will move 60 per cent more lateral in a given time than a steam shovel and will clear streets for a small fraction of the price now being paid is to be manufactured by the newly organized Watts Excavator company. Buckets are so hung on a steel frame as to permit the machine to take a 24 foot cut in width down to grade, leaving a solid base. It digs up old macadam and gravel roads without difficulty, it is said.

Attorney General Brown Takes Place On the Supreme Court

Salem, Ore., Oct. 11.—Attorney-General George M. Brown will take his place upon the bench of the Oregon supreme court Tuesday morning if he finds it practicable to close up the affairs as attorney-general in time. When he takes his oath as a member of the court he will automatically cease to be attorney-general, and the latter office will immediately be filled by I. H. Van Kinkle, first assistant attorney-general, who was appointed by governor Olcott to succeed Mr. Brown.

NEW LOGGING BLOCK PATENTED

Portland, Ore., Oct. 13.—The principle on which car wheels operate has been applied to logging blocks in a patent just issued to the F. B. Mallery company for a journal bearing logging block. The block was perfected after 15 months of tests under actual working conditions and is declared to be the greatest single improvement in logging blocks since they were first used. They are now being manufactured here and sold throughout the western logging territory.

THREE CHIEFS AT LEGION CONCLAVE



MAJOR-GENERAL LE JUNE; GENERAL PERSHING; COMICAL SIMS. Heads of the army, navy and marines were expected to be in attendance at the National American Legion Convention, Sept. 27-29. Great preparation was made to accommodate the throng. Grandstands were built to accommodate 17,000. Seats around were reserved for the use of invited disabled service men.



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