

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth has been cheated of her position as Luke Farnsworth's wife by Tom Farley and his gang. In spite of that, she has gone to try to keep a group of scattered fishermen from injuring the Farnsworth property. Her uncle, Lee Farnsworth, has been shot in the quarrel, and she has been terribly ill, and is only now convalescing—surrounded by nurses. Her old nurse, Teela Sorli, is visiting her.

Chapter 37

THE TRIAL BEGINS

"JOHN," Anne spoke his name timidly, "how is he?"
 "Better now."
 "You mean he's been ill?"
 Teela looked at Anne in surprise.
 "Ill? You should know."
 "What do you mean?"
 "Why," Teela threw her hands out as though the gesture would explain, "at your bedside he stayed until you were safe, then away he went, nobody knows where. I think maybe he tell you."

"John, here at the hospital?"
 "Yes, you call for him."
 A faint flush tinted the pallor of Anne's cheeks. Had he come unwillingly? If not, why had he gone away? "I must have been delirious," she murmured and thought, that presence I felt must have been John. What could he have thought of her?



The morning after the trial.

"Teela, you said he was better, what did you mean by that?"
 "Worried he was. He t'ink your trouble and sickness all his fault. He say like I do, he would keep you from all hurt, then he do this to you."

"And he's gone away? Don't you know where? Doesn't his mother know?"

Teela shrugged her shoulders. "She say something about he go for a boat."
 Anne nodded. Yes, he had thought of buying a trawler with his Alaska money. The nurse interrupted her and Anne, questions begging to be answered at her lips, was forced to see the little woman led reluctantly to the door.

Anne lay staring at the wall. John had gone away. He hadn't wanted to see how her trial had come out. Oh, he had been loyal, standing by her during her illness, but the moment she was past the danger line he had gone on with his life, forgetting her.

SUDDENLY a sharp pain caught at her heart.
 John thought she was guilty.
 John, who knew everything from the way the Lee Farnsworths had treated her to the very details of the will, thought she had sought revenge in this way.

Did Teela and Lisa think this too? Even Orvi and George couldn't be sure; they weren't outside with her. In the boat, they didn't know whether or not she had carried a gun.

Dusk swept into the room; through the opened window came the far rumble of traffic in the street below, the dank, sweet odor of street willows, the salty tang of the sea. The window was an oblong of blue, in which hung a single star.
 Gaze concentrated on that star, Anne reached the lowest point of her life. There was nothing left, nothing but the courage which sprang from belief in herself.

Days passed, each one fraught with fresh worries. There was the lawyer her Finnish friends had retained, but she knew she could not

depend upon him, because he didn't believe her.
 Judge Kellogg's partner wrote that her \$100 alimony was being held up pending her trial. There seemed to be some law which excused the payment of such money to persons found guilty of a felony, and they were waiting for the verdict. If only Judge Kellogg were within traveling distance.

Discharged from the hospital, Anne left the friendly care of the nurse and the hospital for the jail. The first night she couldn't sleep because of the clang of the iron door, the turning of the key in the lock, the stifling realization of bars, iron bars, holding her away from the world she loved.

And then the morning of her trial, sunbust, high-piled clouds edging the horizon, seagulls wheeling low over blue waters. Anne took fresh heart from the view. She dressed with care in a plain blue suit. She had to do nothing with her hair but comb it shoulder length, Garbo style.

And then the court room. She heard subdued Finnish greetings, words of cheer, as she entered the crowded room. Her heart caught as she saw Charlotte and Sharlee Farnsworth seated by the district attorney, and Farley as special prosecutor. And then, just as she

started to sit down, she met the gaze of Rob Crocker.

SHE felt her gaze lock with his. There was a stony disregard for her in the dark eyes which once had laughed with her; tense lines about the lips which had told her so often of his love for her.

She didn't know she was staring at him in frank amazement. Was this the man she had loved? This the man she had almost defied Luke and Lucinda to marry? Had she really ever seen him before?

Lenholm, her attorney, plucked at her sleeve and she sat down. No, she decided, she hadn't seen him before. She had been a child, delighted with the attentions of a handsome man older than she, desired by other women. Character had meant nothing to her, because she had thought it possessed by everyone. This man she was seeing was a stranger; a stranger with cruel lines about his mouth, hard lines about his eyes.

A rare smile crossed her face. To think she had hesitated over marrying John, for fear her love of him might change like her love for Rob had changed. She felt suddenly free, confident. John, surely he would be there some place. She believed in him, in his love for her.

Two days passed before the jury was chosen, and on the third the trial began.

The district attorney, close friend of the man who had been killed, presented his case. The defendant, known as Nikki Nielsen, had been reared to believe she was the daughter of Luke Farnsworth, and it was only after the accidental death of her foster parents that she had learned she was not their child.
 The fortune she had believed hers, he continued, was to be turned over to an estate to be divided among the Farnsworth kin.

The girl had refused to live with the Lee Farnsworths. She had denounced them bitterly, then rushed away to hide.

Teela Sorli gives, tomorrow, some startling testimony.

TANK CAR STAGES CANYON RUNAWAY

KEDDIE, Cal., Dec. 3.—(AP)—A runaway tank car raced down the Feather river canyon for 28 miles before it was derailed at Tobin flag station.

The car broke away Saturday from a work train in the Keddie, Plumas county, yard.
 An upbound fruit train was sidetracked at Pulga, 48 miles west, while a dispatcher at Sacramento tried to rouse a section foreman at Tobin. The foreman, Louis Demopolis, raced to a nearby derailing switch just as the tank car, speeding at almost a mile a minute clip, roared around a bend. Several hundred feet of track was ripped up as the car turned over and before it was derailed at Tobin flag station.

To Name Commissions
 SALEM, Dec. 3.—(AP)—Governor Martin announced today he would name the baking code commission and the new flax commission within the next few days. Both were authorized by acts of the special legislative session.
 SALEM, Dec. 3.—(AP) Public Utilities Commissioner Frank C. McCulloch set Wednesday for the hearing at Bend on the application of the Lapine and Southern Telephone company to discontinue service between Lapine and Silver Lake.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



JOE MASTERS AND BERT BARNETT—of Columbus, Ohio, PLAYED 54 MILES OF GOLF IN 16 1/2 HOURS—THROUGH TOWNS, ALONG HIGHWAYS AND ACROSS FIELDS—1926—

PRESIDENTIAL PRIZE, in the White Mountains, New Hampshire, INCLUDES PEAS NAMED FOR WASHINGTON ADAMS JEFFERSON MADISON MONROE JACKSON...

STINGLESS BEES NO LARGER THAN GNATS—YET FEROCIOUS AS HORNETS—LIVE IN SOUTH AMERICA...



JERUSALEM THE HOLY CITY—IS SACRED TO FOLLOWERS OF THE WORLD'S 3 GREATEST RELIGIONS—MOHAMMEDANISM, JUDAISM AND CHRISTIANITY!

Jerusalem, the Holy City, is holy not only to Christians, but to Jews and Mohammedans alike. Christians look to it as the city made holy by Christ when He preached His new religion to the people of the Holy city because there Solomon built his temple. To Mohammedans, Jerusalem is next in importance to Mecca as their holy city, for it was from Jerusalem, according to their teaching, that Mohammed ascended to heaven. Thus, to followers of the three greatest religions of the world, the city of Jerusalem is a holy city.
 In the tropical areas of North and South America live strange bees, a great many species of them, all characterized by one strange feature—they have no stings. They live in colonies as do our common honey bees, and produce honey, some of which is edible and some repulsive to the taste. Members of some species of these stingingless bees are no bigger than gnats.
 Yet, strange as it seems, these tiny bees have adequate defense against intruders, even though they are powerless to sting. Ferocious as hornets, they swarm in great numbers upon any living thing that annoys them, crawling in the hair, eyes, nose and mouth—and some species have rather powerful jaws with which they bite their enemies.
 Overland golf, as played by Masters and Barnett, set some kind of a record when, after 16 1/2 hours of pitching, putting and driving, they ended their 54-mile game at the Harbor Hills court at Buckeye Lake. Automobile headlights guided the players down the home stretch—and scattered along the 54 miles of highway, fields and city streets, lay 214 lost balls.
 Tomorrow: Chimes of Nature.

SUBURBAN HEIGHTS

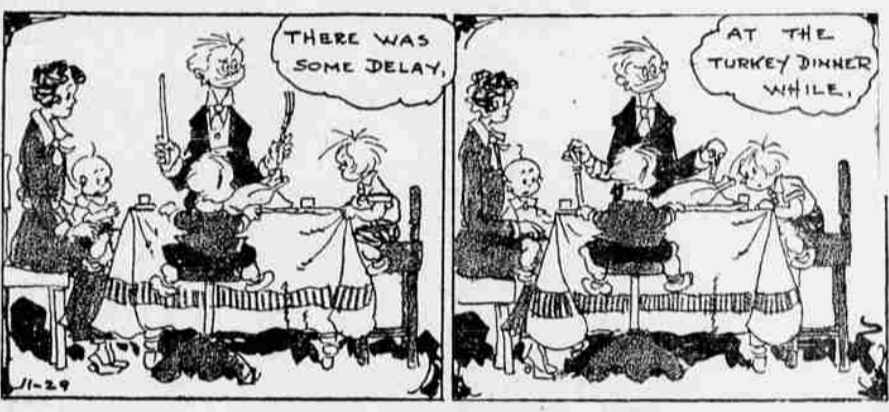
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THE STREET IS NEVER SO BUSY AS ON THE AFTERNOON OF THANKSGIVING DAY WHEN EVERYBODY SEEKS EXERCISE OUT-OF-DOORS TO COUNTERACT THE EFFECT OF HAVING EATEN TOO MUCH DINNER.
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'SMATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE



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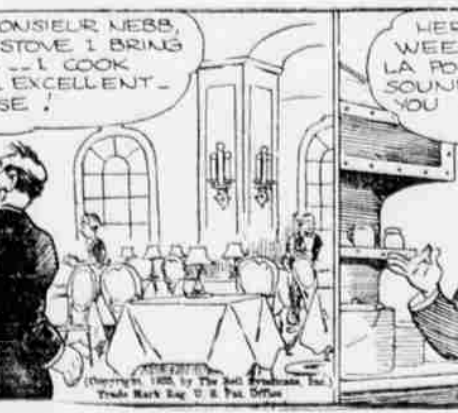
TAILSPIN TOMMY—"Dirty Weather" Ahead!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Just in Time!



THE NEBBS—Andre!



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FISH WOULD RUN IF BORAH DON'T CANADIAN FARMER 1935 WHEAT KING

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.—(AP)—Representative Fish of New York said today he will seek the 1936 Republican presidential nomination unless Senator Borah is a candidate.
 Should Borah run, Fish said he would support the westerner. He made the statement after a conference with the veteran Idahoan, the second in two weeks.
 Fish was careful, however, not to say whether Borah planned to make the race or whether Borah would support Fish if the New Yorker is a candidate and Borah is not.
 The New Yorker told newsmen he would see Borah again upon his return in mid-December from a southern speaking tour. He also said the senator probably would have a statement to make about the end of the month.

CHICAGO, Dec. 3.—(AP)—W. Provan Wilford, grain farmer from Stoney, Alberta, Canada, was crowned wheat king for 1935 at the International Livestock Exposition's 17th annual grain and hay show today.
 Wilford won the title with grain of the Reward variety. His sample weighed 66.6 pounds a bushel.
 Reserve champion of wheat growers was another Canadian, William Rogers of Tappan, N. C. He showed Durum or the Minotian type. His grain weighed 65.4 pounds per bushel.
 Wilford showed hard red spring wheat.
 This year marked the seventh consecutive victory for Canadian wheat in the international competition.