

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

STOPSIS: Just as Ted Gaynor is desperately about to set a forest fire to get a job, Kay Crandon stops him, likes his looks, gives him a place at the Lazy Nine. When her ranch house and barn burn, Josh Hastings, who wants to buy the Lazy Nine and marry Kay, invites her to the Flying Six. She refuses, distrusting him, but young sister Babs and Aunt Kate go. Ted tells Kay Hastings is "a snake." The insurance money, which Kay planned to use for rebuilding, has to go on the mortgage. It's a blow, but Kay recovers when Ted starts the outfit to cut its own lumber and rebuild without pay.

Chapter 11

Kay Talks Too Freely

KAY held Ted back as the others entered the mess shack. "I brought you this," she said, suddenly shy at the look in his eyes, as he gazed inquiringly at her. She unbuckled a cartridge-studded belt with a swinging gun, and handed it to him.

"You said you'd sold yours," she explained simply. "This was one of Dad's. I'd like to have you have it."

A huskiness came into Ted's throat as he tried to thank her, but she hurried in without waiting for him to voice his feelings.

By the time Kay got back to her cabin, the bitter blow of the morning seemed nothing more than a joke. It would be a great relief to have the \$10,000 insurance money paid off on the mortgage, and she'd have her house and barn into the bargain.

A sudden impulse decided her to go over and tell Aunt Kate and Babs about it, and she turned down to the corral to get Flicker.

"Won't Josh Hastings be mad, Flicker?" she gloated, with a triumphant laugh. "If he did have anything to do with the fire, he's had his trouble for nothing."

Planning how she could arrange to get Aunt Kate and Babs home as soon as possible so as not to be under any greater obligation than she could help to Josh Hastings, Kay decided to tell the boys to throw up an addition to the cabin the first thing so that they could all fit into it, while the building was going on.

Ted Gaynor had gone off right after lunch, and was planning to bring his mother and sister back within two or three days.

"It'll be no end of fun, Flicker," she murmured, with sparkling eyes and a heightened color as her mind dwelt on Ted Gaynor. "We'll all be regular pioneers, and live just as they did in the early days."

Her mind full of schemes and plans for the future, Kay covered the 10 miles to the Flying Six in what seemed no time at all, and came trotting up to the ranch house to find Aunt Kate dozing on the porch in the sunshine.

"Oh, no," Kay answered sweetly. "I've no more intention of selling than I ever had. I just came over to see Aunt Kate."

There was a moment's pause. As Kay glanced innocently up at him, she could see the natural flush in his face deepen. That was the only evidence of surprise he gave, but his blue eyes narrowed.

"No intention of selling, eh?" he echoed. "Just how are you planning to rebuild, without your insurance money?"

"The same way the pioneers did," Kay answered easily, thoroughly enjoying herself. "There're plenty of trees to get lumber from, and we've plenty of labor to do the job."

"Who put that scheme in your head?" he demanded brusquely, cutting short Aunt Kate's exclamation of surprise. "I never heard anything so crazy!"

A shade of doubt crept into Aunt Kate's look of interest at this sweeping disapproval of Kay's plans.

"I hope it isn't crazy," Kay answered, with exasperating calmness. "None of us think it is. But anyway we're going to try it."

"The whole idea's as wild as a loosed coyote!" he turned to Aunt Kate. "Can't you stop Kay from throwing away what little money she has on such a crazy plan?"

Aunt Kate looked from one to the other, her eyes squinted in her usual way. "I don't quite make out what it's all about," she said.

"It boils down to this," Josh Hastings broke in impatiently without giving Kay a chance to answer. "The insurance money has to go toward paying off the mortgage, so Kay has nothing to rebuild with. I've made her a generous cash offer to take the whole ranch off her hands, so that she'll have a neat little nest egg to live on instead of ruining herself and losing the ranch into the bargain. And here she comes across with a wild-cat scheme to rebuild without any money."

"That does seem kind of foolish," Aunt Kate agreed. "You'd better not be so hasty, Kay."

"Plenty Of Trees, Eh?"

"THERE'S really nothing to discuss," Kay tried to keep her temper at this unfair attempt of Josh Hastings to win Aunt Kate over to his side. "It's all decided. The first thing I'm going to do is to build an addition to the cabin, you and Babs can come home."

She turned to Aunt Kate, who looked none too pleased.

"Don't you agree to any such thing, Miss Crandon?" Hastings swung abruptly from Kay to Aunt Kate. "You stay right here until Kay says to her senses. He's paused, and stared reflectively into the distance. "Plenty of trees, are there?" he murmured half to himself, fixing Kay with his cold blue stare. "Just where are all these trees of yours?"

Kay was aware of a sudden gone feeling in the pit of her stomach. What a fool she'd been to talk so much until she'd made sure of those few acres of timber on Old Man Warren's ridge! Trying hard to make her voice casual, she sought to waste time by talking about the weather.

"There's a lot of timber back of our north range," she answered vaguely, adding with spirited sarcasm in the hope of diverting his mind from his present train of thought. "We haven't begun to cut yet, naturally."

"Some hard you'll have from the north range," Hastings observed with satisfaction. "And I can't seem to remember much big timber up that direction anyway. He gave a shrewd chuckle and added solemnly: "Well, I reckon you'll have to make a try at it, before you'll be satisfied."

Kay's premonition of trouble, instead of being dispelled by this change of attitude was greatly strengthened. There wasn't a minute to waste. She must get in to Old Man Warren at once and get an option on that land. Even though she hadn't mentioned her intention to buy that up, Josh Hastings could easily reason it out for himself that that was the only available timberland for her to get.

She slipped down from the porch rail, where she had been perched beside Aunt Kate. "I'm afraid I can't wait for Babs to get home from school." It was all she could do to keep her voice calm and unshrinking. "I promised I'd be right back."

"Got to get started cutting down that timber?" It was Josh Hastings' turn to be sarcastic.

"Not quite yet," Kay's effort at an easy laugh wasn't any too successful as she bent down to kiss Aunt Kate. "There's no such terrible rush." She hoped he couldn't hear the pounding of her heart which drummed in her own ears. She must get away now, at once, and get hold of Old Man Warren before it occurred to Hastings to try to block her.

"Wait a minute," Josh Hastings put a detaining hand on her arm. (Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevaud)

Racing to Old Man Warren's, tomorrow, Kay is intercepted.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

365, 365, 365, 365, 365, 365
X 365, 365, 365, 365, 365, 365

TRUMAN SAFFORD, Vermont prodigy, WORKED THE ABOVE PROBLEM IN HIS HEAD IN ONE MINUTE AT THE AGE OF 10! AT 6 HE COULD EXTRACT CUBE ROOTS FROM 10-DIGIT FIGURES MENTALLY, PREPARED AN ALMANAC AT 9, AND MADE IMPORTANT CONTRIBUTIONS TO ASTRONOMY AT 13!



THE SHASTA DAISY WAS DEVELOPED BY WALTER BURBANK ONLY AFTER 8 YEARS OF WORK ON 100,000 PLANTS... YET HE PRODUCED THE SHASTA ROSE IN 3 PLANT GENERATIONS



THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES WON 6 SHUTOUT GAMES IN A ROW AND HELD THEIR OPPONENTS SCORELESS FOR 56 CONSECUTIVE INNINGS IN 1903. BOTH ARE ALL-TIME RECORDS.



The Child Einstein Born in 1879, Truman Henry Safford amazed the people of his home town, Royalton, Vermont, by learning to tell time at the age of three. Starting school at that age he proved himself a remarkable, though and unwilling scholar.

At the age of six, Safford could multiply in his head four-digit figures by four-digit figures and could mentally extract square and cube roots from nine and ten-digit figures. One of the feats remembered of him at this age was his working out the correct number of baroque ornaments it would take to surround his father's cornfield.

At nine, the mathematical wonder prepared an almanac and a year later performed one of the most astounding mental feats of its kind ever performed—the multiplication in one minute of 365,365,365,365,365 by itself!

More worthwhile, if less sensational, work drew his interest a few years later. Applying his talents to astronomy he discovered a previously unknown method for calculating the rising and setting of the moon which did away with about a fourth of the work formerly required. At 14, he calculated the elliptic elements of the first comet of the year before.

Graduated from Harvard college when 18, Safford became one of the greatest of the world's astronomers. He spent most of his life in teaching the subject at various colleges and universities, did much in the way of discoveries to advance the science, and died in 1901.

The Unsailed Spanish Main Practically all pirate stories to the contrary, no pirate ever sailed the Spanish Main—nor did any more law-abiding men of the sea ever sail it. The feat is quite impossible unless one were to have some sort of a land vehicle with sails. Properly speaking, the Spanish Main consists entirely of land. The area to which the term applies is the mainland of Spanish America with particular reference to the northern coast of South America from the Isthmus of Panama to the Orinoco or Amazon.

"Spanish Main" is improperly applied to the southern portion, or the whole of the Caribbean Sea.

Monday: Double Hole-In-One!

Atlantic Clippers Complete Crossing
BOTWOOD, Newfoundland, July 17.—(AP)—The Pan-American Clipper III landed here Friday at 7:02 a. m. (5:52 a. m. E.S.T.) after a flight across the Atlantic from Foynes, Irish Free State, two hours and 20 minutes after the British flying boat Caledonia landed on the River Shannon after an eastward crossing.

The Caledonia's crossing required 12 hours and seven minutes at Botwood.

Captain Harold Gray, commander of the survey flight of the Atlantic Airways, set the clipper down in Botwood harbor just 16 hours and 27 minutes after leaving Foynes for the return leg of the round trip.

THE DALLES, July 17.—(AP)—A steady increase in receipts has returned The Dalles postoffice to its first class status. Business for the first half of 1937 reached \$23,714 as compared with \$21,000 a year ago.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—An Interruption!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Business Booms!

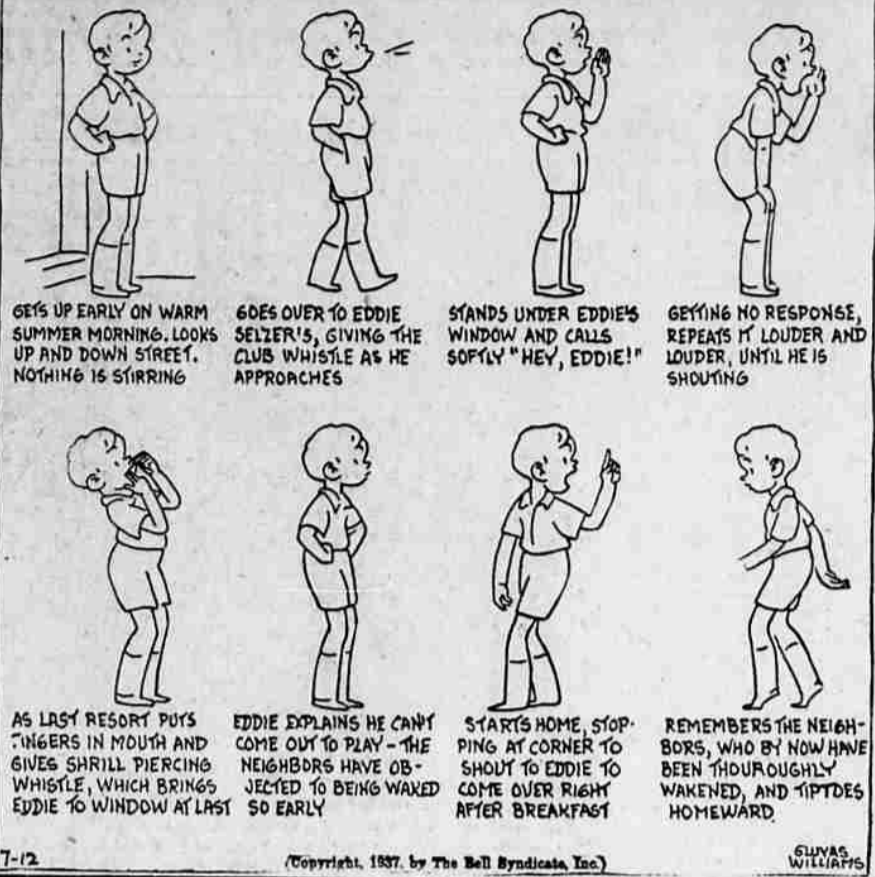


THE NEBBS—In Course of Construction



EARLY RISING

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



MINISTER CONFESSES

ROADSIDE SLAYING OF DEVOTED COMPANION

PITTSFIELD, Ill., July 17.—(AP)—An 11-page signed statement of a soft-spoken pastor that he struck his "devoted friend," Mrs. Deenie Kelly, 45, with a hammer during a roadside quarrel after she deserted her husband was claimed by authorities today.

State's attorney Merrill Johnston of Pike county, Ill., announced the statement and said the Rev. C. E. Newton, 51, indicated willingness to plead guilty if the grand jury indicts him. Newton, for 13 years pastor of a Baptist church at Paris, is charged with first degree murder.

Johnston quoted Newton as saying Mrs. Kelly insisted he accompany her to California on her flight from home and husband.

On the Illinois side of the Mark Twain bridge over the Mississippi, Mrs. Kelly got out of the car. The statement said:

"She screamed that she would never get back in the car unless we were going together," it added.

Johnston said Newton related calmly that:

He struggled with the woman during which she twice fell to the pavement.

He drank "two or three small ones" from a whisky bottle.

He struck the woman with a hammer.

Then he dragged the body in the car, drove on the bridge and pushed the body off into the river. It was found floating near Louisiana, Mo., Tuesday morning.

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