

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARI DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: When Kay Crandon's Lazy Nine ranch house and barn burn, Josh Hastings—who wants to buy the ranch and marry Kay—invites her to the Flying Six. She refuses, distrusting him, but young sister Babs and Aunt Kate go. Kay plans to rebuild, but the insurance money goes to the mortgage. Ted Gaynor, a puncher Kay hired impulsively, starts the outfit to cut its own lumber and rebuild without pay. She is on her way to buy the only available timber land when Josh Hastings punches her, leaves her roped on the mesa. Meanwhile Ted decides to get an option on the timber for Kay.

Chapter 14

At Old Man Warren's

RIDING in to Red River over the same route that Kay and he had taken that morning, Ted's thoughts of Kay were so absorbing that the time passed almost as quickly as it had in her actual company.

It seemed impossible that he had known Kay only about 24 hours! Because of that meeting, which might have had such a different ending if any one but Kay had found him at that act of desperation, his whole outlook on life was changed.

Just the relief of knowing that his mother and sister had a home to come to was enough to make Ted think that the thought that he was to be near Kay, helping her and planning for her, opened up untold vistas of magic hopes.

Easily finding Old Man Warren's shack, Ted knocked on the door. After a moment it was pulled open, and he found himself facing the grizzled old prospector, who eyed him with suspicious surprise.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I wanted to see you about buying some of that timber land you hold on the south ridge of the Bitter Root," Ted answered. It was all he could do to keep from slipping aloud the comical change that altered Old Man Warren's fierce expression.

"What's that?" he asked, his face screwed up and his eyes squinted as though he doubted the evidence of his senses. "What'd you say?"

Ted repeated his words.

"Gosh Halifax Almighty!" The prospector opened the door wide, and pulled Ted in, hastily closing it behind him. "I sure never thought I'd live to hear that! You got any real money?" He blinked suspiciously.

"I've \$25 to say I'm in earnest," Ted answered. "I'm offering you \$100 for 10 acres and an option on another 10 at the same price. And I'm ready to pay that 25 right now on deposit."

"Say, young fella, what's your game?" Old Man Warren demanded. "You been prospectin' up there?"

Ted laughed. "No. That's out of my line. I don't want it for myself. I'm buying it for Kay Crandon."

Old Man Warren's suspicious little eyes screwed up still more. "What's she after? Started already to have a fling with her insurance money?"

"Maybe," Ted gladly let his host put his own interpretation on Kay's purpose. The less he guessed Kay's vital need for the property the better.

"Well, if she wants it that bad, strikes me she'll pay more, now that she's got all that money to sling around," the old prospector announced with cunning. "You tell her I ain't selling for a mite less than \$20 an acre."

Ted turned carelessly toward the door. "No point telling her that," he observed. "There's plenty of timberland to be bought at \$10 an acre and even less. I'll just pick it up somewhere else without bothering you any more. Kay thought you'd like to sell and told me to give you the first chance." He pulled open the door. "So long."

"Hi, there! Wait a minute! You don't need to be in such a doggone rush! I didn't say I wouldn't sell did I?" Old Man Warren pulled him back. "Have it your own way," he capitulated, adding greedily, "Where's the 25 bucks?"

"We'll get this down in black and white first," Ted sat down at the rough pine-board table and drew up a memorandum of the transaction, which Old Man Warren signed.

An Optical Illusion?
HERE you are," Ted handed him the money and put the precious memorandum in his pocket, smiling as he watched the old prospector count it over with loving care. "You're well rid of it," he observed as he turned to the door again. "Buyers aren't any too plentiful these days."

Old Man Warren nodded impatiently, but made no response as he started to count his unexpected wealth again.

With a "So long" that was accepted this time, Ted went out and mounted his horse, well satisfied with his afternoon's work.

Going back at a more leisurely pace he was about five miles west of Red River, when he noticed far off in the distance a dark object that looked like someone on foot. He reined in and scanned the horizon to confirm his impression, but he could see nothing. Telling himself it was an optical illusion, he dismissed the incident from his mind and pushed on to the Lazy Nine.

The bunk house, he found deserted. Standing a moment on the steps, he turned over in his mind the question of waiting until some one came in off the range to deliver the document to him for Kay, or just leaving it with a note for Seth.

It was a great temptation to wait until Kay came back and give it to her himself. He could just see her eyes sparkle and her nose crinkle up with amusement, when she heard of Old Man Warren's attempt at bargaining.

On the other hand, he ought to be starting for home as soon as possible. As it was, he had to ride all night before reaching Blackfoot creek.

Suddenly he heard pouncing hoof beats, and the next minute Flicker came in sight, riderless. His reins were dragging and his ears back as he headed on a dead run for the barn.

With a fearful certainty that something had happened, Ted stepped and threw himself into the saddle of his waiting mount.

A flash of memory recalled that impression he had had of seeing some one on foot far to the north of him as he rode out from Red River. Was it possible that Kay had had the same hunch he had had about getting the option at once, and that she had ridden in to Red River? And that some accident had happened on the way?

Ted cursed himself for not having investigated then and there, and headed off at a hard gallop in the general direction of the place where he had thought he had glimpsed that figure.

Galvanized to Action
LEFT to herself, Kay sank back to the weak, dizzy feeling that closed over her.

In her half-conscious state she could hear the retreating hoofbeats of Scrap Johnson's horse grow dimmer and dimmer. Finally they died away. The unbroken stillness of the mesa deepened around her and she could not drag her into its own oblivion.

Fighting down the temptation to let go and drift into it, Kay struggled into a sitting position.

Her jaw ached cruelly under the tightly-tied bandanna, and her legs and arms were unbearably cramped from their forced confinement. But, bad as the physical pain and discomfort was, it was far less than her mental anguish.

She hadn't a doubt but that all her plans for rebuilding had come to nothing. Worse than that, it was practically a foregone conclusion that Josh Hastings would eventually get the ranch.

For the first time, Kay admitted to herself that he was too powerful and unscrupulous for her to fight successfully. Even though her mind recognized the fact, she never got over the sense of degradation that he could drag her down to.

Despite her effort to thrust the thought of Scrap Johnson into the background of her mind and to cling to the conviction that he wouldn't dare to do her any actual harm, a shudder ran over Kay at the thought of his return.

He had all the instincts of a bully, and he had shown himself capable of sickening revenge for the wounds she had inflicted to his vanity.

Her lips burned at the memory of his kiss, and panic seized her as she realized how powerless she was in his hands. Even if he didn't do her any actual harm, she would never get over the sense of degradation that he could drag her down to.

Galvanized to action by this desperate thought, Kay forgot the ranch and everything else in the surge of self preservation that swept over her. She rolled over and struggled up to her knees.

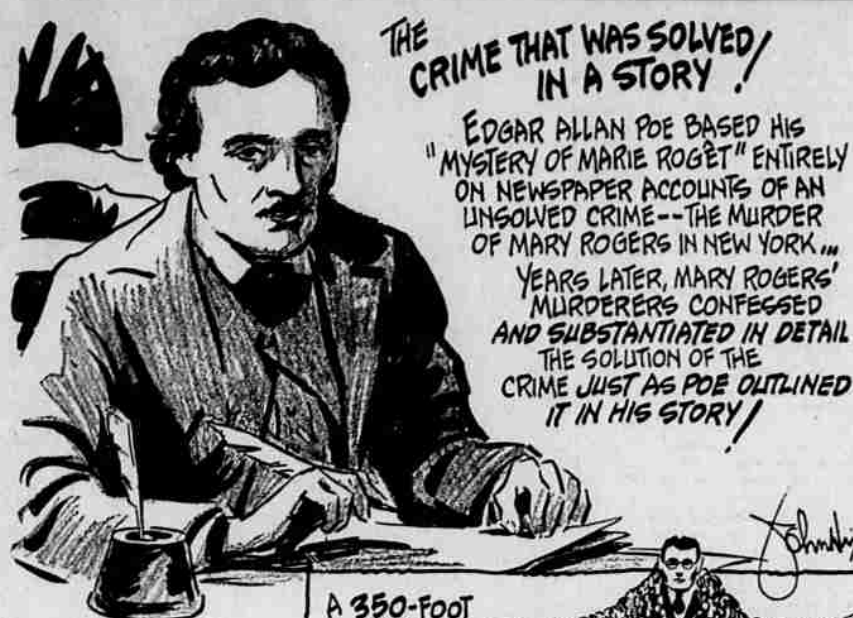
The incline of the coulee behind her shut her off from a view of the range, and rained any chance of her discovery by any passer-by. Not that there was likely to be any one, but it was a hundred to one chance.

Some way or other, she must get up there. Her courage revived with the prospect of an immediate objective to be obtained. Kay gazed piercingly about for some sharp stone on which she might saw through her bonds. She could see nothing but small stones and pebbles scattered through the bunch grass of the mesa. Her heart sank.

Ted rides to Kay's rescue, tomorrow, and fights Scrap.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



THE CRIME THAT WAS SOLVED IN A STORY!

EDGAR ALLAN POE BASED HIS "MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET" ENTIRELY ON NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS OF AN UNSOLVED CRIME--THE MURDER OF MARY ROGERS IN NEW YORK. YEARS LATER, MARY ROGERS' MURDERERS CONFESSED AND SUBSTANTIATED IN DETAIL THE SOLUTION OF THE CRIME JUST AS POE OUTLINED IT IN HIS STORY!

THE TRADE-MARKED SPORT... PING PONG DERIVES ITS NAME FROM THE SOUND THE BALLS MAKE WHEN IN PLAY... IT IS A TRADE NAME OWNED BY THE GAME'S MANUFACTURERS



A 350-FOOT CHAIN WAS CARRIED FROM A SINGLE PLANK, 18 FEET LONG AND 22 INCHES WIDE, BY R. T. STEWART, CHICAGO

7-21-37

Author-Detective

In August, 1841, the body of a young girl named Mary Rogers was found floating in the Hudson river, New York. Murder was immediately indicated by the condition of the corpse and the search for the girl's slayer began.

Police investigated several suspects, among them the girl's suitor, but got nowhere fast. Completely baffled, they were forced to let the matter ride. It looked like another "murdered by a person or persons unknown" was to go into permanent files.

Increased by the accounts of the murder as given in the newspapers, Edgar Allan Poe followed them closely. He started to form his own opinion on the crime, then decided to put them into story form. Several

months after the discovery of the body, Poe's publisher, George Roberts, read this paragraph in a letter from the author.

"I have just completed an article 'The Mystery of Marie Rogêt.' The story is based upon the assassination of Mary Cecilia Rogers. I have imagined a series of nearly exact coincidences occurring in Paris. A young girl has been murdered under precisely the same circumstances as Mary C. Rogers. I enter into a very long and rigorous analysis of the New York tragedy. I believe I have demonstrated the fallacy of the general accepted version of the death. I believe the girl was killed by a band of ruffians, and I have indicated the assassin in a manner which will give impetus to investigation."

Poe's story was accepted and first published in November, 1842. Under the guise of fiction, it described step by step the details of the crime as he imagined it took place. Even the mental reactions of the characters of the crime were minutely described.

Strange as it seems, when the true story of the crime came to light with the confessions of two of the persons involved in it, Poe's conclusions, as given in his "Mystery of Marie Rogêt," were entirely confirmed, along with the confirmation of all the hypothetical details with which he arrived at his conclusion!

The confessions which cleared up the crime came a long time after publication of Poe's story. The author never visited the scene of the crime.

Tomorrow: The Army That Copied a Circus!

Tax on Radio Sets Talked in Roseburg

ROSEBURG, Ore., July 21.—(AP)—A proposal to tax all radio receivers in Roseburg to provide a fund to be used in elimination of radio interference is under consideration by the Roseburg city council. An annual fee of 50 cents would raise

approximately \$500. Mayor A. J. Young told the council, City Attorney B. L. Eddy was instructed to determine whether the city has authority to impose such a tax.

AWARD ROAD CONTRACTS AT MEETING AUGUST 12

SALLEM, July 21.—(AP)—The state

highway commission will award \$750,000 worth of road and bridge contracts at its next meeting in Portland August 12, it was announced today.

The commission will hold a special meeting in Portland July 29. Most of the contracts to be awarded at the August meeting will be paid out of federal funds.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Hazardous Take-Off!

WHEN JUSTINA, AND SERG, BOTH MEMBERS OF THE ESPIONAGE GANG, PRETENDED TO BE SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, WORKING WITH TOMMY, AND TOLD SKEETS THEY MUST GET TO HIS PAL QUICKLY AND SECRETLY, THE THREE-POINT PILOT AGREED TO FLY THEM. THEY OBTAIN A SHIP WITHOUT THE OWNER'S PERMISSION.



2868

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Deciding to Act

BRIARGIE, IT'D SURE GAVE US A LOT OF WEAR AND TEAR IF WE HAD A TRUCK—YOU MORE THAN ME, OLD FULLY-WULLY!

I'D TELL MRS. HIGGINS TO GO AHEAD AND BUY A TRUCK IF I ONLY KNEW THE STRAIGHT OF THE MORTGAGE LYLE WILSON HOLDS.

DOG-GONE IT, I'M GOING TO FIND OUT THAT'S MR. WILSON'S BUILDING AND HIS OFFICE IS IN IT—BRIARGIE, YOU WAIT HERE FOR ME—

I SUPPOSE I'LL BE SORT OF ASHAMED I EVER CAME UP TO BOTHER HIM—ESPECIALLY AFTER ALL THE NICE THINGS MRS. HIGGINS AND UNCLE NAT GAY ABOUT HIM—WELL, HERE GOES, ANYWAY!

THE C. WILSON CRIMINALIST



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THE NEBBS—Self-Appointed Manager

WHO YOU WRITIN' TO?

I'M WRITING LUTHER YOUR ACCEPTANCE TO HIS CHALLENGE TO COMBAT—HERE'S HOW IT READS... I THINK IT'S A HONEY

MY DEAR B.M. (MEANING BIG-MOUTH): I ACCEPT YOUR INVITATION TO COMBAT AND SET DATE FOR AUGUST 16, 1937... PLACE, SCHAEFFERS WOODS, AND I CHOOSE FISTS AND I SHALL LOOK FORWARD TO THAT DATE LIKE A BRIDE TO HER WEDDING DAY AND A CHILD TO CHRISTMAS. I DON'T RESENT YOUR INSULTING LETTER BECAUSE WHERE THERE IS NO BRAIN THERE CAN BE NO RESPONSIBILITY.

UNTIL AUGUST SIXTEENTH, PEDDLE YOUR EGGS AND KEEP WELL-YOURS WITH DITY AND DISDAIN... NOW YOU SIGN IT AND I'LL MAIL IT TO HIM—I DON'T KNOW WHY I TAKE SUCH AN INTEREST IN YOU

I DON'T EITHER—EVER SINCE I'VE KNOWN YOU YOU BEEN OVER-INTERESTED AND I CAN'T SAY I'M ENJOVIN' IT OR APPRECIATING IT!



6-A Carson

POLING SELECTED LOCEY SUCCESSOR

CORVALLIS, July 21.—(AP)—Dan W. Poling, superintendent of schools at Myrtle Creek, succeeded Percy Locey today as assistant to the dean of men at Oregon State college.

Locey will devote full time to managing intercollegiate activities and the educational activities board.

Poling, whose selection is subject to confirmation by the board of higher education, received his degree from the school of commerce in 1928. He headed the school system at Maupin before going to Myrtle Creek.

He will work with the living groups and supervise class organization. He will also teach part time in

the political science department, a branch of the college headed by Dr. U. G. Dubsch, dean of men.

Poling is a cousin of Dr. Dan Poling, Philadelphia, noted leader in temperance and Christian Endeavor work, and the son of Dr. D. V. Poling of Albany.

Four More Cruisers To Visit Portland

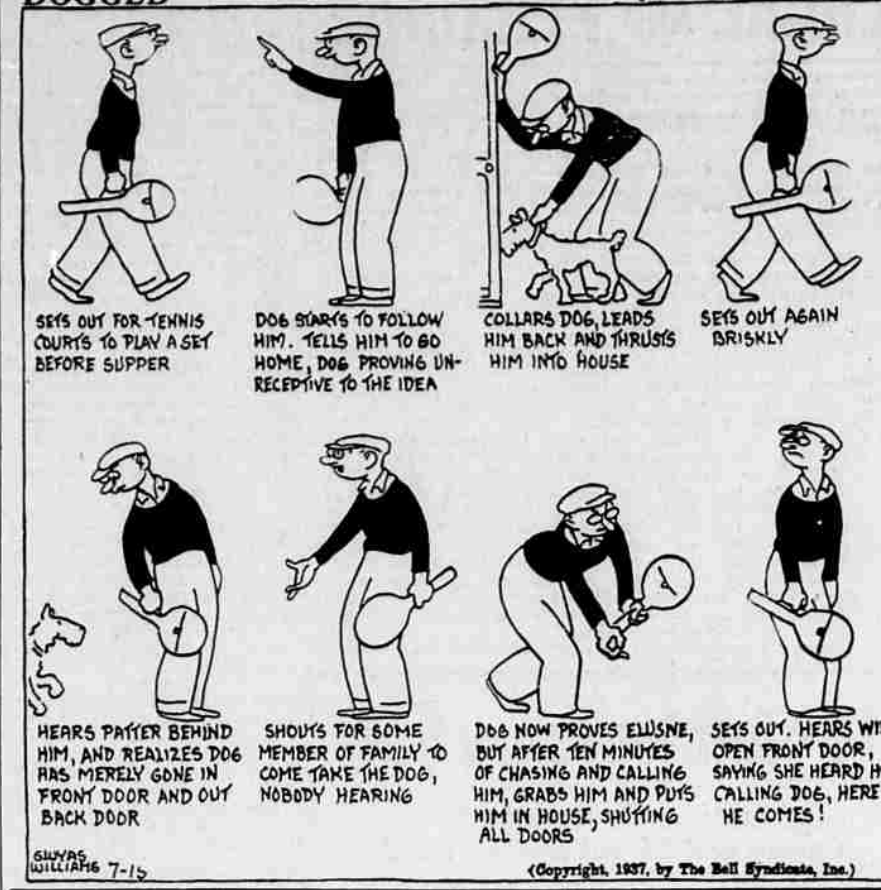
PORTLAND, July 21.—(AP)—At least four more big navy cruisers will tie up in the Portland harbor shortly after noon tomorrow to join 15 other sister ships in celebration of the annual "fleet fleets."

It was learned from Bremerton the U. S. S. Chicago, flagship of Rear Admiral J. K. Tausig, probably will not come to Portland. The vessel received minor damage in Alaskan waters and will go into drydock for three or four days.

Cloning time for Bob Late to Class, Adm is 1:30 p. m.

DOGGED

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



SETS OUT FOR TENNIS COURTS TO PLAY A SET BEFORE SUPPER

DOG STARTS TO FOLLOW HIM. TELLS HIM TO GO HOME, DOG PROVING UNRECEPTIVE TO THE IDEA

COLLARS DOG, LEADS HIM BACK AND THRUSTS HIM INTO HOUSE

SETS OUT AGAIN BRISKLY

HEARS PAYER BEHIND HIM, AND REALIZES DOG HAS MERELY GONE IN FRONT DOOR AND OUT BACK DOOR

SHOWS FOR SOME MEMBER OF FAMILY TO COME TAKE THE DOG, NOBODY HEARING

DOG NOW PROVES ELUSIVE, BUT AFTER TEN MINUTES OF CHASING AND CALLING HIM, GRABS HIM AND PUTS HIM IN HOUSE, SHUTTING ALL DOORS

SETS OUT, HEARS WIFE OPEN FRONT DOOR, SAYING SHE HEARD HIM CALLING DOG, HERE HE COMES!

GLUYAS WILLIAMS 7-15

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S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



DID YOU BRUSH YOUR HAIR?

YES, MAW!

NOW BRUSH YOUR SHOES!

BUT MY SHOES HAVE NO HAIR ON THEM

?

DON'T BE SILLY, MAW!

7-15

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By HAL FORREST

THE NEBBS—Self-Appointed Manager

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