

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: When Kay Cranford's Lazy Nine ranch house and barn burn, Josh Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, tries to buy her ranch and talks of marriage. But Kay hates him and is determined to keep her ranch and rebuild. It's a jolt that the insurance money has to go to the mortgage. Ted Gaylor, a puncher Kay hired impulsively, stirs the outfit to cut its own time and rebuild without pay. Riding to buy the only available timber land, Kay is lassoed by Scrap Johnson, a Flying Six puncher. Ted gets the option for Kay and rescues her from Scrap's unwanted, brutal attentions.

Chapter 18

An Unexpected Visitor

KAY let out a long quivering breath, as Ted stood panting for a moment. Then he walked over to her and took back the gun from her trembling hand.

"It'll be some time before he comes to." In spite of his effort to steady it, his voice showed the effect of the emotional and physical ordeal he had just been through. "The sooner we get off, the better. Unless I miss my guess, he'll ramoose from this range without too much boasting about this afternoon's doings."

He slipped the gun in his holster, and stepped over to Scrap Johnson's horse, that had been patiently waiting at some distance from the fray, his reins over his neck. Picking up the reins, Ted hung them over the pommel of the saddle. Then he gave the horse a sharp blow on the flank, sending him off across the mesa.

"That bird can walk. It will do

of holding Kay in his arms as they rode back to the ranch. Mounting, he reached down his hand and she sprang lightly up before him, her own heightened color attesting to the fact that his emotion had communicated itself to her.

For a long time they rode in silence across the mesa that was beginning to take on the intense colors and lengthened shadows of late afternoon.

Kay leaned confidently against Ted, and his arm involuntarily lightened around her. Somehow there seemed to be no need for words, and sweet as the gay companionship of the morning's ride had been, this silent communion meant infinitely more.

The sunset colors were flooding the sky as they neared the ranch house gate.

Abruptly Ted reined in. "I'd like to say goodby to you here. I must be on my way."

He hardly recognized his low husky voice. A wild longing to kiss Kay before he released her swept over him, but even as he struggled with it, Kay slipped from his arm and sprang lightly to the ground.

"When will you be back?" Kay's voice was as low and vibrant with suppressed feeling as his.

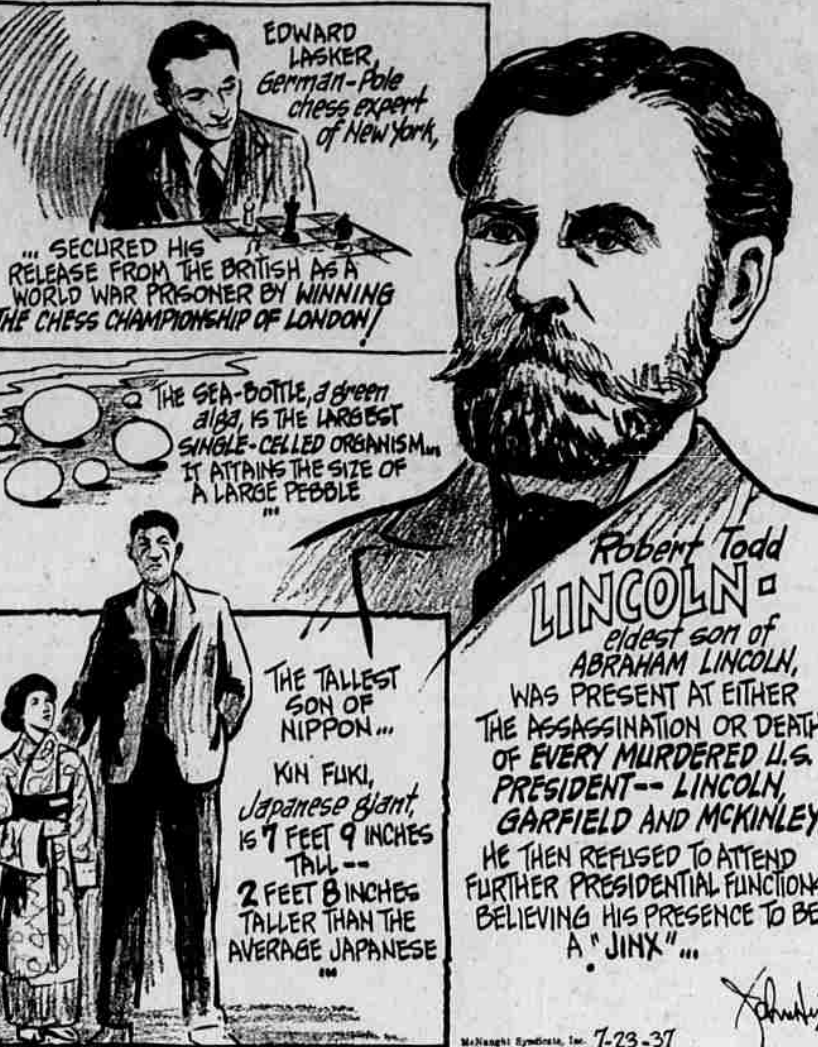
"Three days at the most," he answered. For a long moment he gazed at her. He started to say something, then changed his mind and picked up the reins.

"Goodby." He wheeled abruptly and Kay watched him ride into the sunset. A strange premonition suddenly tightened her throat. Would he really be back in three days? Already, their whole tense and dramatic encounter seemed like a dream.

Turning swiftly, she walked past the charred ruins of the ranch house and down to her cabin, skirt-

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



EDWARD LASKER, German-Pole chess expert of New York, secured his release from the British as a world war prisoner by winning the chess championship of London!

THE SEA-BOTTLE, I GUESS, IS THE LARGEST SINGLE-CELLED ORGANISM, IT ATTAINS THE SIZE OF A LARGE PEBBLE

THE TALLEST SON OF NIPPON... KIN FUKU, Japanese giant, is 7 feet 9 inches tall -- 2 feet 6 inches taller than the average Japanese

Robert Todd Lincoln, eldest son of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, WAS PRESENT AT EITHER THE ASSASSINATION OR DEATH OF EVERY MURDERED U.S. PRESIDENT-- LINCOLN, GARFIELD AND MCKINLEY. HE THEN REFUSED TO ATTEND FURTHER PRESIDENTIAL FUNCTIONS BELIEVING HIS PRESENCE TO BE A "JINX"...

On April 14, 1865, a crazed secessionist fanatic, John Wilkes Booth, shot Abraham Lincoln through the head as the President sat viewing a play at Ford's theatre, Washington, D. C. Carried to a house across the street, he died the following morning. With him as death came was his eldest son, Robert Todd Lincoln. On the morning of July 2, 1861, President Garfield stood in the Baltimore and Potomac railway station at Washington, D. C., about to depart for a scheduled speech in New England. Robert Todd Lincoln arrived at the station just in time to hear two pistol shots ring out and to see the president slump to the floor, mortally wounded by Jules Guitau, a disappointed office-seeker. Garfield died two months and 17 days later, the second U. S. president to be assassinated. Twenty years later, Robert Lincoln went to Buffalo, New York, for the 1891 Pan-American Exposition. Here, in the Music Hall on September 8, President McKinley was shot twice by Leon Czolgosz, an anarchist. Robert Todd Lincoln was present at his death eight days later. Thus, strange as it seems, the eldest son of the first martyred U. S. president, witnessed the shooting or death of the only three U. S. chief executives who have been assassinated. After the McKinley tragedy, Lincoln steadfastly refused to attend any other presidential functions, though he himself was high in public life and was several times considered a likely prospect as a candidate for president. Lincoln served as secretary of war in the cabinet of the ill-fated Garfield and was the only cabinet member retained by Vice-President Arthur after his accession to the presidency. He also served as U. S. minister to England.

Nab Roseburg Man On Morals Charge
ROSEBURG, Ore., July 23.—(AP)—Charged with a morals offense involving his two minor step-daughters, Walter Mask of Roseburg was reported by Sheriff Percy Webb to be under arrest today at Redding, Calif. Mask, learning that the girls were being questioned by the authorities, packed a few personal belongings into his automobile and fled late yesterday, the sheriff said. Information broadcast by the state police radio system resulted in his arrest at Redding by the California highway patrol.

WASHINGTON, July 22.—(AP)—Vice-President Garner today appointed Senators McCadoo of California and Pittman of Nevada, both Democrats, swimmer drowned
COTTAGE GROVE, July 23.—(AP)—Shirley Thomas Mills, 21, was drowned in a Row river tragedy near here yesterday afternoon while on a swimming party. An emergency inhalator brought to the scene by the Eugene fire department failed to revive him.

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Worst Yet!
WHO'D YOU SELL THE MORTGAGE TO, MR. WILSON?
DANGLED IF I KNOW, SON—I GAVE IT TO MY BROKER TO DISPOSE OF AND GOT THE MONEY, \$10,000.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, BEN—YOU FOLKS WON'T HAVE AN INTEREST PAYMENT TO MAKE FOR AT LEAST THREE MONTHS, ACCORDING TO MY RECORDS—
IF YOU WANT ME TO, I'LL CALL JACK LOCKWOOD, MY BROKER, AND ASK HIM WHO BOUGHT THE THING—
GEE, I WISH YOU WOULD—
YES, MR. WILSON, THIS IS JACK LOCKWOOD... SAY, I'M ANFULLY SORRY, BUT THE PURCHASER OF THAT MORTGAGE ASKED ME TO KEEP HIS NAME CONFIDENTIAL— YOU KNOW HOW FOLKS ARE SOMETIMES—

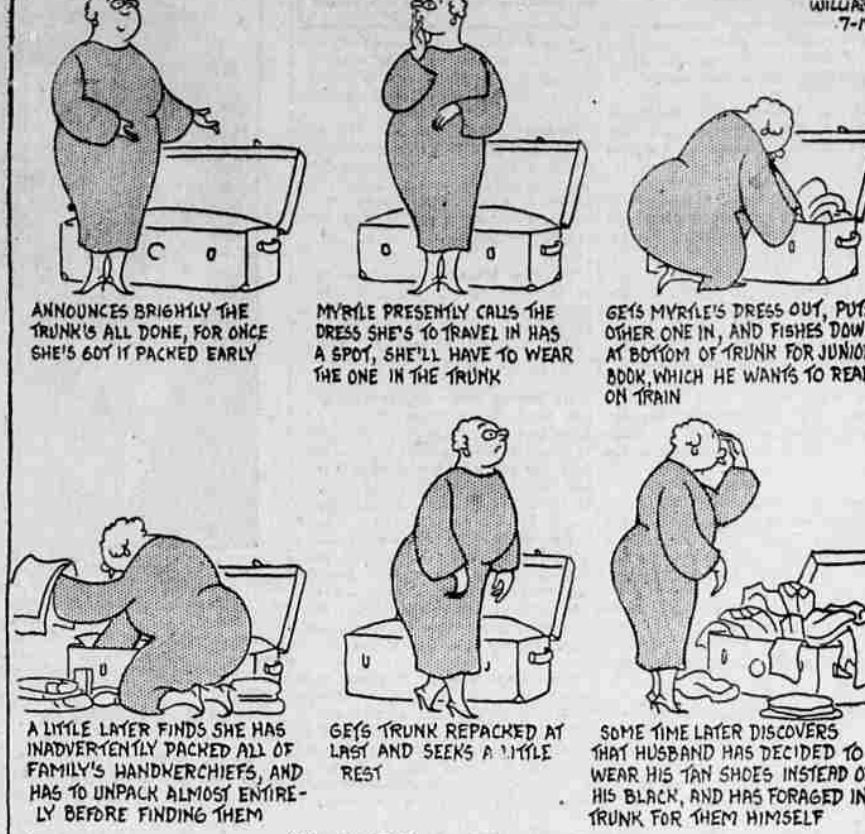
TRAP LAST FUGITIVE FROM TEXAS PRISON
MONTICELLO, Ark., July 23.—(AP)—The last of three Texas convicts who sought safety in southeast Arkansas dense woods was in jail today, trapped by his own hunger and the keen eye of a night marshal's wife. The outlaw, Harry Roberts, 54, was captured in a safe last night without a shot being fired. He had studied for more than 24 hours a pease which killed one of his companions and captured another in a gun fight Monday.

JACKSONVILLE COACH TO EAST LYNN POST
JACKSONVILLE, July 23.—(Sp.)—Chester Tunnel, for two years coach at the Jacksonville high school, has resigned his position, it has been announced. Tunnel has accepted a position in schools of East Lynn, near Oregon City. No successor has been named by the Jacksonville board as yet. In addition to directing athletic activities at the Jacksonville school, Tunnel instructed in English, Latin, civics and United States history.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Frutkin's Glass Works.

IN AND OUT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POF

By C. M. PAYNE



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THE NEBBS—Coals on the Fire
I SEE THIS FELLOW, MAN, HAS GONE INTO TRAINING—WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO GET YOURSELF INTO SHAPE?
TRAINING FOR THAT GUY? I COULD LICK HIM WITH TWO BROKEN ARMS— AND LEGS FULL OF RHEUMATICS
LISTEN, DON'T TAKE THAT FELLOW TOO LIGHTLY WHEN HE GETS MAD HE'S A TOUGH GUY. HE SAID HE'S GOING TO ASK THE UNDER TAKER FOR YOUR REMAINS. HE WANTS TO HAVE YOU STUFFED AND PUT A SIGN ON THAT—
DID HE SAY THAT?
NOT IN SO MANY WORDS BUT IN SUBSTANCE LITS PRACTICALLY THE SAME— I WON'T GUARANTEE IT WORD FOR WORD
I'LL MARK THAT ONE DOWN, TOO. IT WILL HELP ME GET A LITTLE Madder

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter's Dilemma!
SKEETER HAD JUST BRACED HIMSELF FOR A CRASH, WHEN THE COLD MOTOR OF THE "BORROWED" PLANE SPLUTTERED AS THE SHIP WAS ABOUT TO CLEAR THE LAST BARRIER AT THE AIRPORT, WHEN, SUDDENLY THE MOTOR PICKED UP AGAIN, AND SKEETS PULLED THE PLANE UP INTO LEVEL FLIGHT...

LADY LUCK... YOU SURE MUST BE RIDIN' WITH ME, TONIGHT...

YOU CAN RELAX NOW, TH. HEY! WOT'S-A MATTER?

GOSH! THEY'RE BOTH OUT COLD AN' I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO FLY 'EM!

By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



Ted stood there panting a moment.

him good and work out his stiffness," he observed grimly, glancing at the unconscious figure on the ground as he came back to Kay. "How about our getting under way?"

"Ted, wait!" Kay's eyes were enormous with the force of an idea that she was struggling with. "That man has the option on our timberland, right there in his pocket!"

Ted stared at her in bewilderment. Was her mind giving under the strain?

"No, he hasn't," Kay, he soothed, as he led his horse over to her. "I'll tell you about that on the way home."

"But he has!" Kay declared passionately, gazing with fascinated horror at the inert figure stretched on the mesa. "He got it by trickery, and if you won't take it away from him, I'm going to!"

"Wait a minute!" Ted seized both her hands in one of his, as he fumbled with the other for a paper in his pocket. "No need for you to rife his pockets," he added, flourishing it triumphantly before her.

"I had to stick around up yonder until I was relieved," he explained, "or I'd have been over sooner."

"That's very good of you," Kay slipped her hand out of his grasp. "I certainly didn't think, when I talked to you last, that I'd find my own house burnt down!"

"I kind of thought I might be some help," Tom Runyon boomed pompously. "I've been talking with that foreman of yours up at the bunk house, and it looks mighty peculiar to me how this fire started."

Kay shot him a startled look. "You mean you think—"

"I'm not thinking anything," he hastened to say, with a cautious lowering of his voice. "I'm only saying that this and any other fire will bear investigating."

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevaud)

Kay parries with Tom Runyon and his suspicions of Ted, Monday.

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WASHINGTON, July 22.—(AP)—Senate commerce committee approved today a house bill authorizing expenditure of \$700,000 for cancer research.