

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

Chapter 19
Turning The Tables

IT WAS a good half hour after Kay and Ted had left him on the mesa before Scrap Johnson came back to consciousness. He stirred painfully, tried to sit up, then fell back as he felt himself constrained by the ropes that bound him.

Swearing to himself, he strained against his bonds, and gave a snarl of satisfaction as he felt them give slightly. Alternately resting and working to loosen the knots in the rope, he finally cleared himself and staggered to his feet.

His jaws ached and his face was ugly with rage as he slowly started back to the Flying Six on foot. He had not gone far when he saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and emerging from it the figure of a horseman coming toward him at a full gallop.

As he recognized Josh Hastings, Scrap Johnson's jaw set and his hand made an instinctive grab for his gun. A savage oath burst out as he encountered the empty holster.

He had no illusions as to the reception he would get from his boss. Failure was the one thing for which Josh Hastings had no patience or sympathy, and his fiery temper when he was thwarted was something to reckon with.

grabbed his shoulder. "Give me this whole thing straight!"

"You've got the whole thing straight enough!" Scrap wrenched himself away. "I'm resigning from your outfit anyway, here and now."

"Resigning like hell!" Josh Hastings roared. "You're fired, and the quicker you vamoose from this range, the better!"

"This don't seem to be my popular day!" Scrap Johnson swaggered insolently. "Your sweetheart's boy friend threatened to kill me the next time he saw me. Maybe you can figure why?" he taunted.

A look of cunning flashed into his face at an idea that suddenly struck him, and he reeled over close to Josh Hastings' mount, where his eye had caught sight of a gun in the saddle pocket.

Before Josh Hastings could recover from his renewed conviction that he was dealing with a drunken man, Scrap had grabbed the gun and covered him with a lightning draw.

"Hist 'em!" There was nothing drunk about Scrap's tone now, and Josh Hastings dropped his reins and reluctantly obeyed.

"Seem' as how I'm through with this range anyway, I'll make my exit in style," Scrap sneered. "Suppose you unfasten that belt of yours and toss it over here?"

"You'll pay for this good and plenty," Josh Hastings raged as he obeyed.

"I'm not sticking around to make any payments," Scrap stooped to pick up the belt with his holster and gun attached, with his left hand. He never took his eye from Josh Hastings or shifted his aim.

That Hike Back

HOOKING the belt over his arm, Scrap reached over and grabbed the bridle of his victim's mount.

"Get down!" he ordered, his gun unerringly trained on his former boss. "Now, vamoose yourself," he ended ferociously, when his last

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



Self-Crowned King and Emperor Veritable dictator of France as the nation's first consul, Napoleon made up his mind to put an end to the constant plotting for the restoration of Bourbon royalty by becoming royal himself. A vote was held on the matter and by a majority of over three million to less than three thousand, French voters showed their favor of his plan.

Choosing the title of emperor in preference to that of king because of the centuries of association between the latter title and the Bourbon family, Napoleon requested Pope Pius VII to perform the coronation. The pope agreed and arrived in Paris for the ceremony December 2, 1804. Religious solemnities were observed and the actual moment of the crowning came. As the pontiff raised the golden laurel wreath over Napoleon's head, the emperor snatched it from his hand and placed it on his own head.

In his coronation as king of Italy in 1805 Napoleon again insisted on crowning himself with his own hands. As he did so he said: "God has given it to me—woe to him who touches it!"

Lincoln's Life Story

It has been said of Lincoln that more books have been written about him than any man other than Christ. Yet, strange as it seems, when Lincoln was asked for his autobiography as material for Lanman's "Dictionary of the United States Congress" in 1858, he replied with an account of his life in just 47 words.

In editing Lincoln's biography for the Congressional dictionary, Lanman added a few words. It appears in the edition as follows:

"He was born in Hardin county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809; received a limited education; adopted the profession of law; was a captain in the Black Hawk war; at one time postmaster of a small village; four times elected to the Illinois legislature; and a representative in congress from Illinois, from 1847 to 1849."

Tomorrow: What Town of One Country Is the Capital of Another?

Army Veteran Dies
BROOKLYN, Mass., July 27.—(AP)—Major General Samuel Starrow Sumner, 95, retired U. S. army cavalry officer, died at his home here yesterday. A veteran of three wars, General Sumner was a native of Carlisle, Pa. He retired in 1908.

Edward Ostrander Dies
CORVALLIS, July 27.—(AP)—Edward Ostrander, one time member and secretary of the Oregon public service commission, died here Saturday. He formerly managed the Oregon-Washington Lumbermen's association.

Pioneer Jeweler Dies
SALEM, July 27.—(AP)—Charles T. Pomeroy, 72, senior member of the jewelry firm of Pomeroy & Keene of Salem, died at Seaside Saturday, of a heart attack. He was a native of Oregon.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Spies Trap Skeeter!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Silence!

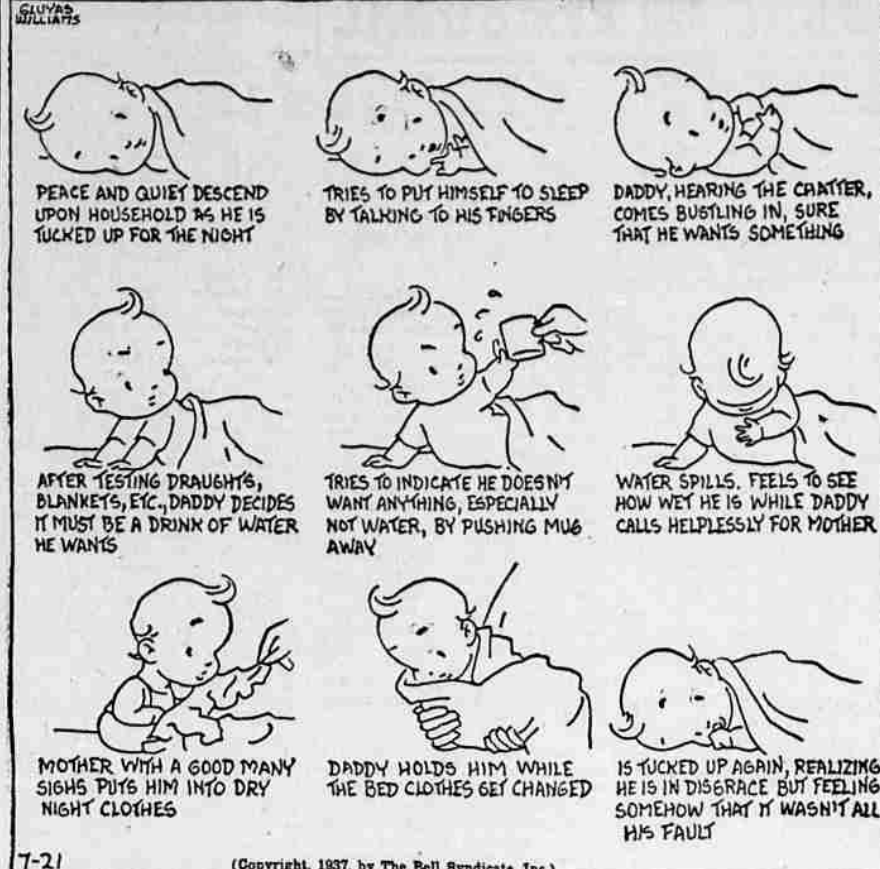


THE NEBBES—What's Your Hurry?



NOT GUILTY

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



Scrap fired a shot that sent Josh Hastings' hat spinning.

"What's the meaning of this?" Josh Hastings pulled his plunging mount to a sliding halt as he came abreast of the riding puncher. "Where's your cayuse? And where's that option I sent you to get?"

Resentment flared into Scrap Johnson's eyes, and in his reckless mood it was well for Josh Hastings that his holster was empty.

"You were too damn slow," Scrap Johnson snarled. "They beat you to it."

A dark flush came over Josh Hastings' florid face. He swore.

"You mean you let Kay Crandon get there ahead of you?"

"Sure I didn't," Scrap answered sullenly. "I stopped her all right. But when I got to Old Man Warren, I found one of her punchers, a guy named Gaynor, had got there ahead of me, and bought up the ridge you wanted and an option on the rest."

Taunts For Hastings

HASTINGS exploded into a string of oaths. "The foxy little filly," he raged, then broke off short and looked keenly at Scrap. "What do you mean about stopping her? Where is she?"

A reckless disregard of consequences suddenly possessed Scrap. He was slated to be fired anyway, so he might as well get all the revenge he could.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" he jeered. "I've beaten you to it with those red lips, anyway! And believe me they ain't waiting around for you! That same Gaynor guy came up and caught me off guard, damn him, but I'll get even yet!" He gave a wild incoherent laugh at Hastings' expression. "Some rival you've got there!" he ended, "and is she sweet on 'im? Oh, boy!"

"Shut up, you drunken fool!" Josh Hastings reached over and

reau figures indicated Canada still grips 50 to 60 percent of the export trade from this international lumber territory.

"The lag, which has dropped the U. S. behind Russia, Canada, Sweden and Finland as a lumber export nation, continues with a special emphasis on the west coast," it added. "Oregon and Washington lumber exports are less than a third of what they were in average or normal periods before the erection of the British empire preferential tariffs."

While 12 percent of Canadian west coast lumber exports for the first six months of 1937 were into U. S. territory.

It stated western Canada exported \$8,231,371 feet into the U. S. the first half of this year, against 1,859,494 feet sent by Washington and Oregon to British empire points. Total U. S. west coast lumber exports for January to June inclusive was 348,967,955 feet; for western Canada 532,171,470.

CANADIAN LUMBER CUTS WEST COAST EXPORT MARKETS

SEATTLE, July 27.—(AP)—The West Coast Lumbermen's association commented ruefully in a bulletin today that "Canadian (lumber) exports into the United States for June were approximately four times greater than U. S. exports to the United Kingdom and British possessions."

It stated that while Washington, Oregon and west coast Canadian lumber exports were 171,612,563 feet last month, against 180,732,455 feet in May, Pacific lumber inspection bu-