

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE SERVAUD

SYNOPSIS: When Kay Cranston's Lazy Nine ranch house and barn burn, Josh Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, tries to buy her ranch and court Kay. But she hates him and is determined to keep her ranch and rebuild. Ted Gaylor, a puncher who has been hired, starts the outfit to cut its own timber and rebuild without pay. Hastings sends his cowhand Scrap Johnson to tie up the only available timber land. But Ted sees the option race, then whips Scrap for molesting Kay. Hastings finds Scrap on the meadow and berates him, but Scrap turns the tables by deftly snatching his boss's gun. He takes his horse, sending him home afoot.

Just beyond the saddle of rock was a small grassy plateau, which harbored a spring-fed stream. From its mysterious depths water flowed in both directions, part seeking the Bitter Root river in Montana, and part flowing to the Clear Water river in Idaho.

As Hastings neared this strange spot, his mount plunged restively, and instead of making for the inviting water that gleamed ahead in the moonlight, he balked and tried to whirl back and head through the pass again. Hastings steadied the animal and, urging him on with a sharp cut of his quirt, reached the small grassy meadow that bordered the stream.

Peering ahead through the moonlight, he made out a strange, hunched form lying by the edge of the water.

He swung his mount sharply at right angles and headed him away from the gruesome discovery. Dismounting at some little distance, he came back on foot to investigate, a baffled sense of rage rising in him at the thought of being cheated of his revenge.

He turned over the inert figure, then let out a startled oath as he gazed at the steady white face which he had exposed to the moonlight.

Instead of the pinched features of Scrap Johnson that he had expected to see, the still face of Ted Gaylor in its frame of glossy black hair, stared up at him.

The Trail of Blood

RECOILING in the first surprise of finding his other enemy so unexpectedly delivered into his hands, Josh Hastings stared back at the seemingly dead face for a long moment. Then he dropped on his knees, and placed a hand over Ted's heart.

A grunt of disappointment escaped him as he detected a faint beat. But after examining the wound that gaped in the fallen man's chest, a grim smile of satisfaction flickered for a moment on his lips.

"Reckon a good enough job's been done on you, after all," he observed callously. He rose to his feet and stooped down to pull some grass to wipe the blood off his hands.

"Scrap Johnson's saved me some trouble there, all right."

He scanned the ground carefully, walking back and forth in an ever widening semi-circle around the wounded man. "Looks like he got a shot from ambush," he mused aloud, as he failed to find any traces of footprints or trampled grass.

"Hello! What's this?" He stopped short and bent down to examine a large flat stone, that harbored a strange dark spot on its rough gray surface.

Josh Hastings experimentally stuck his finger in it, and exploded into an oath as he pulled it back, covered with a sticky red stain.

"Begins to look more like a duel!"

He leaned down close, and found several more dark spots, leading away from the stone. Following them, he came to some tangled grass and, with growing excitement, followed in the vague tracks.

After going 50 feet or so, he came at last on the object of his search. A dark form lay in the underbrush by the edge of the grassy spot, and this time as Josh Hastings leaned close to identify this second victim, he saw the man he had expected to find in the first place.

A brief examination showed him to be far less seriously wounded than Ted Gaylor. He had evidently fainted from loss of blood from a flesh wound in his arm, but pulse and his heart both seemed strong.

An ugly look twisted Josh Hastings' mouth, as he stood looking down at the man he had pursued with such ruthless intent for vengeance. A cunning gleam came into his eyes as he angled back to where Ted Gaylor lay.

It was easy enough to reconstruct what had happened. Scrap Johnson had undoubtedly won the draw and fired first, and Gaylor's shot had gone wild, first striking by chance the fleshy part of Johnson's arm.

There wasn't a doubt in Josh Hastings' mind that Ted Gaylor was done for, but just in case he might, by some miracle, pull through, why not frame him, so that the suspicion of what had come about to do would be forever pinned on this hateful enemy of his?

He now had the chance to fix things so that no question would ever be raised about how Scrap Johnson met his end. Dead or alive, Ted Gaylor would be held responsible.

Working his dastardly plot out step by step, Josh Hastings took off his bandanna and wrapped it carefully about his hand. Then he went swiftly back to where Ted Gaylor lay.

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Servaud)

Nearly dead, Ted finds sanctuary, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



7-23-37

The Foreign Capital.
Through the fortunes of war, Vilna holds the unique distinction of being both the capital of a Polish province of the same name and the official capital of the republic of Lithuania.

Founded in the tenth century, the city became the capital of Lithuania in 1293. Years of almost continuous warfare followed in which Vilna changed hands again and again. Russia finally got a firm hold on it in 1795 and hung on until the German army captured it in 1915.

When Poland and Lithuania emerged from the World War as separate nations, the supreme council of the allies was called on to settle border disputes. This the body tried to do fairly by awarding regions where the

population was predominantly Polish to Poland and, where the reverse was true, to Lithuania. Vilna was pretty much in doubt as far as population went. It was held by Soviet Russia, which was at war with Lithuania at the time, so the city's nationality went undetermined.

Lithuania made her peace with Russia in 1920—after a Polish army won Vilna from the Russians. Russia captured it a while later and handed it over to Lithuania whereupon Polish troops took it from the Lithuanians. The letter move was made in violation of a League of Nations treaty wherein Poland had agreed to recognize Lithuania's ownership of the city.

Still remains on the logs and the aromatic smell characteristic of white cedar is as strong as in live, green cedar. The logs are being trucked to a nearby sawmill at Dennville and sawed into shingles.

as its official capital though Kaunas serves as the republic's provisional capital. Poland, meanwhile, hangs on to the city.

The Crippled Conqueror.
Tamerlane, famous Mongolian conqueror who five and a half centuries ago overran Asia and part of Europe with his armies, was ruler over half the known world before he died from fever while marching against China. Yet, strange as it seems, the ruthless conqueror was a cripple, suffering from a club foot. It was from this that he derived his name Tamerlane—formed from Timur the Lame.

Tomorrow: What Woman Became a General in the British Army?

BONNEVILLE MEASURE BACK TO COMMITTEE

WASHINGTON, July 28.—(AP)—The senate sent back to the commerce committee today legislation providing for administration of the Bonneville dam project on the Columbia river.

Minority Leader McNary (R-Ore.), one of the authors of the bill, obtained unanimous consent to recommit the measure after explaining that an "unrelated" amendment threatened to develop controversy.

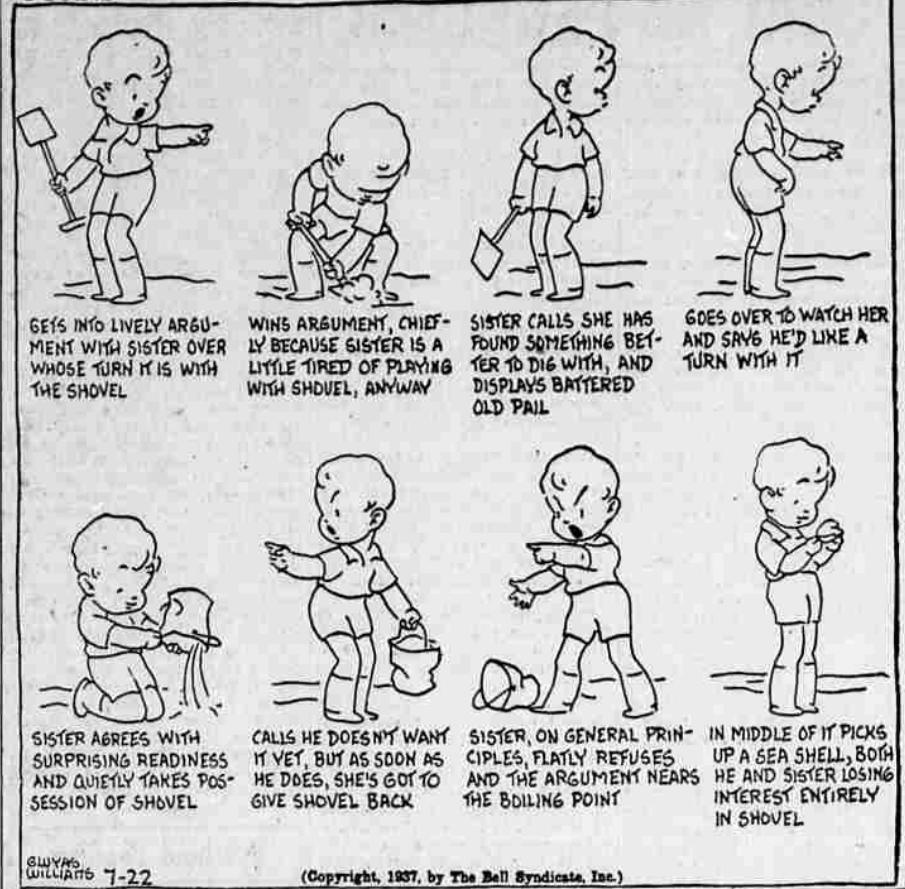
Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

TURNS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS 7-22

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POF

By O. M. PAYNE



7-22

(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy... Unmasked!

JUSTINA AND SERG, AFTER PERSUADING SKEETER TO FLY THEM TO THE SPY STRONGHOLD CLAIMING THEY WERE FRIENDS OF TOMMY, TIED HIM UP AFTER HE LANDED THE SHIP, AND RAN TOWARD THE HACIENDA WHERE TOMMY IS NOW TALKING TO THE MASTER SPY, HAVING CONVINCED THE LATTER THAT HE IS TONY LACEY, THE DEAD PILOT, WHOM TOMMY IS IMPERSONATING...



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Pleasant Thought"

By EDWIN ALGER



THE NEBBS—Will He Never Learn?

By SOL HESS



Mining for Cedar Logs Revived in New Jersey

TRENTON, N. J. (UP)—"Cedar mining," which was extensively practiced in New Jersey nearly a century ago, has been revived, according to Charles P. Wilber, state forester.

Beneath many acres of New Jersey's marshlands, thousands of large white cedar logs unaffected by the ravages of erosion lie buried. They lie from 3 to 10 feet under the surface in the black rich muck of the swamp and are several hundred years old. Shingles made from these logs are almost indestructible.

Today this industry has come to life in the extensive marshland near Mauriceport in Cumberland county in connection with a commercial operation designed to utilize the cedar logs and large quantities of peat, which often extends to a depth of 30 feet below the marsh level.

With a 6-foot iron bar resembling a furnace poker, called a "proque," the miner sounds into the position and length, chains are pushed under the log through the muck and it is pulled out by cable and winch. So solidly are the logs imbedded that a steel cable tested for 10 tons sometimes snaps when a log becomes ensnared in the tangle of roots and debris in the muck.

At Mauriceport, trees 500 years old and 50 feet in length are being hauled out of the swamp. The bark