

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: John Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, tries to buy Kay Cranston's Lazy Nine after her ranch house and barn burn. He also tries to court Kay. She distrusts him and is determined to keep her ranch and rebuild. Hastings' cousin, Scrap Johnson, molts Kay, but Ted Gaynor, a puncher she impulsively hired, rescues her and whips Scrap. Later they shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings, who hates both men, finds them unconscious and murders Scrap, using Ted's gun to frame him. Ted crawls to a shack where a girl takes him in.

Chapter 25 Who's Gun?

TWO days had passed, and still there was no sign of Ted Gaynor.

"I don't understand it, Flicks," Kay whispered brokenly, as she slipped off Flicker's bride and leaned her head for a moment against his mane. "Do you suppose—" she broke off abruptly, as she saw Shorty coming toward her.

"Hi, there! Let me do that!" He took the bride from her hand. "You hop to it and get some chow, or you'll be out of luck."

"Thanks, Shorty," Kay braced herself, and tried to smile. "Has everyone finished?"



"Do you know that gun?" asked the sheriff.

"Seth and a couple of the boys are still there," Shorty answered, bending down to Flicker's cinch. "What do you think of the timber we're cutting?"

"I think 's fine. Only I hate to see those great tamaracks come crashing down!"

"Now, ain't that just like a girl!" Shorty commented to Flicker, cocking a quizzical eye at Kay to catch the effect of his words. "Here we're breaking our backs building a barn for her, and she wants us to keep the trees to have planks under!"

"No, I don't, Shorty," Kay laughed at Shorty's comical expression in spite of her heavy heart. "I'm as anxious to get the barn built as you are, only I wish—" She left the sentence unfinished.

"Sure, so do I," Shorty agreed, answering Kay's unspoken thought with the freedom of an old friend. "You know, it almost seems as though something must have happened to that guy! He wasn't the kind to go back on his word!"

"He wasn't, was he?" Kay agreed eagerly. Then, fearful of saying too much, once the flood gates of her troubled thoughts were opened, she turned and made for the mess shack.

The Sheriff's Queries

AS SHE and Seth were discussing the dimensions of the new barn, a sudden clatter of hoofs broke in on them. Springing to her feet, with a quick premonition of trouble, Kay was half way to the door, when it was suddenly darkened by the lanky figure of Zeke Farley, the sheriff of Butte county. "Hello, there!" he pulled off his hat, as his eye caught Kay. "You're just the girl I wanted to see. Do you know that gun?"

For a moment, everything swam before Kay's eyes, as she caught sight of the gun the sheriff held out to her. She felt as though every drop of blood was drained from her heart as she stared at it, and braced herself against one of the chairs.

Conscious of curious faces crowded into the doorway behind the sheriff, she cleared her throat once or twice, before she could bring herself to speak.

"Why—why, yes," she faltered. "That was one of Dad's."

side her, and took the gun out of the sheriff's hand. "Sure, it was," he corroborated, and then added before Kay could stop him, "But, look here! Wasn't this the one you gave to that Gaynor guy?"

"What's that?" the sheriff snapped, his keen eyes traveling from Seth to Kay. "Gave it to who? When? Where is he now?"

Kay moistened her lips, before attempting to answer this rapid fire of questions. Her mind was leaping in lightning flashes from one desperate conjecture to another.

"Where—where did you find it?" She stalled for time, by meeting the sheriff's questions with another.

"Never mind that now," Zeke Farley spoke more gently, as he saw Kay's distress, but his eyes were none the less keen. "Just you tell us everything you know about it."

Realizing that all she could do was to tell the truth, Kay explained how she had given the gun to Ted Gaynor, and had last seen it when he started off for Clear Water Basin, to get his mother and sister and bring them back.

"How did the gun come into your hands?"

Kay ended, forcing herself to face the facts whatever they might be.

The sheriff hesitated, and gave an imperceptible nod to Seth over Kay's head.

"Don't you worry about that," he evaded soothingly. "I'll talk to Seth outside."

"No you won't!" Kay interposed, her eyes flashing, and her body straight and taut with determination. "You've got to tell me anything you have to say about it! I won't be kept in suspense."

Found: A Dead Man

THE sheriff shrugged. "Well, I reckon you've got to hear about it, sooner or later, so there's no point in making a mystery about it. Also, I want to know all you can tell me about this Gaynor guy—where you met him, and how long you've known him, and so forth."

"But how did you come by the gun?" Kay insisted. "You must tell me that first."

The sheriff took the gun back from Seth, and gravely weighed it in his hand, as he eyed it critically.

"There ain't much doubt," he said slowly, "but what this gun has killed a man."

Kay put her hand up to her throat. "Yes—yes—go on!"

"One of the fire patrol was coming back over the divide, yesterday, and by the head waters there, he found a dead man, shot through the temple. And not 30 feet away, he came on this gun, lying where the murderer had left it."

"The dead man was a mile or so over on the Idaho side of the state line, but this guy was headed this way, so he brought the gun down to me. I called up the sheriff at Clear Water Basin, but he was off on a bunch of rustlers, and his deputy asked me to help out on the job until he could join me."

"Who was the man?" Kay got the question out through parched lips.

"A fellow named Scrap Johnson, who was one of the Flying Six outfit. He—"

He got no further, for Kay, with a cry of mingled relief and dismay, suddenly sank down on the chair near her.

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevaud)

Kay questions the sheriff about Ted, tomorrow.

and Campbell agreed to remove their equipment in three days. Moody will seek to have three similar cases dissolved in Marion county circuit court tomorrow.

HENDAYE, Franco-Spanish Frontier, Aug. 2—(AP)—Insurgent artillery opened a bombardment of Madrid's outer defenses today after driving a spearhead into Spanish government lines west of the capital.

Battles were fought on three other fronts.

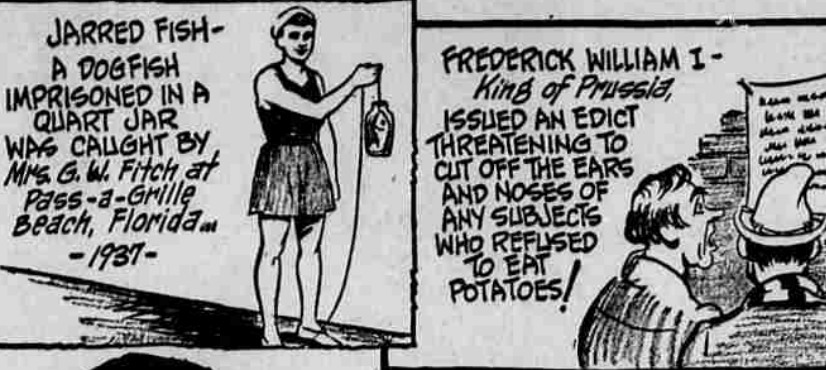
Generalissimo Francisco Franco's troops pressed hard against government defenses in eastern and southern Spain. On the northwestern front,

Generalissimo Francisco Franco's troops pressed hard against government defenses in eastern and southern Spain. On the northwestern front,

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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

LONGEST "YARDSTICK" ... THE MEGAPARSEC, AN ASTRONOMICAL MEASURE, IS 19,155,830,550,000,000 MILES LONG!

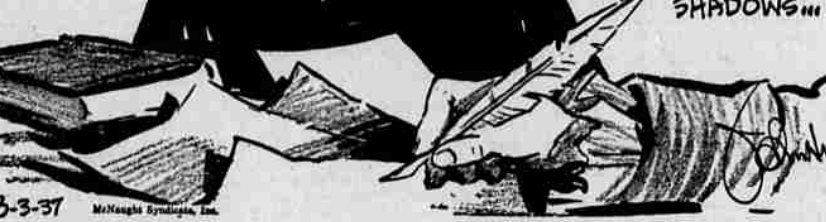


JARRIED FISH—A DOGFISH IMPRISONED IN A QUART JAR WAS CAUGHT BY Mrs. G. W. Fitch at Pass-a-Grille Beach, Florida—1937—

FREDERICK WILLIAM I—King of Prussia, ISSUED AN EDICT THREATENING TO CUT OFF THE EARS AND NOSES OF ANY SUBJECTS WHO REFUSED TO EAT POTATOES!

THE MAN WHOSE SHADOW LIVED AFTER HIM!

"SILHOUETTE" IS DERIVED FROM THE NAME OF AN 18TH-CENTURY FRENCH MINISTER OF FINANCE— BECAUSE OF HIS CRUSADE FOR ECONOMY WHICH RESULTED IN THE LATEST SIMPLICITY IN FASHIONS— EVEN PORTRAITS WERE DRAWN AS SHADOWS!!



The Shadow Man. Coming into office as France's minister of finance in 1789, Etienne de Silhouette tried through stringent economy to restore the nation's financial well-being, shattered by the Seven Years' war.

In keeping with Silhouette's policy, the ordinarily extravagant and gaudy Paris fashions took a parsimonious trend. Unnecessary frills and decorations were discarded. Coats without folds were worn. Snuff boxes were made of plain wood. Gold plate was melted up to be converted into money. Even artists were affected by the movement and began to omit all details in their portraits, doing them in solid profile. These fashions were called "a la silhouette."

Resistance to Silhouette's economy crusade was not long in coming. It became the target for insults and the butt of jokes, finally being forced out of office after a nine-months term. His name came to be a synonym for anything reduced to its barest details. Eventually, usage of the word "silhouette" came to have the meaning now given by Webster: "An outline figure of an object filled in a shadow."

Potato Threat. Eyed with a good deal of suspicion when it was introduced to Europe in the 16th century, the potato was a long time in becoming a popular food. On two occasions it is said to have been actually denounced from Scotch pulpits—one because of the fact that no mention of it is to be found in the Bible, and once on the grounds that it was the "forbidden fruit" which brought about the downfall of Adam and Eve. In some sections of Europe it was thought to be poisonous.

Scientists, however, realized that the potato would be of high value as a food in the periods of famine which swept Europe from time to time. The peasantry of Prussia finally accepted the plant as a food only under pressure of cajoling and threat. Frederick William I, of Prussia, had much to do with his subjects' acceptance of the vegetable. At one time he issued an edict threatening to amputate the nose and ears of anyone who refused to eat potatoes.

Tomorrow: What Famous Poem Was Published on Handkerchiefs?

insurgents reported defeating an attempt to break their lines east of Oviedo, in Asturias.

Government forces had about 1,000 casualties in the Asturian attack, the insurgent reports said. At Cuero troops numbering 8,000 rushed against insurgent lines, only to be beaten

in a cross fire of rifle and machine gun bullets.

Goldwyn Breaks Wrist

SANTA MONICA, Cal., Aug. 2—(UP)— Samuel Goldwyn, veteran Hollywood producer and showman, broke his wrist at his beach home last night when he slipped on a waxed floor while telephoning. The bone was set by Dr. Ed K. Prigg, who said Goldwyn could return to work Tuesday.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—"More Deadly . . . Than the Male!"



AS JUSTINA SNAPPED ON THE LIGHTS, SO THAT THE SPIES COULD LOCATE AND SHOOT TOMMY, THE DOOR SUDDENLY OPENED AND SKEETS APPEARED, ARMED WITH THE MACHINE GUN, WHICH HE TOOK FROM THE UNCONSCIOUS GUARD.

YOU TAKE THE GAL IN YOUR SHIP, TAILSPIN! I'D RATHER TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THESE DUDES!

WHY...YOU!!!

GET INTO THE FRONT COCKPIT, WHERE I CAN WATCH YOU, MISS TIGRESS!

BUT TOM HAS A BIG SURPRISE IN STORE FOR HIM!

GOOD WORK, SKEETS!

HAL FORREST

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Speak Up!

SORRY I'VE KEPT YOU WAITING, SIR, BUT—

WHERE'S HETTY HIGGINS? SHE AROUND? OR THE WEBSTER BOY?

IN THE REAR OF THE STORE, BEN HEARD CALEB CRUNCHER'S RASPING VOICE AND AT THAT INSTANT CAME RECOGNITION OF THE MYSTERIOUS PHONE CALL—

I'VE GOT IT! CALEB CRUNCHER, HE MUST HAVE THE MORTGAGE!

BETTER RUSTLE UP HETTY HIGGINS, TOO—SHE'S GOT TO HEAR WHAT I'M A GOIN' T SAY!

BUT MR. HIGGINS IS OUT—

AND THANK GOODNESS SHE IS OUT, MR. CRUNCHER, TO SPARE HER FROM YOU! I'LL HEAR WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY—WHAT IS IT?

EDWIN ALGEB

THE NEBBS—Competition

Alice Burnett, Tacoma, Wash., is for Amby because they both love money.

Miss Norma Shustrom, Lidgerwood, N.D., advises Emma to stay single.

Wes Elmer Miller, Constance, Okla., votes for Potts.

Mr. Miller wants Emma to circulate the story that she's broke and marry the one that stays.

TAKE A PEEK AT THIS AD OF THE ANKOMOHAN CAFE AND THEN GO BACK TO YOUR MENTAL HIBERNATION—YOUR MOUTH IS A CALLOUSE AND YOUR HEAD A GRAVEYARD!

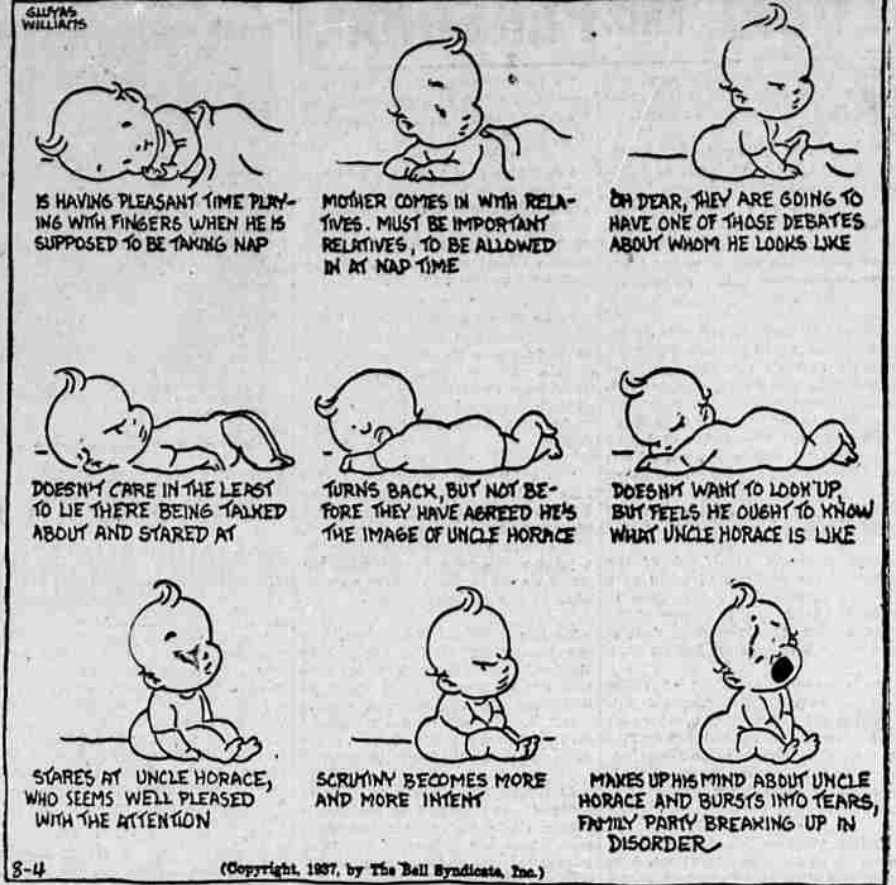
WASH WITH HIS COMPETITORS!! I'LL GIVE HIM A LESSON. I'LL SELL A STEAK AS THICK AS A BALE OF WAY FOR TWO BITS AND I'LL DRESS IT UP LIKE A BRIDES BOUQUET. I'LL RUN THIS BUSINESS!

IF THAT AD DON'T DO ANOTHER THING IT'S GOT YOUR BLOOD INTO CIRCULATION— YOU'VE BEEN DORMANT FOR SO LONG NOW DYNAMITE COULD WAKE YOU UP!

SOL FESS

FAMILY RESEMBLANCE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS HAVING PLEASANT TIME PLAYING WITH FINGERS WHEN HE IS SUPPOSED TO BE TAKING NAP

MOTHER COMES IN WITH RELATIVES. MUST BE IMPORTANT RELATIVES, TO BE ALLOWED IN AT NAP TIME

OH DEAR, THEY ARE GOING TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE DEBATES ABOUT WHOM HE LOOKS LIKE

DOESN'T CARE IN THE LEAST TO LIE THERE BEING TALKED ABOUT AND STARED AT

URNS BACK, BUT NOT BEFORE THEY HAVE AGREED HE'S THE IMAGE OF UNCLE HORACE

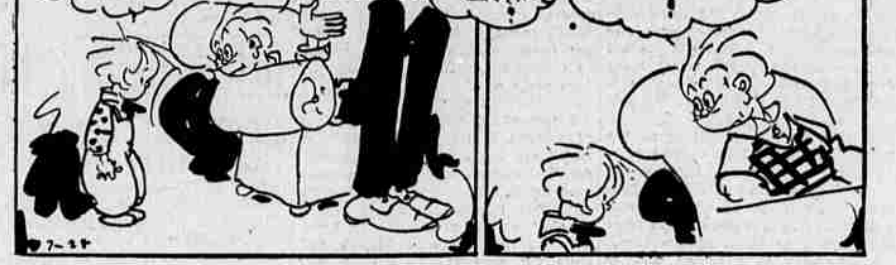
DOESN'T WANT TO LOOK UP, BUT FEELS HE OUGHT TO KNOW WHAT UNCLE HORACE IS LIKE

STARES AT UNCLE HORACE, WHO SEEMS WELL PLEASED WITH THE ATTENTION

SCRIMMY BECOMES MORE AND MORE INTENT

MOVES UP HIS MIND ABOUT UNCLE HORACE AND BURSTS INTO TEARS, FAMILY PARTY BREAKING UP IN DISORDER

S'MATTER POP



MAW WON'T GIMME ANOTHER HUNKA PUNKIN PIE!

BUT AFTER THAT YOU'D DEMAND STILL ANOTHER PIE, AN KEEP ON EATING!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH YOU!

OH, NO, POP! HEH, HEH! OH, NO!

IT'S NO TROUBLE AT ALL!

Tomorrow: What Famous Poem Was Published on Handkerchiefs?

By HAL FORREST



BY EDWIN ALGEB



By SOL FESS



By SOL FESS

PINBALL OWNERS HIT BODY BLOW

SALEM, Aug. 3—(AP)—The supreme court dealt today what may be a death blow to operators of pinball and marble games when Chief Justice Henry J. Bean signed an order dissolving suits of two Salem operators who sought to restrain Sheriff A. C. Burr, Asst. Attorney General Ralph Moody and Attorney General I. H. Van Winkle from interfering with their operations.

The suits were brought by N. J. Arnold and J. H. Campbell. Moody said the effect of the order would be to wipe out all such devices in the state. He said Arnold

SUBURBS OF MADRID STRAFED BY REBELS

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