

# FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAD

**SYNOPSIS:** When Kay Crenshaw of the Lazy Nine loses her ranch house and barn in a fire, Josh Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, tries to buy her ranch and court Kay. She distrusts him and is determined to keep her ranch and rebuild. Hastings' rookhand, Scrap Johnson, molests Kay, but Ted Gaynor, a puncher she impulsively hired, rescues her. Later they shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings, having both, murders Scrap, using Ted's gun. Ted crawls to an unknown shack where a girl named Marion nurses him through a week of fever and delirium. The gun is found and Sheriff Farley gets on Ted's trail.

## Chapter 27 A Narrow Escape

A FAINT call from the inside of the shack sent Marion running back. As soon as she stepped in the door and found Ted's dark eyes fixed on her, she knew she had really won the battle.

For the first time, his eyes gazed at her with a seeing look, and his pupils dilated with surprise.

"Who—what—where am I?" Ted tried to raise his head, but his strength failed him, and he sank back exhausted by even that small effort.

Marion crossed quietly to his cot and put a cool hand on his head. He still had fever, but she no longer encountered the hot dry skin she had learned to expect through the past week.

"You mustn't try to talk yet," she warned him. "You've been very sick, but you are going to be all right now."

For some time he pondered this, his eyes fixed on her face.

"Where's Kay?" he said finally.

Marion shook her head. "I don't know. I can't tell you anything, please don't use up your strength by asking questions. There is no one here but me."

"How—how long—?" His lids began to droop, instead of answering, Marion lightly held her hand over his eyes, and in a few minutes his regular breathing proclaimed him asleep again.

Stepping to the outer door, Marion drew it to, leaving it slightly ajar and sagging on its hinges as she had first found it. Although she had been forced to break her promise to her father when she had taken in this young man, she had scrupulously kept her word in every other regard. Anyone coming unexpectedly on the shack would have unhesitatingly pronounced it deserted.

She moved quietly around the two rooms into which the cabin was divided, putting them in order while she waited for the water to boil on the single oil burner which was her only source of heat.

She had taken a chance on building a fire in the stove at night, but with the first coming of dawn she had put it out so that no telltale smoke should betray their presence.

Humming a little tune in her relief that her patient was out of danger at last, Marion looked speculatively at the rough planks that boarded the windows on the outside.

If she could only take them off and let the sun stream in, instead of creeping through the cracks, it would be so much more cheerful. She started toward the door, with a sudden decision to obey her impulse. After all, it was ridiculous to stay cooped up this way! If any searching party had been out for this wounded puncher, it had evidently passed by this hidden spot long ago.

As she reached the inner door that led to a tiny vestibule, she suddenly stood rooted to the spot. Her hand clutched a shaft of fire, and her breath came fast. She listened with desperate intentness for a repetition of the sound she thought she had heard. A second later, she heard with unmistakable distinctness a shout in the distance, and an answering call somewhat nearer.

"Don't Make a Sound!"

PUSHING the inner door shut again, Marion darted to the oil stove and turned it out, then sat down by Ted's cot, her eyes fixed on him, watching for any sign that his sleep had been disturbed. With bated breath, she waited, while the voices drew nearer, her mind torn by indecision.

Should she make her presence known? If Ted had been still in danger, she would have felt that she must get what help she could to save him. But now that she was sure he was on the road to recovery, her first duty was to her father.

If the dread suspicion she harbored as to his activities was true, it would mean certain imprisonment and possible death for him if he were taken. To find her there would inevitably put any searchers on his track, and they would wait to take him when he came back.

She put one hand on Ted's forehead and felt his pulse with the other. There was no doubt but that his fever was down and his pulse much stronger.

By Grazes, local business men and members of the clerks' union in attendance at a meeting last night, Fred Dixon, Portland, union business manager, was told by the farmers they would establish a cooperative store if the union insisted on the early closing hour.

The farmers said the union closing hour made it impossible for them to get to town in time to get supplies and the grocers were joined by merchants, who said their trade was dropping off and tourists were being turned away.

Wilson drew loud applause when he remarked that he would abide by union hours, wages and closed shop conditions, but insisted on the right to operate his business 24 hours a day if he felt like it. He asserted the union demand for a 6 o'clock closing was a deliberate plan to wreck neighborhood stores for the benefit of larger establishments.

The meeting closed with a general agreement for unlimited operation of

grocery stores and new union contracts calling for five major holidays and time and one-half pay to clerks for work on Sundays and holidays.

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

**Prosperity Here For Lengthy Stay**  
PORTLAND, Aug. 5.—(AP)—Jesse H. Jones, head of the RFC who visited Portland Tuesday, believes prosperity is here "for a good, long time." When people who have saved during a crisis begin again to spend

they keep it up for "quite a while," he explained.

"And I'll say right here that the country at large is in good condition—never better," he added.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.  
Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

**DALLE'S FARMERS BACK STORES IN ROW WITH UNION**

THE DALLES, Aug. 5.—(AP)—Trade farmers, threatening to establish and run their own store won from union representatives today an agreement for unlimited hours for stores here.

Union leaders, who had insisted upon a 6 o'clock closing at night withdrew pickets from the R. J. Wilson store and stopped an attempted boycott of bread here because bakers sold to Wilson.

With members of five Wasco and

Wilson drew loud applause when he remarked that he would abide by union hours, wages and closed shop conditions, but insisted on the right to operate his business 24 hours a day if he felt like it. He asserted the union demand for a 6 o'clock closing was a deliberate plan to wreck neighborhood stores for the benefit of larger establishments.

The meeting closed with a general agreement for unlimited operation of

# 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 PENGUIN IS SO POWERFUL A SWIMMER THAT IT CAN LEAP ITS OWN HEIGHT OUT OF WATER**

**DELWIN AND PERCY CLOYD, TWIN BROTHERS OF COZAD, NEBR., HAVE TWIN AUNTS, TWIN UNCLÉS, TWIN COUSINS, TWIN NIECES, 2 SETS OF TWIN NEPHEWS, A TWIN NEPHEW AND NIECE, AND A MOTHER-IN-LAW WHO WAS BORN A TWIN!**

**THE HORSE THAT RAN IGNORED!**  
HURON, WHO CAME IN SECOND IN THE BELMONT FUTURITY OF 1891, HAD NO BETS ON HIM, WAS NOT LISTED AS A STARTER, HAD NO NUMBER AND WAS ENTIRELY OVERLOOKED IN THE JUDGING OF THE RACE RESULTS!

**CAN YOU RACK 15 POOL BALLS SO THE NUMBERS ON EACH OF THE 3 OUTSIDE ROWS AND THE 3 CENTER BALLS WILL TOTAL 33? (ANS. TOMORROW)**

**Horse That Ran Ignored**  
Strange as it seems, though 23 horses ran in the Belmont Futurity of 1891, only 22 are listed in the official records of the race. No mention is to be found of Huron, the cold that crossed the finish line in second place. He wasn't even disqualified. From start to finish he was simply and completely ignored.

The horse had been bought shortly before the race by Ed Corrigan, well-known sportsman of the day. An entry in the Futurity, he was shipped to the Sheepshead Bay track and put in training. Word came through to Corrigan that his horse would not be allowed to run in the big race because of having been "declared" by an agent of the previous owner. Riled by the objection,

Corrigan asserted that in buying Huron, he had also bought the colt's engagements. His argument held enough water to secure a court injunction forcing the race officials to allow Huron to run—but that was as far as it went.

Without even being listed on the race program, with no bets being accepted against him, without a post position or a number, Huron went out on the track for the race, ran beautifully, and came in second. He might as well have been in his stable munching oats as far as the results were concerned. Second place money, \$5,666.66, was awarded to the horse that trailed him across the line, Yorkville Belle. No official mention whatever was made regarding Huron.

Corrigan took the matter to court, was stalling along on a decision, and eventually lost almost all of his large fortune through arousing the ire of the racing board by the squabble.

**Leaping Penguins**  
Most completely marine of all birds, the penguin literally flies through the water, using its wings as a means of propulsion and its feet as rudders. Clumsy, clown-like figures on land, penguins become the embodiment of grace in the water. So powerfully do they swim that they can leap out of the water to a rock standing at their own height above the water's surface. The penguin can outswim a seal or porpoise.

Tomorrow: Who Originated The Fire Sale?

**TAILSPIN TOMMY**

**TOMMY AND SKEETS SUCCEEDED IN BREAKING UP THE ESPIONAGE RING AND CAPTURING ITS LEADERS FOR THE GOVERNMENT. AND THE FEDERAL AGENTS HAVE A SURPRISE FOR TOM! THEY HAVE FOUND THE PERSON WHO CRASHED TAILSPIN'S RACING PLANE.**

**I'M SORRY, TAILSPIN! I BUSTED YOUR PLANE!**

**SLIM!**

**I ALLUS WANTED TO FLY A PLANE SOLO, BUT DIDN'T HAVE NO LICENSE SO**

**THAT NIGHT AFTER YOU LEFT TH' HANGAR... I SNEAKED BACK AN' TOOK UP YOUR PLANE! AFTER I CRASHED IT I GOT SCARED AN' RUN AWAY.**

**I COULDN'T REMEMBER ANYTHIN' FOR AWHILE, THEN I WENT HOME TO LITTLEVILLE TO FIND YOU. AN' HERE'S TH' WORST PART OF IT ALL**

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not Giving Up!**

**HE'S GIVING US JUST ONE WEEK TO CLEAR OUT, BEN—AND I'VE ONLY ONE TH'G TO SAY—**

**WE'RE LICKED, BOY! WE'RE LICKED!**

**WHERE DO YOU GET THAT 'BOY' STUFF, UNCLE NAT?**

**LISTEN, UNCLE NAT, WE'RE NOT BOYS IN THIS SITUATION—WE'RE MEN! AND WE'RE NOT LICKED!!**

**THE NEBBES—The Protest**

**WE ARE A COMMITTEE, APPOINTED BY THE MOONBEAM CLUB, SENT HERE TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER YOU APPROVE OF THIS BRAWL THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR YOUR HAND IN MARRIAGE**

**I AIN'T ASKED NOBODY TO FIGHT OVER ME—IT'S RATHER UNFORTUNATE THAT SO MANY MEN WANT TO MARRY ME—IT'S BEGINNING TO BOTHER ME A LITTLE!**

**LADIES, I'LL SPEAK TO THE TWO MEN AND ASK THEM NOT TO FIGHT OVER ME—YOU DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT THE OTHER SPARKER I GOT—HE'S A HONEY—DON'T BE JEALOUS, GIRLS**

# THE WORLD AT ITS WORST

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

**WHEN THE LUSCIOUS CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE, ON WHICH YOU'VE HAD YOUR EYES ALL ALONG, IS FINALLY PRODUCED, AND THE GROWN-UPS UNANIMOUSLY AGREE THAT THEY CAN'T EAT ANOTHER BITE, AND YOU KNOW THE FINAL DECISION WILL BE THAT IT'S A PITY TO CUT INTO IT FOR JUST ONE PIECE**

# S'MATTER POP

By O. M. PAYNE

**YEH, G MAN!**

**HOW YA GONNA KETCH TROTTERS?**

**I'LL GO AROUND BUILDINGS AN' LISSEN**

**TBUT TROTTERS DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!**

**AHA! THAT'S JUST HOW I'LL GITTUM!**

**I LISSEN AT A TBUILDIN' AN' IF I HEAR SUMTHIN' NOT MAKING NOISE, I JUMP IN AN' GRABS THEM!**

# By HAL FORRESTER

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not Giving Up!**

**HE'S GIVING US JUST ONE WEEK TO CLEAR OUT, BEN—AND I'VE ONLY ONE TH'G TO SAY—**

**WE'RE LICKED, BOY! WE'RE LICKED!**

**WHERE DO YOU GET THAT 'BOY' STUFF, UNCLE NAT?**

**LISTEN, UNCLE NAT, WE'RE NOT BOYS IN THIS SITUATION—WE'RE MEN! AND WE'RE NOT LICKED!!**

# By EDWIN ALGER

**BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Not Giving Up!**

**HE'S GIVING US JUST ONE WEEK TO CLEAR OUT, BEN—AND I'VE ONLY ONE TH'G TO SAY—**

**WE'RE LICKED, BOY! WE'RE LICKED!**

**WHERE DO YOU GET THAT 'BOY' STUFF, UNCLE NAT?**

**LISTEN, UNCLE NAT, WE'RE NOT BOYS IN THIS SITUATION—WE'RE MEN! AND WE'RE NOT LICKED!!**

# By SOL HESS

**THE NEBBES—The Protest**

**WE ARE A COMMITTEE, APPOINTED BY THE MOONBEAM CLUB, SENT HERE TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER YOU APPROVE OF THIS BRAWL THAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE FOR YOUR HAND IN MARRIAGE**

**I AIN'T ASKED NOBODY TO FIGHT OVER ME—IT'S RATHER UNFORTUNATE THAT SO MANY MEN WANT TO MARRY ME—IT'S BEGINNING TO BOTHER ME A LITTLE!**

**LADIES, I'LL SPEAK TO THE TWO MEN AND ASK THEM NOT TO FIGHT OVER ME—YOU DIDN'T HEAR ABOUT THE OTHER SPARKER I GOT—HE'S A HONEY—DON'T BE JEALOUS, GIRLS**