

# FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

**SYNOPSIS:** Fire destroys Kay Crandon's Lazy Nine ranch house and barn. Josh Hastings, owner of the Flying Six, tries to buy her ranch and court Kay. She hates him and is determined to keep her ranch and rebuild. Ted Gaynor, a puncher she impulsively hired, fights scrap Johnson, a cow-hand who molested Kay. They shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings finds them unconscious and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Ted crawls to a shack where a girl named Marion nurses him through a feverish night. The gun is found and Sheriff Farley hunts Ted. Kay goes alone to the shooting scene at the central divide.

### Chapter 31

#### Jealous Misery

TURNING back, Kay paced out the distance from the water to the spot where Scrap Johnson's body had been found. Then she searched the ground between with minute care.

Her eye suddenly caught a gleam in a small clump of grass. Pulling it aside, she picked up a steel nail head, of the type that is used to stud belts and gauntlets.

She knew that because so many people had milled over the spot, her find was of little value, but Kay slipped it into her pocket, and went on with her search.

Standing up and stretching to relieve her muscles of this strained

what they were saying, but it obviously an engrossing talk.

Bright points of light flickered before Kay's eyes and a strange buzzing sounded in her ears as she gazed, as though petrified, at the unsuspecting couple before her.

Tom Runyon's words, describing Ted's fight at Kelly's, came back to her. "He won't mind boasting about it to the black haired beauty he was fighting for!"

So, it was true, then! All that time that they had been riding back in the sunset, with the pressure of his arms tightening about her, had seemed the expression of the emotion she had thought was sweeping over them both, his thoughts had really been on another girl! And the first minute he could, instead of coming back to Kay as he had promised, he had gone to her rival.

A stifled sob broke out in spite of her, and Kay saw the girl inside raise her head in sudden inquiry, and listen.

Kay shrank back from the window, and ran into the grove of pine trees that half circled the cabin. Panting as though she had been running a long distance, she bit her lower lip, and stood with her hand pressed against her heart, as she peered out.

The next instant, the willowy figure of the dark haired girl appeared on the steps of the cabin. She stood for a moment in a listening attitude, and Kay had an



The dark haired girl appeared in the doorway.

position, Kay suddenly noticed that the sun was sinking in the west. She glanced at her watch and saw that it was after four o'clock, and she hadn't yet followed the stream southeast.

She decided impulsively to take a chance on getting out of the mountains before dark. The trail was so well defined that there was small danger of getting lost, and now that she was here, it was foolish not to study every possible phase of the situation.

Starting along the water's edge, she came after a hundred yards or so, to such thick brush that she almost decided to turn back. As she peered ahead, however, she noticed several twigs that had been snapped off short, and pushed on with a fast beating heart.

Her excitement quickened as she thought she saw more evidence that someone had penetrated the brush fairly recently. Although it seemed impossible that any wounded man could have made such rough going, she persevered, and finally reached the clearing.

The old prospector's cabin stood at the end of it, deserted and forlorn, with its sagging boards and dark background of pines.

Giving way to curiosity that this relic of the past raised in her, Kay determined to investigate. The intense silence, broken only by the gentle rustling of the tree tops, led her to steal forward on tiptoe, so as not to disturb the magic hush.

She noisily crossed the clearing and stopped for a moment at the boarded up window, before going around to the door. Cupping her hands about her face, she put her eye to a crack.

#### The Black Haired Beauty

KAY managed to stifle the amazed gasp that escaped her at the extraordinary sight that met her eyes, but she stood rooted to the spot, gazing with hypnotic incredulity at what she saw.

Her heart beat in uneven, suffocating jerks, and a blaze of color flooded in her cheeks.

Stretched on the cot, somewhat pale, but evidently all right, considering the animated way in which he was talking, Ted reclined, his head half turned from her toward a dark haired girl who sat beside him, with her hand gently laid on his.

Kay couldn't hear a word of

opportunity to take in her oval face, with its rather sad but sweet expression, and the transparent whiteness of her skin against the glossy black hair that dipped in soft waves on her forehead. In a moment she vanished inside.

#### One More Look

IMPULSED by a wild surge of emotion that was stronger than anything she had ever felt in her life before, Kay could not resist creeping back to the window for one more look. It couldn't be true! She must have dreamed this nightmare!

Hardly recognizing herself in the grip of the jealous misery that possessed her, Kay watched Marion's smile as she held her hand on Ted's forehead. Then, as she turned and moved over to the tiny stove, Kay shrank away and ran quickly back across the clearing.

She blindly pushed her way through the thick underbrush that separated her from the spot where she had left Flicker, her mind seething with inarticulate thoughts, and tumultuous emotions. She was incapable of consecutive thought, her one intelligible idea being to get away, as fast as she could, and never let anyone know what she had seen.

Forcing her way on with relentless energy, she at last came out on the grassy space that surrounded the head waters. The sluggish water that had seemed so mysterious and wonderful in the sunlight, looked dark and sinister in the fading twilight. A few streams of color from the afterglow of the sunset still streaked the sky, but the faint gleam of a planet and one or two stars told of the near approach of night.

Still animated by her wild desire to get away, Kay felt, without consciously noticing it, the changed aspect of the place, and a shudder ran over her, as she reached Flicker and prepared to mount.

As she swung into the saddle, her eye caught the fatal spot where Scrap Johnson's body had been found. Her overwrought nerves caused an involuntary cry. She gave Flicker a touch of her heel, and they raced through the narrow pass and pointed down the trail at a headlong pace.

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Kay falls from her plunging horse onto the black, rocky trail, tomorrow.

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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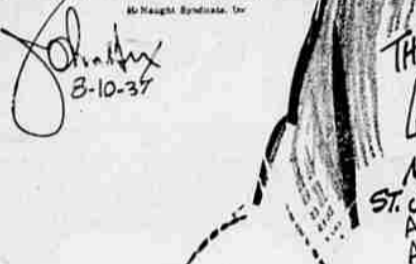


**THE 2-IN-ONE, A NATURALLY MARKED COLT in St. Louis, Mo.**

**BILL PEISEL—16-year-old Brooklyn High student, PITCHED 214 STRIKEOUTS IN 12 GAMES—AN AVERAGE OF OVER 17 PER GAME! Alliance Team—1936**



**THE SHIP OF STONE BOAT-SHAPED GRAVE OF AN ANCIENT CHIEFTAIN near Visby, Sweden...**



**THE AMERICAN KING!**  
JAMES STRANG, Mormon leader, RULED 6 YEARS AS MONARCH OF THE KINGDOM OF ST. JAMES ON BEAVER ISLAND, MICHIGAN, AND SERVED AT THE SAME TIME AS A STATE REPRESENTATIVE!

A brilliant young Illinois lawyer, James Jesse Strang, fell in with leaders of the Mormon church in the early 1840's and was baptized into the religion in 1844. Only one month after his baptism he was ordained an elder of the church.

Strang became a close friend of Joseph Smith, founder of Mormonism, and when Smith was killed by the bullets of a mob in June, 1844, Strang attempted to take over the leadership of the church. He based his claim for the post on a letter which was purportedly written by Joseph Smith in which it was declared that God had visited the prophet and given a command for a new Mormon colony

to be established on White River, in the lands of Racine and Walworth. Strang's attempt to become leader of the Mormon church resulted in his excommunication but his powerful gift of oratory brought a rift in the ranks of a band of about 2000 followers. Strang established a new Mormon colony named Vore's in the locale dictated by the allegedly "divine letter."

Later the colony moved to Beaver Island, largest island in Lake Michigan, and Strang proclaimed the land as the "Kingdom of St. James" with himself as king. The "king" ruled his land with a strong hand, instituting a regular system of tithing and running the government as an absolute monarchy.

Tomorrow: What Railroad Operates With Wind Power?

**FORD PLANT RESUMES FOLLOWING INVENTORY**  
DETROIT, Aug. 10.—(AP) The Ford Motor Co. resumed production Monday after three weeks shutdown for inventory. Assembly plants, as well as

the Rouge plant at Dearborn, reopened. A company official said the production schedule called for 6,500 units daily, the same schedule that was maintained before the shut-down.

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### TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Veiled Lady Is Reticent!



2885



2885

### RUBBER CHASE

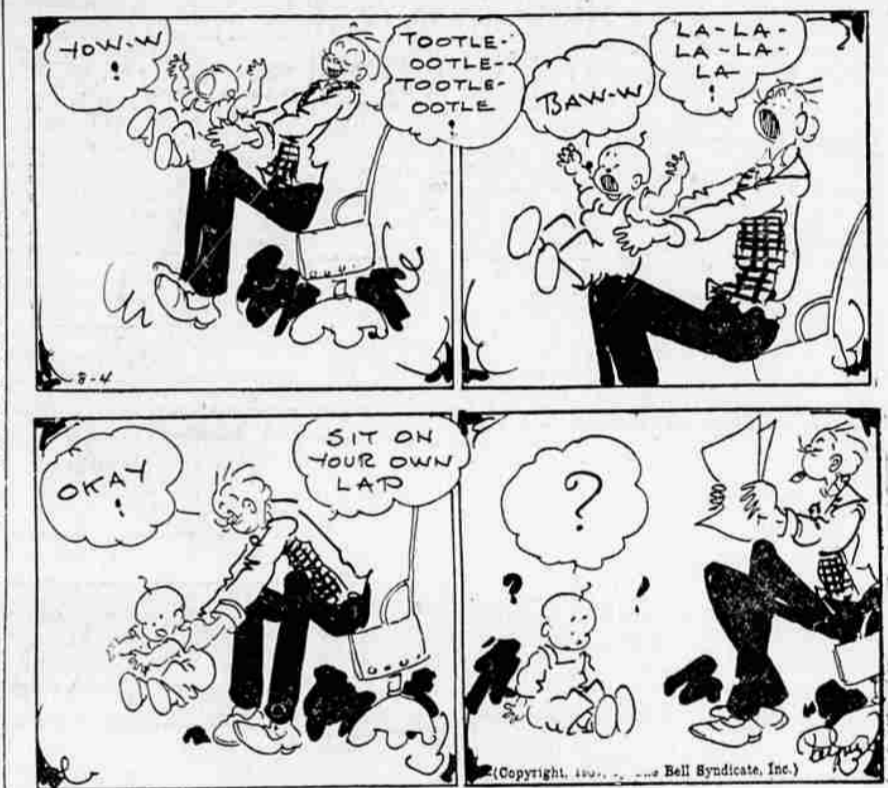
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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### S'MATTER POF

By O M PAYNE



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### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The Lady Approaches



### THE NEBBS—Something to Talk About



### WHITE GUINEAS DECLARED BEST POULTRY GUARDS

The reason why Hans Hansen insists upon white guinea fowl in preference to other varieties was disclosed in a letter received here today from the Brookings farmer. Mr. Hansen wrote some time ago Postmaster Frank DeGosse asking that someone mail him two white guinea hens and a cock C. O. D. No response was received to his order and then it was discovered that white guinea fowl in southern Ore-

### THE NEBBS—Something to Talk About



### WHITE GUINEAS DECLARED BEST POULTRY GUARDS

gon are as scarce as hen's teeth. Hugo A. Probst, poultry dealer, said he had never seen any white guinea fowl from Portland to San Francisco. He began research to find out the reason why and wrote to Yankton, S. D., to get some white birds. His office said today the research and the Yankton order had not yet produced results. Meantime it was reported there was a white guinea hen in Burns Valley. "My experience has been that white guineas are more aggressive than the standard type," wrote Mr. Hansen who said his acquaintance with the fowl originated in the Dakotas as did Mr. Probst's. "Many poultry raisers, especially in hawk-infested areas, keep guinea fowl as police for the poultry flock. They are ever vigilant and their raucous danger signals are always a warning to the flock to seek shelter whenever a hawk or other poultry enemy appears. The white guinea will often attack the hawk,

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