

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Fire destroys Kay Candon'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 Gonyor, a puncher she impulsively hired, fights Scrap Johnson, a coxhead who molested Kay. They shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings finds them unconscious and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Ted craves to a shock where a girl named Marion nurses him. The gun is found and Sheriff Farley hunts Ted. Kay finds the shock, sees Ted and Marion together and rides off in jealous agony.

Chapter 32

Unconscious Betrayal

REALIZING the suicidal chances she was taking, but refusing to heed them, Kay urged Flicker on in obedience to the compelling desire for speed that possessed her.

Relief at knowing Ted was safe and not badly hurt was completely overshadowed by her frustrated sense of loss. Her feeling was none the less bitter for her violent self disgust. Fool that she had been, to let herself care for a man who had obviously just been playing with her!

Probably Ted had been flattering her, and kidding her along just the way she did Tom Runyon! And she had taken it all seriously, and allowed herself to dream about him, and imagine all sorts of vague and delightful future possibilities.

"Thank goodness that's all over, Flicker!" She declared fiercely, finding relief in voicing her torturing thoughts out loud. "I've got his measure now and I'll never think of him again. Let them hang him for murder if they want to! The broke off with a horrified sob. "No, no! I don't mean that!"

She pulled Flicker in as they came to a sharp curve in the trail and started up a steep rise. Flicker stopped gratefully, but stood blowing and stirring restively, as though the contagion of his mistress's mood had spread to him, setting every nerve aquiver.

Twilight was almost gone, Kay noticed, coming out of her concentration on her inner feeling to a startled realization of the present. She must at least get down across the valley between the two ridges before night overtook her. Forging the stream that raced between the two ridges was no easy thing in full daylight, and to attempt it in the dark would be an insane risk.

"What do we care, Flicker?" Kay demanded rebelliously, in answer to her thought. She gave Flicker a sharp click of her heel, and urged him up the slope, then headed down again at a break-neck pace that was even more perilous than before, in the half light.

Suddenly Flicker tumbled and almost pitched headlong, but recovered in response to Kay's steady pull on the reins. Before he was able to come to a halt on the steep descent, a large rock, loosened from the cliff above them, clattered down at his feet.

This proved the last straw for Flicker's strained and quivering nerves. With a terrified bound sideways, he plunged and went down on his knees, pitching Kay over his head onto the rocky trail. Scrambling to his feet, Flicker jumped over the prostrate form lying motionless in the trail before him, and raced on in a mad rush of terror.

Tom Considers Matrimony

FOR some time after Kay left him, Tom Runyon watched her as she threaded her way along the trail.

"Some girl!" he observed aloud with an admiring appraisal of the perfect poise of her lithe figure on Flicker's back. "The first girl I've seen in a long time that I reckon would be a good bet to corral into matrimony!"

He watched for Kay's reappearance around a curve in the trail, and added complacently, "Yes, sir-ee! I've a good mind to make her Mrs. Tom Runyon, damned if I haven't! I could go a heap farther and fare worse. Even if her ranch house is burnt down, she's got a pretty piece of property there." He went on, ruminating aloud. "And she's some looker into the bargain!"

Turning away, as Kay at last passed out of sight, Tom Runyon went back to where he had left his horse, a smile of fatuous satisfaction on his face. He never doubted Kay's acquiescence to the datterling prospects he was entertaining of her future, as he went on to plan his campaign to win her hand.

"Looks like she's kind of stuck on this Gonyor guy," he confided to his mount, as he headed down the trail. "But I reckon he's pretty well out of the picture now. And if he isn't, I can soon fix that up!" He gave a conceited chuckle, then went on with his soliloquy. "All's fair in love and war! As soon as I get off tomorrow, I'll go up the way she asked me to, and then I'll hightail it over to the Lazy Nine with my findings! And oh, boy, they'll be some findings!"

Tom puts the sheriff on Ted's trail, tomorrow.

Plunging into the unknown on the chance of seeing Kay on her way back, Tom Runyon spent a good part of the afternoon on the lookout for her, as well as scanning the ridge for a telltale smoke column.

Ever since he had come to patrol this region, the fires had ceased. Today was the first glimpse of smoke he had had, and he grinned with a satisfied memory of the cause of it.

Reckon that firebug isn't taking any chances, he knows I'm on the job," he observed, as he drew his mount in on a promontory of rock that gave a good view of the trail that Kay would soon be descending. "I've half a mind to ride back with that little red head and pop a question, now!"

After impatiently waiting an hour or more, Tom Runyon's good humor began to be strained. He had not wanted to take a chance of missing Kay by going back to his camp to get a bite of supper, and the pang of hunger were decidedly affecting his temper.

The sun dipped behind the central divide, and the afterglow flamed across the sky, but no Kay appeared on the distant trail.

Anxiety finally got the better of Tom's ill temper, and he decided to ride on and meet her. As the twilight deepened, he found himself headed down the west slope of the eastern divide. By the time he reached the stream at its foot, it was nearly dark.

If that was the case, it would be a crazy wild goose chase to go up the central divide at night looking for her. The harvest moon could still be depended on to light up the last half of the night, but he didn't relish the idea of following up Kay's trail by dark if she was already safely back at the Lazy Nine.

In Flicker's Wake

A DISTANT clatter of hoofs brought him out of his musing to alert attention. With puckered brow, he listened intently, and as the sounds came nearer, he let out a puzzled oath. Kay surely wouldn't be crazy enough to take the trail at that pace, even if she was trying to beat the gathering darkness.

Putting spurs to his horse, Tom forced him into the dark waters of the stream, and made his way across, just in time to meet Flicker, wild-eyed and riderless, racing toward him. Flicker wheeled abruptly at the sight of the horse and rider, and blocked his path, and whirled to one side, but Tom Runyon rode him down, and grabbed the bit. With wary skill, he checked his plunging, and at last brought him to a quivering halt.

Tom was sure now that something had happened to Kay. He lost no time in tying Flicker to a tree beside the stream, and took the trail at a run. He figured that Kay must have been thrown at least a quarter of a mile up the trail, before he could have heard Flicker's hoofbeats. He pushed on at full speed, trusting his mount to find his footing in the dark that now enveloped them.

After covering the distance that he judged Flicker had covered from the moment when he had first heard him, Tom pulled his horse in and proceeded more cautiously. He called Kay's name from time to time, and listened anxiously for some response.

His horse plunged with a sudden snort and refused to go on. Tom swung to the ground, ran up the trail and dropped on his knees beside Kay's prostrate form.

Pulling out his pocket flash, he examined the ugly cut on her head, and felt for her heart. It was stronger than he had dared to hope, and her pulse had a reassuring beat.

Tom lifted her head on his knee and chafed her hands in the hope of reviving her sufficiently to get her back with more ease than if she were a dead, unconscious weight.

After a few minutes, she stirred restlessly, shifting her head and muttering, Tom Runyon bent close to hear what she was saying, and a grim satisfaction spread over his face as he caught her words.

"What cabin?" he prompted gently.

"The cabin by the clearing," Kay moaned, unconsciously responding to his question in her delirium. She drifted again into unintelligible mutterings, then exclaimed in clear tones, "The black haired girl! There's a black haired girl!"

"Where is she?" Again Tom's voice seemed to penetrate to her subconscious.

"In the cabin with Ted." A broken sob escaped Kay. "Both of them—up there in the cabin."

A flicker of triumph gleamed in Tom Runyon's hard eyes. "News to me," he soothed. "We'll fix that." (Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevaud)

Tom puts the sheriff on Ted's trail, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

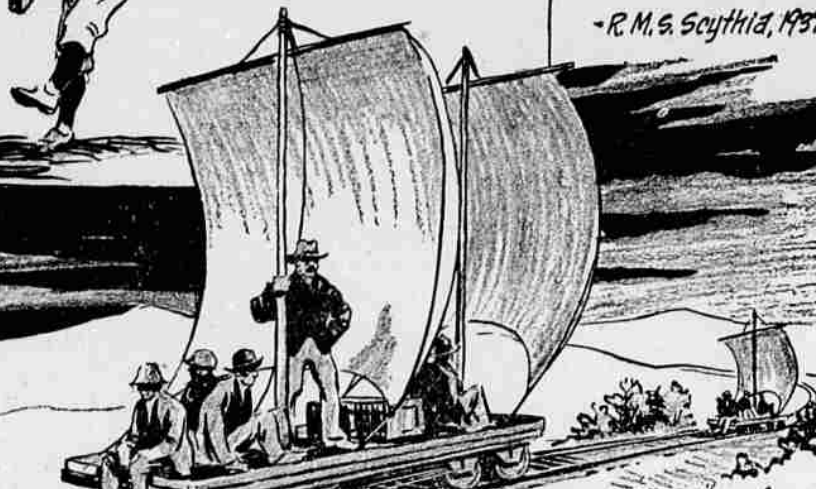
For further proof address the author, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"TO THE UNKNOWN DEAD, TOO SLOW ON THE DRAW..."
—A CONCRETE COFFIN MEMORIAL ON THE MAIN STREET OF TOMSTONE, ARIZ.

JIMMY OLIVAS, Los Angeles softball pitcher, HURLED A NO-HIT GAME—AND LOST 1-0... June 15, 1937

H. E. SMITH COMPLETED HIS 100TH ATLANTIC CROSSING ON THE SAME BOAT AS C. H. SMITH WHO WAS COMPLETING HIS 99TH...

—R. M. S. Scythia, 1937—



SAILING RAILROAD!
CARS ON A LINE IN ANTOFAGASTA, CHILE, ARE PROPELLED BY THE WIND...
ROUND TRIPS ARE MADE POSSIBLE BY THE FACT THAT THE WIND BLOWS ONE WAY EVERY MORNING AND THE OPPOSITE WAY EVERY NIGHT...

Sailing Railroad
The idea of utilizing wind power for railroads is not new, but so far as known, the Chilean "sailing railroad" is the only successful one operating today. In the United States the Baltimore and Ohio railroad experimented with a sail car as far back as 1829. It was hoped that it could be operated over railroad tracks in the same manner as sailing ships at sea. A few attempts proved otherwise. The car could not tack, hence could not sail into the wind like a ship. It moved along fairly well with the wind but could not sail against it. A stiff breeze on the side would blow it off the tracks.

Peculiar wind conditions make possible the success of the idea on a railroad in the province of Antofagasta, Chile, over a five-mile stretch of track. Every morning the wind blows in one direction and every evening blows the opposite way. Thus costless and dependable motive power is provided for one round trip every day.

100th Crossing.
Horace E. Smith, retired banker of Haverford, Pa., made his first trip across the Atlantic in 1890. Since then he has made crossings on an average of almost two trips a year. In March, 1937, Mr. Smith completed his 100th transatlantic trip when he disembarked from the R. M. S. Scythia at Liverpool, England.

Another passenger of the same last name went down the gangplank at Liverpool on this trip had just completed his 99th crossing. He was C. Harrison Smith, of Broxton, England. Horace Smith allowed only five days to elapse between his 99th and his 100th crossing, so eager was he to pass the century mark. Seventy-one years old, he travels for pleasure, affirming that he lives better, sleeps better and eats better on the ocean.

Tomorrow: What Baseball Record Do No Teams Try to Beat?

Irrigation District Votes Power Plant
KLANATH FALLS, Aug. 11.—(AP)—A revenue bond issue of \$40,000 was authorized, 41-32, by voters of the Enterprise irrigation district yesterday for construction of a power plant on the canal power site of the Klamath reclamation project. The plant is to be used for irrigation pumping purposes.

While the bond issue is set at \$40,000, the construction program is based on \$35,000 from bonds and a \$28,636 PWA grant which the district has secured, making the total cost of the plant something over \$60,000.

Beer Barred From State Fair Ground
SALEM, Ore., Aug. 11.—(UP)—Thirsty patrons at the Oregon state fair September 6-12, will take soda pop and like it, the fair management has decided. No beer will be sold on the grounds.

"The present administration has been opposed to selling beer and there will be no exception to the policy this year," Manager Leo Spizbart said. The fair board turned down an offer of \$1500 for the beer concession at the grandstand.

Short-hand student needing more preparation can pay for coaching by help in office. Box 215, Tribune.

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Storm Strikes!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Do It Now!



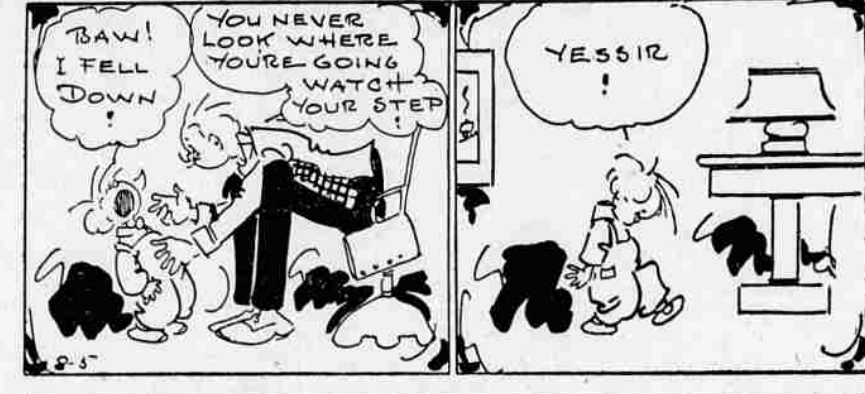
THE NEBBS—I'm Getting Mad



"COMING!" By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Storm Strikes!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Do It Now!



THE NEBBS—I'm Getting Mad



OIL AND FEATHERS GIVEN ORGANIZER

DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 11.—(UP)—Herbert Harris, 47, of New Haven, Mo., who said he was a Socialist party organizer, was kidnapped last night, stripped of his clothing and covered with crude oil and feathers.

The kidnaping broke up an outdoor movie at Trinity park, where Harris was showing a film entitled "Millions of Us" and extolling the advantages of membership in labor unions.

While the film was being shown a number of men rushed the automobile in which Harris had his projection machine. The car was overturned.

Harris was thrown into another car and rided to the Trinity river bottoms, where his clothes were torn off and the oil and feathers dumped over him.

His captors then took him to a busy downtown intersection at the corner of the Dallas News building and left him on the street.

Edison's Son Dies.
WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 10.—(AP)—William Leslie Edison, son of the late Thomas A. Edison, inventor, died today at his Westover hills home after an illness of six weeks. He held patents on many basic radio principals. He retired from active work two years ago. His widow survives.

Find Dead Camper
GRANTS PASS, Aug. 11.—(AP)—The body of an unidentified man was being brought today to Grants Pass from a campsite two miles from the Mt. Reuben forest lookout station. Rand ranger station said he was about 70 years of age and apparently died while preparing his evening meal last night.