

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVARD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon decides to rebuke her burned ranch house and barn, though Neighbor Josh Hastings, whom she hates, wants to buy her ranch and marry her. Ted Gaynor, a puncher she impulsively hired, fights Scrap Johnson, a cowboy who mortally wounded her. Hastings sneaks up and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Ted crawls to a cabin where a girl (Marion) nurses him a week before the sheriff arrests him due to a tip unconsciously given by Kay. The sheriff and his posse start off with Ted for Clear Water Basin jail.

Chapter 38

The Cards Are Stacked

"WAIT a minute!" Ted reined in by the stream where he had so nearly breathed his last. "Where was Scrap Johnson found?"

"Exactly where you dropped him. Ain't that a surprise, now?" Sam Cutter winked at one of the men, who guffawed in appreciation of his chief's sarcasm. "Come on! The state ain't asking you to do any investigating."

Biting his lips to cut off the report that sprang to them, Ted obeyed the order. But there was one more question he had to know. He turned to the man following him.

"How did you find me? And how did it happen that both passes got there at the same time?"

The other one grinned. "Tipped off by a girl," he answered with relish. "You're sure one hell of a fellow with the ladies!"

"A girl!" Ted echoed, his grip on himself shaken for a moment with the surprise and shock of this news. "What girl?"

Ted's mind reeled before the thought that Marion might have crept away while he was sleeping, and have betrayed him. She certainly was the only girl that knew his whereabouts! But the next instant he cursed himself for even harboring such a thought.

Marion would have been utterly incapable of such a sneaking act! She could no more have done a thing like that than Kay could.

"Search me!" It was evident that the man he was questioning was greatly enjoying Ted's stupefaction. "It was some Jane over in the Red River section. You seem to have girls all over the place!" he ended with mock admiration.

"Red River!" Ted had a gone feeling at the pit of his stomach, and for a moment he swayed dizzily in the saddle. The Red River section? He repeated incredulously. "There must be some mistake there! No one in those parts had any idea where I was!"

"Pears she was prowling around doing a bit of investigating on her own. Hi, there, Sam!" he called to the sheriff. "What was the name of that girl that tipped Zeke Farley off about this bird's whereabouts?"

"Crandon," the sheriff called back. "Old Man Crandon's daughter, who's been running the Lazy Nine since he kicked off, about a year ago."

Ted gripped the saddle horn to keep himself from toppling over as a rushing blackness closed in on him. Fighting with all his power against the faintness that assailed him, he gradually felt the roaring in his ears give way, and the reeling landscape steadied itself.

"It must all be a mistake," he kept telling himself, but a terrible conviction persisted that Sam Cutter knew what he was talking about. As though in a nightmare, Ted listened to the conversation of the two men, who were still talking back and forth, over his head, to each other.

"I didn't stop to ask Zeke any more about it," Sam Cutter was saying. "The Crandon girl was staying at Josh Hastings' ranch, and she telephoned in from there. Said she saw him up there, with the black haired filly." He turned around in his saddle and leered at Ted. "Take it from me, it don't pay to have too many of 'em on the string at one time! Get 'em jealous and they raise hell!"

Ted was too dazed even to attempt a retort. Kay! Kay Crandon had betrayed him! He felt like shouting aloud that it was all a wild lie, but the shout died in his throat.

Pride To His Aid

THEY said that Kay had seen him with Marion! How a sudden groan escaped Ted. He remembered now that Marion had thought she had heard something the afternoon before, when they had been talking. But if Kay had happened on them, why hadn't she made her presence known? Why suddenly, the significance of Sam Cutter's letter flashed over him. Jealous! Could it be possible that Kay had been jealous?

Ted's heart quickened at this thought and what it implied, but the next minute he was in the depths of slumber. Fool that he was, he told himself savagely, to think for

a moment that Kay cared enough about him to be jealous!

For a long time, Ted rode on in silence, his mind turning this way and that in an effort to find a way out of the labyrinth of despair that this act of Kay's had thrown him into.

Any way you looked at it, the conclusion was forced upon him that he had been mistaken in Kay. There was no excuse, after what had passed between them, for her to have given him up to the sheriff without allowing him a chance to explain his side of the story to her. He could forgive anything but treachery. And that was what Kay's act had been.

A reckless despair closed over Ted, but pride finally came to his aid. If Kay had done that, there was all the more reason to prove his innocence! If he was convicted, she would feel justified in her treacherous act. But when he was proved innocent, she would know what a despicable thing she had done.

Not that he ever wanted to see her again, Ted told himself fiercely. This time, he was finished with women, now and forever.

A vision of his mother and sister flashed before him, and he proached himself bitterly for having concentrated so on Kay, to the exclusion of them. For their sake, he must fight himself clear of this web that he had become enmeshed in! For their sake, and for no one else.

It was nearly dark before the lights of Clear Water Basin showed up in the distance, and Ted was hanging on to his ebbing strength by sheer force of will.

When they at last reached the country jail, he heaved a great sigh of relief. Anything was better than that endless ride, with the desperate fight against physical weakness and those torturing thoughts.

He swayed as he dismounted, and reeled like a drunken man into the jail. The only thing of importance at the moment was sleep!

Like a man in a trance, he answered the questions put to him, and at last, after what seemed an eternity, he was led to a cell at the end of a corridor, and the key grated in the barred door behind him.

Dropping down on the iron cot, he fell into a deep sleep of exhaustion.

Wheels Within Wheels

IT WAS dawn of the second day of the trial. Ted Gaynor sat on the edge of his bunk, and watched the gray light steal through the bars of the high window opposite him.

For seven days, now, he had watched that light change from drab gray to a sunny radiance, and back to gray again; then had come the long period of black void, through which he snatched fitful hours of sleep.

As he sat now, with his chin in his hands, he was forced to admit that things were going badly. There was no doubt that feeling was being stirred up to run fiercely against him, and it was not hard to recognize who was behind it. Josh Hastings was out to get him convicted, and Ted knew that from that source he could expect no quarter. He held a damning knowledge of Josh Hastings' past that would utterly ruin him, if Ted could ever bolster it up with tangible proof.

Knowing this, Josh Hastings naturally was out to make the most of this chance to get him out of the way once and for all.

As Ted had sat in the courtroom the day before, watching the forces arrayed against him, he had realized that far more than the murder of Scrap Johnson was involved. There were many wheels within wheels, and he was being made the victim of varying passions and desires.

Sam Cutter was determined to have a conviction to his credit before election. Josh Hastings wanted Ted out of his path, and Tom Runyon, Ted suspected, wanted to gain credit in Kay's eyes by helping to convict him.

Ted had wished inwardly as he remembered Tom Runyon's testimony yesterday. He had described finding Kay on the trail, and how she had told him about Ted and Marion. He had carefully left out any word of her real condition, and her delirium. Ted had heard only the damning confirmation of the account of his capture that had been given him on the trail by Sam Cutter.

The gun Kay had given him had been exhibited, and the bullet that had killed Scrap Johnson had been indisputably proved to have come from that gun.

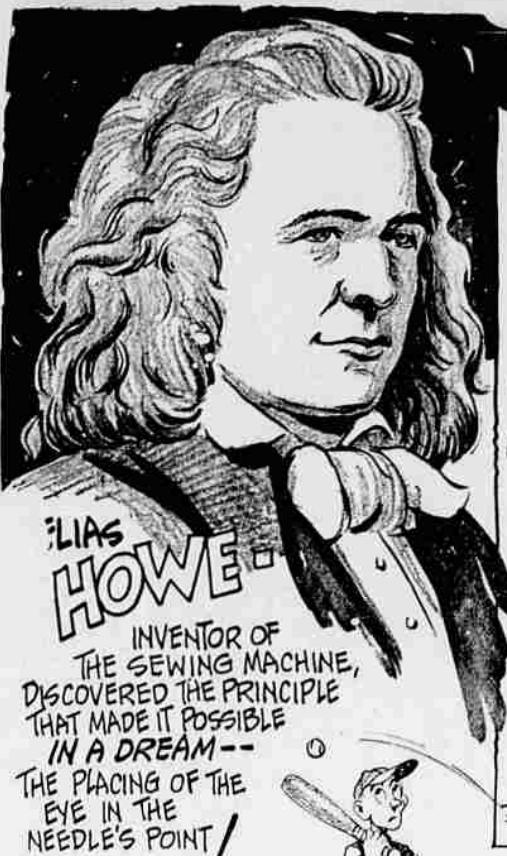
They had also produced as witnesses the men who had been in Kelly's place the time Ted had fought with Scrap Johnson, and they testified, one after the other, that Ted had threatened to kill Scrap if he ever heard him mention a certain girl again.

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Kay springs a surprise at the trial, 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.



ELIAS HOWE
INVENTOR OF THE SEWING MACHINE, THAT MADE IT POSSIBLE IN A DREAM-- THE PLACING OF THE EYE IN THE NEEDLE'S POINT!



STAMP OF CONTEMPT--
AFTER WINNING INDEPENDENCE FROM AUSTRIA IN THE WORLD WAR, BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA STILL USED AUSTRIAN-PRINTED POSTAGE STAMPS BUT PUNCHED HOLES IN THEM TO SHOW HER CONTEMPT

A TOAD'S TONGUE IS FASTENED TO THE FRONT OF ITS MOUTH...

DETROIT, AL, RECEIVED 18 BASES ON BATS IN ONE GAME, AN ALL-TIME RECORD-- BUT ALLOWED PHILADELPHIA 12 IN THE SAME GAME FOR A TOTAL OF 30, ANOTHER ALL-TIME RECORD!
-May 9, 1916

The Dream Inventor.
Success was almost within Elias Howe's grasp in the early 1840's-- success in devising one of the world's most revolutionary inventions, a practical sewing machine. Only one major question still presented itself, but it had the Massachusetts inventor thoroughly stumped-- a needle for the machine.

Howe had expected no difficulties so far as the needle was concerned when he started to work on his invention, believing that he would be able to use an ordinary seamstress needle built to fit the machine. This wouldn't work, the eye, being at the heel of the needle, made its use an impossibility. He tried to over-

come this with trick contraptions, but nothing seemed to do any good. Over and over the problem ran through his brain. There seemed to be no solution.

Asleep one night, a nightmare disturbed his slumber. He dreamed he was in the hands of a tribe of cannibals, about to be led to his execution if he did not complete his sewing machine in 24 hours. As the savages led him out to be executed he noted in surprise that the heads of the spears the warriors carried were all pierced with holes. The dreamer awakened in a cold sweat. His problem was ended. The solution lay in placing the hole of the sewing machine needle in its point.

CRATER LAKE FISHING IS GETTING RESULTS
CRATER LAKE, Aug. 18.—(Sp.)—Crater lake angling continues good. Several limit catches of 12 trout per person were reported over the week-end. Anglers are using large spinners. The body of Fred Wilson, 53, an Indian, was found near the Southern Pacific railroad tracks by a freight crew today and Sheriff John C.

SLAIN INDIAN FOUND BY ALTURAS TRACKS
ALTURAS, Cal., Aug. 18.—(Sp.)—The body of Fred Wilson, 53, an Indian, was found near the Southern Pacific railroad tracks by a freight crew today and Sheriff John C.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The News Leaks Out!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Action!



THE NEBBS—What Next?



Missus Horace Bently, wife of Duke Ranchman, missing! Suicide theory!

Calling all cars! Look for body of woman, along line of country, flown over by three-point planes...

We'll spread out an ride the flats under the transport route. If she fell, we ought to find her!

By HAL FORREST

THE FAMILY ALBUM--HOME SERVICE

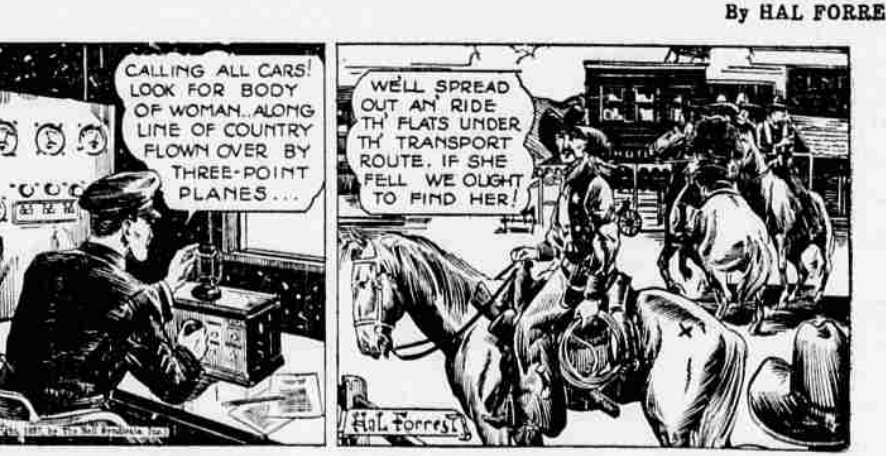
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP
By C M PAYNE



By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



ZANE GREY PREPARING TO LEAVE UMPQUA CAMP

ROSEBURG, Ore., Aug. 18.—(Sp.)—Zane Grey, noted author and sportsman, was reported today to be departing camp at his location near Williams creek on the North Umpqua river, east of Roseburg, where he has been fishing for several weeks, and will leave, probably tomorrow for Los Angeles, to prepare for his forthcoming trip to Australia.

Grey is reported to be recovering from an illness, caused, it was said, by a light sunstroke.

His condition is reported not serious. His son, Loren Grey, left Sunday for Los Angeles to make advance preparations for the Australian trip.

CRATER LAKE, Aug. 18.—(Sp.)—A field march from Port Lewis, Wash., to southern Oregon will bring the ninth field artillery corps to Crater Lake September 11, park officials have been advised.

The corps, with 255 men, 38 pieces of motor equipment and a number of large field guns, will be encamped here for three days near Lost Creek on the east entrance road.

After leaving the park, the artillery men will proceed to Klamath Falls, Medford and return to Port Lewis by way of Grants Pass and the coast highway.

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