

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon decides to rebuild her burned ranch house and barn, though Neighbor Josh Hastings, whom she hates, wants to buy her ranch and marry Kay. Ted Gaynor, a puncher she impulsively hired, fights Scrap Johnson, a cowhand who molested Kay. They shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings makes up and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Ted crawls to a cabin where a girl (Marion) nurses him. A week later the sheriff arrests him on a tip unconsciously given by Kay. Ted's trial for murder at Clear Water Basin is going against him without a witness in his behalf.

Chapter 39 Ted's Defense

THERE remained for today only Ted's story to be told, and then the verdict. Ted had elected to conduct his own defense, in the certainty that his straightforward story would make more impression than anyone else's presentation of the facts.

But now as he thought over yesterday's proceedings, with the cards stacked against him this way, he wasn't so sure. He pulled out the heartbroken little note from his mother and sister that the sheriff had allowed him to receive, and read it for the hundredth time. Their touching confidence in his innocence was comforting, and, at least for the time being, they were being cared for by some neighbors.

Pushing away the thought of what would happen to them if he was convicted, Ted wondered what had become of Marion. He had been uneasy about her, because he had a hunch that there was something tragic about her father that she hadn't told him. And when they had announced in court yesterday that she couldn't come to testify because of the illness of her father, he had felt a presentiment that something was very wrong.

As Ted pondered bitterly on his inability to help anyone, the deputy sheriff arrived with his breakfast. He brought it in, announcing with a grin that a lady was outside and wanted to see him.

"A lady?" Ted looked up eagerly. "Perhaps Marion had come after all!"

"Yeah, Sam Cutter said she could see you for five minutes. He always is partial to red heads."

"Red heads?" Ted echoed, his heart beating suffocatingly against his ribs. "You mean—"

"Kay Crandon's her name, and she's coming back in half an hour," he answered.

Blood surged into Ted's face, and he gripped the iron cot until his knuckles showed white in his deeply tanned hands.

"Tell her I'm not seeing anyone, Joe," he said gruffly after a long pause.

Joe gazed at him in open-mouthed stupefaction. "Hell's bells! Why not? She's a sure looker, and she sure seems anxious about you. You'd better see what she has to say."

"I'm not going to see her, do you hear me?" Ted turned so fiercely on him that Joe jumped.

"All right, all right," he soothed. "Have it your own way."

He went out and locked the door, leaving Ted to his tumultuous thoughts and emotions that coursed through him.

Kay's unexpected appearance on the scene proved how little he had succeeded in putting her out of his mind, in spite of his determination to do so. He longed with all his being to see her, but the galling thought that she was the one who was responsible for his being there at all, steeled him against her. Nothing she could say could atone for that damaging fact, and it would be folly to let himself be stirred up at this time by seeing her again.

If ever he needed all his self control and wits, he needed them now, when he was fighting for his life. There was no place for Kay Crandon in the picture today!

It was an hour later before Joe reappeared, and this time Ted accompanied him to the big room in front that was dignified by the name of court room.

The sheriff and one of his deputies were seated at one end of the long wooden table that stood on a raised platform at the back of it. Joe motioned Ted to his place at the other end, and then joined Sam Cutter. At another table, alongside, sat the 12 men who were to decide Ted's fate.

There was a small space left before the rows of seats began. Ted could see at a glance that the room was even more crowded than it had been on the day before. Every seat was taken, and standing room was filled to capacity.

In the sea of faces before him, Ted's glance caught Josh Hastings and Tom Runyon, but he passed them by without change of expression, his eyes seeking Kay in spite of his resolution to ignore her completely.

There were comparatively few women in the room and he singled her out almost immediately. His heart gave a great throb as he caught her eye.

She was looking at him with parted lips, her head held proudly, but a hurt and bewildered expression in her eyes. She gave a hesitating half smile, but Ted allowed his eyes to drift past her, without a flicker of recognition.

Out of the corner of his eye he was conscious of the sudden rush of criminals that dyed her cheeks, then his attention was summarily drawn to Sam Cutter, who pounded on the table, calling loudly for order. The buzz of talk subsided, and in an important voice he outlined the events of the preceding day.

Ted listened attentively, even Kay forgotten, as the vital moment approached when he must make his plea.

The sheriff finished at last, and turned to him. "We'll hear the prisoner's story now," he announced in a pompous manner.

Kay Calls A Halt
Ted stood up, and in a firm voice recited his story, which he had rehearsed so many times to himself. He found his eyes unconsciously straying to Kay's face. And when he came to tell how Scrap Johnson had stolen up on him as he was making a drink, and shot him down by the water's edge, he saw her blanch, and with her hand at her throat, as though suddenly short of breath, glance over at Josh Hastings.

Going on with his narrative, Ted told how he had dragged himself along the stream's bank until he had come to the clearing, and Marion had taken him in, and saved his life.

There was a dead silence as he stopped. Then, Sam Cutter cleared his throat, and rose to his feet. "How about that fight you had with Scrap Johnson at Kelly's? Do you admit you threatened to kill him that time?"

Ted hesitated a moment. He saw clearly enough the trap that the sheriff was trying to lead him into, but he decided to stick to the absolute truth.

"I believe I did," he answered. "But that doesn't prove I did it."

"Who was the girl you were fighting about?"

A dull red crept up behind Ted's ears, as the sheriff brought out this unexpected question.

"I refuse to answer," Ted returned. Sam Cutter's look with settled defiance. "That has no bearing on the case."

"I'm the judge of that!" Sam Cutter snapped angrily. "One of the witnesses yesterday said Scrap Johnson had referred to her as 'a red headed filly.' Is that so?"

"I refuse to answer," Ted reiterated stubbornly.

"The jury'll do well to make a note of that," the sheriff sneered. "Only I reckon you won't need it. All they've got to do is take the facts into account. They've got the gun, and the bullet that came from it. They've got the prisoner's admission that he threatened to kill the murdered man. It ain't even worth my while to cross-examine his cock-and-bull story," he ended scornfully.

Turning impressively to the jury, he began, "I charge you to—"

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



PALINDROME TOWNS

ADA ANNA AVA AMA CAPAC ONO OTO

OTTO OSO LASAL HARRAH RENNER REBER ABBA

"ALL READ THE SAME BACKWARD AND FORWARD AND ARE TOWNS IN THE U.S."



THE HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON WERE ERECTED TO PLEASE A HOMESICK GIRL -- THE YOUNG QUEEN OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR ... A PERSIAN, SHE LONGED FOR HER NATIVE MOUNTAINS SO THE KING HAD THE 2ND WONDER OF THE WORLD BUILT TO HUMOR HER.

Hanging Gardens of Babylon
Strange as it seems, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon did not hang. They grew in terraces, but due to a twisted translation of the Latin "pensilis," meaning balcony, but recent excavations have done much to bring facts regarding them to light.

Historically accepted as the motive behind the construction of the hanging gardens is a young girl's homesickness. The girl was Amytis, a Persian, who married Nebuchadnezzar and came to live with him in his Babylonian empire. Wearing by the level plains of her adopted country, she longed for the hilly country of her native land. Her adoring husband thereupon had the gardens built to soothe her.

A remarkable feature in the construction of the hanging gardens was the extensive use of stone. But little stone was available in the region and the hanging gardens are believed to have been the only Babylonian structure in which hewn stone was used to any large extent.

Non-Humming Humming Bird
Unlike the almost musical sound made by other species of humming birds, Rivoli's humming bird makes a noise more on the order of the buzz of a large bumble bee or beetle. Humming birds make their noise with their wings. Vocally, they are almost mute, being capable of uttering little more than a squeak.

Tomorrow: Where Were Human Beings Once Used as Money?

Plane Crash Kills Colonel, Sergeant
WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—(AP)—The war department said today that Col. William C. McChord and Staff Sgt. Michael J. O'Connell of the air corps were killed today in an airplane crash near Goodland, Cal.

Physical Breakdown
Dr. George W. Calver, capitol physician, said he prescribed a rest for the senator.

Klamath Falls, Aug. 19.—(AP)—Klamath county's small seed industry, which has developed rapidly during the past few years, will bring a return of about \$200,000 this season, according to County Agent C. A. Henderson. About 60 percent of the revenue will be from Alaska clover.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Mystery Grows!

WORD OF MRS HORACE BENTLY'S APPARENT SUICIDE HAS BECOME PUBLIC, DESPITE EFFORTS OF THE AIR LINE OFFICIALS TO KEEP THE MATTER QUIET MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF FIELD MANAGER JENKINS, TOMMY, SKEETER AND BETTY-LOU ARE BEING QUESTIONED BY THE AIRPORT OFFICIAL AND GENE SCROGGIE, DEPT INSPECTOR

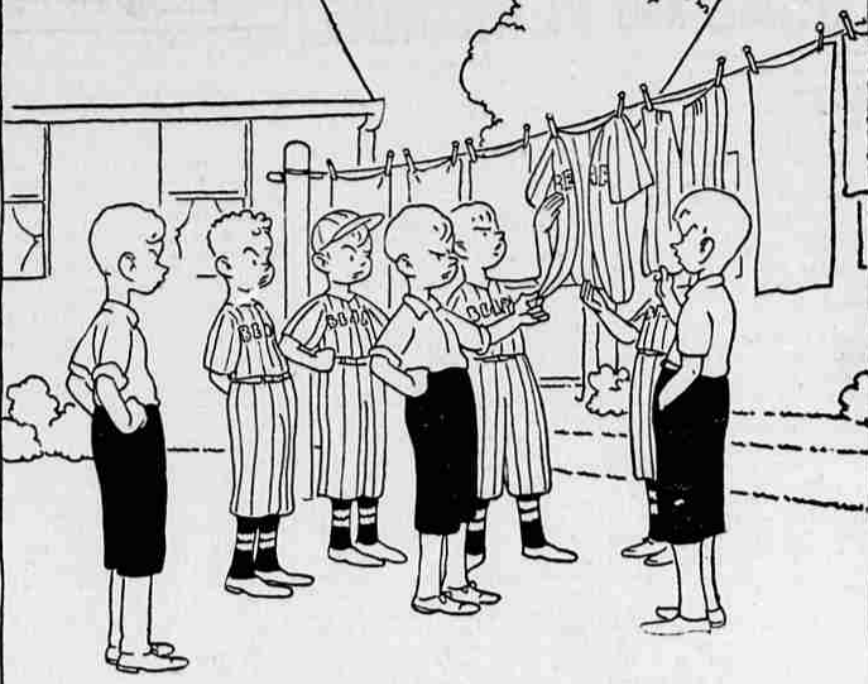


BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Last Chance!



THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



GLUYAS WILLIAMS
(Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP

By C. M. PAYNE



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AIR BILL ENEMY WINS FIRST TILT

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—(AP)—Chairman McKellar (D-Tenn.) of the senate postoffice committee, won the first round late Wednesday in his fight against enactment of the McCarran air transport bill.

Proponents of the legislation virtually abandoned hope of its passage at this session when they gave consent to its being sidetracked in favor of the administration's tax loophole bill.

Toppling Automobile Pins Driver In Ditch

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 19. (AP)—W. S. Gilmore was luckily rescued when his automobile pinned him under water in an irrigation ditch, according to report today from Murphy, south of here.

Gilmore stopped his car beside the ditch to fill the radiator. It started moving forward and toppled over in the ditch, pinning him under as he tried to set the emergency brake. Two men at a distance saw the car tip over and raised it, unaware that Gilmore was under it.

THE NEBBS—Would Be A Noble Victory



By SOL HESS

