

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE SERVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine impulsively hires Ted Gaynor, a jobless puncher. He helps her fight Josh Hastings, a "friendly" neighbor who wants to buy her ranch and marry Kay. Ted punishes Scrap Johnson, a co-ho and who molested Kay. They shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings sneaks up and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. A girl named Maria finds Ted and her nursing saves his life. The sheriff arrests Ted on a tip unconsciously given by Kay. The cards are stacked against him at his trial for Scrap's murder. The sheriff is charging the jury when Kay protests the trial on a technicality.

Chapter 40 Kidnaped!

A CONFUSED hubbub broke out in the court room, and through it, Tom Runyon and Josh Hastings both tried to force their way to Kay's side.

The sheriff's pounding fist proved futile to stem the uproar. Pulling out his gun, he sent a shot shattering through a window.

"Silence!" he yelled. In the stupefied moment that followed, Josh Hastings called out, "Don't listen to her! She's been suffering with concussion of the brain, and she's not right yet. She doesn't know what she's talking about!"

"I do know what I'm talking about," Kay declared, "and I've brought my proof."

"You're crazy," Sam Cutter broke in. "Scrap Johnson was murdered a half a mile side of the line. The monument's right there by the trail, on the way up to the summit."

"I know it is," Kay brought out a pamphlet, and held it impressively aloft. "But what you evidently don't know is that the summit where Scrap Johnson was murdered is a migrating divide. Wait! I'll read it to you from the latest U. S. geological survey."

In the stunner silence that followed, Kay read in a clear voice: "The summit is known as a re-creating or migrating divide. Waters tributary to the Bitter Root river in Montana are capturing by evasion those of the Clear Water river in Idaho, so that the divide is slowly being shifted westward, adding to the territory of Montana, and diminishing that of Idaho. The existing divide is six to eight miles from the irregular line representing the original divide."

Kay looked up at Sam Cutter's baffled and astonished face. "That monument you spoke of marks the original divide. Actually, it is six to eight miles from the Montana side, and as Scrap Johnson was murdered only half a mile west of it, there's no question but that the killing took place in Montana."

"Let me see that book!" Sam Cutter demanded hoarsely, as a flood of excited comment broke out, everybody talking at once.

The only quiet person in the courtroom was Ted Gaynor, who sat, momentarily stunned at the unexpected turn of events. Relief at the delay and change of venue of the trial mingled with amazement that it was due to Kay.

Ted reproached himself for his aloofness that morning. She evidently wanted to atone for her betrayal of him, and while he could never forget that treacherous act, he at least should have seen her. A sudden silence in the room brought Ted's eye back to Sam Cutter's face. Everyone was watching him as he read the pamphlet Kay had quoted from. With an abrupt movement, Sam Cutter threw the booklet on the table and crashed his fist down.

"This trial is a farce!" he announced in acid tones. He glanced over to where Zeke Farley was seated, gazing at him in stupefaction. "I'll turn the prisoner over to you whenever you are ready." Totally disregarding the uproar that followed his words, he wrenched open the door of his office, which gave off the back of the room, strode in and slammed it.

Collapse In The Street

KAY pushed her way out through the excited crowd, pretending not to see Tom Runyon and Josh Hastings, as they tried to fight their way to her.

A sudden exhaustion flooded her as she gained the front door, and came out into the fresh air. She simply had to be alone to take stock of the situation!

Glancing over her shoulder, she saw Josh Hastings appear in the background, talking excitedly to two men who had buttonholed him, and were apparently giving him some unwelcome news.

Thankful that his attention, at least, was diverted from her for the moment, Kay started to run down the street toward the hotel, her one thought being to reach her room before a threatening dizziness overcame her.

At the far end of the practically deserted street, stood the rambling two-story wooden hotel, where she had taken a room, and Kay sped toward it.

Halfway there, the buzzing in her ears increased to a deafening roar, and an enveloping blackness sent her staggering ahead a few more steps before she fell in a dead faint.

A second later, Josh Hastings was beside her. Picking her up, he carried her a few yards to where he had left his car parked. He put her hastily and none too gently on the back seat, sprang in and drove off at high speed.

Black Frison

WHEN Kay came to, her first impression was that the blackness which had overcome her was still around her. Then, as consciousness gradually came back, she realized that she really was in a totally dark place of some kind, with a dank, unpleasant odor.

A nameless terror brought Kay to her knees, on the damp floor



Hastings carried unconscious Kay to his car.

where she had been lying. Groping about her, her hand came in contact with a cold piece of iron. She ran her hand along its surface. It felt like an old forge.

She grasped it to steady herself and got to her feet, fighting with all her might not to give way again to the surging rumbling in her ears and the wild beating of her heart. At least, she wasn't bound and gagged!

She shouted aloud, and her voice resounded with a muffled roar against the low ceiling.

As her eyes gradually became accustomed to the dark, she reached out toward the wall, taking a few experimental steps away from the prop that had been supporting her. Her foot hit against a hard obstruction, and stooping down, she felt some pieces of scrap iron.

She realized that she must have been brought into the cellar of some blacksmith shop. Kay called again as loudly as she could. This time, heavy steps overhead responded to her call, and with mounting excitement she heard the thumping of feet descending some stairs. A moment later, a door some 10 feet away from her was pulled open. Josh Hastings appeared, framed in the dim light that penetrated through that doorway.

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Kay receives a proposal of marriage, Monday.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



VOLCANIC "MUSHROOMS" WHEN MOLTEN LAVA IS THROWN FROM CRATERS ONTO SNOW, FORMATIONS SUCH AS THESE ARE MADE... QUICKLY COOLED, LAVA SHELTERS THE SNOW INSTEAD OF MELTING IT...



LIVING MONEY! SLAVES WERE USED AS MONEY IN THE BRITISH ISLES DURING THE MIDDLE AGES... THE HUMAN ALMANAC! CLARENCE TIGHE—of Menard, Ill., CAN GIVE FROM MEMORY THE POPULATION OF EVERY STATE AND EVERY CITY OF OVER 30,000 IN THE U.S., THE NAME OF EVERY NATION'S CAPITAL, AND THE NAMES AND REGISTRATION NUMBERS OF 1800 OF HIS FELLOW WORKERS



Volcanic Mushrooms When molten lava is cooled quickly a glassy skin is formed on the surface which serves as an insulator against the interior heat of the lava mass. Thus, when molten lava flows over snow it does not melt into it. Quite the contrary, in fact, it aids in preserving the snow by forming an insulated covering against the heat of the sun. Formations like those pictured in the cartoon often result from the protection given by chunks of lava. Thousands of these volcanic "mush-

rooms" were found around Mt. Etna after it erupted in 1910. The Human Almanac Spelling such words as metaamidophenylparacetamolthoxylinolin is a mere breeze for Clarence Leo Tighe, the "Human Almanac" of Menard, Ill. His remarkable memory has stored up the correct spelling of approximately 100,000 words, many of them as long and little-used as the foregoing one. As a result of his amazing powers of memory, Tighe is practically a filing cabinet on legs in matters ranging from astronomical data to figures and facts on varied sporting records and incidents. Asked for dates of important world events or birth and death dates of important figures in history, he can reply correctly with lightning-like rapidity. Living Money Because of a shortage of coins in the British Isles during the middle ages, a system of barter wherein slaves were one of the chief standards of exchange was resorted to. The price of a slave was approximately the same as a falcon or greyhound. Churches sought to discourage the system of "living money" by refusing to accept slaves as penance payment.

BEAN PICKERS WIN IN SIT DOWN FOR RAISE STATON, Ore., Aug. 20.—(AP) Sit down strikers in the West Sayton bean fields won their point yesterday and were back at work today receiving a flat \$1 per hundred pounds.

Retired Minister Dies EUGENE, Aug. 20.—(AP)—A Daniel A. Danford, 72, a Methodist minister for 45 years, died here Tuesday night. He was district superintendent of the Methodist church until his retirement seven years ago.

Hard Job for Driver. ROSEBURG, Aug. 20.—(AP)—A 90-day jail term and fine of \$100 was the sentence imposed in justice court today upon George Dewall of Roseburg. Justice of the Peace R. W. Marsters said Dewall pleaded guilty to driving a heavy logging truck, with four adults in the front seat, while under the influence of liquor.

KLAMATH FALLS, Aug. 20.—(AP) President Roosevelt today nominated Lieutenant Colonel William Richard Arnold as chief of chaplains of the regular army, and Clarence N. Grey of Massachusetts to be principal administrative officer of the social security board.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Missing Bag!



BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Rush Shift!



THE NEBBS—Please Pass the Nerve Tonic



Control Of Midges Sought In Klamath KLAMATH FALLS, Aug. 19.—(AP)—County and city authorities listened to protests today and considered action to control swarms of midges infesting the shores of Upper Klamath lake.

KLAMATH FALLS HOLC OFFICE TO BE CLOSED PORTLAND, Aug. 20.—(AP)—The Home Owners Loan corporation's division office here said today that a loan service station at Klamath Falls, employing two persons, probably will be discontinued shortly and the employees transferred here.

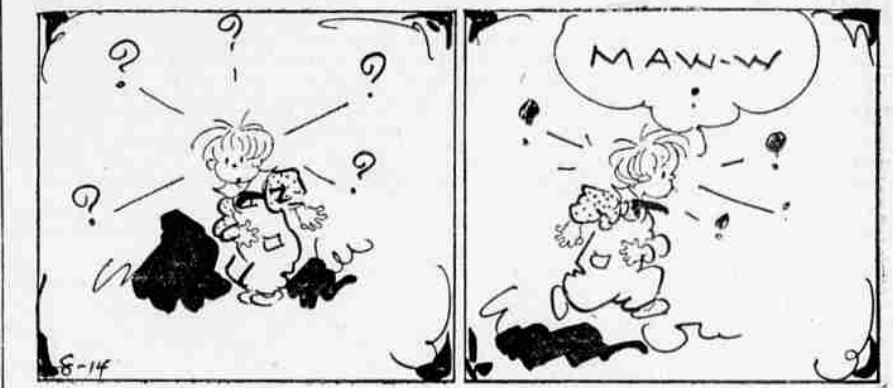
To Crack Safe ASTORIA, Aug. 20.—(AP)—Dr. combination is lost and the builder is dead, so workmen got busy with jack hammers and blow torries today to open the vault of the defunct Astoria Savings bank. The city recently purchased the building, vault and fixtures. The vaulting may be converted into a city hall.

SALEM, Aug. 20.—(AP)—O. E. (Moses) Palmaster, of Salem, new state commander of the American Legion, left today for Walla Walla, Wash., to represent Oregon at the state convention of the Washington department. A. H. S. Halfenden, Portland, grand chief of the 40 et 8, is also attending.

HEARING POWER By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE



By HAL FORRESTER



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESSE