

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

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 punnels Scrap Johnson, a co to a n d who molested Kay. They shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings sneaks up and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. A girl named Marion finds Ted and her nursing saves his life. He is arrested and about to be convicted of Scrap's murder when Kay stops the trial by a technical protest. Hastings kidnaps Kay, locks her in a cellar and tries to force her to agree to marriage.

Chapter 42

Kay's In Trouble!

TED'S first reaction, when Joe had taken him back to his cell and left him, was an immense relief and thankfulness for the delay that, for the moment, crowded out thoughts of anything else.

There was no doubt in Ted's mind that if the case had gone to the jury then, the verdict would have been guilty. But for Kay, all hope would be gone.

For a few minutes, thoughts of Kay filled his mind. How sweet she had looked! How hurt and wistful her eyes had been as they met his hard, scornful glance that passed her by. Yet, how could she expect him to look or feel any other way? In spite of his deep resentment against her, he felt a glow of pride as he remembered how straight and defiant she had stood, as she challenged Sam Cutter.

She hadn't stopped to measure what people might think after that remark of Sam Cutter's about Ted having fought Scrap Johnson for something he had said about a "red-headed filly." Naturally, everyone would know she was the girl involved, after that. But, in spite of it, she had proudly ignored the possibility of gossip, and had gained him this respite.

Ted's eyes narrowed, as he focused his thought on just what advantage the change of venue of the trial might bring him. His first instinctive relief was premature, after all. The same forces that had undermined him here, would be brought to bear on the new trial. And if the jury in Idaho had not been impressed with the truth of his story, why did he hope to impress a Montana jury?

Ted clenched his hand and struck it fiercely against his cot as though sealing a sudden decision. Just sitting passively wasn't going to get him out of this mess! He'd had proof at this trial that the knowledge of his own innocence wasn't enough; and while he stayed in jail, how was he ever going to find any audience to convince anyone else of it?

For the thousandth time, he prowled around his cell, trying to find some loophole of escape. He could hear the crowds that had come out of the court room tramping past outside, and through the small grated window, high up on one side, he could catch bits of conversation and comments about the trial, but there was no chance there of making a break. Even if he could have succeeded in wrenching the door open, the opening was too small for him to squeeze himself through.

Some way or other, he must find his chance while they were transporting him from Idaho over into Montana. He must play the role of being passively acquiescent, and then watch his chance to make a break.

For a long time he thought out the possible openings there might be. When Joe brought him his lunch, he tried to find out whether they were going to take him around by train or over the trail on horseback. But if Joe knew, he refused to tell.

Two Voices

IT WAS along some time in the afternoon that Ted's attention was attracted by two voices, in angry altercation outside his window. The crowds had ceased to pass by, and the small alley way that ran along the side of the jail had long since been deserted and quiet.

Impelled by a sudden curiosity, Ted dragged his cot over under the window, and stood up on it to listen to what the two men below were saying. The window was too high for him to see out, but he could distinctly hear their voices, which, now dropped to hoarse whispers.

"Shut up, I tell yuh!" one of them growled. "I won't go divies with yuh at all, if yuh're goin' to be a fool."

"The red head was a dead game little sport," the other man protested, and at his words, Ted's idle

curiosity changed to tense attention. "I'm for getting her out of a mess like that."

"Yuh do, and everything's over between us!" The first voice growled. "And when I say 'over,' mean 'over!' Get me!"

Ted heard a shuffling movement, then the second voice gave sullen assent.

"All right. Have it your own way! Where'd you say she was?" "I ain't just righty sure. Here's the story. I was upstairs in Red's joint, looking out the window and I seen the kid that upset the trial running down the street. All of a sudden, she falls flat, and this Hastings guy, who's been running after her, picks her up, and pitches her into his car and heads for the north end of town. Being kind of curious, I gets down in record time and on my cayuse that's waiting there, and points after him. He's got too much head start, though, and I loses track of him.

"I'm just about decidin' that there's no business in it for me, when I sees his car headed for the station. The Overland's just about due, and I gives chase. He leaves his car this side of the track and runs over to the platform where there's quite a crowd millin' about, that's come from the trial. The train comes in before I gets across the track, and while I'm waitin' for it to pass, I have a look at the car. It's empty.

"I hang around until the train has started, and he comes back talkin' with a guy. He says, 'He just got Kay Crandon off on a train.' That's where I smells a rat in earnest, because I know damn well he hasn't got her off on the train. So, I high-tails it back to the north end of town, and do a bit of investigatin' on my own. And I'm satisfied he's got her hid in Ran Simpkin's deserted blacksmith shop there. That information's worth money, boy. And he's got enough dough to pay through the nose!"

Standing at rigid attention through this recital, Ted felt a surge of rage through him that sent the blood pounding into his head, so that for a moment the sound of the voices outside was drowned out. When he heard them again, they were moving off, and had changed the subject.

"Yeah. The fire's been burning five days, now. Creepin' up toward the Bitter Root, they say. They sent out a call for Runyon to— the voices died off in the distance, Ted, a fainting to the retreatin' footsteps, and he popped heavily down from the cot.

"He'll go easy enough!" THE astonishing information that he had overheard filled Ted with desperate resolve. If he had determined to make a break before, it was a thousand times more necessary now.

All memory of Kay's treacherous betrayal of his hiding place was wiped out of his mind, as Ted thought of her present predicament. The fact that she was at the meetings' made it all the more devastating. Somehow, somehow, he had to get free to save her!

He dragged his cot back to its original position, and paced back and forth, listening with strained nerves for any sound in the corridor. At last a door opened at the far end, and he heard Sam Cutter's voice, then the tramp of footsteps.

"He'll go easy enough," Sam Cutter was saying. "Too bad you missed taking him on the Overland, but you'll make better time now, cutting across the mountains. You can take the same horse that brought him over."

"O.K.," Zeke Farley answered. "Which cell is he in?"

Ted dropped down on his cot and looked up with an expression of straight spunk as the two sheriffs appeared at the door.

"Why in hell couldn't you have finished up the trial here?" he demanded irritably. "For Pete's sake get a move on and get me over to Montana where I can get this business cleared up once and for all!"

Sam Cutter threw a significant look toward Zeke Farley as though saying, "You see I told you, you wouldn't have any trouble."

"Believe me, we're not wasting any time," Zeke Farley stepped over to Ted. "How about my putting you on parole?"

"I got here all right, didn't I?" Ted snapped. "Ask the sheriff there."

"Sure he did," Sam Cutter answered, adding with thinly veiled sarcasm, "I'm not afraid of the oner giving me the slip, when I've got my gun on me!"

"Neither am I," Zeke Farley countered grimly. "Come on."

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STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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The announcement that the United States team won the Olympic games of 1900 came as a complete surprise to its members as well as to the members of most of the other teams that competed. No notice was given them of the fact that they were competing in an Olympiad until it was all over!

Second of the modern Olympic games, it was held in Paris, France, at the same time the Paris exposition was being staged. The various teams that had gathered for the Olympiad were pressed into service for a number of the exhibition meets, and in a poorly organized and mildly publicized manner. At the

end of a meet which most of the competitors had thought to be just another exhibition, officials announced that the meet had constituted the Olympiad. By virtue of 17 victories in the 22 events run off, the American team was named the winner.

Living Statue of Gold No myth was the story of El Dorado (Spanish for "The Gilded Man.") One of the major factors motivating Spain's conquest of South America in her explorers' search for treasure, the El Dorado story was based on accounts of the ceremony used by the Chibchas tribe of Bogota, New Granada, for inducing a new chieftain into office.

Lane Fire Checked EUGENE, Ore., Aug. 23.—(AP)—Williams county forest officials said a 100-man crew had controlled a 15-acre fire in northeastern Lane county.

Mr. Taylor has not centered his interests entirely on cucumbers, however. He has five acres planted in onions, this being the second year he has devoted to this project. He also has 8,000 cabbage plants, seven acres of potatoes, in addition to cauliflower and horse-radish, which he will contract to Mr. Parker.

Plate Identification HILLSBORO, Ore., Aug. 23.—(AP)—An upper plate was the means of establishing the identity of a body found near the head of McKay creek as that of Sven O. Lundstrom, 55, who disappeared in 1934. Coroner F. J. Sewell said today.

The English residents of Delhi, India, were massacred en masse in 1857.

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The Posse Finds Mrs. Bently!



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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Telling the World



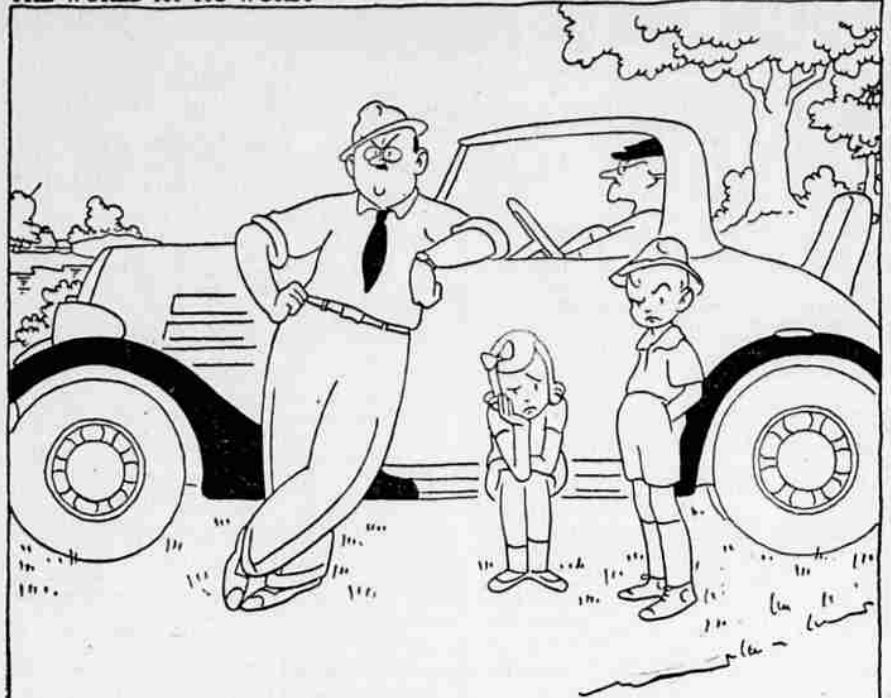
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THE NEBBS—A Great Disappointment

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By HAL FORREST

APPLIGATE FARM PROVIDES PICKLES FOR MANY MARTS

BIG APPLIGATE (Sp1)—A glimpse at the journey of a little cucumber from its shady retreat in the field to its bottled display of dignity on the grocer's shelf is afforded the visitor inspecting the E. H. Taylor farm where 20 acres of cucumbers are being harvested. How upon row of healthy green vines stretching across moist sandy soil constitutes the county's most extensive cucumber acreage.

Carol J. Parker of Medford, potato know producer of Parker's potato chips and other food products, is associated with Mr. Taylor in the project, having contracted his entire crop. Mr. Parker has a portion of his picking equipment set up at the Taylor ranch where from a ton and a half to four tons of cucumbers are handled daily from the field.

At the present 100 barrels of dills are in the making and Mr Taylor hopes to supply a thousand barrels during the season which will end about mid-September. Huge quantities of cucumbers are in salt stock, where they remain for 30 or 40 days. Following this process they will be made into sweet, mustard, and other kinds of pickles, including relishes, which development Mr. Parker will complete at his South Riverside plant in Medford.

Cucumbers are trucked in lug boxes from the field and poured into a vat, where they are washed and graded. Mr. Parker, who has carried on his present occupation for 11 years, says his pickles will be sold from Eugene to Redding, Cal., to stores and jobbers and in barrels to buyers who will repack them.

Twenty workers are engaged in the harvest at present, 14 of these being employed as pickers. They are kept busy continuously, progressing over the same vines every third day. One man is employed to do the irrigating alone, covering the ground once every 24 hours.

Mr. Taylor planted 60 pounds of seed late in May, using a grain drill. Pickers keep the vines trained in distinct rows by replacing the runners as the vegetable is picked. Mr. Taylor has observed that cu-