

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

SYNOPSIS: Kay Crandon of the Lazy Nine impulsively hires Ted Gwynn, a jobless puncher. He helps her fight Josh Hastings, a "friendly" neighbor, who wants to get her ranch and marry Kay. Ted and Scrap Johnson, a cousin and who molests Kay, shoot it out, wounding each other. Hastings sneaks up and kills Scrap with Ted's gun. Arrested, Ted is tried for Scrap's murder, but Kay stops the trial by technical protest. When the posse is taking Ted back to Montana for a second trial, he escapes and races to rescue Kay, whom Hastings has kidnapped and locked in a cellar, trying to force her into marriage.

Chapter 45
Proof At Last!

KAY clung to him with muffled sobs as his grasp involuntarily tightened.

"Ted! Ted! It isn't you! It can't be you!"

"There, there!" he soothed, and again following his involuntary impulse, he kissed her hair.

With a breathless gasp of happiness, Kay raised her lips to meet the kiss that must next inevitably find its way to that goal, but with a startled oath, as though awaking from a dream, Ted drew back.

"I've got to get you out of here," he said gruffly. And before Kay could answer, he stooped and grasped her about the knees, raising her to the height of opening.

"Hang on," he ordered, "and I'll hist you up."

Puzzled and hurt, Kay grasped the edge of the opening, and the next minute found herself on the floor above. A second or two, and Ted was beside her.

"Quick!" He grasped her hand and pulled her to her feet. "The first thing is to get out of here."

Together they made for the dim opening that led to the starlit night outside. As they stepped into the street, Ted shoved Kay sharply to the right.

Glancing down to discover the reason for his abrupt movement, Kay's eye caught sight of the crumpled black form, slumped against the edge of the road. She shrank back against Ted, clutching his hand as though for safety.

"Is it Josh Hastings?"

"No. Worse luck," Ted growled, leading the way to his mount.

Kay hesitated as he motioned her to the saddle. "What are you going to do?" she whispered, in sudden fear for him, as the significance of his appearance became clear to her. "How did you come here? Have you escaped? They'll get you again!"

"Never mind that now." As she still hesitated, he stooped and lifted her bodily into the saddle, swinging up behind her. The next moment, they were headed for the open range.

A Note Of Bitterness

A WILD thrill ran through Kay as she remembered that former ride with him. For the second time, he had saved her. She felt again that certainty that he cared for her as she did for him, and she relaxed in his arms. What did it matter where she was going, as long as it was with him?

For some minutes they rode on without speaking, Ted's walking his horse so as to make the least possible noise. The silence of the mesa closed over them like a caress, and as Kay looked up at the stars, a great happiness and peace stole over her. It didn't matter if neither of them ever spoke again! Nothing mattered but that the moment should stretch out to eternity!

"I'm taking you to Cedar Gulch," Ted broke the silence at last, and his voice had a strained, unusual sound. "A train goes through there at 4 a. m. It will stop if you flag it. Get back to Seth and the ranch as quick as you can."

"And you?" Kay breathed.

"I'm clearing out. There's nothing to stay here for, except to be framed for a necktie party." His tone had a note of bitterness that made Kay shrink back as though he had struck her.

She made no comment, and again they lapsed into silence, but this time the magic was gone from it. Once more Kay felt the bewildering hurt that Ted's inexplicable change of mood gave her, next pleasurable, at least, except from one angle: that he was in love with Marion Howell, and that what he did for her was simply accepting the chivalrous necessity of getting her out of a mess.

If that was the case, she certainly wasn't going to let him guess her feeling for him, Kay told herself proudly. She drew slightly away, and straightened up.

"How far is it to Cedar Gulch?"

"About seven miles."

"You haven't told me how you escaped," Kay said after another long pause.

In a few words, Ted related his getaway from Farley's posse.

"After I leave you, I'm going back to the mountains to lie low until the hunt lets up. First I've got to see that everything's all

right with Marion Howell, though. I've got a hunch something's mighty wrong." These last words came out in a musing tone, almost as though he was talking to himself. He gave a sudden start as he heard them uttered aloud. "That's a dangerous thing to tell you though isn't it?" he added bitterly. "Maybe you'll want to use it again."

"What do you mean?" Kay's voice was both hurt and indignant. "I don't understand you!"

"Oh no! Sure you don't!" Kay Hastings' slip to her. "I don't!" she declared hotly. "What do you mean?"

"I haven't thanked you for thinking up that clever way to get me a delay." Ted abruptly changed the subject. "And you haven't told me how you got into Josh Hastings' hands."

Kay told her story in her turn, starting with her finding the steel nail head, and tracing it to Josh Hastings' gauntlet.

"Ted gave a sharp exclamation. 'That fits in! Right along. I've been sure that while I was lying wounded by the water there, I came to, and looked up to find him bending over me!'"

"And he said you were by the water?" Kay excitedly repeated to Ted Hastings' slip to her. "Ted! Do you suppose..."

"I haven't a doubt that he murdered Scrap Johnson," Ted declared. "But what can you do about it? Or about what he did to you?"

"I can show him up to the whole world!" Kay asserted recklessly.

Ted slowed his horse. "You can't do it! It'll be only your word against his, and he'll talk you down."

"But you can witness I was there, in the cellar of that blacksmith shop!"

"I won't be here. And he could easily point out that I have only your word for it that he was the one to bring you there."

Dead Girl's Diary

A SUDDEN memory of the notebook she had found flashed over Kay. Reaching in her pocket, she drew it out. She explained to Ted how she had found it, and also repeated what Josh Hastings had said in his rage about having used that place before.

"I read that!" Ted's every muscle tensed, and his fingers vibrated with so strong an emotion of some sort that Kay twisted around in surprise. "My God! I wonder..." He reached for the notebook. "I've got to see this!"

He pulled his mount to a halt and, sitting out of the saddle, gathered up some dry sticks. With a struck a spark against a stone with a flint he had in his pocket. Kay slid down beside him, and with bated breath leaned over his shoulder as he opened the notebook and the light of the flickering fire lit the tiny leaves.

The first pages seemed to be shopping lists and bits of unrelated memoranda. Then, suddenly, the writing became cramped and uneven, the lines sometimes crossing, as though it had been written at random in the dark.

It was all incoherent and meaningless to Kay, but Ted muttered a curse as he turned the pages. When he finally closed the book and spoke, his voice trembled.

"Proof at last!" He turned to Kay. "This changes everything! I'll be there for the trial. But you've got to let me have this! I've got Hastings where I want him."

"What is it?" Kay begged. "You must tell me!"

"It was written by a girl he kept prisoner there in that cellar just as he meant to keep me. She knew he had committed a murder—the murder of the son of the man I was working for. When she finally got out, she was insane and she committed suicide. He managed to pin it on me, at least enough so I had to go out. He suddenly grasped Kay by the hand. "Look here! Do you want to help me now? In spite of what you did before?"

"Yes, yes!" In Kay's eagerness she overlooked the last part of his sentence. "What can I do?"

"Get back to Seth, and keep in hiding so Josh Hastings won't know where you are. I've got to see that Marion's all right. Then I'll give myself up to Zeke Farley. You keep out of sight until the trial. Then turn up and tell your story. Will you do that?"

"Yes," Kay promised quickly.

"Then hurry!" Ted glanced up at the stars. "We mustn't miss that train."

Swinging her up before him again, he raced at full speed for Cedar Gulch. At the outskirts of the town, he pulled his mount in and lifted Kay to the ground.

"I don't dare go any farther," he said. "The station's at the end of this street. You can't miss it. He swung into the saddle and grabbed the reins. Whirling his horse, he headed for the mountains.

"Remember!" he called back over his shoulder. Then without waiting for an answer, he was off at a hard gallop.

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Kay lies low at the Lazy Nine, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



ALGIE MEYER, Nationally Known billiardist of Dallas, Texas, CAN MAKE THE ABOVE SHOT IN ONE OUT OF 5 TRIES!!!



BY RIGHT OF COLONIZATION GREAT BRITAIN HOLDS TITLE TO TINY PATOS ISLAND OFF THE COAST OF VENEZUELA THOUGH FOR YEARS THE COLONY HAS CONSISTED OF ONLY 2 MEN AND THEIR FAMILIES

Inspired By a Headache

On a visit in Washington, D. C., during the fiery Civil war days of 1861, Julia Ward Howe, the poetess, was escorted through the Union encampment. Here she saw the "watch-tires of a hundred circling camps" and heard the Yankee soldiers sing their favorite marching song, "John Brown's Body." No doubt it was the somewhat gruesome wording of the line "John Brown's body lies a mould'ring in the grave..." that set her thoughts along the line of writing her own words for the catchy tune.

Retiring early to her room at the old Willard hotel, she awakened at midnight with a splitting headache and the "John Brown's Body" tune pounding through her brain. Arising, she took a pencil stub and began writing.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming..."

In February of the following year as the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" her poem appeared in the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly."

Portland School Head Candidates Are Heard

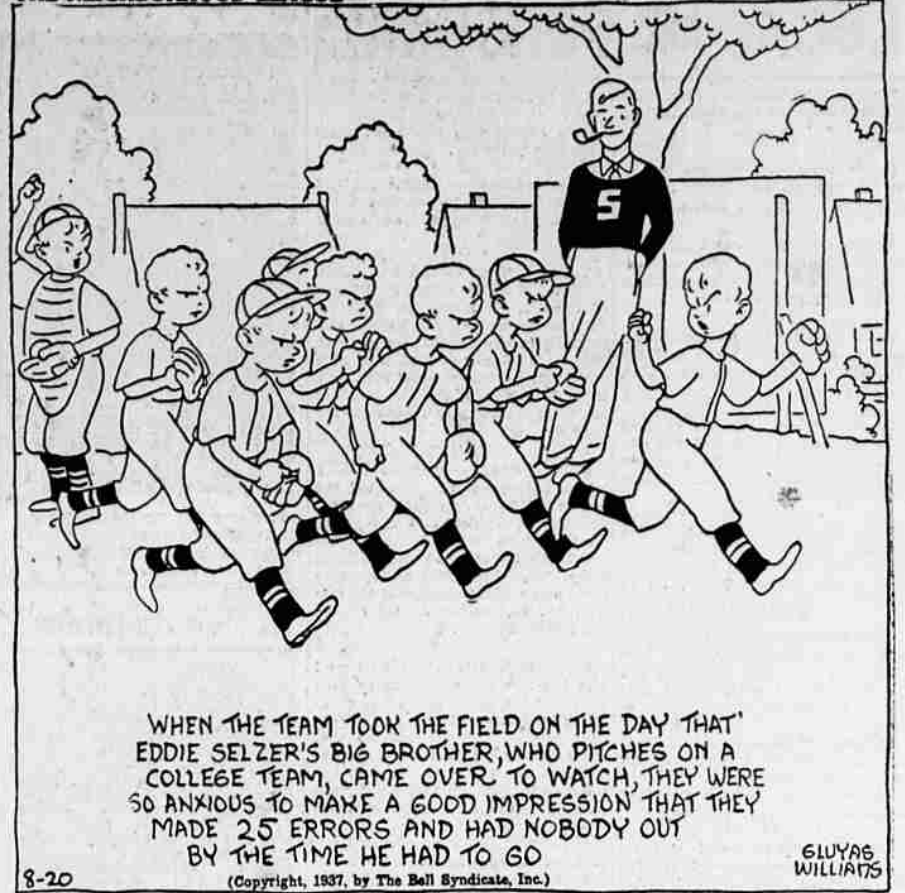
PORTLAND, Aug. 26.—(AP)—The Portland school board gave prominent mention today to Ralph E. Dugdale, former superintendent of schools at Toledo, O., as successor to Charles A. Rice, retiring superintendent. Others interviewed were J. W. Ramsey, superintendent at Fort Smith, Ark., Dr. William S. Ford, chief deputy superintendent at Los Angeles; Dr. Isaac E. Stutman, superintendent, St. Joseph, Mo.

Sugar cane was introduced into Europe by the Moors in the eighth century.

Honey was the standard sweetening in Europe before the introduction of cane sugar from Asia.

Closing time for Too Late to Classify Ads is 1:30 p. m.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



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S'MATTER POP By O M PAYNE



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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Skeeter Follows Tommy's Thought!



2899



Hal Forrest

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Tried and True!



5-24



1937, by Jay Jerome Williams

THE NEBBS—My Unlucky Day



8-24



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3 CHILDREN HURT IN BRIDGE MISHAP

GRANTS PASS, Aug. 26.—(AP)—Scraping the railing of a bridge when a truck load of hop pickers met another car, muscles on the calves of Florence Mabel Hoyle's legs, were torn loose this morning. She is 15. Joyce Olive Orms, 19, suffered shock and exposure when the accident hurled her into a slough over which the bridge is built west of here. Paul Bull, 13, suffered mild concussion, which was not believed serious. All are of this city.

State Officer Gene Reed said Orde Elden Robinson was driving the truck to the Hilton hospital and the children were hanging their legs over the side. He said the truck was crowded to the rail by an approach-

ing car which, in turn, was forced over by pedestrians on the wrong side of the road. Reed said drivers, passengers and pedestrians were apparently all at fault.

FARLEY WILL VISIT OREGON IN AUTUMN

SALEM, Aug. 26.—(AP)—Postmaster General James A. Farley, chairman of the democratic national committee, will come to Oregon, probably in October. W. L. Goslin, secretary to Governor Martin, said today on his return from the national convention of Young Democrats in Indianapolis.

Goslin said Farley definitely promised to come to Oregon soon, but did not set a definite date. He may be here to dedicate the new Salem postoffice.

Goslin, in behalf of Governor

By HAL FOREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By BOI HESS