

# FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NERVAUD

**PROPSIS:** Kay Grandon of the Lazy Nine impulsively hires Ted Gaylor, 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 cow-hand who molests Kay, shoot it out, scounding 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. Ted escapes and rescues Kay, whom Hastings has kidnaped and locked in a cellar. Hastings asks Kay to hide at her ranch and turn up at his second trial when he hopes to prove Hastings' guilt.

## Chapter 46 In Hiding

KAY cautiously raised her head and looked out the window of the cabin she had fixed up for Ted's mother and sister in those days that now seemed to be ages ago.

For two days she had been there in hiding, and the confinement was beginning to wear on her. In the sunset light she looked longingly down toward the corral. To think of having been hounded two whole days, without seeing Flicker!

It hadn't been as easy as it sounded to keep her promise to Ted, but she managed it. First of all, she had changed trains, and waited at a station where no one would know her, for the afternoon train, that would land her at Red River late at night.

Slipping off the end car without being seen, she had gone by a circuitous route to Old Man Jennings' livery stable. Rousing him, she had

dream of looking for her in the deserted cabin. It wouldn't be safe to stay in her own, but in the other cabin they felt sure she could hide indefinitely.

Kay had agreed to have Shorty let in on the secret, so that he and Seth could take turns smuggling food down to her, and it would be less conspicuous than if one always disappeared.

Kay gave a great sigh and leaned her forehead against the glass. Then she ducked suddenly, as a figure topped the rise leading from the bunk house and strode down in her direction. A few minutes later there was a tap at the door, and Shorty demanded to be admitted.

"Shorty!" Kay hurriedly let him in. "Wasn't it risky to come so soon?"

"Most of the outfit's off fire fighting," Shorty answered. "They sent a truck way up from Branchtown, so the boys piled in and went along."

"But Shorty," Kay worried, "shouldn't they have stayed here? If it did spread this way—"

"Not a chance," Shorty reassured her. "It's a good 30 or 40 miles from here. And the boys kind of liked the notion of getting a bit of fire fighting money."

"Of course they did," Kay agreed contritely. "When I can't pay them anything, it is only fair they should."

"Cut it out," Shorty broke in gruffly. "I didn't mean that. Hate your supper. Eat it, and I'll spill all the news."

**Hastings' Predicament**  
"WHAT news?" Kay demanded. "Has Josh Hastings been around?"

Shorty nodded. "Say, you've got that bird so worried, he don't know whether he's comin' or goin'!" he chuckled. "He's about crazy. I had

# STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. O.E.



HORSE RACES IN ROME WERE RUN WITHOUT RIDERS from the 16th to the late 19th century...

THERE ARE 127 CHURCH STREETS in London-- AND 9 LOVE LANES

THE FIRST COPPER COIN MINTED IN AMERICA HAD NO ESTABLISHED VALUE AND BORE THE INSCRIPTION, "VALUE ME AS YOU PLEASE..." BUSINESS WAS SUCCESSFULLY CONDUCTED WITH IT...

GOLD WAS DISCOVERED BY A PREACHER CONDUCTING A FUNERAL near Sonoma, Cal...

HE NOTICED SEVERAL NUGGETS IN THE GRAVE, INTERRUPTED THE SERVICES TO FILE A CLAIM AND THEN FINISHED THE CEREMONY!



## Funeral Gold

In the roaring days of the California gold rush, butcher, baker and candlestick maker had but one thought—discovery of the precious metal. With many men forced to work at their trades to finance prospecting trips, they still kept one eye hopefully peeled for signs of gold wherever they went. Such a man was the preacher officiating at a funeral one day on the outskirts of Sonoma in the gold country.

Solemnly the clergyman intoned the words of the burial service as the coffin was lowered into the open grave. He stopped in the middle of a sentence, his eyes open wide and staring at the pile of fresh dug earth by the side of the grave. Ripping the

prayer book from which he had been reading, he pulled a pencil from his pocket, scribbled a few words on it, laid the paper down on the ground and proceeded with the service. At the end of the ceremony he explained to a group of curious mourners the cause for the interruption. To them he pointed out several good sized nuggets lying partly obscured on the pile of earth dug out for the grave. He had paused in the funeral services to write out a claim on the cemetery!

"Value As You Please" Issued by John Higley of Granby, Conn., in 1787. The first copper coin minted in America had no standard value. On one side it bore the in-

scription, "I am good copper." On the other side the words, "Value me as you please." Known as "Granby Tokens," they were widely and successfully used as a medium of exchange.

## Riderless Races

The last of the style of horse races popular in Rome from the early 16th century was run off on February 1, 1882. The horses, racing without riders, ran along a course laid out on the main street of the "eternal city," pear-shaped goads hanging from their flanks and withers took the place of an urging jockey.

Tomorrow: How Long Was the "Hundred Years' War"?

## Hopper Massacre Staged On Lawn

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Aug. 27.—(UP)—John F. Roberts declared a personal vendetta against grasshoppers that were gnawing at his lawn, trees and flowers. He started killing the insects last Friday and kept count on the

## Would-Be Suicide Balks At Charge

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 27.—(UP)—Traffic authorities on the Golden Gate bridge sent a young woman to

Central Emergency hospital for observation today after she refused to pay her fare to cross the bridge. "Why do I have to drop a nickel in?" she asked. "All I want to do is jump off."

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

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

## TAILSPIN TOMMY—Murder Suspected!

AS TOMMY, SKEETS AND BETTY-LOU RECONSTRUCTED THE TRAGIC DEATH OF MRS. BENTLY, WHO LEAPED FROM THEIR SHIP DURING A STORM AT NIGHT, BETTY ADMITTED THAT THE WOMAN HAD DISAPPEARED DURING THE HOUR WHEN THE AIR LINER HAD BEEN FORTY MILES OFF ITS REGULAR COURSE.



By HAL FORREST

## THE NEBBS—First Round

AT LAST THE DAY OF THE BIG FIGHT ARRIVES—BRUCE ARDLEY IS THE REFEREE—LUTHER IS BUBBLING OVER WITH CONFIDENCE AND IS HAVING A GREAT TIME... MAX ACTS LIKE HE WAS ON THE WAY TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR



By EDWIN ATGER

## BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Oh, Yeah?

WELL, BOYS, HOW'S BUSINESS? PLACE AIN'T CROWDED WITH CUSTOMERS—



By SOL HESS



Renting a horse, Kay rode out to her ranch.

taken him into her confidence to the extent of telling him no one must know she was back and swearing him to secrecy. Old Man Jennings never talked anyway, he could help it, and Kay knew she could trust him to keep quiet about her return.

She had taken one of her horses and ridden out to the ranch, arriving in the dead of night. She had given her rented mount a sharp cut of her skirt that sent him rushing on his way back. It would never do to have the outfit find a strange horse in the corral, if she was to keep her presence at the Lazy Nine a secret!

## Awakening Seth

FIRST she had gone to her cabin and found her flashlight. Then she had tiptoed into the bunk house, and singled out Seth's bunk. Creeping over to it, she had gently laid her hand over his mouth and flashed her light in her foreman's eyes.

Smothering his startled oath as he blinked at her, Kay had put her finger to her lips, and then beckoned him outside. With astonished but muted mumbledings and grumbings Seth had drawn on his boots and followed her.

"What the hell—" he had growled, pacing beside her to a safe distance. "When—"

"Ssh! Seth!" Kay had whispered. "I don't want anyone but you to know I'm here."

Interrupted only by picturesque oaths of varying degree of blasphemy, Kay had poured out her story. "I don't know just what Ted means to do," she had ended, "but I think it's up to me to carry out my promise."

After a few minutes of careful deliberation, Seth had agreed with her. On planning ways and means of doing this, it had finally been decided that no one would ever

a long talk with him today, and between what I know and what he told me, I doped out the whole business. Only I sure earned me a good, big crown in Heaven for keeping from giving him a sock in the jaw!"

"Well, go on, Shorty," Kay urged, impatiently. "What did you dope out?"

"First place, he'd written your Aunt Kate you'd gone on a visit to some friend over in Idaho, and might not be back for several weeks. So now he can't let on you've disappeared, and he's like a locoed rattler in August. Ready to strike at anything, but not seein' where to strike!"

"Has he any suspicion that I'm here?"

"Not now. We pulled his leg good and plenty! Pears he's so fed up with your Aunt Kate naggin' him, that he's cleared out to join Zeke Farley and his posse. When anyone mentions Ted Gaylor, he's fit to be tied!"

"They're still searching the mountains for Ted, are they?" Kay asked.

"Yeah. But that guy's pulled as complete a disappearance as the dodo bird."

Kay breathed a sigh of relief, and a faint color came into her face as she changed the subject. "I suppose you won't be getting any more of those tamarack logs in right now with the boys off fire fighting," she observed. "How did this thing start anyway?"

"Search me! It looked like a lightning strike. It started so far off from anywhere. It must have burned a good 24 hours before it was discovered. Only trouble with that theory is that there haven't been any thunder storms lately—at least, that's what the weather bureau says."

Kay rides up to Marlon's cabin Monday.

## CLACKAMAS FUND SHORTAGE PROBED

OREGON CITY, Aug. 27.—(UP)—On request of District Attorney Fred A. Miller, the Clackamas county grand jury was summoned to investigate the \$42,000 shortage in the tax department while Dave Palmblad was chief deputy tax collector under Sheriff E. T. Mass.

## COP GUESSES WRONG ON BURGLARY THEORY

ALLIANCE, Neb.—(AP)—Patrolman L. E. Pilkington noticed a ladder leaning against a theater building and sensed a robbery. He removed the ladder, waiting patiently in the belief he had trapped burglars on the roof.

Next day, J. E. Hughes, theater manager, reported the theft of a ladder which he said had been leaning against his building more than two years.

**Big Boy.**  
TULSA, Okla., Aug. 27.—(UP)—Phillip Lane is unusually large for his 11 years of age. He has to argue with movie ticket takers who demand he buy adult tickets. Today he paid over 50 cents to County Registrar Sally Jordan for a birth certificate to settle all arguments at the movies.