

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NEVAUD

Chapter 50
Race Against Fire

A GREAT sweep of wind bent the treetops with a roar as of distant ocean waves.

Both men started, and glanced up, then Josh Hastings slumped back again.

"Get me out of this damned uncomfortable position, can't you?" he rasped.

Ted made no answer, as he gazed anxiously at the white clouds that scudded past overhead, and sniffed the faint acrid smell that began to penetrate the fragrance of the pines. Ignoring Josh Hastings' groans and protests, he pushed ahead, his alarm growing as the hours passed, and the wind continued to rage with ever increasing velocity.

There was no telling how fast the fire might travel under these adverse conditions! A brownish haze obscured the sun, and already it was hard to make out the outlines of the distant ridges. He could just see the bold profile of the central divide, with the cut of the pass through it, as he plunged down into a canyon. The next time he emerged it was lost in the fast growing smokiness of the atmosphere.

Josh Hastings, who had lapsed into a semi-conscious state of weariness, scanned the ridge from his last survey of the ridges. The light had perceptibly dimmed, and the two men coughed continually with the irritation of the smoke in their lungs.

"We have nothing but the vaguest circumstantial evidence against Josh Hastings," she explained. "But what we have combined with the proof of his guilt in that other case, should at least prove strong enough to discredit him, if nothing more."

"The trouble is, that discrediting Josh Hastings isn't going to be enough to clear Ted's name," Marion worried. "I wonder if it wouldn't be better for him to disappear for a while, after all?"

"No!" Kay declared proudly. "This is the time for him to clear his name. And then, if what you say about his feeling for me is true— She left the sentence unfinished, but the color that flooded her cheeks ended it for her."

"If only Dad is safe, and I can make him see reason, we might have a double wedding," Marion suggested. "I know you'll like Hal as much as I do Ted."

Forgetting their anxiety for the moment in their absorbing plans for the future, the two girls made their way back to the shack, pushing against the wind that swept up from the south.

The Smell of Smoke

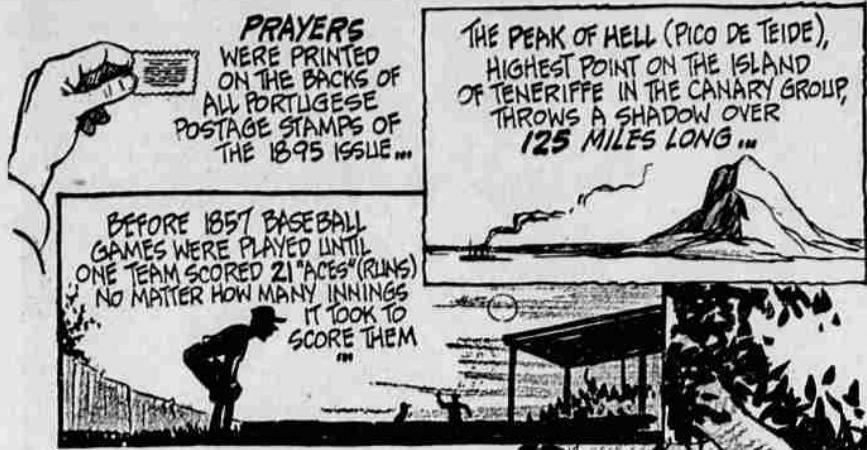
"I HOPE this wind will die down," Kay exclaimed anxiously. "I don't want any more fires to reckon with! And there might be a chance of its reaching our timber ridge, although Shorty assured me it couldn't."

"Of course it can't," Marion soothed. "These winds always spring up around noon, and die down again almost as soon as they've started."

"It seems to me the smell of

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



PRAYERS WERE PRINTED ON THE BACKS OF ALL PORTUGUESE POSTAGE STAMPS OF THE 1895 ISSUE...

THE PEAK OF HELL (PICO DE TEIDE), HIGHEST POINT ON THE ISLAND OF TENERIFFE IN THE CANARY GROUP, THROWS A SHADOW OVER 125 MILES LONG...

BEFORE 1857 BASEBALL GAMES WERE PLAYED UNTIL ONE TEAM SCORED 21 "ACES" (RUNS) NO MATTER HOW MANY INNINGS IT TOOK TO SCORE THEM

CONFESS OR ELSE...

PERSONS ACCUSED OF BEING WITCHES IN MASSACHUSETTS WERE HANGED IF THEY DENIED IT— BUT WERE FREED IF THEY PLEADED GUILTY!



Illustration by G. L. 9-1-37

Massachusetts Witch Trials. "Confess or else..." That was the keynote of the trials for witchcraft as conducted in Massachusetts during the witch scare of 1692. Courts granted immediate freedom to any person who admitted being a witch but hanged everyone who was accused of being a witch but refused to admit it.

Breaking out in the town of Salem, the witch frenzy started when a group of young girls began acting in a weird manner, barking like dogs and screaming at unseen things. Whether it was a case of mass hysteria similar to that which recently caused a number of girls employed in a French factory to periodically faint by the scores, or whether it was simply a desire for publicity that brought on

their strange demonstrations seems to be undetermined. The diagnosis of the town's leaders, at any rate was that the girls were bewitched. A witchcraft court was hastily formed, an aged Indian servant was brought to trial and forthwith convicted as being in league with the devil.

In the following months, person after person was haled into the court, accused by some fellow townsman of being a witch. Fifty-five were subjected to torture in attempts to bring from them the confession that they were witches. Anyone that spoke in their behalf immediately fell under suspicion of being a witch. The accusations knew no rank nor any other discrimination. Some of the most respectable people in the community were haled into court, tried, and sentenced to death if they failed to confess. Twenty persons were executed and 150 awaited trial when the ghastly proceedings came to an end— brought to a stop when the governor of the colony, Sir William Phips, found his own wife accused of being a witch.

The Peak of Hell. Visible 150 miles at sea under favorable conditions, the Pico de Teide, native name meaning "Peak of Hell," is the highest point in the Canary Islands. About 12,180 feet high, it casts a shadow more than 125 miles long. Strange as it seems, in spite of the native name for it, the peak is also revered by them as being the seat of the Devil.

Tomorrow: He Who Saw Beyond Life.

ance to American industry for the duration of hostilities.

A dispatch received by the bureau of mines reported the Central War Administration had made no sales for some time past and, according to Hongkong exporters, it was believed that while the Sino-Japanese conflict continued China would

not appear as a seller of tungsten on world markets.

BUTLER VEHEMENT IN COMMENTING ON WAR

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 1.—(AP)—General Smedley D. Butler said today he thought United States citi-

zens should "get the hell out of China and stay out."

The former marine officer expressed his sentiments in an interview with the Buffalo Evening News. He said he looked for an "adjustment" of the troubles in China within 60 days.

Use Mail Tribune want ads.

THE AUDIENCE

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS PLAYING WITH HER DOLL WHEN BUDDY BEHMS ASKS WOULD SHE LIKE HIM TO SHOW HER HOW MANY TIMES HE CAN CHIN HIMSELF

SAVS NO, SHE WOULDN'T, SHE'S BUSY, BUDDY DECLARING HE'LL SHOW HER ANYWAY

TURNS BACK TO HER DOLL AS BUDDY SEIZES THE BRANCH OF A TREE AND CALLS, "NOW WATCH!"



FIXES DOLL'S SHOES AS BUDDY GRUNTS, A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH, IS SHE WATCHING?

FEELING RUNS A LITTLE HIGH AS BUDDY GRUNTS WHAT'S THE USE OF HIS DOING IT IF SHE DOESN'T WATCH, AND SHE ASKS HOW CAN SHE IF SHE'S BUSY

RELENTS AND TURNS, JUST AS HE DROPS OFF BRANCH IN A HEAP, WHICH STRIKES HER AS FUNNY. BUDDY DEPARTS, DISGUSTED WITH WOMEN

8-26

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S'MATTER POP

By O M PAYNE



KIN YA STAN' ON YER HEAD?

NO, KIN YOU?

SURF. LET'S SEE YA



YAA-A

HOLD STILL!

POP!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—Tommy Sets the Stage!

By HAL FORREST



ALL RIGHT! WHAT IF A WOMAN DID IMPERSONATE MRS. BENTLY AND USED A 'CHUTE TO BAIL OUT OF THE PLANE. WE CAN'T PROVE TO THE COURTS SHE WASN'T THE LATE MRS. BENTLY

I'VE GOT A SCHEME, SIR. I'D LIKE TO TRY IT.

IT BEGINS WITH YOUR FIRING MISS BARNES AND MYSELF FOR CARELESSNESS. WELL, I LIKE YOUR...

WHAT'S THAT FOR? IT'S A PLAN TO CATCH THE MURDERER OF MRS. BENTLY!

GOLLY!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Follow Me!

By EDWIN ALGEB



THIS IS THE BABY THAT'LL DO IT, LEM.

GOSH, OS, YOU WOULDN'T DARE, WOULDJA?

WOULDN'T DARE, EH? WHY NOT? WHO'S GOIN' TO KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?

S'POSIN' WE DON'T DO IT? THEN WHAT?

ALL RIGHT, FOLLOW ME, AN' GIT YOUR MATCHES READY!

THE NEBBS—Crushed

By SOL HERS



LUTHER SEEMS TO BE AVOIDING HIS FRIENDS NOW—A DAYS—HE CAN'T STAND THE HUMILIATION OF BEING WHIPPED BY MISS HELEN KUTTERAS, CHAPEL HILL, TEX. VOTES FOR MAY SPOONS-SOMMERS TOLEDO, OHIO. WRITES IF EMMA HAS TO MARRY FOR MONEY, IT MIGHT AS WELL BE POTTS!

LUTHER! DON'T RUN AWAY—I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

FOR THE LAND-SAKES—WHAT ARE YOU WEARIN' THOSE GLASSES FOR? DID MAX KNOW YOUR EYES WERE WEAK?

WE DID NOT—HE CAUGHT ME WITH A LUCKY UNFAIR PUNCH—HE'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO DO IT AGAIN.

I WOULDN'T PICK NO MORE TROUBLE WITH HIM—HE SAID IF YOU WAS ON A DESERTED ISLAND WITH A CRATE OF EGGS YOU'D STARVE TO DEATH—YOU AIN'T GOT TO BREAK ONE.

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Ted pushed ahead, ignoring Josh Hastings' groans and protests.

"Nice mess you've made," Hastings groaned. "Head over to the west, can't you? Or do you want us both to be cremated?"

"I've got to get to the south ridge of the central divide," Ted doggedly set off again, pushing his way through the timber as the darkness fell, and ignoring the sporadic outbursts of Josh Hastings, who alternately commanded and pleaded with him to make for the western divide.

But though Ted could ignore Josh Hastings, there was no ignoring the conviction that if Marion had kept her promise and stayed in the shack, she was in definite danger of being cut off.

He came to a sudden decision. "I'm leaving you here," he announced gruffly, and pulled Josh Hastings off his horse roughly. "I've got to make faster time. The chances are a hundred to one you're safe here. And they are a hundred to a hundred, I'll be back!"

Disregarding the curses Josh Hastings screamed after him, Ted raked the flanks of his reluctant horse, so that with a wild snort, he finally plunged ahead into the darkness.

At The Murder Scene

AFTER a few hours together, Kay and Marion felt as though they had known each other all ways. Their eager exchange of confidences had left very little that they did not know about each other, and their mutual liking had ripened to a real feeling of friendship.

Taking a chance on leaving the hut long enough to let Kay show Marion where she had found the steel stud that she had later identified as coming from Josh Hastings' gauntlet, they went up in the early afternoon to the scene of the murder.

Kay carefully stepped off the distances and outlined her theory, after relieving Flicker of his saddle and tethering him by some of the luscious feed near the water.

smoke is much stronger," Kay sniffed the air.

"Of course it is, with this wind," Marion pushed ahead. "That doesn't mean anything. But we must get back! We've been away long now."

Once back at the clearing, sheltered by the surrounding timber, the acrid burning smell was less noticeable, and the girls forgot the fire in the absorbing discussion of their more personal affairs. They decided to have an early supper, and then take turns watching, so that one would always be on the lookout.

Marion insisted on Kay having the first rest, and promised to wake her at 10 o'clock. Leaning back on her bunk, she watched Kay in the flickering light of a single candle, Kay had thrown herself down on the bunk that Ted had occupied, and in no time at all, was fast asleep.

Watching her through half-closed lids, Marion mused on the strange coincidence that had brought these two to her, and she let her thoughts wander down, the vista of the years, seeing a wonderful friendship ripen between Hal and herself, and Kay and Ted.

Gradually her eyes closed entirely, and her head drooped to one side, as the relaxed sleep, that had so long been denied her in her lonely vigil, crept over her unaware. The candle flickered lower and lower. Finally it sputtered and went out, leaving the shack in inky blackness, but there was no movement from either of the exhausted girls.

It was hours later, when Marion suddenly sat bolt upright coughing and rubbing her eyes. "Kay! Kay!" The note of terror in her voice awoke Kay, who struggled to a sitting position. "What is it? I—" she broke off coughing.

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nevaud)

Ted rescues the girls as the flames close in about the cabin, tomorrow.

POLK, COOS, TILLAMOOK DIVIDE JULY LAURELS IN DAIRY ASSOCIATION

CORVALLIS, Sept. 1.—(AP)—Polk, Coos and Tillamook dairies divided July cow testing association honors. R. W. Morse, extension dairyman at Oregon State college, announced today.

W. B. Allen's purebred Jersey from the Polk county association took high individual score with a production of 1240 pounds of milk containing 99.2 pounds of fat. A registered Jersey owned by Alfred Ewald of Tillamook was second with 95.7 pounds of fat.

A Coos Bay association herd owned by A. H. Colver won first place with

an average production of 581 pounds of fat for 23 cows. Alois Weber of Tillamook, who has led with the highest producing herd for three months, was second with an average just one pound below the winner.

The two Tillamook associations continued their leadership of the 16 herd improvement associations with the owner-sampler association first this month with an average production of 39.65. The 1888 cows in the Tillamook county association averaged an even 39 pounds.

Total number of cows tested in July set a record at 11,537 in 483 herds compared with 11,184 in 467 herds the month before.

China May Embargo Tungsten Shipping

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—(AP)—The American consulate general in Hongkong reported today rumors that China may shut off the export of tungsten and other metals of import-