

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE SERVAUD

Chapter 51

Rescue In Smoke

"SMOKE!" Marion groped her way to the door, and as she pulled it open, a thick wave of blackness seemed to roll in on them.

Gasping, they both ran out into the clearing, but here it was even worse. Through the darkness they could see flashes of flame through the trees to the east, ominous crashes and cracklings filled the air and the heat was suffocating.

"Flicker!" Kay cried in an agonized tone. "I've got to get him!" She started to run toward the north end of the clearing, but Marion grabbed her arm.

"Don't be crazy! He'll have broken loose long ago! The west side is our only chance!" She dropped Kay's arm, and made for the precipitous west slope, then drew back with a cry of terror, as she caught sight of a tree that suddenly burst into flame like a gigantic torch. A second later, there was an answering cry from down the western slope.

"Ted!" Shrieking the name together, the two girls ran to the brink of the sharp precipice that fell away from a rocky ledge, and peered into the blackness.

"Marion!" They could make out Ted's voice clearly now, and the note of bewilderment in it. "Let yourself down over the edge! I'll catch you as you slide."

Marion pushed Kay forward. "You first!" she commanded. In the weird light of the blazing tree, they could see Ted, 30 feet or more below, braced against the stump of a scrubby tree, and fore Kay could protest, Marion had forced her to his knees, and shoved her over the edge.

Sliding with utter lack of control, Kay tried to break her descent by catching on to any protruding shrubs or rocks, and a second later, though it seemed an eternity, she felt Ted's hand grasp her arm.

For a perilous moment they both swayed, and it seemed inevitable that they would crash on down together, but Ted pulled Kay onto the tiny projecting ledge, where he had secured a precarious foothold.

"Marion!" Kay gasped, pointing upward, and cutting short Ted's amazed exclamation as he discovered whom he held by the arm. Ted thrust Kay behind him, shielded himself and called, "Now, Marion! Quick!"

Kay clutched a projecting root with one hand and hung on to Ted with the other, to break the shock of the impact of Marion's body, as he brought her to a sudden stop. A second later, and the three of them clung to the cliff, which was now lighted by a second tree that had caught.

Sorrow For Marion

"FOLLOW me!" Ted's voice rang out with the harshness of a military command.

Swinging around a projecting rock, he led the perilous way down, the two girls silently and breathlessly following in his exact footsteps. One last drop, and they had reached the timbered slope. Ted grabbed one of their hands in each of his and raced down with them to the foot of the canyon. Without a word, he helped them across the narrow stream in its depths, and they pushed up the other side.

Not until they were well up on the other ridge did he pause. Then with a broken "Thank God!" he pulled Kay into his arms. "Ted! Ted! Where is Dad?" Marion demanded imperiously, and Kay pulled away with a gasp, ashamed of the overmastering emotion that had made her forget everything but her own relief and happiness.

"Marion! Forgive me!" Ted swung around, still keeping one hand on Kay as though fearful that she might vanish, but putting a steady touch on Marion's arm. "Seeing Kay here put everything else out of my head! Your father, Marion—" he paused helplessly searching for words to break the news.

"I knew it!" Marion gave a pitiful groan, and put her hand to her eyes. "You don't have to tell me—he's dead!"

In an instant, Kay's arms were around her, and she turned inquiringly to Ted. He nodded.

"Yes, Marion. Mercifully dead!"

That is the only way you can think of it.

In as few and as gentle words as possible, Ted told Marion of his finding of her father. Then, to give her time to get a grip on herself, after the first shock of sorrow, he went on to describe his meeting with Josh Hastings, and the subsequent events.

It was Kay's turn to shudder at the thought of the narrow escape Ted had had. But she did not waste any time on the past, as her mind flew to the immediate future. "Where did you leave him?" she demanded. "We must get right back! He might die or escape or something!"

"He had a mean blow on the head, but I don't think he'll die," Ted answered. "And there's no chance of his escaping! He's well out of the fire line, with this shift of wind, but I doubt if he knows it. By the time we get back, I reckon he'll be ready to tell anything he knows, rather than risk being left behind."

"Come!" Marion turned and led the way up the slope. "Ted's future is the thing to think of now! Not my poor Dad. His troubles are over, and you're right—it is far better."

"He must have been looking for Zeke Farley and his posse," she exclaimed. "Shorty said he'd gone out to join them."

"I reckon Zeke Farley's given up looking for me right now, and has joined the fire fighting gang," Ted observed. "Josh Hastings likely came to the same conclusion, and was on his way to find him."

He stopped as the slope became steeper, and saved his breath for the climb, leading the way as they fell into single file up the rocky ledge. The sky behind them was weirdly lighted with a lurid glare which permeated the darkness, spreading out in a pinkish glow over their heads.

"I Want The Truth!" After some desperately difficult scrambling, Ted paused to take his bearings.

"It must have been about here that I left that cayuse of mine. Wait a second," He left them, and reappeared a few minutes later, leading his horse. "Now you can have easier going."

Motioning the two girls to get on, he led the way south along the crest of the ridge. After a half hour or so, he stopped and gave a long "Whoop!"

"There's a faint answer in the distance," he declared with relief in spite of his former confident assertion that Josh Hastings couldn't escape them. Another 10 minutes, and they came out on the ridge where Ted had left his would-be assassin. A string of oaths and imprecations greeted them as they picked their way through the underbrush, but Ted cut him peremptorily short.

"I've brought my witnesses," he announced curtly, and the next minute they all came out on Josh Hastings, who peered up at the two girls with incredulous amazement.

"Where in hell—" "Never mind that," Ted interrupted sharply. He pulled a notebook and pencil out of his pocket. "Now, then. Repeat what you said back there!"

Josh Hastings' mouth twisted. "I don't know what you mean."

"Oh, yes, you do!" Ted's eyes narrowed. "And unless you come around, I'll leave you here for the cremation you missed before."

From his place on the ground, bound hand and foot, Hastings struggled up to a sitting position. "So, you still want me to lie, to save your neck, and put my own in the noose?" he sneered, with one eye on Kay to measure the effect of his words. "I'd rather take a chance on the fire!"

"I don't want any lies," Ted countered. "I want the truth about how you killed Scrap Johnson, and framed me for it. And I'm going to get it!" He made a move toward his gun.

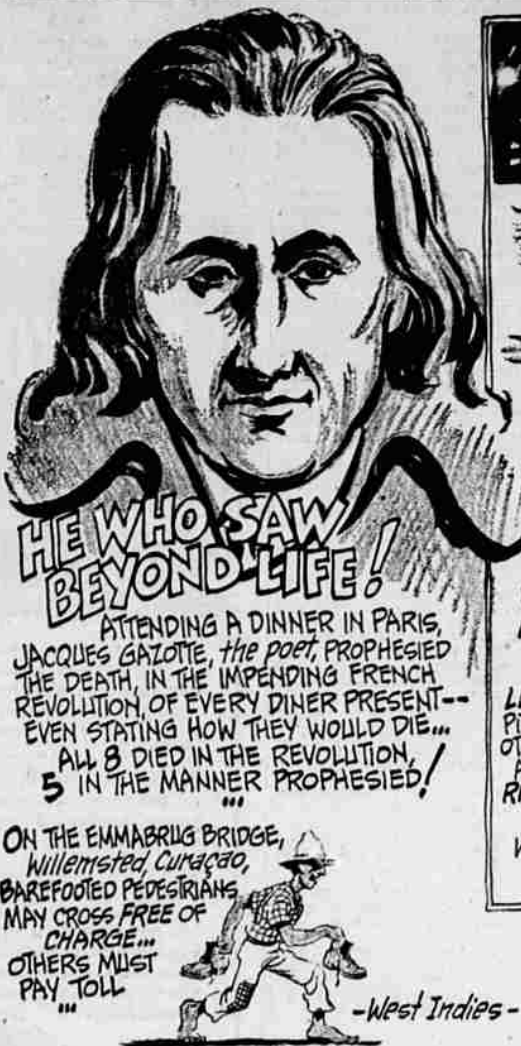
Josh Hastings gave a harsh laugh. "Go ahead and get it, then. And I'll have witnesses to prove you got it by extortion!"

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Servaud)

Josh Hastings, refusing to confess a stroke, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



He Who Saw Beyond Life

Gathered around a dinner table in Paris one night in 1788 were seven men and one woman. The woman was the Duchesse de Grammont. The men were lawyers, courtiers and men of letters. The subject of conversation was the impending French revolution with the opinion of the speaker favoring it.

One man, however, remained silent, a far-away look in his eyes. He was Jacques Gazotte, well known poet of the time. As the discussion grew more and more animated, Gazotte's fellow diners wondered why the poet took no part in it. Finally the poet spoke. "The revolution will go hard on us present," he said, and lapsed into silence.

Their curiosity stirred, the assemblage demanded an explanation of the remark. Obviously against his will, Gazotte gave the following well authenticated prediction:

"All eight of us will die before the revolution ends. You, de Condorcet, will die of poison taken to cheat the executioner. You, de Champfort, will cut your veins 22 times, but will not die for some months; you, Vicq d'Astir, will die from loss of blood after being bled six times to relieve you of gout. The rest of you will die on the scaffold."

Strange as it seems, this specific and ghastly prophecy came true in its entirety as to the general statement that all would meet their deaths before the end of the revolution and largely true in the description of the manner in which they were to die. M. de Condorcet took his own life while awaiting execution in prison. M. de Champfort cut his veins and died when threatened with arrest. M. de Nicolai died some time during the revolution, possibly on the guillotine. The remaining five, including Gazotte himself who had failed to prophesy the manner of his own death, were executed.

Tomorrow: Where is the Only Stream in the World Navigable to Its Source?

judges, said the stock was notably better in quality than last year and in many cases superior to any he had seen this year.

WINDOW GLASS—We sell window glass and will replace your broken windows reasonably. Trowbridge Cabinet Works.

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

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YOUNG STOCK RAISERS REALIZE FANCY PRICES

KLAMATH FALLS, Sept. 2.—(P)—An auction sale of prize animals late yesterday climaxed the three-day annual junior livestock and baby beef show here.

Patty Hammond sold his grand champion fat lamb at 71 cents a pound to the Willard Hotel, and Don Ratliff's blue ribbon black Angus steer went to Safeway stores at 30 cents a pound.

Total sales netted young breeder-exhibitors \$7,912.21. Harry Lindgren of Oregon State college, the head

judge, said the stock was notably better in quality than last year and in many cases superior to any he had seen this year.

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BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—"Double Lightning!"

ACTING ON A HUNCH WHICH HE BELIEVES MAY AID HIM TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY OF MRS. BENTLY'S DEATH, TOMMY SUGGESTED TO JENKINS THAT THE FIELD MANAGER PRETEND TO FIRE BOTH HE AND BETTY-LOU. WE NOW PICK UP OUR STORY AT THE OFFICES OF AN INSURANCE COMPANY AT DENVER.

2905

MR. TOMMY TOMKINS TO SEE YOU, SIR.

TOMKINS? DO I KNOW HIM?

GEE! EVERYBODY KNOWS HIM! IT'S TAILSPIN TOMMY, THE GREAT FLYER!

OH, OF COURSE! I KNOW ABOUT TAILSPIN. HOPE HE DOESN'T WANT HIS LIFE INSURED.

HE THINKS NO MORE OF HIS LIFE THAN HE DOES A NICKEL. SHOW HIM IN, BILL!

YES, SIR!

Ben Webster's Career—Follow Me!

LIGHT IT!

OKAY!

BOY, OH BOY! RECKON THIS'LL COOK HIGGINS' GOOSE, EH?

C'MON! LET'S BEAT IT!

GR-RR-R!

THE NEBBS—Oh, Thanks

OH! UP POPS ANOTHER CANDIDATE—NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF BRUCE ARDLEY? HE HAS MORE CLASS THAN THE REST.

A NICE LETTER FROM MRS. J.H. MEYER OF MILWAUKEE. SHE SAYS IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE WHICH SHE MARRIES.

WHAT NOW? ALWAYS SERVING SOMETHING—I'VE TRAVELED FAR AND WIDE BUT YOU'RE THE HOSTESS SUPREME.

PAPPY AND ME MADE THIS ICE CREAM AND I PUT SOME OF MY STRAWBERRY PRESERVE OVER IT—JUST LIKE A DRUG STORE SUNDAE ONLY BETTER MAYBE.

THIS IS DELICIOUS—I NEVER ATE ANYTHING QUITE SO GOOD.

OH, THANK YOU, EXTREMELY.

WHAT A WIFE YOU'D MAKE FOR SOME DESERVING MAN! BUT IN THIS TOWN THE OPPORTUNITY IS SO LIMITED YOU DON'T ONLY MARRY THE MAN YOU MARRY A LIFE'S JOB AND YOU'RE TOO NICE FOR THAT!

OH, THANKS EXTENSIVELY.

THE NEIGHBORHOOD LEAGUE

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



8-27 (Copyright, 1937, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

S'MATTER POP By C. M. PAYNE

GOT THA FLEA POWDER?

THE MAN ASKED ME IF I WANTED TO CARRY IT OR HAVE IT SENT.

I'VE COME BACK TO FIND OUT!

LUVVA-PETE! EITHER WAY!

WHAT OTHER WAY COULD WE GET IT TO THE FLEAS?

EXCEPT YA TAKE THE FLEAS OVER TO THE STORE.

I DON'T KNOW!

HAL FORREST

By EDWIN ALGER

By SOL HERB

PURCHASE K. F. LOT FOR NEW BUILDING

KLAMATH FALLS, Sept. 2.—(P)—J. F. Maguire, pioneer Klamath businessman, today completed arrangements for leasing his property in the heart of the Main street shopping district to the Mid-City Investment corporation of Los Angeles on a 50-year basis. Total consideration involved was announced at \$500,000.

The lease stipulates that the lessee company erect a new building on the property within a year. Detailed plans for the building have not yet been announced, but it is expected construction will begin next spring. Maguire's property has a 63-foot frontage and is at present occupied by small stores and offices.

Weather.

Northern California: Partly cloudy tonight and Friday, unsettled near coast with light rain along coast tonight; moderate temperature; gentle south to west wind off the coast.

Oregon: Fair tonight and Friday, but fog on coast and locally in western valleys Friday morning; moderate temperature; gentle northwest wind off the coast.

SAN FRAN PAPERS WILL COST MORE

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 2.—(P)—Daily newspapers of San Francisco and Oakland increased subscription prices today and in some cases an increase in price per single copy was made effective.

Subscription rates were in general 15 cents per month higher and newspapers hitherto selling for three cents a copy will sell for five cents in the future.

Front page announcements said the increases were made necessary by increases in production costs. Higher cost of labor, material and taxes was said by the majority of the papers to have caused the increase.

Several of the newspapers said a substantial part of the increased income would be shared by the carriers.

Install O. S. C. Timer.

CORVALLIS, Sept. 2.—(P)—A new scoreboard and timer will be in operation on Bell field when the Oregon State college gridmen meet UCLA October 16, Percy Loebe, director of athletics, said today.

JO JOHNSON teaching popular piano playing.

JO JOHNSON teaching popular piano playing. Balawin Piano Shoppe, Tel. 335.