

FLAME TRAIL

BY MARIE DE NERVAUD

Chapter 32

Ted Gives Himself Up

FOR a long moment the two men glared at each other, unconscious for the time being of anything but the conflict of will between them. Then Ted's hand dropped to his side.

"You're right about that," he agreed. "But I have a better weapon than a gun. I reckon I won't need your confession after all." He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out the notebook Kay had given him. "I'll just quote you a few extracts from this diary that was found in the collar of the blacksmith shop at Clear Water. I know it by heart."

"It's all lies!" Josh Hastings broke in hoarsely on Ted's recital. "It's a frame up!"

"It is not!" Kay faced him with blazing eyes. "And I have another piece of evidence to prove you were on the spot!"

"And I can testify that Ted Gaynor swore again and again in his delirium that he had seen you bending over him!" Marion added her voice to the chorus of accusation.

"Sure you can," Josh Hastings screamed in sudden frenzy. "And I can testify that you're all lying, lying, lying, do you hear! Oh-oh! He gave a groan and toppled back, moaning, 'My head! My head!'"

In a second, Marion was kneeling beside him, expertly bracing his head against her knee, while he muttered inarticulately.

"It looks like a stroke," she whispered to Ted. "Have you any water?"

Ted made for his saddle, and pulled off the canteen. "A little. Not much." He held it out to her.

Marion tried to force some between Josh Hastings' teeth, but unsuccessfully. With a final moan, he slumped to the ground unconscious, and breathing in heavy, stentorian gasps.

"It is a stroke," Marion rose to her feet. "But of it, and he may not. What shall we do?"

"There's only one thing to do," Ted answered. "We'll have to take him with us to Clear Water. I'll give him and myself up there. We'll have to leave the decision of who's guilty up to the Red River jury."

Dissolving A Misunderstanding

ACCEPTING Ted's decision as final, the two girls helped him lift Josh Hastings onto his horse.

"Across that third ridge," Ted announced, "we ought to strike the Clear Water trail. Are you girls good for it?"

He looked inquiringly from Marion to Kay, and Kay felt her heart contract as she caught the subtle change in his expression as his eyes shifted to her.

After the first wild moment of abandon, Ted had hardly spoken to her, except to address her generally, with Marion. And now all the warmth of that first passionate embrace had given way to a hard cold impersonality.

As clearly as though he had spoken his thoughts aloud, Kay knew what was in his mind. She joined perfunctorily in Marion's assertion that they were ready for anything, but as Ted started off, leading his horse with his unconscious burden, Kay grabbed Marion's hand and held her back.

"Let me go ahead with Ted," she whispered. With an understanding nod, Marion made way for her to pass, and dropped a few paces behind.

"Ted!" Ted started at Kay's voice close beside him. She slipped her fingers into his free hand, which hung loosely at his side, and clutched on to it convulsively, in spite of its lack of response to her clasp.

"Ted, you must listen to me!" she began desperately. "I didn't

tell Zeke Farley where you were! You must believe me! It wasn't until shortly after, when I got back, that I knew what Tom Runyon had testified at the trial! In a few broken words she told of having seen him and Marion together, and her frantic race for home, and the fall from Flicker's back.

"It was delicious when Tom Runyon found me, and for two days afterwards," she ended. "I was mad with jealousy, Ted! Heaven knows what I said, but whatever it was, I wasn't responsible."

"Jealously!" Ted exclaimed, a mad happiness coming into his voice as he dropped his mount's bridle, and putting a hand on each arm held Kay off at arm's length. "Why were you jealous?"

"Because I love you," Kay whispered, her head proudly high and her eyes on his, in spite of the wild beating of her heart.

The next instant, she was in his arms and all the bitterness of misunderstanding was cleared away in the blissful interval that followed. A bewildered whinny before them and a soft laugh behind brought them back to the present.

"That's all very well," Marion's voice broke in, "but don't you think we'd better be getting on?"

With a happy laugh, Kay broke away from Ted, and stepping beside Marion, while Ted ran ahead to catch up with his burdened mount.

Familiar Voices

UP AND down they went, until at last the first streaks of dawn found them following the crest of the ridge along whose cliffs, 50 feet or more below them, the trail to Clear Water Basin wound.

Suddenly Ted stopped, and motioned them to be still. Below them, on the trail, they could hear horses' hoofs and voices. By listening intently, they managed to make out the words. Kay grabbed Ted's arm convulsively, as she recognized the two voices that were speaking.

"Nothing to do now, but let it burn itself out. If they hadn't sent for me to go and fight it at the other end, it would never have made this headway." Tom Runyon's boasting voice floated up to them.

"Maybe," Zeke Farley was non-committal. He raised his voice a thought calling back to someone. "After you've combed this ridge, you two may as well follow on." There was an answering halloo and he dropped his voice again. "It's a hundred to one that the fire has taken on the job of averting Scrap Johnson's murder."

That Gaynor guy'll never get out of there alive, if you ask me."

Ted pulled Kay to him, and held her close. "Listen, sweetheart, I'm going to give myself up now, and turn Josh Hastings over to them."

"No, no!" Kay protested, but Ted kissed her remonstrance away.

"The sooner I'm free, the sooner we'll be together," he whispered. "Now that I know you love me, I'll put up a fight that will have to convince them of my innocence."

Kay glanced at Josh Hastings' unconscious figure. "If only we could make him confess!"

The voices below grew louder and nearer. After a last lingering kiss, Ted went over to the edge of the cliff and shouted, "Zeke Farley! I'm Ted Gaynor and ready to give myself up. I'll meet you a hundred yards ahead on the trail."

A confused and excited babel of voices rose from below, but without waiting for anything further, Ted hurried ahead to the spot where he saw that he could drop down to the trail.

(Copyright, 1937, Marie de Nervaud)

Kay gets Hastings to confess his guilt, Monday.

Test Skin's Tint Before Buying Clothes, Is Advice

BY BETTY CLARKE

AP Feature Service Writer

A brunette with a sallow skin doesn't look her best in chartreuse green.

To prove it, all she needs is a frank friend who will hold a piece of chartreuse colored cloth under her chin, step back a few paces, and study the effect. It doesn't take an artist to see that the chartreuse brings out all the yellow in this brunette's skin—and it had more than its share of yellow to start with. The brunette can see for herself, if she looks in a mirror.

All right. Now hold a piece of pure green under the chin of our sallow brunette. There's a different story. The pure green more nearly harmonizes with the brunette's skin. Then try brown, rust and rose beige. Those colors, she'll find, are best of all.

You Must Experiment

The experimental method is the only one to use, says Miss Muriel Cox of Boston, who has given advice on clothing to hundreds of student stylists and department store executives.

She carries a huge bag of sample materials around with her, and trots them out whenever anyone asks, "What colors should I wear?"

But before she takes up cloth colors, she tests the color of the questioner's skin by holding against her forehead a card with a peephole cut in it. Your forehead gives your true skin color—"background color," Miss Cox calls it. Cheeks are "foreground color," and shouldn't be considered when buying clothes.

With the aid of the peephole, an amateur can see what color predominates in her skin—pink, purple, yellow or brown.

The skin is the most important detail to consider when picking clothes colors. Hair and eyes rank second, says Miss Cox. But she makes two exceptions:

If you have blue or blue-green eyes—in which case play them up. If you have red hair—in which case you must think of it first.

Some Conclusions

Here are some of Miss Cox's conclusions:

Many persons wear colors that are too obvious, such as bright red, for instance, which separates the foreground from the background. Try blended colors, peach or dull blue, instead.

Green is the most flattering color. It brings out the pink in the skin. Navy blue, contrary to legends, who swear you look your best in blue, is dangerous. Only women with lots of pink in their skin should attempt it.

Women with dark hair and eyes can safely essay strong colors, to play up the contrast. Others should try to match the skin, rather than to contrast it.

Women with pink in their skins can wear a greater variety of colors than women with skins of yellow or tan pigmentation. But—here's the catch—they don't look so well as the yellows and tans who wear fewer colors, but with more dash.

Owners of curly hair should stick to dark or dull colors, preferably grays and green-blues. They need to tone down their fiery hair.

Watch Your Makeup

Red-haired people, by the way, are the easiest to dress or the most difficult, depending on their pigmentation. A pink skin with red hair is particularly difficult, and calls for more subtle colors than does the white-skin-red-hair combination.

Clothes colors can't be forgotten when it comes to make-up, either, says Miss Cox. Rouge must harmonize with the colors you wear. But if you wear the right colors, there'll be no clash between lipstick and skin.

Clothing time for too late to change. Ads is 1:30 p. m.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

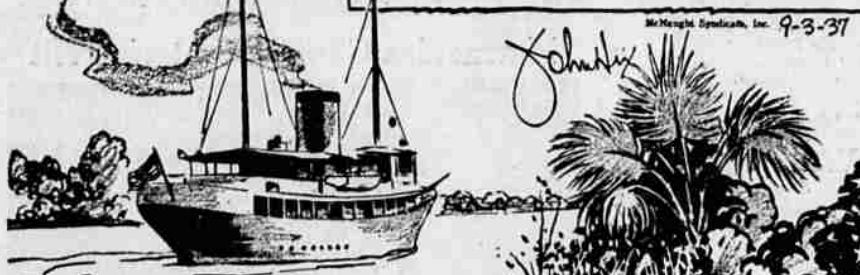
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CHARLES CARSON—Hollywood literary critic, HAS READ AND REVIEWED OVER 5,000 STORIES IN 7 YEARS—AND CAN GIVE A SYNOPSIS OF EACH FROM MEMORY!



THE LARGEST AND SMALLEST ADHESIVE POSTAGE STAMPS WERE BOTH ISSUED BY THE SAME COUNTRY—COLOMBIA. LARGEST—2 3/4" x 5 1/8" SMALLEST—LESS THAN 1/2" SQUARE.



Silver Springs

Russian Airplanes

Are Sent To China

TIENTSIN, Sept. 3.—(AP)—The Japanese consulate general reported today a fleet of 72 Russian airplanes had arrived at the North China province of Shensi, 500 air miles from Tientsin.

Seventy additional Russian planes were flying to China, Japanese said, adding they did not know whether the planes were purchased from Russia or were "a Soviet contribution to a Chinese-Soviet anti-Japanese front."

20,000 Examined For Driving Card

SALEM, Sept. 3.—(AP)—More than 20,000 applicants for motor vehicle

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The real Robert Davis, meanwhile, decided to go in for professional baseball, took his brother's name, and signed up with the Canadian-American league. The difference between the name on his Social Security card and the club roster recently led John H. Davis to expose the fact that he was playing under an alias. Both brothers are now playing under their real names.

Robert thought the matter over for a while, decided not to give up the job he held for the gambling chance of making good in baseball, and was about to write a refusal of the contract and going to the Cardinal him into letting him take his place by signing Robert's name on the con-

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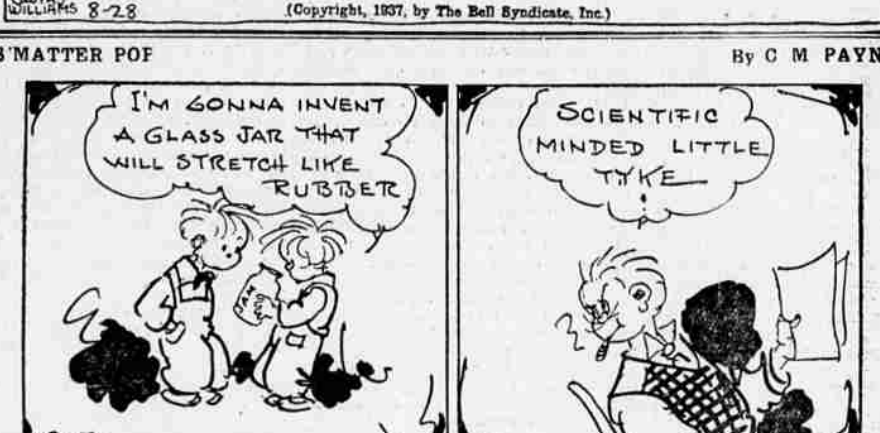
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GETTING THE DOG IN

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Lucky Handshake!

By HAL FORREST

