THE FRONTIER, O'NEILL, NEBRASKA,



SYNOPSIS

himself erect and wiped trembling hands on his mackinaw. "Yonder"-Ben Elliott-from makes his entry into the lumbering Elliott emerged. He walked straight town of Tincup, bringing along an old man, Don Stuart, who had been to the bully and examined his viseager to reach Tincup. Elliott de-feats Bull Duval, "king of the river," ible injuries critically. and town bully, in a log-birling contest. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's pres-Duval. But remember this: if you ence, trying to force him to leave ever set one of your feet in this town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrestcamp again, or on any operation ed, but finds a friend in Judge Able Armitage. The judge hires him to licking you'll remember! Now, Durun the one lumber camp, the Hoot val, why'd you come out here this Owl, that Brandon has not been able morning? Who sent you?" to grab. This belongs to Dawn Mc-Manus, daughter of Brandon's old partner, who has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head. Brandon sends his bully, Du-val, to beat up Ben. in' a man, I can work for a better

CHAPTER III-Continued -5-

Bird-Eye fell back, clinging to the poker, his lips moving. It was Elliott's fight, indeed. He had seen many men fight before, had Bird-Bye Blaine; born to a rough life, he had lived it fully. He had seen countless battles but never had he witnessed such a fury as Ben Elliott loosed then.

He drove out with both fists, heedless of defense, blind to Duval's counter offensive. He shouted as he struck. He used a knee to break another hold, he bit when Duval tried to throttle him with the grip of both hands. He danced as the Bull sought to trample his feet with his river calks, and all the time he was striking. Again and again his hard knuckles found their mark.

A bench went over as they waltzed into it. Their combined weight, crashing against the bunks as Duval tried desperately to clinch again, smashed an upright and sent men in the upper deck scurrying. Dust rose thickly. The sink was ripped from its place as Ben drove the Bull into it with a body blow, and a chair was wrecked as Duval,

caught by another punch, went over it backward with a crash. Ben stood still, spread legged, breathing hard, hands swinging in a swift rhythm of rage.

He grasped the sick man by the | tor did not finish what he had startshoulders and tried gently to force ed to say. Instead he remarked ineld fellow resisted. "Can't die. . . . Can't . . . with it

lifted a face stamped with strange appeal to the little man. Bird-Eye stood back, solemn and worried, scratching his head. The other made a feeble gesture with one hand. "A man's got . . . to fight fire

with . . . fire, Brandon'll get him ... unless he ... unless ... " He his uplifted chin from side to side as though strangling. "Want to

write . . . a letter, Bird-Eye, Get This was obviously no whim of a sick man. His necessity was not clear to Blaine but the other knew conviction.

He hurried down the stairs, secured writing materials and, from the table in the little office picked up a mail-order-house catalogue. With these he ascended to the sick

room again, taking the steps two at a time. "Here ye are! Book to wrolte on, paper, envilope, pencil. . . . I'll

sit by ye, Donny." Stuart did not start to write at

He sat staring straight before

his gaze to the little man who stood at his bedside. "I'd like to be . . . alone, Bird-Eye," he said in a faint whisper.

"I've been alone . . . with it so long . . I think better alone."

thumping on the treads, but he stood at the bottom a long interval, shaking his head in misgiving and

turned about and crept back as softly as a cat. On the upper landing he seated himself leaning against the thin partition of matched boards which separated

him from the sick man. A half hour, perhaps, Bird-Eye sat there growing cramped and chilly in the draughty hallway. Then he leaped to his feet with a little cry. From within had come a long, retching gasp, a sharp creak fight another man's battles. Make of bed springs, a thud on the floor. Blaine burst into the room. The catalogue was beside the bed. Old Don lay half doubled forward, face

Tulip Has Won him back on the pillows but the tently: "I'd give a good deal to know just what's in that letter !" "Of'll be takin' it myself to Ben on . . . my soul!" he gasped and Elliott this night. Aw, 'nd won't

Misther Brandon squirm whin th' b'y starts in crackin' th' tough nut! 'Nd it's th' justice av the' saints, no less, that Brandon brings Elliott to Able's attintion in a foight over owld Donny."

They went down the stairway together after closing the door softly behind them, Bird-Eye muttering put a hand to his throat and moved imprecations on the head of Nicholas Brandon.

And even as Doctor Sweet emerged from the dark mouth of ... paper. Fight ... fire with fire !" the narrow stairway, the front door opened and Brandon himself ep tered the botel, stamping new snow from his feet. Others were there. old Don was gripped by a burning Piette, the drummer, the mill hands; two or three more. But

Brandon's attention centered only on the physician.

"Well, Doctor?" he began, and it seemed as though his lungs were too filled with air to speak comfortably. "How's our patient this evening?"

Emory Sweet looked grimly into the other's face.

trail," he said.

applique. These stamped blocks are voice on the query pinched up a 18 inches, and twelve are required him in quandary, and then lifted bit. And on the repetition of the for a quilt about 76 by 97 inches, if word it fell hollowly, with a finalyou use a nine inch border and four ity which might have indicated sorinch strips between blocks. Strips row, dismay or amazement. and border widths can be changed

But none of these three were reflected in his face. In his dark eyes was just one expression: Relief. Relief! Relief from suspense, from worry; relief from dark and haunt-

ing fear! "You don't say! So the old fellow's gone!" His voice was even

now, colorless, assured, as was norpostpaid. mal. "Well, it was to be expected, I suppose. Were you with him, DEPT. D., Nineteenth and St. Louis Doctor ?" Avenue, St. Louis.

"No; he died alone." Brandon drew in a breath as one velope for reply when writing for will who has asked an important any information. question and received a pleasing or reassuring answer.

"Talking couldn't have helped a man in his condition. He . . ; He didn't visit with anyone did he?" A queer hesitancy crept into his manner on this as though he shrank from knowing the reply and Doctor Sweet turned to Bird-Eye Blaine

inquiringly. But Bird-Eye did not Let's look at the record. Using the look at the doctor. He was staring late war as a favorite starting point at Brandon and as that individual's for all comparisons nowadays, we gaze, following the doctor's, enfind that in prewar 1916 we smoked countered his, the Irishman's lips 8,000,000,000 cigars and 25,000,000,000 swaying slightly as it dangled over | twitched into a bitter smile. cigarettes. In 1930 we smoked 6,000,-

"So you're after wonderin' whut 000,000 cigars and 120,000,000.000 pore owld Donny said on his death- cigarettes. In 14 years we had lost He raised the limp figure, laid it bed, are ye?" he demanded, and some of our liking for cigars, but back, stared hard at the face which with that challenge stepped down had acquired nearly five times our now seemed so peaceful and then from the stairway and crossed the previous taste for cigarettes.

HUGE TELESCOPE ADDS TO RANGE **Popular Favor** OF MAN'S VISION

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

道道

1

180

The tulip adapts itself so well to

applique and quilting designs that

it is made use of quite frequently.

This combination, showing the en-

tire potted plant, gained popularity

immediately after it was released.

Tulips in bloom always form a beau-

tiful color scheme, and this tulip pot

is also brilliant in prints and greem

Inclose a stamped addressed en-

to make a quilt any size.

2

1

One can imagine the shades of Galileo, Kepler and Newton watching with amazed interest all that happened the other day in the glass works at Corning, N. Y. Sir Isaac Newton, in particular, would have followed the process with thrilled wonder. It was he who more than 250 years ago invented the reflecting telescope and made for it a mirror of polished metal that measured six

inches in diameter. At Corning 20 tons of molten glass were ladled from the vast belly of a fiery furnace to be molded into a mirror 200 inches in diameter. It will be the second of that huge size, and both will go to serve a telescope, greatest of its kind, on a plateau of Palomar mountain, 45 miles north of San Diego. The range of human vision will be extended four times over what is made possible by any existing instrument. It will reach suburbs of space 400,000,-000 light years away. Objects on the moon no bigger than a city skyscraper will become visible, and the mysteries of the geometrical tracings

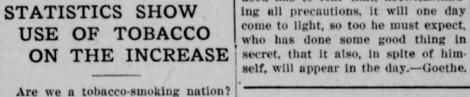
on Mars may be solved. And what, asks the hard-headed reader, will be the practical value of it all? The practical value, in the hard-headed sense has never been considered. But whether or no there comes from it anything that we could class in the category of utility,

man will be less a stranger in his Send 15c to our quilt department universe. That justifies the advenfor one of these stamped blocks, No. ture.

96-F. and the stamped applique Meanwhile back of the telescope pieces ready to be cut out. Work conceived at Mount Wilson observthis up and see what a beautiful tory lies the Carnegie institute. and quilt can be made of this design. A back of the Carnegie institute the set of six blocks will be sent for 75c, millions of a money-making Scot, who wrested his wealth from the ADDRESS, HOME CRAFT CO.,

competitive conflict of steel mills. Thus the saga sweeps from the smelter to the stars .- Chicago News.

Will Come to Light As the man who commits some evil deed has to fear that, notwithstand-



A low-temperature laboratory has been devised in California, it is announced. Five quarts of liquid hy-

drogen will be made in an hour at a cost of \$2 a quart.

A CHILD'S LAXATIVE SHOULD BE LIQUID

CHEAP LIQUID HYDROGEN

(Ask any doctor)

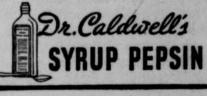
For your own comfort, and for your children's safety and future welfare, you should read this:

The bowels cannot be helped to regularity by any laxative that can't be regulated as to dose. That is why doctors use liquid laxatives.

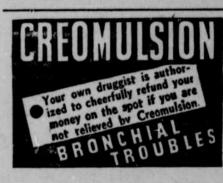
A liquid laxative can always be taken in the right amount. You can gradually reduce the dose. Reduced sage is the secret of real and safe relief from constipation.

The right liquid laxative dose gives the right amount of help. When repeated, instead of more each time, you take less. Until bowels are moving regularly and thoroughly without any help at all.

The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara, natural laxatives that form no habit - even in children. Its action is gentle, but sure. It will clear up a condition of biliousness or sluggishness without upset. Every druggist has it.



Self-Punishment To be angry is to punish myself for another's fault.-Goethe.



Now Relieve Your Cold "Quick as You Caught It"



For Amazingly Fast Results **Remember Directions** in These Simple Pictures

The simple method pictured here is

the way many doctors now treat

colds and the aches and pains colds

It is recognized as a safe, sure,

QUICK way. For it will relieve an

ordinary cold almost as fast as you

Ask your doctor about this. And

when you buy, be sure that you get

the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets.

They dissolve (disintegrate, almost

instantly. And thus work almost in-

stantly when you take them. And

for a gargle, Genuine Bayer Aspirin

Tablets disintegrate with speed and

completeness, leaving no irritating

BAYER Aspirin prices have been

particles or grittiness.

bring with them!

caught it.

The other shrugged. "No use, chum, You're going to tell me why you came and who sent back when ye're finished." "Sure? How much did he give

once.

you to come here? Or are you on the payroll to do such chores?" "H-l, he didn't-" "You're a worse liar than you are

fighter by a mile or two, Duval. Mine was a good guess, wasn't it? What were his orders?" "Well, he said if I didn't that

his teams to drink from, shoved

The door of the van opened and

"Fair job," he said, as though to

himself, and grinned. "A fair job,

where I'm in charge, I'll give you a

"Nobody," he said weakly. "I got

drunk. But . . . but if you're need-

Duval looked away.

Ben shook his head.

yeu. Was it Brandon?"

"No"-evasively.

man than I am."

he'd-' "Good ! That's all I want to know There's the road. And you can take

this little message with you to Brandon: Tell him that he needs to send more and better men here the next time. And as for you: I

tracks, Duval!"

It was a week later.

Old Don Stuart, propped on pillows in the narrow, cell-like room of Joe Piette's hetel, listened to the colorful account that Bird-Eye Blaine, with many gestures and con-

ANNAL AVVII ANALIMIT IN ANALIS

"Old Don has taken the long "Dead? . . . Dead!" Brandon's

"Ave course, Donny," he acquiesced. "Ave course. Oi'll come He went downstairs, rubbers

muttering to himself. Then he

in the blankets, one limp hand

the edge. "Donny! Donny, b'y, what's up?"

"Get up!" he panted. "Get up! I've only started !"

Duval rolled over, his back to Elliott, and shoved himself to his feet. Not until he had risen and faced about did the other move. Then he closed with another of those flying rushes, with one drive pinned Duval against the wall, with another sent his head crashing against the window frame.

The Bull gave a bubbling roar and tried to grapple. His hands were struck down. He swung mightily, slowly, and missed, and as he went by, off balance, a chopping stroke on the back of the head floored him.

Again Elliott waited. "Get up!" he cried thickly. "Get

up, Duval, and take the rest !" The other started to move, look-

ing over his shoulder with one eye that remained open. He saw a tall, supple young man, hair awry, shirt

swinging one fist as though the knuckles were wild to strike again. He sank back to the floor, shuddering.

On that Elliott relaxed and moved close.

"Enough?" he asked, sharply, prodding the Bull with a toe of his in their lazy loives before!" pac.

Duval moaned and shook his head. He made as if to rise again he's young and . . . alone against and Ben stepped back, giving him Brandon. It'll be . . . that hard nut every chance.

The Bull did not get to his feet. He started to, drew one knee beneath him, heaved and then sank better pleased he is! Sure 'nd he's back to a hip. He swore heavily a glutten fer work, Donny! 'Nd th' torso by both great hands spread wide on the floor.

"Through, Duval?" Ben asked and it seemed as though his bruised and but d-n me eyes, whut a foighter battered face tried to twist in a th' lad is!" grin. The other gave no intimation of having heard. "There's more on tap. Or have you got enough?"

And then, when no reply came Elliott stooped, grasped the Bull's know . . . Bird-Eye, what he's up be'n comin' here ivery night, not shirt in his hands and half lifted against." He struggled to sit erect loike you or I'd come, but loike a him.

"Let go!" the man blurted. "Let go or I'll-"

He tried to twist away, tried to way or another . . . he'll kill him." strike Ben's legs, but his strength He gasped and swallowed, evident- Brandon afraid av 'n owld bum like was gone, beaten from his great by making a great effort to talk Donny?" he demanded, shaking the body. He was dragged across the rapidly. "I'm a coward, Bird-Eye. letter almost accusingly close in the floor, river boots trailing over the boards. straight to the doorway. years. I've been . . . afraid to tell son when he died? Who was 't put With one foot Elliott kicked open the portal and with a heave flung afraid to die with it . . . on my gesticulated gravely toward the Bird-Eye demanded in extreme Duval, the Tincup terror, into the soul!"

trampled snow outside. A half hour later Bull Duval, who alarm at his friend as these last who wint to hell with booze, who's had washed his bleeding head and words took on significance for him. truckled to Brandon evir since unface in the horse trough against the "Lay back, Donny. Dawn't git til his pore owid heart broke!" shouted protests of Bird-Eye Blaine | yerself excited, b'y. . . . Coward? "By George, Bird-Eye, it does that it would be unfit thereafter for Naw, ye're no coward !"



"Get . . . Paper."

siderable profanity, rendered for ripped open from neck to belt, cheek him of what had transpired at Hoot bleeding, jaws set, stand there Owl since Ben Elliott had taken charge of the operation.

"... 'nd so he's got th' mill crew a-wurrkin' their blessid heads off for him 'nd 's got thut ragged-pants gang av beet-weeders 'nd hay pitchers thut passes fer a loggin' crew doin' more'n they've evir done

"Good," gasped Stuart feebly and tried to smile. "Good boy. But . . . gets too hard to crack." he . . . was lookin' for."

Bird-Eye's startled gaze. "Harrd?" Bird-Eye glared at him, "Harrd! Th' harrder they come, th' didn't dare die with on his soul! and hung his head, propping his | saints, they have a finger into ut, he lived, as well. . . Somethin' ... " His hand holding the letter too, him a-comin' just whin they'd got pore owld Able licked, It'll be a trembled sharply. tough foight cr I'm a bad guesser, whispered hoarsely. "Twas Bran-

> don kept Donny out av Tincup fer A restless light appeared in Don's years, wa'n't it? 'Twas Brandon eyes and his thin old hands fidgeted tuk him when he was hittin' th' nervously with the blankets.

> booze years back 'nd made a slave av him, he did! It's Brandon who's "A tough fight. . . . Oh, he don't odd sort of desperation. "If Bran-. . a slave he was a-scared to don can't . . . drive him cut . . . one

> have around. . . . "Why was a rich man loike Nick ... Been a d-n coward ... for other's face. "Who was 't with Fax-. , while I lived. Now . . . I'm Faxson's murder on McManus?" He

bed. "Him. . . . Him, Nick Bran-He panted and Blaine locked in don's slave, who wance was a man,

look as though it might-" The doc- stronger.

ran excitedly down the stairway floor slowly toward Brandon. "So frenzied search of Joe Piette. ye're worryin', now, over whut he moight 've said, eh?" In the room was confusion after Doctor Sweet answered the hasty summons. The doctor felt vainly

for a pulse, touched the shrunken crazy, Blaine!" breast of the old cruiser and then "Mebby!"-with a sharp nod. turned away with a significant . . . He didn't do talkin', Misther shake of his head.

Brandon. Rid ver moind av that The usual things were said and then Bird-Eye and the physician worry. Sure, 'nd he didn't talk to a were alone in the room. The little Irishman's eyes brimmed with tears he knowed he lay dyin'. . . . No but behind these was an intent look | talk! No talk fer somebody to repate 'nd git twisted up 'nd lave as of one who impatiently awaits out things thut shuld 've be'n told. opportunity to pursue a specific

purpose, and when the others . . . He wrote ut! That's whut he trooped down the stairway he done, Brandon !"-voice mounting. closed the door and returned hastily "He wrote ut! 'Nd he wrote ut fer one who'll make ut so hot that ye'll to the bedside. wish ye was sizzlin' in hell!" "Sure 'nd where is ut?" he asked beneath his breath, riffling the With a sweeping gesture he thrust leaves of the bulky catalogue, shak- the envelope close to Brandon's face.

so close that the man jerked his ing folds out of the rumpled blanhead backward sharply. kets. "What are you after, Bird-Eye?"

the doctor 'asked. "Ah! Here ut be!" On his hands and knees, peering

speed th' day whin Misther Elliott puts to use th' thing owld Donny Grimly he poised an instant be-

der, rose to his knees with a sealed fore the larger man. Then he thrust the letter into his shirt pocket, buttoned his jacket tightly across it, written with an indelible pencil. slapped his chest decisively, almost boastfully, and without another word strode to the door and let him-

self out into the street. It was late when Bird-Eye stepped into the darkness of the tiny office where Ben Elliott slept at Hoot "Ben Elliott," the latter read Owl, struck a match, lifted it high aloud. "Open this when the nut above his head and spoke:

"Hi! Misther Elliott!" Ben roused The doctor scratched his mustache. He turned his face to meet himself and squinted at the flickering match. "Get up! Rouse up! I got big news for ye!" "It's somethin', Doctor, thut he

They lighted a lantern, and by Somethin' he was fearful to tell if its glow Ben read the inscription on the letter which Don Stuart had left him as Bird-Eye hastily and excitedly explained.

"There's somethin' in ut Donny'd carried secrut fer long!" he whispered hoarsely. "Ut's to do with Brandon, with fightin' fire with fire. or I'm th' worst guesser in th' woods!"

"Poor old beggar" Ben said gently. "Tough to die that way. And I never got in to see him again !" Bird-Eye nodded. "Yes. But mebby and his eyes shone brightly with an masther 'd come to watch a slave he's done ye as great a favor as anny man evir done! The's somethin' in ut about Sam Faxson 'nd McManus. I'd bet me last shirt!" Ben shrugged and turned the envelope over. Then he rose, yawned and slipped it into the drawer of the plain table that did service for an office desk.

"Ain't ye goin' to read ut, even?" amazement.

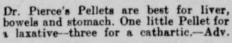
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strongest Will Rule Seemingly, the only law possible between nations is the rule of the

Examining the record more closely, we find that the war itself, blamed for many things, was plainly respon-"Worrying?' Brandon countered sible for doubling our consumption steadily. "You're either drunk or of cigarettes in three years-from 25,000,000,000 in 1916 to 53,000,000,000 in 1919. From 1922 to 1930 the con-"Mebbe both. But old Donny wa'n't. sumption of cigarettes in the United States again more than doubled-55,000,000,000 annually grew to be 120.000.000.000. The woman smoker soul av what was on his moind whin had come into her own.

Three subsequent years of depression have been felt by cigarette makers, production falling to 103,000,000,-000 in 1932. The use of cigars dropped to about 5,000,000,000.

We have considerably less than 100,000,000 persons in the United States of smoking age; but if we take that number for convenience we find a per capita consumption last year of 50 cigars and 1,000 cigarettes. We also used up three pounds of chewing or pipe tobacco per capita. "He wrote ut!" Bird-Eye cried Are we a tobacco-consuming natriumphantly. "'Nd may th' saints tion? Fifty cigars, 1,000 cigarettes, and three pounds of tobacco for each and every one of us, is the answer. For every person we does not smoke, someone else consumes twice the average quantity.-Howard Florance in Reviews of Review, and World's Work.



Love Imperative

It is a mere miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness. . . . Little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.-Francis Bacon.



1. Take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets Make sure you get the BAYER Tablets you ask for.



2. Drink a full glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.



eases throat soreness almost



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beneath the bed, he uttered that had to tell!" ejaculation and, reaching far un-

envelope in his hands. Across the face was a scrawl Blaine scowled as he tried to make out the words, got to his feet, and moved across the room to hold the envelope closer to the light. Doctor Sweet bent over it beside him.

"Brandon for sure !" Bird-Eye

