THE MAN FROM YONDER

By Harold Titus

SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott — from "Yonder" — makes his entry into the lumbering town of Tincup, bringing along an old man, Don Stuart, who had been eager to reach Tincup. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence, trying to force him to leave town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested, but finds a friend in Judge Able Armitage. The judge hires him to run the one lumber camp, the Hoot Owl, which Brandon has not been able to grab. This belongs to Dawn McManus, daughter of Brandon's old partner, who has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head. Brandon sends his bully, Duval, to beat up Ben, and Ben worsts him in a fist fight and throws him out of camp. Old Don Stuart dies, leaving a letter for Elliott, "to be used when the going becomes too tough." Ben refuses to open the letter at this time, believing he can win the fight by his own efforts. Fire breaks out in the mill. When the flames are extinguished Ben discovers that the fire was started with gasoline. The Hoot Owl gets an offer of spot cash for timber, that will provide money to tide it over. But there is a definite time limit on the offer. Ben meets Dawn McManus, and discovers she is not a child, as he supposed, but a beautiful young woman.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

—9—

Holbrook limped out and Brandon, alone, puffed for a time on his cigar. Next, he opened a lower drawer and drew out a bottle of whisky. Only one drink remained in it. He frowned. A year ago he had procured that liquor; for nearly twelve months it had been scarcely touched. But since the night that old Don Stuart died its contents had been drawn upon frequently. His hands shook a bit as he lifted the bottle to his lips, now, but after drinking new strength began to surge through his body and he smiled. He looked at his watch after a time and then out into the street. After a time he rose and walked to the wall telephone.

"Give me Miss Coburn's house, will you?" he asked the operator. "Hello! Miss Co— Ah, Dawn! It's Uncle Nick talking. Want to go to the movie tonight?"

She seemed to hesitate and he tilted his head sharply, lips parted. Then her voice came.

"It's nice of you to think of me, Mr. Brandon. But I don't think I care to go with you tonight."

"Oh; sorry," he said genially enough but his brows gathered. "Another time, then."

"Perhaps."

Her receiver clicked up and he turned away from the instrument scowling thoughtfully.

"Mister Brandon, eh?" he said softly. "And . . . No excuse. . . . Well!"

The last word was spoken with a snap, as though a chapter was closed.

He paced the floor slowly. He was brooding, planning, and by the look on his face it was evident that he planned good for no man . . . except, possibly Nicholas Brandon.

Perhaps he was thinking of the matter that was to confront Ben Elliott within twenty-four hours.

That young man was in high feather as the crew came in to supper. His locomotive had shunted the standard cars up from Hoot Owl before daylight and the veneer logs scattered along the steel had commenced going up at once.

Able had come driving out from town in mid-afternoon, Dawn beside him, and with an added thrill because of her presence Ben directed the loading of the last car, conscious that the girl's eyes were often on him with an expression which belied her apparent indifference when he tried to engage her in conversation.

It was dark when the jammer man swung the last log into place and toggles were made fast. Able and Dawn rode with Ben in the locomotive as they trundled down the track to camp.

"You boys have had a long day," Ben said to the engineer and fireman. "It won't get any darker. You eat your suppers here and we'll run 'em in this evening."

He turned to Able.

"Our contract calls for delivery in time to meet the local. She's been coming through a little before eight in the morning. Want to take no chance of having this stuff held up now. That would be a tough break!"

The engine crew had been fussing with a suspected draw bar and did not enter the cook shanty until most of the others had left. Soon afterward the door opened again and Blackmore came in.

"How near are you ready to deliver?" he asked Elliott with a worried frown.

"As soon as the boys, there, stoke their own boilers!" Ben replied lightly.

"Sure you can make it?"

"As sure as a man can be."

"I sure hope so, Ben. Guess you know by now that I'm pulling for you in this scrap. But I've got to hold you to your contract. To the hour and letter of it. Your friend Brandon has wired into the house, it seems, offering any quantity of veneer stuff up to seventy thousand at ten dollars less than your contract calls for. Here's a wire"—shaking a telegram—"ordering me to hold you to your agreement and if you're late or short on scale to have Brandon load tomorrow. It's out of my hands, you see."

Ben's mouth tightened.

"Well, it happens, we've ducked from under our genial friend Brandon again. Yeah. We'll whip-saw Mr. Nick Brandon!"

Blackmore grinned and unbuttoned his coat. He chuckled. He was glad. He was on Ben's side for certain, and as he lit his pipe and commenced to talk, with an easing in his manner, a triumphant sort of peace descended on the shanty.

But even as they visited, a slender figure, moving through the darkness with a slight limp, followed the Hoot Owl steel up the long grade that climbed from the siding.

On the trestle this figure stood still in the cold quiet. Then he dropped down the bank of the stream to where the crib work of the trestle stood, stoutly footed beneath the muck and water. For many minutes he was there, grunting occasionally, and when he climbed the bank again he trailed something carefully behind. . . . across the bridge, now, he went, after more listening, and down again beneath the north end of the trestle. More grunting; pawings in the snow, hard prodding with a short steel bar. . . . And up again, trailing something carefully once more.

Next, the man lighted a cigarette, shielded the flame of the match in cupped hands and after the tobacco was burning applied the fire to a pair of other objects held tightly between thumb and forefinger. . . . He let them go and a pair of greenish sputters began crawling across the trestle . . . and the man was limping swiftly up the hill, over the crest, while the green sputters drew apart, one crossing the trestle toward its northerly end, the other moving in the opposite direction.

It was twenty minutes later. Ben Elliott was pulling on his mackinaw, preparatory to going out with the first three cars of logs, when he stopped suddenly, one arm in its sleeve, as a jolt shook the building, rattling dishes and causing the door of the range oven to drop open with a hang. None in the place spoke; they looked at each other, faces set in puzzlement. Again came a heavy jolt; a loud detonation, and a pan fell from its shelf with a crazy clatter. No word, still. Without speaking they leaped for the doorway and emerged to see the crew spilling from the men's shanty to look and listen.

"It's dinnymite!" Bird-Eye Blaine croaked hoarsely as he ran out. "Dinnymite fer sure! Where, Benny b'y?"—looking earnestly into Elliott's face.

"That's for us to find out." Ben answered grimly and they followed him as he ran with long strides toward the direction from which the sound had come.

Minutes later they came up to him, the fastest of them, as he stood motionless on the bank of the Hoot Owl, looking at the mass of twisted railroad steel and of ties that dangled from the swinging rails in ragged fringe; at the scattered remnants of crib work, at the piling standing splintered and awry and useless in the stream bed.

Ben Elliott's bridge was gone. His way to the siding with his veneer logs, on the delivery of which hung the fate of the operation was blocked. No time remained to team them out, there was no other way to get them out except by rail. And his steel was broken twisted, useless.

He turned to face them as they crowded up, swearing and exclaiming in excited voices.

"You, Houston!" he snapped to the camp's boss. "Get those standards off the main line. Bird-Eye, start a fire here. You men—you three there—get a fire going on the other bank. You teamsters, back to camp and dress your donkeys. Bring axes, peaveys, skidding equipment. Lively, now, everybody! A job of work coming up!"

Blackmore, whose wind was short, elbowed through the crowd, panting heavily.

"Good G—d, Elliott; They've scotched you!"

Ben gave him a fleeting, scorching glance.

"Scotched, h—l! They've only got me good and mad!"

And now began a scene the like of which had never been recorded in the Tincup country.

Men were there in numbers where huge bonfires, constantly tended that the light should be steady, flared on the banks of the Hoot Owl. Sawyers, cant-hook men, teamsters, toiled to reduce the wreckage of the trestle, snaking it out of the way, working hastily, noisily, excitement evident in their movements and shouts. Others cut brush until the sloping river banks showed bare and dark.

Back in the woods oil flares burned as the steam loader puffed and snorted and rattled, swung its boom, lifted logs from their banks, tossed them through the air and dropped them into place on a flat car. Once loaded, the car of logs and the jammer were trundled down the mile of track to the stream. Slow and slower the car moved until the boom of the loader overhung the gap where a trestle had been. Then blocks went into place to secure the wheels, Elliott gave the signal, the boom swung a half circle, hook men adjusted their tackle to a log on the single car; up it went, around and out over the river bank and then down.

Elliott was below there with his cant-hook men. They grabbed the first stick, wrestled it into place parallel with the current and others, with mauls and stakes, gave it a firm resting place on the bank . . . Another log . . . another and still more, until a crude foundation for trestle abutment had been made.

Ben encouraged, he flattered, he cajoled and he drove those men as they never had been driven before. They moved on a run when going from place to place; they seemed to try to outdo one another when strength became essential. They were infected with Elliott's fire.

Standing on the bank within the circle of firelight Dawn McManus seemed to snuggle close to Able Armitage, face pallid even under the ruddy glow of flames. Her eyes followed just one figure; that of Ben Elliott. Commanding, resourceful, a human dynamo, he was.

Her Eyes Followed Just One Figure; That of Ben Elliott.

Shortly after midnight the supply team drove up from camp, the cook drew back blankets which had covered its burden, commenced putting generous pieces of steaming steak between slices of bread and the cook poured coffee from huge pots for the men who swarmed around the sleigh.

Back to the decks in the woods went the locomotive; down it came again, bearing more logs. These were let down to a pile which rose almost to the track level. When it was three feet higher nearly half the work would be finished.

Workers staggered through the snow bearing a steel rail. It went into place; fish plates clattered; wrenches set nuts and spikes put the rail secure on ties.

So when the locomotive, leaking steam from its old joints, lumbered down with its next burden, the loader was set out on this length of new track and began the task of filling in the far side of the ravine, leaving a sluiceway through which the waters of the stream gurgled and sucked.

Blackmore joined Able and Dawn on the bank where the firelight struck topaz lights from the snow. The old justice turned an inquiring gaze on him and the buyer shrugged.

"Two o'clock," he muttered. "He's got less than six hours left to turn the trick."

"It doesn't seem humanly possible," Able said slowly.

"I'm beginning to think," Blackmore replied, "that the man isn't human. This thing would've stopped most men I know without a try. But not Elliott!"

Daybreak found them throwing the last load of logs into place and the pallid light of the early day revealed Elliott's face, drawn and haggard and grimy; his eyes burned brightly, strangely dark.

"His only chance is that the local'll be late," Blackmore moaned to Able.

Six o'clock, and broad axes shaped the logs on which the ties would rest, and up from the siding came a team at a trot, and behind it another. These were men from Tincup who had heard of the work going on. They left their sleighs and looked at the emergency trestle and then stared at one another and shook their heads in amazement. Things like that just didn't happen, they seemed to be thinking.

Then came a battered cutter, with old Tim Jeffers driving alone, to see what was to be seen.

"Heard the shots in town last night," he told Able. "Come mornin' I drove this way."

The old justice nodded grimly.

"You guessed, then."

Tim spit angrily. "The lad was gettin' too close to his mark to suit some folks, it seems."

Seven o'clock, and men staggered up the embankment bearing a rail. Five minutes later it rang and sang as the spike went home, and another, the last, was brought up.

The gap was bridged, the last spikes were going in; the particular job was done, but tension screwed up and up, as a fiddle string is tightened. . . .

It was seven-thirty, and far off a locomotive screamed.

"The local!" Blackmore gasped. "She's at Dixon. . . . in a half hour, now. H—l, the boy's licked!"

A half hour! A half hour in which to move six standard cars laden with a heavy scale of saw logs over that grade! Two trips, Ben Elliott had estimated it would take. Two trips for the leaking old locomotive to drag them the three miles to the siding and puff its way back and trundle the other three over the hill and down the slope. It was a half mile climb from river to summit with a better than four per cent grade. A good locomotive of even small tonnage might take them over at once; but not the old ruin that stood sending its plume of smoke into the morning air up the track yonder. And if those logs were not put down for the train even now screaming its way toward the siding, Ben Elliott was beaten.

He straightened, flinging away his maul, saw the last nut tightened on the final fish plate and then, holding up both hands, face fixed toward the locomotive with its string of cars waiting around the bend and up the hill to the northward, he began to run.

Holding them there? When the trestle was ready? Men wondered why, audibly, excitedly, stirred from their weariness by this strange move. Instead of high-balling them on, Elliott was holding them back!

CHAPTER VII

The cars of veneer logs were coupled, their air hoses dangling, because the Hoot Owl never boasted air brakes for its trains. The locomotive panted asthmatically and leaking steam trailed off into the forest. McIver, the engineer, stood beside his car, wiping his hands slowly on a ball of waste and his fireman hung out the gangway as Ben came running up.

"You'll have to take 'em . . . all over at once," Elliott panted. "Local'll be there in . . . fifteen minutes! If they're not at the siding in time for the local, we lose! You've got to run for it, Mac, and pick up enough speed going down to carry you over."

McIver rolled the waste and eyed his employer. Then he shook his head slowly.

"Tough luck for you!" he said. "But with that rotten steel on a cold mornin', and no telling what that trestle'll do when weight hits it . . ." He shook his head again and looked Elliott in the eye. "I got kids," he said simply. "So's the fireman."

Some of the irate glare which had been in Ben's face dwindled. He, too, stared briefly down the track.

"Kids, yes," he said softly. "I can't ask a man with kids to try it, Mac. No hard feelings. I'll take a shot myself."

Teams clinked up, then, horses frost covered. Ben surveyed the crowd that pressed about the engine and swung up to the step.

"I'm going to take her over myself," he said. "If I get across that hump, with this load pushing me, I'll need a brakeman. I'm not going to ask anyone of you to ride. Maybe we'll pile up. But if we do get to the top, I can't stop her alone at the mill. Without air, with frost on the steel we'll go into the pond. There's fifty dollars in it for the man who'll ride with me!"

They looked hard at him, and then, almost in unison, their faces turned down the track. To watch was to know what was in their minds: the dangers of that curve, with rusty steel so cold, the problematical strength of the trestle they had built through the night.

"Fifty dollars . . . against a broken neck." Ben said and his voice trembled a bit. He drew his watch. "We've got eleven or twelve minutes to catch the local. . . . I'll raise the bid. . . . Fifty dollars . . . and a long chance. Any takers?"

No man moved for a moment. Then, quite simply, without a word, Tim Jeffers peeled his heavy sheepskin coat, took a peavey from a man beside him and advanced.

"Never mind the fifty, Elliott. . . . It's my neck"

Ben smiled, then. It seemed as though he were so weary from effort and from strain that he might have cracked and cried had he not smiled. He said no word. He swung up to the cab as the safety valve popped and steam commenced blowing off.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Pleasant News
Air Fleet Controls
Nordic Max, Jewish Max
Gen. Dawes Sees Joy

It is pleasant to read a Washington dispatch saying that the government will establish a great airport in Hawaii near Fort Kamehameha, named for the last king of Hawaii. The idea is to keep enough bombing planes there to take care of unwelcome flyers or surface ships arriving from Asia.

![Arthur Brisbane]

Arthur Brisbane

It will be more pleasant to read, as you may do later, that the government plans to establish a powerful air base on the island of Guam, which we are free to fortify, now that the Washington conference agreements have been repudiated and our silly pledge not to fortify Guam is wiped out.

Thanks to airplanes, the Greek rebellion is crushed. The old Greek patriot, Venizelos, leading the revolt at the age of seventy-two, fled from his home on the Island of Crete across the Aegean sea to an Italian island for refuge.

Weeping, the old man vowed that he would never again set foot on Greek soil. A rebel cruiser took Venizelos to the protection of the Italian flag. Then, last of the fleet that had rebelled, the cruiser Averoff surrendered to the government.

Max Schmeling, German heavyweight prize fighter, beat Mr. Hamas with ease and says, "Now we get Baer." Baer, you know, is the world's heavyweight champion. The fact that he is a Jew, and not a blue-eyed Nordic, with the back of his head as straight up and down as a board fence, is said to annoy Mr. Hitler.

It will interest Hitler and others. A hard-hitting "Nordic" meets Max Baer, a tall young Jew, who laughs while he fights. The meeting will settle nothing. Racial supremacy does not depend on the fist. But in New York city it ought to draw a crowd, gigantic, and a "gate" of about one million dollars.

General Dawes, once Vice President, always busy, now visiting General Pershing at Tucson, Ariz., says: "America is on the verge of real economic recovery. Its natural force, and human nature, are definitely working for recovery, and in May of this year, positively not later than July, the nation will know the depression is over." Well, it is a pleasure to have somebody at least say so, even though they may have to say it over and over year after year.

The California assembly votes 58 to 17 in favor of the Townsend plan. The state senate, however, revolted and defeated the resolution calling on congress to enact the old age pension bill. It is not possible for the United States to pay twenty-four thousand million dollars every year, the total cost of giving $200 per month to every man past sixty.

H. G. Wells is in America to write about the New Deal. He will find some good applicable descriptive copy in his book, written long ago, "Doctor Moreau's Island."

Doctor Moreau performs some strange and horribly cruel operations in the effort to make animals speak and otherwise act like human beings.

New Yorkers are told that all workers pay in taxes in various ways the earnings of one day every week. The man who has $5,000 a year pays $1,000 toward the support of government. Some men with bigger incomes, busy just now borrowing money with which to pay taxes, could tell a more interesting story.

When watches were first made a Frenchman said it was strange that man, with genius and intelligence enough to make a watch, should be superstitious enough to believe in ghosts. It's more strange that the human race with sufficient intellect and will power to fly, travel underneath the ocean, and talk around the world, without wires, should be feeble and foolish enough to believe in permanent depression. The belief in ghosts is slowly disappearing. Let's hope and believe the depression will disappear more rapidly.

The national ladies' hairdressers' convention, gathered in Toronto, is informed that platinum blonds are on the wane and red-haired women, politely called "titian," are rising in favor. The platinum blond is a modern invention, a passing thing, whereas the woman with red hair antedates all the governments and civilization that we know, and may outlast them.

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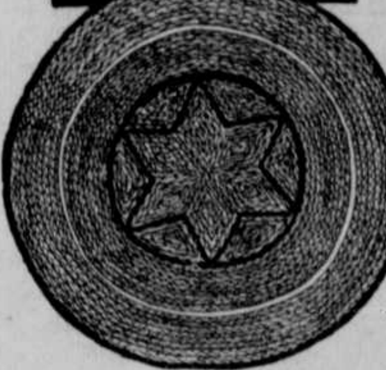
BRAIDED "STAR" RUG PRACTICAL

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



A star rug with points on the outer edge is not practical, because the points are easily turned up when the rug is in use. This has been overcome in the braided rug shown here, and a round rug can be used in many places.

This model is made in six shades of blue but many other color schemes can be used to set off the pattern. Size is 33 inches and requires about three pounds of material. Three strips are used in braiding. The six diamonds to form it are 4 inches wide, 7 inches long. Fill in space between points of star to make round. Sew about 20 rows around in colors desired.

This is one of the 26 braided and crocheted rugs shown in rug book No. 25. Directions are given with each rug; also, how to braid and prepare the material for working.

If you want to make a good-looking rug, send 15c to the Home Craft Co., Dept. C, 1900 St. Louis avenue St. Louis, Mo., and receive this rug book by mail postpaid.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope when writing for any information.

CATTLE HUNTING NOT EVEN SPORT IN EARLIER DAY

For two centuries man's chief occupation among the gauchos, or cattle ranchers of the Argentine pampas was the pursuit of wild cattle, according to an article in the National Geographic Magazine. "Stupendous numbers were slain merely for hides and tallow, as was true in California when Dana saw it and wrote 'Two Years Before the Mast,'" says the writer. "Besides the many hides sent to Spain and smuggled out to other lands, countless thousands were used on the pampas for making clothing, huts, tents, sleds and even fences.

"Cattle were so cheap that a rider would kill one merely to cut meat enough for his lunch. One Argentine historian says soldiers used to shoot a beef so that they might tether horses to its horns, there being no trees.

"It was easy to capture them. A band of gauchos simply surrounded a herd. Then each man, armed with a long-handled pica, or lance with a sharp blade like a half-moon, hamstrung as many animals as possible before the herd broke away. This done, the gauchos dismounted, skinned the fallen animals, and abandoned the meat to carrion birds and wild dogs.

"Hides took the place of money. When, by the Treaty of Utrecht, England attained the sole right to import slaves into the River Plate country, she stipulated that the blacks should be paid for with hides and tallow.

"From hunting cattle mostly for their hides, the folk of the pampas turned by 1830 to the export of dried beef. This went to feed slaves in the West Indies, where their labor was then building up the tobacco and sugar industries. Jerky (salt beef) is still made by the ton in the meat-drying shed on the big estancias, and sometimes huge racks of it, like haystacks, are piled in the open air."

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