"Pshaw! As if what other folks



panting.

Elliott, curling about him, shutting

now. The roaring drum of the ex-

haust had dropped now to a sharp

They were half-way up before he

touched the reserve lever. He let

it down slowly, a notch at a time.

using every last inch of the momen-

tum he had gained. Up, now, three-

quarters of the way. Ben could

see the rails on the bit of level

going at the top. Up another train's

length, slowing with each foot

gained. Afar off, across the snow-

blanketed country, a plume of white

vapor trailed a break in the forests.

That was the local, crossing the riv-

er, swinging in toward his siding.

yelled at the engine, swinging one

She shoved her nose over the

crest, seeming to weave it from side

as in distress. Her drivers slipped

and spun a half turn; caught on

sand, held. She began a stutter-

ered. She seemed to stop. . .

short belch. . . .

it!" Ben croaked.

had turned the trick.

and cleared her cylinders with a

The first car gained the crest.

across the peak. The third car

rumbled over the top and Tim Jef-

"Go it, girl! Go it, girl!" he

THE STORY

Ben Elliott - from "Yonder" makes his entry into the lumbering town of Tincup, bringing 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. Judge Able Armitage hires Ben to run the one lumber camp, the Hoot Owl, that Brandon has not been able 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, Duval, to beat up Ben, and Ben throws him out of camp. Old Don Stuart leaving a letter for Elliott, dies, "to be used when the going becomes too tough." Ben refuses to read it at this time, believing he can win the fight by his own efforts. Fire, subdued, is found to have been 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 discovers Dawn McManus is not a child, as he had supposed, but a beautiful young The railroad bridge over which the Hoot Owl lumber must pass, is blown up.

#### CHAPTER VII-Continued -10-

Ben threw more coal into the fire box, looked at his water gauge. shoved the reverse lever down into the corner and opened the throttle. The little old locomotive gave a sharp, an almost startled, bark as valves released their power, sending from its stack a great puff of cumulous vapor into the still morning air. The drivers spun and she let go a rapid series of exhaust coughs. He shut off; opened again, and this time the tires found purchase. The slack came out, the cars moved and, journals squealing, belching and stuttering, they broke over to the down grade.

Elliott had her wide open, now, and the loads, on that grade, ran easily despite the binding cold in

bearded man sat near the stove in a small hotel and heard the story Tincup. "Know him?" another listener

asked the narrator. "Not the kid. I know Brandon,

back there's a hot scrap on and . . gosh! but I like scraps." "Mean you're pulling for Tin fire. cup?"

"I'll say I am !" The bearded man cleared his throat.

Brandon?" he asked. "It sure looks as if he had better. Ever been in Tincup, Martin?"

off his view. They were slowing, The other closed the blade of his pocket knife and pulled at the lobe now who are not . . . No, I'll of his left ear with his hand. "I've heard of the place," he said

quietly. "Better holst your turkey and come along with me. Likely he right to their opinions, of course. could find a place for a good book-

keeper." Martin smiled oddly but made no

other response In far flung camps and mill towns the story was being repeated, just such men were leaving jobs and turning their faces toward Tincup. known through the Lake states for the tyranny that Nicholas Brandon had exercised there so many years. Ben, sitting with his feet on Able's desk in the justice's office. grinned broadly as he told of the

latest developments on the job. "Sixty-four men in camp this morning," he said. "Over thirty of 'em new and the best looking bunch ing, dying puff. The sound wav- of loggers I've seen since I was a kid.' Able glanced at a letter he had

been holding. "And with the Milwaukee people

She was on top. Her last breath standing ready to finance us it "Hold to it, old timer! Hold to looks as if you might, maybe, per-

haps be getting ready to find it all down hill and shady, Ben. I think grade, now; the second car coming bank is the best piece of work you've done yet."

> "Nothing, Able. All I had to behind their notes." "Unless Brandon finds a way.

> much for one man to do."

"Oh, it's not that bad. Things are straightening out. Tim's a wonder; Buller isn't missing a bet. We ought to keep right on stepping."

Ben rose to go and, as he did so, the door opened and Dawn Mc-Manus stepped

falling snow.

think counts !" She looked narrowly Simple Motif in of what was happening in distant at Dawn and Ben saw the girl's face change. "It's what I've told Dawn ever since she was little, Ben, that it's what you think about your own self that matters; not what 'nd I know Tim Jeffers, Top load- anybody else thinks, Well! You ed for him three winters. If Tim's two set and I'll get tea."

She hurried out and Ben drew up a comfortable chair before the

In the half hour that elapsed be fore the older woman returned Ben learned much about Dawn McManus, This was her house, her home. Aunt "You think, then, that the lad's Em, then a young woman, had been got a chance of making it against housekeeper, there after Dawn's mother died. She had stayed on, keeping the place up through the chance. With old Tincup shanty years that Dawn was away at boys hitting back for their stamp- school, making a living for herself ing grounds his chances are getting by baking, and now that Dawn was home again she was the girl's closest friend and only confidant.

> "There are so many people here put it the other way: I'm not congenial company for many people in this country. It isn't their fault. It's wholly mine. People have a Evidence was strong against my father. But he was no killer. He never harmed anyone. I'm sure of that. When people think of him and disgraced it stirs my temper! You've heard about my father." "Of course."

> "Naturally, you would." They talked, after that, of personal tastes, of the glories of big country, of the limited recreations offered by little towns.

"Just the movies! Now and then there's a dance," the girl said, "but none of the boys seem to want to take me. . . It is my fault, likely." She was staring moodily into Brandon asks me to go to the you postpaid upon receipt of 15c. movies now and then, but . . . I don't know . . .

"So Brandon wants to amuse you, does he?'

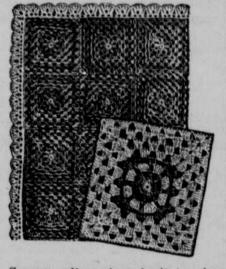
"Yes. He's been awfully kind to me, always. Of course, I know that Able and a lot of people think he's after the Hoot Owl and is quite The locomotive was on the down that interesting this particular ruthless about it, but they can prove nothing. He was so good to me when I was little and talks so reasonably to me now that I can't show was what we were doing, believe their suspicions are well They can't lose with the lumber founded. Still . . . Things do seem to happen at Hoot Owl. Mr. Brandon's explanation of the fire "You've got to watch every loop- and dynamiting is that you made hole, Benny. And you've got too an enemy of Bull Duval and his friends, and that they are striking back for spite. That sounds rea sonable, doesn't it?"

> "Yes," said Ben, unwilling to argue any such point with her.

At this juncture Aunt Em came in with food that was surpassingly fine and for an hour they sat and talked while darkness fell ut of the lightly Ben was rising to go when the doorbell rang. Aunt Em went to answer the summons, and as a man's voice sounded in the hallway Dawn broke short what she had started to say. A moment later Nicholas Brandon entered the room. The man's face, as he crossed the threshold and saw Ben, was a study. Lights flickered in his black eyes, a faint flush whipped up over his dead white cheeks and he opened his lips as in a gasp of surprise or else preparatory to sharp speech. But he gathered himself on the

# **Bedspread** Design

## By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



Some needleworkers hesitate when it comes to crocheting a bedspread, because too much work and time is required to finish it. The design shown above is about the simplest pattern known and works up fast. This model is worked in cream, rose and yellow carpet warp and measures 4¼ inches for each square. Find the size spread you want to make hs alive and a fugitive or dead and then figure how many squares it wiil take. You will be surprised how

Inclose a stamped addressed en- BEAUTY REGIME velope for reply when writing for any information.

#### **Chemists Seek Means of Slowing Down Oxidation**

Oxygen, which gives us life, is also man's greatest industrial enemy, notes a writer in the Montreal Herald. The air we breathe contains one-fifth oxygen, and this gas is a highly corrosive substance. When a house burns down it is simply combining with the oxygen in the air. When soap turns brown on a chemist's shelf it is merely another instance of the corrosive quality of oxygen. But it is the motor industry that suffers most from the ravages of oxidation. Its two chief organic essentials, rubber and petrol, are especially susceptible. Thousands of pounds worth of these materials have been utterly wasted owing to the action of air-and

now the scientists have struck back. They have been experimenting with the development of substances known as anti-oxidants These compounds when mixed with any product, slow down oxidation to such an extent that its usefulness and life

are increased tenfold.

### Scientific Oddities

fast the work progresses if you spend Recently two very important only spare time on making the scientific discoveries have been made. squares, and the little material re-One is that under the state of Monquired to take with you when not tana lies a vast glacier composed working at home. When the squares of various gases, which have formed

are finished slip-stitch together and a natural refrigerating agent and finish with a simple edging. The frozen an underground lake. The squares may be set together point to other is that, suspended sixty miles point, thereby producing a pointed above the North polar regions, is a

edge instead of straight. shown in book No. 27, all illustrated

useful articles can be crocheted.

Ave.-St. Louis, Mo. years ago .- London Tit-Bits.

TO GET RESULTS Failure to practice them regularly is one of the reasons a good many women seem never to get the most good out of their beauty routines. If you do your exercises once a week instead of every day you can't expect to see a rapid Improvement in

MUST BE RIGID

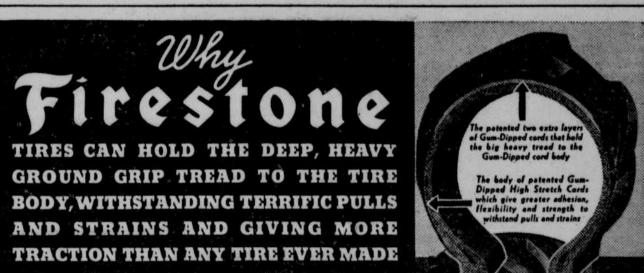
your figure. Drinking eight glasses of water only one day out of the month isn't going to keep your complexion clear and smooth, and dieting three days a week and then stuffing yourself with sweets and starches the other four won't make you lose weight. If you really are serious about keeping your skin, hair and figure lovely through the years you simply must stick by whatever rules you have made.

The same general idea applies to use of cosmetic preparations, too. One mask won't clear up a muddy complexion, but if you use a mask on a certain day each week for six months you will see an improvement.

If you are trying to get rid of fine lines around your eyes apply eye cream, muscle oil, tissue builder or whatever, each and every night before you go to bed. One application of anything just won't correct defects that have accumulated over a period of years.

You have to learn to pick the right aids, use them properly and, above all, consistently.

You should allow at least fifteen minutes each morning for applicacanopy of ice-particles. French tion of make-up; about half an hour This is one of the thirty motifs physicists who visited Greenland at night before you go to bed for say that it is the cause of many vio- brushing, cleansing and creaming; the fire, "I frighten them away. Mr. with instructions, and will be sent to lent thunderstorms. In contrast to two hours one day a week for a visit these is the huge subterranean fire to a beauty shop or for thorough The use of these motifs is not lim- which rages beneath a mountain in skin and hair reconditioning treatited to spreads. By using different the state of Colorado. It started in ments at home. The total is only sizes of thread many attractive and a coal bed years ago, and periodi- seven and one-quarter hours per cally, as the mountain is eaten week-certainly not too much time Address - HOME CRAFT CO - away, it slips down till now it is to devote to your personal appear-DEPT. B-Nineteenth and St. Louis 100 feet lower than it was ten ance.-Alicia Hart, in the New York World-Telegram.



their journals. The rock and pitch of the engine were beyond belief. It seemed as though its weight must carry the light steel from its spikes as the careening 'threw tons of strain first one way and then the other.

The curve at the trestle's approach rushed up the valley toward him and through Elliott's mind swam all manner of misgivings. It seemed at the moment that if by any freak chance the wheels should stay on the rails, then those rails must surely give before the strain that the train's flight would exert as it took that curve. He threw one quick glance backward to see Tim Jeffers crouched on his high perch as a circus rider might stand on his boldly galloping steed. The old the brake wheel as Ben shut her man chewed briskly and, as he off, set the brakes and with a boycaught a flash of Ben's face, spat and made one impressive gesture with a mittened hand, bidding the younger man get outside.

Ben had done all that he could do in the cab. Nothing within his power would be of avail if they left the track and, inside, he would have no chance at all should the wild run come to its end in the smoking waters of the river.

And so he backed into the gangway between tank and engine and slid down to the step, clinging to the hand rails, staring ahead, ready to let go if the worst, and the highly probable, happened.

The curve was there, the length of their locomotive ahead. . . . The trucks took it with a screech and a bounce and a grind. She turned sharply and Ben thought he felt her tipping, tilting, the step beneath his feet rising as the force that strove them off at a tangent asserted itself. . . . He swung far out, to give her that much more balance, and they were straightening out with the loads thundering and clanking and leaping behind and he breathed deeply, realizing that for the interval his lungs had not functioned

And now they charged at the bridge, at that rough, new crossing of Hoot Owl. The engine bounced and quivered and seemed to stumble as she took the newly laid track. But she slammed back to balance of words; not of many words. and her tires chewed the frost, and they were over and charging the ply. rise beyond !

Ben clambered back into the cab and tugged at the throttle, cursing because it would not open wider. He strained as though by his very posture to help the machinery meet that demand upon it. Nobly, the little locomotive breasted the rise; bravely she lunged into that hill trains now 'nd again, Ben, but of with the exhaust roaring fit to beat all the rides I've ever took that the rusted, burned stack from her. was what you might call th' dang-

She spat cinders and smoke high dest !" into the air and the steam clouds

Half a Mile Down the Track the Local Pulled in Toward Him.

fers, dropping his peavey, wormed along the logs and flopped down to ish swing of one arm yanked on the whistle cord to set her voice screaming

Back on the last car Tim clubbed brake wheels. Out on the first, Ben Elliott drove the shoe home. The ancient locomotive dug her heels in and settled back. Down and down they went on the frost slick steel, gathering speed that was as alarming as the slowing of their pace had been a moment before. But with every train length traveled Tim Jeffers was setting more brakes against the humming wheels. She slid, she slipped, she squealed and complained and clattered her way down that final mile. They had her under control at last and

slowly they edged around the curve at the millpond, out onto the siding and to a full stop. Ben, dropping down, ran across

to the main line and held up his hand. Half a mile down the track the local puffed in toward him. The whistle sent up its cloud of steam at his signal, he heard the engineer shutting off and in minutes the train slid in, brakes grinding.

"That stuff go?" the conductor called, swinging down from the way

"That stuff goes!" Ben said almost reverently and turned to face and an ample woman in a checked true? Tim who was filling his pipe with unsteady hands.

It was a moment for the right word. But Tim Jeffers was not a man in surprise.

"Well, you done it," he said sim-'Yeah. With your help."

"Still needin' a camp boss?" "Badly !" "S'pose I'd do?"

car.

"Do! Lord, Tim, If-" "All right. I'm hired to get out Ben Elliott !"-eyeing him up and logs again. Guess I'll hit Mr. Bul-

.

ler for a cuppa carfee. I've rode off her coat.

from the leaking gaskets enveloped In a Minnesota humber town a civilized for them."

down

"Oh !" she cried in surprise. It was the first time she had seen Ben since that morning a month ago when he took the veneer logs on their mad ride to save the Hoot Owl operation from immediate insolvency. "Am I interrupting?" "Come in, Dawn," said Able, ris-

And Elliott said: "If you are, it's nice to be interrupted." She looked at him and, at first,

her eyes held that coolness which was almost hostility but this melted and she smiled.

"You say nice things, Ben El liott !" "How can anyone help saying nice things to nice people?"

She made a playful mouth at him and Ben watching her as she advanced to Able's desk, thought again that he never had supposed

women grew to such loveliness. Her errand with the old justice was brief. She and Ben went out together, Dawn on her way home, Ben to finish his errands in town. At the corner where their ways hesitated in what she had been saying. Then, looking into his face,

she asked: "Does Mr. Ben Elliott ever take tea with a young woman? You know, I am beginning to think that I like to talk to you!"

"Then the risk of having it reas nothing." The house where Dawh lived was

born, a sprawling white frame friendly ground, and both lost our structure beneath whispering hemlocks

permeated the place and as they gret for the affair !' entered Dawn litted her voice in a light hail:

"Oh-ho, Aunt Em !" Sounds came from the rear; a door opened and closed, and then

another door opened which gave into the room where they stood, apron, her face flushed as by stove

heat, entered hastily, "Yes, dearie- Well !"-stopping

"Aunt Em, this is Mr. Elliott. "How d'y do!" Her voice was full and deep, like a man's. "I've seen you, young man, and if I was a hand to say what most folks say

I'd tell you that I feel like we're old friends." She shook hands vigously. "You're a big young feller.

Dawn laughed again as she drew "Don't you tell a soul, Aunt Em, but we are going to have tea! If

his shanty boys ever heard about if they might think he was too much

instant, moved directly to Dawn and with an even, kindly tone greeted her. The girl turned as Brandon still

held her hand and Ben thought she was moving it gently for release. "Mr. Elliott, I think you must

know Mr. Brandon." Ben bowed, a bit stiffly. "Yes," he said. "Yes. I met him

once.' Then Nicholas Brandon did an amazing thing, which went far in explaining Dawn's skepticism of the town's attitude toward him to parted they stopped and Dawn Elllott. He laughed. He laughed easily, naturally, and in the laughter was an admission of embarrass ment which rang true.

"Indeed we have! Under different circumstances! How are you today, Elliott?" He advanced and extended his hand, still smiling, and Ben was so amazed that mechanported that I'm a lounge lizard is ically he accepted it. "Yes, we've met before,"-turning to Dawn and Aunt Em-"under quite distressing the house in which she had been circumstances. We met on unheads a little. I hope Mr. El'iott doesn't harbor any resentment. As The fine odor of baking bread far as I'm concerned, I've only re-

He smiled at Dawn and then at Ben, and for the tife of him Elliott could think of nothing adequate to say for an instant. When he did speak, he said levelly :

"In a lady's house the only thing to do is to reply in kind. Isn't that

The other bowed slightly, but Els eves did not meet Elliott's.' "I'm glad you are so generous," he said, and probably only Ben

caught the mockery in the tone. "Am I too late for tea, Dawn?" Aunt Em, standing in the doorway, watched this with grimly set lips. Dawn replied that Brandon was only just in time and Ben. picking up his cap and coat, prepared to go.

"You were talking of dances," he said to Dawn. "There's one on the cards for Saturday night, I'm told. Would you mind going with a mere employee?

#### (TO BU CONTINUED.)

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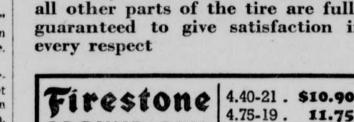
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