

CHAPTER XIV-Continued -16-

"Dawn!" he called loudly as he shoved open the door. "Hello, nothing, I tell you! He wasn't

who's here-' "Turn back; withdraw!" a small while we were talking and Mac voice warned but before he could went crazy andgather himself a blow struck him living weight.

But as Elliott went down, with with a trick of rough-and-tumble you were here after all!" fighting used the very impact which had floored him to toss the man on | . . . beyond.

He heard him curse, saw the floor and scrambled to his feet.

a savage joy swept him.

with head lowered. Great arms lives, do you?" wrapped Ben's body, a head drove ing the breath from his body.

He fell to the floor fighting, but his blows were weak, ineffective. A here . . . wasn't here. ' . . hand clutched at his throat and he tore at it with all his strength. The fingers shut down on the windpipe and he writhed under that agony, summoning all his courage, all his will to break free, to outlast that strangling pressure. But he could not do it. He went numb; his brain a time, sweet air poured again into his lungs.

That was all of which he was aware for a long interval: air, bathing his tortured chest. Air, which gling grip of a man's hand.

rise, to be up and fighting. But he ed time, now; he spoke:

kick and failed. His feet were for a minute?" locked together and held there as

by a great weight, Footsteps, then, came across the floor, and Nicholas Brandon looked craftily. down at him in the dim light, a

a bit on unsteady feet. "So!" he grunted and laughed, posed. "What d' you say?" "So you fell for it! So you fol- Brandon's fingers plucked at his lowed your blessed Dawn, eh?" He lips. went off into a tantrum of crazy

laughter. Ben twisted slowly against his might trade your liberty for-"

out aid than he could hope to fly. ly in Elliott's hands. "It worked!" Brandon cried.

stepped into my trap, eh?" He sat heavily in a chair.

"It all worked, even to the weather! You came alone. It's of a burning camp wouldn't be seen | while . . . your rotten bones." twenty rods a day like this."

He leered. Smoke of a burning camp! Ben's

. . . His fingers felt the strands of hemp that stretched from his digging into a pocket. "From the wrists to the posts of bunks against | moment you hit town, you did what the wall. Surely the rope had been no one else had dared do! You soaked in kerosene. So it was Bran kept it up, turning them against don's intent to leave him tied me, slipping through every trap I helpless, to fire the building. . . Then his mind centered on thwart- which he searched. "But you ing the scheme of this ruthless man sealed your doom when you took don. . . . It, and your stories. . . ." gone wholly mad. . . .

"Yeah. It worked . . . so far," he replied, and grinned

Brandon snorted in contempt. work. You're tied fast, aren't you?" drenched debris against the oil--leaning low so Ben could see the soaked wall. He bent forward to cruel lights in his eyes. "You're apply his torch and stopped, as if McManus for years and tell him she tied hand and foot! I'll touch the frozen, hand extended. camp off. You'll roast cause this old camp'll burn like h-l itself! They'll find your bones | Tim Jeffers plunged into the room. bottle. That's all they'll find."

Brandon had schemed competently: no detail which would impli- dropped to the floor and Brandon cate him seemed to have been over- whirled. looked. Still, fear did not manifest itself in Elliott's heart; only contempt was there for a man so merciless. Contempt and a stout determination to stall for time.

"You're smart, Brandon," he said. "I'll admit that. The plan's so good way. He screamed. He fought the one she loves." I'm surprised that you overlooked frantically, but quickly they bore He cut the last lock from the a bet."

The other turned sharply. "A bet?" he cursed derisively.

"What d'you mean, a bet?"

"A little thing. A thing almost came with the words. . . . Curses, don?" anybody might overlook. But it's inarticulate shouts, and then bound to come to light if I don't Dawn's frantic voice: show up, and one murder charge's as good as another. I'm talking The struggling ceased suddenly,

about a letter Don Stuart wrote me

just before he died," "Stuart didn't know! He knew even here! He took Faxson's word He had crossed the threshold, for it and even Faxson didn't know. peering into the gloom, a sudden He was asleep in that room right and cold misgiving sweeping him. | there"-pointing-"and he came out

Elliott could not restrain the imand he went down under a heavy, pulse to laugh in a wild shout of triumph.

"While we were talking! So his assailant on top, he drew his that's it! And you've sworn that knees upward, bowed his back and you weren't here that night! And "I wasn't here. . . . I wasn't here

Wasn't here, I tell you. And McManus won't dare come back, with a warrant waiting. . . other turn as he pitched across the He won't dare . . . won't dare "So you admit, as the rest of us

"Brandon!" he cried hoarsely as now know, that McManus didn't throw himself into the river that He looked at Dawn quickly. "I I didn't read it. . . . Brandon did not speak. He rushed night, eh? So you admit he still "Admit nothing . . . nothing. . .

into the pit of his stomach, driv- He's a murderer, I tell you. . . . And I wasn't here . . . He's a murderer, I tell you. . . . And I wasn't

He rubbed his palms together, looking about dully, like some hunted, haunted thing. . .

And back to the northward three people came through the darkening forest on Elliott's trail, bending low against the mounting storm. clouded. He lay still and then after Two men were ahead, beating down a track for the girl who followed, pleading with them now and again for more speed.

Ben watched Brandon narrowly. The man's mind, under the influhad been denied him by the stran- ence of the whisky he had taken to goad himself to go through with his That thought burned away the murderous plan, and beneath the haze which enveloped him and he shock of Elliott's fortunate shot in started to throw himself over, to the dark, was cracking. Ben need-

found that he was unable to move. His hands were stretched out "I've a proposition, Brandon. How'd you like to trade? How'd above his head; a harsh bond held you like to have Stuart's letter for, each wrist helpless. He tried to say, the use of my hands and feet

Brandon come slowly close and leaned over him.

"Mean that? Where is it?"-

"My affair." Even then, he could whisky bottle in his hand, swaying feel the bill-fold in his breeches pocket where old Don's letter re-

> "For the letter. And for word of McManus, I might, Elliott. I

bonds and discovered that the rope He checked himself with a grunt which bound him was wet. He as if realizing that he had by his could no more free himself with- own words placed himself complete-

"To h-l with you and your ques "G-d, how it worked! 'Dawn!' tions!" Brandon snarled, straightyou yelled like a fool, standing out- ening. "To h-l with you, Elliott! side there. 'Dawn!' . . . And then I'm not afraid of lies and McManus happened!

"They'll find your bones," he growled between teeth which restarting to snow. Nobody's nearer | mained clamped to still their ratthan the Hoot Owl and the smoke tling, "They'll find . . after a From beneath the sink he

dragged an oil can and sloshed its contents along the walls, across the racing thoughts connected that idea | floor, over Ben's body until Elliott with the odor which filled the room. lay in a pool of inflammable liquid. set!" He found the match for

me on, Elliott!" The match flared. "It's over now, you fool! It's the trail Faxson took for you! Cross Nick Brandon? H-I. "So far, yes; and on to the end, it'll He took one step to a pile of oil-

A shout outside; a body crashed

against the door. It burst open and here; they'll find an empty whisky Behind him came Martin and as were burning, now, and Brandon's Dawn slid down the steep drift to chin trembled as a look of horror the entry the burning curl of tinder | crept into his face.

"Get him, Tim!" cried Ben. "Nail him! Don't give him a chance !"

Jeffers fung themselves on Bran- be at peace. . . don as he charged for the door- Ay, at peace with herself and . . him down

"Take that!" Tim's voice bellowed. "'Nd that! 'Nd that!" The sound of knuckles on flesh

"Ben, where are you?"

with a long, gagging sound from

Brandon. Tim rose, looked around the room and moved to where Elliott's prone figure showed indistinctly in the

"Well I'll be d-d!" he said. 'Get up. . . . What? What's this?" "Trussed up, Tim. Cut me loose. . . Hurry! This is going to be a

A knife blade clicked open; the oil-soaked ropes parted. Ben lurched to his feet.

great party!"

Dawn, running into the kitchen of the camp she knew so well, came back with a lamp, its reservoir half "We seen the note," Jeffers muttered. "Dawn there, 'd come out. We suspected you were in trouble and-"

"Never mind about me, now," Ben broke in.

"But you're all that matters!" note that decoyed you. It was an pay. . . ." old one, written to him. He'd saved it."

Elliott smiled and covered her hands with his.

do with me. I'm only an accident thing, here, as much as admitted to ful day, dear Dawn. This part is He was here in this cabin the night tough for you, but . . . " He gave Faxson was shot. He was here, I'm his head an emphatic twist, smiled telling you! He admitted it to me, at her in assurance, then, putting not ten minutes ago! her gently aside, stepped close to Martin.

"Let him up, now . . . Here. . . . Into this chair, Brandon,"

his chin with a knuckle.

"We've got this citizen in quite a stew," he said. "He schemed to get velope from the purse. "Tve had me out here and did a good job." this thing for weeks and like a fool hadn't even had time to wonder about that note. It doesn't matter, though. You saw me tied, there; Brandon, cowering against the wall, that rope's soaked with oil. The watched him with jaw sagging. place is drenched with it. He was just touching her off when you three came in and it would have Faxson. Brandon did. Brandon been as neat a murder as I've heard had McManus drunk and was getabout in a coon's age!"

only trying . . . trying . . . let- to stop it. Brandon shot Faxson

mitted to me, Brandon?" Ben asked that he-McManus-had done it. sharply. "You gave it away, gave McManus believed him. I don't yourself away!"

got me cold, eh? You've nothing on | died and told me McManus had lit me that'll amount to a snap of my thumb!" His gaze went back to



The Wick Was Lighted and the Shadows of the Room Retreated.

was so drunk he never knew what Dawn. "And I've watched you shrink and cringe all your life, and I'm glad now that it's warped you and weakened you-"

"Hold your tongue, Brandon!" That was Martin's voice breaking in, thickened and shaken with congested rage.

He advanced toward Brandon slowly. He halted and did not speak for a long moment. Eyes still fast on the other, he reached toward the blinked.

Because McManus disappeared!" Martin said slowly with low tensity. "Ah, it made a plausible case, Bran-

Then he did a strange thing. He lifted those shears in a quick gesture to his chin and a lock of the thick beard fell away. "And you'd make lives h-1 be-

cause you held the power. . . . And you'd write to the hiding, skulking was gone . . that she was marthat she hated her father's name, eh?" Another lock of hair fell, and another. His blue eyes

"But If he was to come back. Brandon, and swear to her with his own lips that he did not kill . . swear so, to a girl like that. She'd believe him, wouldn't she? self and looked around the circle of With a muffled shout Martin and | She'd believe him, wouldn't she, and | faces in disgust . At peace. . .

> bearded jaw and flung away the shears. He stood erect, spreading Tim had said his say. He rese to his hands. "See!" he cried. "See, Nick Bran-

> The man in the chair made as if looked about, lifting it in a little to rise. He could not. He lifted an gesture of salute. arm as though to fend a blow.

"Denny!" he choked. "Denny Mc-

Manus. . . You're a d-d . . you're a . . ."

He ended in a wild scream and cowered back against the wall. Beside Ben, Dawn was trembling. He put his arm about her and she

sagged against him. "So I wouldn't come back, eh?" the man they had known as Martin cried, and whirled to face her. "I came, Dawn! I've come back to tell you that I'm not afraid. . . That my heart's clean. . . . " He gathered her in his arms, dropped his cheek to her head and closed his eyes. "I'm no killer. I don't know who killed Faxson. Nick told me filled. The wick was lighted and I did and I lost my head for an hour the shadows of the room retreated. and then it was too late. . . . I've hidden for years because he's written me things, terrible things to read, little Dawn. But I couldn't stand It longer!"

"And a warrant!" Brandon croaked. "A warrant's here . . . there, in Tincup. Murder won't Dawn said. "Ben. . . . It was my outlaw. . . . You'll pay . . . you'll

McManus drew Dawn even closer. "But you'll know, little Dawn!

. . You'll know!" he murmured. "Wait!" cried Ben. "All of you! "Never mind anything that has to Listen! This . . . this . . . this in this. It's going to be a wonder- me that he killed Faxson himself!

"I don't know much about the rules of evidence"-tugging at the bill-fold in his pocket-"but I've a good guess about what Don Stuart He stood back a pace and rubbed had to tell the night he died, now that Brandon has trapped himself!" He shook the solled, folded en-

"Listen!" He ripped open the flap and

"I have been a coward," Ben read aloud. "McManus did not kill ting him to sign away his share of "A lie!" Brandon muttered, "Was the partnership when Faxson tried and when McManus was sober "Have you forgotten what you ad- enough to understand, told him know what became of McManus. You fool, you. You think you've Brandon came to me before Sam out and that if I did not swear that Faxson said McManus shot at him he would send me to the pen for stealing from the company. This is God's truth. 1 was afraid to do anything else. I have been a coward. I am sorry I did not tell this years before."

Brandon's head was twitching. "Lie," he gasped. ". . drunken

bum. . "No lie, Brandon, It's truth!" Ben said without heat, quite soberly. Tim Jeffers turned to McManus smiling gently, and as he moved Brandon sprang forward. With a wild cry he gained the doorway, snatched it open and plunged out-

"Get him!" Tim cried and Mc-Manus followed, leaping out into the gloom of late afternoon. . . . "Don't leave me alone! Not here, Ben!"

It was this cry of Dawn's which arrested Ben on the threshold. He turned to see her swaying dizzily. "Hold me! Hold me close. . . . Ah, Ben, dear!"

Her arms clasped his neck and she began to cry softly. "Easy!" he said unsteadily. "Easy, now! It's all over. . .

Everything's over!" No sounds of the three who had fled into the darkness came for many minutes and then old Tim Jeffers stamped grimly into the room. He did not speak as the two looked inquiringly at him. He waited for the man who had been known as John Martin. . . . He came slowly, this man, breathing

heavily. "Compensation," he said in a whisper as he advanced toward Dawn, "You crossed me!" Brandon cried, table, groping for a pair of rusted arms outstretched hungrily. "The shears which lay there. A cloud Mad Woman has him. . . . Here it came over Brandon's eyes and he started. . . . Into that river I was supposed to have gone, in a con-"And you'd taunt her with it! fession of murder. . . . There he went tonight. . . . We saw it, Tim and I. . . . We watched him swept under the ice. . . "

It was after midnight when the group assembled in the McManus home. Tim Jeffers, Able, Doctor Sweet, Denny McManus, Dawn and Ben Elliott sat rather silently in the long, low living room while Aunt Em busied herself in the kitchen.

Little was said and when Aunt Em appeared, bearing a tray laden with glasses and a bottle, she walked into a hushed silence.

"Fiddlesticks, what folks you are!" she exploded, "Sittin' here like it was a funeral instead of about the happiest time this house has seen in a coon's age!"

She passed the glasses but no one spoke. She took the last her-"Has the cat got all your tongues?" she demanded and Able

chuckled and old Tim Jeffers

smiled. Still, no one spoke until after old his feet, a giant of a man in that low-ceilinged room. He eyed the clear wine in his glass and then

"Well," he said ... "Happy days!" [THE END.]

BRISBANE

THIS WEEK

Explaining to Canada Mr. Morgenthau's Work A West Point for Crime Alfred du Pont

Canada, hearing of a proposed United States "camouflaged mili-

tary airplane base near her border," asks for information. The State department will gladly supply it. No military forts separate the two countries, no battleships on the big lakes. Inhabit-

ants on both

sides, being civ-

ilized, have no

idea of attack-

ing each other;

Arthur Brisbane

neither craves what the other owns. Some day, let us hope, the two countries will be one, by mutual agreement, or Canada might annex the United States in a friendly way, if that were more acceptable, a ma-

jority of voters ruling. The North American continent, from the Mexican border to the North pole, should be one nation, or if Mexico and others would come in, all the way down to the Panama canal, so much the better.

There will be no war between this country and any part of the British empire. Common sense forbids it. Any air base of ours would probably be as useful to Canada as to ourselves, and we should be delighted to see Canada establish a string of or bases to the north of us, especially along her Pacific and Atlantic coasts.

Secretary Morgenthau, never in business as a banker, interested. personally, in farming more than in money, has shown the outside world, to its surprise, that he can make the American dollar keep its place in the procession, regardless of many billions of bond issues, no gold basis, and other novelties.

Gamblers that ordinarily enjoy speculation in "exchange" are afraid of the American dollar. And curiously, while some Americans are sending money to other countries, to make it "safe," foreigners, and especially Britishers, are investing more and more heavily in the United States.

Washington discusses a "West Point for war on crime," a semimilitary school under the attorney general to train fighters to meet the national crime army, that collects almost as much money as the national government itself takes in.

The war would be simple if government would treat crime as it would an outbreak of yellow fever, or Asiatic cholera, taking it really seriously.

Habitual criminals are known, men of ten or fifteen convictions, racketeers, gunmen. Make it clear that once locked up they would never get out as long as they lived and you would see the crime fade

Very bad news for the country, in which efficiency and energy counts as public asset number one, is the sudden death of Alfred du Pont, stricken with heart disease in his residence near Jacksonville, Fla. At seventy years of age, Mr. du Pont was planning, as he should be, all sorts of new enterprises that would have been interesting to him. He needed no more money, wanted to be useful.

Great Britain is excited about the Germans building submarines, especially annoyed to learn that the submarines are of a "super" type, carrying guns as well as torpedo tubes, able to hunt British or other ships anywhere on earth, some alleged to carry a small airplane, easily launched. Britain has planecarrying submarines, but that is different. German submarines now finished are about to start maneuver practice off Wilhelmshafen.

Nations rise to great heights, glorious power, then crumble, disappear; desert sands cover their streets and temples. Patient archeology digs them out and wonders. Read Volney's "Ruins of Empires" to find that process well de-

What causes it? Do nations grow old and die "naturally," inevitably, as individuals do? Sometimes plagues wipe them out; the black death nearly destroyed Europe. Malaria tore down the power of Rome,

A crime, unbelievable, has been reported from Texas. Howard Pierson, aged twenty, killed his mother and father, then shot himself in the arm, pretending that bandits had

After police had kept him awake for awhile he confessed, said he did it "for revenge."

He did it actually, authorities declared, for \$17,000 insurance on his father's life. He killed the mother because she would have got the in-

. King Features Syndicate, Inc.

MEMORY OF WAR NEVER LASTING

Horror Has Small Effect on New Generations.

It is not so long since war was "outlawed" and the outlaw was ostracized. Even that mild and gentle child named Neutrality was not mentioned in polite or academic society. The slogan was not neutrality

in thought, but peace in thought. Now the outlaw is found not to be dead, but lurking in the woods, and it is discovered that all nations border on the same forest. The youth and some of their elders contemplate the future possibility of war by forswearing any participation in itwhen it comes. Veterans' organizations advocate legislation now to take the profit out of war-when it comes. Scholars and students of peace begin to re-examine the utility of our traditional neutrality policy as a device for keeping us out of war-when it comes,

Through it all drones the refrain of those who picture the horrors of the next war-the wiping out of cities from the air; newer and more frightful gases; death rays. The same song was sung before 1914 or eruptions and disfigured my face. and long, long before. It has never deterred nations from war, because it acts, if at all on the individual and not on the mass, not on the na ion, not on the government.

Even for the individual it is too verwhelming and too remote to be crasped except by those in whom it touches and torments the chords of personal memory. Soon a new crop has ripened. Those Impersonal things known as governments respond more eadily to the stern high calls of naional honor and prestige. They seek, often sincerely, the welfare of heir country. It is both a material and a spiritual welfare. Would ither be served by war today or on near tomorrow ?--Philip C. Jessup, n Current History.

Might Try It

If you have a tree that bears no ruit put a stone in its first crotch ust before blossoming time; the ree will surely be fruitful after that. DEBT TO SCIENCE

When sugar was first made from beets it required about 20 tons of beets to produce one ton of sugar; now it requires but six tons, the change being due to scientific production of beets.

Week's Supply of Postum Free Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it .- Adv.

Meet It Bravely Main thing in life is not to elude

danger; but to elude the fear of it.

Rash **Disfigured Face**

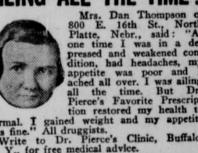
Disappeared After Using Cuticura

"A rash broke out on my face from some external irritation and spread very rapidly. The skin was red, and the rash burned and itched so that I scratched night and day. Then it developed into large spots

"I tried different kinds of soaps, but had no success. I read about Cuticura Soap and Ointment and decided to send for a free sample. The result was so good that I bought more, and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment the rash disappeared." (Signed) Herbert B. Skyles, R. D. 1, Vintondale, Pa.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Talcum 25c. Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass .-- Adv.

AILING ALL THE TIME



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it's hard for weather to wear off. That's why

your car stays beautiful when you Simoniz it.