

and swinging on.

to stay away."

abreast of the man.

Ain't pleasant to . .

just in time to hear Stuart gasp:

I'd like . . . stay here. . .

and not . . . among friends,"

"Never mind," the other said as

one might to a protesting child.

"I've told you any number of times

On this reply Elliott moved

"Hello, old timer he said, ad-

dressing Stuart. "Going some place?"

to be Nicholas Brandon, His man-

ner en the question was almost cas-

"I . . . Mister Brandon, here

. . won't let me . . . stay.'

Then Elliott looked at Brandon.

A man of undetermined age; not

old, neither young. Powerfully

built, with a peculiarly white face

and eyes as black as night. These

eyes bored into Elliott's now, keen-

ly, intelligently, with the look of a

man who is accustomed to gauging

others without delay or hesitation.

to stay!" Ben said softly. And then

with a smile, to Brandon: "I sort of

took the old timer under my wing

"There's no place for him here,"

He twitched at the old man's arm

but Ben broke in, brow wrinkled as

if he wanted to handle a perplexing

"Well, now, say! No place? Sup-

pose a place was made for him a

few days? I'd sort of planned on

that. There's a hotel here, and I'd

"I don't know you," Brandon in-

terrupted and irritability crept into

his voice. "I've never even seen

He's an old employee of mine. This

"Yeah. I am butting in, I guess.

told me a little about himself. He's

it. He's not what you'd call in ro-

In the distance a train whistled

"I've no time to argue my affairs,"

"But, Nick! See . . here,

Down Into the Half-Thawed Mire

. . again. It's lonesome, bein'

He winced from the grasp and on

"Let him go," he said quietly, but

The man besitated and flushed.

he said, voice edged with wrath,

"Fair enough. But unless you've

got a better reason than I know

about, let the old timer alone! Let

go of his wrist!" he added sharply,

"I'll thank you to keep out of-"

He had grasped Brandon's fore-

"Let-go-his-wrist, you d-d

"you'll keep out of this!"

I'll never get back

alone, where you can't

Nick! You're . . hurt-

of the Street.

ing my wrist!"

bully!"

he said sharply. "Come, Stuart."

old friends myself and if-"

especially strangers, meddling."

Brandon said positively. "Come,

today. He wants to stay here quite

badly. I'll look after him."

matter fairly.

be willing to-'

"Oh, this man doesn't want you

. hello," Dan panted.

SYNOPSIS

Elliott-from "Yonder"makes his entry into the lumbering town of Tincup. He has brought along an old man, Don Stuart, who had been eager to reach Tincup.

CHAPTER I-Continued

Watchers felt their middles aching as they followed those straining contestants. Again the Bull sought to strike Elliott's extended hand and missed by inches. His left hand raised jerkily, up and up. His body tilted. His great torso was twisting, wrenching at the hips, and, seeing this, Elliott leaped high, came down running, sent water sloshing back and forth the length of the stick until with a threaty cry of rage and humiliation, of hatred and jealousy, the great Bull, missing a stride, went sideways and backward, disappeared beneath the surface of the pond with a mighty splash and came up blowing and shaking his black thatched head.

Hats went into the air, then, along with yips and yells and enthusiastic oaths as Ben Elliott, panting heavily, brought the log to a stop and, hands on his knees, steed blowing and grinning and watched the man whose title he had taken swim for the broom sticks.

The Bull slunk quickly toward the boiler room of the mill, water streaming from his pants and Stuart, it's almost train time." sleeves. The pond man threw out his pike pole and brought the cedar log to shore and there Birney, the announcer and master of ceremonies, greeted Elliott with a clap on the back and, with the other hand, thrust a roll of currency at him.

"Here's your money as I you sure deserve it!' he cried, close in Ben's ear to make himself heard, "You'd got it on a foul, anyhow!"

Others surged around the victor and Elliett accepted this homage you. I've known this man for years. modestly. "Luck!" he said to one enthusi- is my affair. I never have others,

astic well-wisher. "I got the breaks "Luck be domned!" shrilled Bird-Eye. "I'll lick any mon ave me own knuckle.

old or me heavy who says 'twas luck! You got stuff, me b'y; you But . . . You see, the old timer got guts!" "Thanks, chum!" Elliott laughed. been lonesome a long time, I take

"I hope you den't find me out!" He shouldered his way slowly to bust health. I figure that if I was in this pack-sack and, surrounded by his shape I'd like to be with a few his admirers, with Bird-Eye in the fore, changed to his shoes again. He looked about for Don Stuart, and on the sound Brandon's eyes craning his neck to see over the crowd which was new moving up toward Tincup's main thoroughfare. "Who ye want?" Bird Eye asked "Owld Donny?"

"Yeah. Stuart. The old duffer's broke, on top of being sick, and I want to look out for him." A man at his elbow said cau-

ticusly: "I'm afeerd old Don won't do much visitin' in Tincup." Bird-Eye turned to him inquiringly and the man nodded. "Brandon. He found him bere while th' birlin' was goin' on. He's likely made other arrange-

ments."

"Th' dirty stinker!" Bird-Eye said beneath his breath. "So he's drivin' him out already, is he? Well, th' "-awob wat

"Who's driving who out?" Elliott asked.

"Misther Brandon. Americky moight be a free country but Tincup ain't in it, thin. Owld Donny ain't welcome here 'nd 't's likely he's got his orders to move on." Elliott hitched his pack-sack a bit higher.

"What's this? Orders? What's wrong with him? Seemed like a harmless old gaffer to me. Bent on coming to Tincup, too; wanted It like a little kid wants candy. Got | With a Sharp Oath Brandon Went my goat. . . . Who's going to run him eff?"

Bird-Eye had hopped nimbly to a log from which point he could see across bobbing heads.

"Ah-ha!" he exclaimed. "Sure, it's Misther Brandon hisseli who's

a-runnin' owld Donny off!" Elliott craned his neck and could that the last shadow of a smile went see, half-way to the depot, two men out of Ben Elliott's face. He put on the sidewalk. One was his comhimself squarely before Brandon. panion in travel earlier that day; the other a man he had not seen behis look drove hard into those black fore. The latter had Don Stuart by one arm but that contact was not "If you aren't looking for trouble,"

the friendly assistance which Ben had offered the old fellow. As Elliott locked, the feeble old man tried to draw away, but the other was insistent, scarcely hesitated in his progress toward the station, "Train west's due now," Bird-Eve

said. "Sure, 'nd pore owld Donny, as Stuart winced again. he'll be a passenger. It's a cryin' shame, kapin' him away from Tincup so!

Elliott started forward, Bird-Eye at his heels, crossing the street, arm with both hands, letting his leaping to the high board sidewalk pack slip to the sidewalk. The

With a sharp oath Brandon went down in the half-thawed mire of the street, sprawling ignominiously on his back.

be sick

Well, new! That was something else again. Men had been coming, edging cautiously near during the brief argument between Elliott and Nicholas Brandon. But when Brandon, the man who ruled Tincup and its county, was seen lifted from his feet and tossed ignominiously into the mud, trampled by his horses, stirred by the wheels of his wagons and tractors, the street which led He overtook the two he followed through the town, to his mill . . Well, then they came a-run-"-ain't long to . . . live, Nick. ning!

ducked, swayed forward and bend-

ing his supple body caught Bran-

his feet, swung, shoved and flung

Bird-Eye cackled an impudent laugh and turned to watch the faces of the vanguard who came to see their bege lord, sprawled in the mud there, scramble to his feet. Their voices were raised in incredulity. In two decades and more no man save Bird-Eye Blaine had dared lift even his voice in Tincup in other than respect for Nicholas Brandon. And now this stranger had picked He did not look at the man said

him up and thrown him away! But Brandon was up, lurching for the sidewalk where Ben Elliott stood, legs spread, fists clenched but with good humor repossessed and grinning as he had grinned at Bull Duval; grinning as a man will who loves combat for its own sake and not at all as one who fights

in red rage. However his smile faded and his jaw settled as Brandon uplifted his face in that rush. Murder was there, in the black eyes, in the loose hanging of the lower lip, in the purple flush of his cheeks. Murder, and no less. As quickly as that homicidal look had come, it passed. Something like fear swept those eyes, driving it away. Not fear of this encounter, Ben knew; not fear of a stronger, younger man. Something else again; something entirely different. It was the sort of fear that comes from within; the kind of fear a man has for his own im-

Brandon halted abruptly. His fists relaxed into hands and with one of them he brushed rather aimlessly at mud on his sleeve.

A dozen men were close, then, helding back, watching, waiting, listening. Others were coming. And as Brandon halted, looking up into Elliott's face and evidently fighting for self-control, one of these new arrivals pushed to the front and

came up importantly. "What's the matter, Mr. Brandon?" he asked sharply, with the A low whisper came from Stuart manner of one ready to render servand Ben rubbed his chin with one

> Brandon did not reply at once. He settled his coat on his shoul-

> "Sheriff, arrest this young man immediately," he said then. "I'll swear to a complaint of assault and battery myself."

A sigh of relief, of disappointment, of laxing tension, or of all these combined, went up from the growing group. The sheriff turned to Elliott and touched his arm significantly.

"You'd better come along, Elliott." he said. "You tock in too much territory."

Ben looked about almost foolishly. He was embarrassed and surprised. He had expected a roughand-tumble fight in what he considered a righteous cause and surely he was the sort who would have been on familiar ground in such an encounter. But here he was, with a sheriff plucking at his sleeve!

He laughed a bit sheepishly. "All right, Sheriff. If it's arresting you run to here in Tincup, likely I'm it!"

He turned for his pack-sack and as he did so observed old Don Stuart sitting weakly on the step of the vacant store building before which the scene had been enacted. He was obviously a sick man and trouble clouded Elliott's eyes.

"Minute, Sheriff," he said and crossed to Don, thrusting one hand into a pants pocket.

"Here, old timer," he said gently. The hand came out and into Stuart's palm he pressed a thin packet of bills and some change. "Get one of your old buddles . . . Here you!"-straightening and beckoning Bird-Eye, who approached with alacrity. "Get the old timer to a hotel. Better get a dector, too. He's heeled enough to take care of himself a few days. After that . . . we'll see."

He turned then and fastered a severe gaze on Brandon.

"And you, chum, let him alone!" he warned. "Until a doctor says he can travel, you watch your step wit., him!"

But Brandon ignored this. He was buttoning his coat, pushing his way through the group, which fell aside respectfully.

"All right. Sheriff," said Ben to that worthy, "Let's go!"

CHAPTER II

A BLE ARMITAGE, justice of the peace in Tincup, looked over his spectacles into the face of the prisoner before him and a twinkle appeared in his keen blue eyes. He

"Now, young man, you're charged with assault and battery on the per-

clutch on Don Stuart's arm loosened. son of Nicholas Brandon. Are you With a snarl Brandon drew back | guilty?"

and swung for Ben's jaw. Elliott From the rear windows of his cluttered little office, Able had watched young Ben Elliott emerge don about the middle, drove his from the status of a complete head into the man's chest, raised a stranger to the populace to that knee to his groin, lifted him from of its latest hero by sending Mr. Bull Duval to a damp and ignominious finish in the log birling. After that he picked up an old clarinet and commenced to play a halting, aimless and not completely musical

He was so occupied either with the musical performance or with his thoughts that he did not hear the tramp of many feet on the walk outside and was unaware that he was about to be called on to function in an official capacity. When the door opened, though, and Ben Elliott, Hickens, the sheriff, and Nicholas Brandon, followed, it seemed, by the total male population of the county, surged through the doorway, the clarinet's squawking leaped into a shrill squeal and died away. The judge's feet dropped to the floor and he swung his chair to face the entrance.

The sheriff stated his errand, the complaint was drawn, Nicholas Brandon affixed his signature and then for the first time Able looked closely into the face of the defendant.

It was a long and searching look and was met steadily by a pair of

clear steel-gray eyes. "Are you guilty or not?" Able repeated and Ben Elllott who had stood at ease before him, slouch hat in his great brown hands, gave his head a grave twist.



"Guilty, Eh?"

I'm about a hundred per cent brain.

guilty," he said. A stir in the room followed that and Able frowned, a convincingly judicial frown.

throat at length. "Now how about sides of the vessel shricked Kaththis disruption of the peace, any leen's last words to him, "I couldn't how?"

The sheriff spoke.

accused has pleaded guilty, as I un- unknown. derstand it. I don't see any need He's thrown himself on the mercy science, he traveled for five mistion him before passing sentence."

The sheriff sniffed and subsided. between him and the justice.

"Now, Mr. . . . " Able glanced at the complaint again. "Mr. Ben Elliott, how come that you go about the country tossing reputable citizens into the mud?"

"Why, he was trying to make a friend of mine do something he didn't want to do. That's all. I butted in, I guess; he got hard and so."-shrug-"I lost my head for a minute and put him in his place." "In the mud, you mean."

"Yeah. In the mud." "Well, go on; go on. Go back to

the beginning. I want to know all about this affair." Elliott drew a long breath.

"I started for Tincup several days ago. I was a long ways off, over in Minnesota. This morning I got down to the junction west of here and while I waited for my train got talking to this old timer, Don Stuart, who was in the station. Maybe you know him, Judge, Other folks here do." Able blinked twice; hard. "The old fellow is about all in, I'd say. He's got it into his head that he's about to die and probably his guess isn't such a bad one. Seems this used to be his stamping ground, that he's been away a long time and that he'd started back to finish his days here where he could see some old friends. He went broke on the way and was just sitting there this morning waiting for something to happen. I happened. I wasn't any too well heeled myself, but I had enough for his ticket I couldn't live without a certain

so I brought him along. chance to pick up a few dollars of and everything. But, well-I caught Tincup money as soon as we got in a last minute boat to Calais inand I had to have it, with the old stead." timer on my hands. While I was busy getting this cash this man Brandon evidently saw my buddy and started rushing him back to other note from the boat." She the depot to take the next train lighted one cigarette with the stub back to where he came from. I of another. Then, inhaling a long didn't like that so well. I tried to draft, she said languidly: talk him out of it but Mr. Brandon isn't a greater talker. That's all.

. . . Here I am!" (TO BE CONTINUED.) Thirty Years

By JEWELL H. MOGFORD MoClure Newspaper Syndicate. WNU Service.

PLACING his watch on his desk in front of him, Kenneth Rowell picked up the gun. With his free hand he pulled his evening coat back and with calm, calculating movement, placed the muzzle over his heart.

His handsome young face was set and colorless, his fine body tense. He looked at the watch. In the soft light of the shaded gas jet the minute hand marked five minutes to eleven. Five minutes to wait. He relaxed

slightly. He must pull the trigger at exactly eleven. That had been Kathleen's last caution an hour ago as they stood on the little balcony of the country club. "We must go together, darling-

at the same instant." He could hear again the half-sob with her whispered words as her small head nestled against his shoulder. He had held her close-the first

time he had ever taken her in his arms, for, young as she was, she was another man's wife. "I shall not see him again," Kath-

leen had said, after a moment. "I'll leave a note on his desk." He did not like to think of Chauncey Grimes. Yet, they were taking the only way out, he and Kathleen.

He held the gun against his heart

again. Three minutes now. "We must both be sure of the time," she had cautioned again, "and very careful." He had known in the stillness that followed that she was trying to banish the fear of a possible slip in their plans. "For I could never bear being without you, darling, no matter where."

He forced his mind to register the time. One more minute. Involuntarily he turned the gun and looked into the muzzle. The cold ugliness of its startled him. Kathleen, at this moment, too, must be frightened. But in a few seconds now a bullet-vainly he tried to force back this thought-a bullet would go tearing through her soft tlesh-and his own,

The minute hand again. It plainly marked eleven-three!

Frantically he reached the wall telephone and turned the crank. Then, at last, the Grimes' butler, excitedly:

"Mrs. Grimes? She's gone! Came back from the club, must have gone out again by the side door . . . husband frantic, just found a note on his desk . . . suicide, yes, at exactly eleven, the note said, but didn't say where . . . gun gone, sidewalk into the mud is called as- too . . ." The scattered words, each sault and battery in Tincup, then a definite flame, burnt into hi

Too late! She had gone alone!

On the boat bound for the Orient Kenneth Rowell knew little peace. "Guilty, eh?" He cleared his The waves swishing against the bear being without you, darling, no matter where." The throb of the "You see, Able, 'twas this way, engine groaned them, the wind hissed them. He had failed her. "Now, just a minute, Art. This had let her go alone into that vast

It was the same everywhere he of anybody else saying anything, went. Running from his conof the court, you might say, and it's erable years, from country to counregular and proper and according to try, but never back to America. the spirit of the statute that I ques- Finally, in Honduras, his money gone, he worked on a coffee planfrom it.

Thirty years passed.

He returned, a stowaway, to America. Stooped, a ragged man, old beyond his years, he moved like a forlorn spirit across the soft sward in front of the country club -the old building, enlarged. He stood beside a shrub under the same little balcony, the same moon, the same soft breeze. The orchestra was playing a sweet, gliding waltz. They had danced to that same tune thirty years ago, he and Kathleen.

french doors, the large puffs of her silken sleeves, her blond curls. Holding tight to his senses, he told himself that this was no ghostly apparition. He reminded himself that American papers had said much of late about woman's return to the fashions of the 90s.

She was heavier, with curves more ample, older, of course. Then he saw that she was smoking a cigarette.

"But Kay," the boy was saying, "I'll die if you don't leave old Grimesy and marry me! I'll-I'll kill myself!"

"Don't try it, sweetums," she answered in a heavy contralto voice. but with something of the old sweetness. "I tried it once, Thought man, Left the usual note on "As luck would have it, I got a Grimesy's desk, had the gun ready

> "But Grimesy, how did he know?" the boy asked breathlessly.

"Oh, I sent a messenger with an-

"No, I need you too much. I really couldn't bear being without you, darling!"

Give Thought to Abnormal Child

Neglecting and Spoiling Are Both Extremes to Be Avoided.

Depending on what kind of parents they have, handicapped children are classified into three groups by Dr. John Ruhrah, author of "The Parent and the Handicapped Child," in Hygeia Magazine. The crippled child may be neglected, or he may be spolled, or he may be treated sensibly and correctly.

The parents of the neglected child will feel outraged that such a thing as a handicapped child has been wished on them. They are liable to worry a bit and then they shut the child out of their lives and emotions as far as possible and feel no responsibility for his preparation for life.

The second set of parents make pity, of themselves and of the child, the biggest stumbling block in the way of educating the child. If the parent pities the child, the child will pity himself instead of making the best of his condition. The child is allowed to become spoiled, irritable, exacting, wanting everything his own way and doing nothing for himself.

There is the third set of parents who are quick to realize that they have a problem on their hands, and they set about learning how best to solve it. The child must be taught first that he is to behave as other children do as far as he is able, taking into consideration his handicap. The child can be taught independence if the parent finds out what the child can do for himself and what he cannot do, and then does only what is necessary. Children like to do things for themselves and it is one way they learn not only to do things, but to be independent. This also applies to teaching the child to make decisions for himself. Children who are never allowed to decide things for themselves grow up into men and women who have a hard time, and no one needs self-confidence and independence more than

the handicapped person. Idleness is bad and makes children unhappy. The handlcapped child should be kept occupied with games and hobbies in which he is interested, but there should be a careful steering between overexertion and underexertion. All physically handicapped children reed extra rest, which should be a part of the daily routine. Too much exercise is worse than none.

DROUTH BLAMED ON RECESSION OF ICE FIELDS

A theory that changes in climate conditions which have brought drouths to western Canada and parts of the United States may be caused by the recession of glaciers in the Canadian Northwest and Alaska is being studied by a committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science under the secretaryship of Moses B. Cotsworth of Vancouver and London.

The scientists have found that the warm winds of the Pacific are not only demolishing great ice sheets in this district but are hollowing out a path across northern Canada on their way east. Formerly they were tation, a common laborer. Always diverted by ice fields in the North Clearly, there was little friendship that insistent cry; never away and passed through southern British Columbia to drop their moisture in rain on the Canadian and United

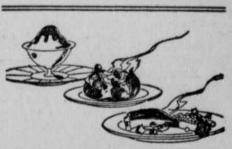
States prairies. Now with less ice each year in the North and no mountains to precipitate their moisture, the winds reach the 9,000-foot ice cap of Greenland The change, Mr. Cotsworth says, seems to be making Alaska warmer and Greenland colder.

Meanwhile, the Greenland ice cap has grown immensely. It is estimated to be sufficient to cover North America with a layer of ice 50 feet thick. Gravitational weight seems to He took a step into deeper shad- be very gradually exerting a tendow as a woman, followed by a boy, ency to move the earth's crust came out. He saw her distinctly as around its central core of the heavshe stepped through the lighted lest metals. These changes, Mr.

Cotsworth suggests, may prove helpful in the detection of further climatic changes.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the original little liver pills put up 60 years ago They regulate liver and bowels.—Adv

Keep Busy No greater crime than loss of time. -Exchange.



If You Eat Starches Meats, Sweets Read This

They're All Necessary Foods - But All Acid - Forming. Hence Most of Us Have "Acid Stomach" At Times. Easy Now to Relieve.

Doctors say that much of the so-called "indigestion," from which so many of us suffer, is really acid indigestion . . . brought about by too many acid-forming foods in our modern diet. And that there is now a way to relieve this . . . often in

minutes! Simply take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia after meals. Almost in mediately this acts to neutralize the stomach acidity that brings on your trouble. You "forget you have a

stomach! Try this just once! Take either the familiar liquid "PHILLIPS", or, now the convenient new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets. But be sure you get Genuine "PHILLIPS".

Also in Tablet Form: Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at all drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. \* Milk of Magnesia

Wise Old Bird "So you always pay down?" "Yes, then I don't have to worry



about paying up."

Com-

Light that floods the hole room with a clear ellow radiance! The nearest to daylight of any artificial light. More light than 30 cor more light than 30 common kerosene lamps. It's light that protects your sight! Plenty of light for every home need. Easy to operate... easy to keep going. Only Coleman gives you so much light for so little cost. Beautiful new models with parchment shades.

See your hardware or housefur ealer. If he doesn't handle, write us. The Coleman Lamp & Stove Compan Dept. WU128, Wichita, Kana.: Chicago, Ill.; Los Angelo Calif.: Philadelphia, Pa.: Toronto, Optario, Canada 652

They Know None think the great unhappy but the great.

Help Kidneys

If poorly functioning Kidneys and Bladder make you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Rheumating Pains, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting Itching, or Acidity try the guarantee Doctor's Prescription Cystex (Sisstex — Must fix you up or money back. Only 75f at druggists

YOU NEED A BUILDER?



no appetite, and was thin.
Doctor Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery strengthened me so that I regained my normal weight and health. I was able to sleep and had a fine appetite." All druggists.

Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y.

**METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA** 

direct from its New York Stage 3-Hour Broadcast by LISTERINE announced by Geraldine Farrar 12:45P.M.C.S.T. Every Saturday - all NBC stations 1125 AM 114

## Cuticura Talcum Powder

Protect your skin with a powder that is mildly antiseptic and at the same time fine, soft and smooth as silk. Fragrant, oriental balsamic essential oils comprise the medication of Cutieura Taleum. Instantly upon touching the skin these oils start their soothing, healing work and you are protected against irritation. Price 25c.

Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

I own a paint factory and want a partner in your locality who will invest \$500 to \$1000. I will match your investment and give you two-thirds of the profits. Prefer an established business such as drug store, hardware store or lumber yard. Write for details. Address

P. O. Box 343, Geneva, Nebr.

OLD AGE PENSION INFORMATION JUDGE LEHMAN, HUMBOLDT, KANS.