



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, that 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 wrests 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.

CHAPTER V—Continued

Shortly after dinner on the following day, Ben Elliott set out to investigate a story of a trappers' camp on Squaw lake, which lay to the northward of Hoot Owl. Things were going swimmingly on the job. He was a bit ahead even of the stiff schedule of production he had set for himself and if the weather held reasonably good and he could frustrate these attempts to slow him up, he would turn the trick which engaged him for the present.

It was a good six miles to Squaw lake but he did not follow the most direct route. Swung right and left now and then, smiling when he came on a particularly fine piece of timber. Certainly, the Hoot Owl staff looked better every time he went through it. Money standing on end for an orphan girl if he, Ben Elliott, should be strong enough to outlast Nicholas Brandon's ruthlessness and persistence! He wondered about Dawn McManus, known and marked as the daughter of a murderer. Tough, he told himself, for a child to grow up under a cloud like that. He started back after a fruitless investigation, and had not gone more than half-way to camp when he came suddenly upon a fresh snow-shoe trail. He stopped short with a little thrill. Another prowler? The one who had shortened his measures yesterday? The tracks were only moments old, he knew by the way the freshly falling snow lay in them.

Ben went faster, breaking into a jog trot where the going was good. A half hour later he saw the moving figure before him. Ben saw him turn about, looking upward, stare into the wind which blew from the northwest and swing to go with it. Not completely lost, as a greenhorn might be; not floundering in panic and traveling meaningless circles, but still far from certain in directions.

Ben felt a tightening in his throat. This, the chances were, would be an encounter with one of the men who, most certainly acting on Brandon's orders, sought to hamper and hamstring him. A savage anticipation ran his veins with that; to meet this prowler would be a greater satisfaction, even, than throwing Bull Duval out of his camp had been.

Elliott pushed on, moving faster than the other, cutting down the distance between them as the thickening gloom made it impossible for him to see clearly at any distance. The man before him stopped suddenly and faced about. Elliott hesitated, wondering whether he had been seen or not. If not, he wanted to trail secretly; if so—

He dipped into a sharp ravine, climbed the other slope . . . and came face to face with the most lovely girl he could then or afterward remember having seen in his life.

Great brown eyes looked at him. The nose was small, aristocratic; the mouth red lipped, mobile, he imagined, but now it was set rather grimly into an expression of extreme petulance.

He did not register consciously the knitted toque of soft maroon wool, nor the well-tailored jumper and knickers. Impressions leaped at him in ensemble, rather than detail: a trim, frigate, competent little figure.

"Oh!" he said, when she did not speak. "Oh . . . Why, hello!" He grinned, then, but no responsive smile changed the girl's face or even lighted her eyes.

"Good afternoon," she said brusquely, almost sharply.

"I saw your trail. That is, I . . ."

How different, this beginning, from the manner of address he had planned! He felt called upon, now, to explain his presence on her trail rather than to demand a reason for her being there. "I saw your trail," he began again, "and I thought . . . It seemed to me you might be a little lost."

"As a matter of fact, I am completely turned around," she said. "It was silly of me to come into the woods, especially on a day like this, without a compass. But I did . . . and here I am!" She was eyeing him closely, now, as though searching for some special detail of face or figure.

Lost! He thought: a lost Diana! "I kept losing my bearings and had trouble getting oriented and am getting a little tired. It was so silly! Downright stupid! If you know this country you can set me right. I should be back in Tincup before long or they'll worry."

Ben wondered quickly and irrelevantly, who they might be. Yes, he could get her out. In a half hour he could have her in his camp and send her on her way to town. . . . But in a half hour . . . And with her manner so clearly hostile for no reason at all? . . . She impressed him as a young woman most desirable to know well and also as one whose confidence would be slow in acquiring.

"Lost, eh?" he asked and laughed oddly. "Matter of fact, I came out without a compass myself." That was truth. He needed no compass for a short swing such as he had made today; his sound woodsman's instinct would hold him safe.

"Well, that complicates matters," the girl said drily. "I've got to get out of this timber and I'm not good for much more travel in this sort of going. I haven't been on webs in several years and I've gone further than I should have."

"By George, that's too bad!" he said and hoped that that none of his men, who would be trekking into camp by now, would shout or sing so their voices would break down the illusion of empty distances surrounding them which evidently possessed the girl. "Too bad! It's getting dark sure enough but it isn't very late. If you could sit down and get your second wind, now—"

"But what good will that do? If we stay here until it's really dark there may be no getting out until morning. All I have with me is a cake of chocolate and the prospect of a hungry, cold night in the woods with you isn't alluring."

Ben rubbed his chin. "I'm sorry. If the impression I make is as bad as—"

"I meant nothing personal. But I don't know you. I don't fancy being lost with anyone, let alone a stranger."

He thought she almost smiled, as if relenting a bit from her brusqueness.

"Look!" he said, pointing aloft to where a break in the clouds near the zenith let about the last of the



daylight through. "It's going to clear. We'll have stars directly. Let me build a little shelter and a fire here. A few minutes rest will do a lot of good and with stars we can get anywhere."

She hesitated, seeming to consider. "All right, I must admit the last half hour's going has been hard."

Out came his belt ax, off went the lower limbs of young hemlocks. In less than it would take an ordinary man to lop the branches he had a bench of trampled snow on a knoll covered with aromatic boughs and a thick windbreak of them behind it.

Then, attacking a huge birch stub he peeled off a quantity of loose bark. This he lighted from a match carried in a tightly corked bottle and as the quickly burning stuff shed a comfortable glow on the bower he had built, he knocked dead branches from a hemlock, fed them to the flame and then turned to a nearby dry top of a fallen maple, knocking off substantial faggots.

She eyed the fire as he stood erect, drawing off his gloves and spreading his big hands to the warmth.

"Strange," she said, "that you should be lost. From the way you make yourself comfortable in the woods, I'd say you'd been born in timber."

"From the way you know woodcraft when you see it, I'd say it's as strange that you should be lost!"

"What I know of the woods was learned years ago. One gets rusty, I've discovered. Who are you and what are you doing here?" Her directness quite took his breath.

"Well, my name's Ben Elliott, if that means anything to you. And I was looking for somebody who has no business to be here. Who are you and what brings you into this timber?"

He was bound, now, to break through her aloofness. "That," she replied, however, "is largely my own affair. But, Mr. Elliott, if you should guess that I was simply trying to lose a certain unpleasant mood in the woods where I once was quite happy, you wouldn't be far from right."

She spoke incisively and unhesitatingly but it seemed to him that behind this brusqueness was something quite different; something he could not quite fathom. He was about to remind her that she had not yet revealed her identity when she went on:

"Looking for some one who has no business here, you said. Just who are they, what are they doing?"

"As to the first, I can't tell you. For the second, their purpose probably would be to attempt to hold up a timber operation in which I'm rather interested not so far from here."

Her eyes were on him with a curious expression, which might possibly have been personal interest.

"To hold you up? How?"

"Are you from Tincup?"

"I am."

"You know people there? And what seems to be the town's most famous tradition?"

"I don't understand."

"Isn't it that Nicholas Brandon finishes what he starts out to do? That whatever he says goes, come what may?"

"I've heard that said. People like to talk."

"Right! But I'm managing an outfit that's encouraging rough going from some source. All sorts of things are happening and I'm trying to head off certain of them."

"I see."

She looked away and puckered her delectable lips as though to whistle. Ben rubbed his chin again. She was not even interested in learning more about him, but where many young men would have been plucked at that he only laughed softly.

"What's he joke?" she asked, almost defiantly.

"I was just thinking that it's a funny situation when a man gets into a scrap and it looks so big to him that he thinks the whole darned country must be watching it and him; and then along comes a nice girl who's been in a position to hear all about it and who isn't interested a dime's worth."

She looked up at him slowly.

"You mean that you want to talk about it?"

"Perfectly natural that I should. I'm in one whale of a fight and having the time of my life. It's the first job I've found in a coon's age that was hard enough and complicated enough to be worth working over."

"That's what I've heard about you."

"You've . . . Oh, so you have heard about me?"

"Of course, I live in Tincup. Few have any secrets in a town of Tincup's size."

Ben chuckled again.

"Well, then, if you've heard that much about me and my job, maybe there isn't anything I could tell you that would be interesting."

"Maybe not," she said with an air of dismissal.

Ben watched her closely as she slowly broke a twig to bits with her slim fingers.

"Deer used to yard in the swamp back of here," she said. "When I was a little girl I used to come out and try to make friends with them. That's why I came out today . . . wondering if they'd started to yard yet."

"It's too early for them to yard."

"Yes, but the snow may get deep enough any day to bunch them."

"Snow!" he said and shrugged.

"If it gets deep in a hurry the deer will yard all right and, maybe, I'll be licked and a little girl done out of all she has in the world."

like. I happen to be Dawn McManus."

Ben Elliott opened his mouth as if to speak. Then closed it again and made a foolishly helpless movement with one hand. He stared at her and began to stammer.

"Why I . . . Why, you . . . Why, Able said! . . ." He laughed outright, then, as his misconception became clear. "Oh, if I'd given it a second thought I'd have known! Able first told me about you as a little girl. It stuck in my head; a little girl! But that was years ago, of course. . . . Gee! . . . Why, then you're lost in your own back yard, you might say."

"I was," she corrected. "But a few minutes ago I heard some one sing out; and just now the cook called the crew to supper."

"Then why didn't you—"

"Because I was rather curious to



discover what sort of man is standing between me and poverty,"—perhaps ironically, this. "And, of course, I knew you weren't lost."

Elliott flushed on that.

"I played at being lost myself so I'd have a chance to talk to you. I'm glad I did . . . unless it has offended you."

"No, I'm . . . I'm only ready to go in, now."

She adjusted the harness of her shoes dexterously and they set out. On the way to camp Ben tried to talk to her further but her responses were brief and noncommittal. Her interest appeared to be only poorly aroused even on such a vital matter as the operation of her own property, and so finally he gave up trying to make talk and broke trail thinking that now the job would have an added zest, that a girl like Dawn McManus was an even greater incentive than the thought of a small child, alone, with her timber at the mercy of hard schemers, and depending on him to make safe her heritage.

CHAPTER VI

THE new piston head for the locomotive arrived and Elliott was at the station when the train bearing it pulled in. More, he was close beside the express car when it halted and carried the part himself into his waiting sleigh.

The veneer logs were ready to come out to the siding. Standard cars had been set off at Hoot Owl that day. Tomorrow, bright and early, they would start loading and by night his contract with Blackmore would be filled. He would receive a large check, a substantial part of it clear profit, in return.

His men were growing restless under the driving; whispers in camp had it that the job was broke beyond repair and he knew that to pass a pay day would send his crew scattering, a handicap which he could never overcome in time. But with the men held on the job and the mill ready to saw in another week he would be ready to give the Hoot Owl a fresh start, a new hold on hope.

After reaching camp he plunged into his blankets for a night's rest.

And about the time he burrowed into the pillow Nicholas Brandon sat in his office talking to a pale, slender young man whose blue eyes smiled genially. Genially, yes, but in that quality was a flaw, one might have observed on close scrutiny. Familiarity with Limpy Holbrook might not breed contempt, but surely, in an alert man, it would stir an awareness for the need of caution soon or later.

"All right. Don't start until dark. And do just as I've told you; don't forget to give yourself plenty of time. You can't travel fast."

"I get you, Mr. Brandon."

"Have you . . . That is, has he ever seen you?"

"He came into the pool room and I sold him tobacco the other day. We visited a minute."

"Friendly?"

"Nothing but!" The open snare had the cast of a leer. Holbrook made reply.

"The pool room's a good place for you to be, Limpy. Great center for reports. Well . . . You keep on reporting everything that's said there. . . . Good night."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Weather Charts 96 P. C. Correct Science is making weather charts that are 96 per cent accurate. Conditions are foretold from 24 to 48 hours ahead.

Either Long or Short-Time Cookery Can Be Profitably Employed at Definite Times

Among the many divisions of cookery there are two outstanding ones, long-time cookery and short-time cookery. Each has a definite place in the kitchen of the person who sometimes wants to get up a meal in a hurry, while at other times she wishes to prepare the food and let it cook slowly and be ready without further ado later on. There are few homemakers who do not use both methods.

The former is in demand when women who do their own home-making go to work in the morning when everything is in a rush, with no time to make preparations for a meal ten or twelve hours later. These women have little opportunity for choice. They want quickly prepared dinners. On the other hand, the woman who needs to have a dinner ready for her husband and family who return from business offices at dinner time, will often choose the long-time cookery. This is especially true on those days when business or pleasure makes it difficult to return in time to have the meal on the table without any bothersome waits. By using long-time cookery and by laying the table before she goes out, she can have the meal ready in a jiffy after she, herself, gets into the house.

The chief methods of short-time meat cookery are broiling and frying meats, and by creaming or browning in butter meats previously cooked—usually leftovers. There are numerous other ways of serving leftovers, such as hash browned in the pan, scalloped meat or fish, planked steak, etc., but each of these takes more time than the broiling or frying, although they do not take long enough to come under the category of long-time cookery. They are short-time cookery recipes with previous preparation required.

Most vegetables can be cooked in a short time. The spring and summer vegetables and green vegetables take particularly short cookery. Beets are chief in the long-time vegetable cookery. Beans require longer time than some others. To cook string beans they should be sliced lengthwise, and at least once across. If they are large beans they should be sliced twice lengthwise.

Two aids to long-time cookery are the fireless cooker and the casserole. In the former a dinner can be prepared many hours before time, and be ready to be dished up steaming hot at the appointed time and with record speed. Casserole cooked food is quicker, but by having the oven at low temperature, and the steaming slowed down, the time of cooking can be prolonged. Sometimes this is desirable. When pot roasts and even corned beef cannot be left very well to simmer on top of the stove, they can be transferred to casseroles and be finished without any danger of kettles getting dry should they be left long without attention. This is an emergency measure, but it is successful.

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MEDICAL SOCIETY HAILS VITAMIN E AS SEX FACTOR

Vitamin E, whose alphabetical brothers can make you crave a steak or bring sunshine into your life, soon may be the means of pre-determining sex.

The Illinois States Medical society has announced that the lowly vitamin, plentiful in the oily substance of wheat, appears from "the most ethical laboratory experiments" to have strange powers of determining whether an unborn child will be a boy or a girl.

Research has shown that mother rats give birth to males and females in direct ratio to the sparse or over-abundant supply of vitamin E in the diet, it was explained.

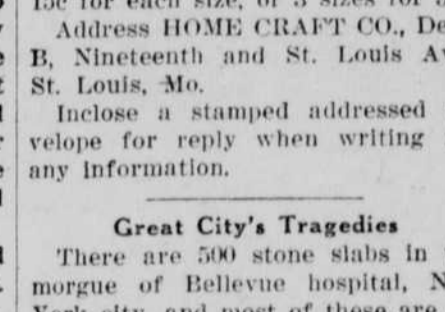
"Apparently hypo-vitaminosis, or sparse supply, in the case of vitamin E tends to produce male offspring just as hyper-vitaminosis, or an abundant supply, tends to produce females," the journal said.

An experiment in England was reported, in which two women unable to bear children were treated with the vitamin and each gave birth to a child.

The society also claimed that re-

PRETTY WORK IN MALTESE CROCHET

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This kind of crochet work is not new but has been used by past generations when general crochet work is in vogue. The article to be made is worked up faster than when crocheting with a hook only, and the result is different. A hairpin staple and crochet hook are used, and the hairpin varies in width, depending upon the article to be made or the size of loops that are desired. Cotton, wool, silk or linen thread can be used, and scarfs, centers, edgings, insertions, novelties, in fact any article that is crocheted can be made in maltese crochet. The collar shown above is made of white Shetland wool. The hairpins measure: Small 9x1 3/4 inches, medium 9x1 3/4 inches, large 12 1/2 x 2 3/4 inches. Instructions in hairpin crochet work and for making this collar will be mailed to you upon receipt of 10c. The hairpins are 15c for each size, or 3 sizes for 35c. Address HOME CRAFT CO., Dept. E, Nineteenth and St. Louis Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Great City's Tragedies

There are 500 stone slabs in the morgue of Bellevue hospital, New York city, and most of these are occupied continuously with human bodies brought in from all parts of the city. They are for the most part victims of murders, accidents, suicides, even starvation. Sometimes additional resting places for corpses must be improvised.

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Three Simple Steps to Ease a Sore Throat in Three Minutes

Modern Scientific Method Wonderfully Easy

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Here's a safe, modern and effective way to relieve sore throat. A way that eases the pain, rawness and irritation in as little as two or three minutes. Many doctors advise it and millions are following this way. Try it.

All you do is crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in 1/2 glass of water and gargle with it twice—as pictured here. (If you have signs of a cold, take BAYER Aspirin and drink plenty of water.)

Get real BAYER Aspirin Tablets for this purpose. They disintegrate quickly and completely, making a gargle without irritating particles. BAYER Aspirin prices have been decisively reduced, so there's no point now in accepting other than the real Bayer article you want.

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1. Crush and stir 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets in 1/2 glass of water.

2. Gargle Thoroughly—throw your head way back, allowing a little to trickle down your throat. Do this twice. Do not rinse mouth.

3. If you have a cold, take 2 BAYER Aspirin Tablets. Drink full glass of water. Repeat if necessary, following directions in package.

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search has shown that children born to mothers treated with the vitamin are more intelligent than "those just born."

"It seems clear that undoubtedly the obstetricians, by supplying vitamin E liberally to expectant mothers, have a great opportunity to enhance the child's capacity for learning," it was pointed out.

Big Job of Cleaning

The biggest window cleaning job in London began when five men started their annual task of washing the glass roof of Waterloo railway station. It required three months time to clean the 22,400 squares of glass, an area of about 13 acres.

Doctors Know!

... and they use liquid laxatives

You'd use a liquid, too, if you knew how much better it makes you feel. A liquid laxative can always be taken in the right amount. You can gradually reduce the dose. Reduced dosage is the secret of real and safe relief from constipation.

Just ask your own doctor about this. Ask your druggist how popular liquid laxatives have become. The right liquid laxative gives the right kind of help—and the right amount of help. When the dose is repeated, instead of more each time, you take less. Until the bowels are moving regularly and thoroughly without aid.

People who have experienced this comfort, never return to any form of help that can't be regulated! The liquid laxative generally used is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It contains senna and cascara, and these are natural laxatives that form no habit. It relieves a condition of biliousness or sluggishness without upset.

To relieve your occasional upsets safely and comfortably, try Syrup Pepsin. The druggist has it.

Philosopher—I take things as they come. Shoplifter—And I take things as I go.

Nonchalant

Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN

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