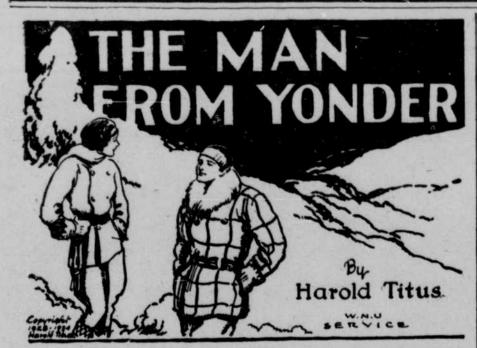
"Pshaw! As if what other folks



panting.

fist

Elliott, curling about him, shutting

off his view. They were slowing,

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

short belch. . . .

had turned the trick.

"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 Nicholas eager to reach Tincup. 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 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 dies, leaving a letter for Elliott, "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 But there is a definite time over. limit on the offer. Ben discovers Dawn McManus is not a child, as he had supposed, but a beautiful young woman. 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, own self that matters; not what nd I know Tim Jeffers. Top load-

ed for him three winters. If Tim's back there's a hot scrap on and . . gosh! but I like scraps."

"Mean you're pulling for Tineup?" "I'll say I am !" The bearded man cleared his throat.

"You think, then, that the lad's got a chance of making it against Brandon?" he asked. "It sure looks as if he had boys hitting back for their stamping grounds his chances are getting

better. Ever been in Tincup, Martin?" The other closed the blade of his

now. The roaring drum of the expocket knife and pulled at the lobe haust had dropped now to a sharp of his left ear with his hand. "I've heard of the place," he said They were half-way up before he

quietly. "Better holst your turkey and come along with me. Likely be 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 tyrauny 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 of loggers I've seen since I was a kid."

standing ready to finance us it

down hill and shady, Ben. I think that interesting this particular bank is the best piece of work

show was what we were doing. behind their notes." "Unless Brandon finds a way.

are straightening out. Tim's a

think counts!" She looked narrowly 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

> anybody else thinks. Well! You two set and I'll get tea." She hurried out and Ben drew

up a comfortable chair before the fire.

In the half hour that elapsed before the older woman returned Ben learned much about Dawn McManus, This was her house, her home. Aunt Em, then a young woman, had been 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 school, making a living for herself 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 now who are not . . . No, I'll 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 hs alive and a fugitive or dead and then figure how many squares it You've heard about my father." "Of course."

"Naturally, you would."

offered by little towns, there's a dance," the girl said, "but point, thereby producing a pointed above the North polar regions, is a none of the boys seem to want to edge instead of straight. take me. . . It is my fault, like-Brandon asks me to go to the you postpaid upon receipt of 15c. movies now and then, but . . . I don't know . . ."

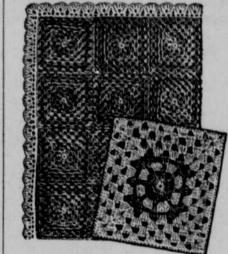
"So Brandon wants to amuse you, does he?"

"Yes. He's been awfully kind to Able and a lot of people think he's after the Hoot Owl and is quite 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 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 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.

# Simple Motif in **Bedspread** Design



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 right to their opinions, of course. pattern known and works up fast. Evidence was strong against my fa- This model is worked in cream, rose ther. But he was no killer. He and yellow carpet warp and measnever harmed anyone. I'm sure of ures 41/2 inches for each square. Find that, When people think of him the size spread you want to make

and disgraced it stirs my temper! will take. You will be surprised how fast the work progresses if you spend

only spare time on making the squares, and the little material resonal tastes, of the glories of blg working at home. When the squares country, of the limited recreations are finished slip-stitch together and

This is one of the thirty motifs

The use of these motifs is not lim-

useful articles can be crocheted. Address - HOME CRAFT CO .-

Ave.-St. Louis, Mo.

Inclose a stamped addressed envelope 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 development of substances the known as anti-oxidants These com-

uct, slow down oxidation to such an ment. extent that its usefulness and life

are increased tenfold.

## Scientific Oddities

Recently two very important scientific discoveries have been made. One is that under the state of Mon-They talked, after that, of per- quired to take with you when not tana lies a vast glacier composed of various gases, which have formed a natural refrigerating agent and finish with a simple edging. The frozen an underground lake. The "Just the movies! Now and then squares may be set together point to other is that, suspended sixty miles ited to spreads. By using different the state of Colorado. It started in years ago.-London Tit-Bits.

BEAUTY REGIME MUST BE RIGID 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 your figure.

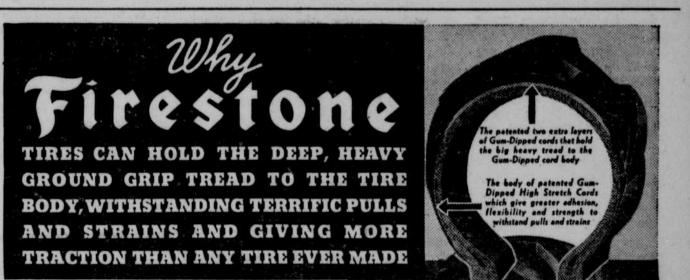
Drinking eight glasses of water only one day out of the month isn't going to keep your complexion clear and smooth, and dieting three days a week and then stuffing yourself with sweets and starches the other four won't make you lose weight. If you really are serious about keeping your skin, hair and 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 pounds when mixed with any prod- months you will see an improve-

> 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 physicists who visited Greenland at night before you go to bed for ly." She was staring moodily into shown in book No. 27, all illustrated 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 which rages beneath a mountain in skin and hair reconditioning treatments 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 away, it slips down till now it is to devote to your personal appearme, always. Of course, I know that DEPT. B-Nineteenth and St. Louis 100 feet lower than it was ten ance,-Alicia Hart, in the New York World-Telegram.



it!" Ben croaked. The first car gained the crest. The locomotive was on the down grade, now; the second car coming across the peak. The third car you've done yet." rumbled over the top and Tim Jef-

ping."

sand, held. She began a stuttering, dying puff. The sound wavered. She seemed to stop. . . . and cleared her cylinders with a Able glanced at a letter he had been holding.

She was on top. Her last breath "And with the Milwaukee people "Hold to it, old timer! Hold to

looks as if you might, maybe, perhaps be getting ready to find it all

"Nothing, Able, All I had to

"You've got to watch every loop-

much for one man to do." "Oh, it's not that bad. Things

wonder; Buller isn't missing a bet. We ought to keep right on step-

Ben rose to go and, as he did so, the door opened and Dawn Mcnus stepped in out of the lightly

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

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 man chewed briskly and, as he caught a flash of Ben's face, spat and made one impressive gesture with a mittened hand, bidding the ing. 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 Tim who was filling his pipe with apron, her face flushed as by stove of Hoot Owl. The engine bounced unsteady hands. and quivered and seemed to stumble as she took the newly laid track. But Tim Jeffers was not a man 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 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; ler for a cuppa carfee. I've rode 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- but we are going to have tea! If 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 liott !" along the logs and flopped down to the brake wheel as Ben shut her off, set the brakes and with a boy ish swing of one arm yanked on the whistle cord to set her voice scream-

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 as nothing."

at the millpond, out onto the siding and to a full stop. Ben, dropping down, ran across

hand. Half a mile down the track locks, 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

car.

"Badly !"

"S'pose I'd do?"

"Do! Lord, Tim, If-"

It was a moment for the right word.

in surprise. "Well, you done it," he said sim-

"Yeah. With your help." "Still needin' a camp boss?"

ously. "You're a big young feller. "All right. I'm hired to get out Ben Elliott !"-eyeing him up and logs again. Guess I'll hit Mr. Bul- down. Dawn laughed again as she drew

his shanty boys ever heard about

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

falling snow. "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, rising.

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-"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,

parted they stopped and Dawn 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 day. Elliott?" He advanced and ex-I like to talk to you!" "Then the risk of having it re-

ported that I'm a lounge lizard is the house in which she had been

born, a sprawling white frame to the main line and held up his structure beneath whispering hem- heads a little. I hope Mr. El'iott

> permeated the place and as they 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, and an ample woman in a checked

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

old friends." She shook hands vig-

off her coat. "Don't you tell a soul, Aunt Em,

if they might think he was too much

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 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 Ben to finish his errands in town. explaining Dawn's skepticism of At the corner where their ways the town's attitude toward him to Elliott. He laughed. He laughed easily, naturally, and in the laughter was an admission of embarrassment which rang true.

"Indeed we have! Under different circumstances! How are you totended his hand, still smiling, and Ben was so amazed that mechanically he accepted it. "Yes, we've met before,"-turning to Dawn and The house where Dawh lived was Aunt Em-"under quite distressing circumstances, We met on unfriendly ground, and both lost our doesn't harbor any resentment. As The fine odor of baking bread far as I'm concerned, I've only regret for the affair !"

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 true?

The other bowed slightly, but cis eyes 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 BE CONTINUED.)

## Hard and Soft Woods

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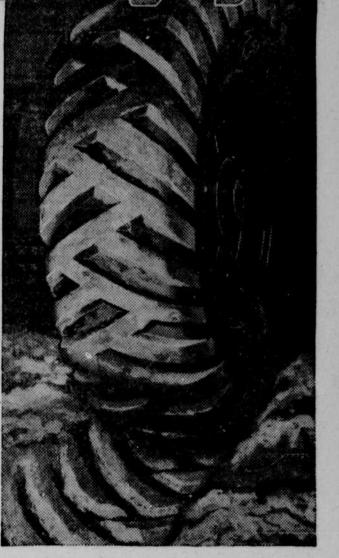
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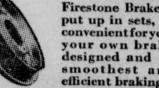


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