

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER I

It was Armistice day in Tincup. The time was so far removed from that delirious date in 1918 that in many parts of the country the eleventh of November had come to be regarded as simply another day, but Tincup was a mill town and the surrounding country was timber land and in such a community almost any anniversary from the Fourth of July on down to the millwright's birthday is seized upon as an excuse to lay off and play.

So the camps which turned Nicholas Brandon's standing hardwood and hemlock into saw logs, and the mills which chewed them into dimension stuff and flooring and shingles were deserted, and the entire population of a big territory which had commenced pouring into town the evening before was joined for the day with the residents of Tincup in competing or watching or cheering or listening.

In consequence a mere event such as the arrival of the eastbound passenger train drew no attention whatever and so none but the station agent was there to greet the stranger as he dropped down from the rickety red smoking car between his pack-sack, slung from one shoulder, and old Don Stuart, literally dangling from his other arm. The agent, trundling his express truck and in a hurry to be done with duty and get back to the more exciting affairs which occupied the rest of the town, spoke:

"Hul-lo, Don! Back home, eh? Well . . . Glad to see you!
"Better git up to the big doins." Log rollin's just goin' on. Big time!"
As if to vindicate this proud boast of one of its own, all Tincup and its company at the moment opened lips and compressed chests to send up a mighty, roaring shout of acclaim.

"Come on, Dad," the younger man said, looking toward the crowd. "He says it's a big time. Big noise, anyhow. Let's investigate."

Slowly, then, the sharply contrasting pair moved off, the younger still half supporting the elder and moderating his gait to a stroll so Stuart's quick and audible breathing should grow no more pronounced.

A slender young man was climbing a jammer in the mill yard. He lifted himself above the heads of the crowd and held up a hand for silence. This, however, was not readily obtained. A drenched and dripping citizen was only just pulling himself from the chill waters of the pond, a self-conscious grin glued to his lips as the black hair was plastered to his brow by the soaking it had received. On a peeled cedar log in the pond a giant of a man in a gaily checkered shirt, peavey in his hands, balanced and surveyed the throng, a picture of frank and boastful self-satisfaction.

The slender man on the jammer continued to wave his hands and finally these jibes and compliments were smothered by other cries for silence.

"Give Birney a chance, now!" a man shouted.

"Gents!" the man called Birney cried from his vantage point. "As chairman of the committee, I'm asking for help! This committee's worked hard. We got a long program of sports for today but this log-birling's going to flop unless we get more contests! All these folks

noyed and took no pains to conceal it. "Ain't any of you lads got the sand to hand in your names and tackle the Bull. Where's your guts?" he pleaded. "Ain't there anybody here that needs twenty-five dollars?"

Another laugh went up and when it had subsided a voice said:

"Here's one. What'll I do to get it?"
This was a full, even, good-natured voice, and a quick silence fell upon the crowd, followed by an expectant buzz as the stranger moved forward, his bronzed face uplifted to the man on the jammer.

"Atta boy!" Birney cried. "All you got to do, friend, is to put Mr. Bull Duval off that log and stick by rules!"

The stranger slipped the pack strap from his shoulder, seated himself on a log, unlaced his shoes and unstrapped the bag. While he drew from its depths a pair of calked river boots and the cluster about him grew thicker a half dozen old men crowded around Don Stuart, shaking his hand and saying the usual things that men say to an old friend they have not seen for long.

One of these was a short, wiry little man with upturned nose and blue eyes and long lip.

"'Nd who's th' b'y, Donny?" he asked. "Who's th' b'y that's goin' to try Mister Brandon's pet bull?"

Stuart shook his head.
"He's a fine young gentleman, Bird-Eye, and that's all I know. Found me at th' Junction . . . broke and wantin' to . . . get back home to Tincup. Paid my fare . . . and helped me. Fine gentleman!"

"He'd better be all o' that!" the other commented with an emphatic nod. "'Nd here's hopin' he's a log rollin' rascal 'nd that he dumps Mis-

log moved quickly. His left foot raised free, sharp corks in its sole caked savagely and with a mighty drive of the leg he had the cedar spinning beneath them.

Ben Elliott did not offer resistance. He followed the moving footing, walking for the first three or four turns and then, adding his impetus to the birling stick, commenced to trot, with each stride forcing the tempo of the turning.

Faster and faster, now. The trotting became a run; the run waxed to a nimble dance.

They watched one another. Ben Elliott still grinned. The Bull glared. His black brows were drawn together and he ground down on his chew savagely, almost hatefully. . . .

Up and down, up and down; a mad gallop of supple limbs, now, and then—

Duval leaped. He leaped high and without warning and, feet spread, drove his calks deep into the log again, hunching his shoulders, thrusting his peavey before him for balance, bending forward. The spin of the stick was checked sharply and had his opponent been caught unprepared, he certainly would have pitched face foremost into the pond.

But Elliott was not unprepared. He had watched the Bull's every move. He did not jump when Duval jumped; he waited a split instant, eyes on Duval's feet, and when he saw the toes pointed stiffly downward he rose nimbly into the air, a galloping break in his swift run, and came down, poised, spread-legged himself, crying out in an ejaculation of mock distress as he balanced on the cedar which swayed and heaved beneath them.

A great roar went up, cries of en-

sharply and spat and jerked at the brim of his slouch hat as he shook loose the peavey and commenced again to birl.

They ran a moment easily, each waiting for the other to try some fresh trick. The Bull leaped and came down running; he leaped four times in the space of as many quick breaths. And then, as though ready to leap again, dropped the hook of his peavey into the cedar. He wavered when the handle, swept upward by the rush and weight of the spinning log, bore against his great palm. His body swung sharply to the left. He cursed as the smooth handle slipped from his clutch and Bird-Eye Blaine danced in a frenzy of delight as the peavey, handle smacking the water, disappeared in the pond and the Bull, waving his arms for balance, ran the log desperately to hold his place. A great shout went up from the crowd.

The odds, then, were no longer equal. Like a fencer with a broken foil, like a boxer with one eye closed, like a runner with a strained tendon, so Duval was now.

"Polish him off, now!" Bird-Eye screamed, like an audacious, saucy boy. "Polish him good, Mister Elliott! He's yawpin' for help 'nd he ain't none fer him!"

That was what Tincup believed. A quick finish seemed certain, with the Bull so handicapped, without his peavey for offensive moves or to hold for balance.

But what happened stilled the clamor quickly, as though sound were a tangible mass and a great blade had sheared it quickly and cleanly.

Ben Elliott shifted his peavey. He had held it across his body, arms wide

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ther Brandon's bull 'nd this drowns him, so I do!"

Others came up, greeted Stuart and eyed him with true concern. Any could see that heavy sickness was on him.

Birney was bending over the stranger as he drew taut the laces of his river boots.

"Well, gents, we got one more to try for this prize money. Mister Bull Duval, king of the Mad Woman, will now take on Mister Ben Elliott . . . Mr. Ben Elliott of— Where'd you say you come from, Elliott?"

The stranger, so addressed, was hefting a peavey judiciously. He turned that good-natured smile on the spokesman and waved one hand in an indefinite but inclusive gesture.

"Yonder," he said and grinned.
"Mr. Ben Elliott of Yonder will now roll against Mr. Bull Duval for the grand prize of twenty-five bucks! That rope around the log marks the middle, Elliott. Stay on your own end, don't touch the other man and anything else goes!"

As a helper used a pike pole to drag the cedar with Duval upon it close, Elliott stood still and surveyed his adversary. His glance held that light of good nature and did not linger long on the Bull's glowering countenance. Rather, it dwelt on his pants and the river boots, shedding water in oily beads. After this, he looked Duval in the eye and grinned broadly.

A sound like a breath which is almost a laugh ran through the crowd. A likeable grin, that was, good-natured, frank, fearless; men take to a grin of its kidney and on the instant, Ben Elliott, the stranger, had the crowd with him as against Bull Duval, said to be king of the river.

The cedar came against the boom stick and Elliott took his place on it with a light leap. It was a good log, nearly two feet through at the small end, twenty feet long, with a small taper, dry and peeled; a sprightly log, indeed, for such a contest, a log to try the mettle of any man matched with any sort of contestant. Add to this, Bull Duval, the best river hog in Tincup, who hefted his peavey and glowered at the stranger.

"I give y' two 'minutes," he growled.
"Thanks, buddy!" Elliott retorted.
"I'd say that's sweet of you!"

"Are you two ready?" Birney cried from shore.

Both nodded.

"Then let her go!"

A hush. Balanced on the log, faced in the same direction, double an arm's length from one another, they poised. And then Duval's right toe lifted, the heel pressing downward; the buoyant

couragement for the stranger, some shouts of admonition for their townsman. The Bull would have no cinch in this contest!

Now it was Elliott who started the log, cautiously and slowly, watching Duval.

On the shore Bird-Eye pranced up and down, swinging his arms.

"Duck him, Elliott!" he yelled. "Duck th' big chunk! Sure 'nd he needs him a bath!"

The smooth bore gathered momentum swiftly and Elliott began to skip and dance, breaking the steady measure of his run. As his weight came and went irregularly upon the cedar it commenced to teeter, causing Duval's feet to splash in ankle-deep water. Again without warning, the Bull leaped. He went higher, this time, but instead of driving his spikes into the far side of the log and stopping its spin as he had done before, he drove them into the near side, increasing rather than checking the momentum.

"Got you, big boy!" Elliott cried as he, too, came down running . . . and grinning.

That was quick thinking, instantaneous action. To leap was simple; but to determine the opponent's move and meet it with complacency and poise was another matter. To have come down to a stance, then, would have flogged the challenger to wet defeat.

"Ah, th' big chunk av a Bull's goin' to get that bath he needs!" Bird-Eye shrilled into the roar.

But this was only one man's enthusiasm, his animosity for Duval finding voice. The outcome was far from a certainty. Tincup knew that; and Ben Elliott knew it as well. He—like the town—was waiting for the king of the Mad Woman to draw more items from his bag of tricks before he should assume the offensive.

Without a flicker of warning Duval dropped the pick of his peavey, twisting the shaft in his hands, flipping the hook open. The point lunked into the water, the hook bit into the log simultaneously and as the handle swung upward in a swift arc the man drove his weight on it. His body twisted, he grunted and his face wreathed into a lightning expression of great strain as the cedar, in a quarter turn, stopped dead. . . . And Ben Elliott, back bowed acutely, peavey high above his head, teetering back to balance on one foot, laughed aloud!

"Quick work, big boy!" he cried. "Al-most got me!"

But Duval had nowhere near gotten him; he knew it, and Elliott's manner was infuriating to him. He cursed

spread. Now he swung the point upward and outward and as he ran the spinning log drew it back and tossed it toward shore. Tossed it high and far, sending with it his chance for a quick and certain victory.

The silence was that of amazement. This was like letting a man you had knocked down get to his feet and have another chance; this was opportunity handed to truculent Bull Duval on a silver platter. This was the sportsman's one read about . . . And then came an excited clatter of tongues, rising to an even greater roar. The outsider was through fooling, through with trickery and through with strategy. He was going to run the Bull off his feet!

Fast and faster spun the log. Spray from it drenched the men to their knees, rained behind them into the pond. Elliott still kept his face turned toward his opponent but the Bull, fists clenched, arms widely extended, only watched Elliott from the tail of his eye.

The log was hissing in the water. Rigidity ran from the Bull's shoulders down his back. He was upright, now, where Elliott was poised forward. And his scowl was gone. His brows no longer gathered but were upraised; his eyes were wide open in the distress of fatigue and he breathed through his mouth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

100,000 Butterflies

The most enthusiastic butterfly hunter who ever lived, a Swiss named Hans Fruhstorfer, made a wonderful collection of 100,000 butterflies, and this has been lent to the Natural History museum in Paris. He began his collection in Brazil when he was twenty-two; then took his net to Java, where he spent three years; then he followed his pursuit for two years in the Malay archipelago. He traveled through South America, Japan, China and Siam, darting about with that abstracted look of the butterfly-hunter here, there and everywhere until he had brought his net over some of the rarest creations in the world. His 100,000 specimens have nearly 7,000 varieties.

First to Adopt Christianity

The Armenians, not the Romans, were the first people to adopt Christianity as a national religion, says Collier's Weekly. The Armenian king, Tiridates, established the Georgian Armenian (Christian) church in 301, which was 33 years before Constantine proclaimed Christianity as the state religion of the Roman empire.

End Codling Moth by Spraying Trees

Heavier Pruning Necessary During the Early Winter, Entomologist Says.

By S. C. Chandler, Assistant Entomologist, Illinois State Natural History Survey, WNU Service.

With the codling moth as bad as it is in apple orchards, growers may have to start pruning their trees heavier this winter in order to do a more thorough job of spraying in the spring.

This may mean fewer apples, but it will mean higher quality fruit. As it is, one out of every ten apples grown in Illinois in 1934 was infested with codling moth worms. Too many growers still think only of producing the maximum number of bushels rather than harvesting quality fruit. It usually is not necessary, however, to reduce the total crop to get worm-free apples.

If the grower can answer all six of the following questions in the affirmative, he can feel that he is pruning heavily enough for effective spraying against the codling moth.

Has the tree been thinned out enough so that the man on the tower of a spray can drive the spray material through the tree?

Are there enough openings in the tree so that the ground man can get into the center and spray the inside? With large, fairly dense trees, some growers leave three or four such openings.

After the operator gets to the inside, has the tree been thinned sufficiently so that he can do a thorough job of spraying?

Have too many low-hanging branches been left on the tree? Trees twenty-five years old may have a spread of 30 feet. If the branches touch the ground or come within a foot of it, the side of the apple facing the trunk will not be hit by the spray.

Has the height of the tree been lowered as much as practicable? The top of the tree is the playground of the codling moth and infestations are usually worse there.

Have all hibernating places about the tree, such as punky, decayed wood, old knot holes, split branches and pruning tubs been removed? These are favorite "hideouts" of the moth.

Korean Lespedeza Will Supply Emergency Crop

Midwest farmers who need an emergency hay crop in 1935 may find that Korean lespedeza will fill the bill, says Dr. A. J. Pieters of the United States Department of Agriculture. Doctor Pieters advises seeding on winter wheat or with oats next spring. For a hay crop, a seeding of 25 pounds to the acre is recommended.

This authority says the crop may also be seeded alone on land that is not weedy. He recommends inoculating the seed where the crop has not been grown before. He reports a good supply of seed available.

Doctor Pieters says that where Korean lespedeza was grown in 1934 a good volunteer stand is probable, and he says that small grain may be disked in the old lespedeza and a crop of grain hay and one of lespedeza raised on the same land.

Cut Boar's Tusks

The large, sharp teeth which are found in pigs at birth are temporary tusks. So far as has been discovered, they are of no value whatever to the pig, except as a means of defense, and for that purpose they are not needed on the farm. Tusks are a nuisance, in that with them the pigs often hurt each other and very frequently lacerate the udder of the sow. For that reason, experienced hog men commonly cut these teeth close to the gums, with nippers which are made for that purpose. In removing the teeth, one should be careful not to injure the gums, since an open wound furnishes an ideal place for disease infection to take place. The proper time to remove these tusks is when the pigs are only a few days old. Certainly, they should never be left on a boar that is intended for breeding purposes.—Wallaces' Farmer.

Tanning Cow Hides

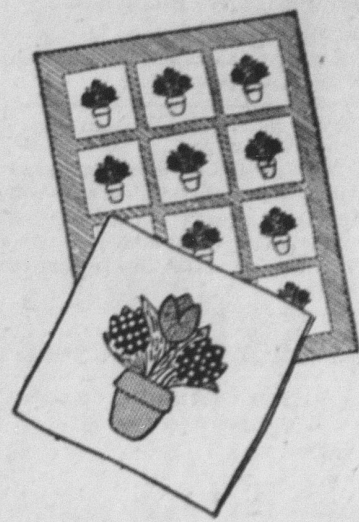
Many farmers will butcher a beef or two this winter and be confronted with the prospect of practically giving away the hide. Rather than sell cow or calf hides for a meager price, notes a writer in the Missouri Farmer, they should be used on the farm. It is not necessary to tan a hide to make it into a suitable rug, or a mat for the floor of one's automobile. Try salting down a hide, rolling it up with the salt inside for a time, or until the hide has taken enough salt to "keep" it, then roll it out and clean it and tack up to dry. When dried, cut it into a square shape for a rug, or in suitable shapes for other purposes such as a floor mat for the car. Calf hides make splendid rugs for bathroom, etc. Rugs cured up in this way will be stiff, but they make up for this in beauty.

Drouth-Resistant Plants

After searching the deserts and foothills of Russian Turkestan and most of Turkey for plants to control soil-erosion, H. L. Westover and C. R. Enlow, plant explorers of the United States Department of Agriculture, have returned after seven months with nearly 1,800 seedlings. Among them is a desert grass which, uprooted by the wind, grabs hold again when it lands. Another, a kind of sedge, is propagated only from root-cuttings.—Literary Digest.

Tulip Has Won Popular Favor

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



The tulip adapts itself so well to applique and quilting designs that it is made use of quite frequently. This combination, showing the entire potted plant, gained popularity immediately after it was released. Tulips in bloom always form a beautiful color scheme, and this tulip pot is also brilliant in prints and green applique. These stamped blocks are 15 inches, and twelve are required for a quilt about 76 by 97 inches, if you use a nine inch border and four inch strips between blocks. Strips and border widths can be changed to make a quilt any size.

Send 15c to our quilt department for one of these stamped blocks, No. 96-F, and the stamped applique pieces ready to be cut out. Work this up and see what a beautiful quilt can be made of this design. A set of six blocks will be sent for 75c, postpaid.

ADDRESS, HOME CRAFT CO., DEPT. D, Nineteenth and St. Louis Avenue, St. Louis.

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

Swamp Reclaimed

A few years ago a region in Italy known as Littoria was an uninhabited swampland. The government has since reclaimed it by draining the marshes and today it is all being farmed with 60,000 families living on it in modern farm homes. Littoria was received into the Italian empire recently as its ninety-third province.

Delayed Schooling

Among pupils at Topeka (Kan.) night school classes for adult colored persons is a large group, more than sixty years of age, learning to read and write. A woman past eighty recently wrote her name for the first time.

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Don't delay! For the quicker you get rid of these poisons, the better your chances of good health.

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He Had Watched the Bull's Every Move.

've come to town more to see this match than anything else on the card and what 've we showed 'em?

"Why, nothin'!" he answered his own question. "We had two preliminaries and a semi-final between the winners of them matches. Then this final which was a joke. There stands Bull Duval, whose partner in the preliminaries defaulted and who dumped the winner of the semi-final without half trying. I ask you, has he earned twenty-five dollars?"

A laugh arose and Duval, on the log, twisted his mustache and leered at the speaker.

"Here we raised a twenty-five dollar prize and half you river hogs got cold feet just because Duval said he was goin' to roll!" Birney was truly an-