

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—arrives at the little lumbering town of Tincup accompanied by Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended.

CHAPTER I—Continued

Thought of the rules swept the crowd, because Duval was edging to the right. He moved slowly, awkwardly, at the cost of great effort, on toward the center of the log. Was he trying one more trick? Not likely. A man under such a strain does not attempt strategy . . . not fair strategy. As he progressed an inch at a time Elliott countered by also creeping toward the center so his end might not dip beneath the surface.

Both men had their arms extended and Elliott's grin had faded to a sort of curious smile, a speculative alertness. . . . Close and closer they came together and then, as their extended hands were all but touching, Duval suddenly flexed his right wrist in a pass at Elliott's left hand.

"Ah, th' dirty—" But Bird-Eye's high scream was cut short by an ominous roar. The Bull, facing defeat, had overstepped all rules. The slightest touch on the other's body would upset his balance, now, and after Elliott had proven himself above taking what was even recognized as a fair advantage, the last vestige of loyalty to town or whatever it was which had put men on Duval's side was whisked away.

On Duval's face was ruthlessness along with the flush of fatigue and humiliation. He would be the last man on that log, though disqualified for any prize. At any cost he would stay on that log.

But would he? Elliott, a steely quality coming into his grin, retreated until he was out of the other's reach. The log sank beneath him but he did not slow his cadence despite the fact that he ran in water. He loosed the last reservoir of his energy and by the way his feet flickered and clawed and spurred that log one might well have believed that until now he had only played with this crowned king of the river that flowed past Tincup.

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 throaty 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, stood blowing and grinning and watched the man whose title he had taken swim for the boom sticks.

The Bull slunk quickly toward the boiler room of the mill, water streaming from his pants and 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 and you sure deserve it!" he cried, close in Ben's ear to make himself heard. "You'd got it on a foul, anyhow. Better this way!"

Bird-Eye grasped his hand and shook it with congratulations as profane as they were shrill. Others surged around the victor and Elliott accepted this homage modestly.

"Luck!" he said to one enthusiastic well-wisher. "I got the breaks in luck."

"Luck be damned!" shrieked Bird-Eye. "I'll lick any man you says 'twas luck! You got stuff, me b'y; you got guts!"

"Thanks, chum!" Elliott laughed. "I hope you don't find me out!"

He shouldered his way slowly to his pack-sack and, surrounded by his admirers, with Bird-Eye in the fore, changed to his shoes again. He had the usual run of questions to answer that is the lot of any winner in a spectacular contest and he did it with that amiable grin, with his marked modesty and yet with a likeable frankness.

He looked about for Don Stuart, craning his neck to see over the crowd which was now moving up toward Tincup's main thoroughfare.

"Who ye mean?" Bird-Eye asked. "Owd 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 cautiously: "I'm afeard old Don won't do much vistin' in Tincup." Bird-Eye turned to him inquiringly and the man nodded. "Brandon. He found him here while th' brin' was goin' on. He's likely made other arrangements."

Bird-Eye's face reflected concern;

the other man's cynical acceptance of some unpleasant fact.

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

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

"Misther Brandon. Americky might be a free country but Tincup ain't in it, thin. Owd Donny ain't welcome here 'nd 't's likely he's got his orders to move on."

Elliott hitched his pack-sack 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 my goat. . . . Who's going to run him off?"

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 hisself who's a-runnin' owd Donny off!"

Elliott craned his neck and could see, half-way to the depot, two men on the sidewalk. One was his companion in travel earlier that day; the other a man he had not seen before. The latter had Don Stuart by one arm but that contact was not the friendly assistance which Ben had offered the old fellow. As Elliott looked, 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-Eye said. "Sure, 'nd pore owd Donny, 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, leaping to the high board sidewalk and swinging on.

He overtook the two he followed just in time to hear Stuart gasp: "—ain't to live, Nick. I'd like . . . stay here. . . . Ain't pleasant to . . . be sick and not . . . among friends."

"Never mind," the other said as one might to a protesting child. "I've told you any number of times to stay away."

On this reply Elliott moved abreast of the man.

"Hello, old timer!" he said, addressing Stuart. "Going some place?"

He did not look at the man said to be Nicholas Brandon. His manner on the question was almost casual.

"Oh . . . hello," Don panted. "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. Those eyes bored into Elliott's now, keenly, intelligently, with the look of a man who is accustomed to gauging others without delay or hesitation; they were the eyes of a man who knows men, the glance of one accustomed to rule men.

"Oh, this man doesn't want you to stay!" Ben said softly. And then with a smile, to Brandon: "I sort of took the old timer under my wing today. He wants to stay here quite badly. I'll look after him."

"There's no place for him here," Brandon said positively. "Come, Stuart, it's almost train time."

He twitched at the old man's arm but Ben broke in, brow wrinkled as if he wanted to handle a perplexing matter fairly.

"Well, now, say! No place? Suppose a place was made for him a few days? I'd sort of planned on that. There's a hotel here, and I'd be willing to—"

"I don't know you," Brandon interrupted and irritably crept into his voice. "I've never even seen you. I've known this man for years. He's an old employee of mine. This is my affair. I never have others, especially strangers, meddling."

A low whimper came from Stuart and Ben rubbed his chin with one knuckle.

"Yeah. I am butting in, I guess. But . . . You see, the old timer told me a little about himself. He's been lonesome a long time. I take it. He's not what you'd call in robust health. I figure that if I was in his shape I'd like to be with a few old friends myself and it—"

In the distance a train whistled and on the sound Brandon's eyes snapped.

"I've not time to argue my affairs," he said sharply. "Come, Stuart."

"But, Nick! See . . . here, Nick. . . . I'll never get back . . . again. It's lonesome, bein' sick . . . alone, where you can't . . . Nick! You're . . . hurting my wrist!"

He winced from the grasp and on that the last shadow of smile went out of Ben Elliott's face, the slightly apologetic look at interfering in a matter which was not strictly his affair passed from his eyes. He put himself squarely before Brandon.

"Let him go," he said quietly, but his look drove hard into those black eyes. The man hesitated and flushed.

"If you aren't looking for trouble," he said, voice edged with wrath, "you'll keep out of this!"

"Fair enough. But unless you've got a better reason than I know about, let the old timer alone! Let go his wrist!"

he added sharply, as Stuart winced again.

"I'll thank you to keep out of—"

"Let-go—his—wrist, you d—d bully!"

He had grasped Brandon's forearm with both hands, letting his pack slip to the sidewalk. The clutch on Don Stuart's arm loosened. With a snarl Brandon drew back and swung for Ben's jaw. Elliott ducked, swayed forward and bending his supple body caught Brandon about the middle, drove his head into the man's chest, raised a knee to his groin, lifted him from his feet, swung, shoved and flung him free.

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

Well, now! This 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 through his town, to his mill. . . . Well, then they came a-running!

Bird-Eye cackled an impudent laugh and turned to watch the faces of the vanguard who came to see their liege lord, sprawled in the mud there, scrambling.

CHAPTER II

Able 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 asked:

"Now, young man, you're charged with assault and battery on the person of Nicholas Brandon. Are you guilty?"

From the rear windows of his cluttered little office, Able had watched young Ben Elliott emerge from the status of a complete stranger to the populace to that 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 tune.

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 which seemed, on careful inspection, to be struggling to hold back an expression that might, if permitted to develop, have proved to be a mischievous smile.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Origin of English Toy

Spaniel Much Disputed

Retrouse nose, abundant coat and highly intelligent expression—these are the chief characteristics of the English Toy Spaniel, observes an authority in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

There are four classes of English Toy Spaniels—King Charles, Blenheim, Ruby and Prince Charles. King Charles have a black and tan coat, Blenheim have a red and white coat, Ruby a solid red and Prince Charles a tricolor coat.

Under an American Kennel club ruling in 1902, English Toy Spaniels were classed together in a general group. Another standard for the breed was adopted by the Toy Spaniel Club of America in 1909.

The origin of the Toy Spaniel is so much disputed that Pug, Maltese, Pekingese, Jap and even the Bulldog have been credited with a share in its ancestry. A cross probably was used to obtain the present short-faced specimen.

Toy Spaniels date back to the Sixteenth century. They were in high favor before the restoration of the House of Stuart in England.

Since the days of King Charles, whose name they bear, they have been closely associated with royalty. They reached the zenith of their popularity during the reign of James II, who bred them extensively.

Sensitiveness to Sound

Tests of human sensitiveness to sound show that when a paper bag is exploded near a man's ear, the pressure on his brain increases fourfold, while the rhythmic working of his stomach muscles is slowed down by a third.

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Control Disease; Quarantine Urged

Every Precaution Should Be Taken to Halt Spread of Infection.

By Dr. C. D. Grinnells, Dairy Investigation, N. C. Agricultural Experiment Station, WNU Service.

Diseased animals should be quarantined to prevent the spread of infection. Quarantine not only protects the healthy animals, but it also facilitates the treatment of diseased animals.

Introducing new animals into a herd without quarantining them for a period of 30 to 40 days is not favored. If at the end of the period they are found to be free from disease, then it is considered safe to place them in the herd.

While in quarantine the animals should be watched closely for any trace of disease. The period necessary to keep the animals under close observation varies, depending upon where the new animals came from, the type of animal, and its physical condition.

Animals collected from different farms, assembled in public stock yards, and shipped long distances are dangerous sources of infection, as they are exposed to many chances for catching disease at a time when their resistance is lowered.

But animals which have been hauled only short distances are also liable to become infected, while many come from herds where disease is present, the need for precaution is necessary whenever bringing new stock into a herd.

A few infected animals can spread disease through a whole herd in a few days, and it is risky to wait a day or two before putting the new stock into quarantine, even though there is no apparent indication of disease.

Eliminate Parasites to Conserve Supply of Feed

Stock feed can be conserved this winter by eliminating parasites that sap the strength of the affected animals, states Dr. E. N. Stout, extension veterinarian at the Colorado agricultural college.

Not only will the elimination of parasites allow the live stock to winter through on less feed, but indigestion and colic may be prevented, Doctor Stout says.

Lice on cattle can be eliminated by dipping anytime on a sunny day. The best dip solution is nicotine sulphate. One dip will eliminate all live lice, but a second application may be made 15 days later to catch the lice hatched during the interval.

Horse bot parasites should be treated not sooner than one month after a freeze hard enough to eliminate the bot flies, as it requires a month's time for the larvae to migrate to the stomach. In addition to the bots, other intestinal parasites such as roundworms and tapeworms will be eliminated.

When Cows Chew Wood

When cows chew wood or bones and eat dirt it shows that the dairy ration is deficient in mineral matter, which should be corrected at once. Examine the ration carefully and add those feeds that are high in minerals. Legume hays, such as cowpeas, soybean, clover, and alfalfa are rich in calcium and will supply a sufficient amount of this mineral for the average cow. Phosphorus is supplied by wheat bran, cottonseed meal, and soybean meal. These feeds contain about 30 per cent of this mineral. It might be well to add two pounds of a mineral mixture composed of equal parts of finely ground limestone and steamed bone meal to each 100 pounds of the concentrate ration.

Seize Poisoned Food

The careful inspectors of the federal food and drug administration continue to find shipments of fruit and vegetables which have on the surface an excess of poisonous spray residue beyond what is considered a safe limit. Among the shipments seized were 137 of apples, three of pears and 14 of cauliflower. Five consignments of pickles were confiscated because they were found to have been sweetened with saccharin instead of sugar and one shipment of imported sardines was destroyed because of the presence of lead in the food.

On the Farm

Portugal raised sufficient wheat the past year to feed all its people.

The 1934 apple crop in New York state was the smallest in 44 years.

Young calves often have stomachache and should be treated with castor oil, say live stock experts.

Age does not determine the vitality of farm seeds. In general, older seeds do not germinate so well as fresh seeds.

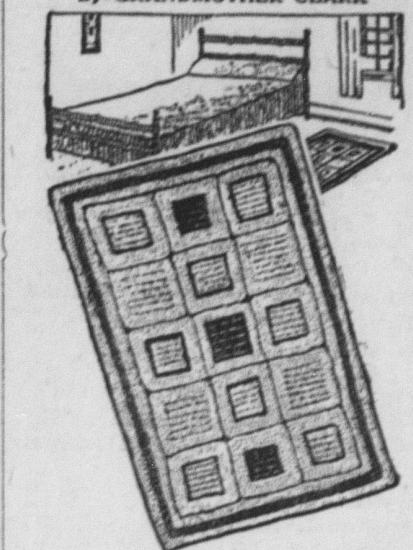
After heifers are a year old, they need little or no concentrates provided they receive plenty of high-quality roughage.

The value of Mississippi's cotton crop in 1934 was estimated by farm authorities at \$74,340,000 in contrast to \$37,820,000 for 1933.

Idaho produced approximately 19,610,000 bushels of potatoes the past year or about 2,000,000 bushels below the state's five-year average.

NURSERY BLOCKS CROCHETED RUG

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK



This crocheted rug called "Nursery Blocks" is made up of small blocks in different color combinations, assembled and then a border crocheted all around. Each block measures about 8 inches and outer border 4 inches, making a finished size 33 by 50 inches, and requires about 5 lbs. of rag strip material.

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