

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

The engine crew had been fussing with a suspected draw bar and did not enter the cook shanty until most of the others had left. Soon afterward the door opened again and Blackmore came in.

"How near are you ready to deliver?" he asked Elliott with a worried frown.

"As soon as the boys, there, stoke their own boilers!" Ben replied lightly.

"Sure you can make it?"

"As sure as a man can be."

"I sure hope so, Ben. Guess you know by now that I'm pulling for you in this scrap. But I've got to hold you to your contract. To the hour and letter of it. Your friend Brandon has wired into the house, it seems, offering any quantity of veneer stuff up to seventy thousand at ten dollars less than your contract calls for. Here's a wire,—shaking a telegram—'ordering me to hold you to your agreement and if you're late or short on scale to have Brandon load tomorrow. It's out of my hands, you see.'"

Ben's mouth tightened.

"Well, it happens, we've ducked from under our genial friend Brandon again. Yeah. We'll whip-saw Mr. Nick Brandon!"

Blackmore grinned and unbuttoned his coat. He chuckled. He was glad. He was on Ben's side for certain, and as he lit his pipe and commenced to talk, with an easing in his manner, a triumphant sort of peace descended on the shanty.

But even as they visited, a slender figure, moving through the darkness with a slight limp, followed the Hoot Owl steel up the long grade that climbed from the siding. From the rest of this grade the steel pitched sharply northward into the narrow valley of the river where alders and willows showed black, now, against the snow on either side of the stream.

On the trestle this figure stood still a long interval, listening for sounds in the cold quiet. Then he dropped down the bank of the stream to where the crib work of the trestle stood, stoutly footed beneath the muck and water. For many minutes he was there, grunting occasionally, and when he climbed the bank again he trailed something carefully behind. . . . Across the bridge, now, he went, after more listening, and down again beneath the north end of the trestle. More grunting; pawings in the snow, hard prodding with a short steel bar. . . . And up again, trailing something carefully once more.

Next, the man lighted a cigarette, shielded the flame of the match in cupped hands and after the tobacco was burning applied the fire to a pair of other objects held tightly between thumb and forefinger. . . . He let them go and a pair of greenish spatters began crawling across the trestle. . . . and the man was limping swiftly up the hill, over the crest, while the green spatters drew apart, one crossing the trestle toward its northerly end, the other moving in the opposite direction.

It was twenty minutes later. Ben Elliott was pulling on his mackinaw, preparatory to going out with the first three cars of logs, when he stopped suddenly, one arm in its sleeve, as a jolt shook the building, rattling dishes and causing the door of the range oven to drop open with a bang. None in the place spoke; they looked at each other, faces set in puzzlement. Again came a heavy jolt, a loud detonation, and a pan fell from its shelf with a crazy clatter. No word, still. Without speaking they leaped for the doorway and emerged to see the crew spilling from the men's shanty to look and listen.

"It's dinnymite!" Bird-Eye Blaine croaked hoarsely as he ran out. "Dinnymite for sure! Where, Benny b'y?"—looking earnestly into Elliott's face.

"That's for us to find out," Ben answered grimly and they followed him as he ran with long strides toward the direction from which the sound had come, down the track to where it curved and dipped to the trestle which spanned the river.

Minutes later they came up to him, the fastest of them, as he stood motionless on the bank of the Hoot Owl, looking at the mass of twisted railroad steel and of ties that dangled from the swinging rails in ragged fringe; at the scattered remnants of crib work, at the piling standing splintered and awry and useless in the stream bed.

Ben Elliott's bridge was gone. His way to the siding with his veneer logs, on the delivery of which hung the fate of the operation, was blocked. No time remained to team them out, there was no other way to get them out except by steel. And his steel was broken, twisted, useless.

He turned to face them as they crowded up, swearing and exclaiming in excited voices.

"You, Hoot Owl!" he snapped to the camp's boss. "Get those standards off the main line. Bird-Eye, start a fire here. You men—you three there—get a fire going on the other bank. You teamsters, back to camp and dress your donkeys. Bring axes, peaveys, skidding equipment. Lively, now, everybody! A job of work coming up!"

Blackmore, whose wind was short, bowed through the crowd, panting heavily.

"Good G—d, Elliott! They've scooped you!"

Ben gave him a fleeting, scorching glance.

"Scooped, h—! They've only got me good and mad!"

And now began a scene the like of which had never been recorded in the Tincup country.

Men were there in numbers where huge bonfires, constantly tended that the light should be steady, flared on the banks of the Hoot Owl. Sawyers, cant-hook men, teamsters, toiled to reduce the wreckage of the trestle, snaking it out of the way, working hastily, noisily, excitement evident in their movements and shouts. Others cut brush until the sloping river banks showed bare and dark.

Back in the woods oil flares burned as the steam loader puffed and snorted and rattled, swung its boom, lifted logs from their banks, tossed them through the air and dropped them into place on a flat car. Once loaded, the car of logs and the jammer were trundled down the mile of track to the stream. Slow and slower the car moved until the boom of the loader overhung the gap where a trestle had been. Then blocks went into place to secure the wheels, Elliott gave the signal, the boom swung a half circle, hook men adjusted their tackle to a log on the single car; up it went, around and out over the river bank and then down.

Elliott was below there with his cant-hook men. They grabbed the first stick, wrestled it into place parallel with the current and others, with mauls and stakes, gave it a firm resting place on the bank. . . . Another log. . . . another and still more, until a crude foundation for trestle abutment had been made.

It was difficult work; dangerous work, too, in the bad light. Intense cold handicapped the men, also, but they worked harder than they ever had worked on that job.

Ben encouraged, he flattered, he cajoled and he drove those men as they never had been driven before. They moved on a run when going from place to place; they seemed to try to outdo one another when strength became essential. They were infected with Elliott's fire.

Standing on the bank within the circle of firelight Dawn McManus seemed to snuggle close to Able Armitage, face pallid even under the ruddy glow of flames. Her eyes followed just one figure; that of Ben Elliott. Commanding, resourceful, a human dynamo, he was.

Shortly after midnight the supply team drove up from camp, the cook drew back blankets which had covered its burden, commenced putting generous pieces of steaming steak between slices of bread and the cook poured coffee from huge pots for the men who swarmed around the sleigh.

A team came creaking up from the siding, its sled laden with steel rails, fish plates, spikes and track-laying tools.

Back to the decks in the woods went the locomotive; down it came again, bearing more logs. These were let down to a pile which rose almost to the track level. When it was three feet higher nearly half the work would be finished.

Workers staggered through the snow bearing a steel rail. It went into place; fish plates clattered; wrenches set nuts and spikes put the rail secure on ties.

So when the locomotive, leaking steam from its old joints, lumbered down with its next burden, the loader was set out on this length of new track and began the task of filling in the far side of the ravine, leaving a sluiceway through which the waters of the stream gurgled and surged.

Blackmore joined Able and Dawn on the bank where the freight struck topaz lights from the snow. The old justice turned an inquiring gaze on him and the buyer shrugged.

"Two o'clock," he muttered. "He's got less than six hours left to turn the trick."

"It doesn't seem humanly possible," Able said slowly.

"I'm beginning to think," Blackmore replied, "that the man isn't human. This thing would've stopped most men I know without a try. But not Elliott!"

Three o'clock, and the foundation on the south side of the river was in. Four, and the jammer was swinging logs rapidly into that gap. . . . Five, and the heads of men working dog-

gedly on the southern crib were up to the level of the old ties.

Daybreak found them throwing the last load of logs into place and the pallid light of the early day revealed Elliott's face drawn and gaunt and colorless; his eyes burned brightly, strangely dark.

"His only chance is that the local'll be late," Blackmore moaned to Able.

Six o'clock, and broad axes shaped the logs on which ties would rest, and up from the sidings came a team at a trot, and behind it another. These were men from Tincup who had heard of the work going on. They left their sleighs and looked at the emergency trestle and then stared at one another and shook their heads in amazement. Things like that just didn't happen, they seemed to be thinking.

Then came a battered cutter, with old Tim Jeffers driving alone, to see what was to be seen.

"Heard the shots in town last night," he told Able. "Come mornin' I drove this way."

The old justice nodded grimly.

"You guessed, then?"

Tim split angrily. "The lad was getting too close to his mark to suit some folks, it seems."

Seven o'clock, and men staggered up the embankment bearing a rail.

CHAPTER VII

The cars of veneer logs were coupled, their air hoses dangling, be-

cause the Hoot Owl never boasted air brake for its trains. The locomotive panted asthmatically and leaking steam trailed off into the forest. McIver, the engineer, stood beside his cab, wiping his hands slowly on a ball of waste and his fireman hung out the gangway as Ben came running up.

"You'll have to take 'em . . . all over at once," Elliott panted. "Local'll be there in . . . fifteen minutes! If they're not at the siding in time for the local, we lose! You've got to run for it, Mac, and pick up enough speed going down to carry you over."

McIver rolled the waste and eyed his employer. Then he shook his head slowly.

"Tough luck for you!" he said. "But with that rotten steel on a cold mornin', and no telling what that trestle'll do when weight hits it . . ." He shook his head again and looked Elliott in the eye. "I got kids," he said simply. "So's the fireman."

Some of the irate glare which had been in Ben's face dwindled. He, too, stared briefly down the track.

"Kids, yes," he said softly. "I can't ask a man with kids to try it, Mac. No hard feelings. I'll take a shot myself."

Teams clinked up, then, horses frost covered. Ben surveyed the crowd that pressed about the engine and swung up to the step.

"I'm going to take her over myself," he said. "If I get across that hump, with this load pushing me, I'll need a brakeman. I'm not going to ask anyone of you to ride. Maybe we'll pile up. But if we do get to the top, I can't stop her alone at the mill. Without air, with frost on the steel, we'll go into the pond. There's fifty dollars in it for the man who'll ride with me!"

They looked hard at him, and then, almost in unison, their faces turned down the track. To watch was to know what was in their minds: the dangers of that curve, with rusty steel so cold; the problematical strength of the trestle they had built through the night.

"Fifty dollars . . . against a broken neck," Ben said and his voice trembled a bit. He drew his watch. "We've got eleven or twelve minutes to catch the local. . . . I'll urge no man. . . . Fifty dollars . . . and a long chance. Any takers?"

He saw Dawn McManus standing behind the group. Her face was white, dark eyes wide and frightened.

No man moved for a moment. Then, quite simply, without a word, Tim Jeffers peeled his heavy sheepskin coat, took a peavey from a man beside him and advanced.

"Never mind the fifty, Elliott. . . . It's my neck."

Ben smiled, then. It seemed as though he were so weary from effort and strain that he must have cracked and cried had he not smiled. He said no word. He swung up to the cab as the safety valve popped and steam commenced blowing off.

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, 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.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Bank of Venice, Formed in 1157, Was First Bank

Recognition was given even in ancient civilization to the benefits obtained from the organization of a system designed to facilitate pecuniary transactions. Promissory notes, bills of exchange and transfer checks were used in Assyria, Phoenicia and Egypt long before they gained fuller development in Greece and Rome. It was not until after the ascendancy of Athens and Rome that banking came under official regulation. In its earliest form, banking consisted primarily of money changing, which was important due to the lack of uniform coinage and to the need for receipts and money transfers used to evade the danger of robbers.

The progress of banking was checked during the Middle Ages; but with the revival of trade in the Eleventh and Twelfth centuries its practice was resumed.

The Bank of Venice, formed in 1157, is generally given as the first bank; it was only a transfer office of a national debt at first, and not a bank in the real sense until after the Sixteenth century. It was destroyed by the French invasion of 1797. Keeping depositors' money safe but accessible was perhaps first undertaken on a large scale by the Bank of Amsterdam, founded in 1609.—Indianapolis News.

Use Shell Currency

A fair portion of the world's commerce, especially in remote sections of Africa and in several of the South Sea island groups, is still carried on by means of shell currency.

Her Eyes Followed Just One Figure: That of Ben Elliott.

Five minutes later it rang and sang as the spike went home, and another, the last, was brought up.

The gap was bridged, the last spikes were going in; the particular job was done, but tension screwed up and up, as a fiddle string is tightened. . . .

It was seven-thirty, and far off a locomotive screamed.

"The local!" Blackmore gasped. "She's at Dixon. . . . In a half hour, now. H—! the boy's licked!"

A half hour! A half hour in which to move six standard cars laden with a heavy scale of saw logs over that grade! Two trips, Ben Elliott had estimated it would take. Two trips for the leaking old locomotive to drag them the three miles to the siding and puff its way back and trundle the other three over the hill and down the slope. It was a half mile climb from river to summit with a better than four per cent grade. A good locomotive of even small tonnage might take them over at once; but not the old rick that stood sending its plume of smoke into the morning air up the track yonder. And if those logs were not put down for the train even now screaming its way toward the siding, Ben Elliott was beaten.

He straightened, flinging away his maul, saw the last nut tightened on the final fish plate and then, holding up both hands, face fixed toward the locomotive with its string of cars waiting around the bend and up the hill to the northward, he began to run.

Holding them there? When the trestle was ready? Men wondered why, and why, excitedly, stirred from their weariness by this strange move. Instead of high-balling them on, Elliott was holding them back!

"Come on; we'll drive it!" a teamster cried and his sled at once swarmed with men as his horses started toward camp and the train at a heavy gallop.

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—arrives at the lumbering town of Tincup, with Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. He defeats Bull Duval, "king of the river," and towns bully, in a log-birling contest. 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 and 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 Duval to beat up Ben, and Ben worse him in a fist fight and throws him out of camp. Don Stuart dies, leaving a letter for Elliott "to be used when the going becomes too tough." Ben refuses to open the letter, believing he can win the fight by his own efforts. Fire breaks out in the mill. Ben, leading the victorious fight against the flames that threatened to win the fight for Brandon, discovers the fire was started with gasoline. Elliott gets an offer of spot cash for logs, that will provide money to tide him over. But a definite time limit is set. While trailing a suspicious stranger Ben meets Dawn McManus and discovers she is not a child, as he had supposed, but a beautiful young woman.

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

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TREMENDOUS TRIFLES

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

GEORGE WASHINGTON, ASSASSIN

"GEORGE WASHINGTON, an assassin . . . Impossible!" you exclaim. But it's true, if we can believe a document that Washington himself signed.

On May 28, 1754, his Virginia militia made a surprise attack on a party of Frenchmen at Great Meadows in western Pennsylvania. They killed ten, including the leader, Coulon de Jumonville, and took twenty-one prisoners who claimed that Jumonville was an envoy sent to warn the English off the French lands. Since England and France were not at war, they said the attack was a violation of international law. Papers found at the time proved that they were also scouts for a French force sent to drive the English out of that country.

Five weeks later, that force, commanded by Jumonville's brother, Coulon de Villiers, besieged Washington's little army at Fort Mifflin. Rejecting two demands for a surrender, Washington held out until they put into writing the articles of capitulation.

It was a soggy, rainy day and the French note was "written in a bad hand on wet and blotted paper." In it Villiers twice stated that the French were not attacking the English, with whom they were at peace, but were only punishing "L'assassinat du Sieur de Jumonville." This was read to Washington by the light of a candle, which was blown out again and again by the rainy gale. The man who read it was Jacob Van Braam, a Dutchman, whose knowledge of French was meager. The word "assassinat" he translated simply as "death or loss." So Washington signed the articles, not realizing that he was thus confessing to an "assassination."

It was a trifling error of interpretation but the French, who welcomed an excuse for war with "perfidious Albion," seized upon the young colonial officer's "confession." It played no small part in bringing on the conflict which raged in both Europe and America for seven years and resulted in France's losing all of her territory in North America to England.

POLKA DOT

DO YOU like to wear polka dot dresses, or, if you're a man, is a polka dot scarf your favorite necktie? If so, you can thank two men. One of them was a Hungarian dancing master and the other was the first "dark horse" in American political history.

In 1830 that dancing master—history has not preserved his name—was on a walking tour in Poland. In a small village he saw a peasant girl doing a folk dance which pleased him. He brought the new steps back to Prague, where it immediately won great popularity, and gave it the name "Polka" for the land of its origin.

Fourteen years later over in America, the Democratic party was trying to nominate a candidate for President at Baltimore. There was a deadlock. Suddenly 44 votes were announced for James Knox Polk of Tennessee, who had served as speaker of the house of representatives but otherwise had a colorless political career.

This started a stampede which resulted in the first selection of a "dark horse" in convention history. When the news of his nomination was flashed from Baltimore to Washington over that new-fangled instrument, the telegraph, amazed citizens in the Capital exclaimed, "Who is Polk?"

As it turned out, he was the next President. For he defeated Henry Clay, the Whig nominee. During the campaign, the Hungarian dancing master's new dance came into this country. Because of the similarity of its name to that of the Democratic nominee, it became the official campaign amusement. Articles of various kinds were named for it and for him. . . . and that's why we wear polka dot designs today.

A CIGARETTE

LOOK over a cigarette the next time you smoke one. It's not so very long, nor very thick. Probably the fraction of a cent that it costs you will never be missed. But such a trifle as a smouldering cigarette costs the United States three billion dollars in fire losses every year! Experts estimate that the average smoker throws away at least a third of the cigarette, and if the little trifle is not put out . . .

In 1629 the Puritans tried to pass a law against the starting of tobacco. This decree was the forerunner of the whole code of prohibitive laws. It was a losing fight, however. So Massachusetts set a tax on its use.

"Any persons or person who shall be found smoking tobacco on the Lord's day, going to or coming from the meetings, or within two miles of the meeting house, shall pay 12 pence for every such default." As almost the whole community lived within the two miles limit, this caught them all.

Even today there are still some states in the Union that forbid the sale of tobacco on Sunday. Well it all depends on what you like. And if you like to smoke, remember the three billion dollars and put out your stub.

Western Newspaper Union.

No Better Investment Than Well-Kept Garden

The ideal garden is planned and managed, as was the first of all gardens, by man and wife together.

Man is useful for the forking and spading, and for some of the heavier work, but it is the housewife who knows the comparative value of vegetables, and the need of variety in the garden produce.

She knows what herbs must be grown for flavoring, what quantities of early roots, peas, beans and sweet corn ought to be planted.

Such weighty problems as the thick or thin sowing of lettuce seed, of radishes, of early onions; of the best way of guarding cauliflower and cabbages from defiling butterflies, are to be settled only by patient consultations together.

And the satisfaction of growing one's own "garden stuff" and enjoying it at meal time is simply immeasurable by purely practical standards.

As a measure of economy, as a means of real relaxation, as adding to the pleasures of the dining table, as increasing the beauty and actual value of the farm and of the whole neighborhood, one of the best investments about the place is a neat, pretty, well-tended garden.—Montreal Herald.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust —



MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Naming No Names

To become a great orator Demosthenes put a pebble in his mouth. Sometimes we wish our would-be orators would try a cobblestone.—Boston Herald.

Regular Elimination


The proper use of Theford's Black-Draught, (for constipation) tends to leave the bowels acting regularly. It is a fine, reliable long-established family laxative.

"I have used Theford's Black-Draught fully thirty years," writes Mrs. J. E. McDuff, of Elgin, Texas. "I had trouble from constipation is why I first began the use of it, and as it gave perfect satisfaction I do not see any reason to change."

Another good thing about Black-Draught that helps to make it so popular—it is NOT expensive.

THEFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS



Lynchburg, Va.—"Before my first baby came I was so weak and exhausted and had pains in my back and side. Frequent headaches bothered me, too, but all this misery passed away after I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. All during the remainder of this period I was in good health, doing my housework, and my baby splendid health, and has always been well."—Mrs. S. M. Pace, 1709—2nd St., c/o J. E. Nocl. All druggists.

Sensitive Skins

May be kept Clear and Wholesome by Regular Use of



Cuticura Soap and Ointment

Containing emollient and healing properties, they soothe and comfort tender, easily irritated skins and help to keep them free from irritations.

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed—lag in their work—fail to remove the poisonous body wastes.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains; feel "all worn out."

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

Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are for the kidneys only. They tend to promote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users of the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOAN'S PILLS

WNU-4 17-35

NEUTRALIZE Mouth Acids

—by chewing one or more Milnesia Wafers

MILNESIA WAFERS

The Original MILK OF MAGNESIA WAFERS