The Man From Yonder By HAROLD TITUS

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disgusting odor. A woman up by the

stores shaded her eyes and peered at

the moving figure and stared and

Thirty-Seven! Why, it couldn't be!

watchers to wonder.

CHAPTER X-Continued -14-

"What's the difficulty, Brandon? Didn't you expect to see me this morn-

"Why . . . I . . . That is, I thought-"

Ben stepped close and dropped his voice nearly to a whisper.

"You thought I wouldn't be walking

today? Was that it?" "Not walking? I don't know what you're talking about." The older man's self-control was coming back rapidly,

now that his fright had passed away. "I just came in to get matters straight between us, Brandon. Several serious things have happened to the Hoot Owl but in spite of them the Hoot Owl is booming; now, I presume, I can look for things to happen to me. Before anything does-because I'm not rash enough to be cocksure that it won't-I want you to get me straight."

The last vestige of his smile was gone by then. He stood spread-legged, hands locked behind his back, eyes boring into Brandon's gaze. "I'm not interested in-"

"But you'll listen! You'll listen or I'll choke you until you'll beg for the opportunity to listen, Brandon! You'll listen to me this morning and it'll be the first and last time.

"I know a great deal. I can prove but little. I know that you started in to run me out by sending Duval to clean up my camp. Next, you tried to cripple my operation by having a firebug touch off the mill. Next, you or some of your men stole a piston head out of the express-"

"Don't go too far, young man !" "I won't. The pits of h-l are the inside limits for you, Brandon!

"After that, you timed it nicely and blew up my trestle. You almost had us two or three times. But you flopped! The Hoot Owl is up on its knees, will be on its feet in a month if we keep going and it'll be sitting on the world by the time breakup hits us. All you've done to the job has only helped it.

"That's that! Next you try to get me, thinking, probably, that if you knock the skipper off the bridge the craft will founder for certain. You're wrong, there. You can't lick my men, because they're too many for you; you can't stop the Hoot Owl by getting me out of the picture. But if you want trying, it's you own funeral. I've only one thing to ask of you: try to play the white man, Brandon, and fight your own fights!"

His face was dark with rage, now, and he emphasized his last words by downward thrusts of clenched hands along his thighs. Brandon smiled lightly.

"You're a queer young man," he remarked. "You dream in broad daylight and with your eyes open."

"A peculiarly detailed dream, Brandon! I've said all I have to say about the job and about myself but there is another matter left to be mentioned while I'm here. I won't even utter her name in your hearing, but any man who would pull a trick like you did and involve a girl . . . Brandon, a snake's belly is sky-high compared to you!"

And that touched the well-springs of rage that had been dammed back until the moment "You fool!" the man said heavily.

The words came like the first break in a levee; slow, sluggish words. . . . And then, like the following toss of foam was the frothing rage in his scream. "You fool! I'll drive you out of this country! I'll hang your operation up for the crows to pick! I'll string the bones of this timber and your own bones across this country!" He swang his arms in wide, wild ges-

He stopped, sobbing for breath, and his teeth clicked in an agony of pas-

"Dawn? Not mention her name? Well, I will. . . . She's mine, you fool, body and soul! She's been mine for years. . . . Because she smiled at you, because she played with you don't think she's interested, fool!

He swayed backward as Elliott lurched toward him, but their bodies did not lock.

White and trembling, Ben stayed his own rush.

"No! . . . Don't want to brawl over her," he choked. "But if you mention her name to me again I'm likely to lose my head and tear your hide off your carcass!"

His rage was so high, so holy, that the fear it inspired carried through Brandon's frenzy and the man stood silent, perhaps in awe.

thing to ask, Brandon. It's this: fight your own battles!"

the door behind him.

with the haste of high temper but before he had finished Able Armitage hailed him from across the street and came hurrying through the rutted

by an expression of concern and he | left to try to talk him into being carecame close before he spoke. "I hear Red Bart Delaney's in town."

Ben nodded grimly. "Came to see me yesterday."

"Yeah. Took a long look at me . :

over the sights of a rifle." "Ben! Why, son!" Elliott laughed mirthlessly and told

what had happened in the Hoor Owl chopping the day before. "So he's gotten down to the hiring of a killer!" Able looked anxiously into Ben's face. "Son . . . It can't go on. Timber or no timber; success or failure for the Hoot Owl, you've got

to think of yourself!" "I'm doing that. I've been to see Brandon and tried to drive him into the open. That's all I ask of him; that he fights fair."

"And if he won't, what?" "Then I'll have to smoke him out!" Able clicked his tongue.

"Benny, your way of doing things scares me! Why, this can't go on. It mustn't! It's your own affair, for sure, when he tried to shoot you down, but maybe, perhaps, possibly, I'm going to beg you to be careful. So long as Delaney's in the country you've got to keep low. Get back to camp; stay there; let us pick some man I can trust to follow Bart and Brandon night

and day so you'll not be caught!" "No." Ben shook his head resolutely. "I'll go on about my business as I should. I've never run yet and don't like to start any fast foot work now."

"But it's your life that's at stake, Ben! Don't be silly. That's what recklessness is: downright silly! That's not like you. Why, not raking precautions in this thing is like monkeying with a high tension wire."

"No good, Able. I couldn't hold up my head if I hid out after the play I've made."

So Atle was forced to give up after a time and shuffled up the street, drawing off his mitten again and rubbing his face briskly with his palm.

He had only reached his office and was unlocking the door when Aunt Em, walking grimly as if with a definite purpose, approached.

"Good morning-" he began. "Forget the palaver, Able Armitage!" the woman said sharply. "You're in trouble. So are we all, maybe. That's why I came to see you. Is it true what say that this Red Bart Delane has showed up here in Tincup?"

"As true as disease or death or anything else unpleasant." "That's what I'd heard! Do I have

to guess why he's come?" Able untied his scarf and shook his head sadly.

"No, Em. Your first guess will be right. And he took a shot at Benny yesterday!"

"And missed, I'd judge from the look of him just now. But if he's still here there'll be a next time; and he won't miss then. Did you do your duty and send the boy to some safe place?"

Able sighed and told her of his talk with Ben.

"So you couldn't make him listen to reason!" she muttered, "Well, if you can't, I can't. And, us falling, there's only one other who would have a ghost of a show." "Dawn?"

She nodded. "Dawn could. But she won't. . . . She won't go to him now She wouldn't even listen to me talk about him, she's in such a state. She's up to the ears in love with Ben Elliott or I've got three legs! And then to have that scandalous woman do what she did and upset it all!"

She sat down heavily in a chair and

drew a great breath. "I don't have to ask you or any other man about Ben Elliott, Able! I know the clean and decent folks when I see 'em. I'd bet my reputation as a Christian woman on that boy! That plece of play acting at the dance was some of Nick Brandon's work, you can bet your last red cent! I had to give him a piece of my mind just for relief the other day and, goodness me, what a look he give me! Why, Able, that man's worse than ever I thought! My. oh, my! He gave me a look that like to froze the blood right in my veins, after all the years of palaver and soft

talkin' I've listened to from him! "Well, what I'm gettin' at is this: The boy's in danger of bein' murdered every minute of day and night unless he takes your advice. There's no one

ful but Dawn. And how am I going to get her to see her duty when she goes into a cryin' fit every time his name's mentioned? Yes, sir. Every time she hears his name"

"She doesn't yet see that the affair was a put-up job, then?"

"See? She can't see anything, Able Armitage! Put yourself in her place. Suppose you were a young girl who's had the things to bear that she has all her life; and suppose you fell in love for the first time; and suppose that young man was accused of such nastiness right in public with everybody listening and gawping? Would you stop to figure that the reason he seemed guilty was natural? That the thing was so far fetched from the truth and such a shock that he was all kerflummoxed? I should say you wouldn't! You'd do just what she's doin'; make yourself all sick with chills and fever by cryin'!"

She twitched at the skirts of her cloak irritably and glared at the old justice as though he were a sworn

enemy instead of a friend. "What ails her is shock. She ain't got over the shock yet and every time his name or anything else about him is mentioned it sets her off again. She'll get over it, give her time. But then she'll be so humiliated to think she didn't use her reason that she won't be herself for another spell. And she should be herself now! There ain't any time to lose. She should patch up her misunderstanding with him right todayright this hour-and use her influence to persuade him to keep low. But how it's to be done I'd like to know. For Lord's sake, Able, ain't you got a single suggestion?"

The justice had been stuffing light wood into his stove during this. Now he touched a match to the tinder, opened the drafts and stood with hands behind him, rusty overcoat unbuttoned and drooping, deep in thought.

"It's difficult to get anyone in her state to use reason. Maybe the shock of knowing that Ben's life is in danger would be a counter irritant to this other shock. Maybe not. If the affair of last week could be cleared up, if Dawn could be shown that this Lydia woman was only carrying out a plan

. . But I wonder . . . Aunt Em stiffened in her chair. She looked hard at Able and her eyes narrowed a trifle. "You see,"

he resumed, "If the girl-"

"Hold on, Able Armitage!" she cut in, holding up a hand in warning. "Hold on, now! I've got to think. . . . Got to think, I tell you! And I can't think while you carry on your gabble! You leave me alone, now. . . . Keep your tongue still. . . They say a woman's tongue is hung in the middle and loose at both ends. . . . But . . . Yum . . ." As she pressed one hand over her eyes her words dwindled to unintelligible mumblings.

"I've got it!" she cried excitedly after a moment. "I've got it, now! You stay right here, Able! You stay until I came back. If it works, it works. . . If it don't, it'll be time

to talk some more!" She moved resolutely to the door, left the office and strode down the street. People of Tincup watched her pass: people she had known for years spoke to her and drew no response, not even so much as a glance or a nod. On past the bank, the post office, the pool room. . . On beyond all the stores, on

down to the depot, There, on the platform, she stood a long interval staring across the tracks ing that everybody thinks my father to that short row of house on Section Thirty-Seven. The station agent came out of the office and looked at Em in

"Hello!" he cried, "What brings you down here before-" "Homer," she cut in grimly, "in

which one of them nasty places does this Lydia woman live?"

"Why-why . . . Why, now should I know?" he evaded as a red flush crept up from his collar, "In the one at this end, I think. I'm not sure, of course. . . I think she does, though. . .

But he no longer had a listener. Resolutely, slowly with something like defiant majesty, the woman crossed the tracks, with never another word to her informant and never a look to right or left. Her head was up, her mouth set, and her long nose wrinkled as if at a

SYNOPSIS

His rage was so high, so holy, that the fear it inspired carried through Brandon's frenzy and the man stood silent, perhaps in awe.

Ben relaxed.

"Now," he said quietly, "Tve just one thing to ask, Brandon, It's this: fight your own battles!"

He turned on his heel and slammed the door behind him.

CHAPTER XI

Ben began unblanketing his team with the haste of high temper but before he had finished Able Armitage him to see. 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. By superhuman efforts Ben builds a new bridge and himself drives the train over the rickety structure to Tincup, with a surface to which Elliott escorts Dawn, Lydia makes public her. Chaptes him to run the one lumber camp, the Hoot Owl, that Brandon has not been able to grab. This belongs to Dawn McManus, whose father has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head. Brandon sends Duval to beat up Ben, when the flames are subdued, discovers it was started with gasoline. Elliott gets an offer for logs, that will provide money to tide him over. But a definite time is set. 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. By superhuman efforts Ben builds a new bridge and himself drives the train over the rickety structure to Tincup, making the delivery with only a few minutes to spare. Brandon compels a woman (known as "Lydia") who is in his power, to accuse Elliott of misconduct with a girl. At a dance to which Elliott escorts Dawn, Lydia makes public her. charges. Overwhelmed, Elliott can only make a feeble denial. Dawn, apparently believing him guilty, leaves the dance without waiting for him. While in the woods, Elliott is fired on, and drops, seemingly dead, but his fall has been a ruse to make his enemy believe him dead. The would-be killer is proved to be Red Bart

Early Attention Is Necessary If Satisfactory Results

Are Obtained. Prepared by Ohio State University Agricul-It will pay to give the timothy sod some special attention this spring, in

Needs Fertilizing

the opinion of agronomists at the Ohio State university, who are recommending a special top dressing with a nitrogenous fertilizer. Because of the failure of many new seedings last year, it is expected that

stopped. Aunt Em Coburn, headed for many meadows that ordinarily would But Aunt Em mounted the steps. She be plowed this spring will be kept for rapped at length and vigorously on the another year. scarred panel of the door. She went The agronomists say that additional hay may be secured from these

within, leaving a dozen long-distance meadows, when they are largely or It was long before she emerged and entirely timothy, by top dressing the then . . . Ah, then Tincup had a field early with 150 to 200 pounds of sight to see, a subject for speculation! sulfate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, For by Aunt Em's side moved the wom-If calcium cyanamid is used, the apan Lydia, collar of her fur coat high plication should have been much about her face as if to hide the traces Ohio experiments indicate that, with

probably be less than normal.

of Agriculture,

such a hole.

Wet Spots Cause of Farm

"These wet spots not only waste seed

and fertilizer," he points out, "but

and harrowing. They cause planting

trouble, they interfere with cultiva-

tion, and are a nuisance at harvest

feet deep under the lowest part of

these wet holes and with a slope of

four to six inches to every 100 feet in

length, is all that is needed to clear up

The backfill over the tile is one of

the most essential things to keep in

mind. The land did not drain before

because the water could not get

impervious subsoil back directly over

the tile. Place sod, surface soil, and

stubble, at least one foot deep, directly

over the tile; and put the subsoil, that

has come out of the bottom of the

ditch near the surface of the ground.

Butter Fat Content Varies

Carefully checked tests show that

the butter fat content of the milk

from the same herd of cows varies

sharply from day to day. Errors in

testing can account for only about

two-tenths of 1 per cent, but the

actual variation is often as much as

1 per cent from one day to another.

Such variation results from a number

of factors. Weather conditions have a

marked effect as does the feed given

the cattle. Some breeds show a

greater variation than others, and the

time between milkings and the com-

pleteness of the milkings also have

their effects. Also tests of morning's

milk are usually lower than those of

Alfalfa Again

5,000 years. Experiments show that a

seven-inch layer of surface soil, on an

8 per cent slope cropped to corn or

allowed to remain fallow, will be com-

pletely washed away within a lifetime.

Down the Lane

Butter made in May and June has

Of the 3,300,000 orchard heaters in

Wool production in this country last

year was approximately 418,158,000

pounds, or about 9,000,000 less than in

A cord of wood from one acre each

year, or 500 to 700 board feet, is a

reasonable amount to expect from a

Skim milk and buttermilk are rich

in protein and mineral matter and

make good additions to farm grains

Farm families are less likely to

move from place to place in New York

state, than rural people not on farms

or people in cities, according to a re-

use in California, 2,900,000 are oil burn-

-Hoard's Dairyman.

well-stocked woodlot.

to grow and fatten pigs.

cent study.

the highest color and flavor.

Alfalfa will check soil erosion for

night's milk .- Pathfinder Magazine.

of tears which hastily applied powder could not eradicate. normal rainfall in early spring, such Tears from those hard eyes? Nothan application will raise the yield of ing less! For women know women timothy 1,500 or 2,000 pounds an acre. and before Aunt Em had talked to this Nitrogenous fertilizers, however, outcast five minutes she had discovshould not be applied alone for more ered the weakness in her shame, the than one or two years for, say the clean spot left in her heart. And how agronomists, a stand of hay cannot be Emma Coburn could talk! She talked maintained unless phosphates and potthat clean spot to a growing, glowing, ash are also supplied. A 10-6-4 or glorious thing. She talked Lydia out similar analysis fertilizer is recomof her house, across the tracks; talked mended if these top dressings are conher into that slow, unashamed, almost tinued into the third year. flagrant march up the main street:

Nitrogenous top dressing may be talked her out of all but one look of expected to increase timothy seed misgiving at the windows of Nicholas yield one to two bushels an acre, Brandon's offices. . . And around should farmers with sufficient forage the corner and in beneath the hemdesire to produce seed. locks which whispered above the snug Demand for timothy seed may be white house. They entered, where expected to continue to exceed the Dawn McManus had hidden since the supply for at least another year, ac-

Aunt Em's understanding arms. All the way out to camp Dawn snuggled close against Able in his worn old buffalo coat. Now and again she trembled a bit; once she cried softly a few minutes. But much of the time she talked.

woman's words sent her flying from

the dance hall to the sanctuary of

"To think it was the man I used to call Uncle who did that thing!" she



"Homer, in Which One of Them Nasty Places Does This Lydia Woman Live?"

cried. "Why haven't you told me, Able? Why haven't you warned me?" "What he's done, what he's been, what he is, were no things for you, Dawn, girl. I've just tried . . . to stand between you and many unpleasant things. You've had your share as it was."

"I could have stood this one more," she replied, stourly enough. "It hasn't been so bad these last few years, knowa murderer. I'd just gotten myself above that and now . . . and now . . "What now?" Able asked gently. She looked at him through tears, TO BE CONTINUED

Hay-Wire Does Not Mean

Same Among Lumbermen Individual in all things, New England has its own meaning for a word used in various parts of the country as slang. Elsewhere "hay-wire" may be synonymous with "erratic" or a "little mad." In Dr. Frank Vizetelly's records of the vernacular the slang use of the phrase "gone hay-wire" is defined as signifying something or somebody "gone wrong." In Maine's North Woods the serious implications of that usage are fully understood. No greater slur can be cast upon

a lumberman's equipment than to say "It's a hay-wire outfit." Hay-wire is used in temporary repairs. The man who thus employs it is foresighted and ingenious, but the man who habitually uses hay-wire instead of making premanent repairs is shiftless.

The hay for the lumbermen's horses comes bound in bales. When these bales are broken the wise teamster saves for emergencies the hay-wire which held them rogether. A good "toter" would not start his team on a trip without taking hay-wire any more than he would set forth without an ax or a pail.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Green Tea Far East's Choice Green tea made from the unfernented leaf is the choice of the Far Last and is made entirely in China and Japan. Black from the fermented leaf is made in India.

Old Timothy Stand BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.-Adv.

Saying's Foundation

A green Christmas makes a full churchyard. (The foundation for this saying is the fact that open winters with their constant freezings and thawings are very unhealthy).

Bilious Attacks, Dizziness "Bilious attacks," dizziness, spots before the eyes, a feeling of fullness after ordinary meals, belching up of gas, a dull, sluggish feeling—due to constipation— are usually driven away by a dose or two of old, reliable Thedford's Black-Draught.

"I take Black-Draught for bilious-ness, dizziness, and when I feel dull, tired and stupid," writes Mr. M. L. Simmons, of Pickens, S. C. "It seems to cleanse the system and make one feel a hundred per cent better." Thousands of men and women

prefer this purely vegetable laxative. THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

Consider Occasion

There is a time to speak and a time to be silent. One defeats one's own ends by not observing those times.-Havelock Ellis.



they cause greater waste in plowing

DON HENRY CO., Dept. 5, P.O. Box 282, Chicago, II

SICK HEADACHES Usually a few rods of small-sized Indicate Acid Condition

> Chew one or more Milnesia Wafers and obtain relief Send for one week's liberal supply-FREE SELECT PRODUCTS, Inc., 4402 23rd Street, Long Island City, New York

through the subsoil. Do not put this mal WAFERS MILK OF MACNESIA WAFER

MOTHER'S ADVICE



WATCH YOUR

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

COUR kidneys are constantly fil-I tering impurities from the blood stream. But kidneys get functionally disturbed—lag in their work fail to remove the poisonous body

Then you may suffer nagging backache, attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankies, rheumation 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 pro-mote normal functioning of the kidneys; should help them pass off the irritating poisons. Doan's are recommended by users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

feet, chafings, chappings ns and disfiguring blotche