

# The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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## CHAPTER XI—Continued

"When a man loves a girl, that girl can't let herself love him, can she, when she's under a cloud herself? She can't bring a man's children into the world and have them whispered about as the grandchildren of a murderer?"

"Dawn! Dawn, girl, don't think that! Why, it's—"

"But it's so, Able! I don't want to talk about it. All I can do for Ben now is to let him know how weak I was to doubt him and to use any influence I may have to protect him from this terrible danger. I will do that; I must do that because it is duty. But it must stop there. It can't go on, you see. Not while I have nothing more than just my faith in my father's good name."

Able, the wise man that he was, did not force the argument. He brought his team to a halt before the Hoot Owl office, gave the reins to Dawn and stepped out.

Martin, the bookkeeper, was the only occupant of the place.

"Where's Ben?" he asked.

The bearded man looked over his shoulder, recognized Able and then his gaze went past the man to the waiting cutter where Dawn sat.

"He's . . ." It seemed as though Martin's voice failed after that word. He half started from his chair and the pen, dropped from flexed fingers, rolled across the ledger sheet. He made a faint sound and in his eyes appeared an expression that startled Able.

"What's wrong, Martin?" he asked in alarm, stepping quickly into the room. "Sick?"

"No . . . all right, now," the other said, as if with great effort. "Ben? In the mill, I think."

He picked up his pen, then, and bent over his work.

Able crossed the mill-yard looking for Ben and as he went Martin rose cautiously from his chair, moved quietly to be in line with the window and stared for a long interval at the girl huddled in the robes. His hands worked and his breath was uneven.

"Dawn is here to see you," Able said simply as he encountered Ben. "She had me bring her out so she could talk to you. She's waiting over by the office."

Elliott stood hesitant for an instant; then turned and walked swiftly along the pond. Able watched him go but did not follow. What was to be said by the girl was not for his ears, he knew.

Ben gave no sign of recognition as he approached the cutter; made no salutation as he came near the girl who sat watching him so steadily. He only spoke her name, when he was at her side. She gave him a small, gloved hand and smiled wanly.

"I have come to say many things, Ben," she began in a strange, strained voice. "To beg forgiveness, to beg other things . . . perhaps to explain a little."

"A week ago tonight,"—struggling, now, to hold her voice steady—"I ran out of the dance hall and on home, thinking that that woman was honest. The time since then, until noon today, has been a nightmare."

"Lydia came to my house at noon. She explained everything. Aunt Em brought her. Aunt Em went to her house and convinced her that she had done a terrible thing to you and that an explanation to me was the only way to right the wrong. Lydia told me everything. . . . It was Mr. Brandon who thought out the plan and forced her to do it under threats of some sort. She didn't tell us what the threats were but left our house for the train and is gone from Tineup forever. . . . And I've come to tell you how miserable I feel to think that I was weak enough to act as Mr. Brandon seemed to be sure I would act. . . ."

Relief was singing through Elliott; relief and a great joy, lifting him above rage for Brandon.

"Oh, I'm glad!" he said earnestly. "I've . . . Why, it completely knocked me off my pins! Dawn, it's been terrible for you but . . . but this makes me so happy!"

"I'm happy because you are happy," she said, but something in her tone and expression dampened his enthusiasm, checked his soaring spirits. She was so calm, so steady, so restrained; her mood was not at all that of one who comes joyously to wipe out heart-breaking misunderstanding. "And I'll never forgive myself for . . . for falling into the trap that was set for me, Ben!"

"Why shouldn't you? Any girl would have felt as you did. . . . But it's explained, now. Let's forget it and begin where we left off and find peace and—"

The sharp shake of her head and the quick withdrawal of her hand cut him off.

"There are sterner things to think of, first; quite different things, Ben. That is why I came out here, to talk to you about Bart Delaney. Able has told me what happened yesterday. You don't take it seriously enough. Keep safe until you're certain that the danger is past."

"Hide and skulk while other men protect me? A man can't do that, Dawn! I'll be on my guard, of course. But I can't run away from anybody

who is trying to strike from behind. What would these boys here on the job think of me if I did? This man Delaney may be a hobgoblin for the rest of the country, but I can't let him be for me. If I do the safe thing and think of my own skin, some of our workers will tumble to the fact that I've no more courage than most of them, less than plenty. I can't let them down, you see, and still keep my standing in their eyes."

"It isn't worth it, Ben! It's my job, my property you're taking these risks for. It isn't fair to me!"

"I can argue that. I'm not anxious to be put out of the picture yet a while. I'll keep my eyes open. I've already made the move that should stop Delaney from trying me again. Able and the others have gotten you all in a flutter, Dawn. Don't worry. I'm coming to Tineup tonight and I'm going to appear to be thinking about nothing but the errands I have to do. Every second, I'll be on the watch for a crooked move from anybody. I promise you that. And when I've shown myself to people I'll come to see you and talk you into the same way of looking at this situation."

"Don't," she begged.

"But I can't keep away from you, now that this other mess has been explained!"

She shook her head.

"I'm asking two things of you. The first is to stay here; the other is not to come to see me. . . . Please!"

She put a hand on his with that plea, and he frowned.

"I can understand your being a little timid about having me around town but I can convince you that I'm right. It's Brandon or me, now, you see. If I run, he wins. . . . But this other: Dawn, don't you want me to see you?"

The girl's lips worked.

"No," she said, ever so faintly.

"No. . . . Oh, please don't argue with me, Ben! Please don't come to see me. You don't understand. You may never understand. . . . But I'm begging you from the bottom of my heart not to come and see me again!"

"No, I don't understand. It's . . . Why, it's . . ." He laughed aloud at his own bewilderment and Able, in the near distance, mistook that laugh born of distress for one of relief and came toward them.

"Well, have you two got matters cleared up?" he asked.

Dawn nodded silently.

"Some things are cleared up," Elliott

noticed that the girl followed him, waited outside while he bargained for a month's supply for camp in a butcher shop, and trailed along behind when he emerged.

From place to place he went, Dawn behind him in the flying snow and when she had been following so for half an hour, her eyes alert for others who might be watching Elliott, another fell into the train ahead of her. She saw this man step from a store entrance and follow Ben. She hastened to be close and not until she was abreast of him did she recognize John Martin, whom she had seen but once before. He did not turn his head and she dropped back. She had no doubts of his loyalty from what Ben had told her of his bookkeeper.

When Elliott went into the drug store she stood out of the light from the building and noted that also Martin loitered near. When Ben reappeared, Martin followed. . . .

For the better part of an hour this double stalking continued while the snow fell thicker and then Elliott turned into a side street and made the next turn into the alley where he had left his team.

Two figures followed him, hastening a bit as he disappeared into the gloom. Martin followed Ben, as Dawn trailed both.

And then, as Elliott drew close and spoke gruffly to his horses, another shadowy figure appeared: it was only a blur in the shadows, crouched and stealthy. The figure swept forward; an arm drew back and upward; it struck and with a muffled grunt Ben Elliott turned, falling sideways and backward under the impact of a blow.

Another voice lifted then in a sharp cry as John Martin ran forward and the indistinct figure which was poised over Elliott, about to strike again, turned, hesitated, whirled and fled.

"What is it, son?" Martin cried as he dropped to his knees beside Ben. Before a reply could come Dawn was there, moaning his name over and over.

"Knife!" Ben gasped. "In the neck . . . here . . ."

John Martin unbuttoned Elliott's thick jacket, ripped open the shirt and his fingers encountered a warm, sticky gush as he thrust them across the back.

"Knifed you! . . . Ah, son!" Dawn peered close into the bearded man's face as though fearful of what he might say next.

"We've got to get him somewhere

seemed to lean forward and blinked slowly, incredulously. Then Martin moved and the other relaxed. Still, his expression was one of startled speculation.

"Yes, a close shave," Martin muttered under his breath. "But now . . . He's in the best possible place in the world."

The doctor began gathering his instruments. Martin stood staring at Ben in deep thought. Then his right hand went to the lobe of his left ear and tugged slowly in that characteristic gesture. He did not observe Emma Coburn standing in the doorway. He



"Knife!" Ben Gasped.

did not look at her until the woman gasped. It was a light, light gasp; so light that Emory Sweet did not hear. But Martin heard and turned and stood as though frozen in the posture. Aunt Em's head was held rigidly back, one hand pressed against a cheek.

Quickly, Martin's finger went against his lips in a sealing gesture. He held so an instant and then slowly shook his head, a movement of unmistakable warning.

Dawn entered the hallway from the living room and these two relaxed from the rigidity of their strange pantomime. Em bustled out into the kitchen and Martin smoothed the covers of Elliott's bed with a hand that trembled slightly.

"Now, the boy's going to be all right," the doctor said. "I'll look in tomorrow. Quiet is going to be essential for a few days. You two women all right?"

A close observer might have noticed that Aunt Em's eyes were oddly averted from John Martin's searching gaze and that her breathing was quick.

"Why, it might be handy to have a man in the house tonight," she said evenly enough. "I'm . . . I'm wondering if Mr Martin would stay. He could sleep on the couch in the living room."

"I'd be glad to," the man said and cleared his throat sharply. "There might be something I could do . . . for you."

He had looked at Dawn on this last and it seemed that his voice caught ever so slightly.

So it was arranged that he should stay through the night and the doctor left.

Aunt Em carried the light out of the sick room and placed it on a table in the hall. She bustled here and there occupied with a variety of minor errands and finally drove Dawn to bed despite the girl's protests of sleeplessness.

Alone, she fixed blankets on the living room couch while Martin sat in the darkened bedroom. That done, she beckoned to him from the hallway.

They confronted one another there a long moment. The woman's face worked queerly and she seemed at a loss for words.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Once England's Nazareth The Shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham, England, is where Henry VIII walked barefoot as a pilgrim. In a few years the ruler destroyed the Priory, confiscated the lands and treasures, burnt the shrine and executed five of the Priory canons for treason. Another shrine was built in the Shipper chapel, so named because in ancient days pilgrims removed their shoes when visiting it. Walsingham once was England's Nazareth, which brought it immense fame. It was founded about 1061. Like Lourdes, it had its holy wells, and became famous for the many miracles which were believed to have been wrought there.

The Baby's Faculties The ages when certain faculties first appear in average infants and children vary considerably. Memory and simple consciousness come soon after birth, curiosity at about ten weeks, the senses of shame, remorse and the ludicrous at fifteen months, self-consciousness at three years, the color sense at four years and the sense of fragrance at five years.—Collier's Weekly.

## Color Dictionary Lists 220 Standardized Tints

A dictionary of colors has recently been published by the British Color Council. It consists of two volumes—one containing 220 silk ribbons each distinctly colored, named and tabulated; and the other presenting a history of each color, including the names which have described it in the past, and giving the authority for the present standardization.

While the primary purpose of the dictionary is to supply industry with a standard reference for colors, the work is expected to give valuable aid to artists and writers through an appropriate and accurate vocabulary for the description of shades and tints.

Colors have been "scientifically measured" and graded, making possible the inclusion of new shades, should they be developed in the future, into a definite and orderly system. Imagery, history and industry have combined to find names, some of the words having a fascination and delight of their own. Taken at random from the pages are Cyclamen pink, nettle gray, battleship gray, bee-eater blue, Chartreuse green, buttercup and banana.

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