The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

emerged.

month's supply for camp in a butcher

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

When Elliott went into the drug

store she stood out of the light from

the building and noted that also Mar-

tin loitered near. When Ben reap-

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

Two figures followed him, hastening

a bit as he disappeared into the gloom.

Martin followed Ben, as Dawn trailed

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.

cry as John Martin ran forward and the

indistinct figure which was poised over

Elliott, about to strike again, turned,

"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

"Knife!" Ben gasped. "In the neck

hesitated, whirled and fled,

bere . . ."

Another voice lifted then in a sharp

peared, Martin followed. . .

her of his bookkeeper.

left his team.

shop, and trailed along behind when he

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CHAPTER XI-Continued -15-

"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 wa-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

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

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 band 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 Tincup 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 heartbreaking misunderstanding. "And I'll never forgive myself for . . . for falling into the trap that was set for me, Een!"

"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

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

"There are sterner things to think 3f, 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.

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 Tincup 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 dou'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 cam toward them.

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

Dawn nodded silently. "Some things are cleared up," Elliott

John Martin unbuttoned Elliott's thick jacket, ripped open the shirt and his fingers encountered a warm, sticky

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

rush as he thrust them across the back

"We've got to get him somewhere

SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott-from "Yonder"-arrives at the lumbering town of Tincup, with Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. Nicholas Brandon, Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence, trying to force him to leave, and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Judge Able Armitage hires 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, and Ben 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, 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 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 and himself drives the train over the rickety structure to rincup, 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 first on and drops seemingly dead, but his fall has been a ruse to ing 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 Delaney, notorious desperado. "Aunt Emma," Dawn's closest friend, prevails on the woman Lydia to acknowledge the falsity of her accusation.

Dawn, won't you explain?"

The girl turned her face to Able. "I'm ready to go home now," she

CHAPTER XII

Teams drove from the Hoot Owl toward town through the falling snow that evening. First went Ben Elliott, alone and sending his drivers at a spanking trot, wondering and at odds with nimself.

Why was Dawn so obdurate in this matter of having him see her? Why that odd repression, as though she struggled to 'teep from saying the things that were bursting her heart? His inability to answer those questions drove him into a dogged mood. He felt like blaming Brandon for this,

as well as other troubles. A half hour behind him came a team from camp, driven by Bird-Eye Blaine. A figure ahead stepped out of the ruts and awaited his approach.

"Town?" the man cried, "Yup. . . . Hello, Martin! Whoa. . . . " Blaine lifted the heavy robes for the bookkeeper and then clucked his team

"Misther Elliott gone in?" he asked. "He has, eh? . . . 'Nd Misther Red Bart Delaney still persecutin' th' country with his presince, loikely. Ah, th' b'y, th' b'y!"

Martin proved to be uncommunicative, however, and they drove much of the way in silence.

Ben turned his team into an alley, hitched and blanketed them, and then made his way between buildings to the town's principal thoroughfare which was lighted by glaring store fronts. He purchased some articles in a clothing store and did not see Dawn McManus enter, observe him, and then withdraw. But I can't run away from anybody | When he went out again he did not

said. "But there are others. . . | right away," Martin muttered. "Got to. . . It's bad."

"My house is just around the corner!" she cried. "Bring him there. . . Oh, hurry!"

Together they lifted Ben to his feet. His teeth ground shut to keep back the moans. He was sick and weak with pain. He could feel blood smearing over his side and back. He sagged against Martin as the man supported

"Tough, Dawn . . to get you

mixed up . . . in a mess. . ."
"Hurry!" she said. "He's so weak!" He was weak, indeed. With their arms about his body for support, they moved through the snow. Elliott felt Dawn close to him and closed his eyes almost happily. He struggled to help himself so he would not burden her, but he stumbled and nearly fell and another gush of blood bathed his body. After ages of effort and pain a glare seemed to be all about, warm breath fanned his face . . . and Aunt Em, standing in the doorway, was saying

"In here. . . Your room, Dawn. . I'll phone the doctor." Emory Sweet worked rapidly, once "Deep!" he muttered. "Gad. what a blow. Missed the jugular by a

the skin but the blade had been driven lieved to have been wrought there. deep, indeed, and the blood that flowed from it had drawn the bronze from Elliott's face, the strength from the splendid muscles that lay relaxed now beneath clear skin.

"Now!" said the physician when Ben finally lay back on Dawn's pillow, breathing shallowly, eyes closed. "I guess he'll be all right in a few days. ludicrous at fifteen months, self-con-But what an escape!" He

Sweet looked as John Marun, then. The doctor's brows drew a bit; he

who is trying to strike from behind. | notice that the girl followed him, wait- | seemed to lean forward and blinked What would these boys here on the job ed outside while he bargained for a slowly, incredulously. Then Martin moved and the other relaxed. Still, his

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

> expression was one of startled specula-

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

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 lass and it seemed that his voice caught ever so slightly.

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

Aunt Em carried the light out of the sick room and placed it on a table is the hall. She bustled here and there occupied with a variety of minor er rands and finally drove Dawn to bet despite the girl's protests of sleepless

Alone, she fixed blankets on the living room couch while Martin sat ir 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 treasuries, burnt the shrine and executed five of the Priory canons for treason. Another shrine was built in the Slipper 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 The wound was only a slender slit in for the many miracles which were be-

> 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 sciousness at three years, the color sense at four years and the sense of fragrance at five years. -- Collier's

Color Dictionary Lists 220 Standarized Tints

A dictionary of colors has recentand 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 standardi-

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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