

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"What shall I say?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Nothing," the man replied. "There is nothing at all to be said . . . is there?"

"Oh, you gave me such a start!"

"You're the first one. . . I'm . . . I'm too full of things to talk, now, Emma."

He made an odd gesture toward the wall and looked about.

"We're in the upstairs front room if we're needed," she said. "Is . . . Is there anything you need yourself?"

He did not reply for a moment. Then, heavily:

"Yes. . . Your help, likely. . . A little later. . ."

The woman did a strange thing, then. She snatched up her apron and pressed it tightly against her eyes.

"She didn't remember!" she sobbed. "Oh, what'll happen in this house next?"

"I wonder," Martin muttered. "Yes. . . I wonder."

She left him, and he moved almost hesitatingly into the living room. He stood a long time just within the threshold and then went slowly about, from picture to table, from book shelf to mantel, hands in his coat pockets. Before this old photograph he stood for a long interval; beside that worn rocker he remained with bowed head, as one might who is suffering . . . or worshipping. When he approached the couch where he was to sleep that night his legs seemed to fail and he half fell, half slumped to his knees. He let his face down to the blankets and his fingers clutched them, gripping, gripping until the knuckles showed white. . . And a great, shuddering moan slipped from his deep chest.

Grimly, Bird-Eye Blaine prowled Tincup that night. He had let John Martin out as he drove through the main street; then proceeded to a livery barn where he stabled his team.

On the way he had sighted Ben Elliott but later, although he took up a position before the post office and watched passers on either side of the street carefully, he did not see him. He began making inquiries and found that Elliott had been about town but evidently Blaine was always some little time behind him.

Failing thus, he went to locate Ben's team and stood in the swirling snow waiting. Stores closed. The aura of light which their frosted windows had thrown into the storm became fainter as one by one they went dark. Bird-Eye chewed and stamped to keep warm and watched and listened. And after a long hour's vigil proved fruitless he moved aimlessly away, along down the alley.

At the rear of Joe Plette's hotel he watched movement through a lighted window which gave into a back entry. A man was there, closing an inside stairway door behind him. He turned and buttoned his mackinaw with hasty movements and Blaine drew back into the shadows. The man within was Red Bart Delaney. . . The door opened; the man stepped out. He crossed between Bird-Eye and the lights, carrying snowshoes. Blaine followed as the other went swiftly down the alley and then struck out past the depot toward the tracks.

"Well, now!" Bird-Eye muttered to himself. "Saints . . . Why all this rush, I'm wonderin'!"

A chill which had nothing to do with the temperature of the night struck through him. Red Bart, fleeing town? Surely, he went as a frightened man might go. . . Or as one whose errand is completed.

Out into the street, then, went the Irishman, and into the pool room.

"Has anybody here seen Mister Elliott?" he asked loudly and men looked up from their games at the query. Yes, this man had, two hours ago; the butcher had talked to him at about eight. . . None other. To the dance hall, next, and his queries were repeated. Then hastily back to see Ben's team still standing patiently in the deepening snow, past Dawn McMann's house to find only a faint light in the hallway, and from there to Able Armitage's at a run.

Had the judge seen Ben Elliott? He had not; and excitedly Blaine explained his empty search, the hasty departure of Red Bart, the neglected team.

Able dressed and they went out together, searching the town, inquiring of late passers.

"Somethin' happened!" Bird-Eye declared. "Somethin' went wrong with th' by. Able! We can't find out what it is ontill mornin'. Thin, believe me, we'll have help a-plenty!"

"How so?"

"Leave it to me, Able!"

Through the night, ten minutes later, a team went swiftly westward. They left town at a gallop; they breasted high drifts across the way in frantic plunges, came to a blowing stop at the Hoot Owl barn. A moment later Tim Jeffers sat up and in sleepy bewilderment fought off the man who shook him and demanded that he wake up and listen.

The storm subsided before sunrise.

It was a vast, rolling country, and across it, from Hoot Owl toward Tincup, went teams. Five of them formed a sort of procession, drawing logging sleighs. Across the bunks planks had been placed and on the planks stood and sat men; they were silent men, who drew on cold pipes, whose faces were set and grim whose eyes betrayed excitement. The Hoot Owl crew, this, following Tim Jeffers and Bird-Eye Blaine to Tincup to solve a mystery.

In an orderly manner they left the sleighs and stood in groups while teamsters unhitched and led their horses into a livery barn.

Able Armitage came hurrying and he, alone, was welcome in that phalanx of intent men. Others of the town saw him gesticulate as he talked with Jeffers and Blaine, saw him shake his head and spread his hands as one will who has no answer for a pressing question.

Old Tim turned to the crews and motioned them to him. The men gathered close and listened while he spoke briefly. Then the compact huddle broke, Jeffers emerged and started for the main street, that body of shabby boys falling in to move shoulder to shoulder behind him.

It was a strange spectacle, for that peaceful Sunday morning! Doors were opened; men and women peered out. Then they emerged and stood to watch. Now and then one hailed an acquaintance in the marching company but none replied to such greeting. Hastily caps and coats were donned and along the sidewalks followed a growing crowd of the curious.

The breath vapor of the men rose in a cloud. No other spoke, far down the street a small boy yipped excitedly, across the way two women were muttering to one another, flinging quick, excited questions, disclaiming knowledge for fitting responses.

Tim swung into the main street, old Tim wallowing in the long drift at the corner, his men tramping it down behind him. On down past Able's outhouse, past the pool room and then, without a word of signal they halted. . . The halt was before the bank, over which Nicholas Brandon had his offices and his living rooms.

The silence as they stood, every one of the hundred faces upraised to those windows with the lettering which proclaimed the tenant, was portentous. And then Tim lifted his clear, strong voice.

"Brandon!" he shouted. "Nick Brandon!"

"Brandon!" Tim shouted again and his men stirred behind him, swayed, giving up a low, short mutter.

"Come out, Nick!" a teamster shouted, voice thick with repressed excitement. "Ay, come out!" another cried.

Movement, then, where they had expected movement. Up above a face appeared in a window. Nicholas Brandon looked down upon them. They could see his lips compress as he discerned that crowd.

"Come down, Brandon!"

This was Tim again, his voice edged with sharpness, as he might speak to a rebellious man of his crew.

Brandon moved and threw up the sash.

"What do you men want?" he demanded sharply. In the tone of one who has been long accustomed to make demands.

"We want Ben Elliott!" Jeffers answered.

"Elliott? He isn't here. What would he be doing here? What could I know of him?"

A mumbling, a stirring behind Tim.

"We want him. We want you to help us find him!"

"You're d—n right!" . . . "Tell us you skunk!" . . . "Show him to us or we'll wreck your whole blame town!"

Tim held up a silencing hand against this outbreak. Then he address Brandon.

"Elliott came to town last night. He hasn't been seen since. His team was found where he left it. There's only one man in town who'd have an object in getting him out of the way. We've come to that man; to you, Brandon. We want Elliott!"

Brandon's lips writhed.

"I tell you, I know nothing—" He slammed down the sash and cut the rest of his sentence from their hearing so those men did not know that his voice broke sharply as panic laid its hold on him.

He turned his back deliberately to the window. Then, in frantic lunge, he reached the telephone and rang the bell.

"Give me the jail!" he said excitedly. "Quick! The jail!"

Outside a growing, mounting roar sounded, like the voice of an approaching wind. Then came a sharp shout; a loud curse. Then quick silence again as Tim Jeffers reasserted his leadership and demanded that they move only as a unit. But this order prevailed for a brief moment.

"Smash in the door; it's locked!" someone cried. "Take him until he gives Ben up!"

"Good boy!"

The ball of ice, cast in the street from some horse's foot, now picked up and flung stoutly, crashed through an office window.

Brandon cowered as a yell of approval went up, and pressed his face close to the telephone.

"Hickens? . . . Art! This Brandon! There's a mob out here and—"

"I've seen it!" The sheriff's voice trembled. "I saw 'em come in. I don't know what—"

"Get down here, then, and be quick about it! Get down here and scatter them!"

Brandon waited for the ready acquiescence which always had come from the men he had made, from officers of the law and judges and public officials both high and low.

"Are you there?" he demanded sharply as a shrill yip came from the street.

"Yes, Mr. Brandon. I hear you but . . . But what d'you expect me to do against a mob alone? I—"

"Alone! You're sheriff, you fool! You're the law behind you! Bring a gun and hurry!"

"But that crowd, Nick! Why, they're the best men in the north. They'd tear me to ribbons! They're good men and they're mad. You better get out the back way if you can!"

With an oath Brandon flung the receiver from him as another window pane exploded to fragments. Abandoned to that muttering mob, and by a man whose political career he had shaped with his own hands! From a safe vantage point he looked out. A half dozen men were pulling at a sign post. The street was filling with people; his people, his employees. They were wide-eyed, excited, and he saw a dozen of them, men who had whined and groveled before him, laugh and jeer as another missile splattered on the bricks outside.

He ran down the hallway and looked out a window in the rear. A grim guard of three men stood there, ready and waiting for him to attempt flight that way.

He went into his sleeping chamber and took down a rifle from its rack on a pair of antlers. He threw open the chamber but it was empty. He jerked open a dresser drawer and pawed through it in a fruitless search for cartridges, cursing because he found none. His breath was ragged as he threw the rifle on the bed and rumbled his hair wildly.

"Bring Elliott out!" "Show us Ben!" "Get a rifle!" These and other terrifying cries stood out above the constant mutter of the mob.

Brandon rushed back to the front office and waved his arms for silence as he stood in the shattered glass of his window, but the sight of him only provoked boots and jeers which were fore-runners of a great billow of savage, snarling rage.

The men were having trouble with the sign post. He heard the stair door tried and a voice called: "Hustle with that post!"

Coming! They were coming in to get him!

He could not satisfy them! He did not know where Elliott was. Last night Delaney had promised to try again but he had not come to report, though Brandon had waited late. And now the crowd was howling for Elliott; lacking Elliott, they would take him.

He covered his face with his hands, tried to stop his ears. In those menacing cries he heard the knell of his reign. For years he had ruled by the force of his will and now that force was not enough. Bit by bit, Ben Elliott had caught the fancy of the country and now, with that group of stout men as a rallying point, the entire town was setting up a demand for the

missing Elliott. They wanted Ben Elliott. They would have Ben Elliott.

"Go home!" he screamed and waved his arms, standing close to a broken window. "Clear out, you! . . . Fair warning, I'm giving!"

But his words were drowned in a great yell. Men came lugging that post across the street while Tim Jeffers hastened toward them with gestures of protest.

"Hold your heads, now! Give us Hoot Owl boys a chance. We'll get what we come for or we'll take Tincup apart. But no destroyin' of property until everything else fails!"

His will prevailed a moment. He lifted his face to Brandon.

"We mean business. Will you come out and show us Ben or must we come and get you? We won't wait much longer."

An opening, there, a chance to delay.

"Coming!" Brandon croaked. "I'm coming!"

A gratified mutter went up from the crowd and burst into shrill words.

Coming? Like the devil, he would go! He was ransacking drawers, now,



He could not satisfy them. Dumping their contents on the floor in his frantic search for rifle cartridges that should be there.

The noise outside increased; more people were coming to join the crowd. It seemed as though the whole town must be there.

He sought a key for a locked trunk and could not find it. He tried several but his hands shook so that he might have failed to make the proper one operate, even had he found it.

Again Jeffers' voice, demanding his presence, came out of a strange silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Origin of Domestic Dog Mystery, Authority Says

Cloaked in mystery is origin of the domestic dog. Those who question the genesis of all are likely to accept the belief that the wolf was the common ancestor of all breeds, but there is much evidence to upset this theory, asserts P. F. Ricketts, in the Detroit News.

Dogs may be divided into two types—the wolf (lupine) group which has erect ears and hunts by sight, and the hound (saluki) group which has dropped ears and follows its prey by scent. It is hard to believe that this latter group descended from a wolf, because its type, temperament and general conformation forbid it.

Also, there is earlier evidence of the existence of the hound (saluki) type, than of the wolf (lupine) group. Cuneiform inscriptions and bas-reliefs of remote years show salukis strikingly like the modern Whippet. In these same portrayals, a strong dog, similar to the British Mastiff, is shown. This brings up the question of a third type.

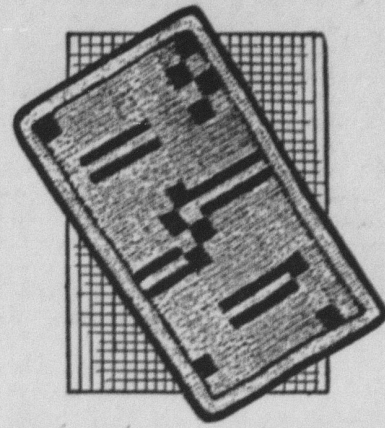
It becomes necessary, then, to search for a more remote ancestor than either the wolf or saluki. Far back in prehistoric times, a dog must have existed which was the tap root of the whole "genus canis," although no direct evidence has been found to bear out the theory.

Until such time as naturalists discover the connecting link between the lupine and saluki types, we must be content to let our fancies play with the possibility of a common ancestor for all domestic dogs.

Vessels That Disappeared

The following is a list of missing vessels of which the navy has a record, together with the dates of their disappearance: Reprisal, 1777; General Gates, 1777; Saratoga, 1781; Insurgent, 1800; Pickering, 1800; Hamilton, 1813; Wasp III, 1814; Epervier, 1815; Lynx, 1821; Wildcat, 1829; Hornet, 1829; Sylph II, 1830; Sea Gull, 1839; Grampus, 1843; Jefferson, 1850; Albany I, 1854; Levant II, 1890; Tug Nina, 1910; Cyclops, 1918; Conestoga, 1921; Kobenhavn, 1928. In addition there are the Flying Dutchman and the Marie Celeste, 1872.—Washington Star.

Crocheted Rug Uses New Modern Design



This crocheted rug called "Conventional" rug is made in solid colors. The design and border are in black and the background in green and lavender. When finished it measures about 21x36 inches and approximately three pounds of rag strips are used in the making. The colors suggested are only one combination, many combinations can be worked out to match the colors in the room in which it is to be used. This rug will prove a practical as well as beautiful rug in any room in the house.

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Canadian Sourdoughs Seek Legendary Cavern of Gold

One of the most amazing gold hunts in Canada's mining history is planned by Alberta prospectors.

Without proof that it even exists, hardened sourdoughs are planning to hunt the many hills of the White Court area for the legendary "gold cache" of Old Moostas, seventy-nine-year-old Indian, around whose gnarled figure a legend of fabulous riches and superstition was weaved by prospectors several years ago. At that time he saved a tribe of Indians from starvation by bringing back a "bag of gold" from the secret cache in the hills.

Moostas believed that the gold was put in the cache by the "Great Spirit" for use only in time of dire need, and died without revealing where it was, and refusing to tell how he found it.

The cache is believed to lie among the hills in the White Court district. It is described as a "prospector's dream—a cave lined with pure gold."

The legend is that although Moostas knew of the existence of the cache for years, he visited it only once. Several years ago, when an Indian tribe in White Court district faced starvation, Old Moostas hitched up two ponies and went into the hills.

Two days later, he walked into a trading post at White Court, dumped a "poke" of gold nuggets on the counter and bought out the store. He distributed the food and other goods among the starving Indians, and then retired to a lazy existence on the Indian settlement.

Then started a long battle of wits between prospectors and the old Indian. For years white men tried to wrest the secret from him. They pried him with questions and made many enticing offers, but the old Indian rebuffed them with stoical silence. For months his every movement away from camp was closely watched, but Moostas never visited the cache again.

America's Health Army Numbers Over 1,500,000

More than 1,500,000 persons in this country, according to an estimate in the Statistical Bulletin, issued by one of the leading life insurance companies, are employed directly or indirectly in caring for the sick and preventing disease in this country.

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People who have taken Black-Draught naturally are enthusiastic about it because of the refreshing relief it has brought them. No wonder they urge others to try it! . . . Mrs. Joe G. Roberts, of Portersville, Ala., writes: "A friend recommended Black-Draught to me a long time ago, and it has proved its worth to me. Black-Draught is good for constipation. I find that taking Black-Draught prevents the bilious headaches which I used to have. . . . A purely vegetable medicine for relief of . . . CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS"

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try—about one for every 80 persons otherwise engaged.

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