The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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CHAPTER—XIV—Continued

He fell to the floor fighting, but his blows were weak, ineffective, A hand clutched at his throat and he tore at it with all his strength. The fingers shut down on the windpipe and he writhed under that agony, summoning all his courage, all his will to break free, to outlast that strangling pressure. But he could not do it. He went numb; his brain clouded. He my still and then after a time, sweet air poured again into his lungs.

That was all of which he was aware for a long interval: air, bathing his tortured chest. Air, which had been denied him by the strangling grip of a man's hand.

That thought burned away the haze which enveloped him and he started to throw himself over, to rise, to be up and fighting. But he found that he was unable to move.

His hands were stretched out above his head; a harsh bond held each wrist helpless. He tried to kick and failed. His feet were locked together and held there as by a great weight.

A distinct odor pervaded the room. He groaned and strained again at his

Footsteps, then, came across the floor and Nicholas Brandon looked down at him in the dim light, a whisky bottle in his hand, swaying a bit on unsteady feet.

"So!" he grunted and laughed. "So you fell for it! So you followed your blessed Dawn, eh?" He went off into a tantrum of crazy laughter.

Ben twisted slowly against his bonds and discovered that the rope which bound him was wet. He could no more free himself without aid than he could hope to fly.

"It worked!" Brandon cried. "G-d, how it worked! 'Dawn!' you yelled like a fool, standing outside there. 'Dawn!' . . . And then stepped into

my trap, eh?" He sat heavily in a chair.

"It's all worked, even to the weather! You came alone. It's starting to snow. Nobody's nearer than the Hoot Owl and the smoke of a burning camp wouldn't be seen twenty rods a day

He leered. Smoke of a burning camp! Ben's racing thoughts connected that idea | an oil can and sloshed its contents with the odor which filled the room. hemp that stretched from his wrists to the posts of bunks against the wall. Surely, the rope had been soaked in kerosene. So it was Brandon's intent to leave him tied helpless, to fire the building. . . . Then his mind centered on thwarting the scheme of this

ruthless man gone wholly mad. . . . "Yeah. It worked . . . so far," he

replied and grinned. Brandon snorted in contempt. "So far, yes: and on to the end, it'll work. You're tied fast, aren't you?"leaning low so Ben could see the cruel lights in his eyes. "You're tied hand and foot! I'll touch the camp off. You'll roast . . . because this old camp'll burn like h-l itself! They'll find your bones here; they'll find an empty whisky bottle. That's all they'll

Brandon had schemed competently: no detail which would implicate him seemed to have been overlooked. Still, fear did not manifest itself in Elliott's heast: only contempt was there for a man so merclless. Contempt and a stout determination to stall for time. "You're smart, Brandon," he said. "I'll admit that. The plan's so good I'm surprised that you overlooked a

The other turned sharply. "A bet?" he cursed derisively. "What d' you mean, a bet?"

"A little thing. A thing almost anybody might overlook. But it's bound to come to light if I don't show up, and one morder charge's as good as another. I'm talking about a letter Don Stuart wrote me just before he died." "Its' a lie! Whatever he wrote was a lie!" Brandon's cry was shrill. "He

was a drunken, lying bum!" "Which, even if true, wouldn't matter so much, now. Once, it would have. A few weeks ago, it might have. But not now. . . . Things have changed in the Tincup country; people have changed. There are dozens who'd jump at the chance to make trouble

for you, now, Brandon, and-" "Lies can't hurt me, you fool." Brandon cried but his teeth rattled. "Plotting and scheming, were you, to drag that old case up and try to turn it against me? And basing it all on the

death-bed ravings of-" "But McManus isn't dead!" Ben cried, crowding all the conviction and triumph he could summon into his tone. playing his hunch to the utmost. "He's alive and we've located him"-lying himself, now, in an attempt to beat the truth from Brandon. "He's on his way back and what he'll have to tell, coupled with what old Don had the courage to put down in his own writ-

"Stuart didn't know! He knew nothing, I tell you! He wasn't even here! He took Faxson's word for it and even Faxson didn't know. He was asleep in that room right there"scinting-"and he came out while we

were talking and Mac went crazy

Elliott could not restrain the impulse to laugh in a wild shout of triumph. "So you admit, as the rest of us now know, that McManus didn't throw himself into the river that night, eh? So you admit he still lives, do you?"

"Admit nothing . . . nothing He's a murderer, I tell you And I wasn't here . . . He's a murderer, I tell you. . . . And I wasn't here . . . wasn't here. . . ."
And back to the northward three

people came through the darkening forest on Elliott's trail, bending low against the mounting storm. Two men were ahead, beating down a track for the girl who followed, pleading with them now and again for more speed. Ben needed time, now; he spoke:

"I've a proposition, Brandon, How'd you like to trade? How'd you like to have Stuart's letter for, say, the use of my hands and feet for a minute?" Brandon come slowly close and leaned over him.

"Mean that? Where is it?"craftily.

"My affair." Even then, he could feel the bill-fold in his breeches pocket where old Don's letter reposed. "What d' you say?"

Brandon's fingers plucked at his

"It's no good! It's a lie, but even if it weren't, it'd be no good in court." Then, sharply: "But what about Me-Manus? Where's he? Where's he coming from? Yes, McManus! We might deal" - cautiously-"about McManus, Elliott, If you'd stop McManus I might . . . I might . . .

"For the letter. And for word of McManus, I might, Elliott. I might trade your liberty for-"

He checked himself with a grunt as if realizing that he had by his own words placed himself completely in Elliott's hands.

"But what assurance-" Ben began, "To h-l with you and your questions!" Brandon snarled, straightening. "To h-1 with you, Elliott! I'm not afraid of lies and McManus was so drunk he never knew what happened!

"They'll find your bones," he growled between teeth which remained clamped to still their rattling. "They'll find . . . after a while . . . your rotten bones."
From beneath the sink he dragged

along the walls, across the floor, over . . His fingers felt the strands of Ben's body until Elliott lay in a po of inflammable liquid. "You crossed me!" Brandon cried,

digging into a pocket.

"It's over now, you fool! It's the trail Faxson took for you! Cross Nick Brandon? H-L . . ." He took one step to a pile of oil-

drenched debris against the oil-soaked wall. He bent forward to apply his torch and stopped, as if frozen, hand extended.

A shout outside; a body crashed against the door. It burst open and Tim Jeffers plunged into the room. Be hind him came Martin and as Dawn slid down the steep drift to the entry the burning curl of tinder dropped to the floor and Brandon whirled.

"Get him, Tim!" cried Ben, "Nail him! Don't give him a chance!" With a muffled shout Martin and Jeffers flung themselves on Brandon as he charged for the doorway. He screamed. He fought frantically, but

quickly they bore him down "Take that!" Tim's voice bellowed. "'Nd that! 'Nd that!" The sound of knuckles on flesh came with the words. . . Curses, inarticulate shouts, and then Dawn's frantic voice:

"Ben, where are you?" The struggling ceased suddenly, with a long, gagging sound from Brandon. Tim rose, looked around the room and moved to where Elliott's prone figure showed indistinctly in the gloom.

. . Hurry! This is going to be a great party!" A knife blade clicked open; the oilsoaked ropes parted. Ben lurched to

"Trussed up, Tim. Cut me loose.

his feet. Dawn, running into the kitchen of the camp she knew so well, came back with a lamp, its reservoir half filled. The wick was lighted and the shadows

of the room retreated, "We seen the note," Jeffers muttered. "Dawn there, 'd come out. We suspected you were in trouble and-" "Never mind about me, now," Ben

"But you're all that matters!" Dawn said. "Ben. . . . It was my note that decoyed you. It was an old one, written to him. He'd saved it."

Elliott smiled and covered her hands with his. "Never mind anything that has to do with me. I'm only an accident in this. It's going to be a wonderful day, dear Dawn. This part is tough for you but . . ." He gave his head an emphatic twist, smiled at her in assur-

ance, then, putting her gently aside, stepped close to Martin. "Let him up, now. . . . Here. . . . Into this chair, Brandon." They lifted him, for the man seemed incapable of movement himself. "Sit still now, We're simply going to get a few little matters straight for these people."

He stood back a pace and rubbed his chin with a knuckle. "We've got this citizen in quite a

looked at Dawn quickly. "I hadn't even had time to wonder about that note. It doesn't matter, though. You saw me tied, there; that rope's soaked with oil. The place is drenched with it. He was just touching her off when you three came in and it would have been as neat a murder as I've heard

about in a coon's age!" "A lie!" Brandon muttered. "Was only trying . . . trying . . . letter.

"Have you forgotten what you admitted to me, Brandon?" Ben asked sharply. "You gave it away, gave yourself away!"

"You fool, you! You think you've got me cold, eh? You've nothing on me that'll amount to a snap of my thumb!" His gaze went back to Dawn, "And I've watched you shrink and cringe all your life and I'm glad now

. "Hold your tongue, Brandon!" That was Martin's voice breaking in, thickened and shaken with congested rage.

He advanced toward Brandon slowly. He halted and did not speak for a long moment. Eyes still fast on the other



The Wick Was Lighted and the Shadows of the Room Retreated.

he reached toward the table, groping for a pair of rusted shears which lay there. A cloud came over Brandon's eyes and he blinked.

"And you'd taunt her with it! Be cause McManus disappeared!" Martin said slowly with low tensity. "Ah, it made a plausible case, Brandon. . . . It, and your stories, . . ."

Then he did a strange thing. He lifted those shears in a quick gesture to his chin and a lock of the thick beard fell away.

"And you'd make lives h-1 because you held the power. . . . And you'd Jeffers, Able, Doctor Sweet, Denny Mcwrite to the hiding, skulking McManus for years and tell him she was gone. . . . that she was married . . . that she hated her father's name, eh?" Another lock of hair fell, and another. His blue eyes were burning, now, and Brandon's chin trembled as a look of

horror crept into his face. "But if he was to come back, Brandon, and swear to her with his own lips that he did not kill . . . swear so. to a girl like that . . . She'd believe him, wouldn't she? She'd believe him, wouldn't she, and be at peace. . . . At peace. . . Ay, at peace with herself and . . . the one she loves."

He cut the last lock from the bearded jaw and flung away the shears. He stood erect, spreading his hands. "See!" he cried. "See, Nick Bran-

The man in the chair made as if to rise. He could not. He lifted an arm

as though to fend a blow. "Denny!" he choked. "Denny Mc-

Manus. . . You're a d-d . . you're a . . ." He ended in a wild scream and cow-

ered back against the wall, sobbing. Beside Ben, Dawn was trembling. He put his arm about her and she sagged against him.

"So I wouldn't come back, eh?" the man they had known as Martin cried and whirled to face her. "I came, Dawn! I've come back to tell you that I'm not afraid. . . . That my heart's clean. . . ." He gathered her in his arms, dropped his cheek to her head and closed his eyes. "I'm no killer. I don't know who killed Faxson, Nick told me I did and I lost my head for an hour and then it was too late. . I've hidden for years because he's written me things, terrible things

stand it longer!" "And a warrant!" Brandon croaked. "A warrant's here . . . there, in Tincup. Murder won't outlaw. . . . You'll pay . . . you'll pay. . . ." McManus drew Dawn even closer.

to read, little Dawn. But I couldn't

You'll know!" he murmured. "Wait!" cried Ben. "All of you! thing, here, as much as admited to me was here in this cable the night Fax-

"But you'll know, little Dawn! . . .

me out here and did a good job." He | ing you! He admitted it to me, no ten minutes ago!

"I don't know much about the rules of evidence"-tugging at the bill-fold in his pocket-"but I've a good guess about what Don Stuart had to tell the night he died, now that Brandon has trapped himself!" He shook the soiled, folded envelope from the purse. "I've had this thing for weeks and like a

fool I didn't read it. . . . "Listen!"

"I have been a coward," Ben read aloud. "McManus did not kill Faxson. Brandon did. Brandon had Mc-Manus drunk and was getting him to sign away his share of the partnership when Faxson tried to stop it, Brandon shot Faxson and when Mc-Manus was sober enough to understand, told him that he-McManushad done it. McManus believed him. I don't know what became of McManus. that it's warped you and weakened Brandon came to me before Sam died and told me McManus had lit out and that if I did not swear that Faxson said McManus shot at him he would send me to the pen for stealing from the company. This is God's truth. I was afraid to do anything else. I have been a coward. I am sorry I did not tell this years before."

Brandon's head was twitching. "Lie," he gasped. ". . drunken

"No lie, Brandon. It's truth!" Ben said without heat, quite soberly.

Tim Jeffers turned to McManus smiling gently, and as he moved Brandon sprang forward. With a wild cry he gained the doorway, snatched it open and plunged outside.

"Get him!" Tim cried and McManus followed, leaping out into the gloom of late afternoon. . . . "Don't leave me slone! Not here,

It was this cry of Dawn's which arrested Ben on the threshold. He

turned to see her swaying dizzily. "Hold me! Hold me close. . . . Ah, Ben, dear!"

Her arms clasped his neck and she began to cry softly.

"Easy!" he said unsteadily. "Easy, now! It's all over. . . . Everything's

No sounds of the three who had fled into the darkness came for many minutes and then old Tim Jeffers stamped grimly into the room. He did not speak as the two looked inquiringly at him. He waited for the man who had een known as John Martin. . . He came slowly, this man, breathing heavily.

"Compensation," he said in whisper as he advanced toward Dawn, arms outstretched hungrily. "The Mad Woman has him. . . . Here it started. . . . Into that river I was supposed to have gone, in a confession of murder. . . . There he went tonight. . . We saw it, Tim and L . . . We watched him swept under the ice. . . . "

It was after midnight when the group assembled in the McManus home. Tim Manus, Dawn and Ben Elliott sat rather silently in the long, low living room while Aunt Em busied herself in the kitchen.

The evening had been an ordeal, explaining, recording evidence; talking with the coroner, the sheriff, the young prosecutor; and though it had ended in triumph, when the prosecutor slowly tore to bits the old warrant for Denny McManus, the tragic facts with which they had been concerned took toll.

Little was said and when Aunt Em appeared, bearing a tray laden with glasses and a bottle, she walked into a hushed silence.

"Fiddlesticks, what folks you are!" she exploded. "Sittin' here like it was a funeral instead of about the happiest time this house has seen in a coon's age!

She passed the glasses and no one spoke. She took the last herself and looked around the circle of faces in disgust.

"Has the cat got all your tongues?" she demanded and Able chuckled and old Tim Jeffers smiled.

Still, no one spoke until after old Tim had said his say. He rose to his feet, a giant of a man in that lowcellinged room. He eyed the clear wine in his glass and then looked about, lifting it in a little gesture of salute. "Well," he said. . . . "Happy

[THE END.]

days!"

Appeal to Honor A terrible wreck occurred off the

shores of Newfoundland. In the mad frenzy that followed the first shock of the collision, men forgot all else in their sense of self-preservation. An officer wearing the badge of the Legion of Honor was observed frantically pushing weaker ones aside to gain safety. A man stepped before him, pointing to the badge upon his breast, It was sufficient. The silent rebuke recalled him to himself. From that moment, self was lost sight of, and with undaunted heroism he sacrificed himself for the weak and helpless, and Listen! This . . . this was seen at the last standing with folded arms on the deck of the doomed that he killed Faxson himself! He | vessel in her last plunge to a watery grave, the badge of the Legion of stew," he said. "He schemed to get son was shot. He was here, I'm tell- Honor gleaming upon his breast,

Raccoon's Feet Are Like

Human Foot; Likes Fight The raccoon comes from a winter sleep when other wild life begins to stir. And he is as thin and "hungry as a bear," for he is a relative of the bear. His baby-feet tracks may be found in the mud along streams; there is his

hunting ground. Crayfish, frogs, fish, snakes, small turtles, and mussels make up his early season diet. Fruit, corn, wild birds, and the farmer's poultry follow in season. The 'coon lives along some stream where he may handily dip his food in water, as if to wash it clean before eating it.

Coonskin coats are popular, and so the raccoon is much hunted for his beautiful fur.

He is clever in his ways, and quite tame. Woe betide the dog that expects to master him without a flerce struggle! The two black eyes of Brother Coon are proof enough that he enjoys a free-for-all.

The raccoon's feet are humanlike. He can climb like a monkey, and he can grasp a roasting ear with the best of us .- Indianapolis News.

Hypnotism, Once Ignored, Later Officially O. K'd

It is interesting to speculate on what might have happened if the invention of chloroform had been delayed by another twenty years or so, observes Aldous Huxley in Forum and Century Magazine. There can be little doubt that doctors would have carried out intensive research into the possibilities of hypnosis; and a rapid and infallible technique of psychological anesthesia would probably have been developed.

In the process of perfecting this technique much valuable information about the nature of the mind and its relation to the body would certainly have been made available-information which, for lack of sufficient practical motive for research, either was not unearthed till much later or still remains to be dis-

After 1848 hypnotism sank into disrepute, and it was not till 1892, just fifty-one years after Braid had done his classical work on the subject, that the British Medical association at last officially admitted its existence and permitted its use.

America Once Had Queen;

Throne Room Now Empty In the Capitol building at Honolulu, where the Hawaiian legislature meets, is to be found the only throne room under the American flag. The throne stands in majestic emptiness in a room where it suggests the tragic story of a great queen who was forced to vacate it four decades ago. The queen was Liliuokalani, who abdicated a few years before the United States annexed Hawaii in 1898. She was the only queen ever to become a citizen of the United States.

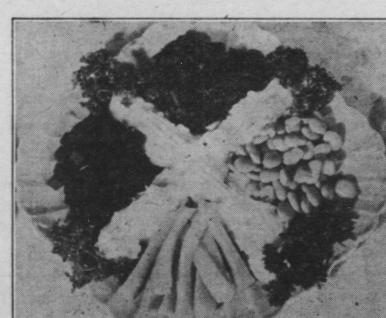
Stubbornly resisting the overthrow of her monarchy, Liliuokalani yielded only after she had been taken prisoner and a provisional government, under Sanford B. Dole, as president, had been set up. The queen protested to President Cleveland that United States troops had been landed to aid the revolution, and she appealed to him to restore her to her throne. Unsuccessful, she finally abdicated and, ex-queen, though she was, devoted the rest of her life to performing works that endeared her to her people.

She composed the touching Hawaiian song "Aloha Oe," heard by everyone who knows the name of Hawaii. She wrote poems. She dedicated herself to promoting education, and before sha died she established a trust the income from which was to be used to found and maintain orphanages.

The Black and Tan Terrier

Outside of their short, glossy coat, the most distinctive thing about the black and tan terrier is its markings. the tanned muzzle with the jet black nasal bone; the tan spot on each cheek and over each eye and hair inside the ears the same color; the fore legs tanned to the knees with black pencil marks on each toe, writes Ruth Mansfield, in the Washington Post. The average weight is around seven pounds. The dog has a moderately short body, curving upward at the loins; ribs well sprung, back slightly arched at the loins and falling again at the joining of the tail to the same height as the shoulders: straight legs; feet more inclined to be cat than hare-footed; moderate length tail. The head is long, flat, narrow, level and wedge-shaped, with small, sparkling and dark eyes, oblong in shape. The coat is close, smooth, short and glossy.

Garden Greens Are Good For You



to Eat. too By Louise Brown

No longer does the family exclaim, "I say it's spinach!" no matter what vegetable you serve. On the contrary, there's a whispering

Perhaps the secret of their sudden popularity is that we are learning to cook them properly. We no longer cook them practically to a pulp in our zeal to get

them done. A great deal of testing has been done in home economics kitchens and laboratories in recent years to determine the best method of cook ing vegetables - a method that would retain all the valuable mineral salts and vitamins and bring them to the table colorful and attractive looking. The so-called "waterless" method is generally approved by home economists.

MODERN "WATERLESS" COOKERY

Vegetables will look good and taste good, too, if they are cooked the modern way-that is, steamed in an ordinary covered saucepan, the kind that can be found in every kitchen, in a small amount of water. When cooking them on the surface to get steam "up."

Let's take cooking beets, for instance. You know the old way—you put the beets into a large ketsaving them whole and being careful not to cut the tops or tails too close for fear the color would all "bleed" out, and practically covering them with water. Then you Harvard Beets put them on the stove and let them cook. It took quite a long time to heat that quantity of water—and when they were done you still had the bother of getting the skins off.

THE EASY WAY

Here's the electric cookery method: First we peel the beets and alice or dice them. Then place them in the saucepan, add only a Creamed Onions

small amount of water, cover, and . . and Good small amount of water, cover, and put the pan on the unit. Then we turn the switch to High until steam shows around the lid, then to Low, and finally to Off for the last ten minutes or so of the cooking period, finishing the cooking on the heat stored in the food and the unit. A good many women are finding that with small quantities they can eliminate the second step entirely and turn the switch to Off campaign going on in favor of as soon as the steaming has start-spinach—and all other vegetables. ed, so that practically the whole eooking process is done on stored heat. A little experience will soon determine just when this can be

Beets cooked this way keep their rich, ruby coloring and have a delicious flavor.

NUTRITIOUS ELEMENTS RETAINED

Minerals, which are usually lost amount of water, are preserved by the steaming process. They come to the table with all their original garden color and flavor and are a delight to the eyes and the palate. No strong odors are wafted through the house, either, to announce what the Smith's are having for dinner when the vege-tables are steamed in a covered

VEGETABLE PLATES

A vegetable plate can be a work of art - as colorful as a mo unit of the electric range it is nec-essary to use only a very small variety of color, flavor and texture. amount of water, really just enough Avoid serving several vegetables of one color-such as three white

some suggestions: VEGETABLE PLATES

No. 1 Buttered Limes Carrots Mashed Potatoes No. 2 Cauliflower Green Beans Yellow Summer Squash

Parsley Potatoes