

TANGLED TRAILS

By WILLIAM MacLEOD RAINE
Author of "A Man Four-Square,"
"Gunlight Pass," etc.



Kirby roars, "Think probly she means me," he suggested

"A few years ago my father fell into financial difficulties. He was faced with bankruptcy. Cunningham not only refused to help him, but was the harshest of his creditors. He poured him to the tune of my father's death, a few months later. His death was due to a breakdown caused by intense worry."

"You felt that Mr. Cunningham ought to have helped him?"

"My father helped him when he was young. What my uncle did was the greatest ingratitude."

"Yes."

"And quarreled with him?"

"I wrote him a letter and told him what I thought of him. Later, when we met by chance, I told him again face to face."

"You had a bitter quarrel?"

"That was how long ago?"

"Three years since."

"In that time did your feelings toward him modify at all?"

"My opinion of him did not change, but I had no longer any feeling in the matter."

"Did you write to him or hear from him in that time?"

"No."

"Had you any expectation of being remembered in your uncle's will?"

"None whatever," answered Kirby, smiling. "Even if he had left me anything I should have declined to accept it. But there was no chance at all that he would."

"Yet when you came to town you called on him at the first opportunity?"

"Yes."

"On what business?"

"I reckon we'll not go into that,"

"Johns sneered at his notes and passed to another. He questioned, "You have heard the testimony of Mr. and Mrs. Hull and of Mr. Ellis. Is that testimony true or false?"

"Except in one point. It lacked only three or four minutes to ten when I knocked at the door and Mrs. Hull opened it."

"You're sure of that?"

"Sure. I looked at my watch just before I went into the Paradox Apartments."

"Will you tell the jury what took place between you and Mrs. Hull?"

"Soon as I saw her I knew she was scared stiff about something. So was Hull. He was heading for a bedroom, so I wouldn't see him."

The slender, well-dressed woman in the black veil, sitting far over to the left, leaned forward and seemed to listen intently. All over the room there was a stir of quickened interest.

"How did she show her fear?"

"No color in her face, eyes dilated as if full of terror, hands trembling."

"And Mr. Hull?"

"He was yellow. Color all gone from his face. Looked as though he'd had a shock."

"What was said, if anything?"

"I asked Mrs. Hull where my uncle's apartment was. That gave her another fright. At least she almost fainted."

"Did she say anything?"

"She told me where his rooms were. Then she shut the door, right in my face. I went upstairs to Apartment 12."

"Where your uncle lived?"

"Where my uncle lived. I rang the bell twice and didn't get an answer. Then I noticed the door was ajar. I opened it, called, and walked in, shutting it behind me. I guessed he must be around and would be back in a few minutes."

"How did you know what did you do?"

"I waited by the table in the living-room for a few minutes. There was a note there signed by S. Horikawa."

"Did he say anything? What happened next? Did your uncle return?"

"No. I had a feeling that something was wrong. I looked into the bedroom and then opened the door into the small smoking-room. The odor of chloroform met me. I found the button on 'flashed on the light."

Except the sobbing breath of an unwept woman no slightest sound could

be heard in the courtroom but Lane's quiet, steady voice. It went on evenly, clearly, dominating the crowded room by the drama of its dramatic timbre.

"My uncle was sitting in a chair, tied to it. His head was canted a little to one side and he was looking up at me. There was a bullet hole in his forehead. He was dead."

The veiled woman in black gasped for air. Her head sank forward and her slender body swayed.

"Look out!" called the witness to the woman beside her.

Before Kirby could reach her, the fainting woman had slipped to the floor. He stooped to lift her head from the dusty planks—and the odor of violet perfume met his nostrils.

"If you'll permit me," a voice said.

The gentleman looked up. His cousin James, white to the lips, was beside him, unfastening the veil.

The face of the woman in black was the original of the photograph Kirby had seen in his uncle's room, the one upon which had been written the words, "Always, Phyllis."

DR. BROOME TO SPEAK
Alumni of Northeast High to Hold Meeting Tonight

The Alumni Association of Northeast High School will have a new kind of an annual meeting tonight. Part of the meeting will take place in Morrison Hall, where there will be a program of music and addresses. The speakers will include Superintendent Broome and Vincent B. Brecht, president of the association.

At the meeting the audience will follow the drummer" to Shaleroose Hall, where there will be an exhibition of boxing, wrestling, other gymnastic stunts and a basketball game.

Two thousand alumni are expected to attend the gathering. The meeting begins at 7:30 o'clock.

More Startling Reductions

BIG PRUNE SALE

MEDIUM SIZE 60 to 70 to the Pound
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Save 4c a Pound Save 5c a Pound

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Macaroni Same size as other Adverised Brands **5c**
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A trial will make you a steady RED CIRCLE COFFEE drinker

R&R Boned Chicken can 55c

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CHAPTER XIII
"Always, Phyllis"

"Chuck" Ellis, reporter, testified that on his way home from the Press Club on the night of the twenty-third, he stopped at an alley on Glenarm street to strike a light for his cigar. Just as he lit the match he saw a man come out from the window of a room in the Paradox Apartments and run down the fire-escape. It struck him that the man might be a burglar, so he waited in the shadow of the building. The runner came down the alley toward him. He stopped the man and had some talk with him. At the request of the District Attorney's assistant he detailed the conversation and located on a chart shown him the room from which he had seen the fellow escape.

"Would you know him again?"

"Yes."

"Do you see him in this room?"

"Ellis, just off his run, had reached the top of the stand. Now he looked around, surprised at the lawyer's question. His wandering eye halted at Lane.

"There he is."

"Which man do you mean?"

"The one on the end of the bench."

"Lemme see. About quarter past 10, maybe."

"Which way did he go when he left you?"

"Toward Fifteenth street."

"That is all." The lawyer turned briskly toward Kirby. "Mr. Lane, will you take the stand and take the oath. Every one focused on the range rider. As he moved forward and took the oath the scribbling reporters found in his movements a pantomimic lightness. In a compact figure rippling muscles perfectly under control. There was an appearance of sun-burned competency about him, a crisp confidence born of the rough-and-tumble life of the outdoor West. He did not look like a cold-blooded murderer. Women found themselves hoping that he was not. The judge's countenance of the sensation-seekers vanished at sight of him. A man had walked upon the stage, one full of vital energy."

Assistant District Attorney led him through the usual preliminaries. Lane said that he was by vocation a cattlemen, by avocation a rough rider. He lived at Twin Buttes, Wyo.

One of the reporters leaned toward another and whispered: "By Moses, he's the same Lane that won the rough-riding championship at Pendleton, and was second at Cheyenne last year."

"Are you related to James Cunningham, the deceased?" asked the lawyer.

"His nephew."

"How long since you had seen him prior to your visit to Denver this time?"

"Three years."

"What were your relations with him?"

The Coroner interposed. "You need answer no questions tending to incriminate you, Mr. Lane."

A sardonic smile rested on the rough rider's lean, brown face. "Our relations were not friendly," he said quietly.

A ripple of excitement swept the benches.

"What was the cause of the bad feeling between you?"

MAN ROBBED OF \$361
Paul J. Snyder, 4806 Chestnut street, was held up and robbed by two men at 9:45 o'clock last night at Forty-third and Chestnut streets. He was relieved of \$361, a gold watch and chain.

FIVE MORE BODIES ARRIVE
Rear Guard of City's War Dead Reaches Here Tonight

The rear guard, five bodies, of the city's hundreds of war dead, will arrive tonight at 8 o'clock at the Reading Terminal. They will be received by a delegation of War Mothers.

In the shipment are the bodies of Corporal John Genrowski, of 2811 Diamond street; Daniel Shanen, 514 South Fourth street; James A. Murray, 610 North Twenty-second street; George Farrell, next of kin Frank Jardine, 4170 Ridge avenue, and Charles Bewees, Wyoming and K streets.

You and Three Others May Pay the Price

Your dentist will tell you that four people out of every five past the age of forty have Pyorrhea. And thousands of younger persons are victims of this dangerous enemy.

Are your gums sore or tender? Do they bleed when you brush your teeth?

If so, go to your dentist at once and start using Forhan's For the Gums immediately.

For bleeding gums are an early symptom of Pyorrhea which quickly loosens the teeth, until they drop out or must be pulled, and causes poisonous pus pockets to which scientists trace many serious ailments.

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For forty years, Sloan's the world's pain and ache liniment has been making and keeping thousands of friends. Ask your neighbor.

Keep Sloan's handy, and at the first sign of an ache or pain, use it.

At all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

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Non-laxative foods
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Only corrective food
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meals that demanded laxatives—yet no need for laxatives

UNDER a scientist's direction, for one whole month two men and two women ate Fleischmann's Yeast together with the most constipating diet they could get.

They were given eggs, milk, cheese—all constipating foods—and yet they did not suffer from constipation.

When they ate the same constipating diet without Fleischmann's Yeast as a corrective, all four were constipated.

Thousands of men and women all over the country have found that eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily gives them normal and regular elimination. Fresh yeast is rich in the elements which increase the action of the intestines and keep the body clean of poisons.

Add 2 or 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast to your own daily diet. You'll soon find that laxatives are unnecessary. Your grocer will deliver it fresh daily.

THIS BEGINS THE STORY

James Cunningham is rich and ruthless. He turns down the idea of giving a claim on him and kills off a man who says Cunningham owns him a million dollars. At a cowboy show he kills a wild horse, a riding girl, and a man named by a wild horse. He is thrown in jail by a wild horse. He is thrown in jail by a wild horse. He is thrown in jail by a wild horse.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

CHAPTER XII
"That's the Man"

"Your name?"

"Case Hull."

"Well estate, mostly farm lands."

"Did you know James Cunningham, the deceased?"

"Yes. Worked with him on the Dry Valley proposition, an irrigation project."

"Ever have any trouble with him?"

"No, sir—not to say trouble. He was already perspiring profusely. He was wearing a red bandanna from his pocket and mopped the roll of fat that swelled over his collar. "I—er had an arrangement about a settlement—nothing"

"Did he throw you out of his room and down the stairs?"

"No, sir, nothing like that. In fact, I might as well mention, kinds in fact. He looked like he was in a fight, but we wasn't. My beef caught on a tread of the stairs and I fell down." Hull made his explanation down, and anxiously, dabbing at his face with the handkerchief.

"When did you last see Mr. Cunningham alive?"

"Well, sir, that was the last time, though I reckon we heard him pass our door."

In answer to questions the witness explained that Cunningham had owed him, in his opinion, \$4000 more than he had differed.

"Were you at home on the evening of the 23d—that is, last night?"

The witness flung out more signals of distress. "No, sir," he said at last in a voice dry as a whisper.

"Will you tell what, if anything, occurred?"

"Well, sir, a man knocked at our door. The woman she opened it, and he asked which flat was Cunningham's. She told him, and the man he started up the stairs."

"Have you seen the man since?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't hear him come downstairs later?"

"No, sir."

"At what time did this man knock?"

"Kirby Lane did not move a muscle of his body, but his expression grew in him, as he waited, eyes narrowed, for the answer."

"At 9:20."

"How do you know the time so exactly?"

"Well, sir, I was windin' the clock for the night."

"Sure your clock was right?"

"Yes, sir. I happened to check up on it when the courthouse clock struck 6. Maybe it was a half a minute off, you might say."

"Describe the man."

Hull did, with more or less accuracy.

"Would you know him if you saw him again?"

"Yes, sir, I sure would."

The Coroner fung a question at the witness as though it were a weapon.

"Kirby a gun, Mr. Hull?"

The big man on the stand dabbed at his veined face with the bandanna. He answered, with an ingratiating whine, "No, sir, no gunman, sir. Never was."

"Ever own an automatic?"

"No, sir. Wouldn't know how to fire one."

"How long since you sold your .38?"

"Five years ago."

"Where did you carry it?"

"In my hip pocket."

"Which hip pocket?"

Hull was puzzled at the question.

"Why, this one—the right one, I reckon. There wouldn't be any sense in carryin' it where I couldn't reach it."

"That's so, Mr. Johns, you may take the witness again."

The young lawyer asked questions about the Dry Valley irrigation project. He wanted to know why there was dissatisfaction among the farmers, and from a reluctant witness drew the information that the water supply was entirely inadequate for the needs of the land under cultivation.

Mrs. Hull, called to the stand, testified on the evening of the twenty-third a man he knew as Cunningham, came to ask in which apartment Mr. Cunningham lived. She had gone to the door and answered his question, and watched him pass upstairs.

"What time was this?"

"9:20."

Again Kirby felt a tide of excitement surge in his arteries. Why were this woman and her husband asked the back the clock thirty-five minutes? Why did they divert suspicion from themselves? Why was it shown that this stranger must have been in Cunningham's rooms for almost an hour, during which time the millionaire proprietor had been murdered?

"Describe the man."

This tall, angular woman, whose sex the years had seemed to have dried out of her personality, made a much better witness than her husband. She was old and incisive, but her very forbid-

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