SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—makes his entry into the lumbering town of Tincup, bringing along an old man, Don Stuart, who had been eager to reach Tincup. Elliott deleats sull Duval, "king of the river," and town bully, in a log-birling contest. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence, trying to force him to leave fown and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested, but finds a friend in Judge Able Armitage. The judge hires him to run the one lumber camp, the Hoot Owl, that Brandon has not been able to grab. This belongs to Dawn McManus, daughter of Brandon's old partner, who has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head. Brandon sends his bully, Duval, to beat up Ben.

CHAPTER III-Continued

Bird-Eye fell back, clinging to the poker, his lips moving. It was Elli-ott's fight, indeed. He had seen many men fight before, had Bird-Eye Blaine; born to a rough life, he had lived it fully. He had seen countless battles but never had he witnessed such a fury as Ben Elliott loosed then.

He drove out with both fists,

heedless of defense, blind to Duval's counter offensive. He shouted as he struck. He used a knee to break another hold, he bit when Duval tried to throttle him with the grip of both hands. He danced as the Bull sought to trample his feet with his river calks, and all the time he was striking. Again and again his hard knuckles found their mark.

A bench went over as they waltzed into it. Their combined crashing against the bunks as Dutried desperately to clinch again, smashed an upright and sent men in the upper deck scurrying. Dust rose thickly. The sink was ed from its place as Ben drove the Bull into it with a body blow and a chair was wrecked as Duval. caught by another punch, went over it backward with a crash.

Ben stood still, spread legged, breathing hard, hands swinging in a swift rhythm of rage.

"Get up!" he panted. "Get up!

Tye only started!"

Duval rolled over, his back to El and shoved himself to his Not until he had risen and about did the other move. Then he closed with another of those flying rushes, with one drive pinned Duval against the wall, with sent his head crashing against the window frame.

The Bull gave a bubbling roar and tried to grapple. His hands were struck down. He swung mightily, slowly, and missed, and as he went by, off balance, a chopping stroke on the back of the head floored him. Again Elliott waited.

"Get up!" he cried thickly. "Get up, Duval, and take the rest!"

The other started to move, look ing over his shoulder with one ey that remained open. He saw a tall, supple young man, hair awry, shirt ripped open from neck to belt, cheek bleeding, jaws set, stand there swinging one fist as though the knuckles were wild to strike again. He sank back to the floor, shudder-

"Enough?" he asked, sharply, prodding the Bull with a toe of his Duval moaned and shook his

head. He made as if to rise again and Ben stepped back, giving him

The Bull did not get to his feet. He started to, drew one knee be-neath him, heaved and then sank back to a hip. He swore heavily and hung his head, propping his torso by both great hands spread

"Through, Duval?" Ben asked and it seemed as though his bruised and battered face tried to twist in a grin. The other gave no intimation of having heard. "There's more on tap. Or have you got enough?"

And then, when no reply came Elliott stooped, grasped the Bull's shirt in his hands and half lifted

"Let go!" the man blurted. "Let

He tried to twist away, tried to floor, river boots trailing over the boards, straight to the doorway. With one foot Elliott kicked open

Duval, the Tincup terror, into the A half hour later Bull Duval, who had washed his bleeding head and face in the horse trough against the shouted protests of Bird-Eye Blaine that it would be unfit thereafter for Naw, ye're no coward?

the portal and with a heave flung

his teams to drink from, shoved hands on his mackinaw.

The door of the van opened and Elliott emerged. He walked straight to the bully and examined his vis-

the buly and cannot be injuries critically.

"Fair job," he said, as though to himself, and grinned. "A fair job, Duval. But remember this: if you ever set one of your feet in this camp again, or en any operation where I'm in charge, I'll give you a licking you'll remember! Now, Duval, why'd you come out here this morning? Who sent you?" Duval looked away.

"Nobody," he said weakly. "I got drunk. But . . . but if you're need in' a man, I can work for a better

Ben shook his head.

"No use, chum. You're going to tell me why you came and who sent yeu. Was it Brandon?" "No"-evasively.

"Sure? How much did he give you to come here? Or are you on e payroll to do such chores?"
"H—I, he didn't—"

"You're a werse liar than you are a fighter by a mile or two, Duval. Mine was a good guess, wasn't it? What were his orders?" "Well, he said if I didn't that

"Good! That's all I want to know There's the road. And you can take this little message with you to Brandon; Tell him that he needs to send more and better men here the next time. And as for you: I hire no men who can be hired to fight another man's battles. Make tracks, Duval!"

It was a week later.

Old Don Stuart, propped on pillows in the narrow, cell-like room of Joe Piette's hotel, listened to the colorful account that Bird-Eye Blaine, with many gestures and con



"Get . . . Paper."

siderable profanity, rendered for him of what had transpired at Hoot Owl since Ben Elliott had taken charge of the operation.
"...'nd so he's got th' mill crew

a-wurrkin' their blessid heads off for him 'nd 's got thut ragged-pants gang av beet-weeders 'nd hay pitchers thut passes fer a loggin' crew doin' more'n they've evir done in their lazy loives before!"

"Good," gasped Stuart feebly and tried to smile, "Good boy, But . . . Brandon. It'll be . . . that hard nut he . . . was lookin' for."
"Harrd?" Bird-Eye glared at him.

"Harrd! Th' harrder they come, th' better pleased he is! Sure 'nd he's a glutten fer work, Donny! 'Nd th saints, they have a finger into ut, too, him a-comin' just whin they'd got pore owld Able licked. It'll be a tough foigher I'm a bad guesser, but d—n me eyes, what a foighter th' Jad is!"

A restless light appeared in Don's eyes and his thin old hands fidgeted

eyes and the time out hands riggered nervously with the blankets.

"A tough fight. Oh, he don't know . . . Bird-Eye, what he's up against." He struggled to sit erect and his eyes shone brightly with an odd sort of desperation. "If Brandon can't . . . drive him cut . . . one way or another . . . he'll kill him.' strike Ben's legs, but his strength was gone, beaten from his great body. He was dragged across the rapidly. "I'm a coward, Bird-Eye."

Brandon afraid av 'n owld bum like Donny?" he demanded, shaking the letter almost accusingly close in the

alarm at his friend as these last who wint to hell with booze, who's

words took on significance for him.
"Lay back, Donny. Dawn't git til his pore owld heart broke!"

He grasped the sick man by the oulders and tried gently to force him back on the pillows but the old fellow resisted.

THE ROCKY MOUNT HERALD

"Can't die. . . . Can't . . . with it on . . . my soul!" he gasped and Ell lifted a face stamped with strange Mi appeal to the little man.

worried, scratching his head.

The other made a feeble gesture with one hand. "A man's got . . . to fight fire with . . . fire. Brandon'll get him ... unless he . f. unless ... " He put a hand to his throat and moved his uplifted chin from side to side as though strangling. "Want to write . . . a letter, Bird-Eye. Get eme
. . . paper. Fight . . . fire with fire!"
This was obviously no whim of a ope sick man. His necessity was not clear to Blaine but the other knew

conviction. He hurried down the stairs, secured writing materials and, from the table in the little office picked up a mail-order-house catalogue. With these he ascended to the sick room again, taking the steps two at abl "Here ye are! Book to wrolfe

on, paper, envilope, pencil. . . I'll sit by ye, Donny." Stuart did not start to write at

He sat staring straight before him in quandary, and then lifted his gaze to the little man who stood at his bedside.

"I'd like to be . . . alone, Bird-Eye," he said in a faint whisper. "I've been alone . . . with it so long . . . I think better alone." The other shrugged.
"Ave course, Donny," he ac-

quiesced. "Ave course. Oi'll come back when ye're finished."

He went downstairs, rubbers thumping on the treads, but he stood at the bottom a long interval, shaking his head in misgiving and muttering to himself. Then he turned about and crept back as softly as a cat. On the upper landing he seated himself leaning against the thin partition of matched boards which separated him from the sick man.

A- half hour, perhaps, Bird-Eye sat there growing cramped and chilly in the draughty hallway. Then he leaped to his feet with a little cry. From within had come a long, retching gasp, a sharp creak of bed springs, a thud on the floor. Blaine burst into the room. The catalogue was beside the bed. Old Don lay half doubled forward, face in the blankets, one limp hand swaying slightly as it dangled over the edge.

"Donny! Donny, b'y, what's up?" He raised the limp figure, laid it back, stared hard at the face which now seemed so peaceful and then ran excitedly down the stairway in frenzied search of Joe Piette.

In the room was confusion after Doctor Sweet answered the hasty summons. The doctor felt valuly for a pulse, touched the shrunken breast of the old cruiser and then away with a significant shake of his head.

The usual things were said and then Bird-Eye and the physician were alone in the room. The little Irishman's eyes brimmed with tears but behind these was an intent look as of one who impatiently awaits opportunity to pursue a specific purpose, and when the others trooped down the stairway he closed the door and returned hastily

"Sure 'nd where is ut?" he asked his breath, riffling the leaves of the bulky catalogue, shaking folds out of the rumpled blan-

"What are you after, Bird-Eye?" the doctor asked.

On his hands and knees, peering eneath the bed, he uttered that ejaculation and, reaching far un envelope in his hands.

Across the face was a scrawl, written with an indelible pencil, slapped his chest decisively, almost Blaine scowled as he tried to make out the words, got to his feet, and moved across the room to hold the self out into the street. envelope closer to the light. Doctor Sweet bent over it beside him. "Ben Elliott," the latter read

aloud. "Open this when the nut gets too hard to crack."

The doctor scratched his mustache. He turned his face to meet Bird-Eye's startled gaze.

"It's somethin', Doctor, thut he didn't dare die with on his soul! Somethin' he was fearful to tell if he lived, as well. . . . Somethin' . . ." His hand holding the letter

trembled sharply. "Brandon for sure!" Bird-Eye whispered hoarsely. "Twas Bran-don kept Donny out av Tincup fer years, wa'n't it? 'Twas Brandon tuk him when he was hittin' th' booze years back 'nd made a slave av him, he did! It's Brandon who's be'n comin' here ivery night, not loike you or I'd come, but loike a masther 'd come to watch a slave . . a slave he was a-scared to

have around. "Why was a rich man loike Nick rapidly. "I'm a coward, Bird-Eye.

. . Been a d—n coward . . . for other's face. "Who was 't with Faxyears. I've been . . . afraid to tell . . . while I lived. Now . . I'm faxson's murder on McManus?" He afraid to die with it . . on my soul!"

He panted and Blaine looked in don's slave, who wance was a man, who wint to hell with heave, who's

"By George, Bird-Eye, it does between look as though it might—" The doc-stronger.

MOUNT HENALD, ROCK

old Don was gripped by a burning

bit. wor

didn't visit with anyone did he?" A queer hesitancy crept into his manner on this as though he shrank from knowing the reply and Doctor Sweet turned to Bird-Eye Blaine inquiringly. But Bird-Eye did not look at the doctor. He was staring at Brandon and as that individual's gaze, following the doctor's, en-countered his, the Irishman's lips twitched into a bitter smile.

"So you're after wonderin' whut ore owld Donny said on his death bed, are ye?" he demanded, and with that challenge stepped down from the stairway and crossed the floor slowly toward Brandon. ye're worryin', now, over whut he moight 've said, eh?"

"Worrying?" Brandon countered steadily. "You crazy, Blaine!" "You're either drunk or

"Mebby!"—with a sharp nod.
"Mebbe both. But old Donny wa'n't.
... He didn't do talkin', Misther Brandon. Rid yer moind av that worry. Sure, 'nd he didn't talk to s soul av what was on his moind whin he knowed he lay dyin'. . . . No talk! No talk fer somebody to re-'nd git twisted up 'nd pate out things thut shuld 've be'n told. . . . He wrote ut! That's whut he done, Brandon!"—voice mounting. "He wrote ut! 'Nd he wrote ut fe one who'll make ut so hot that ye'll

wish ye was sizzlin' in hell!"

With a sweeping gesture he thrust the envelope close to Brandon's face, so close that the man jerked his

head backward sharply.

"He wrote ut!" Bird-Eye cried triumphantly. "'Nd may th' saints speed th' day whin Misther Elliott puts to use th' thing owld Donny had to tell!"

Grimly he poised an instant be fore the larger man. Then he thrust the letter into his shirt pocket, buttoned his jacket tightly across it, boastfully, and without another

It was late when Bird-Eye stepped where Ben Elliott slept at Hoof Owl, struck a match, lifted it high above his head and spoke:

"Hi! Misther Elliott!" Ben roused himself and squinted at the flick-ering match. "Get up! Rouse up! I got big news for ye!"

They lighted a lantern, and by its glow Ben read the inscription on the letter which Don Stuart had left him as Bird-Eye hastily and excitedly explained.

"There's somethin' in ut Donny'd carried secrut fer long!" he whispered hoarsely. "Ut's to do with Brandon, with fightin' fire with fire, or I'm th' worst guesser in th'

"Poor old beggar" Ben sald gen-"Tough to die that way. And I never got in to see him again!" Bird-Eye nodded. "Yes. But mebby he's done ye as great a favor as man evir done! The's some-in ut about Sam Faxson 'nd McManus. I'd bet me last shirt!" Ben shrugged and turned the envelope over. Then he rose, yawned and slipped it into the drawer of

the plain table that did service for an office desk.
"Ain't ye goin' to read ut, even?" Bird-Eye demanded in extreme

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Strongest Will Rule Seemingly, the only law possible between nations is the rule of the ncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

he thing that may count mos inst young people hunting jobs is slovenly speech. There can be no sound objection to Speech slang, if it is smart

g and used in moderation. at bad grammar, and the cont use of expressions which are stantly employed by young men women who are trying to be ght, are a positive handicap.

is easy to say that you inheryour speech from parents who no chance to get an education,

ome of the ablest and most brilmen and women of the time e from parents who spoke Eng-very lamely; others from parents spoke with foreign accents.

Do not try to speak elaborately, to use big words. Speak directly, clearly and forci-

Know the exact meaning of every rd you use. Associate as much as is possible h people who use correct speech.

books by writers who know to use good English. Make it a practice to read the

ctionary.

that I do not mean to begin ith A and end with Z. I mean to study pronunciation d meanings, and to make sure you will remember them.

Whenever you are in doubt about word look it up. Otherwise you are going to be barrassed some time when you under through a sentence and

aken the smiles of those who ar you. Good talkers always start with advantage. But they must be od talkers, not merely glib talk-

They must know what they are talking about, and where to find the words to do it.

As for slang, it is often effective, but it must be used with great in The person who employs the same

slang phrase over and over again is going to weary those with or to whom he speaks before long, and be put down for a hopeless bore. If possible learn another lan-

guage. It will help you with your own tongue. A foundation in Latin is good,

but by no means necessary. Your own language is quite sufficient for all the necessities of conversation and for many of the orns

Over and over again. Pity the person who is not an adventurer. The cautious person

Read and listen. Read and listen.

may be safe, but he is rarely happy. Adventure The little boy, running away for the first time feels a thrill that he

may never know again. "For to admire and for to see," is one of the real objects in life. Never having had the opportunity to run away to sea, I am not sure if that is a pleasant and profit-

able undertaking. But I shall always regret that it was not numbered among my ex-

I often wonder why people who live near high mountains are not continually scaling them.

I notice that those who have mountains, again and again when they have a chance.

A relative of mine, whose bustness is rather a dreary one, takes two weeks off every year and s them in climbing the tall peaks of Oregon and California.

Not long ago, having no new mountains to scale in his own section of the country he made a trip to Switzerland and climbed some of the steepest of the Alps. The last time I saw him he was regretting that he was too old to

try to cross the Himalayas in a Most of us are adventurers at heart and it is too bad that we all do not have the courage or the op-

portunity to go forth now and then and take quite unnecessary chances. Ours is a race that craves excitement of some sort or other. To be timid is to be miserable.

I would not advise young men to take up the business of lion-taming, or of "stunt" flying, but I would advise them, if they are living humdrum lives to go out and find a little excitement every so often, to search for adventures that hold some sort of a thrill, and which they will remember happily for all their days.

I am sure that it is more the excitement of the game than the desire to get money and still more money which leads so many men to the stock market.

A memory that is filled with adventure and experience is the kind of a memory I should love to have.

This is a world that is well worth seeing. Travel is worth many times

Roman Soldiers Brought

Harp Back From Britain The Irish claim to have origiated the harp. Undoubtedly the oriental harps were earlier, though the Roman legions brought the Irish harp back from Britain, asserts a writer in the Washington Post.

The old Irish harp had three rows of strings. The old laws of Wales of three points that distinguished the freeman from the slave, and pretenders were often discovered by their unskillful use of it. Only the king, his musicians, and the gentlemen of the realm could own a harp; and slaves were forbidden even to touch the instrument. For a time the popularity of the harp was threatened by the guitar, when a troupe of Spanish players toured England. But when humble people began to buy guitars, fashionable ople gave up plans for learning it, and continued to buy harps.

The orchestral harp has 50 strings. The frame rests on the pedestal, which contains the pedals, the large hollow body or back ris-ing from this, with the soundboard at its upper face. The strings are attached with the pins by which they are tuned. The harp has seven pedals, each double-acting, and so contrived that certain strings can be shortened and their pitch raised a semitone or a tone. The instrument may thus be set in any desired key.

Harp music is written for two hands, on two staffs similar to piano music. Flat keys sound best, because then most of the strings are open, vibrating at full length.

Clarinet Is Most Useful of Instruments in Band

The clarinet, like other members of the wood-wind family, goes back to those instruments used by Pan when nymphs and fauns danced to the gay music of pipes in the woods those early woodland days, says an authority in the Washing ton Post, the pipe has undergone many changes. The mouthplece was given a double reed for oboe, the English horn and the bassoons, but in the clarinet only a single reed is used. Much as the clarinet resembles the oboe, it does not taper, and is of equal thickness until the end, where it flares into a bell. Of all the wood-wind instru ments, the clarinet is the most use ful because of its wide range, its ease of playing and the great variety of tone.

Clarinets are made in different keys and pitches. The ones in B flat and A are most commonly in use, although some of the scores call for clarinets in C, E flat and D. Occasionally an alto clarinet is employed, and, more frequently, a bass

CLEANING and DYING

CLOTHES REPAIRED SUITS AND DRESSES Phone 909

Progress Cleaners 163 S. WASHINGTON ST. LEVI POWELL, Mgr

J. E. WINSTEAD -: BLACKSMITH :--:

"We repair everything for the Farm." 1401 COKEY RD.

DRY CLEANING If It's Dry Cleaning Call CASEY'S

CLOTHES MADE TO MEASURE

ROCKY MOUNT COTTAGE Carolina Beach

write MRS. M. C. BONHAM

Carolina Beach

clarinet, which is the largest and deepest pitched instrument of this

family. It has a crook for the mouthpiece, and a large bell. It sounds an octave below the B flat

The clarinet was the last instrument to enter the classical orchestra. Mozart was the first composer to bring out its chief possibilities

Big Bertha's Long Range Outclassed Other Guns

Typical artillery of the World war, writes John A. Menaugh, in the Chicago Tribune, were the following British guns: The 14-inch gun, with a range of 20 miles; the 12-inch gun, with a range of 19 miles; the 9.2-inch gun, firing a shell 15 miles; the 6-inch gun, with a range of 10 miles; the 12-inch howitzer, hurling a shell 8 miles; the 60-pounder rifle, with a range of more than 7 miles; the 9.2-inch howitzer, shooting 7 miles; the 18pounder field piece, with a range of about 9,400 yards; the 4.5-inch howitzer, with a range of 7,000 yards; and the 3.7-inch howitzer, shooting 5.800 vards

The maximum range of the huge German 42-centimeter howitzers that were used against the forts at Antwerp was 10,300 yards. The 6.69-inch trench mortar threw a shell 1,250 yards. The German Minenwerfer was capable of throwing a 50-pound trench bomb

It was the German long-range gun, the Big Bertha, however, that was the most talked-of weapon of World war. A number of guns of this type were employed in shell-

Others of the guns had different naximum ranges, the greatest only slightly less than 80 miles.

Three-Horned Steer Exhibited in Zoo

Hershey, Pa.—A three-horned steer is one of the exhibits at the Hershey Zoological garden The animal was presented to the garden by Walter M. Dunlap, of the Union Stock Yards, of Lancaster, Pa. Ward Walker, director of the zoo, sald he "would break the unwritten law of zoological gardens against exhibiting freakish animals" and

Phone 265 PEERLESS CLEANERS Dry Cleaners, Dyers, Tailors, Hatters

127 Rose Street Rocky Mount, - - N. C.

YOUR EYES -

Are your bread winners, don't neglect them, have them exam ined occasionally.

DR. L. G. SHAFFER OPTOMETRIST

Office In EPSTEIN BUILDING

Phone 662 for an appointment .

BATTLE & BARNES

General Machinery and Automobile Repairs. Electric and Acetylene Welding. Lawn Mower Repairs. Portable Equipment for Outside Work.

PHONE 270 235-239 S. Washingto

> FOR MEAL

Ground on old fashiond water mill rocks from home grown corn CALL THE ROCKY MOUNT

MILLING COMPANY J H. TAYLOR, Miller 1223 Branch Street. Phone 834

MAY & GORHAM

FIVE POINTS

PHONE 200

WE INVITE YOUR PATRONAGE

Druggists •