

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER V

Still, something did turn up. Just at breakfast time, while Ben was prowling the mill, admitting to himself that perhaps it was time to look at his Lole card—the letter that the old cruiser had sent to him with its intriguing inscription—a stranger behind a light driving team swung into the mill-yard, stopped and tied his horses.

"Well, you had a fire!" he said as Ben approached. "See you've still got a mill standing, though."

"Standing, yes. But that's all you can say for it."

"That's tough!" The man eyed him in genuine concern. "Are you by any chance Ben Elliott?"

"I am."

"Elliott, my name's Blackmore. Glad to see you! I was in here and talked with Harrington week before last and he was saving out some veneer logs for me. I'm with the Veneer Exporting corporation and we're in the market for quite a few cars of stuff. Wonder if I could interest you in a deal. Market's right good and we're in need of some more stuff to fill out a shipment. Maybe with your mill shut down you might be interested."

"That's a close guess. Shoot!"

"I'll pay you a hundred and twenty dollars a thousand for bird's eye maple and ninety dollars for veneer birch; standard specifications and delivery inside of two weeks on, say, thirty thousand. I know you're busy, so I name the top and pass any dickerling."

A hundred and twenty. . . . And ninety for birch! Ben's heart leaped but he gave no outward indication of the great relief that surged through him.

"Two weeks?" he asked.

"Yes, and less. Let's see. . . . I'll have to have thirty thousand delivered in just eleven days to be safe in getting 'em to Montreal on time. I'll take fifty thousand at the price but the thirty will have to be loaded and on track first."

"That'll be fast production."

"All of that! But if I can't get the stuff from you I can from Brandon by going up a few dollars a thousand. My cards are on the table, Elliott. Can we deal?"

Ben considered, rubbing his chin with a knuckle. He looked up the road which led toward camp to see a man approaching with that quick, space-deavouring stride of the woodsman.

"Had breakfast?" he asked.

"No."

"Blanket your team and go east. I'll have an answer for you by the time you're through."

As the veneer buyer entered the boarding house Bird-Eye Blaine—the traveler from camp—had reached the mill-yard.

"For the love av—" he began, turning his amazed stare from the mill to Elliott.

"Yes, a fire, Bird-Eye. Never mind that now. Where'd you get your name?"

"Me name! Say, where does any man—"

"I mean 'Bird-Eye.' Why do they call you that?"

"Oh, that! Why, I looked veneer stuff from Brandon for years until I got sick with disgust fer 'b' mon."

"I see. And you've been on the Hoot Owl for three years, haven't you? Know the timber pretty well?"

"I know ivory quarter stake by its first name!"

"How much bird's-eye and veneer birch is there within draying distance of the steel? Let's get down to cases. Do you think there's ten thousand? Or fifty?"

"Fifty. Naw! Tin?—twisting his head. "Twice that, anyhow. 'Nd on twenty-three the 's another bunch av ut. Scattered all through, too, but bunched, Mister Elliott, loike ye don't see it frequent. That makes ut easy to git out."

"What I'm getting at is this: With the crew I've got could we get thirty thousand out in ten days?"

Bird-Eye shrugged.

"Down, b'y, but that's a chore! With this crew av hay tassar's! He shook his head. "Meby you could. . . you 'nd Paul Bunyan. Most men couldn't even so much as start."

"Wait here. I'll see you in a few minutes."

He entered Buller's house where Able Armitage sipped coffee gloomily, neglecting the food on his plate.

"This is the nineteenth," Ben said.

"With what bank balance we have, how much must we get together to meet the payroll, that one note that you think can't be renewed and interest on others that'll be due? My figures are all up at camp."

Able considered at length.

"Three thousand. might let us out, why?"

He put that question dryly.

"I just wondered." Ben turned to Buller. "How many men will you need to get the mill in shape? I mean, how many can you use and not have them falling over each other?"

"Oh, four or five besides myself."

Ben nodded. "That'll give me fifteen of the mill crew to throw into the woods." His eyes snapped as he looked back at Able. "A half hour ago I was feeling about half licked. I'll make

the three thousand by the first or break my neck!"

"What are you getting at, Benny?" Able demanded.

"This," Ben hitched his chair close to the table and with a relish which indicated the love of battle, sketched his plan.

By noon that plan was in partial operation. Bird-Eye Blaine, his duties as barn boss temporarily delegated to another, and Ben Elliott cruised through the timber north of camp, belt axes in their hands. And in the morning the camp crew, augmented by fifteen men from the mill, left off the work of felling timber in strips, scattered through the woods and dropped marked trees. Swampers were with them, clearing the way for teams that followed close on the sawyers' heels and drayed these high quality logs out to the railroad.

Ben Elliott was everywhere. Bird-Eye knew his specialty, he determined, and Ben let the little Irishman do it alone. Without help Blaine could find more veneer trees in a day than the crew could drop and get out to the decking grounds.

"But it's a man's sized job to keep your eye on such an operation!" Ben declared to Able. "I've got to watch Buller and the mill, too. I've got to think about markets so we'll be all set when we commence to saw again. And the devil of it is I'm only one hand and there are only twenty-four hours in a day!" He grinned. "Where's this good man you told me about? Jeffers? Is that his name?"

"Tim Jeffers? Over in the next town! But I doubt he'll even listen. He hasn't wanted a job in three years."

"Doubting isn't knowing," Ben said grimly and the next afternoon drove hard for Jeffers' little farm clearing.

The old logger met Elliott with an eye that seemed at first to be hostile but which on closer observation proved to be only one of severe appraisal.

"So you're after a camp foreman," he said. "No, I've quit the timber for good, Elliott. I'm through. A man has trouble enough without hunting it. I'm not a young man, son. I've no years nor strength any more to put into another man's losing fight."

"We won't lose. Brandon's tried everything up to and including fire and he hasn't got me licked yet. Come along with me, Tim Jeffers, and we'll run him into his hole!"

But the man was obstinate and Ben left him, chagrined and a bit angered at his failure.

"Brandon's got a crimp in the whole country," he muttered as he drove on toward camp. "And here I am, trying to do four men's work. Tough nut? I'll tell the world!"

In Tincup he drove to the express office to inquire for the new piston head for the locomotive which was due. He wanted to start loading his veneer logs and getting them out to the siding as rapidly as they came from the woods. He had signed a contract with the time for delivery specified and wanted to run no chance of delay.

But the repair part was not there.

"Got the bill of it," the station agent said. "But it hasn't shown up. Ought to be along tomorrow."

However, the next day did not bring the repairs and the driver of Ben's supply team reported the fact to him.

"And the agent, he wants to see you," the man added emphatically.

"Didn't that piston head come yet?" Ben demanded angrily of the supply teamster after the man's next trip to town.

"I told you the agent wanted to see you."

The other's manner was doggedly mysterious and Elliott, without further questioning, harnessed and drove to Tineup.

The agent shook hands cordially and drew him inside the tiny ticket office. He spoke in a cautious tone, although they were alone.

"The messenger on the train says he put that engine part off for me the night the bill came through. It ain't here and I'm takin' a chance of losing my job just telling you even that much."

Ben frowned.

"What are you driving at? It's not here and you'll lose— You mean, the express company'll hold you responsible for an article lost out of the depot?"

"That don't worry me. The shipment came in and I never saw it and if I was to tell you that the only thing that could've happened was that it was taken off the truck while I was handling baggage it wouldn't be a bad guess. But if certain parties knew I told you that much the railroad would get such a complaint about me that I'd

be out of a job between days and don't you forget it!"

"Oh, I see." Ben looked at a calendar. "It took them five days to get it back to me. Can't wait that long. Give me a telegraph blank. I'll have 'em notify me by wire when they ship and if I have to meet trains myself . . . why, I can do that, too."

The other nodded and gave Ben a worried look.

"I sort of liked the way you did up Duval in that log rollin'; and I heard about the trimmin' you gave him at camp. And I'm . . . Well, I've seen enough raw stuff go on around this man's town to feed me up. I'll help you all I can but I've got kids to think about."

Ben made a wry face.

"Even children don't seem safe," he said. "Some of us have got only our dander invested in the particular fracas I'm mixing in, but everything the little McManus girl has got is at stake."

"Yup. You're— Little girl?"

"Yes. The McManus girl. She owns the Hoot Owl."

"Oh," the agent said with a queer look.

The following morning, a half hour after the men had gone to the woods, a sawyer came running toward the camp office just in time to catch Ben before he left for the mill.

"Hi, Elliott!" he called. "Hold on a minute!"

He came breathlessly up to the sleigh.

"Somebody cut three inches off the measures last night. Thought you ought to know. Logs three inches short might be thrown out."

"Somebody cut— How'd you find that out?"

"Well, we left the measuring stick layin' on a tree we'd dropped last night. I'd marked it myself, figurin' on making one more log before we quit and then we decided not to. It snowed just a mite durin' the night. I laid the measure down again this morning and made another mark, forgetting about the first which was covered up with snow, you see. When I marked, it knocked the show off the log, showing up my first one three inches off. I thought that was funny so I measured again. Somethin' was wrong, sure. We looked her over and found where a piece had been cut off the stick and then we saw where tracks—"

"Be with you pronto," Ben muttered as he turned his team back toward the barn.

He found five of the saw gangs with shortened measures. Fortunately, the discovery was made early in the day and only a few under-length logs had been made. However, it proved to Ben that menacing influences struck in unexpected ways and from all quarters. An unexplained snowshoe trail was found which led in from the north and none knew who had made it. The visitor evidently had gone out by road in the dead of night.

"Seems to me," Bird-Eye said that night, "that I heard 'bout two fellys trappin' over ferinst Squaw lake. Might be they ain't trappers a-tall, a-tall!"

Shortly after dinner on the following day Ben Elliott set out to investigate this story of a trappers' camp on Squaw lake, which lay to the northward of Hoot Owl.

Things were going swimmingly on the job. He was a bit ahead even of the stiff schedule of production he had set for himself and if the weather held reasonably good and he could frustrate these attempts to slow him up, he would turn the trick which engaged him for the present.

It was a good six miles to Squaw lake but he did not follow the most direct route. Swung right and left now and then, smiling when he came on a particularly fine piece of timber. Certainly, the Hoot Owl stuff looked better every time he went through it. Money standing on end for an orphan girl if he, Ben Elliott, should be strong enough to outlast Nicholas Brandon's ruthlessness and persistence! He wondered about Dawn McManus, known and marked as the daughter of a murderer. Tough, he told himself, for a child to grow up under a cloud like that.

He started back after a fruitless investigation, and had not gone more than half-way to camp when he came suddenly upon a fresh snowshoe trail. He stopped short with a little thrill. Another prowler? The one who had shortened his measures yesterday? The tracks were only moments old, he knew by the way the freshly falling snow lay in them.

He took the trail at a swift walk,

came on a place where the one he followed had stopped and stood a moment, turned around and then resumed his way.

Ben went faster, breaking into a jog trot where the going was good. A half hour later he saw the moving figure before him. Ben saw him turn about, looking upward, stare into the wind which blew from the northwest and swing, and go with it. Not completely lost, as a greenhorn might be; nor floundering in panic and traveling meaningless circles, but still far from certain in directions.

Ben felt a tightening in his throat. This, the chances were, would be an encounter with one of the men who, most certainly acting on Brandon's orders, sought to hamper and hamstring him. A savage anticipation ran his veins with that; to meet this prowler would be a greater satisfaction, even, than throwing Bull Duval out of his camp had been.

Elliott pushed on, moving faster than the other, cutting down the distance between them as the thickening gloom made it impossible for him to see clearly at any distance.

The man before him stopped suddenly and faced about. Elliott hesitated, wondering whether he had been seen or not. If not, he wanted to trail secretly; if so—

He had no doubt, now, that he had been seen, so he went forward resolutely, intent on meeting the wanderer with challenge.

He dipped into a sharp ravine, climbed the other slope . . . and came



"Good Afternoon," she Said Brusquely.

face to face with the most lovely girl he could then or afterward remember having seen in his life.

Great brown eyes looked at him. The nose was small, aristocratic; the mouth red lipped, mobile, he imagined, but now it was set rather grimly into an expression of extreme petulance.

He did not register consciously the knitted tangle of soft maroon wool, nor the well-tailored jumper and knickers. Impressions leaped at him in ensemble, rather than detail: a trim, trig, competent little figure.

"Oh!" he said, when she did not speak. "Oh . . . Why, hello!"

He grinned, then, but no responsive smile changed the girl's face or even lighted her eyes.

"Good afternoon," she said brusquely, almost sharply.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sparrow Hawk, Smallest, Family's Most Beautiful

During late fall and winter field and house mice form the main diet of the Sparrow Hawk, the smallest and most beautiful of our hawk family, according to a writer in the Missouri Farmer.

Exceedingly brave and aggressive, it will sit in a nearby tree while the farmer shucks corn out of the shock or when he is hauling fodder out of the field, watching for mice which run out of the shock.

This hawk has an amazing sense of sight; with a graceful swoop, he catches a mouse on the run that is scurrying away from a corn shock, having seen his prey emerge from the shock from his vantage point many yards distant. His skill and his value to the farmer can best be noted when snow is on the ground; his food supply is then low and he is braver than usual. At such a time he will catch mice very near the farmer who is working at the corn shock.

Occasionally the sparrow hawk attacks small birds and chickens. These depredations usually occur during the nesting period or when other food is scarce, but these irregularities are so infrequent that they are more than outweighed by its good services in destroying mice and insects.

Foods Contain Water

All foods contain water. The driest bread or biscuit may contain 5 to 10 per cent water, and some fruits and vegetables, like tomatoes, melons, lettuce, cauliflower and strawberries, may contain as much as 90 per cent.

Good Rules of Life

It is a goodly thing to die with the blessed consciousness of never having taken advantage of another's infirmity, or poverty, or ignorance; to die able to say that one has not extended the empire of evil on the earth.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

(By REV. F. B. FITZGERALD, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)
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Lesson for March 17

PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON

LESSON TEXT—Acts 12:1-19. GOLDEN TEXT—But prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him. Acts 12:5. PRIMARY TOPIC—How Peter Was Freed From Prison. JUNIOR TOPIC—How Peter Was Delivered From Prison. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—How Prayer Helps. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Power of United Prayer.

The young church had met and overcome some serious difficulties. She first had to face religious persecution at the hands of Jews. Then came internal troubles as to the support of certain widows. The separating wall of Pharisaical legalism was broken down in the admission of Gentiles into the church, but finally she had to meet the naked sword of civil authority. Through all these tests she was more than conqueror.

- 1. Peter's Imprisonment (vv. 1-4).**
By whom (v. 1). Herod, the grandson of the wicked Herod who slew the innocent children of Bethlehem. His half-sister, Herodias, secured the death of John the Baptist.
- 2. The reason (v. 3).** It was to gain the favor of the Jews. Herod was not a Jew but an Edomite. Therefore, he knew that his success was dependent upon his having the good will of the Jews. He seems not particularly to have hated the church, but to have loved popularity, for the sake of which he manifested a deep sympathy for degenerate Judaism. Since the church had so developed as to be a successful rival of Judaism, he saw an opportunity to curry favor with the Jews by putting forth his hands against it.
- 3. The method (v. 4).** He was arrested, put into prison and guarded by sixteen soldiers, one group of four for each watch of the night. Humanly speaking it was impossible to escape. They had doubtless heard of Peter's escape from jail before, so they thought they would take no risks this time. However, they reckoned without God.

- 4. The Church of God in Prayer (v. 5).**
The church was at a crisis. James, one of the brethren of the church, was dead, and Peter, the most prominent of all, was in prison. In this desperate strait, they betook themselves to prayer. This was a noteworthy prayer.
- 1. It was unto God.** All true prayer is unto God.
- 2. It was united prayer.** There is peculiar power in the united prayer of God's people.
- 3. It was more than unceasing prayer.** It was the intensely earnest desire of the soul stretched toward God.
- 4. It was definite prayer.** They specifically offered prayer for God for Peter.
- III. Peter Delivered by an Angel (vv. 6-11).**
This occurred the night before Herod's plan to make a public display of him.

- 1. Peter sleeping (v. 6).** This shows that he was not disturbed over the matter. The Lord keeps in perfect peace those whose minds are stayed on him (Isa. 26:3).
- 2. Peter leaves the prison (vv. 7-10).** A heavenly light shone in the prison. The angel smote Peter on the side. The chains fell off. Peter put on his clothes and passed by one guard after another, through the iron gate and into the city. The whole transaction was orderly and leisurely, showing that God is not in a hurry.
- 3. The effect upon Peter (v. 11).** Although the matter was so wonderful to Peter, who thought himself in a vision, when he came to himself he knew that God had miraculously delivered him from Herod's wicked hands.

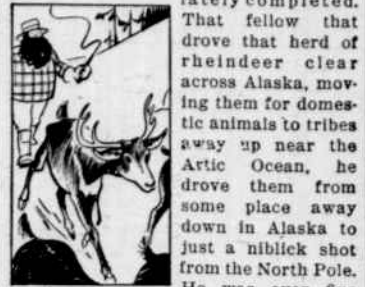
- IV. Unconscious Unbelief (vv. 12-19).**
1. The behavior of Peter and the church (vv. 12-17). Peter went to the house of Mary and knocked. The knock was answered by Rhoda, who was so overjoyed that she forgot to open the gate, and went right in and told them that Peter was at the gate. The disciples were not prepared for such good news, even accusing her of madness. She, undaunted, insisted. They offered as an explanation that perhaps it might be Peter's guardian angel in his likeness. Peter rehearsed unto them the Lord's dealing with him.
- 2. The behavior of the soldiers (vv. 18, 19).** There was great agitation among them as to what had become of Peter. This was a serious matter, since they were responsible for him. Not being able to account for Peter's escape, Herod commanded that they be put to death. After this, Herod went down to Caesarea, where he was adorned as a god. Because he arrogated this honor to himself, the Lord smote him. Herod died, but the word of the Lord grew and multiplied.

How to Love God

To love God is to love his character. For instance, God is purity. And to be pure in thought and look, to turn away from unhallowed books and conversation, to abhor the moments in which we have not been pure, is to love God.

Says WILL ROGERS

BEVERLY HILLS.—Well all I know is just what I read in the papers. Here was an interesting thing that was just lately completed.



That fellow that drove that herd of reindeer clear across Alaska, moving them for domestic animals to tribes away up near the Arctic Ocean, he drove them from some place away down in Alaska to just a nibble shot from the North Pole.

He was over five years making the trip. I think he had about three thousand when he left, and he raised as many as he lost. And he got there with more than he left with. He was one whole year just getting over one mountain range and river. It will keep those people, Esquimos, away up there from starving. Will give them a start in raising these wonderful animals.

This fellow that did this was over seventy years old. His drivers used to come and tell him we are lost, and he would say you can see me cant you, well then you are not lost.

There used to be some wonderful cattle drives from Texas to Montana, Wyoming and even to the Canadian Border. But not a five year one. Those old boys, if they was a good trail boss they would land with more than they started with, and that was more remarkable than the Rheindeers for the cattle they drove North were steers. And its pretty hard to raise many calves on the trail with a steer herd. But the good ones seemed to do it, and they used to arrive there with calves three and four years old, that same fall. So the old Indian Esquimo driver has got to go some to beat old Stanghai Pierce herds.

These old Rheindeer cow boys didnt go on a horse either. They go afoot, or on skis, or skates or something. You know those guys throw a rope too. Fred Stone was in Greenland and he saw em. Its a long rawhide one, and they just bundle it all in one hand and throw it out there like throwing rubbish out of a window and then commence to hauling in, and they say they are awful apt to have rheindeer on the end of it.

I never have been to that Alaska. I am crazy to go up there some time. I would like to go in the Winter, when those old boys are all snowed in, and I could sit around and hear em tell some of those old tales. They have lied about em so much now that I bet they can tell some good ones. They do a lot of flying up there. There is some crack aviators. Wiley Post went back up there this last Summer to visit one of em that had helped him out, and they went hunting in a plane. Fred Stone and Rex Beach have been up there a lot, but I never

did get further north up that way than about a block north of Main Street in Seattle.

I was telling you all away back days ago about me going with Charley Chaplin to hear a debate between Will Durant, that wrote the wonderful book the Story of Philosophy. He is just one of the finest fellows you ever met. He made the same trip across Siberia into Russia that I made. He was debating with an Englishman named Strachey. This Strachey was a Bolsheviki, but he was very fair in his talk, and it was a brilliant thing to hear. Debates dont settle nothing, but they are entertaining.

Proposing something in a debate is just about like writing a letter to your Congressman, nothing ever comes of it. The debate was called—Americas Way Out—and it was right up Charleys alley. You know that Chaplin just reads that deep economic stuff all the time. He told me quite a bit about his new picture that he is just about half through after six or eight months actual work on it, and two and a half years preparation.

No he is not doing any talking in it. Lots of sound in it, but its action is in pantomime. If a man is the great pantomimist in the world, and can make you understand anything he wants to by action alone, why should he talk. We dont go to a big concert to hear John McCormack talk. His medium of expression is song. Besides it would be a disappointment to millions if Chaplin talked, every Nation kinder pictures him as being one of them, and if he talked he would be a disappointment to them. They would want to hear him speak in their language.

No sir, let Mr. Chaplin alone. He knows what he is doing better than any person I know of. He knows his career, and he knows his art. Thats the trouble with most of us, we gab too much. We are blathering all the time. We write too much, we do everything too much. We are just a Nation that cant do much moderating, but we have lots of fun. Everybodys getting lots of education, but nobody dont know much. Every time we want to run a man for some big job, we pretty near go nutty trying to think up somebody, but any Country that is seriously debating paying a man as much to not work as to work, why we are unique anyhow.

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POWERFUL FEMINE BAND

The Delphian society is a national women's educational organization. It has chapters in all of the states except two, Vermont and Rhode Island. It has a membership of 250,000 and its chapters number 3,500. As many as 30 chapters are banded together in some cities for a city federation. The purpose of this organization are higher education, social progress and personal improvement. Self-expression is the keynote of the society.

Do you tire easily?



no appetite? nervous? losing weight? pale? then don't gamble with your body

WHY not reason out the cause of this unnatural condition? Your first thought may be, "I must eat more." That's not all. You should enjoy what you do eat. Frequently, the blood cells are low . . . and this, perhaps, is what makes you feel weak.

If this is your trouble the stomach may not be calling for sufficient food, Zest to eat may be lacking. But what a difference S.S.S. makes when taken just before meals. Just try it and notice how your appetite and digestion improve.

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Thomas J. Wolfe of Route 2, Clarkburg (East View), W. Va., said: "I lost weight and did not rest well at night. Having sold hundreds of bottles of Dr. Pierce's Discovery, I knew all about it and what it would do for me. A bottle or two increased my appetite and added strength to my weakened system." All druggists. New size, tablets 50 cents, liquid \$1.00. Large size, tablets or liquid, \$1.75. Write Dr. Pierce's Clinic, Buffalo, N. Y., for free medical advice.

LINCOLN AND INDIAN HEAD PENNIES WANTED

We pay 9¢ for each. If More Than 100,000, we pay 11¢. Free circular. CUPP & BALL, 1617 H St. S. E., Washington, D. C.

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DOAN'S PILLS

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