The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XI—Continued

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"When a man loves a girl, that girl can't let herself love him, can she, when she's under a cloud herself? She can't bring a man's children into the world and have them whispered about as the grandchildren of a murderer?"

"Dawn! Dawn, girl, don't think that! Why, it's—"

'But it's so, Able! I don't wa-want to talk about it. All I can do for Ben now is to let him know how weak I was to doubt him and to use any influence I may have to protect him from this terrible danger. I will do that; I must do that because it is duty. But it must stop there. It can't go on, you see. Not while I have nothing more than just my faith in my father's good name."

Able, the wise man that he was, did not force the argument. He brought his team to a halt before the Hoot Owl office, gave the reins to Dawn and stepped out.

Martin, the bookkeeper, was the only occupant of the place.

"Where's Ben?" he asked.

The bearded man looked over his shoulder, recognized Able and then his gaze went past the man to the waiting cutter where Dawn sat.

"He's . . ." It seemed as though Martin's voice failed after that word. He half started from his chair and the pen, dropped from flexed fingers, rolled across the ledger sheet. He made a faint sound and in his eyes appeared an expression that startled Able.

"What's wrong, Martin?" he asked in alarm, stepping quickly into the room. "Sick?"

"No . . . all right, now," the other said, as if with great effort. "Ben? In the mill, I think."

He picked up his pen, then, and bent over his work.

Able crossed the mill-yard looking for Ben and as he went Martin rose cautiously from his chair, moved quietly to be in line with the window and stared for a long interval at the girl huddled in the robes. His hands worked and his breath was uneven.

"Dawn is here to see you," Able said simply as he encountered Ben. "She had me bring her out so she could talk to you. She's waiting over by the office."

Elliott stood hesitant for an instant; then turned and walked swiftly along the pond. Able watched him go but did not follow. What was to be said by the girl was not for his ears, he knew.

Ben gave no sign of recognition as he approached the cutter; made no salutation as he came near the girl who sat watching him so steadily. He only spoke her name, when he was at her side. She gave him a small, gloved hand and smiled wanly.

"I have come to say many things, Ben," she began in a strange, strained voice. "To beg forgiveness, to beg other things . . . perhaps to explain a little.

"A week ago tonight,"—struggling, now, to hold her voice steady—"I ran out of the dance hall and on home, thinking that that woman was honest. The time since then, until noon today, has been a nightmare.

"Lydia came to my house at noon. She explained everything. Aunt Em brought her. Aunt Em went to her house and convinced her that she had done a terrible thing to you and that an explanation to me was the only way to right the wrong. Lydia told me everything. . . . It was Mr. Brandon who thought out the plan and forced her to do it under threats of some sort. She didn't tell us what the threats were but left our house for the train and is gone from Tincup forever. . . . And I've come to tell you how miserable I feel to think that I was weak enough to act as Mr. Brandon seemed to be sure I would act. . . ."

Relief was singing through Elliott; relief and a great joy, lifting him above rage for Brandon.

"Oh, I'm glad!" he said earnestly. "I've . . . Why, it completely knocked me off my pins! Dawn, it's been terrible for you but . . . but this makes me so happy!"

"I'm happy because you are happy," she said, but something in her tone and expression dampened his enthusiasm, checked his soaring spirits. She was so calm, so steady, so restrained; her mood was not at all that of one who comes joyously to wipe out heartbreaking misunderstanding. "And I'll never forgive myself for . . . for falling into the trap that was set for me, Ben!"

"Why shouldn't you? Any girl would have felt as you did. . . . But it's explained, now. Let's forget it and begin where we left off and find peace and—"

The sharp shake of her head and the quick withdrawal of her hand cut him off.

"There are sterner things to think of, first; quite different things, Ben. That is why I came out here, to talk to you about Bart Delaney. Able has told me what happened yesterday. You don't take it seriously enough. Keep safe until you're certain that the danger is past."

"Hide and skulk while other men protect me? A man can't do that, Dawn! I'll be on my guard, of course. But I can't run away from anybody who is trying to strike from behind. What would these boys here on the job think of me if I did? This man Delaney may be a hobgoblin for the rest of the country, but I can't let him be for me. If I do the safe thing and think of my own skin, some of our workers will tumble to the fact that I've no more courage than most of them, less than plenty. I can't let them down, you see, and still keep my standing in their eyes.

"It isn't worth it, Ben! It's my job, my property you're taking these risks for. It isn't fair to me!"

"I can argue that. I'm not anxious to be put out of the picture yet a while. I'll keep my eyes open. I've already made the move that should stop Delaney from trying me again. Able and the others have gotten you all in a flutter, Dawn. Don't worry. I'm coming to Tincup tonight and I'm going to appear to be thinking about nothing but the errands I have to do. Every second, I'll be on the watch for a crooked move from anybody. I promise you that. And when I've shown myself to people I'll come to see you and talk you into the same way of looking at this situation."

"Don't," she begged.

"But I can't keep away from you, now that this other mess has been explained!"

She shook her head.

"I'm asking two things of you. The first is to stay here; the other is not to come to see me. . . . Please!"

She put a hand on his with that plea, and he frowned.

"I can understand your being a little timid about having me around town but I can convince you that I'm right. It's Brandon or me, now, you see. If I run, he wins. . . . But this other: Dawn, don't you want me to see you?"

The girl's lips worked.

"No," she said, ever so faintly. "No. . . . Oh, please don't argue with me, Ben! Please don't come to see me. You don't understand. You may never understand. . . . But I'm begging you from the bottom of my heart not to come and see me again!"

"No, I don't understand. It's . . . Why, it's . . ." He laughed aloud at his own bewilderment and Able, in the near distance, mistook that laugh born of distress for one of relief and came toward them.

"Well, have you two got matters cleared up?" he asked.

Dawn nodded silently.

"Some things are cleared up," Elliott said. "But there are others. . . . Dawn, won't you explain?"

The girl turned her face to Able.

"I'm ready to go home now," she said weakly.

CHAPTER XII

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Teams drove from the Hoot Owl toward town through the falling snow that evening. First went Ben Elliott, alone and sending his drivers at a spanking trot, wondering and at odds with himself.

Why was Dawn so obdurate in this matter of having him see her? Why that odd repression, as though she struggled to keep from saying the things that were bursting her heart?

His inability to answer those questions drove him into a dogged mood. He felt like blaming Brandon for this, as well as other troubles.

A half hour behind him came a team from camp, driven by Bird-Eye Blaine. A figure ahead stepped out of the ruts and awaited his approach.

"Town?" the man cried.

"Yup. . . . Hello, Martin! Whoa. . . ."

Blaine lifted the heavy robes for the bookkeeper and then clucked his team on.

"Misther Elliott gone in?" he asked. "He has, eh? . . . 'Nd Misther Red Bart Delaney still persecutin' th' country with his presince, loikely. Ah, th' b'y, th' b'y!"

Martin proved to be uncommunicative, however, and they drove much of the way in silence.

Ben turned his team into an alley, hitched and blanketed them, and then made his way between buildings to the town's principal thoroughfare which was lighted by glaring store fronts. He purchased some articles in a clothing store and did not see Dawn McManus enter, observe him, and then withdraw. When he went out again he did not notice that the girl followed him, waited outside while he bargained for a month's supply for camp in a butcher shop, and trailed along behind when he emerged.

From place to place he went, Dawn behind him in the flying snow and when she had been following so for half an hour, her eyes alert for others who might be watching Elliott, another fell into the train ahead of her. She saw this man step from a store entrance and follow Ben. She hastened to be close and not until she was abreast of him did she recognize John Martin, whom she had seen but once before. He did not turn his head and she dropped back. She had no doubts of his loyalty from what Ben had told her of his bookkeeper.

When Elliott went into the drug store she stood out of the light from the building and noted that also Martin loitered near. When Ben reappeared, Martin followed. . . .

For the better part of an hour this double stalking continued while the snow fell thicker and then Elliott turned into a side street and made the next turn into the alley where he had left his team.

Two figures followed him, hastening a bit as he disappeared into the gloom. Martin followed Ben, as Dawn trailed both.

And then, as Elliott drew close and spoke gruffly to his horses, another shadowy figure appeared: it was only a blur in the shadows, crouched and stealthy. The figure swept forward; an arm drew back and upward; it struck and with a muffled grunt Ben Elliott turned, falling sideways and backward under the impact of a blow.

Another voice lifted then in a sharp cry as John Martin ran forward and the indistinct figure which was poised over Elliott, about to strike again, turned, hesitated, whirled and fled.

"What is it, son?" Martin cried as he dropped to his knees beside Ben. Before a reply could come Dawn was there, moaning his name over and over.

"Knife!" Ben gasped. "In the neck . . . here . . ."

John Martin unbuttoned Elliott's thick jacket, ripped open the shirt and his fingers encountered a warm, sticky gush as he thrust them across the back.

"Knifed you! . . . Ah, son!"

Dawn peered close into the bearded man's face as though fearful of what he might say next.

"We've got to get him somewhere right away," Martin muttered. "Got to. . . . It's bad."

"My house is just around the corner!" she cried. "Bring him there. . . . Oh, hurry!"

Together they lifted Ben to his feet. His teeth ground shut to keep back the moans. He was sick and weak with pain. He could feel blood smearing over his side and back. He sagged against Martin as the man supported him.

"Tough, Dawn . . . to get you mixed up . . . in a mess. . ."

"Hurry!" she said. "He's so weak!"

He was weak, indeed. With their arms about his body for support, they moved through the snow. Elliott felt Dawn close to him and closed his eyes almost happily. He struggled to help himself so he would not burden her, but he stumbled and nearly fell and another gush of blood bathed his body. After ages of effort and pain a glare seemed to be all about, warm breath fanned his face . . . and Aunt Em, standing in the doorway, was saying sharply:

"In here. . . . Your room, Dawn. . . I'll phone the doctor."

Emory Sweet worked rapidly, once there. "Deep!" he muttered. "Gad, what a blow. Missed the jugular by a hair."

The wound was only a slender slit in the skin but the blade had been driven deep, indeed, and the blood that flowed from it had drawn the bronze from Elliott's face, the strength from the splendid muscles that lay relaxed now beneath clear skin.

"Now!" said the physician when Ben finally lay back on Dawn's pillow, breathing shallowly, eyes closed. "I guess he'll be all right in a few days. . . But what an escape!" He shrugged.

Sweet looked at John Martin, then. The doctor's brows drew a bit, he seemed to lean forward and blinked slowly, incredulously. Then Martin moved and the other relaxed. Still, his expression was one of startled speculation.

"Yes, a close shave," Martin muttered under his breath. "But now . . . He's in the best possible place in the world."

The doctor began gathering his instruments. Martin stood staring at Ben in deep thought. Then his right hand went to the lobe of his left ear and tugged slowly in that characteristic gesture. He did not observe Emma Coburn standing in the doorway. He

"Knife!" Ben Gasped.

did not look at her until the woman gasped. It was a light, light gasp; so light that Emory Sweet did not hear. But Martin heard and turned and stood as though frozen in the posture. Aunt Em's head was held rigidly back, one hand pressed against a cheek.

Quickly, Martin's finger went against his lips in a sealing gesture. He held so an instant and then slowly shook his head, a movement of unmistakable warning.

Dawn entered the hallway from the living room and these two relaxed from the rigidity of their strange pantomime. Em bustled out into the kitchen and Martin smoothed the covers of Elliott's bed with a hand that trembled slightly.

"Now, the boy's going to be all right," the doctor said. "I'll look in tomorrow. Quiet is going to be essential for a few days. You two women all right?"

A close observer might have noticed that Aunt Em's eyes were oddly averted from John Martin's searching gaze and that her breathing was quick.

"Why, it might be handy to have a man in the house tonight," she said evenly enough. "I'm . . . I'm wondering if Mr Martin would stay. He could sleep on the couch in the living room."

"I'd be glad to," the man said and cleared his throat sharply. "There might be something I could do . . for you."

He had looked at Dawn on this last and it seemed that his voice caught ever so slightly.

So it was arranged that he should stay through the night and the doctor left.

Aunt Em carried the light out of the sick room and placed it on a table in the hall. She bustled here and there occupied with a variety of minor errands and finally drove Dawn to bed despite the girl's protests of sleeplessness.

Alone, she fixed blankets on the living room couch while Martin sat in the darkened bedroom. That done, she beckoned to him from the hallway.

They confronted one another there a long moment. The woman's face worked queerly and she seemed at a loss for words.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—arrives at the lumbering town of Tincup, with Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence, trying to force him to leave, and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Judge Able Armitage hires him to run the one lumber camp, the Hoot Owl, that Brandon has not been able to grab. This belongs to Dawn McManus, whose father has disappeared with a murder charge hanging over his head. Brandon sends Duval to beat up Ben, and Ben throws him out of camp. Don Stuart dies, leaving a letter for Elliott "to be used when the going becomes too tough." Ben refuses to open the letter, believing he can win the fight by his own efforts. Fire breaks out in the mill. Ben, when the flames are subdued, discovers it was started with gasoline. Elliott gets an offer for logs, that will provide money to tide him over. But a definite time is set. Ben discovers Dawn McManus is not a child, as he had supposed, but a beautiful young woman. The railroad bridge over which the Hoot Owl lumber must pass is blown up. By superhuman efforts Ben builds a new bridge and himself drives the train over the rickety structure to Tincup, making the delivery with only a few minutes to spare. Brandon compels a woman (known as "Lydia") who is in his power, to accuse Elliott of misconduct with a girl. At a dance to which Elliott escorts Dawn, Lydia makes public her charges. Overwhelmed, Elliott can only make a feeble denial. Dawn, apparently believing him guilty, leaves the dance without waiting for him. While in the woods, Elliott is fired on, and drops, seemingly dead, but his fall has been a ruse to make his enemy believe him dead. The would-be killer is proved to be Red Bart Delaney, notorious desperado. "Aunt Emma," Dawn's closest friend, prevails on the woman Lydia to acknowledge the falsity of her accusation.

Once England's Nazareth

The Shrine of Our Lady at Walsingham, England, is where Henry VIII walked barefoot as a pilgrim. In a few years the ruler destroyed the Priory, confiscated the lands and treasuries, burnt the shrine and executed five of the Priory canons for treason. Another shrine was built in the Slipper chapel, so named because in ancient days pilgrims removed their shoes when visiting it. Walsingham once was England's Nazareth, which brought it immense fame. It was founded about 1061. Like Lourdes, it had its holy wells, and became famous for the many miracles which were believed to have been wrought there.

The Baby's Faculties

The ages when certain faculties first appear in average infants and children vary considerably. Memory and simple consciousness come soon after birth, curiosity at about ten weeks, the senses of shame, remorse and the ludicrous at fifteen months, self-consciousness at three years, the color sense at four years and the sense of fragrance at five years.—Collier's Weekly.

Shoppers Seek Personality Styles

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

A "PLUMP, fair and forty" lady who is "all dressed up" in a kittenish, flapperish way—youth clad in fashions sophisticated beyond its years—colors that make blonds look anemic and ashen or tones and tints that cause brunettes to lose glamour—hats with impossible head sizes, too little for the unbobbed, too big for shorn locks—well, what of it, why paint so crude, so unkind a picture?

Merely by way of contrast, dear reader, for the new spring and summer fashions are a direct denial to everything we have said in the foregoing paragraph. What is actually happening is that our fashion experts have sensed the need of gently, firmly and subtly leading women in the direction they should go in the fine art of dress. Which is why we are hearing so much these days in regard to the outstanding importance of personality fashions.

Among our modern fashion educators personality in dress ranks as a theme of major importance. Have you not noticed the signs of the times yourself? The courtesy and class-you-at-a-glance manner with which you are ushered to this or that specialized department the moment you step foot in a fashion emporium?

This is, indeed, a happy era which is dawning for shoppers in that dress-designers and coat and suit makers have become that personality-conscious they are making it their goal to create fashions that will tune perfectly to each and everybody's particular type. The modes here pictured are an outgrowth of this noble endeavor. They silence the lament of the middle-aged and matron who for years have been voicing complaint that they are not having a "fair deal" when it comes to clothes they "can wear," and that all the attention is concentrated on ingenue type. Here they are right before your very eyes, fashions that couldn't possibly be more perfectly tuned to the needs and demands of gentlewomen who have graduated into the alumnae of fashion's smart set.

These stunning models for the up-to-the-moment-in-style matron were selected for our illustration from among a galaxy of fascinating styles as shown during a "personality fashions" revue which the Chicago wholesale market council presented at a midwest conference gala dinner. The fashion themes included clothes for the youthful matron, for matrons more advanced, for slender girlish ingenue types, for the larger young woman, for the outdoor and sports girl; for tall blond types and for medium-tall brunettes. The moral to this story on personality fashions is, if while en tour in the shops fashion-seeking you do not see what you want, ask for it. It's there tuned to your individuality, simply awaiting your call.

Describing the trio of fashionable costumes for the matron as here pictured, the model to the left is a travel and street outfit especially designed for the youthful matron. It is tailored of a brown and white "broken-check" tweed in standard English cut. It may be worn equally well with dark or light accessories.

The street ensemble to the right of navy and white print silk with check sheer redingote coat is designed along simple slenderizing lines. The sailor hat adds charm.

Centered in the group is an ultra chic ensemble for the mature woman to wear to afternoon club functions or smart country club affairs. It is fashioned of a white sheer material with white and black stripe trimming.

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FITTED VANITIES VERY CONVENIENT

The vanity bag has been revived and is one of the most important affairs that has been seen in a good many moons.

The new ones know a new practicability. In the first place they have been made to a great extent by people who understand vanity—the cosmeticians. They have known what to include. Not only have they done a good job at making them practical, but they have seen that they have that other important requisite, which is beauty.

They are fashioned of velvet, of lame, of fine kidskin, of lovely silks, and even of metals. Their colors are almost unlimited, but women are usually careful, or should be, that they choose a color that will go with all party frocks. They may have a one or two sided opening, and usually hold purse, change purse, cigaret case, comb, lipstick, rouge and powder.

Jacket Lengths Will Vary; Suits Are to Fit Easily

There is a softness in the air that prepares one for the spectacle of spring clothes. Necklines are bowed, frilled, or softened, and even with classic tailleur, which is always chosen by certain types, a jabot or some other softening touch is suggested for the blouse. It is also advisable to have the blouse contrast. Even in the case of linen this idea is carried out.

With the usual exceptions, loose fitting lines prevail in the suit collections for spring, 1935. Jacket lengths vary to some degree, and so do their types.

Coat Dresses Smart

Coat dresses of black, navy blue or pepper-and-salt wools, cut on slender lines and finished with white pique collars in the form of petals or stylized flowers, are an outstanding spring fashion.

BEAUTY HINTS

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

The smartest women in this country as well as abroad are wearing vivid nail polish with lipstick to match. Reports from Paris and St. Moritz say that the really chic women there are matching theirs in red and yellowish red shades. Trick effects such as metallic combinations and odd color schemes have disappeared. The most fashionable colors are coral, cardinal, ruby and the "natural" which is the lightest of the yellow reds. Most Parisian beauticians prefer to cover the entire nail with polish instead of outlining the moon and tip. Some fashionable New Yorkers follow this mode, while others prefer the trim look which white moons and tips achieve. The young woman pictured has that look of distinction which perfect grooming always gives. She appreciates the enhancement which artfully colored lips and fingertips add to a chic ensemble. Notice the costume jewelry set which she is wearing. It includes a clip on her stitched crepe hat with a duplicate clip at her throat and a bracelet to match.

LESSON IN TRADE COSTS

Here is a story of Japanese competition: A pawnbroker in Bavaria in the Dutch East Indies accepted a new bicycle as a pledge and then found himself besieged with young men bringing him new bicycles to pawn. Inquiry showed that the price he was giving for bicycles in pawn was 40 per cent higher than the price charged by the Japanese for selling them new.—London New Statesmen.

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

Requiem

"When he died what did he leave his wife?"

"A very happy woman."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong. No alcohol. Sold by druggists in tablets or liquid.—Adv.

First Requisite

One has to be pretty comfortable to philosophize.

FERRY'S PUREBRED FLOWER SEEDS

make your garden A SHOW-PLACE

YOU may be sure your garden will be a real show-place if you plant Ferry's Purebred Flower Seeds. Like produces like, and Ferry's Seeds are selected from perfect plants whose forebears, generation after generation, have produced flowers of remarkable size and color. The Ferry Seed Display Box will help you to choose your favorite varieties.

YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD STORE SELLS THEM IN FRESH DATED PACKETS —MANY ONLY 5¢

Can't Be Otherwise

In war, heroism and brutality go hand in hand.

Twice Cardui Helped

"I was in a run-down condition, very irregular and had cramps and nervousness," writes Mrs. Albert Pike, of R.F.D. 5, St. Joseph, Mo. "When one has a home and children to look after, and the work on a farm, a woman will worry if she feels bad—and I surely worried. I decided to take Cardui again, as it had helped me one time. It also helped me this time. I never have a bad day when using Cardui."

There are many cases like this. Thousands of women testify Cardui benefited them. If it does not benefit YOU, consult a physician.

A STRENGTH BUILDER

"I had stomach disorder, indigestion, gassy condition after eating, and felt weak and too tired to do much work," said G. T. Boarman of 340 McLean Ave. S. W., Washington, D. C. "But Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery soon corrected all this weakness leaving me with improved digestion. I soon picked up in weight, strength and health."

New size, tablets 50 cts., liquid $1.00. Large size, tabs. or liquid, $1.35. All druggists.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff-Stops Hair Falling

Imparts Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair

60c and $1.00 at Druggists.

Hiscox Chem. Wks. Patchogue, N. Y.

FLORESTON SHAMPOO—Ideal for use in connection with Parker's Hair Balsam. Makes the hair soft and fluffy. 50 cents by mail or at druggists. Hiscox Chemical Works, Patchogue, N. Y.

HELP KIDNEYS

IF your kidneys function badly and you have a lame, aching back, with attacks of dizziness, burning, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen feet and ankles, rheumatic pains . . . use *Doan's Pills*.

Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. Millions of boxes are used every year. They are recommended the country over. *Ask your neighbor!*

DOAN'S PILLS

CLASSIFIED ADS

PIPE SMOKERS

New kind of pipe cleaners "White Carnation." Sample 15c; 3 dozen $1.00. B. F. Burgoyne, 622 Ferry St., New Haven, Conn.

Demonstrate Utilito-Sprayer, Whitewasher, Autowasher, Disinfecter. Davis took 24 orders in 24 hours. Profit $84. Money maker. Write Rusler Incorporated, Johnstown, O.