

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

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WNU Service.

CHAPTER XII—Continued

"What shall I say?" she asked, in a whisper.
"Nothing," the man replied. "There is nothing at all to be said . . . is there?"
"Oh, you gave me such a start!"
"You're the first one. . . I'm . . . I'm too full of things to talk, now, Emma."

He made an odd gesture toward the wall and looked about.
"We're in the upstairs front room if we're needed," she said. "Is . . . Is there anything you need yourself?"
He did not reply for a moment. Then, heavily:
"Yes. . . Your help, likely. . . A little later. . ."

The woman did a strange thing, then. She snatched up her apron and pressed it tightly against her eyes.
"She didn't remember!" she sobbed. ". . . Oh, what'll happen in this house next!"

"I wonder," Martin muttered. "Yes. . . I wonder!"

She left him, and he moved almost hesitatingly into the living room. He stood a long time just within the threshold and then went slowly about, from picture to table, from book shelf to mantel, hands in his coat pockets. Before this old photograph he stood for a long interval; beside that worn rocker he remained with bowed head, as one might who is suffering . . . or worshipping. When he approached the couch where he was to sleep that night his legs seemed to fail and he half fell, half slumped to his knees. He let his face down to the blankets and his fingers clutched them, gripping, gripping until the knuckles showed white. . . And a great, shuddering moan slipped from his deep chest.

Grimly, Bird-Eye Blaine prowled Tincup that night. He had let John Martin out as he drove through the main street; then proceeded to a livery barn where he stabled his team.

On the way he had sighted Ben Elliott but later, although he took up a position before the post office and watched passers on either side of the street carefully, he did not see him. He began making inquiries and found that Elliott had been about town but evidently Blaine was always some little time behind him.

Falling thus, he went to locate Ben's team and stood in the swirling snow waiting. Stores closed. The aura of light which their frosted windows had thrown into the storm became fainter as one by one they went dark. Bird-Eye chewed and stamped to keep warm and watched and listened. And after a long hour's vigil proved fruitless he moved aimlessly away, along down the alley.

At the rear of Joe Piette's hotel he watched movement through a lighted window which gave into a back entry. A man was there, closing an inside stairway door behind him. He turned and buttoned his mackinaw with hasty movements and Blaine drew back into the shadows. The man within was Red Bart Delaney. . . The door opened; the man stepped out. He crossed between Bird-Eye and the lights, carrying snowshoes. Blaine followed as the other went swiftly down the alley and then struck out past the depot toward the tracks.

"Well, now!" Bird-Eye muttered to himself. "Saints . . . Why all this rush, I'm wonderin'!"
A chill which had nothing to do with the temperature of the night struck through him. Red Bart, fleeing town? Surely, he went as a frightened man might go. . . Or as one whose errand is completed.

Out into the street, then, went the Irishman, and into the pool room.
"Has anybody here seen Mister Elliott?" he asked loudly and men looked up from their games at the query. Yes, this man had, two hours ago; the butcher had talked to him at about eight. . . None other. To the dance hall, next, and his queries were repeated. Then hastily back to see Ben's team still standing patiently in the deepening snow, past Dawn McManus' house to find only a faint light in the hallway, and from there to Able Armitage's at a run.

Had the judge seen Ben Elliott? He had not; and excitedly Blaine explained his empty search, the hasty departure of Red Bart, the neglected team.
Able dressed and they went out together, searching the town, inquiring of late passers.

"Somebody's happened!" Bird-Eye declared. "Somebody's went wrong with the by, Able! We can't find out what it is until mornin'." Then, believe me, we'll have help a-plenty!"
"How so?"

"Lave us to me, Able!"
Through the night, ten minutes later, a team went swiftly westward. They left town at a gallop; they breathed high drifts across the way in frantic plunges, came to a blowing stop at the Hoot Owl barn. A moment later Tim Jeffers sat up and in sleepy bewilderment fought off the man who shook him and demanded that he wake up and listen.

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The storm subsided before sunrise.

It was a vast, rolling country, and across it, from Hoot Owl toward Tincup, went teams. Five of them formed a sort of procession, drawing logging sleighs. Across the bunks planks had been placed and on the planks stood and sat men; they were silent men, who drew on cold pipes, whose faces were set and grim whose eyes betrayed excitement. The Hoot Owl crew, this, following Tim Jeffers and Bird-Eye Blaine to Tincup to solve a mystery.

In an orderly manner they left the sleighs and stood in groups while teamsters unhitched and led their horses into a livery barn.
Able Armitage came hurrying and he, alone, was welcome in that phalanx of intent men. Others of the town saw him gesticulate as he talked with Jeffers and Blaine, saw him shake his head and spread his hands as one will who has no answer for a pressing question.

Old Tim turned to the crews and motioned them to him. The men gathered close and listened while he spoke briefly. Then the compact huddle broke, Jeffers emerged and started for the main street, that body of shabby boys falling in to move shoulder to shoulder behind him.

It was a strange spectacle, for that peaceful Sunday morning! Doors were opened; men and women peered out. Then they emerged and stood to watch. Now and then one hailed an acquaintance in the marching company but none replied to such greeting. Hastily caps and coats were donned and along the sidewalks followed a growing crowd of the curious.

The breath vapor of the men rose in a cloud. No other spoke. Far down the street a small boy yipped excitedly, across the way two women were muttering to one another, flinching quick, excited questions, disclaiming knowledge for fitting responses.

They swung into the main street, old Tim wallowing in the long drift at the corner, his men tramping it down behind him. On down past Able's once, past the pool room and then, without a word of signal they halted. . . . The halt was before the bank, over which Nicholas Brandon had his offices and his living rooms.

The silence as they stood, every one of the hundred faces upraised to those windows with the lettering which proclaimed the tenant, was portentous. And then Tim lifted his clear, strong voice.

"Brandon!" he shouted. "Nick Brandon!"
"Brandon!" Tim shouted again and his men stirred behind him, swayed, giving up a low, short mutter.

"Come out, Nick!" a teamster shouted, voice thick with repressed excitement. "Ay, come out!" another cried. Movement, then, where they had expected movement. Up above a face appeared in a window. Nicholas Brandon looked down upon them. They could see his lips compress as he discerned that crowd.

"Come down, Brandon!"
This was Tim again, his voice edged with sharpness, as he might speak to a rebellious man of his crew.
Brandon moved and threw up the sash.

"What do you men want?" he demanded sharply, in the tone of one who has been long accustomed to make demands.
"We want Den Elliott!" Jeffers answered.

"Elliott? He isn't here. What would he be doing here? What could I know of him?"
A mumble, a stirring behind Tim. "We want him. We want you to help us find him!"
"You're d—n right!" . . . "Tell us you skunk!" . . . "Show him to us or we'll wreck your whole blame town!"

Tim held up a silencing hand against this outbreak. Then he address Brandon.
"Elliott came to town last night. He hasn't been seen since. His team was found where he left it. There's only one man in town who'd have an object in getting him out of the way. We've come to that man; to you, Brandon. We want Elliott!"
Brandon's lips writhed.

"I tell you, I know nothing—" He slammed down the sash and cut the rest of his sentence from their hearing so those men did not know that his voice broke sharply as panic laid its hold on him.

He turned his back deliberately to the window. Then, in frantic lunges he reached the telephone and rang the bell.
"Give me the jail!" he said excitedly. "Quick! The jail!"

Outside a growing, mounting roar sounded, like the voice of an approaching wind. Then came a sharp shout; a loud curse. Then quick silence again as Tim Jeffers reasserted his leadership and demanded that they move only as a unit. But this order prevailed for a brief moment.

"Smash in the door; it's locked!" someone cried. "Take him until he gives Ben up!"
"Good boy!"

The ball of ice, cast in the street from some horse's foot, now picked up and flung stoutly, crashed through an office window.

Brandon covered as a yell of approval went up, and pressed his face close to the telephone.

"Hickens? . . . Art! This Brandon! There's a mob out here and—"

"I've seen it!" The sheriff's voice trembled. "I saw 'em come in. I don't know what—"

"Get down here, then, and be quick about it! Get down here and scatter them!"

Brandon waited for the ready acquiescence which always had come from the men he had made, from officers of the law and judges and public officials both high and low.

"Are you there?" he demanded sharply as a shrill yip came from the street.

"Yes, Mr. Brandon. I hear you but . . . But what d'you expect me to do against a mob alone? I—"

"Alone! You're sheriff, you fool! You've the law behind you! Bring a gun and hurry!"
"But that crowd, Nick! Why, they're the best men in the north. They'd tear me to ribbons! They're good men and they're mad. You better get out the back way if you can!"

With an oath Brandon flung the receiver from him as another window pane exploded to fragments. Abandoned to that muttering mob, and by a man whose political career he had shaped with his own hands! From a safe vantage point he looked out. A half dozen men were pulling at a sign post. The street was filling with people; his people, his employees. They were wide-eyed, excited, and he saw a dozen of them, men who had whined and groveled before him, laugh and jeer as another missile splattered on the bricks outside.

He ran down the hallway and looked out a window in the rear. A grim guard of three men stood there, ready and waiting for him to attempt flight that way.

He went into his sleeping chamber and took down a rifle from its rack on a pair of antlers. He threw open the chamber but it was empty. He jerked open a dresser drawer and pawed through it in a fruitless search for cartridges, cursing because he found none. His breath was ragged as he threw the rifle on the bed and rumbled his hair wildly.

"Bring Elliott out!" "Show us Ben!" "Get a rail!" These and other terrifying cries stood out above the constant mutter of the mob.

Brandon rushed back to the front office and waved his arms for silence as he stood in the shattered glass of his window, but the sight of him only provoked hoots and jeers which were forerunners of a great billow of savage, snarling rage.

The men were having trouble with the sign post. He heard the stair door tried and a voice called: "Hustle with that post!"
Coming! They were coming in to get him!

He could not satisfy them! He did not know where Elliott was. Last night Delaney had promised to try again but he had not come to report, though Brandon had waited late. And now the crowd was howling for Elliott; lacking Elliott, they would take him.
He covered his face with his hands, tried to stop his ears. In those menacing cries he heard the knell of this reign. For years he had ruled by the force of his will and now that force was not enough. Bit by bit, Ben Elliott had caught the fancy of the country and now, with that group of stout men as a rallying point, the entire town was setting up a demand for the

missing Elliott. They wanted Ben Elliott. They would have Ben Elliott.
"Go home!" he screamed and waved his arms, standing close to a broken window. "Clear out, you! . . . Fair warning, I'm giving!"

But his words were drowned in a great yell. Men came lugging that post across the street while Tim Jeffers hastened toward them with gestures of protest.

"Hold your heads, now! Give us Hoot Owl boys a chance. We'll get what we come for or we'll take Tincup apart. But no destroyin' of property until everything else fails!"

His will prevailed a moment. He lifted his face to Brandon.

"We mean business. Will you come out and show us Ben or must we come and get you? We won't wait much longer."

An opening, there, a chance to delay.
"Coming!" Brandon croaked. "I'm coming!"

A gratified mutter went up from the crowd and burst into shrill words. Coming? Like the devil, he would go! He was ransacking drawers, now,



He Could Not Satisfy Them.

dumping their contents on the floor in his frantic search for rifle cartridges that should be there.

The noise outside increased; more people were coming to join the crowd. It seemed as though the whole town must be there.

He sought a key for a locked trunk and could not find it. He tried several but his hands shook so that he might have failed to make the proper one operate, even had he found it.

Again Jeffers' voice, demanding his presence, came out of a strange silence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Origin of Domestic Dog

Mystery, Authority Says
Cloaked in mystery is origin of the domestic dog. Those who question the genesis at all are likely to accept the belief that the wolf was the common ancestor of all breeds, but there is much evidence to upset this theory, asserts P. F. Ricketts, in the Detroit News.

Dogs may be divided into two types—the wolf (lupine) group which has erect ears and hunts by sight, and the hound (saluki) group which has drop ears and follows its prey by scent. It is hard to believe that this latter group descended from a wolf, because its type, temperament and general conformation forbid it.

Also, there is earlier evidence of the existence of the hound (saluki) type, than of the wolf (lupine) group. Cuneiform inscriptions and bas-reliefs of remote years show salukis strikingly like the modern Whippet. In these same portrayals, a strong dog, similar to the British Mastiff, is shown. This brings up the question of a third type.

It becomes necessary, then, to search for a more remote ancestor than either the wolf or saluki. Far back in prehistoric times, a dog must have existed which was the tap root of the whole "genus canis," although no direct evidence has been found to bear out the theory.

Until such time as naturalists discover the connecting link between the lupine and saluki types, we must be content to let our fancies play with the possibility of a common ancestor for all domestic dogs.

Vessels That Disappeared

The following is a list of missing vessels of which the navy has a record, together with the dates of their disappearance: Reprisal, 1777; General Gates, 1777; Saratoga, 1781; Argonaut, 1800; Pickering, 1800; Hamilton, 1813; Wasp III, 1814; Epervier, 1815; Lynx, 1821; Wildcat, 1829; Hornet, 1829; Sylph II, 1830; Sea Gull, 1839; Grampus, 1843; Jefferson, 1850; Albany I, 1854; Levant II, 1860; Tug Nina, 1910; Cyclops, 1918; Conestoga, 1921; Kobenhavn, 1928. In addition there are the Flying Dutchman and the Marie Celeste, 1872.—Washington Star.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

By REV. P. E. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago. © Western Newspaper Union.

Lesson for May 12 THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

LESSON TEXT—Ephesians 4:1-7, 11-14; Acts 2:41-45.
GOLDEN TEXT—So we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every member one of another.—Romans 12:5.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Going to God's House.
JUNIOR TOPIC—What a Church Is.
INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What the Church Is For.
YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—The Nature and Work of the Church.

I. What It Is (Eph. 3:3-6).

It is the body of redeemed men and women of Jews and Gentiles called out from the world, regenerated and united to Jesus Christ as head and to each other by the Holy Spirit (I Cor. 12:13).

1. It was unknown in Old Testament times (Eph. 3:5, 6).

2. It was predicted by Christ (Matt. 16:18). Shortly before Christ went to the cross he spoke of the Church as still in the future. He said, "I will build my church."

3. It came into being at Pentecost (Acts 2).

II. Christ Is the Head of the Church (Eph. 1:22, 23).

Jesus Christ is to the Church what the head is to the human body. He is so vitally its head as to direct all its activities.

III. The Unity of the Church (Eph. 4:4-6).

Having in verses 1-3 of this chapter set forth the virtues necessary for the realization and maintenance of unity in the Church, in verses 4-6 he sets down the fundamental unities which make unity of the body.

1. One body (v. 4). Since all believers have been united to Christ by faith, they are members of the one body of which he is the head.

2. One Spirit (v. 4). This is the Holy Spirit. He is the agent in regeneration and the baptizer into the one body and is the animating life uniting the believers to Christ and to one another.

3. One hope (v. 4). Completed redemption at the coming of the Lord is the Christian's hope.

4. One Lord (v. 5). The one ruler of the Church is the Lord Jesus Christ.

5. One faith (v. 5). This faith is the one doctrine which centers in Christ and the one instrument which unites the believer to Christ.

6. One baptism (v. 5). This means the baptism of the Holy Spirit—that sovereign act of the Spirit which unites believers to Jesus Christ as head and to each other as members of his body.

7. One God and Father of all (v. 6). This is the almighty Creator and Sustainer of the universe.

IV. How the Church Grows (Eph. 4:11-16).

It is through the ministry of certain officials having the gifts of the Spirit.

1. Gifts bestowed upon the Church (v. 11).

a. Apostles. These were appointed by Christ to superintend the preaching of the gospel in all the world and the creation of an authoritative body of teaching, the Scriptures.

b. Prophets. These ministers were given for the expounding of the Scriptures.

c. Evangelists. These seem to have been traveling missionaries.

d. Pastors and teachers. The pastor was a shepherd-teacher, the two functions inherent in the one office.

2. The object of the ministry of the Church (v. 12).

a. "Perfecting of the saints." Perfecting means the mending of that which has been rent; the adjusting of something dislocated.

b. "For the work of the ministry" (v. 12). The perfecting of the saints has as its object the qualification to render efficient service.

c. "Edifying of the body of Christ." Edify means to build up.

3. The duration of the Church's ministry (v. 13). It is to continue until a. There is unity of faith.
b. We come into the knowledge of the Son of God. Unity of faith can only be realized when the members of the Church come to know Jesus Christ as the very Son of God.
c. A perfect man, which is the measure of the stature of Christ.

4. The blessed issue of the ministry of the Church (vv. 14-16).

a. Not tossed to and fro and carried about by every wind of doctrine (v. 14). Knowledge of Christ as the very Son of God is the sure defense against the efforts of cunning men.
b. Speaking the truth in love (vv. 15, 16). Holding the truth of Jesus Christ as the Son of God in the spirit of sincerity and love will issue in the symmetrical development of believers, causing them to grow up in him as head.

CHECK EROSION, TO SAVE MONEY

Preservation of Soil Means Lower Taxes.
A taxpaying farmer saves twice when he controls erosion. He saves his basic capital, the soil. And he—and his neighbors also—save as taxpayers, says H. S. Riesbol, United States Department of Agriculture engineer.

When rain falls on a farm the water is an individual farm problem as long as it stays on that farm. The farmer may contrive to save it for his crops or he may let it rob him of his soil by sheet erosion or cut his farm land to pieces by gullying.

But when the water leaves the farm it begins to boost taxes for public works. When a farmer controls erosion, whether by terracing, by planting cover crops, or by strip cropping, he reduces both the quantity of water and the sediment that enters the streams. Also the water that escapes does so at a less rapid rate. Small streams do not flood so quickly or rise so high if the watershed is protected from erosion.

Culverts and bridges, then, says Riesbol, need not be so large and expensive. If erosion is controlled, the streams are not so muddy and there is less expense in making water fit for municipal water supply or for irrigation. Reservoirs, often expensive structures, do not fill with silt so quickly.

Erosion control, Mr. Riesbol says, is still too new to have had much effect in making possible many notable economies in public works. Individual farmers have protected their fields, but it is only in the year or two that there have been organized demonstrations of what erosion control can do when applied to all or most of the land in a small watershed. This is the type of work, says Mr. Riesbol, which the civil engineers need to watch and study so that they will be ready to take advantage of the economies that will be possible as a result of checking the run-off of water and the waste of soil.

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DEBT TO SCIENCE

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QUIET THOUGHTS

Every man is worth just so much as the things are worth about which he bustles himself.—Marcus Aurelius.

People glorify all sorts of bravery except the bravery they might show on behalf of their nearest neighbors.—George Eliot.

What St. Paul wrote to the Christians in Rome nearly two thousand years ago is as true today as ever it was. There is "peace in believing."