



THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Elliott—from some distance his entry into the town of Tincup by the Duke, a town bully, in a low-birded airplane. Elliott has brought along with him a man, Don Stuart, who had been known in the town's leading citizen, and who had been a frequent visitor to Stuart's residence. He had come to see Elliott and Elliott's friend, the Duke, who had been arrested.

CHAPTER II.—Elliott finds a friend, Able Armitage, to whom he had been introduced by the Duke. He had heard it was a tough town. The Duke hires him to the lumber camp, the Hoot Owl. This belongs to Dawn McManus, daughter of Brandon's old man, who has disappeared with a charge hanging over his head.

CHAPTER III.—Brandon accuses Able of being a spy, and Elliott is forced to beat up Ben, and Ben is taken to a fast flight and thrown out of camp. Old Don Stuart leaves a letter for Elliott, to be read when the going becomes too rough. Ben refuses to open the letter at this time, believing he can win the fight by his own efforts.

CHAPTER IV.—Fire breaks out in the mill. Ben, leading the victorious team, is again in the flames that threaten to win the fight for Brandon. He saves the fire, but the incendiary has safely away.

CHAPTER V.—The Hoot Owl gets a lot of spot cash for bird's-eye and bird's-eye logs, that will be used to tide it over. But on a certain time limit on the logs. While trailing a suspicious man, Ben meets Dawn McManus, the first time—and discovers she is a child, as he had supposed, a beautiful young woman.

CHAPTER VI.

The new piston head for the locomotive I and Elliott was at the mill when the train bearing it pulled. More, he was close beside the engine when it halted and carried himself to his waiting sleigh. The engine logs were ready to come to the siding. Standard cars had set off at Hoot Owl that day. To

Holbrook limped out and Brandon, alone, puffed for a time on his cigar. Next, he opened a lower drawer and drew out a bottle of whisky. Only one drink remained in it. He frowned. A year ago he had procured that liquor; for nearly twelve months it had been scarcely touched. But since the night that old Don Stuart died its contents had been drawn upon frequently. His hands shook a bit as he lifted the bottle to his lips, now, but after drinking new strength began to surge through his body and he smiled. He looked at his watch after a time and then out into the street. After a time he rose and walked to the wall telephone.

"Give me Miss Coburn's house, will you?" he asked the operator. "Hello! Miss Co— Ah, Dawn! Its Uncle Nick talking. Want to go to the movie tonight?"

She seemed to hesitate and he tilted his head sharply. Lips parted. Then her voice came.

"It's nice of you to think of me, Mr. Brandon. But I don't think I care to go with you tonight."

"Oh, sorry," he said genially enough but his brows gathered. "Another time, then."

"Perhaps."

Her receiver clicked up and he turned away from the instrument scowling thoughtfully.

"Mister Brandon, eh?" he said, softly. "And . . . No excuse . . . Well!"

The last word was spoken with a snap, as though a chapter were closed. He paced the floor slowly. He was brooding, planning, and by the look on his face it was evident that he planned good for no man . . . except, possibly Nicholas Brandon.

Perhaps he was thinking of the matter that was to confront Ben Elliott within twenty-four hours.

Tant young man was in high feather as the crew came in to supper. His locomotive had started the standard cars up from Hoot Owl before daylight and the veneer logs scattered along the steel had commenced going up at once.

Able had come driving out from town in mid-afternoon. Dawn beaded him, and with an added thrill because of her presence Ben directed the loading of the last car, conscious that the girl's eyes were often on him with an expression which belied her apparent indifference when he tried to engage her conversation.

It was dark when the jammer man swung the last log into place and toggles were made fast. Able and Dawn rode with Ben in the locomotive as they trundled down the track to camp. "You boys have had a long day," Ben said to the engineer and fireman. "It won't get any darker. You eat your suppers here and we'll run 'em in this evening."

He turned to Able.

"Our contract calls for delivery in time to meet the local. She's been coming through a little before eight in the morning. Want to take no chance of having this stuff held up now. That would be a tough break!"

The engine crew had been fussing with a suspected draw bar and did not enter the cook shanty until most of the others had left. Soon afterward the door opened again and Blackmore came in.

"How near are you ready to deliver?" he asked Elliott with a worried frown.

"As soon as the boys there, stoke their own boilers!" Ben replied lightly.

"Sure you can make it?"

"As sure as a man can be."

"I sure hope so, Ben. Guess you know by now that I'm pulling for you in this scrap. But I've got to hold you to your contract. To the hour and letter of it. Your friend Brandon has wired into the house, it seems, offering any quantity of veneer stuff up to seventy thousand at ten dollars less than your contract calls for. Here's a wire."—shaking a telegram—"ordering me to hold you to your agreement and if you're late or short on scale to have Brandon load tomorrow. It's out of my hands, you see."

Ben's mouth tightened.

"Well, it happens, we've ducked from under our genial friend Brandon again. Yeah, we'll whp-saw Mr. Nick Brandon!"

Blackmore grinned and unbuttoned his coat. He chuckled. He was glad. He was on Ben's side for certain, and as he lit his pipe and commenced to talk, with an easing in his manner, a triumphant sort of peace descended on the shanty.

But even as they visited, a slender figure, moving through the darkness with a slight limp, followed the Hoot Owl steel up the long grade that climbed from the siding. From the crest of this grade the steel pitched sharply northward into the narrow valley of the river where alders and willows showed black, now, against the snow on either side of the stream.

On the trestle this figure stood still a long interval, listening for sounds in the cold quiet. Then he dropped down the bank of the stream to where the crib work of the trestle stood, stoutly

footed beneath the muck and water. For many minutes he was there, grunting occasionally, and when he climbed the bank again he trailed something carefully behind . . . Across the bridge, now, he went, after more listening, and down again beneath the north end of the trestle. More grunting, pushing in the snow, hard prodding with a short steel bar. . . . And up again, trailing something carefully once more.

Next, the man lit a cigarette, shielded the flame of the match in cupped hands and after the tobacco was burned against the fire to a pair of other objects held tightly between thumb and forefinger. He lit them and a pair of greenish sputters began crawling across the trestle. . . . and the man was limping swiftly up the hill, over the crest, while the green sputters drew apart, one crossing the trestle toward its northern end, the other moving in the opposite direction.

It was twenty minutes later. Ben Elliott was pulling on his mackinaw, preparatory to going out with the first three cars of logs, when he stopped suddenly, one arm in his sleeve, as a jolt shook the building, rattling dishes and causing the door of the range oven to drop open with a bang. None in the place spoke; they looked at each other, aces set in puzzlement. Again came a heavy jolt, a loud detonation, and a pan fell from its shelf with a crazy clatter. No word, still. Without speaking they humped for the doorway and emerged to see the crew spilling from the men's shanty to look and listen.

"It's dynamite!" Bird Eye Blaine croaked hoarsely as he ran out. "Dynamite for sure! Where, Benny by?"—looking earnestly into Elliott's face.

"That's for us to find out," Ben answered grimly and they followed him as he ran, with long strides toward the direction from which the sound had come, down the track to where it curved and dipped to the trestle which spanned the river.

Minutes later they came up to him, the fastest of them, as he stood motionless on the bank of the Hoot Owl, looking at the mass of twisted railroad steel and of ties that dangled from the swinging rails in ragged fringe; at the scattered remnants of crib work, at the piling standing splintered and awry and useless in the stream bed.

Ben Elliott's bridge was gone. His way to the siding with his veneer logs, on the delivery of which hung the fate of the operation, was blocked. No time remained to team them out, there was no other way to get them out except by steel. And his steel was broken, twisted, useless.

He turned to face them as they crowded up, searing and exclaiming in excited voices.

"You, Houston!" he snapped to the camp boss. "Get those standards off the main line. Bird-Eye, start a fire here. You men—you three here—get a fire going on the other bank. You teamsters, back to camp and dress your donkeys. Bring axes, peavys, skidding equipment. Lively, now, everybody! A job of work coming up!"

Blackmore, whose wind was short, elbowed through the crowd, panting heavily.

"Good G—d, Elliott! They've scooped you!"

Ben gave him a fleeting, scorching glance.

"Scooped, h—! They've only got me good and mad!"

And now began a scene the like of which had never been recorded in the Tincup country.

Men were there in numbers where huge bonfires, constantly tended that the light should be steady, flared on the banks of the Hoot Owl. Sawyers, cant-hook men, teamsters, toiled to reduce the wreckage of the trestle, snaking it out of the way, working hastily, noisily, excitement evident in their movements and shouts. Others cut brush until the sloping river banks showed bare and dark.

Back in the woods oil flares burned as the steam loader puffed and snorted and rattled, swung its boom, lifted logs from their banks, tossed them through the air and dropped them into place on a flat car. Once loaded, the car of logs and the jammer were trundled down the side of track to the stream. Slow and slower the car moved until the boom of the loader oversteering the gap where a trestle had been. Then blocks went into place to secure the wheels, Elliott gave the signal, the boom swung a half circle, hook men adjusted their tackle to a log on the single car; up it went, around and out over the river bank and then down.

Elliott was below there with his cant-hook men. They grabbed the first stick, wrestled it into place parallel with the current and others, with mauls and stakes, gave it a firm resting place on the bank. . . . Another log . . . another and still more, until a crude foundation for trestle abutment had been made.

It was difficult work; dangerous work, too, in the bad light. Intense cold handicapped the men, also, but they worked harder than they ever had worked on that job.

Ben encouraged, he flattered, he calmed and he drove those men as they never had been driven before. They moved on a run when going from place to place; they seemed to try to outdo one another when strength became essential. They were infected with Elliott's fire.

Standing on the bank within the circle of firelight Dawn McManus seemed to snuggle close to Able Armitage, face pallid even under the ruddy glow of flames. Her eyes followed just one figure; that of Ben Elliott. Commanding, resourceful, a human dynamo, he was.

(To be Continued next week)

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(To be Continued next week)

CHAPTER VII.

The pool room's a good place for you to be, limpy."

bright and early, they would load and by night his conversation with Blackmore would be filled. He would receive a large check, a substantial part of it clear profit, in return for the logs.

They were growing restless under the driving whippers in camp and that the job was broke beyond repair and he knew that to pass a pay check would send his crew scattering, a scattering which he could never overcome. But with the men held on the job and the mill ready to saw another week he would be sent to give the Hoot Owl a fresh start, a new hold on hope.

After reaching camp he plunged into blankets for a night's rest.

And about the time he burrowed under the pillow Nicholas Brandon sat in his office talking to a pale, slender young man whose blue eyes smiled genially. Genially, yes, but in that quality was a flaw, one might have observed on close scrutiny. Familiarity with Harry Holbrook might not breed contempt; but surely, in an alert man, it should stir an awareness for the need of caution soon or later.

Brandon now nodded slowly.

All right. Don't start until dark. Do just as I've told you; don't forget to give yourself plenty of time. You can't travel fast."

"Get you, Mr. Brandon."

"Have you . . . That is, has he seen you?"

He came into the pool room and I saw him tobacco the other day. We talked a minute."

"Friendly?"

"Nothing but!" The open smile had faded, a leer as Holbrook made a dash for the door.

"The pool room's a good place for you to be, limpy. Great center for conversation. Well . . . You keep on remembering everything that's said there. Good night."

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TRUSTEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of power and authority contained in that certain deed of trust executed and delivered by Thos. Stringfield and wife, Mamie M. Stringfield, to Joseph E. Johnson, Trustee, dated the 10th day of July, 1933, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Haywood County, North Carolina, in Book 32, at page 29 et seq., and because of default in the payment of the indebtedness secured and failure to carry out and perform the stipulations and covenants therein contained and pursuant to demand of the owner and holder of the notes secured by said deed of trust, the undersigned trustee will expose for sale, and will sell, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the usual place of sale, in the County Courthouse of Haywood County, in the town of Waynesville, North Carolina, at twelve o'clock noon, on Monday, the 1st day of April, 1935, all those certain lots or parcels of land, situate, lying and being in Waynesville Township, Haywood County, State of North Carolina, and more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

FIRST TRACT: BEGINNING on a stake in a small branch, Stringfield-Noland corner in Boyd line, and runs down the branch with Noland's line 820 feet to Richland Creek at the mouth of said branch; thence down center of Richland Creek 618 feet to a stake, corner of Stringfield and Howell; thence N. 23° 15' West with Howell's line 525 feet to a stake, Gibson's corner; thence with Gibson's line S. 67° 30' W. 165 feet to a stake, Allison's corner; thence with Allison's line, S. 23° E. 180 feet to a stake in a road or cartway; thence with center of said road, S. 66° W. 520 feet to the center of the road, Phillips corner; thence with Phillips line S. 69° W. 625 feet to a road between Boyd and Stringfield's land, and Phillips corner; thence with said road, S. 14° E. 105 feet to the BEGINNING, containing twelve and one-half acres, more or less.

SECOND TRACT: BEGINNING on a stake by the side of the Howell Mill Road in Clarence Phillips Eastern-most corner, and runs with said Clarence Phillips line, S. 48° 30' W. 750 feet to a stake in the Eastern-most margin of the old Howell Mill Road; thence with said road, N. 53° E. 425 feet to a stake, Van Toy corner; thence with the said Van Toy line, S. 12° 30' E. 565 feet to a stake in the New Howell Mill Road; thence with said New Howell Mill Road, S. 34° W. 500 feet to the BEGINNING, containing six and two-tenths acres.

THIRD TRACT: BEING a one-half undivided interest in the following property, BEGINNING on a stake in the Northern margin of Gibson Street, said stake being in the center of Bonnie Castle (now Hospital) driveway, and the Southwest corner of Mrs. T. W. Howell's, now W. R. Smith lot, and runs Easterly with the center of the said driveway, 75 feet to a stake, corner of said Smith's lot; thence N. 33° East with said Smith's line, 128 feet to a stake, his corner; thence N. 39° W. 68 feet to a stake, Smith's corner; thence N. 33° E. 18 feet to a stake; thence S. 67° 30' E. 309 feet to a stake; thence with the Western margin of said Street, S. 28° W. 90 feet to a stake in the margin of said Street; thence N. 52° W. 59 feet to a stake; thence S. 40° W. 82 feet to Thomasine Howell's corner, thence with her line, S. 40° W. 150 feet to the edge of Pigeon Street; thence with the Northern margin of Pigeon Street 241 feet to the BEGINNING, containing one one-half acres, more or less. Being the same property conveyed to the Waynesville Hospital, Incorporated, by A. Deu Howell, Jr., by deed dated December 13, 1916, and recorded in Book 48, page 227, Record of Deeds of Haywood County.

EXCEPTING AND RESERVING from the force, effect and operation of this deed the following described lot or parcel of land: BEGINNING on a stake, corner of Waynesville Hospital lot and corner of W. R. Smith lot, and in the line of Mrs. Beville lot, and runs thence N. 34° East 18 feet to a stake at corner of Hospital lot; thence with the line of the Hospital lot, S. 67° 30' W. 65 feet to a stake; thence S. 23° W. 50 feet to a stake, W. R. Smith corner; thence with his line, N. 39° W. 68 feet to the BEGINNING, as per survey of J. W. Seaver.

Being the same land conveyed in a deed from the Board of Commissioners of Haywood County to J. R. Boyd and Thos. Stringfield, dated November 19, 1925, and recorded in Book 63, page 488, Record of Deeds of Haywood County.

FOURTH TRACT: A parcel of land on the Bellwood Road, in Waynesville Township, Haywood County, containing nine (9) acres, more or less, bounded by and adjoining the lands of H. N. Phillips, Crawford Burgess, Jos. McElroy, and W. H. Burger. This the 2nd day of March, 1935.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSON, Trustee.

No. 307—Mar. 7-14-'35-28.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

On Monday the 1st day of April, A. D. 1935, at eleven o'clock A. M. at the Courthouse door in the Town of Waynesville, the undersigned will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder and for cash, the following described lands and premises, lying and being in Clyde Township, Haywood County, North Carolina:

BEGINNING on a stake in the bend of a small branch; thence S. 88° 10' E. 11.80 chains to a dogwood; thence N. 8° 10' W. 925 chains to a fourwood; thence N. 17° 0' E. 721 chains to a White Oak on a ridge; thence N. 1° 0' E. 9129 chains to the center of the public road; thence down the center line of said road six miles as follows: S. 32° 0' W. 7.89 chains to a stake; thence S. 71° 15' W. 3.32 chains to a stake; thence S. 82° 10' W. 2.51 chains to a stake; thence S. 49° 0' W. 1.73 chains to a stake; thence S. 0° 45' W.

2.67 chains to the center of the branch and bridge; thence S. 5° 0' E. 1.84 chains to a stake; thence S. 3° 0' E. 5.40 chains to a stake in the center of the branch; thence S. 12° 55' W. 3.95 chains to the BEGINNING, containing 21 acres more or less and being the same tract of land conveyed by P. C. Jaynes and wife J. S. Haynes to W. E. Henderson, under date of 28. October, 1924 and recorded in book of Deeds 63 at page 491 in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County.

THIS SALE being made pursuant to the power of sale conferred upon the undersigned Trustee by virtue of a deed of trust executed by E. G. Robinson and wife Hattie Robinson dated 23. October, 1933 and recorded in book of Deeds of Trust 34 at page 82 in the office of the Register of Deeds of Haywood County, North Carolina. This the 25th day of February, 1935.

G. W. BURNETT, Trustee.

No. 304—Mar. 7-14-21-28.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Melvin Rogers, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at Clyde, N. C., on or before the 6th day of March, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make settlement before April 10, 1935.

This the 6th day of March, 1935.

CHARLIE ROGERS, Administrator of Melvin Rogers, deceased.

No. 308—Mar. 7-14-21-28-Apr. 4-11

World's Best Seller

Among the peoples of the earth, the most popular story is "Cinderella." In one form or another (at least 350 versions of the tale have been circulated), it has been published the world over during the last 1900 years.

Red Positive, Blue Negative

Experiments show that among colors, the influence of red is positive and blue negative.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of R. W. Kinland, deceased, late of Haywood County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate to exhibit them to the undersigned at Clyde, North Carolina, Route 1, on or before the 24th day of January, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make settlement before March 24, 1935.

This the 24th day of January, 1935.

J. HERMAN KINSELAN, Administrator of R. W. Kinland, deceased.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of George Moore, deceased, late of Haywood County, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased, to exhibit them to the undersigned at Clyde, N. C. Route 1, duly verified, on or before the 15th day of February, 1935, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This the 12th day of Feb. 1935.

MRS. ELMINIE PARTON, Administrator of George Moore, deceased.

No. 301—Feb. 14-21-28-Mar. 7-14-21

NOTICE

NORTH CAROLINA, HAYWOOD COUNTY.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

JERRY CARLE, Plaintiff,

vs.

GEORGE MAX CARLE, Defendant.

The above named defendant will take notice that an action is entitled above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County for a divorce on the ground of two years separation, and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear and demur or answer the complaint of the plaintiff within thirty (30) days after the last publication of this notice to wit, by the 20th day of April, 1935, or the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

This the 26th day of February, 1935.

KATE WILLIAMSON, Asst. Clerk of the Superior Court.

No. 303—Feb. 28—Mar. 7-14-21.

NOTICE

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, COUNTY OF HAYWOOD.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

ALLIE W. CARSWELL,

vs.

LULA CARSWELL.

The defendant, Lula Carswell, will take notice that an action has been commenced in the Superior Court of Haywood County, N. C., to obtain divorce absolute under the statute, on the grounds of two years separation; and the said defendant will further take notice that she is required to appear at the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in Haywood County at the Court House in Waynesville, N. C., on the 26th day of April, 1935, and answer or demur to the complaint in said action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.

This February 16, 1935.

W. G. BYERS, Clerk Superior Court of Haywood County.

No. 306—Feb. 28—Mar. 7-14-21.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administrator of the estate of T. F. Edwards, deceased, this is to notify all persons that have claims against said estate to file same within one year or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons that are due the estate anything are hereby notified to settle at once.

This Jan. 31st, 1935.

SCOTT EDWARDS, Administrator of T. F. Edwards, deceased.

No. 294—Feb. 7-14-21-28-Mar. 7-14.

NOTICE OF TRUSTEE'S SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in that certain Deed of Trust executed by R. W. Enslay and wife, Beulah Enslay, to Insured Mortgage Bond Corporation of North Carolina, Trustee, under date of February 15, 1927, securing the indebtedness therein described, said deed of trust being recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Haywood County in Book — at page —, default having been made in the payment of said indebtedness, and at the request of the holder of

Travel anywhere..any day
on the SOUTHERN for 1 1/2
A fare for every purse...!
PER MILE

- 1 1/2 PER MILE ONE WAY and ROUND TRIP COACH TICKETS for Each Mile Traveled
- 2 PER MILE ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 15 Days for Each Mile Traveled
- 2 1/2 PER MILE ROUND TRIP TICKETS—Return Limit 6 Months for Each Mile Traveled
- 3 PER MILE ONE WAY TICKETS for Each Mile Traveled

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