

The Man From Yonder

By HAROLD TITUS

WNU Service.

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SYNOPSIS

Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—arrives at the little lumbering town of Tincup accompanied by Don Stuart, old, very sick man, whom he has befriended. He signals his coming by defeating Bull Duval, "king of the river," and towns bully, in a log-birthing contest. Nicholas Brandon, the town's leading citizen, resents Stuart's presence. He tries to force him to leave town and Elliott, resenting the act, knocks him down. Elliott is arrested.

CHAPTER II—Continued

"Are you guilty or not?" Able repeated and Ben Elliott who had stood at ease before him, stouch that in his great brown hands, now gave his head a grave twist.

"Well, if pitching a man off the sidewalk into the mud is called assault and battery in Tincup, then I'm about a hundred per cent guilty," he said.

A stir in the room followed and Able frowned, a convincingly judicial frown.

"Guilty, eh?" He cleared his throat at length. "Now how about this disruption of the peace, anyhow?"

The sheriff spoke: "You see, Able, 'twas this way, Mr.—"

"Now just a minute, Art. This accused has pleaded guilty, as I understand it. I don't see any need of anybody else saying anything. He's thrown himself on the mercy of this court, you might say, and it's regular and proper and according to the spirit of the statute that I question him before passing sentence. Besides," he added, with a twinkle at Brandon, "I'm a little curious."

The sheriff sniffed and subsided. Clearly, there was little friendship between him and the justice.

"Now, Mr. . . . Able glanced at the complaint again. "Mr. Ben Elliott, how come that you go about the country tossing reputable citizens into the mud?"

"Why, he was trying to make a friend of mine do something he didn't want to do. That's all. I butted in, I guess; he got hard and so,"—shrug—"I lost my head for a minute and put him in his place."

"In the mud, you mean."

"Yeah. In the mud."

"Well, go on; go on. Go back to the beginning. I want to know all about this affair."

Elliott drew a long breath.

"I started for Tincup several days ago. I was a long ways off, over in Minnesota. This morning I got down to the junction west of here and while I waited for my train got talking to this old timer, Don Stuart, who was in the station. Maybe you know him, Judge. Other folks here do." Able blinked twice; hard. "The old fellow is about all in, I'd say. He's got it into his head that he's about to die and probably his guess isn't such a bad one. Seems this used to be his stamping ground, that he's been away a long time and that

"But your avocation, I take it, is looking for hard nuts?"

Brandon spoke now: "Your honor!" His voice was well modulated and yet in its quality was something which suggested iron covered with velvet. "As complaining witness in this case, may I suggest that we are beginning to waste time? This young man has pleaded guilty. Of course, I do not want to be put in the light of one who attempts to dictate to a court of law, but I have pressing matters to attend to and if we can get on. . . ."

Outwardly this was only a suggestion, a plea; really, though, it was one way of demanding, of giving an order.

"Yes, you're a busy man, Nick," Able said and nodded. "I'd sort of figured being busy here today, myself. Sort of wondered if somebody wouldn't bring in Bull Duval on a charge of assault and battery. He trimmed my man Harrington so badly that he's gone and my operation's without a boss today. I sort of thought, being interested as you are in law and order, that Duval might be brought in."

"That is something I know nothing about," Brandon said severely.

"Likely not. You can't be expected to keep as close track of the men who work for you as I do of mine. That is, it isn't reasonable to think a man of your caliber would."

He spoke drily and Elliott, watching the two, could see that his words stung Brandon. The justice straightened in his chair, however.

"But maybe we are delaying things. Now, Mr. Elliott, don't you think it a little out of the way to come into a town, a total stranger, and upset all that town's precedents? If you, instead of one of Mr. Brandon's hired men, had cleaned up on my man Harrington, for instance, it might not have been such a grave offense. But here you come and pick out the one man in Tincup who hasn't been struck or even threatened in longer than I can recall—a man who is regarded here about like most folks would regard a baron of the Middle Ages—and toss him out into the mud! Why, Elliott, that's not ever happened before!"

"Probably it didn't hurt Nick much, but there are his feelings to consider. Aren't you ashamed of giving people a chance to jeer at Mr. Brandon?"

"Oh, Nick showed up, did he?"

"Came right from here. Said he'd been providing for Don for these last years and wanted him with somebody or other in Hemlock who'd see he didn't get hold of hooch again. Was quite provoked when I opposed moving him."

"Nicholas doesn't like the notion of Don's being in this vicinity."

"It's about as popular with him as smallpox. When I'd prevailed on him to let Don alone I told him the truth: that he can't last more than a few weeks and Nick looked like a man who . . . well, like one who's heard good news."

Able nodded. "Safer for Brandon to have him in his grave. But when old Don goes, seems like the last chance of ever clearing the thing up's gone too."

"Looks that way. Unless he'll talk before he dies."

"Even so, it wouldn't amount to much. He's an old bum; he was a known drunkard at the time. It happened so long ago, and with the courts controlled by who they are . . ."

"All but yours."

"And mine without any jurisdiction in sure-enough trouble."

The doctor started out but halted in the doorway.

"Hear Harrington's gone."

"Yes. The Bull ran him out of town."

"Brandon?"

"Don't be simple, Emory. Who else?"

Able asked and the look in his eyes was much less severe. "So you'd heard about Tincup and started for it from a long ways off and . . . Now this matter of nuts: You like all kinds?"

"Not all nuts; no." The steel-gray eyes were a bit narrowed, now, as Elliott tried to plumb the old man's mood.

"Well, for instance: like peanuts?"

"No. Can't stand 'em."

"Not at all? Almonds, then?"

A twinkle was surely coming to life in the court's eyes but, seeing it, the defendant only frowned.

"Can't vote very strong for almonds."

"Or English walnuts or pecans?"

"Never did hold them to be what you'd call irresistible, either."

"Hum-m. . . . How about black walnuts?"

"Now," declared Elliott with a nod, "now, you're getting into real classy nuts!"

Men in the crowd looked at one another, not knowing what to make of this.

"Well, if you like black walnuts, would you say they were your favorite?"

The other considered this question with great, if not wholly genuine, seriousness.

"No, not exactly. I'd put black walnuts high up in the list, all right, your honor, but since you're interested about my preferences in nuts, I'd say that the best nut that ever hung out doors or offered itself for the cracking was a good old hickory nut."

"Real tough ones, eh?"

"Real tough ones, yes."

Able wiped his face with a palm and wet his lips. The two looked long at one another and that spark passed which will jump from man to man, carried sometimes by a deed, often by a word, frequently by only a glance; that message which says as plainly as though inscribed in black characters against white background: "I like you; I am your friend!" It went from the old man to the young and back again from young to old. Nicholas Brandon understood and the lightnings in his dark eyes played more briskly, more ominously.

"And so you'd figure Tincup as a sort of hickory nut?"

"I had. Tincup has a reputation all through the Lake states. Wherever you go you'll hear it talked about as a hard camp. I'd heard so many times that a good man with ideas of his own, with independence and, maybe, with ambition had better keep away from here that I found myself hankering to get a look at the place."

"What's your line of work?"

"I follow the timber. . . . Anything."

"Well, just what, for instance? What are some of the jobs you've held?"

Elliott smiled a bit.

"Good many. I was a chore boy once; another time I was a road monkey. I've teamed and sawed, worked as millwright and on rivers. Once or twice I've run a camp or two."

"But your avocation, I take it, is looking for hard nuts?"

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"Don't be simple, Emory. Who else?"

Elliott looked at Brandon, then, deliberately, carefully, inspected him from his glossy black hair to his muddied breeches.

"It wasn't a very smart thing to do, I guess," he admitted. "It's not likely now, that I'll even get a chance to see how hard a nut this town really is."

"And no worse than you deserve!" Able said sharply. "You know better than to carry on that way, Elliott. I've got to give you a fine commensurate with your offense. I'll fine you a dollar and seventy-five cents for costs or send you to jail for a day."

In the rear a sacrilegious titter or two. From the sheriff, a grunt; from Nicholas Brandon a breath of offended dignity and a look that scorched. But on Ben Elliott's face only appeared a foolish smile.

"That's reasonable enough," he said, "but the joker is this: I haven't even got the dollar!"

"Well, our jail's real comfortable, I'm told. A day there'll let you think over the advisability of going around the country muddying up the pants of respected citizens!"

Elliott, though, faced even so short a jail sentence with anything but relief.

"I can get the money easy enough," he said. "That is if you, your honor, or somebody else'll send a wire for me."

"That might be arranged. Where to?"

"Here—" He reached for a sheet of paper and pencil lying on the table. Swiftly he wrote the words: "Badger Forest Products company, Beech Ridge, Wisconsin." He handed it to Able. "Will you wire them for twenty-five dollars and sign my name? Send the message collect."

"That's a big outfit," the judge said. "You figure they'll do as you ask?"

"Well, they never have turned me down for anything I've asked. Of course, there's always the first time. If you'll do that . . ."

"Until that gets back, Sheriff, I suppose it's me for the brig. . . . Is that right, Judge?"

Able was studying the address and when he looked up and grunted an affirmative reply his gaze was far away. Far, far away.

For a considerable interval after his court room had emptied, Able Armitage sat motionless in his chair. His eyes still held that far-away look, staring into space, and now and again he picked up the scrap of paper bearing the address young Elliott had written and scanned it closely.

"By cracky!" he said, an hour after being left alone. "By cracky—by jing! It might be, you know. . . . It may be, possibly, perhaps might be!"

Thereupon he rose, went to a wall telephone and put in a call for Nathan Bridger, general manager of the Badger Forest Products company, of Beach Ridge, Wisconsin.

After this he stood for a time in the front window, peering out into the street. A man came along the sidewalk, a man of about Able's years, bearing a limp and rusty bag which stamped him as a physician. He waved a hand to Able and then, as on sudden impulse, changed his course and approached the entry.

"Big day, Able,"—as the justice opened the door.

"Yeah. Big."

"Old Don's back."

"So I heard."

"Bad shape, too."

"I heard that. Real bad, Emory?"

Emory Sweet nodded gravely.

"Heart's like a sponge. He can't last long. . . . Nick was all for sending him back to Hemlock but I told him it would be murder to move him now."

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"He certainly can't forget the Hoot Owl, can he? What are you going to do now, Able?"

The other shook his head gravely.

"I wish I could give you an answer . . . or myself an answer. All forenoon I've had a feeling in that palm,"—extending his creased right hand, "as if the end of a rope were slipping through it."

"Tough," muttered the doctor as he went out.

An hour later Able Armitage left his office. He moved with great alacrity for one of his years and stopped only once and that was to draw Bird-Eye Blaine from the throng of onlookers that lined the sidewalk.

"Got your car in town, Bird-Eye?" he asked. "Have? Will it still run?"

"Run!"—as though insulted. "Say, Able, that car may not be so foxy lookin' as some, but she's got a heart av gold 'nd—"

"All right. Run her around by the jail, will you? Might need you; again,

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"All right. Run her around by the jail, will you? Might need you; again,

"I might not. Best to be prepared, though."

Bird-Eye nodded assent and the old justice went on.

Ben Elliott, solitary prisoner in the county jail, lay on the least objectionable of the bunks he found there, smoking and staring at the dingy ceiling. His hands were clasped beneath his head and his feet were crossed; an attitude of relaxation, surely, but his one foot twisted on its ankle around and around, most restlessly. A man of action, this, not accustomed to idleness or restraint.

He raised his head sharply when a key grated in the big steel door leading to the cell block and stopped puffing on his pipe when the opening barrier revealed Able Armitage.

"Hello, Judge!" Elliott cried and grinned.

Able wasted no time.

"I've just been talking with Bridger."

"Bridger! He here?"

"Oh, no. I called him on long distance." Able smiled as the other gave a puzzled frown. "Bridger and I are old friends. We fought Spain together . . . and malaria when we had Spain whipped. I think a lot of Bridger. I've a great respect for him and his opinions."

"So've I. Everybody has."

"Hum-m. He says you're no good."

Elliott started. "Wha-a-at? Why . . . That's funny. Do you mean he wouldn't stake me to the money I asked for?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Beirut Has Seen Earth's Mighty Men Come and Go

On the face of the rock which overlooks the scenery from Beirut to Tripoli are written the names of every conqueror that has invaded Syria from Sennacherib the Assyrian down to Field Marshal Allenby, who conquered Palestine in the World war.

That mighty testament to Syria's glorious past is one of the few colorful touches to be noted around this seaport at the foot of the Lebanon. The climate is damp and stifling in hot weather. To make life durable, townspeople take to the mountains where cedars such as those Solomon imported for his temple still grow in numbers, although the slopes are no longer forest-covered.

In almost every direction, trips by motor out of Beirut bring one in touch with the immortal past. Not far down the Mediterranean coast lies Sidon. Ozen now plow the fields where once stood the great temple of Ashtar.

Tyre, which the Syrians call Sour, is farther south. Once the mightiest city of the East, it is now a fishermen's village.

Between Beirut and Sidon no Swaifet, to whom Cleopatra is supposed to have journeyed for her final tryst with Anthony before he set out for the battle of Actium.

Fastest Dog in World

The whippet, fastest dog in the world, is a cross between the greyhound and the terrier.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Member of Faculty, Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, Western Newsreader Union.)

Lesson for April 14

CHRIST THE SAVIOUR

LESSON TEXT—John 3:14-17; Romans 5:6-10; Philippians 2:5-11.

GOLDEN TEXT—For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3:16.

PRIMARY TOPIC—Why Jesus Came. JUNIOR TOPIC—Jesus the Saviour. INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—What It Means to Be Saved. YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—How Christ Saves Us.

It is not feasible to consider all the texts proposed by the lesson committee, but it is desirable to select the three suggested to be printed and to introduce several others.

I. The Saviour Predicted (Gen. 3:15; Isa. 9:6, 7).

In connection with the fall of man and consequent pronouncement of judgment upon the woman, the man and the serpent, and the announcement of the undying enmity which was to exist between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, ultimate victory was predicted of the woman's seed. On the cross of Calvary the stroke was made which imposed the death sentence (John 12:31; Heb. 2:14). In due time the unlawful ruler of the world will be displaced by the coming of a universal and everlasting kingdom.

II. The Saviour Born (Luke 2:11, 30, 32).

That which had been predicted was historically fulfilled in the birth of Jesus Christ in Bethlehem. When Jesus was brought to the temple as a child the Holy Ghost revealed to Simeon that Jesus was the Messiah.

III. The Saviour Described.

1. A seeker of the lost (Luke 15:3-7). This seeking of the lost is illustrated by the man leaving the ninety and nine sheep and going after the one which was lost, and his rejoicing over his success in finding it. Great, indeed, is the joy in heaven over the salvation of a lost soul.

2. He died for the lost (John 3:14-17). God gave Jesus Christ to die to make an atonement for the sins of the world. As the brazen serpent was lifted up in the wilderness by Moses, so Jesus Christ was lifted up on the cross. As the Israelites only needed to look at the uplifted serpent, so the lost soul needs only to look to the crucified Christ for salvation. All who believe on him as their Saviour receive eternal life and, therefore, escape condemnation.

3. He knows his own (John 10:14). The good Shepherd has a definite knowledge of the lost ones. He therefore seeks them out and gives his life for them.

4. He keeps his own (John 10:27-29). Believers are Christ's sheep, and because they are his sheep, they hear his voice and follow him. He not only knows them personally, but they, in turn, know him. He not only gives unto them eternal life, but holds them in his omnipotent hands.

IV. Some Blessings Received Through the Saviour.

1. Justification (Rom. 5:1-11). The one who receives Jesus Christ is by the living God declared righteous. His guilt is removed and he is given the same standing as Jesus Christ himself. Because of this, the very peace of God settles down upon his soul. He has the assurance of God's love and is able, therefore, to have joy in God himself.

2. Freedom from the power of sin (Rom. 6:1-7). It is not enough to be freed from the guilt of sin, there must be a dynamic which will enable the believer to live a life of victory over sin. Being vitally united to Jesus Christ in the power of his resurrection life, the dynamic is provided which enables the believer to triumph over sin.

3. He is free from the law as a means of sanctification (Rom. 7:1-6). Christ's death nailed the law to the tree. The one who has been vitally united to Jesus Christ by faith died with Christ. The law, therefore, has no more dominion over him.

4. Victory over the flesh through the indwelling Holy Spirit (Rom. 8:2-6). The introduction of the law of the spirit of the life in Christ Jesus enables the believer to free himself from the dominion of the flesh.

5. Christ is the supreme example to the believer (Phil. 2:5-11). Because the Saviour became incorporated with the race through the incarnation he is able to impart life to those with whom he is identified. Furthermore, because he thus imparts life, the believer is able to make the Saviour his grand exemplar.

The World's Three Evils