terious, the sheriff's bulky figure

was motionless beside the car; but

Saladine scrambled to the ground,

and tripped on the running board

and fell hard on hands and knees,

his fingers digging deep into the

soft and spongy sod, and there was

He was on his feet, instantly. From the barn came, diminuendo,

They went forward at last like

wooden soldiers, stiff kneed, on tip-

toe, warlly; till as they came close

to the barn, looking up they saw

something dark and bulky swinging

a little to and fro above their

heads. In the peak of the roof

beam from which the horse fork

was rigged. It was from that beam

that this object was suspended.

Blurred and foreshortened, it was

yet unmistakable; and the sheriff

uttered a stammering exclamation,

and he went blundering into the

barn, groping here and there. He

stumbled over something, and Sala-

"A knife? Got a knife? Quick!"

idly over his shins, his eyes bright

burning strangely. His grinning

Zeke, above them, said in

The sheriff found the knife even

in the darkness, and twisted open

the blade, and Saladine heard steel

saw on hemp. Then a pulley whirred, and something fell heavily

on the ground outside the barn door.

He became busy there, and he said

"Find the lantern, Jim! One

Zeke spoke calmly. "It hangs

Saladine was a man not easily

daunted; but his hands were shak-

ing now. He tried fruitlessly to

matches in an absurd futility before

And he took the lantern and with

steady hand had it lighted in-

So they turned to where Bart lay.

The sheriff had Bart's wrists in his

back and down to the ground above

Zeke said at last, in tones which

had a peculiar terror of their own: "I 'low you won't do him any good

"It's all I know to do," he admitted

helplessly. He bent forward, exam-

lning the dead man. "I guess yo're

slowly. "You must be this Zeke Dace they tell about," he reflected.

this to him, did you?"
"Guess I did," Zeke assented; and

"Guess I did," Zeke assented; and after a moment, he explained as though proud of his grim device:
"I 'lowed he'd come to tend the critters in the barn here, give him time. So I run a fall through the tackle of the horse fork, and got enough purchase with it to hist the

enough purchase with it to hist the grindstone into the upper mow. I slidn't know as it'd be heavy enough; so I fastened some trace chains and such truck onto it. Then I balanced

right," he said at last, and sto

"That's who I be!"

this in a rhythmic persistence.

that way, mister. His neck's br

pushed far back on his head.

thumped on the barn floor.

demanded hoarsely:

teeth were white.

over his shoulder:

right here under me!"

"Here! Let me!"

somewhere!"

said:

stantiv.

a wet chill of water on his shins.

that rusty, creaking sound.

CHAPTER XII-Continued -18-

"Sheriff! I've got a hold of the answer to it now!' Her tone was ringing; her coun-

tenance triumphant. "Listen here!" she cried. "If Bart had left his gun belt, with the bait can and the gun, there on the ground in all that rain while he fetched Huldy over here, the belt'd be soaked through and wet as a

string; and there'd be rust on that

gun! But there ain't a speck of

rust, and his belt is dry as a bone!" Saladine had not noticed whether Bart's gun were rusted or not; yet he perceived the justice of this argument, and turned to hear what the sheriff would say. But Bart laughed, and he protested:

"Maybe that belt looked dry to you, Granny, but it's wet enough! I can feel it right through my overalls. And the holster kep' the gun He told Sohier: "I'll show you, when we get over to my place, Sheriff. You can see for yourself." Sohler accepted this. "All right,

ma'am," he shouted to the old woman, over the engine's roar. "I'll look And Marm Pierce, after a mo-

ment's hesitation, drew back al-most reluctantly. She stood there, small and straight in the darkness, shoulder, following the sheriff's eyes, as they drove away.

It was no longer raining, although beside the road the leaves were dripping, and the headlights re-



And Instantly He Seemed to Dive Straight Upward, Out of Their

vealed black mirrors of muddy water in the ruts. At the turn that led down to Carey's, Saladine swung that way, carefully, since the clay was shippery; and so presently he saw the farm buildings, the pale white blur of the house, and the barn with its high peak black against the gloomy sky.

He turned into the barnyard and stopped by the kitchen door, and switched off the engine. The headlights, fed by the magneto, died as the engine died: and darkness embraced them there.

In the deep silence and the dark,
Bart said hospitably:
"You folks go inside and light
the lamp. I'll feed the critters and come right in. Won't take me a

He and the sheriff swung to the ground. Bart started toward the arn, but the sheriff, standing here

the car, called: "I'll be wanting to look at that

belt of yours, Bart!"
"Certain," Bart agreed, without

g. "Til be right in!" stopping. "Til be right in!"
"Need a light yourself, won't
you?" the sheriff suggested doubtfully; and Bart said:

"There's a lantern in the barn!"
He had not paused; he did not
ow. The wide barn doors were open, so that there was a gray rec-tangle of light against the black bulk of the structure, and Bart's figure, as he moved toward the barn, was in silhouette against this

so they were able to see, though

o they were able to see, though stinctly, what happened. Bart ched the barn, walking steadily ugh; and then suddenly his da jerked toward his head, and antly he seemed to dive straight and, out of their sight. and at the same time, with a ter-splintering impact and a metal-ciank of fron, something fell

CHAPTER XIII

the lantern on top of the cold stove; and the sheriff mopped his brow and turned to face this man.

"You done this, you sald?"
Zeke seemed almost to chuckle

"How come?" the sheriff protested. "Why, they don't hang for a kill-ing in Maine," Zeke explained, in a saturnine satisfaction. "But it ooked to me that was what he eeded!"

"You mean to say," Sohler rompted, "he was the one killed Mis' Ferrin?" "Certain!"

"Know that for a fact, do you?" "I 'low I do," said Zeke, without vehemence; yet there was slow pas-sion in his tones.

"His belt's dry as a bone!" he said hoarsely. "The old woman hit on it, finally! That was one thing he couldn't lie out of, and that was That's all!" enough to nail him!"

cold nerve," he said, almost admiringly. "Stood up to her good, didn't he? You wouldn't ever have thought he was lying." And he decided: "But I guess he see he was done. Likely he aimed to duck and run. just now. If he could have got to the barn, he could go on through, and cut for it, and we wouldn't have a chance to catch him, in the above them there was a projecting dark."

Saladine was curiously pleased that old Marm Pierce had been able to prove her case in the end. But-that was over now, and Zeke was here and must be dealt with. Saladine turned to him.

"How do you know Bart did it?" he asked.

Before Zeke could speak, the dine struck a match, and the sheriff don't have to say a word, less'n yo're a mind." As he spoke, he looked up at

Zeke stared at them in an ab-Saladine and above him. Saladine, stracted fashion. "I've got no reavery stiffly and warily, turned his son to hold back," he said. He head to look that way. Over his stood with his shoulders against the door, his hands behind him, he saw a man sitting cross-legged and his eyes flickered from one of on a timber, his hands hanging them to the other as he spoke. "How come you didn't try to get

away?" the sheriff asked. "Here after you'd finished him?" as a cat's eyes in the dark, and Zeke shook his head. "With Huldy It was Zeke Dace, with that big dead," he said, "I hadn't no place hat, its brim curled so jauntily, to go, nor nothing to go for!"

"I'm going to have to take you along to jail," the sheriff reminded drawling tone: "Here's a knife! him; and Zeke said humbly:
Help yourself!" And something "Why, the way it is now

"Why, the way it is now, I'd full as lief be in jail as anywheres." And after a moment, when they did not speak, he added: "Likely you know about Huldy and me. It was kind of desperate and dreadful for me, right from the start; like having holt of a live wire when you of the other folk in Hostile Valley. The sheriff was quick that way. can't let go."

He became busy there, and he said He stood tall in the dim lantern

light; he went on, as though speech eased him, to tell all that remained now to be told.

It fell to Saladine to repeat to Will Ferrin and Marin Pierce and Jenny what Zeke told them now. When half an hour later they returned to the house divided, Will and Jenny came to the door; but light the lantern, broke two or three the sheriff stayed with Zeke and Zeke dropped from his perch and that other in the car.

"Jim, you go tell them what hap-

So Saladine alighted and came into the warm kitchen and while they listened without question, he told the tale.

"You were right, Marm Pierce," he said. "It was Bart. His belt was hands, pushing Bart's arms up and bone-dry!" Will stirred, but Saladine added quickly, restraining the Bart's head; then bending the el-bows, pressing the folded arms hard other man: "But Bart's dead a'ready, Will. Zeke killed him." nome on Bart's chest. He repeated

And he related the manner of that killing; then harked back. 'Zeke was upset when Huldy took me down to the brook," he plained. "As soon as Will left him, he tried to find her at the ledge; but she was gone. She must have

He added contentedly: "Or if it ain't, it ought to be!"

The sheriff relaxed his efforts. tried to follow me." He hesitated, struck by the percep-tion that his own coming here today had precipitated all that ensue Zeke didn't see her," he explained "But he traipsed down brook, and caught up with me, and he though "That's so," Zeke assented. she was bound to meet me, where; so he followed me till I go over here. He was hiding outside The sheriff looked down at Bart when Bart come through the barn, there on the ground. "You done carrying her.

"Zeke was too far away to stor Bart; but he knew it was Huldy by her dress, and he was wild; and he crawled into the other side of use, to try to hear what had

"It was him I heard in there?" Jenny whispered.
Saladine nodded. "And it was

him in the shed, after that, Marm him in the shed, after that, Marm Plerce," he said. He looked at Jenny. "Zeke heard Huldy tell you that Will killed her," he explained, "and he set out to find Will, ready to do for him! But on the way home, he see Bart's tracks in the ods, and back-tracked Bart to here he picked Huldy up after she

such truck onto it. Then I balanced it up there on the edge, so's it'd tip over easy, with one end of the fall fast to it, and a running noose in t'other end. I fetched the noose end down here and waited; and when Bart come in, all I had to do was drop the noose over his head and twitch the grindstone off its perch."

The sheriff tipped back his hat, ran his fingers across his brow. "Well, we'd ought to get Bart in the house," he decided. "Can't let him lay out here!" And he said to Saladine: "Take his feet, Jim, will you? I'll carry his head."

And he spoke to Zeke in a matter-of-fact tone. "You hold the lantern," he directed. "Open the door for us." "It had rained, but the ground was all soft before the rain, and teke was tracker enough to make but what had happened. Bart didn' ow, if he had, but there wa'n't.

moment after Bart disap

So they carried Bart into the "There was tracks coming up from the this fashion so mys kitchen, and laid him on the floor."

while you and Bart was here!"
Saladine considered, admiring the old woman's thoroughness, yet perceiving an explanation of this matter, too. "Bart must have laid a fake trail," he suggested. "On his way back here from Will's. But you see, Zeke got there before Bart had a chance to do that after Huldy died." He added: "And if Bart told the truth, his rod and all would have been there then; but they

And he explained: "Zeke went up to the ledge, and found enough to let him make out that Bart and Huldy had had some kind of a scuffle there; so he knowed Huldy had lied about Will; and he raced over to Bart's house, meaning to kill him; but Bart wa'n't there; and Zeke come had here and The sheriff considered; and then and Zeke come back here and on a sudden thought he knelt down missed Bart again; and he spent to fumble at Bart's belt, feeling it the rest of the day like a dog bewith his fingers. He looked up at tween rat holes, trying to find Bart and to get at him in some way so Bart couldn't use his gun."

He concluded: "And he finally waylaid him over at the barn!

He wagged his head. "He had a old nerve," he said, almost admirally. "Stood up to her good, didn't e? You wouldn't ever have thought he was lying." And he decided:

"Jenny clung last to whis alm, and Marm Pierce exclaimed: "Well, good riddance!" There was never any sentimentality in that stout old woman. "Huldy wa'r worth it is was lying." And he decided: Jenny clung fast to Will's arm; Bart got his comeuppance! It was

But Will sald: "Pore Zeke. He won't live long in jail!"
"Pore fiddlesticks!" Marm Pierce

protested. "I sh'd say you didn't have any call to pity him!"

"I dunno." Will confessed. "I always was kind of sorry for Zeke. And it wa'n't his fault. He tried to hold out against her. But Huldy, I guess she could outnumber most any man."

Saladine felt himself an outsider here. "The sheriff's in a hurry," he remembered. "We're taking Zekesheriff warned him gravely: "You and Bart too-to town; so I'll be moving on." And turned toward the door. "I'll come see you folks again, sometime," he promised. "Do so," Marm Pierce assented,

and Will seconded the invitation. So Saladine bade them all goodby, and went out into the night where the sheriff and Zeke were waiting in the car, and began the

long, wearisome drive to town. He forgot his rod and fish basket: but it would be long before he came to claim them. Zeke Dace, as Will had foreseen, did not live to face trial, He died in late August, in the jail on the hill above East

"He wa'n't sick," the sheriff told Saladine, stopping at Jim's farm on the Ridge above Fraternity one day. "He was always kind of thin and shaky, but no worse than always. He just died, that's all!"

They talked together of Zeke for a little; and then Jim asked a word "I was out there last week," the sheriff explained. "To tell 'em about Zeke. Marm Pierce had made it up with her brother. Win's living with her now, and fixing up his side of the house to keep the weather out. He swears he's never going to touch another drop of rum as long as he lives, prob'ly."
Saladine asked for Will and

Jenny.

"They're fine," the sheriff as-"Not married yet?" Saladine ex-

claimed in surprise. Sohler shook his head. "You'd ought to go out and see 'em," he "They spoke kindly suggested. about you."

"I left my rod out there," Sala-dine recalled. "Forgot it, that night, and I never did go to fetch it. Maybe I will!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Custer Held by Indians Bravest of Hero Band

In the course of the Sloux war of 1876, which originated over the lust for gold in the Dakota country, Gen. George A. Custer came with his regiment upon a full force of Indians camped along a river.

A most courageous youth, Custer ordered his men to strike, and they struck, but the redskins were waiting for them. Custer and his men were s

surrounded, with no chance for es-cape and little chance for victory against the savage horde of reds

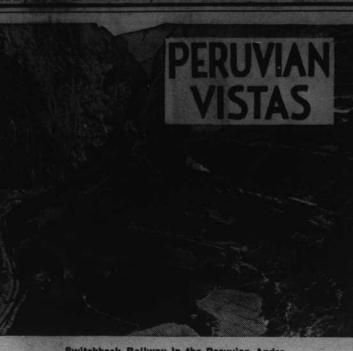
whites.

In this battle not only the New Rumley (Ohio) boy but his two brothers, nephew, brother-in-law, and his entire command of nearly 300 mounted officers and men gave up their lives. Not one man was

to tell the story, all is left to con-jecture, except what may be gath-ered from one touching scepe. In the midst of a circle of dead bodies ay the corpse of the young hero, with a bullet in his brain and one n his breast, but he was un

This shows that of all that bar of heroes who were found lying on the field of battle, brave as they were, Custer may be judged to be the bravest. For so greatly did the redskins regard his valor that they left him untouched. — Cleveland

Ancient Tree Pests
Mank fossil trees in the Petrified
Forest of Arisona show fine burrows and "tunnels" left by larvae.



Switchback Railway in the Peruvian Andes.

Prepared by National Geographic Society.

Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

FOM the old-fashioned diver-

FOM the old-fashioned diversions of hanging around cantinas, standing on street corners, or attending bull fights and cock fights, Peruvian men and boys have turned largely to athletics, and association football has become to them what sand-lot baseball is in our country. The bull ring is still there and cocking mains exist, but they are rapidly losing their ap-

Lima, the Peruvian capital, is most fortunately located with reference to both winter and summer resorts, whither the people can go quickly whenever climatic conditions tend to become oppressive.

A fifteen-minute motor ride brings one to Miraflores; and the wealth of its flowers and foliage justifies its name. The streets are lined with double rows of trees, and some of them have central parking, while a few ramble about in that charming informality of a fine old English town.

Barranco begins where Miraflores ends, and delightfully straggles along the edge of an uneven cliff about 100 feet above the sea. at the base of which is a fine beach reached by a long, covered ramp and a peculiar elevator not unlike the Lynton-Lynmouth lift in north

Chorrillos joins Barranco as the latter emerges out of Mirafiores. Al-though totally destroyed during the war with Chile, it has been rebuilt and is the meeting place of the wealth and fashion of Peru during the summer season.

Some thirty miles up the Rimac, at an elevation of 2,800 feet, is Chosica, Lima's principal winter resort. When the low, damp, dripping fogs of winter hover over the capital city, the suburban trains are crowded with those who know that, however dismal it may be on the coast, at Chosica the sun is surely shining, for this winter suburb is above the range of the coastal clouds.

Callao Is Lima's Port

Two years after Lima was founded, Callao, its port, began to rise at the mouth of the Rimac. Here back to Spain. Here, too, centered for generations the trade of all South America, for the royal edict was that even the trade of Buenos Aires and Montevideo should clear through Callao. Many were the times that it was pillaged by pirates. And then, on October 28, 1746, came the terrible earthquake which rivated in destructiveness that at Port Royal, Jamaica, a half century before.

Of the city's 6,000 inhabitants only two remained to tell the story. But, unlike Port Royal, even such a catastrophe could not forever banish it from the map. A bigger and better Callao arose on the ruins of the destroyed city. Today the government is planning to build modern docks and custom house equipment which will make it a port where cargo can be received and discharged with as much fa-cility as shipments are handled in modern North American ports.

Lima is fortunate in its large rvirons as in its closer setti wherever a stretch of the coastal desert can be provided with water, an agricultural El Dorado takes the place of parched sands; and very few miles both northward and southward, a fine stream sweeps out from the snow-covered summits of the Andes Wherever a stretch of the coastal

Irrigation is therefore a miracle rorker ready to transform barren vastes into fertile fields. So the ment is irrigating the des ert with matches, paradoxical as that may sound,

that may sound,

One of the nation's greatest needs is the establishment of new irrigation projects, through which new areas may be redeemed from the desert. Yet this costs money, The government decided that its smokers should finance these projects, and the Swedish Match company was on hand with an offer of \$8,000,000 a year for the exclusive right to manufacture and sell matches in the republic.

Development of Irrigation.

There are four albums in the of ces of one of the larger British ouses in Lima which telf an elo uent story of the role of irri

tion project of this firm, its destruc-tion by the floods of 1925, its reconstruction, and its subsequent operation.

The first album shows a desert valley, with here and there a wretched hut inhabited by an undernourished Indian family. When the transformation began the available labor, recruited from far and wide, was so emaclated and underfed that a full day's work was entirely beyond its strength. The contractors set in to build

houses for the families of their laborers, to furnish them with ample food, and to abolish the toll of poverty. The concluding pictures of this album show a contented, happy, and well-nourished lot of laborers and their families and give glimpses of the holidays of 7,500 people who had been able to transmute misery into comfortable wellbeing because foreign capital converted a desert into a garden.

The next album shows the flood of 1925, the first one within the memory of the natives. Higher and higher it rose. The adobe houses melted before the downpour as snow before a springtime sun. The rushing torrents swept away the sugar mills and cotton gins, tore out the railroads, carried the bridges from their abutments, and wrought general havoc.

The third collection shows conditions after the flood subsided, revealing that it had indeed torn down the whole structure of the erstwhile thriving community, from turret to foundation stone. Back it was to its original despair. What would become of those 7,500 peo-ple who had found a decent live-lihood there? Must they go back to the unemployment, the pitiless poverty from which this industry had brought them?

Happily, the fourth picture volume answers no. For the House of William and John Lockett had a frugal financial policy in days of its prosperity. It had laid aside its savings and had established a good credit; so it was able to begin immediately the work of restoration and on an extended scale. As one sured him. "They're alming to get were laden the Spanish galleons turns the pages, it can be seen that married, here in a week or so!" that carried the wealth of the land every laborer was busy, and the final pictures show the rebuilding complete, the crops flourishing once more, and the thousands of natives again in full possession of the opportunities to earn a living

At her back door Lima has one of the mightiest mountain areas in the world, and the wealth that comes down out of them from such great mines as those of Cerro de Pasco and from the smelters of Oroya rivals in value the streams of precious metals which flowed into the Lima of long ago on the backs of llamas and donkeys. Wonderful Rallways.

Excursion trains run from Lims nearly to the summit of the Andes every Sunday, over the Central rallway of Peru and those who make the trip enter into one of the greatest wonderlands of the earth. Here nature, ancient man, and modern civilization seem to have conspired to creat the great-est engineering show ever staged.

The mountains rise to a height of more than 17,000 feet at the lowest pass; the eastern faces of their subordinate ridges are smooth, and the western slopes usually are a riot of unweathered rock, where one may read in the thousands of broken and twisted strata the strength of the titanic hand with which nature fashloned them. The railroad, in its turn, shows

how modern engineering can tri-umph over the obstacles nature has placed in its path. Rising to a summit of 15,693 feet in the Calera tunnel, it has to pass brough 61 tunnels, over 41 bridges, and around 18 zigzags or switch-

It reaches nearly a mile higher than any standard-gauge rall-road in North America, a quar-ter of a mile higher than the summit of Pikes Peak—even high-er than Mont Blanc itself.

er than Mont Blanc itself.

Here it takes the bed of the Rio Blanco and gives the stream a tunnel. At Puerto del Infiernillo (the Bridge of the Little Hell) it passes out of a tunnel onto a bridge and into another tunnel. Near San Bartolome It enters a covered way of concrete whose not is the artificial bed of a stream

MEANING OF KIDNAPING sipal law and many who he committed this crime unknowing ave been sent to prison. In a states "intent" is not necessary of states "intent" is not necessary an secondly, the offense includes "kee ing or detaining" anyone against h will. One odd case on record is the of a man who was convicted of his naping his wife because he force her to accompany him on a journe —Collier's Weekly.

BOYS! GIRLS!

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

Might Is Right

Often the man with the might also in the right. Don't think the

arrogant are always in the wrong.



EATS OATMEAL TO HELP KEEP FIT

• It may be one of Nature's lowest cost foods, but lucky is the boy or girl who gets it for breakfast every morning.

Many are nervous, poor in appetite system out of order, because their daily diets lack enough of the precious Vitamin B for keeping fit.*

Few things keep them back like a lack of this protective food element.

So give everyone Quaker Oats every morning. Because in addition to its generous supply of Vitamin B for keeping fit,* it furnishes food-energy, muscle and body-building ingredients. For about ½ per dish.

Start serving it tomorrow for a 2-weeks test. Quaker Oats has a wholesome, nutlike, luscious appeal to the appetite. Flavory, surpassingly good. All grocen supply it.

Where poor condition is due to lack of Vitamin B

IN VITAMIN B FOR KEEPING FIT . . . 1c worth of **Ouaker Oats**

3 cakes of Fresh Year or and Mother's Oats are the sar

Popular Singing
Singing that puts the baby to slee
is the most popular kind.

Use only one level teaspoonful to a cup of flour for most recipes.

Efficient Economical

BAKING POWDER

Same price toda as 45 years ago 25 ounces for 250

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44 WNU-4 In age one prefers no events to

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