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NEWCASTLE

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"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

NOW SHOWING AT THE HAPPY HOUR

(Continued)

As he spoke, Gwyn pushed the throttle over to the last notch. The pondering engine made the bridge creak beneath it as it tore along at full speed. In the center it seemed for a moment as though the whole structure, with the engine, might hurtle down to the river below, but by a miracle, the bridge held the weight, and the engine emerged safely from the smoke at the other end of the bridge.

"Thank God, we're safe," Gwyn said, relieved. "It was one chance in—"

"Look! Look! Stop!" Nan shouted. "The chasm bridge! See! They've blocked the track!"

Gwyn peered ahead through the dark of approaching night. Directly in the centre of the track he could see a great, dark form loom up at the end of the chasm bridge nearest him. Von Bleck and his men had piled lumber and stones over the track. It was impossible for him to pass, and if he attempted to break through the blockade, they would be thrown into the gulley to certain death. There was no alternative; Gwyn shut off the throttle and threw on the brakes with a jam. The wheels scraped and the engine slowed and finally stopped. It was within but a few feet of the obstruction. The old cable ferry, which was close enough to be within plain view, was the first thing to attract Gwyn's attention.

"We've got to risk that cable," Gwyn cried to Nan. "If we don't get to town everything's off. Are you willing to try?"

Nan nodded, and Gwyn grabbed the basket. It was rotten, and tore apart at his first pull. Gwyn threw all his weight on the rope. If it was like the basket, there was no hope. But it held! Nan grasped it, also, near Gwyn's hands, and, as they swung out into space, Von Bleck's

men could be heard coming up the road toward the engine.

They stopped for a moment to watch the two gliding along the cable, then ran up to the engine. Von Bleck was at their head. As he approached the steam train, the hatch of the water tank in the back of it slowly opened, and the wet, bedraggled figure of "One-Lung" emerged. He handed Von Bleck some papers which he held in his hand.

"Here are the deeds," he said. "I got them for you, but now you'll have to beat that guy to town and fire."

Von Bleck put the papers in his pocket. By this time his men had cleared the track of the obstructions, and they all boarded the engine and began to run across the trestle.

"You'd better be careful," "One-Lung" cautioned. "The water in the tank has run out and we're liable to explode." The driver, however, did not heed his warning, and drove ahead at full speed.

At the other end of the bridge Nan and Gwyn had landed safely from their perilous ride across the chasm. They were in a quandary as to how to proceed to town, when Causley's automobile, standing where Nan had seen it on her trip to the mine, met their eyes. They jumped into it, and a thrilling race between the engine and the auto began.

For several miles the race continued, until they arrived at a spot where the road was unusually close to the track. A bullet from the engine had punctured one of Gwyn's tires and thrown the car off a balance, but Gwyn, by shooting into the other had overcome this difficulty. The engine was drawing dangerously close to the auto. Nan looked back and screamed a warning, but Gwyn could do no more. He had already been running the car at its highest speed.

Suddenly, as Gwyn was struggling to urge the motor even faster, Nan shrieked. There was a terrific explosion that shook the ground, and the engine was enveloped in smoke. As "One-Lung" had cautioned, the steam in the empty water tank had caused the boiler to blow out, and it seemed, as Nan and Gwyn looked back, as if everyone aboard the engine must be killed.

Gwyn stopped the car with a jerk and whirled in his seat to look back. The force of the explosion had literally torn the engine to bits. A great hole had been blown in the ground and a cloud of smoke and vapor rose over the scene like a fog. He shuddered, transfixed at the horror of the sight.

It was a matter of humanity now. In spite of the fact that the injured men were their enemies—and deadly enemies! But in moments like this compassion is greater than hate.

Under the cab they found the engineer, dead beside his throttle. They were still searching the wreckage when the whistle of another engine announced the arrival of the sheriff. Von Bleck they found at the foot of the embankment, a very much bruised and battered Von Bleck but stunned rather than seriously hurt.

"I'm glad he isn't dead," Gwyn told the sheriff, "but I shall have to ask you to put him under arrest before he escapes. He and his confederates have stolen the deeds to the mine!"

Von Bleck started and sat up, the old look of cunning breaking through his stupor. He raised a trembling finger and pointed down the road. "Arrest me?" He laughed. "Don't worry about that, sheriff. Look—there is your car. Gwyn stole it. He is a thief."

It was a small card, but it took the trick. The sheriff knew his master. "It's true," he said. "Mr. Gwyn, you are under arrest." White with anger at such outrageous treatment, Gwyn sprang forward in vigorous protest, but Nan caught his arm and restrained him with a whispered warning. The explosion, she knew, sounded its own alarm, and he'd be on its way from the village.

Help did come, and very soon. The road up the mountain side was dotted with motors and horsemen before the last echo had died, and at the head of the procession came a bright red machine with a strip of flying bunting whipping in the wind behind it. Its radiator was boiling like a kettle when it drew up beside the track. The man at the wheel was "Square Deal" Hogan, a wiry little Irishman who had come to Lost Mine when it was still a municipal infant, and whose standing among the townspeople was won by the fact that he was ready to give each newcomer his hand or his fist, as the conduct and intentions of the visitor might warrant. He took in the situation at a glance.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, stepping forward. Gwyn started to explain, his audience growing larger every minute as the newcomers arrived. Nan, standing at his side, sought the eye of each friend in the crowd, nodding silent assent. When Gwyn concluded

there was a silence. Hogan read the faces about him with growing confidence and walked out to face the sheriff. But Causley, too, had seen the swift rise of suspicion. With a wink to Von Bleck he turned to Gwyn with a smile of conciliation.

"Why didn't you tell me this before?" he said. Then, turning, he almost shouted at the abject Von Bleck. "Stand up there! Come here! You are under arrest, do you hear?" Von Bleck rose painfully and was led to the sheriff's machine.

(Continued next week)

Sure! High Heels Cause Corns But Who Cares Now.

Because style decrees that women crowd and buckle up their tender toes in high heel footwear they suffer from corns, then they cut and trim at these painful pests which merely makes the corn grow hard. This suicidal habit may cause lockjaw and women are warned to stop it.

A few drops of a drug called free-one applied directly upon a sore corn gives quick relief and soon the entire corn, root and all, lifts out without pain. Ask the drug store man for a quarter of an ounce of free-one, which costs very little but is sufficient to remove every hard or soft corn or callus from one's feet.

This drug is an ether compound and dries in a moment and simply shrivels up the corn without inflaming or even irritating the surrounding tissue or skin. Clip this out and pin on your wife's dresser.

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Dunlop "Gibraltar RedSpecial" Belting

Abnormal Friction Pull vs. Elasticity of Friction



Note the Short Grain Rubber Friction

This Belt Section illustrates a Heavy "Poundage-Pull" Friction. To secure this result the Friction Grain is short and stiff. Elasticity and Flexibility have been sacrificed to secure such a result.

BETWEEN every ply of specially-selected, heavy Cotton Duck in Dunlop "Gibraltar RedSpecial" Belting is a layer of pure Rubber which, through a Dunlop calendering process, so permeates the fabric that it binds the several plies into one integral piece.

Some belt manufacturers offer to sell their product on the basis of "Heavy-Poundage in a Friction-Pull" Test. To obtain the latter result it is not necessary to secure such an expensive Rubber Friction as is used in "Gibraltar RedSpecial." This fact alone ought to be a pretty good gauge of the value of the "friction-pull" test.

In buying "Gibraltar RedSpecial" you get the advantage of years of careful laboratory work on our part with this result: The friction is of that "just-right" elastic quality which allows for the give and take necessary in rounding the pulleys; hence the reason "Gibraltar RedSpecial" is known for maximum Power, Speed and Service.



Note the Long Grain Rubber Friction

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