Now Showing at The Happy Hour

"THE FIGHTING TRAIL"

Chapter III--"The Story of Ybarra"

A Story of the Great Outdoors

CAST

John Gwyn, Mining Engineer, William Duncan
Nan Lawton.....Carol Holloway
"Cut Deep" Rawls, an outlaw..... George Holt
"Shoestring" Drant, his partner..... Joe Ryan
Herr Von Bleck, a foreign spy Walter Rodgers
Yaqui Joe, a faithful Indian H. Ducrow
Don Carlos Ybarra Charles Wheelock

(Continued)

At that moment Ybarra, shuffling on towards the house halted a moment to watch it run away. Either through co-incidence or by kindness of Providence, the frightened rabbit dashed toward the entrance of the cave As it was about to enter there for shelter, it took a sudden turn and fled in the opposite direction, with renewed speed Ybarra was immediately suspicious Something—perhaps someone—must have frightened the animal He uttered a little cry Perhaps some one was in his cave! He turned and called:

"Joe! Joe!"

Yaqui Joe, the relic of a dauntless tribe fo earlier days, Ybarra's faithfu lservant, appeared in the doorway Don Carlos motioned to the cave Joe understood The old Spaniard, his days for physical combat passed, went on toward the hacienda, leaving the Indian to see to the safety of the cases

When Ybarra entered the house, he was welcomed warmly by one bright ray in his shattered, lone some life It was a young and very beautiful girl, whom he called Nan She was dark, of the Spanish type, but nevertheless sparkingly Ameri- but nevertheless scarlingly Ameri- strangers as the kind of a girl an orphan always imagines his mother was And that was description enough, both of beauty and of character

"What's the matter, father" she asked nervously "Why did you call?"

"I thought perhaps those two mad men from Lost Mine, Shoestring Drant and Cut-Deep Rawls, were about again Yaqui Joe is looking around now It may be nothing Don't be alarmed" He tapped her on the shoulder Despite his assurances, Nan was alarmed She fear- the men whose names her father had mentioned, for often before she had heard of their maniacal intentions of abducting her

* * *

The following morning things occurred rapidly and unfortunately at the little mountain town of Lost Mine Von Bleck and Gwyn arrived at the same hotel a few minutes after each other The secret agent of the Central Powers got in first, and Gwyn met him in the dining room as he was eating breakfast Both were clad in rough Western attire, having the entire distance from Barstow by horseback, though along different roads

At the first sight of him, Gwyn comprehended He had been followed In an instant he recalled the conversation on the train, remembered how Von Bleck had attempted to talk business Everything that had passed between them flashed like a bolt of lightening into his mind He had no doubt that his suspicious were true He walked over to the Central Powers' agent, and without a preliminary word, said:

"Von Bleck, you're gone about far enough I know who you are, what you are, and what you want Look out I'm working to save my nation—you are working to destroy it I wouldn't for a moment allow such a little thing as your life to stand between me and my mission here I warn you, keep off my trail!"

Von Bleck said nothing He merely sneered

Gwyn ate a hurried breakfast, and, after inquiring the way to Ybarra's mine, started out upon the back of a hired horse to find it

It was said that the occurrences at Lost Mine that morning were unfortunate, and they were; for, when Von Bleck had finished his meal and decided, despite Gwyn's caution, to follow the young mining engineer to his destination, and foil his plans, if such a thing were possible, he asked which trail to follow to Ybarra's The name he found by reference to his notebook As fate ruled, his appointed guides were none other than Shoestring Drant and Cut-Deep Rawls, who had prowled about the Spaniard's dwelling on the previous evening

After they had led him several miles into the mountains, they discovered that he, too was a enemy to Don Carlos Ybarra, and, due both to Von Bleck's shrewdness in the situation and that of the outlaws, they struck a bargain It was an immense bargain, almost as great and important as the one made by Gwyn and Balterman, but the conditions under which it was made were in sharp contrast to the other It was agreed that if Von Bleck, through the aid of the outlaw should gain possession of Ybarra's cinnabar mine, the outlaw were to be paid the fabulous sum of one million dollars, in addition to which Von Bleck was to aid them in what was more important than the money, to their minds—the abduction of Ybarra's daughter Nan

* * *

Meanwhile, Nan and Yaqui Joe had gone to Lost Mine with a shipment of cinnabar to be sent to Gwyn's New York Office. Nan left Joe in charge of it, with instructions for him to wait for the mail while she hurried back across the mountain trail to her father, whom she did not care to leave alone

She was riding leisurely along the narrow trail that led around the side of one of the mountains, when, suddenly rounding a curve, she met Gwyn face to face The path was not wide enough for both horses to pass easily, and there was a sheer drop more than five hundred feet into the valley from it Nan's horse frightened by the sudden appearance of Gwyn, reared and started to turn in his tracks One of his feet slid over the edge of the trail and he commenced to fall Gwyn, in an instant, was out of his saddle and besides her It was useless to try to save the horse Already he had lost his balance Gwyn caught Nan just as she was about to go over the edge, and dragged her back to the trail, while her mount [illegible] on the brink for a brief second and toppled into space

Now when she recovered from the shock of her narrow escape murmured her thanks and was wondering how [illegible] would reach her home, when Gwyn astounded her by revealing his identity He, also, was agreeably surprised to discover that she was the daughter of Don Carlos Ybarra, whom he was on his way to see He had lost himself in the mountains, and was trying to find his way out When they met on the narrow trail

She looked at him with her great, dark eyes, and Gwyn was overcome by her beauty and carefree freshness "Father will be mighty glad to see you," she said

[illegible] night, shortly after dusk, when the Sierras were covered with the evening mist, three figures emerged on horseback from the woods and advanced across the little clearing to Ybarra's hacienda Von Bleck and his desperadoes had returned They dismounted, Von Bleck leading. Von Bleck dashed up to the hacienda, bolted through the unlocked door, and faced the occupants with drawn revolvers Von Bleck had calculated that this would be all that was necessary, but even such eciciency expert of the Central Powers' "system" as he was some time calculate incorrectly Neither Gwyn nor Ybarra throw up their hands in surrender Instead they drew their own weapons, and gave furious battle Von Bleck and the outlaws fired Gwyn and Ybarra returned the shots In the excitement no one was hit For several minutes the fight raged—hand to hand at times—and then Don Carlos fell, a bullet in his head Gwyn's gun was snatched from behind, and Nan was caught in the ironlike grasp of the chuckling Cut-Deep

"Get it! Get it!" Von Bleck yelled "Hurry up, and then run!"

The outlaws rushed together toward the kitchen, and suddenly stopped They listened Through the open door came the sodden clatter of hoofs upon the grass The marauders knew immediately what it meant Yaqui Joe, returning from town, had seen the spot where Nan had fallen and had seen her horse in the gully below He was rushing to the house for Don Carlos The position became dangerous Taken thus by surprise they might all be killed Cut-Deep released Nan and ran to the cover of the kitchen Von Bleck followed, just as Yaqui Joe burst into the door and fired The bullet pierced his hand, but Von Bleck leaped into the kitchen before he could shoot again, slammed the door, and bolted it.

For several minutes Gwyn and Joe hurled their bodies against the portal At last it sagged and fell in, with the two men, battered and bruised, sprawling upon it They looked up quickly, expecting to meet a volley of shots Nothing happened The kitchen was empty!

An open window, with broken panes, told the reason But a few feet from it, the cover torn off, was an old, wooden chest Yaqui Joe rested his eyes upon it for a second Then with a cry, ran to it and began rummaging through its contents

* * *

"They've got it!" he fairly shrieked And then, reaching down one side, his finger pressed on something The inner side flew open, revealing two large, sealed envelopes, yellow with age "But they haven't got it all!" he shouted almost joyously pushing past Gwyn and Nan, who stood, mystified, in the center of the and knelt beside Ybarra The old Spaniard opened his eyes dazedly and smiled at his servant He took the envelopes from his and proceeded to tear them open

"Joe," he ordered, "follow their trail Get it from them" The old Indian hesitating not a moment could be heard galloping away through the night Gwyn and Nan were beside Ybarra by this time The girl looked down into the Spaniards face and saw there a hidden terror He was dying

(Continued next week)

Girls! Lemon Juice Is Skin Whitener

How to Make a Creamy Beauty Lotion for a Few Cents

The juice of two fresh lemons strained into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white makes a whole quarter pint of the most remarkable lemon skin beautifier at about the cost one must pay for a small jar of the ordinary cold strain the lemon juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as freckles, sallowness and tan and is the ideal skin softener, whitener and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any drug store and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quarter pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands.

Maine Has New Political Party

A new political party, to be known as the Maine Non-Partisan League, was organized in Maine last month, and a complete election ticket drawn up Like its more famous namesake of North Dakota, the fundamental aims of the Maine Non-Partisan League will be to advance the material interests of the farmers and the working classes through active and aggressive participation in politics.

The following is the tentative platform, subject to a state convention to be held by the new organization in May

A government of, by and for the people, which means that the people must rise up and take the government, both state and national

The national initiative, referendum and recall

Government ownership and operation of public utilities, especially of railroads, coal, iron and copper mines, telegraph, telephone and water powers

To lower the cost of living, the government should regulate prices, and to make such regulations effective, we advocate national, state or city ownership of grain elevators, stockyards, storage warehouses, flour mills, fuel yards and other agencies of distribution

The farm and loan law to be so amended as to make it more within the reach of all the farmers and all farm purposes.

All taxes to be assessed in actual land values, exclusive of farm improvements All land held out of use to be taxed at its full rental value

All war profits and all incomes in excess of $10,000 to be conscripted by the government while the war lasts

IRELAND AND CONSCRIPTION

Speaking at a meeting at East Tyrove on Sunday, Joseph Devlin, Nationalist member of parliament for the west division of Belfast, declared that so long as its members had breath in their bodies the Irish party would never permit the application of conscription to Ireland. Irish opposition, which is the main obstacle in framing the man-power bill, which is to be placed before Parliament next week, might be appeased, the London Evening Standard believes, by following the way shown by President Wilson and associating the Irish units in the field with the French and American rather than the British.

ANGLICAN OFFICERS FOR 1918

The following officers have been elected by the Anglican churches of St Paul's, Chatham Head, and St Mary's, Chatham: Wardens—Hon J P Burchill and F E Neale; Treas—V A Danville; Vestry Clerk—G Stead Vestrymen—W H Baldwin, M Moss, W P Eaton, S A Frost, D T Johnstone, Jas McLaughlan, W J Baldwin, H R Danville, H P Searle, G Percy Burchill; Auditors—J S Lewis and J H Pallen; Delegates to Diocesan Synod—Hon J P Burchill, F E Neale G Stead; substitutes—W H Baldwin, A Frost, D T Johnstone

Middle Aged Women

Are Here Told the Best Remedy for Their Troubles.

Freemont, O.—"I was passing through the critical period of life, being forty-six years of age and had all the symptoms incident to that change—heat flashes, nervousness, and was in a general run down condition, so it was hard for me to do my work. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me as the best remedy for my troubles, which it surely proved to be. I feel better and stronger in every way since taking it, and the annoying symptoms have disappeared."—Mrs. M. Godden, 925 Napoleon St., Fremont, Ohio.

North Haven, Conn.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored my health after everything else had failed when passing through change of life. There is nothing like it to overcome the trying symptoms."—Mrs. Florence Isella, Box 197, North Haven, Conn.

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