

The MAN from YONDER

THE STORY

CHAPTER I—Ben Elliott—from "Yonder"—was his first job in the lumbering town of Yonder.

CHAPTER II—Elliott finds a friend in Duke Able Armitage who is to take care of him until he can get on his feet.

CHAPTER III—Brandon sends his bully, Don, to beat up Ben. Ben writes him a letter for him to be used when he comes back to town.

THE INSTALLMENT

And about the time Ben Elliott burrowed into his pillow and shed responsibility and perplexing problems, Nicholas Brandon turned in the pacing of his cold and otherwise deserted office and cocked his head alertly.

He stopped after a time and opened a drawer of his big desk took from it a bottle of whiskey, shook himself and muttered softly. For a time he held it in his hands, debating. Then, with quality, mut-



"No... A Clear Head Now!" He shot the liquor in its place and resumed his reading. Nicholas Brandon may have ruled Yonder and the surrounding country with an iron absolutism. But tonight, alone in his office, leaning back in his chair, and looking at the bust of Shakespeare, a lonely employee of an insignificant venture, seeing again the faces that had waved before his eyes, he was a frightened man, a hunted man, battling to retain a hold on himself.

CHAPTER IV

BEN ELLIOTT had been on the job at Yonder for two weeks. Able Armitage was with him for the night. Ben was tireless. It seemed, since the beginning he had labored daytimes, schewed until late at night, and now he spent another hour with Able, trying, as he said, to make every dime look like a dollar.

"Now, say!" His face took on a cunning smile as they finally folded their papers. "I haven't had much time to think about anything but getting on my feet and getting it to function, but through it all one thing's kept bobbing up as often as it's got my curiosity on its hind legs."

"McManus was married and had the daughter, Dawn. Brandon never married. Just when they were swining nicely, everything happened as hitting. He got a wife, died, as he was deeply in love as any man I've ever seen and it sent him completely to pot. He was to have been drinking and got himself in a bad way.

"Of the two, Dawn was the more popular. He was friendly, the other big, had a heart as big as a sponge. He'd go the route for anybody. Why—probably you've never even heard this—when old Don Stuart rinned the company it was McManus who got stung in the way of prosecution. He was off for a couple of months and coked—the company out of three or four hundred dollars. He thought, to let himself out of a long term in the penitentiary if they pushed it. Brandon wanted to present, all right, but McManus stood up for two. This was a man, a real human being, if you understand."

"Mac would be off on a tender for weeks at a time and scarcely get over the shakes before he'd start another one. Finally he'd go and Brandon sent him out to a hunting camp on the river with a fine old trapper named Sam Faxon. Brandon figured—and it seemed reasonable—that Sam could keep Mac away from the house, you see. He was there a week or so, tapering off gradually, seeing nobody but Sam. Brandon was working away like a man buying up a lot of stuff for himself, probably figuring up he'd operate on his own hook. McManus had his foot out of the door in his own name before he went back."

"Well, one night we were in the middle of a three-day blizzard and Sam Faxon stumbled into Don Stuart's shack on the edge of town, slung through the arm and frozen so badly that he died the next afternoon. Don's story—voice slowing and a finger raised for emphasis—was that Faxon told him McManus had gotten out of booze and turned ugly and that when he—Sam—tried to prevent him from starting for town after more whiskey he went wild at Sam and shot him. He was hit in the arm, had to have help and in trying to get it several months of expense than any man could stand."

"Well, that caused a great stir. A party hit straight out for the county and couldn't find him nor hair for him or Mac. A couple of old trailblazers agreed that somebody had gone down to the river before the same night that Faxon was shot. The Mad Woman is swift at that bend and never freezes. The trail seemed to go right to the top of the stream and the accepted theory was that McManus, realizing what he had done, had drowned himself. The fact that nothing has been seen or heard of him since lends strength to that supposition."

"An inquest was held, on Don's story a warrant was issued for McManus and so it stands, after all these years."

"I'm damned if I see. Now, that's that. The thing that's stuck in the minds of some of us is this: that McManus, under no circumstances, ever showed a quarrelsome streak, let alone giving evidence of being a killer. However,—with a shudder—"he'd been on a long haul."

"He passed and shook his head. "Brandon turned on the partnership and his own interests, buying his own logs in the name of the firm and sawing them in the mill. He sawed right and left, left and right. As soon as another man would try to operate here Brandon couldn't buy at his own figure terms commenced to happen to that man. . . . Dural has figured in a good many failures"—nodding profoundly. "The man seemed to be obsessed by the idea that he must own all the timber in the locality. It came down to this one place, owned by McManus, which was the last which Brandon wanted and that he didn't have. He commenced to jockey so he could get title to it. Homer Campbell was judge of probate then. Nick went to Homer with a petition to have McManus declared legally dead so the estate could be probated and the timber disposed of. Mac had been gone seven years and such an arrangement could be brought about according to law, you see."

Next he grabbed up his shovel, scooped it full and disappeared into the smoke. His eyes smarted but he took his time, blinked and surveyed the fire. Then he swung his shovel upward and Aiden was spraying water in a plastering, spattering smear at the center of a particularly hot spot. The blue-green-orange combination of living fire gave up at once to a suffron smudge.

"Ben leaped into the open again, breathed deeply, filled his throat and doing his best to hold his breath, edged back into the smoke. He drew that shovel of salt hard upon flame, too, and retreated at once. A dozen trips, and he had the flame down in an area the size of a blanket. He worked to the right, then left. He worked to the left, then right, going further into the mill, coughing and reeking, and when he emerged that time he reached painfully. His stood over his salt pile a moment, gulping fresh air while nausea shook him. He breathed quickly, forcing his lungs to pump deep and fast, sending clearing fire through his arteries. His head stonked, he swooned up more salt and composed himself on page 5.

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Lake Zurich

Mr. and Mrs. O. Rickert were out to their home Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. William Bradley of Prairie View and Mr. and Mrs. George Littleman called Friday afternoon on Mr. and Mrs. H. Hillman. Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Rudinski and family of Hunter called Sunday on Mr. and Mrs. C. Ruskicki. Norris Froelich has accepted a position in Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. William Larson called on Mrs. Sofia Luetzen in Palestine Sunday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. J. Smith and Charles Ladd of Joliet called Monday at the H. Schaefer home. Mr. and Mrs. R. Jahne and Mrs. Weaver visited Mrs. Charles Jahnik in the Francis Willard hospital, Chicago Friday afternoon.

The January meeting of the Lake Zurich Woman's Club will be Friday afternoon in the Dix High school. Miss Esther Schwormann will present the program. Cy Perkins of Rockford was a business visitor here Wednesday.

The annual meeting of the Lake County Pure Milk Association will be held Friday at Diets' Stables.

Appreciation

The definition indicates that "appreciation" commands the greatest "of"; but in the sense, "increase in price or value," it may be followed by "in." One says, "appreciated" or "in" real estate.—Literary Digest.

Hundreds of Items each priced at 9c at King's sale, starts Saturday Morning

Babies in Toyland

Saturday Feature at Catlow Theatre Familiar Melodies of "The Merry Widow" Will Be Heard Next Week. Little Anne Shirley, as the plan in "Anne of Green Gables" is winning the plaudits of millions at the Catlow theatre this week.

COLD STAR MOTOR SERVICE, INC. 817 E. Madison St. BARRINGTON, ILL. Tel. 52 Furniture Moving STORAGE PACKING SHIPPING LOCAL & LONG DISTANCE HOUSING RENOVATIONS CLOSED VANS LOADS INSURED General Carriage Contractors

Action! Five full lines of type cost only 50c and can carry a big message for you. Tel. 1 Barrington Review Classified Ads. The classified columns of the Barrington Review will carry your message to the people who want what you have or have what you want.

The bargain night offering Tuesday is "The Age of Innocence" with Irene Dunst, John Boles, Lionel Atwill and Lauro Hope Crews playing important roles. The story, from the Pulitzer prize novel by Edith Wharton, deals with that period in America when rules of conduct and the proprieties were so powerful that to conform to be ostracized were the only two paths recognized by society. Boles finds himself madly in love with a woman whose world will not permit him to have, and tied down by an engagement to a girl he doesn't want. The plot deals with his exciting and dramatic efforts to extricate himself.

WANT Modern One of the things that make a kitchen modern—and fast!—is a kitchen sink. From this convenient extension it's easy to make or answer telephone calls or correctly an inter-ruption of your kitchen tasks. No need to hurry into some ILLINOIS BELL