BARRINGTON REVIEW

ESTABLISHED 1885
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WALTER R. WINTERINGHAM, Business Director and Foreman

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION MEMBER

ILLINOIS PRESS ASSOCIATION

Published every Thursday afternoon at Barrington, Illinois, and entered as Second-class matter at the Barrington post office under Act of March 8, 1879.

All communications should be addressed to the BARRINGTON REVIEW, 110 W. Main Street, Barrington, Illinois. Cards of thanks, resolutions of condolence, obituary, poetry, memorials, and all notices of entertainments or society and church sales and parties given for pecuniary benefit will be charged for.

TELEPHONE, BARRINGTON NO. 1

PLEDGE IS THE PRICE

As a protector of public morals and particularly an encourager of good ones, one newspaper in the United States is in a unique position. This particular one also has arrived at a solution to one of its most vexing problems.

As all newspaper men know, in a small town where every one knows his neighbors, publication of police news when it deals with local intoxication charges, usually is embarrassing. The Independence (Kansas) "Reporter," confronted with requests that the names of residents of that city who were picked up occasionally for having had a drink too much, be kept out of print, hit upon a fairly successful plan. If it agrees to such individual requests, a pledge of future sobriety must be signed by the culprit, if the case is one of a first offender.

The pledge is not considered an exceptionally impossible one to keep. Its wording is such as to make the signer agree to do his best to keep away from liquor in the future, with the understanding that in event he should break the pledge the newspaper is released from any further obligation to refrain from publishing his name.

Out of slightly more than 100 signers of the pledge, only three have broken it, according to reports from the publisher, who believes that he has it upon a plan that is of assistance to those who are inclined to be too sorely tempted by liquor. At the same he has saved his newspaper from requests that are annoying. Also the community is the gainer all around, and the newspaper has done a nice piece of social work that entitles it to a little praise.—Press Citizen, Iowa City, Iowa.

MANY CHURCHES LACK MONEY

When one looks over his home town and sees the inordinate struggle of many good and worthy people, our very best citizens in fact, over the problem of church finances in order to keep a demoninational machine in operation in a field where the competition is so keen that survival displaces service, he cannot help but realize that a denominational soul isn't worth saving.

Five struggling preachers, five worried congregations, they are, all patriotically waving the banners of their several church denominations and each with only strength to hold up the staff and not enough to do any valiant service for the Master.

The answer comes in field exchange, merging of congregations, federation of denominations or what have you to get into united action the Christian folk of every rural community for consistent and unselfish service which would enlist the whole-hearted support of youth, middle-life and age.

Some of these days with a vast new ministry of disillusioned young men, with a laity who will see less in denominational yokes and more in active service to others there will arise a commonsense and unbiased view of the present tragic situation. Out of it will come a new order of church comity and the world will be far better off, for souls will be born into the real kingdom of God.—Journal, Lander, Wyoming.

DO YOU KNOW ILLINOIS?

By EDWARD J. HUGHES,
Secretary of State.

The secretary of state of Illinois is the state librarian ex-officio. The state library and archives division under his jurisdiction contain much information concerning your state. Any questions which are of particular interest to readers and which are not covered in this series will be answered immediately. Address all communications: **Edward J. Hughes, Secretary of State, Public Information Department, Capitol, Springfield, Illinois.**

Q. Where was the first agricultural society formed in Illinois?

A. In Madison county in 1819. Morris Birkbeck, later secretary of state, and Edward Coles, later governor, were elected president and vice president. Premiums live stock, hemp, flax, cotton, were floored for wheat, corn, hay, homespun cloth, tobacco, castor oil, wool, malt liquor, salt and cheese.

Q. What was the most important work of the agricultural society?

A. Birkbeck's suggestions concerning scientific farming, particularly warnings against the danger of skinning the soil, a practice already too prevalent in the older states.

Q. What became of the state Agricultural Society?

A. It was disbanded in 1525 turning over its funds to Sunday schools.

Q. When and where was the first state fair held?

A. October 11-14, 1853, at Springfield.

Q. When and for what purpose was the Illinois Farmers' Institute established?

A. 1895. It was designed to assist and encourage useful education among the farmers and to develop the agricultural resources of the state.

Q. How many buildings were there in Chicago at the time of the great Chicago fire (1871)?

A. 56,000, the majority being constructed of pine.

Q. How many buildings were destroyed by the Chicago fire?

A. 13,000 buildings in an area of 2,024 acres. The houses of 100,000 citizens were destroyed and 92,000 persons were made homeless.

Q What was the extent of life and property loss in the Chicago fire?

A. 250 people died. Financial loss totalled $157,927,000.

Q. When did Chicago gain first place as a meat packing center?

A. In 1860 Chicago became the greatest meat packing center in the west.

Q. What is the Ferguson Monument fund?

A. A fund of more than a million dollars left for the erection and maintenance of enduring statuary and monuments" in Chicago.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN WASHINGTON

(Courtesy The United States News)

To settle the veterans' bonus question once for all, the senate receives a comprise measure said to be acceptable to the president. Its essential points are:

Payment of adjusted service certificates at full value in 1938 instead of 1945.

Payment of present value in negotiable, 3 per cent bonds if desired by holders of certificates.

Declaration of congressional policy against payment of pensions to veterans.

Already before the senate is the Patman bill, passed by the house, calling for immediate payment in new currency. Its defeat by the senate, or later after a presidential veto, is conceded.

Riding down all opposition, whether from the "left" or the "right," the Social Security bill passes the house by a vote of 372 to 33.

Down to defeat go advocates of the Townsend plan for payment of high old-age pensions to all over 60 years of age. The vote—206 to 56.

Down likewise go proponents of the Lundeen Unemployment Insurance bill for paying prevailing wages to the jobless. The vote—158 to 40.

A motion from the other side to omit all old-age pensions is lost by 125 to 49.

Says Representative Doughton, the bill's sponsor, in a hush before the final vote: "This is the most important measure, probably, ever considered by an American congress."

Now to the senate goes the bill to provideold-aregpensions, unemployment insurance, and aid to helpless children through a payroll tax rising from 2 to 9 per cent over a 12-year period.

A plan for the acquisition of all railroads by the federal government, as set forth in a bill introduced in congress by Senator Burton K. Wheeler (Dem.) of Montana:

Formation of a United States Railroad Corporation which would purchase securities of all railroads, paying for them with two different types of its own securities.

One type would be guaranteed bonds. These would be exchanged for outstanding rail bonds and stocks up to their present market value.

The other type would be "rain check" securities, having value only as earnings increase. Maximum value would bet set on the basis of 1930 earnings.

Picture of the result, as seen by a railroad executive: "An annual deficit of 2,500 million dollars to be met from taxes, with government of all industry soon to follow; a nation of mushiks taxed to death in the name of the public interest, jumping through the hoop at the command of a few bureaucrats.

A concentrated barrage is laid down to blast the cotton processing tax out of the administration's farm program.

From the textile industry, operating at a loss, with many mills closing; from New England, seat of the hardest pressed portion of textile manufacturing; from Georgia, whose governor prepares to "stump" the Cotton Belt for repeal of the tax; from the rubber industry, large buyer of cotton; and from railroads, losers through diminution of cotton traffic, come voices of protest that reach to the White House.

A committee of cabinet officers ponders the problem and its twin difficulties—the influx of cheap Japanese cloth that, in NRA's view, threatens operations of the textile industry under its code. The cotton control program hangs in the balance.

Current exhibit on the conflict of state with federal power.

Senator Huey P. Long, unofficial dictator of Louisiana, has the state legislature adopt a measure giving his appointees authority over the spending of federal funds allotted to local bodies.

Immediately two shots from Washington ring out.

One comes from PWA Administrator Ickes, who threatens to cut off further allotments of public works funds to the state; cancels $648,000 already allocated.

The other comes from Relief Administrator Hopkins, who quietly takes over the distribution of all relief funds in Louisiana.

Say administration foes: "Shameless purchase of states' rights."

Reply administration friends: "A step necessary for the efficient use of government money."

Hats From Bananas

The banana tree, having delivered its harvest, is immediately cut down to make way for young suckers sprouting from its root. But its usefulness does not end there. West Indies natives chop it up, while still green, into "logs" for their pigs and cows, which enjoy the tender and succulent wood. Once the sap has dried, the fibrous bark yields a strong thread, readily converted by their nimble fingers into door mats, sleeping mats, sunhats, and even ropes. Years ago, the white people living in the West Indies scorned bananas, regarding them as food fit only for pigs. Today this delectable fruit is the mainstay of the islands.—Tit-Bits Magazine.

HOME EDUCATION

"The Child's First School Is the Family"—Froebel

Issued by National Kindergarten Assn. 8 W. 40th St. New York

Humiliating the Child

By LOUISE S. QUACKENBUSH

"I see Edward has begun school," observed Mrs. King, as she and her neighbor were enjoying their respective gardens.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Browne with a hesitant frown. "I took him yesterday, and he mortified me dreadfully."

Mrs. King looked surprised as Mrs. Browne continued: "The principal permitted me to accompany Edward into Miss Gerhard's room. She was so sweet and wanted him to feel at ease, so she said, 'Edward, how would you like to sit next to that little boy?' indicating a beautifully dressed little fellow with long curls. Edward gave one look, pointed at the little chap and with withering scorn replied, 'What, him? He's a sissy, isn't he?' I want to sit with a 'regular guy.'"

"I felt so ashamed!"

Poor Mrs. Browne! But what about little Curlyhead?

"When my eldest brother was a little fellow," began Mrs. King with a reminiscent smile, "my mother bought him a new straw hat for school. The hat had tiny streamers extending an inch or two beyond the brim. My brother decided it was a sissy hat. Evidently he did not want to offend Mother, for he said nothing, but as soon as he was out of sight of the house, he would doff his hat and carry it all the way to school.

"When an observant neighbor told Mother about t, she merely snipped off the offending streamers and the hat was mustered into active service. It's strange, what a big difference a few inches of ribbon can make.

"Some people seem to think children cannot be offended and are obvious to all that it said about them in their presence," continued Mrs. King. "I was a very shy child, and my mother, unwittingly, caused me many painful moments. In introducing me to strangers, she would try to ease matters for me by telling them how bashful I was. And if anyone gave me anything, instead of waiting for my reaction, she would say, 'Now, what do you say?' If she could have known how she humiliated me—outraged my self-respect—she would have discontinued the practice long before she did. If she had only given me time, I know that in my shy way I should have said, 'Thank you,' without prompting. As it was, I merely hung my head and grinned. O, how little mirth there was in that grin!

"Yet Mother, herself, had been a different child. Perhaps that was why she was sure she could hold me without considering carefully how to do it. It seems she was punished, sometimes, for her shyness. One day when she was about seven, a neighbor saw her peering through the fence pickets at her lovely flowers. Being fond of child, the kind woman immediately came out with scissors and began cutting a bouquet. Mother suspected they were intended for her and that she would have to make a speech and thank her, so to avoid the ordeal she ran home. The flowers were later sent to her by an elder sister who told the whole story, and poor little Mother was punished for running away. Grandma's tactics certainly were not commendable."

"Nowadays," reflected Mrs. Browne with a smile, "children don't seem to be afflicted with shyness. I have not met a shy child in ten years."

At this juncture Edward came swinging along, ready for lunch. Spying Mrs. King he called, "Good morning, Mrs. King. Isn't this a lovely day?"

"It is indeed, Edward," laughed the friendly neighbor with a farewell wave to his mother.

"No, not many children are outwardly shy today," she said to herself, "but all are inwardly sensitive, even though they hide it carefully. Every boy and girl is capable of having his self-respect wounded. Parents and teachers still need to be on their guard."

The MAN from YONDER

21st INSTALLMENT

Footsteps, then, came across the floor, and Nicholas Brandon looked down at him in the dim light, a whisky bottle in his hand, swaying a bit on unsteady feet.

"So!" he grunted and laughed. "So you fell for it! So you followed your blessed Dawn, eh?" He went off into a tantrum of crazy laughter.

Ben twisted slowly against his bonds and discovered that the rope which bound him was wet. He could no more free himself without aid than he could hope to fly.

"It worked?" Brandon cried. "G—d, how it worked! 'Dawn!' you yelled like a fool, standing outside there. 'Dawn!' . . . And then stepped into my trap, eh?"

He sat heavily in a chair.

"It all worked, even to the weather! You came alone. It's starting to snow. Nobody's nearer than the Hoot Owl and the smoke of a burning camp wouldn't be seen twenty rods a day like this."

He leered.

Smoke of a burning camp! Ben's racing thoughts connected that idea with the odor which filled the room. . . . His fingers felt the strands of hemp that stretched from his wrists to the posts of bunks against the wall. Surely the rope had been soaked in kerosene. So it was Brandon's intent to leave him tied helpless, to fire the building. . . . Then his mind centered on thwarting the scheme of this ruthless man gone wholly mad. . . .

"Yeah. It worked . . . so far," he replied, and grinned.

Brandon snorted in contempt.

"So far, yes; and on to the end, I'll work. You're tied fast, aren't you?"—leaning low so Ben could see the cruel lights in his eyes. "You're tied hand and foot! I'll touch the camp off. You'll roast . . . because this old camp'll burn like h—l itself! They'll find your bones here; they'll find an empty whisky bottle. That's all they'll find."

Brandon had schemed competently; no detail which would implicate him seemed to have been overlooked. Still, fear did not manifest itself in Elliott's heart; only contempt was there for a man so merciless. Contempt and a stout determination to stall for time.

"You're smart, Brandon," he said. "I'll admit that. The plan's so good I'm surprised that you overlooked a bet."

The other turned sharply.

"A bet?" he cursed derisively. "What d'you mean, a bet?"

"A little thing. A thing almost anybody might overlook. But it's bound to come to light if I don't show up, and one murder charge's as good as another. I'm talking about a letter Ben Stuart wrote me just before he died."

"It's a lie!" Whatever he wrote was a lie!" Brandon's cry was shrill. "He was a drunken, lying bum! Lies can't hurt me, you fool. Plotting and scheming, were you, to drag that old case up and try to turn it against me? And having it all on the death-bed ravings of—

'Stuart didn't know! He knew nothing, I tell you! He wasn't even here! He took Faxson's word for it and even Faxson didn't know. He was asleep in that room right there"—pointing—"and he came out while we were talking and Mac went crazy and—"

Elliott could not restrain the impulse to laugh in a wild shout of triumph.

"While we were talking! So that's it! And you've sworn that you weren't here that night! And you were here after all!"

"I wasn't here. . . . I wasn't here. . . . Wasn't here, I tell you. . . . And McManus won't dare come back, with a warrant waiting. . . . He won't dare . . . won't dare. . . ."

"So you admit, as the rest of us now know, that McManus didn't throw himself into the river that night, eh? So you admit he still lives, do you?"

"Admit nothing . . . nothing. . . . He's a murderer, I tell you. . . . And I wasn't here . . . He's a murderer, I tell you. . . . And I wasn't here . . . wasn't here. . . ."

He rubbed his palms together, looking about dully, like some hunted, haunted thing. . . .

And back to the northward three people came through the darkening forest on Elliott's trail, bending low against the mounting storm. Two men were ahead, beating down a track for the girl who followed, pleading with them now and again for more speed.

When reached Brandon narrowly. The man's mind, under the influence of the whisky he had taken to good himself to go through with his murderous plan, and beneath the shock of Elliott's fortunate shot in the dark, was cracking. Ben needed time, now; he spoke:

"I've a proposition, Brandon. How'd you like to trade? How'd you like to have Stuart's letter for, say, the use of my hands and feet for a minute?"

Brandon come slowly close and leaned over him.

"Mean that? Where is it?"—eagerly.

"My affair." Even then, he could feel the bill-fold in his breeches pocket where old Ben's letter reposed. "What d' you say?"

Brandon's fingers plucked at his lips.

"For the letter. And for . . . of McManus, I might. Elliott might trade your liberty for . . .

He checked himself with a jerk as if realizing that he had let his own words placed himself completely in Elliott's hands.

"To h—l with you and your questions!" Brandon snarled, straightening. "To h—l with you, Elliott! I'm not afraid of lies and McManus was drunk he never knew what happened!

"They'll find your bones," he growled between teeth which remained clamped to still their chattering. "They'll find . . . after a while . . . your rotten bones."

From beneath the sink he dragged an oil can and sloshed its contents along the walls, across the floor, over Ben's body until Elliott lay in a pool of inflammable liquid.

"You crossed me!" Brandon cried, digging into a pocket. "From the moment you hit town, you did what no one else had dared do! You kept it up, turning them against me, slipping through every trap I set!" He found the match for which he searched. "But you sealed your doom when you took me on, Elliott!" The match flared.

"It's over now, you fool! It's the trail Faxson took for you. Cross Nick Brandon? H—l . . .

He took one step to a pile of oil drenched debris against the oil-soaked wall. He bent forward to apply his torch and stopped, as if frozen, hand extended.

A shout outside; a body crashed against the door. It burst open and Tim Jeffers plunged into the room. Behind him came Martin and as Dawn slid down the steep drift to the entry the burning gurl of tinder dropped to the floor and Brandon whirled.

"Get him, Tim!" cried Ben. "Nail him! Don't give him a chance!"

With a muffled shout Martin and Jeffers flung themselves on Brandon as he charged for the door way. He screamed. He fought frantically, but quickly they held him down.

The Wick Was Lighted and the Shadows of the Room Retreated.

"Take that!" Tim's voice bellowed. "Nd that! Nd that!" The sound of knuckles on flesh came with the words. . . . Curses, inarticulate shouts, and then Dawn's frantic voice:

"Ben, where are you?"

The struggling ceased suddenly, with a long, gagging sound from Brandon.

Tim rose, looked around the room and moved to where Elliott's prone figure showed indistinctly in the gloom.

"Well I'll be d—d!" he said. "Get up. . . . What? What's this?"

"Trussed up, Tim. Cut me loose . . . Hurry! This is going to be a great party!"

A knife blade clicked open; the oil-soaked ropes parted. Ben lurched to his feet.

Dawn, running into the kitchen of the camp she knew so well, came back with a lamp, its reservoir half filled. The wick was lighted and the shadows of the room retreated.

"We seen the note," Jeffers muttered. "Dawn there, 'd come out. We suspected you were in trouble sure."

"Never mind about he, now," Ben broke in.

"But you're all that matter," Dawn said. "Ben. . . . It was the note that decoyed you. It was my old one, written to Jim. It saved it."

Elliott smiled and covered her hands with his.

"Never mind anything that has to do with me. I'm only an accident in this. It's going to be a wonderful day, dear Dawn. This part is tough for you, but . . ." He gave his head an emphatic twist, and at her in assurance, then, putting her gently aside, stepped close to Martin.

"Let him up, now . . . Here. Into this chair, Brandon." They lifted him, for the man seemed incapable of movement himself. "Still now, We're simply going to get a few little matters straight for these people."

He stood back a pace and rubbed his chin with a knuckle.

"We've got this citizen in quite a stew," he said. "He schemed to get me out here and did a good job."

Continued on page 11

Church News

ST. MATTHEW EV. LUTHERAN
(Missouri Synod)
Cor. Coolidge Ave. and Lill Street

9:30 a. m. Graded Sunday and Adult Bible class.

10:30 a. m. Morning worship. "Blessed are they that hear the Word of God and keep it." Luke 11. 28.

REV. A. T. KRETZMANN, Pastor

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST
421 E. Main Street

9:30 a. m., Sunday school.

10:45 a. m., Sunday service.

Subject: "Probation After Death."

Golden Text: Psalme 49:15. God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave: for he shall receive me.

Wednesday evening meeting at 8 p. m.

The reading room, 114 E. Station street, Lipofsky building, is open to the public from 2 to 5 p. m. each week day and from 7 to 9 p. m. on Saturday.

ST. PAUL EVANGELICAL

9:30 a. m. Sunday school worship service. Howard Brintlinger will speak.

Since the pastor expects to be gone on a brief vacation over this Sunday, there will be no other services in St. Paul.

Thursday, May 2—Monthly meeting of Woman's Union.

REV. H. E. KOENIG, Pastor

SOUTH CHURCH
(Sutton Bible Church)
Penny road between Bartlett road and Sutton road

2:30 p. m., Bible school. Classes for all ages.

7 p. m. Young people's meeting.

Thursday nights, 8 p. m., Cottage prayer meeting.

ST. ANNE

Sunday, Low Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m.

Week day, Low Mass, 7 a. m.

Devotions in honor of the Sacred Heart, first Friday of each month. Mass at 8 a. m.

Confession, Saturday, 8 p. m.

Baptism by appointment.

REV. J. A. DUFFICY, Pastor.

ST. PETER'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH SUNDAY SCHOOL
Off County Line Road, West

Every Sunday morning at 9:30 under the direction of The Rev. Albert E. Taylor of St. James' church, Dundee, a church school is held in the Country Day school and is open to children of Episcopal families and all those not having affiliation with other churches.

FIRST BAPTIST

9:30 a. m., Bible school.

10:35 a. m., Morning worship.

6:45 p. m. Young People.

7:30 p. m. Evening service.

In the evening we will observe the founding of the I.O.O.F. of this country. All members of the Odd Fellows and Rebekah lodges are especially invited with their friends.

C. R. DRUSSEL, Pastor.

SALEM EVANGELICAL

9:30 a. m. Sunday school.

10:30 a. m. Worship service

6:45 p. m. Young People's meetings.

7:30 p. m., Evening devotion

REV. P. H. BEUSCHER, Pastor.

ST. JAMES'
Dundee

Holy Communion at 8 a. m.

Church school at 9:30 a. m.

Choral Eucharist and sermon at 11 a. m.

5 p. m., Evensong will be held in the church.

A. E. TAYLOR, Rector.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL

9:30 a. m., Sunday school. Classes in all departments. W. D. Dotterrer, superintendent.

10:40 a.m. Morning worship.

6:45 p. m. Epworth league devotional services.

REV. H. L. EAGLE, Pastor

The Man From Yonder

Continued from page 10

He looked at Dawn quickly. "I hadn't even had time to wonder about that note. It doesn't matter, though. You saw me tied, there; that rope's soaked with oil. The place is drenched with it. He was just touching her off when you three came in and it would have been as neat a murder as I've heard about in a coon's age."

"A lie!" Brandon muttered. "Was only trying . . . trying . . . better. . . ." He leaned forward and brushed his mouth unsteadily as he looked from face to face. His dazed eyes fastened on Dawn and light flickered in them. His lip drew back and the girl shuddered. "You, too, eh?" he whispered. "Your sweet lover was in . . . trouble, eh? And you came to . . . save him, eh?" He gave a whispered laugh. "Save him! For what? . . . Think he'll take you?" he demanded, voice rising. "Think he'll take you, spawn of a murderer? A dowry, eh? A fine dowry to take to your lover?"

"Have you forgotten what you admitted to me, Brandon?" Ben asked sharply. "You gave it away, gave yourself away."

"You fool, you. You think you've got me cold, eh? You've nothing on me that'll amount to a snap of my thumb!" His gaze went back to Dawn. "And I've watched you shrink and cringe all your life, and I'm glad now that it's warped you and weakened you—"

"Hold your tongue, Brandon!"

That was Martin's voice breaking in, thickened and shaken with congested rage.

He advanced toward Brandon slowly. He halted and did not speak for a long moment. Eyes still fast on the other, he reached toward the table, groping for a pair of rusted shears which lay there. A cloud came over Brandon's eyes and he blinked.

"And you'd taunt her with it? Because McManus disappeared?" Martin said slowly with low tensity. "Ah, it made a plausible case, Brandon. . . . It, and your stories. . . ."

Then he did a strange thing. He lifted those shears in a quick gesture to his chin and a lock of the thick beard fell away.

"And you'd make lives h—l because you held the power. . . . And you'd write to the hiding, skulking McManus for years and tell him she was gone . . . that she was married . . . that she hated her father . . . that, eh? Another lock of hair fell, and another. His blue eyes were burning, now, and Brandon's chin trembled as a look of horror crept into his face.

"But if he was to come back, Brandon, and swear to her with his own lips that he did not kill . . . swear so, to a girl like that. . . . She'd believe him, wouldn't she? She'd believe him, wouldn't she, and be at peace . . . At peace. . . . Ay, at peace with herself and the one she loves."

He cut the last lock from the bearded jaw and flung away the shears. He stood erect, spreading his hands.

"See!" he cried. "See, Nick Brandon?"

The man in the chair made as if to rise. He could not. He lifted an arm as though to fend a blow.

"Denny!" he choked. "Denny McManus . . . You're a d—d . . . you're a . . ."

He ended in a wild scream and covered back against the wall, sobbing.

Beside Ben, Dawn was trembling. He put his arm about her and she sagged against him.

"So I wouldn't come back, eh? the man they had known as Martin cried, and whipped to face her. "I came, Dawn! I've come back to tell you that I'm not afraid. . . . That my heart's clean. . . ." He gathered her in his arms, dropped his cheek to her head and closed his eyes. "I'm no longer I don't know who killed Faxson. Nick told me I did and I lost my head for an hour and then it was too late. . . . I've hidden for years because he's written me things, terrible things to read, little Dawn. But I couldn't stand it longer?"

"And a warrant!" Brandon croaked. "A warrant's here . . . there. In Tincup. Murder won't outlaw. . . . You'll pay . . . you'll pay. . . ."

McManus drew Dawn even closer. "But you'll know, little Dawn! . . . You'll know?" he murmured.

"Wait!" cried Ben. "All of you! Listen! . . . This . . . this . . . this thing, here, as taken as admitted to me that he killed Faxson himself! He was here in this cabin the night Faxson was shot. He was here, I'm telling you! He admitted it to me, not ten minutes ago!

"I don't know much about the rules of evidence"—tugging at the bill-fold in his pocket—"but I'm a good guess about what Don Stuart had to tell the night he died, now that Brandon has trapped himself!" He shook the soiled, folded envelope from the purse. "I've had this thing for weeks and like a fool I didn't read it. . . .

"Listen!"

He ripped open the flap and Brandon, cowering against the wall, watched him with jaw sagging.

"I have been a coward," Ben read aloud. "McManus did not kill Faxson. . . . Brandon did. Brandon had McManus drunk and was get-