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"Both Houses Take Recess to Await Developments" was read in a headline telling of the adjournment of congress. Maybe they voted a 2-month recess to await developments—and maybe they voted it to escape some hot weather in Washington, to go fishing, or to take a trip to Europe.

In yesterday's Baker Democrat-Herald the pastor of the First Lutheran Church had some things to say about the La Grande band: "Superb! I know of no better term which adequately characterizes the type of band concert we heard Wednesday night at the city park rendered by the municipal band of La Grande. We heard the concert from the parking lines, and although there were other kinds of amusement in the city drawing heavily on the public, I noted that the park was lined with cars on all three sides, and the benches were filled to capacity. In spite of the cool weather, we were willing to take the "chill" with the "thrill"—the thrill of an excellent band program. That program Wednesday night told me more about La Grande than a ten-page ad." Which constitutes a nice evidence to our municipal band, effective evidence that money for its support is well spent. And most La Grande people have known that for a long time.

A SUMMER WORTH TALKING ABOUT

We are sometimes suspicious that practical natures impel people of the Grande Ronde and Willowa valleys to talk too exclusively of the material advantages of this country. We are all guilty. We tell the visitor from some less fortunate area about our wheat production, our cherry and apple orchards, our great lumber mills and fine timber, our normal school and beautiful hotels. We discourse at length about our highways and our railroad payroll. We get them in our cars and show these and other material things with pardonable pride. And yet we miss many of the assets that are peculiar to this particular valley. Things that have an appeal that no salesman can approach. If you have driven out the Mt. Glen market road where it turns down to Hunter's Lane and glimpse the sweep of the Grande Ronde Valley just as the sun is going down—or if you drove out to the landing field last night and watched the full moon rise over those hills toward Union—or if you have started across the valley from Cove just at sunset—if you have done any of these things, and many others with like possibilities, you can probably agree that we miss something by being a little too practical and giving too much attention to the man-made things of the Grande Ronde valley. Other communities have payrolls and normal schools and productive lands and inviting hotels. And they are properly proud of them. But where can the entrancing atmospheric effects of a Grande Ronde valley sunset be equalized? Where can you see a moon rise over blue hills in that haze of rose and azure hue? Where can you duplicate this great, round emerald valley with its mountain barrier on every side? And where can you discover as perfect a summer day? After all, the land that is ideal in summer has a never ending appeal to those blessed with the spirit of youth. Summer time is play time and lazy time. And this portion of Eastern Oregon has all the requirements for those who would play or loaf through a vacation. Not that our winters are to be classed as severe. They are mild and stimulating. But in winter we are supposed to work—and sunsets and moonlight nights cannot gain the same rapt attention of the busy individual. Let the aged and decrepid do their loafing in the winter time in California if they will. We'll save our climate consumption of the summer days in the Grande Ronde and Willowa valleys. Those who are through working and growing can go south. Those who are young and alive and getting on in the world will prefer their vacations when summer is summer in all its glory. We can do well to tell and to show visitors something of these characteristics when we undertake our job of community selling. Even the most practical person doesn't live entirely for material things.

TRY
W. K. GILBERT CO.
FIRST

GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Peterson rushes to his mine to help Jerry, his brother, escape, but finds him dead in the tunnel. Dillon, who had been guarding the mine entrance, is missing, but Peterson concludes Jerry killed himself. With a characteristic gesture, Peterson dynamites the mine entrance to seal Jerry in his tomb forever. As he flees over the mountains from Skull Valley, he decides to adopt the name "Andrew Ogden," and the career of Alex Peterson, gambler, ends.

Chapter 42 BEHIND A MASK

The throbs and heat of Jerry's voice ceased on the final word and we sat in silence again. Lucy was weeping softly. I had to dab furtively at my eyes, and Henry blew his nose more vigorously than usual. We had through an emotional experience of great intensity. The end of the drama had plunged us, emotionally exhausted, into the depths.

The precision with which the fragmentary evidence MacNair and

about opening the mine!"
It was hard to really find one's father and lose him in the space of an hour or two and I started up, intending to drop my arm over his shoulder, but Lucy was before me. Sliding into the wing of his chair, she gently drew his head to her breast and ran her fingers softly through his dark hair.
"You had better tell us the rest of it, Jerry," I said quietly.

He nodded. "Dad had no trouble about the mine. It was never claimed. He waited a few years, then he had it transferred to his new name. Queer. What happened to the transfer and the check, isn't it?"
"If Lundy didn't leave the room between the end of the game and when dad shot him, neither did the transfer and the check—unless Lundy passed them on to some one else, which doesn't seem likely."

"His mind is a blank about what happened to him that night," I said. "We won't know what he did with the papers. He must have hidden them as well that nobody has been able to find them."

"The transfer may have been found," I began, suggested, "and nothing been done about it."



Lucy drew Jerry's head to her breast, gently caressing his hair.

Dillon and I had discovered (fitted into the various parts of Jerry's story was amazing. Our evidence had suggested much, but it actually had revealed little, and this equalized experience of cause and effect fascinated me. Even my experience in the "secret" room had become clear. Wax figures, indeed! I had not missed the pathos of Furlie's devotion to his Bill and Nap. For 39 years he had nursed and cherished them. No wonder his terror that they might be destroyed or taken from him had driven him to deceive me! Poor Furlie! I gave Bill and Nap credit for saving what sanity was left to him.

Our case was far from complete, however. Jerry, I believed, had more to tell us.

"And so," Henry muttered, breaking the silence, "that was the poker game that cracked the town?"

Jerry nodded, his eyes brooding. "Fortidly was abandoned shortly afterwards. . . I wish I could have put it in the way dad did."

"You have," I told him gently. "I never felt as if I really knew him," the boy went on.

"Perhaps you thought of him as wearing a mask?"

"That's it!" he exclaimed. "A mask, yes. But sometimes the mask slipped. It's a queer thing to say about one's father."

I nodded, understandingly, but Lucy shook her head. "It was the real Uncle Andrew shining through the mask," she said, with deeper insight than ours.

"That awful game, and finding Uncle Jerry dead—they must have done dreadful things to him, poor Uncle Andrew!"

"It means changing his speech, his mode of living, his outlook on life," Henry observed thoughtfully. "But fundamentally he remained the same."

"Only sometimes the mask wore thin," I added sadly.

Jerry shut his eyes. "When I think of the way I harried him

about opening the mine!"
It was hard to really find one's father and lose him in the space of an hour or two and I started up, intending to drop my arm over his shoulder, but Lucy was before me. Sliding into the wing of his chair, she gently drew his head to her breast and ran her fingers softly through his dark hair.
"You had better tell us the rest of it, Jerry," I said quietly.

"Dad paid him. It wasn't cowardly, of course. He always doubted Dillon's ability to make the charge stick. But dad had married. I was born, and mother was in delicate health. If dad had kicked Dillon out he would have involved himself in a nasty mess and the shock would probably have finished her. So he paid. After mother's death, 10 years ago, he shrank from opening up the case on my account."

"Dad had made a barrel of money and \$5,000 a year meant nothing to him. Dillon sent him a poker chip every year to remind him the money was due. A month ago Dillon overplayed his hand. He demanded \$100,000. This jolt was just what dad needed. He blew up and told Dillon he'd never get another cent. Dillon gave him a month to change his mind."

"This was the situation when dad stumbled into Mrs. Lundy last week. Dad was struck by her name and he took her into the house. It turned out that she was the wife of Joe Lundy, the Terridly resort-keeper. You can imagine dad's state of mind when she told him Lundy hadn't died."

"Do you know who this man Dillon is?" Deacon demanded.

ABE MARTIN



National Elections don't seem to settle anything. Suppose we ask "the people" what they want when we take the new census. Next to Queen Mary's hats nuthin' wafts me back to 1881 like Ramsay McDonald's mustache.

sharply.
"I don't. Dad wouldn't tell me. He said he was going to handle him in his own way. I suppose that's why he sent for this detective, Luther MacNair."

"Furlie was next. Queer, isn't it, how life breaks in bunches. We had a bit of an earthquake two months ago, you remember. It shook open another entrance to the Two Brothers mine and uncovered a rich vein of gold in a hanging wall of quartz. Furlie got into the mine through the split and found the new vein."

"Deacon and I have met Furlie," I said dryly. "We know about the vein."

"A queer old bird, isn't he? Did you notice his eyeglass? That came out of Lundy's magnifying glass. But the mine, afternoon. He didn't recognize

him. Furlie came to dad believing him to be a new owner of the mine. He hasn't the remotest idea who dad is—was."

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