

Honeymoon Mountain

By Frances Shelley Wees

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WNU Service

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

"I wouldn't like her," Deborah said positively, and put her chin up. Simon raised himself on his arms and called down to them through the twilight. "Hi," he said, "what about the other mail?"

"There's more. Tubby's got it," Madeline explained. "In his pocket. He's coming across the bridge now. I can hear his delicate footsteps."

Tubby came around the end of the house. His face was very red. He was not smiling. He was almost frowning. Madeline glanced significantly at Sally, who compressed her lips and stared at her brother. Tubby stopped beside the steps, only a few feet in front of Deborah, so that as he took the letters from his inner coat pocket, she could easily see them. Idly, as he called out a name, she glanced at each envelope.

"Simon," he announced. "Nothing for you, Bryn. Sally, two for you. Nothing at all for you, Deborah, and Madeline had hers in town. Another for you, Simon. And here," he said gallantly, "is a letter for you, Mrs. Larned. It looks very interesting. Written in a bold, dashing, masculine hand, with a very thick enclosure, it carries with it a hint of mystery."

He had been holding out Simon's last letter, waiting for him to take it, as he spoke; so that Deborah had had a moment to take in the meaning of the handwriting on Grandmother's envelope. It was familiar. . . . It was dreadfully familiar. A cold icy hand clutched at her heart, and she felt herself turning faint again, as she had on that dreadful afternoon on the wharf. . . . she put out her hand involuntarily for the letter and made a queer little strangled sound. Grandmother was smiling at Tubby's nonsense, waiting for her letter. She did not notice Deborah's face. But Bryn did. He stood up sharply. He saw Deborah's whiteness. He put out his hand and took the letter from Tubby's. He glanced at it. He looked over at Grandmother.

"He could be arrested for this," he told Grandmother grimly. "Interfering with government mails. Bribery and corruption. The crooked game of politics."

Tubby stared at him, his mouth open. "Shut up," Bryn told him, although he had not spoken. "Not a word out of you, you iniquitous scoundrel. Trying to defraud me of my rightful property, indeed. This is my letter. I've been looking for it for weeks, longing for it, not being able to sleep nights. It's a detailed and careful account of the construction of the arch of the bridge over the . . . over the Volga river in Russia. New departure in engineering. I'm sure Grandmother would enjoy reading it, wouldn't she? I suppose this is your idea of a joke. Grandmother, I apologize. I apologize for having such a stupid and crass insect for a friend."

"I was . . . I was just kidding him, Grandmother," Tubby muttered. "It isn't your letter after all. It's his."

"Oh, dear," Grandmother murmured, laughing. "You two keep me in a perfect state of bewilderment. I don't suppose I shall ever be able to tell whether you are talking sense or nonsense."

"Tubby's fault," Bryn answered, thrusting the letter into his pocket. "Tubby's an awful ass, Grandmother. You have no idea."

"He's all right," Simon explained. "He smells the dinner. We're going to have duck and watercress."

Deborah stood tensely before the window, hands locked together, waiting for Bryn to come downstairs after taking Grandmother up to bed. Tonight of all nights, Grandmother had stayed up half an hour later, and all the time Stuart Graham's letter, filled with all sorts of unimaginable possibilities, lay unopened in Bryn's pocket.

Bryn came in quickly and shut the door behind him. Deborah broke away from Madeline's arm. She took a step toward him. She put her hand out mutely.

His eyes were upon her face. He compressed his lips. His hand went to an inner pocket, and then he said, quietly, "Just a minute, Deborah. Are you perfectly sure that you're not mistaken?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" she cried, and the air in the room was suddenly electric, as if someone had turned a switch.

Bryn drew the letter out. He looked at it. "I don't like opening other people's letters," he said slowly. "It might be only an extraordinary resemblance, Deborah. You've had it on your mind, you know."

She took it from his hand and looked

at it. The very touch of the envelope made her shiver. "I'm sure," she said.

Bryn ripped the end off the envelope, and drew out the folded pages. He glanced at Deborah's face. "Shall I read it, Deborah?"

She nodded mutely. Bryn straightened the pages and began.

My Dear Mrs. Larned:

Naturally I cannot imagine just what Deborah has told you regarding the failure of our plans in San Francisco, but I am afraid she may not have shown me in a kindly light. For the past month I have been most anxious to write and explain the situation to you but circumstances beyond my control have made it impossible for me to do so.

I suppose it is useless for me to expect that after hearing Deborah's story, whatever it was, and after this long silence on my part, you can have any sympathy for me and the position in which I now find myself. But I must ask you to accept the explanation which I have made in regard to my silence in view of the fact that I am an enlisted man in the navy, completely under the arbitrary control of any whim of my superior officers and subject to the restrictions of anyone on board a ship out of touch with land and such conveniences as mails.

And now for Deborah's story. What she has told you, I do not know, as I mentioned before, but looking at the matter from her point of view, and trying to be just and generous, I am forced to the conclusion that whatever she told you must have been both exaggerated and biased. I was very much disturbed over the whole business, and spent all my shore leave when in San Francisco trying to find her and explain, but of course it was an impossibility to do so.

I don't know whether it has occurred to you, Mrs. Larned, to think how completely ignorant of the world and its ways Deborah is. I was prepared, of course, for a certain amount of unsophistication, knowing to some extent how she had been brought up, but I did not realize that any girl could possibly, in this day and age, have remained so entirely unaware of all trends of modern times. I have, of course, every respect for the manners and customs of the time of my parents and grandparents, as I am sure you will know, but having lived a normal life, I have naturally progressed with others of my generation to an acceptance of the manners and customs of the present day. Deborah has not. This was obvious to me on our first meeting, from her appearance and from her absolute inability to meet an ordinary situation with calmness. I grant you that it must have been difficult for her to come down alone to meet me, and perhaps if I had known just how difficult, if I had realized Deborah's state of mind and lack of understanding of modern life as it is lived, I should have been able to overcome her objections and explain away her difficulties. As it was, I could do nothing. Deborah was in a state of frantic terror before I had a chance to see her at all, and by the time I reached her, she was beyond ordinary reasoning. I am bitterly sorry for it all, and reproach myself that I didn't guess what to expect, and so prepare the situation accordingly. It seems to me that I might have been warned, Mrs. Larned, of what I should have been expected to encounter.

Even as it was, I might have been able to overcome Deborah's childish terrors had it not been for the absolutely unwarranted interference of some unknown person in the lawyer's office. Deborah will probably have mentioned him to you, and made some satisfactory explanation as to her conduct. I was certainly pained and astonished to discover that she had so little good taste as to be willing to take up at once with a stranger. The fact of Mr. Holworthy's presence was all that reconciled me to leaving her, angry as I was. I may add that the time will come when I will make it my business

to discover this stranger's identity and settle with him for the insult he offered me.

However, this is all beside the point. The really serious question between us is that of your husband's will and Deborah's estate. With my copy of the will I have consulted a lawyer, and it is his opinion that under certain circumstances we might make a fight for the estate that would ultimately prove successful. The circumstances are, of course, a marriage between Deborah and myself which would take place with your approval. This, unless there are aspects of the case with which I am not familiar, seems to me to be, from your point of view, an absolute necessity. I have examined the list of securities named in the will as the source of your present income, and, as you doubtless know only too well, most of them are completely worthless. How you have managed for the past few years is a mystery, and may possibly explain Deborah's appearance and obvious lack of advantages. In any case, no mitigation of your circumstances may arrive except through me, and although I was deeply hurt . . . [I think I broke his jaw," Bryn said happily] . . . deeply hurt and mortified, not to mention my disappointment and the general disruption of my plans, I am willing, for the sake of the friendship which has existed between our families for so long, I am willing to do what I can to make things easier for you.

I have obtained from my commander an extended leave of absence, and I am leaving San Diego tomorrow morning to drive up the coast to your home. You may expect me at the latest by Wednesday noon, unless I meet with unexpected difficulties along the road.

Yours sincerely,

STUART OGDEN GRAHAM.

Bryn folded the letter. Tubby thrust his hands into his pockets and began to saunter up and down the room, whistling beneath his breath. Simon put his hands behind his head and stared at the ceiling. Sally was trembling with excitement and clutching Simon's knee, and Madeline walked slowly across and dropped down beside Deborah.

"Well," Tubby said, buttoning his coat and squaring his shoulders, "if he's got to be kept away, he's got to be kept away, and that's all there is to it. After all, there are four men of us here, and Burch. Five against one. That ought to be easy."

"You talk as if we were going to fight about it," Sally said tearfully. "With guns. It isn't half as blundering or easy as that."

"Not half," Madeline echoed. "This is going to be strategy. And strategy, Tubby, never was your strong point, if you will remember." She smiled up at him, a warm tender smile that made him blink and look as if he saw her for the first time. "But you're a darling, Tubby, and you're loyal and strong, and worth a lot more than one of those slippery strategists."

"Well, gee," Tubby said, bewildered, and sat down.

"We might bar the road," Tubby said hopefully. "Put a gate across it, you know."

"Somebody would have to guard it, of course," Bryn said thoughtfully. "And he'd want to know why he couldn't pass. If I stayed there myself and had a talk with him, explaining the situation, it might help; but I wouldn't trust him not to pretend to go away and then to sneak back when we weren't watching just to see what harm he could do."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Cites Red Squirrels, Enemies of Gray Kin, Cause of an Extensive Migration

A new answer to the zoological mystery back of the extensive mass migration of gray squirrels from New England to points south is offered by Dr. Ralph C. Jackson, of the United States fisheries station at Barnevel, N. Y. Doctor Jackson believes that the grays have been literally driven out by the red squirrels, the latter having prospered immeasurably as the result of the extensive slaughter of their natural enemies, the hawks, owls and foxes, "under the guise of conservation."

The latest mass migration of gray squirrels from New England to New York is said to cover an area of 100 miles. Large numbers of the travelers have been found dead along their course, some 2,000 having been picked up on the west shore of the Hudson river. Others have been found on the shore of Gilboa aqueduct in the Catskills.

Challenging Doctor Jackson's statement that the red squirrels are the aggressors in this movement is such an eminent authority as Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of mammals at the Bronx zoo. Doctor Ditmars, while professing no first hand knowledge of the recent squirrel migration, points to the smaller size of the red squirrels as compared to the grays, and to

the fact that the two species have been found living amicably together, as making Doctor Jackson's explanation appear unlikely.

Porto Rico's Ancient Roads

More than two centuries before the arrival of the Pilgrims, Porto Rico was the center of Spain's western civilization. Its massive old fortresses abound with historic lore, successfully resisting many a desperate onslaught. A network of marvelously constructed roads traverses Porto Rico in every direction. Included in the system are highways built centuries ago, notably the Military highway, on which conquering legions once marched. It is lined with waving trees, touches rivers and smaller streams, goes through valleys covered with sugar cane, tobacco, cotton, bananas and oranges.

Trial of Socrates

At the trial of Socrates, time was divided by means of a water-clock, a kind of hour-glass, with water instead of sand, into three equal portions; the first, to the speech of the prosecutor; the second to that of the defendant; and the third, if the verdict was "guilty," to the speech of the prosecutor, the reply of the defendant, together with the decision of the judges.

OREGON STATE NEWS OF GENERAL INTEREST

Brief Resume of Happenings of the Week Collected for Our Readers

Pendleton — Umatilla county pioneers, through a gift of \$500 left by the will of the late John Vert, will publish a book of reminiscences, written by the pioneers themselves.

Salem — Lost longer than ten years and the basis of countless law-suits, Marion county's record of mining claims, dating back to early days, was found last week. Two WPA workmen found the book in a pile of trash in the courthouse attic.

Heppner — J. L. Gault, receiver for the First National Bank of Heppner, was notified last week by the First National Bank of Portland that it has exercised its option to buy the building, now occupied by the local branch of the Portland institution.

Medford — One of those unexplainable freak accidents caused the destruction by fire of the shingle mill of James E. Locke, located in the Pilot Rock district south of Ashland. A logging truck exploded, and flames spread to the mill, then jumped to the timber, burning over six acres of state-owned land.

Cottage Grove — An old passenger coach on the railway extending between here and the Bohemia mining section that has been used for many years as a school room at Culp Creek will be replaced this year by a modern two-room school building. A special tax was voted in June to provide funds for erection of the building.

Oregon City — Considerable interest has been manifested here over the Rose of Sharon tree now in bloom in the yard of the hostess house. This tree, which blooms but rarely in this country, was brought as a slip from Ireland by Pat Coughlin about 50 years ago. Coughlin gave it to Dr. J. W. Norris. The blooms are lavender and are shaped like little roses.

Newberg — Choice of citizens in one of the four proposed sets of plans for construction of a \$3000 model home by the chamber of commerce was asked last week by the committee in charge. Their request was accompanied by announcement that construction of the dwelling will begin later this month. The project will have FHA financing and will be on some city-owned lot.

Corvallis — Office managers and executives will give many thanks to Mrs. Minnie D. Frick, associate professor of secretarial science at Oregon State college. Mrs. Frick, originator of the Frick method of teaching shorthand, is author of a new manual of 10-minute spelling studies designed to assist students—and others—in making the transition from copying printed matter to typing from shorthand notes.

Eugene — Post session on the University of Oregon campus opened last Monday and will continue till August 28. Dr. Dan E. Clark, director of summer sessions, has announced. Regular and graduate students and others who wish to crowd in intensive study between summer session and the opening of the regular fall term will be benefited. Summer term saw a record number of students enrolled, a total of 697 taking work.

IOWA HULL STILL DEEP

Astoria — After heavy ground swells routed Bruce Temple, professional diver engaged with several volunteer helpers from Astoria in an attempt to explore the wreck of the Iowa for the second time, sounding revealed the hull to be in deep water. Point Adams lifeguards measured 45 feet of water alongside of the hull and 27 feet on deck, shortly after the start of flood tide.

Rolling seas kept the after deck of the trolling boat Active, in which the second trip was made, awash on the way to the wreck. The crew became seasick.

LUMBER CAMP MOVED

St. Helens — "Finis" has been written to the major operations of the Benson Timber company, Clatskanie, because the last trainload of logs from the Firwood camp was taken out last week. Several spur tracks in the woods have been taken up and removal of rails on the main line started. A new camp has been opened near Mist, about eight miles southwest of Clatskanie and logs will be hauled by trucks. Logs will be dumped in the Clatskanie river and floated down to the company's boom.

Output will be around 75,000 to 80,000 feet per day, a marked contrast to the days when 200,000 feet daily was considered average.

Foreign Words and Phrases

Ab ovo usque ad mala. (L.) From the eggs to the apples; from the beginning to the end.

Avanti. (It.) Come in.
Beaute du diable. (F.) That transient type of beauty doomed to fade early with loss of the glow of youth.

Comme il faut. (F.) As it should be; perfect; in good taste.
En plein jour. (F.) In broad daylight.

Facon de parler. (F.) A manner of speaking.

Genus irritabile vatum. (L.) The irritable race of poets.

Les affaires sont les affaires. (F.) Business is business.

Humorist vs. Psychologist

Answering the suggestion of Dr. Alfred Adler, psychologist, that the Dionne quintuplets should be separated and brought up individually, Will Cuppy, humorist, says in the Cosmopolitan: "I think Dr. Adler's idea of unscrambling the quins is one of the worst he has ever had, unless it's his idea that there is too much sex in Freud."

"I ask you, what is the use of being a quinn if somebody is going to tear you apart and make nobody in particular out of you for your own good? Why not divide Dr. Adler into five neat parts for his own good and see how he likes it?"

"If the quins are not going to be like other children under their present program, I consider that all velvet. The whole idea of being quins is to be quins. Can't Dr. Adler get that through his head? If he must separate some quins, let him separate his own quins! "I suppose my view of the matter could be called emotional rather than coldly pedagogical. Well, there is a time for emotion, and this is it."

BOYS! GIRLS!

Read the Grape Nuts ad in another column of this paper and learn how to join the Dizzy Dean Winners and win valuable free prizes.—Adv.

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WNU-13

33-36

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