

Rex Beach



Short Stories



Continued from Last Week

"Who is she?" questioned Joe, safe in the knowledge of old friendship.

"She's a composite of all the daffy qualities of the daffy sex—by name Maggie Lanahan, the Gazelle, occupation bride and supercargo."

"How'd you happen to get her—win a raffle or have her washed on to you?"

"I'm nothin' but a rural delivery. Look at that load!" George cried, his rage rising again. "Stage properties to stock a theater. I've reasoned and pleaded and swore, but no ballast will leave. She just does a leap for life at the sled and sticks there all day, while me and Penechee works with the dogs. Maybe you got a demonstration of her verbal animosities? If she's got a male relative in this world I'm goin' to kill him."

"Why don't you take her back?"

"No, sir!" The whaler's face set stubbornly. "I never start anything I can't finish. I'll haul her to Candle if I kill every dog and the Injun, too, and have to tow her in my hands and knees." He continued, laughing with unhalloed glee: "Also I've been grubbin' round five years, huntin' a chance to get even on Pete McDonald for that fake stampede he sent me on in '06. Oh, no; I'll take her through."

One week later a team dragged into the Goose creek roadhouse. The dogs were soo footed and whining, while some limped behind, nursing bloody pads torn from the flinty trail.

An apathetic Indian and a silent, sweating white man aided them, pulling a bulging sledge, whereon sat a swaddled, garrulous woman of healthy dimensions rending the wintry silence with snatches of acrimony.

Knute Sorenson, the proprietor, grinned upon recognizing the man and to George's surly statement that ten days had been spent in the coming laughed largely. Most teams made the trip in half that time. George turned on him like a bear, his voice hoarse with the passion of an endless fortnight and, seizing the gangling Scandinavian, shook him until he howled in fright; then, hurling him into the soft snow, raged hungrily around him.

"Say somethin', ye long legged pup! Do somethin' quick so I can mangle ye and champ the pieces. Insult me—please do!"

The lady huddled upon the sled and wept miserably.

"Oh, you brute! You big savage! You ignorant beast! Why did I ever come with you? I'm frightened." And she hurried into the shack, pursued by the snow covered proprietor.

"Whew!" said George, breathing the raw air deeply. "Beats all how a little violence helps. I feel better already, and if I had a little action every day I'd make it through all right."

Then his frostbitten face cracked in an evil grin, and he seemed mentally to taste a cherished morsel.

"It's took me five long years to git somethin' good enough for Pete McDonald, and it's worth the trouble."

McDonald was up creek, they said, as George's weary team pulled into Candle City, twenty days out of Nome. So the bride to be was hustled to shelter by the trader's wife, news spreading that the female population of the camp had doubled.

"She's a public menace, and I'm not restin' easy till Pete takes her off the market," George explained to a crowd at the post an hour later.

"What's her blemishes?" inquired Big Mit, the fare dealer.

George's loquacity choked him, his story coming forth mangled and irrelevant, yet soaked with feeling.

"I've drug her clean from town," he concluded, "workin' till I've lost the respect of my own dog team. She hung to the sled like a bobcat, while me and Penechee double tripped it through the bad places. She'd set on the load till she'd get frost bit rather than walk, and in order to warm up she'd nag me till I'd have to speak my mind, which is something I seldom do to a lady. As to dissapatin' unpleasant animosities, she can clean her system so fast she'd make a Gatlin' gun sound like a stutterin' Swede."

"Here comes Mac!" cried some one, and the groom entered.

"Have you got her?" he questioned eagerly.

"Sure! She's upstairs!"

"Whoop-ee!" shouted the groom. "Line up, boys, and diagram your booze while I hunt up my bride. I've got money and a wife to spend it on."

The crowd lunged at the bar with a yell, and he continued noisily:

"Here's to the first bride of Candle Creek."

From above came a female voice:

"Is that you, Pete?"

Peter started so violently as to slop his liquor upon the grinning George. Truly, here was an eager lover. A moment later on the stairs above appeared a large red woman, who swished downward and flung herself at the gaping Pete with a cry of great glad-

ness. "Freedom of the camp, cause we don't do things by halves up here. Then you just lay alongside of Mac, throw your grapples across and board him. I'll have a missionary there to hitch you up."

"How good you are," she said. "You're such a masterful man! I wish Pete was like that."

On the morning of the miners' meeting but one man was absent. He lay quaking behind his barricaded door, an ax at hand to repel boarders. The rest of the population came; even the Laps from up river drove in with their reindeer, and old Dog Face brought his Eskimo men from the Sand Spit to see the whites make medicine at the marriage feast.

Lacking the subtlety of an accomplished fixer, George passed among his friends, coaching with stertorous whispers, desisting only when Barker as chairman, enthroned in dignity upon the counter, a cracker box beneath him, called for order. Then he stole quietly out for the absent member.

Slipping up to McDonald's cabin, he heard the nervous sounds of its occupancy.

"Beats all what a perilous pastime this matchmakn' is," mused George. "He's liable to split me into kindlin' wood before I get in, 'mits mortised over his guilet, but here a es."

He backed away, then hurried his great bulk at the door. It gave way, and in the shadows beyond he glimpsed the face of the terrified groom. Big George heeled him and crushed him against his chest, wrenching loose the uplifted hatchet.

"Lord, I never see such a bashful lover!" he panted. "We're all jealous over you, but we ain't to join two lovin' hearts if diplomacy can do it. Tain't everybody has a best man like me to break trail clean up to the altar."

A terrific roar arose in Barker's place when the kicking prisoner was thrust into the room, and, inasmuch as it is not given to all men to succeed against misfortune, George was permeated by a gentle glow.

Something in the look of the men struck him, however, as he bore the tortured bridegroom before him. They whistled, shouted and stamped madly.

"Big Mit" seized his hand, while others fell on him with acclamation.

"You're all right, pal."

"We never savvied your play at all." Men whacked him on the back and belloved in glee, while a babel of congratulations best ever him.

"What in blazes do you all mean?" cried George shaking himself free.

His answer materialized out of the throng, in the shape of Miss Lanahan, who came forward blushing beneath her cosmetics. Advancing with a smile of affectionate assurance, she spoke:

"I chose you, George. You're such a masterful man."

In the silence which he strove to break McDonald wriggled from the



"I chose you, George. You're such a masterful man."

whaler's nerveless fingers and cackled shrilly. George's roving eyes sped over the circle of grinning faces and thence to the window. As he gazed blankly around the house corner, with jingle and scurry came his own dog team, urged by Penechee's singing whip.

They were going for wood, running light and fast. Self preservation stirred within the big man. He bolted.

The igloo of Chief Dog Face lies eight miles below Candle City. Kittu, his daughter, backed with a hand ax at the carcass of a frozen seal, for it neared meal time, when there came to her the "Yip! Yip! Yip!" of a dog driver in haste.

From up trail whirled a six dog team, running madly beneath the curling lash of a man, who crouched midway of the swaying basket sled, lifting his dogs with the sharp running cry of the Malamute. Anou he glanced fearfully back, urging them to further speed.

It is meet that all travelers pause at the village of Dog Face and warm, but this man burst through the cluster of huts and vanished down the coast trail for Nome. This was the stranger still, for Kittu recognized Big George—Big George, who was not as other white men, but ate of the Eskimo food and spoke their language.

Kittu had been to the mission, and was surpassing wise in the ways of the paleface. She had seen their marvelous methods, man to man, also their strenuous courtships when they felt the hunger to mate. Now she spoke in the light of much experience:

"Somebody dead, I think," then on consideration said, "No! Him too quick go; nobody dead. Him goin' to get married."

Grandeur has a heavy tax to pay.—Alexander Smith.

OREGON NEWS NOTES

Baker county is building 15 new steel bridges.

Polk County wants to join Marion County in building a \$245,000 concrete bridge across the Willamette at Salem, while Marion County has plans for a \$105,000 steel structure.

Linn County has two busy growing cheese factories, one in Albany and one at Crabtree.

Work on the ways and shops of the new shipyard for the Columbia Engineering Works at Linnton has started.

The Japanese ship, Nippo Maru, sails this week for Chilli with a 2,000,000 feet lumber cargo.

To relieve car shortage, the Southern Pacific Company has ordered construction of 4,000 new freight cars, some of which are now being delivered.

The single tax measure on the ballot at the coming election is another legislative experiment that would set back the industrial growth of Oregon ten years.

STATEMENT of the financial condition of THE MULTNOMAH STATE BANK at Lents, in the State of Oregon, at the close of business Sept. 12, 1916.

RESOURCES	
Loans and discounts	\$ 36,598 97
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	32
Bonds and warrants	20,025 00
Furniture and fixtures	4,000 00
Other real estate owned	8,186 07
Due from approved reserve banks	16,986 26
Checks and other cash items	136 10
Cash on hand	8,277 86
Expenses	3,980 89
TOTAL	\$ 96,302 06

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 15,000 00
Surplus fund	1,500 00
Undivided profits	47 35
Postal savings bank deposits	10,421 00
Individual deposits subject to check	\$54,722 28
Demand certificates of deposit	\$ 2,516 17
Cashier checks outstanding	787 85
TOTAL	\$ 96,302 06

City of Oregon, County of Multnomah, ss: I, H. E. Bloyd, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. E. Bloyd, Cashier.
Correct—Attest:
WILLI. Wright,
F. R. Foster,
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of Sept. 1916.
C. C. Wiley,
Notary Public.

My commission expires Nov. 10, 1919.

Sloan's Liniment for Neuralgia Aches

The dull throbbing of neuralgia is quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment, the universal remedy for pain. Easy to apply; it quickly penetrates without rubbing and soothes the sore muscles. Cleaner and more promptly effective than musky plasters or ointment; does not stain the skin or clog the pores. For stiff muscles, chronic rheumatism, gout, lumbago, sprains and strains it gives quick relief. Sloan's Liniment relieves the pain and inflammation and insect bites, bruises, bumps and other minor injuries to children. Get a bottle today at your Druggist, 25c.

COME TO the new Tin Shop in Lents 91 and Foster STOVEPIPE ELBOWS STOVE and FURNACE REPAIRING

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308 X YES IS A VOTE FOR YOUR CHILDREN

ONE NORMAL NOT ENOUGH

Oregon has but one Normal School. This school is located at Monmouth. Excellent as is the work of this school it is utterly unable to supply but a small part of the need for trained teachers for the State.

Of more than 6,000 school teachers in the public schools of Oregon, but 18 per cent have been trained for their profession of teaching in Normal Schools.

It is a well established fact that our one Normal School cannot supply the needs of the entire state. That is why we ask for your work and vote for the proposed Eastern Oregon State Normal School at Pendleton, Oregon.

GIVE EASTERN OREGON SQUARE DEAL

Eight counties in the Willamette Valley have employed during the past five years, 203 teachers who have graduated from the Monmouth Normal as against 39 Monmouth Normal School graduates for the eight leading counties of Eastern Oregon.

During the past five years the attendance of students from nine Willamette Valley counties was 877 students as against 91 students from nine of the leading counties of Eastern Oregon.

Owing to the crowded condition of our one Normal at Monmouth and also the distance and expense of attending, students from Eastern Oregon are compelled to go to neighboring states to secure their training as teachers.

ONLY COSTS 4 CENTS PER \$1,000

The annual maintenance cost of the proposed State Normal School in Eastern Oregon amounts to but one 25th of a mill or 4 cents on a thousand dollars of taxable property, isn't it worth this to have your children trained to become useful and productive citizens?

STRONG ENDORSEMENTS

Among those who strongly endorse the establishment of the proposed Eastern Oregon Normal School are Governor Withycombe, J. H. Ackerman, President of the Monmouth State Normal; W. J. Kerr, President of the Oregon Agricultural College; P. L. Campbell, President of the State University; Robert C. French, former President of the Weston Normal, and practically all of the leading educators of the State. J. A. Churchill, Superintendent of Public Instruction, voices the sentiments of those who are most familiar with the need of more adequate Normal facilities when he says:

"Oregon's greatest need for its rural schools is the teacher who has had full preparation to do her work. Such preparation can best come through Normal School training."

"It is that the voters of the state will assist in raising the standard of our schools by establishing a State Normal School at Pendleton. The location is central, the interest of the people of Pendleton in education most excellent, and the large number of pupils in the public schools will give ample opportunity to students to get the amount of teaching practice required in a standard normal school."

All the above educators insist that a Standard Normal School must be located in a town of 5000 or more population and having enough grade pupils for teaching practice.

VOTE RIGHT

By voting YES for No. 308 you will help to give to the school children of Oregon the same advantages enjoyed by the school children of our neighboring states.
Vote YES for No. 308.

Eastern Oregon State Normal School Committee
By J. H. Gwinn, Secy., Pendleton, Ore.
(Paid advertisement)

At The Churches

Arlita Baptist Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. Preaching service.
8:00 p. m. Evening services.
7:00 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meeting.
8:00 Thursday Prayer meeting.
Everybody welcome to any and all of these services.
W. T. S. Spriggs, pastor.

Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church

10 a. m. Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Morning worship.
7:30 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E.
7:45 p. m. Evening worship.
7:30 p. m. Thursday, midweek service.
8 p. m. Thursday, choir practice.
Rev. Wm. H. Amos, Pastor.

St. Peter's Catholic Church

Sundays:
8 a. m. Low Mass.
10:30 a. m. High Mass.
8:30 a. m. Sunday School.
12 M. Choir rehearsal.
Week days: Mass at 8 a. m.

Seventh Day Adventist Church

10 a. m. Saturday Sabbath School.
11 a. m. Saturday preaching.
7:30 p. m. Wednesday, Prayer meeting
7:45 p. m. Sunday preaching.

Kern Park Christian Church

Corner 69th St. and 46th Ave. S. E.
10 a. m. Bible School.
11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. preaching service.
6:30 p. m. Christain Endeavor.
7:30p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting.
A cordial welcome to all.
Rev. G. K. Berry, Pastor.

St. Pauls Episcopal Church

One block south of Woodmere station. Holy Communion the first Sunday of each month at 8 p. m. No other services that day. Every other Sunday the regular services will be as usual. Evening Prayer and sermon at 4 p. m. Sunday School meets at 3 p. m. B. Boatwright, Supt., L. Maffett, Sec. Rev. O. W. Taffey Rector.

Lents Evangelical Church

Sermon by the Pastor, 11 a. m. and 7:15 p. m. Sunday School 9:45 a. m., Albert Fankhauser, Superintendent. Y. P. A. 8:45 p. m. Paul Bradford, President. Prayer meeting Thursday 8 p. m. A cordial welcome to all.
T. R. Hornschuch, Pastor.

Lents Friend's Church

9:45 a. m. Bible School, Clifford Barker Superintendent. 11:00 a. m. Preaching services. 6:25 p. m. Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Preaching Services. 8:00 p. m. Thursday, mid-week prayer meeting. A cordial welcome to all these services.
John Riley, Pastor.

Lents Baptist Church

Lord's Day, Bible School 9:45 a. m. Morning worship, 11 a. m. Elmo Heights Sunday School, 2:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U., 6:30 p. m. Evening worship, 7:30 p. m. A cordial welcome to these services.
J. M. Nelson, Pastor.

Fifth Church of Christ

Fifth Church of Christ. Scientist of Portland, Ore. Myrtle Park Hall, Myrtle Park. Services Sunday 11 a. m. Sunday School 9:30 and 11 a. m. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting 8 p. m.

Lents M. E. Church

Sunday School 9:45 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Services at Bennett Chapel at 3 p. m. Epworth League 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30. W. R. F. Browne, pastor. Residence 5703 83rd St.

Laurelwood M. E. Church

9:45 a. m. Sunday school. 11:00 a. m. preaching. 12:30 a. m. class meeting. 6:30 p. m. Epworth League. 7:30 p. m. preaching. The pastor is assisted by a chorus choir and the Amphion Male Quartette. 8:00 p. m. Thursday evening, prayer service.
Dr. C. R. Carlos, pastor.

German Evangelical Reformed Church

Corner Woodstock Ave., and 87th St. Rev. W. G. Lienkaemper, pastor. Sunday School 10 a. m. Morning Worship, 11 a. m. Y. P. S. at 7:30 p. m. German School and Catechetical Class Saturday 10 a. m.

Third United Brethren Church

10 a. m. Sunday School. 11 a. m. Preaching. 3 p. m. Junior Christian Endeavor. 6:30 p. m. Senior Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m. Preaching.

Brentwood M. E. Church

10 a. m. Sunday School. 11 a. m. Preaching service.
Rev. W. L. Wilson, Pastor.

LODGE DIRECTORY

Magnolia Camp No. 4026, Royal Neighbors, meets regular Second and Fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesday social meeting Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. A Neighbors requested to come. B order of the Camp.