

# Rex Beach



## Short Stories



Continued from Last Week

"I know that you love me, and I love you." "It is pity," he exclaimed hoarsely. "You don't mean it." But she drew herself closer to him and turned her tear stained face up to his, saying wistfully: "If your dear eyes could have seen they would have told you long ago." "Oh, my love!" He was too weak to resist longer. His arms were trembling as they infolded her, but in his heart was a gladness that comes to but few men.

"And you won't go away without me, will you?" she questioned fearfully.

"No, no!" he breathed. "Oh, Mar-mion, God has been very kind to me!"

## The Stampede

By REX BEACH

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FROM their vantage on the dump, the red gravel of which ran like a raw scar down the mountain side, the men looked out across the gulch, above the western range of hills to the yellow setting sun. Far below them the creek was dotted with other dump dumps of the same red gravel over which men crawled, and like upon which they labored at windlass. Thin wisps of smoke rose from the cabin roofs, bespeaking the supper hour.

They had done a hard day's work, these two, and wearily descended to their shack which hugged the hillside beneath.

Ten hours with pick and shovel in a drift where the charcoal was flickers a candle flame, will reduce one's artistic keenness, and together they slouched along the path heedless alike of view or color.

As Crowley built the fire Buck scoured himself in the wet snow beside the door, emerging from his ablutions as cook. The former stretched upon the bunk with grunting luxury, "Gee whiz! I'm tuckered out. Twelve hours in that air is too much for anybody."

"Sure," growled the other. "But I sleep good tonight, all right, all right. What's the use anyhow?" he continued disgustedly. "I'm sore on the whole works. If the Yukon was open I'd chuck it all."

"What! Go back to the States; give up?"

"Well, yes, if you want to call it that, though I think I've shown I ain't a quitter. Lord! I've rustled steady for two years and what have I got? Nothing—except my interest in this paperized hill claim."

"If two years of hard luck gives you cold feet, you ain't worthy of the dignity of 'prospector.' This here is the only honorable calling there is. There's no competition and cuttin' throats in our business nor we don't rob the wid-ders and orphans. A prospector is defined as a semi-human being with a low forehead but a high sense of honor; a stumblin' that shies at salads but a heart that's full of grit. They don't never lay down, and the very beauty of the business is that you never know when you're due. Some day a guy comes along. 'I hit her over yonder, Bo,' says he, whereupon you insert yourself into a pack strap, pound the trail, and the next you know you're a millionaire, or two."

"Bah! No more stampedes for me. I've killed myself too often—there's nothing in 'em. I'm sick of it, I tell you, and I'm going out to God's country. No more wild scrambles and hardships for Buck."

A step sounded on the chips without, and a slender, sallow man entered.

"Hello, Maynard," they chorused, and welcomed him to a seat.

"What are you doing out here?" "D'you bring any chewing with you?" Evidently he labored under excitement, for his face was flushed and his eyes danced nervously. He panted from his climb, ignoring their questions.

"There's been a big strike—over on the Tanana—four bits to the pan." Forgetting his fatigue, Crowley scrambled out of his bunk while the cook left his steaming skillet.

"When?" "How d'you know?" "It's this way. I met a fellow as I came out from town—he's just come over—one of the discoverers. He showed me the gold. It's coarse; one nugget weighed \$500 and there's only six men in the party. They went up the Tanana last fall, prospecting, and

only just struck it. Three of 'em are down with scurvy, so this one came over the mountains for fresh grub. It'll be the biggest stampede this camp ever saw." Maynard became incoherent.

"How long ago did you meet him?" Crowley inquired excitedly.

"About an hour. I came on the run because he'll get into camp by 11, and midnight will see 500 men on the trail. Look at this—he gave me a map." The speaker gloatingly produced a scrap of writing paper and continued, "Boys, you've got five hours' start of them."

"We can't go; we haven't got any dogs," said Buck. "Those people from town would catch us in twenty miles."

"You don't want dogs," Maynard answered. "It's too soft. You'll have to make a quick run with packs or the spring breakup will catch you. I wish I could go. It's big, I tell you. Lord, how I wish I could go!"

They were huddled together, their eyes feverish, their fingers tracing the pencil markings. A smell of burning food filled the room, but there is no obsession more absolute than the gold lust.

"Get the packs together while me and Buck eats a bite. We'll take the ox robe and the Navajo. Glad I've got a new pair of mukluks, 'cause we need light footgear. But what will you wear, boy? Then hip boots is too heavy—you'd never make it."

"Here," said Maynard, "try these." He slipped off his light gossamer sporting boots, and Buck succeeded in stamping his feet into them.

"Little tight, but they'll go."

"They snatched bites of food, meanwhile collecting their paraphernalia, Maynard helping as he could.

Each selected a change of socks and mittens. Then the grub was divided evenly—tea, flour, bacon, baking powder, salt-sugar. There was nothing else, for spring on the Yukon finds only the heel of the grubstake. Each rolled his portion in his blanket and lashed it with light rope. Then an end of the bundle was thrust into the waist of a pair of overalls and the garment closely cinched to it. The legs were brought forward and fastened, forming two loops, through which they slipped their arms, balancing the packs or shifting a knot here and there. A light ax, a coffee-pot, frying pan and pail were tied on the outside, and they stood ready for the run. They stored carefully wrapped bundles of matches in pockets, packs and in the lining of their caps. The preparations had not taken twenty minutes.

"Too bad we ain't got some cooked grub, like chocolate or dog biscuits," said Crowley, "but, seeing as we've got five hours' start over everybody, we won't have to kill ourselves."

Maynard spoke hesitatingly, "Say, I told Sully about it as I came along."

"What!" Crowley interrupted him sharply.

"Yes, I told him to get ready, and I promised to give him the location an hour after you left. You see, he did me a good turn once, and I had to get back at him somehow. He and Knute are getting fixed now. Why, what's up?"

He caught a queer, quick glance between his partners and noted a hardness settle into the lined face of the elder.

"Nothing much," Buck took up. "I guess you didn't know about the trouble, eh? Crowley knocked him down day before yesterday, and Sully swears he'll kill him on sight. It came up over that fraction on Buster creek."

"Well, well," said Maynard. "That's had, isn't it? I promised, though, so I'll have to tell him."

"Sure! That's all right," Crowley agreed quietly, though his lip curled, showing the strong, close shut ivory teeth. His nostrils dilated also, giving his face a passing wolfish hint.

"There's neither white man nor Swede that can gain an hour on us, and if he should happen to—he wouldn't pass."

Be it known that many great placer fortunes have been won by those who stepped in the warm tracks of the discoverers, while rarely does the goddess smile on the tardy. In consequence no frenzy approaches that of the gold stampede.

Passing Sully's place, they found him and his partner ready and waiting, their packs on the sawbuck. Crowley stared at his enemy in silence, while the other sneered wickedly back, and Big Knute laughed in his yellow beard.

Buck's heart sank. Could he outlast these two? He was a boy; they were reckless giants with thighs and legs of iron. Knute was a gaunt framed viking, Sully a violent florid man with the quarters of an ox. Through the quixotism of Maynard this trip bid fair to combine the killing grind of a long, fierce stampede, with the bitter struggle of man and man, and too well he knew the temper of his red headed partner to doubt that before the last stake was driven either

of or Sully would be down. From the glare in their eyes at passing it came over him that either he or Knute would recross the mountains partnerless. The trail was too narrow for these other men. He shrank from the toll and agony he felt was coming to him through this, and then, with it, there came the burning gold hunger—the lust that drives starving, broken wrecks onward unremittingly, over misty hills, across the beds of lava and the forbidden tundra, on into the new diggings.

It neared 8 o'clock, and, although darkness was far distant, the chill that follows the sun fell sharply.

As they swung out onto the river their fatigue had dropped away, and they moved with the steady, loose gait of the hardened "musher." Buck looked at his watch. They had been gone an hour.

"The race is on!" said he.

Though unburied, their progress was likewise unhindered, and the miles slipped backward as the darkness thickened hour by hour. Straight up the fifty mile stream to its source, over the great backbone and into the unmapped country, their course led. If they hurried they would have first choice of the good claims close about the discovery. If they lagged Sully and his ox eyed partner would overtake them, and beyond that it was unpleasant to conjecture.

"We'll hit water pretty soon!" Crowley's voice broke hours of silence, for they were sparing of language. They neither whistled nor sang nor spoke, for man is a potential body from which his store of energy wastes through tiny unheeded ways.

True to prophecy, in the darkness of midnight they walked out upon a thin skin of newly frozen ice.

"Look out for the overflow! She froze since dark," Crowley cautioned. "We're liable to go through."

"On all sides it cracked alarmingly.

(Continued next week.)

## OREGON NEWS NOTES

The state land board has advertised for sale 32,000 acres of school land in Malheur county and 640 acres in Lake county. Bids will be received by the board December 19.

Mrs. John A. Ceifer has been appointed postmaster at Glenada, Lane county, in place of J. A. Wilkinson, resigned, and George W. Perry has been named at Perry, Union county, to succeed Leon B. Stoddard, also resigned.

Nearly 190 Portland business men made a five-day excursion to the Coos bay country last week in the hope of persuading the people there that Portland can and will make it better for them to trade in Oregon than in San Francisco.

The Oregon state fish and game commission will liberate 2000 China pheasants which have been raised on the Corvallis state game farm in different parts of the Willamette valley, beginning this week. In order not to be too easy prey for hunters, they have been raised in as nearly wild surroundings as possible.

Public pulse concerning bulk shipment of wheat from interior points to tidewater is being sounded out in eastern Oregon by G. B. Hegardt, engineer for the public docks commission at Portland, and G. L. Hurd for Oregon agricultural college. They have also been in the Colfax, Falouse and other wheat belts of Washington.

The mile and a half of road on the Columbia river highway between the east end of Multnomah county and Cascade locks, which, because of the high bluffs and inaccessibility of the sun at that place, has been the only important barrier against all-year travel to Hood River, is now paved. The pavement, which represents a cost of about \$10,000, is a gift from S. Benson.

The Wittenburg-King company of The Dalles, formerly known as the Dri-Fresh company, has contracted with the Hood River Apple Growers' association to take up 5000 tons of family grade fruit, including the smaller sizes and fruit perfect except for some surface blemish that would render it undesirable for commercial pack. The deal will bring a handsome profit to growers.

The opening of the large section of richly productive country between Grants Pass and Waldo is now assured, according to a report that John Twohy and his son, Robert Twohy, of Twohy Bros. company of San Francisco, have succeeded in arranging the sale of \$2,000,000 of bonds of the old proposed California & Coast railroad. It is the present intention to extend the road from Wilderville to Waldo, a distance of 45 miles from Grants Pass.

The Wasco county court has made an apportionment of the proposed bond issue of \$250,000 for highway improvement to be voted on at the November election. The apportionment is as follows: Mosier via Dry Creek to The Dalles, \$91,000; The Dalles to Petersburg, \$34,000; The Dalles to Dufur, \$27,500; Dufur to top of Tygh grade, \$27,500; top of Tygh grade to Maupin, \$20,000; Maupin to South to the Jefferson county line, \$60,000.

The Oregon Flax Fibre company is installing machinery at Turner under the direction of the company's expert, E. J. Hansett, of Belgium, an author-

ity on flax growing and fibre manufacturing. The plant will work the flax in the Turner vicinity into fibre, which will be sold to Eastern lines mills.

The 1916 wheat crop of Oregon has a value of \$13,097,230, according to the bureau of labor statistics. Values of nine other products are estimated as follows: Corn, \$1,008,900; oats, \$5,412,000; potatoes, \$5,000,000; barley, \$2,447,500; peaches, \$272,000; pears, \$510,000; quinces, \$8000; rye, \$418,000; apples, \$3,216,000.

September 15 has been designated by the public service commission as the time for holding a hearing to determine whether or not the rates charged by the American express company for the transportation of milk, cream and dairy products in the state are just and reasonable. The hearing will be held in Portland.

Claims of delegates for their expenses to national party conventions cannot be audited by the Secretary of state, Attorney General Brown has advised Secretary Olcott. Failure of the legislature to provide an appropriation for payment of party delegates' expenses, it is pointed out, makes it impossible to pay their expenses for attending the conventions.

Examiner Disque, of the interstate commerce commission, will conduct hearings at Portland on October 6 in the cases of the Astoria Box company vs. North Bank railroad, and the Portland Traffic & Transportation company vs. the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad, on October 9. He will conduct a hearing at Portland in several cases in which the traffic and transportation company is the complainant against the railroads.

Wouldn't Need It.

Ethel was going to a party at a neighbor's house where she had already caught tantalizing glimpses of unlimited quantities of cake, fruit and ices. At the last moment inconsiderately held her back for final instructions.

"Now, remember, darling, to say 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you.'"

"Oh, yes, mother," Ethel said. "I shall always say 'Yes, please,' but I don't think I shall have to say 'No, thank you.'"

Woman.

A woman may be a fool—a sleepy fool, an agitated fool, a too awfully noxious fool—and she may even be simply stupid. But she is never dense. She's never made of wood through and through, as some men are. There is in woman, always somewhere, a spring. Whatever men don't know about women (and it may be a lot or it may be very little), men and even fathers do know that much. And that is why so many men are afraid of them.—Conrad

## Don't Let Skin Troubles Spread

Trivial blemishes are sometimes the first warning of serious skin diseases. Neglected skin troubles grow. Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment promptly stops the progress of eczema, heals stubborn cases of pimples, acne, blotchy, red and scaly skin. The anti-septic qualities of Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment kill the germ and prevent the spread of the trouble. For cold sores or chapped hands, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment offers prompt relief. At your Druggist, 50c.

Linn county will pave 200 miles of county highways in five years.

## COME TO the new Tin Shop in Lents

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## Pendleton Normal School Proven Necessity

(Copied from Portland-Oregonian.)  
MONMOUTH, Ore., June 26.—The Oregon Normal school opened this week . . . students enrolled 785, largest on record for state Normal in Oregon . . . how to care for large student body a problem . . . 800 being crowded into auditorium with seating capacity of 550. Galleries filled with extra chairs in aisles. More than 150 students seated on platform. New boarding houses completed, additions to rooming houses built and tents used. One hundred girls sleep on upper floor of school.  
The official school report gives 150 grade pupils in Monmouth, for teacher practice.

Read what those you have elected to handle the affairs of your state and who are thoroughly informed regarding school conditions in Oregon have to say concerning measure 308 on the ballot at the coming election:

By James Withycombe, Governor of Oregon: "Oregon is unquestionably in need of more normal school work and Pendleton is the logical place for a school of this class in Eastern Oregon."

By J. A. Churchill, State Superintendent of Public Instruction: "I trust that the voters of the State will assist in raising the standard of our schools by establishing a State Normal School at Pendleton."

By P. L. Campbell, President of the University of Oregon: "At least one additional Normal School is urgently needed in Oregon."

By W. J. Kerr, President of the Oregon Agricultural College: "Since the people of Pendleton are initiating a measure for the establishment of a Normal School at that place, it will give me pleasure to support this measure."

By J. H. Ackerman, President Oregon Normal School, at Monmouth: "A careful analysis of the situation will convince any one that Oregon needs a Normal School in Eastern Oregon and Pendleton fills all the government requirements."

By the County School Superintendents of Oregon: "Resolved, that it is the sense of the County School Superintendents of the State of Oregon, in convention assembled, that the best interests of the schools of the State demand increased facilities for the training of teachers, and that we, therefore, endorse the initiative measure to establish a Normal School at Pendleton."

By Mrs. Charles H. Castner, President of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs: "I most heartily endorse the location of said Normal School at Pendleton."

Prof. Robert C. French, Former President of the Normal School Located at Weston: "An immediate establishment of such a school at some central point such as Pendleton would prove a great asset to the State of Oregon."

B. F. Mulkey, Ex-President Southern Oregon Normal School: "I shall support the location of an Eastern Oregon Normal School at Pendleton."

State Board of Regents of Oregon Normal School declares that "the necessity for additional Normal school facilities in Oregon is apparent."  
Portland Chamber of Commerce endorses measure 308 and says Pendleton most logical location for Normal school in Eastern Oregon.

308 X YES IS A VOTE FOR YOUR CHILDREN  
Eastern Oregon State Normal School Committee.  
(Paid Adv.) By J. H. Gwinn, Secy., Pendleton, Ore.

## At The Churches

**Arleta 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.  
7:45 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. Christian Endeavor.  
7:30 p. 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. Taylor 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 and Nettie Riley, Pastors.

**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 Hill, 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.  
Bible Study Class, 5:30 p. m.  
Epworth League 6:30 p. m.  
Preaching 7:30 p. m.  
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.  
F. M. Jasper, pastor.  
Residence 5703 8th 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.  
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. 4020, Royal Neighbors, meets regular second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at I. O. O. F. Hall. Second Wednesdays social meeting. Neighbors bring your families and friends. Fourth Wednesday, business. All Neighbors requested to come. By order of the Camp.