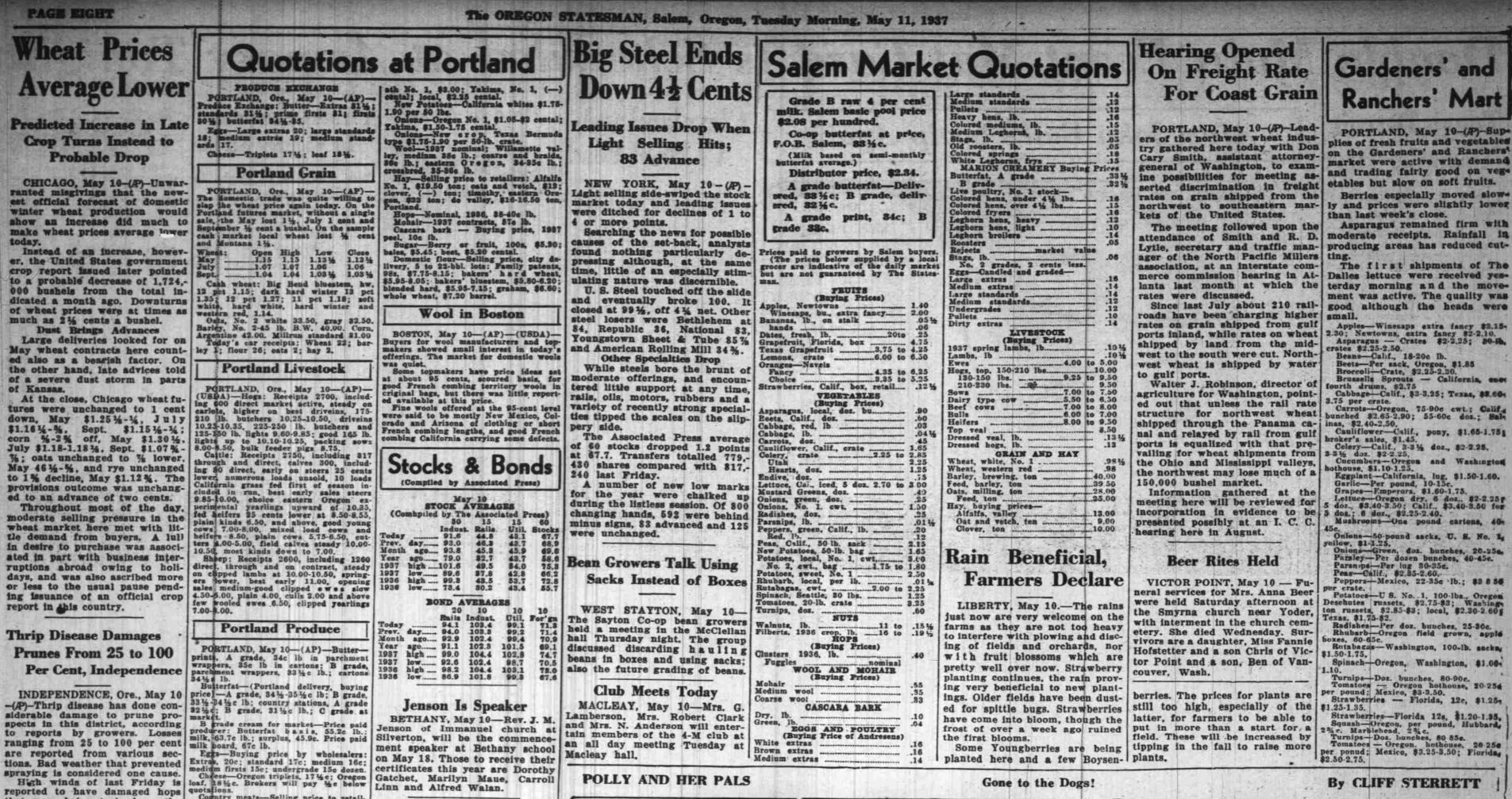
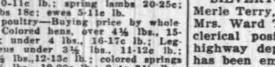
today.



High winds of last Friday is eported to have damaged hops hat were being trained on the wires, and some yards will have to retwine. The hop season is backward because of late floods and rain and growers face a some-what serious situation unless there is better weather in the next week or ten days. Strawberry growers are worried by a heavy infestation of spittle bug. Link and thin, 11-14c; heavy, 11-12c lb.; clift and thin, 12-13c lb.; cloired spring over 3½ lbs.; 19-20c lb.; 2 to 3½ lbs.; Pointoes—Deschutes, \$2.85-\$8; Klam-



DOODOU

Gatchet, Marilyn Maue, Carroll

## By CLIFF STERRETT



ouions-Green, doz. bunches, 20-25a, Parsley-Per dozen bunches, 40-45c. Parsnys-Per lug 80-35c. Peas-Calif., \$2.85-2.60, Peppers-Mexico, 22-35c ib.; \$8 8 56

Spinach-Oregon, Washington, \$1.00-

## "RICH CARG Henry C. Rowland

CHAPTER XVIII Their departure might or might not have been reported at the house, but they went unquestioned. Mouse lumbered along on the elephantine quickstep that consumes the miles. Once started he seemed in haste to get somewhere. He gave every indi-cation of definite purpose. As if it had needed and a Withe's anouvrose. As if it Once started in He gave every indi-get somewhere. He gave every indi-cation of definite purpose. As if it had needed only Mike's encourage-ment to precipitate an action on which he was already deliberating. It was Sandy's opinion that Mouse It was Sandy's opinion that Mouse it was for the source of the sou had been courteously waiting for Mike to finish his morning's toilet efore starting off on investigations

At the end of about a mile they overtook a group of natives heading toward Turtle Pawn, a fishing vilage on a narrow strait through a omstriction of the island, and orming a boundary of Colonel Carl-on's terrain, which by this shallow luice was made an island in its entirety. Though hating to break the continuity of Mouse's course, Sandy felt that he ought to question

in fear, and Sandy was therefore surprised to see the blacks sheer wide. He called and beckoned, but they would not approach. More than that they began to hurry on their way, in a wide detour, eyes rolling back over their shoulders. Sandy shouted a peremptory order to the nearest of them, a young negress standing haughty and aloof as if disdaining actual flight. to come nearer as he wished to speak to her. She answered shortly in a few words that he could not understand, nearer as he wished to speak to her. She answered shortly in a few words that he could not understand, then set off after the others. "What's the matter with them?" Sandy asked, vexedly. "Are they afraid of Mouse or of us?" "Ayther, sir." Mike answered, "or "Ayther, sir." Mike answered, "or "At the set off after the others. "House wud pick her up again, sir. See now how he do be pushin" on with no doubt at all of where he is headin' for. The ould baste has something in the mind av 'im."

soly as if impatient at the delay. Soly as if impatient at the delay. Go on," Sandy ordered, and they esumed their way along the trail hat skirted the flank of a low mole that skirted the flank of a low mole partly covered by a growth of sea-grape. Mike looked back and said: "Ever since Mouse snatched the dress off a wench that plagued him by putting snuff in his troonk they are none so sure about his good nature. Sure I have known iliphants would have treated her dommed rough for such a tr'rick."

rough for such a tr'rick." Mouse swung along on his self-appointed way. Presently Mike leaned back and said:-- "Yonder is the cove where the Colonel is thought to have been lost, air. Wan of the naygroes told me that some-times the place swarmed wit' what he called 'heavy fish.' He said they were not sharks, but worse." "Barracuda, perhaps. They will attack a bather, like wolves. Tear it him. That might have happened to that he fell and had a stroke or peart failure. But it scarcely seems

art failure. But it scarcely seems

failure. But it scarcely seems le. He was a strong man. for his age." Itrail, a mere footpath worn and passed around the head Hitle bight. Mouse scuffled a short steep descent forelegs braced, hind quarters sliding, y at the bottom there was an t perpendicular drop of about fact, aver the rim of a ledge teous rock. "Hang on. sir," muticesed, holding to the head

value of about seventy thousand dollars, and the Colonel's will, by which he had left a fortune running in a million and odd pounds to Miss Isobel."

"And that is not the half of it," Mike said drily. Sandy turned the watch in his hand. "Half past two. . . . It's stopped—the crystal's broken and jammed the hands. Well, here's a lie nailed. Four strings of lies that were nicely spliced." "And did Mr. Vinckers claim he had not been off the premises sir?" box and then sir? "And then, sir?" "Mike softly blew out his breath. "And then, sir?" "And then sir?" "And then

had not been off the premises, sir?" "He didn't need to. The others volunteered enough to check up his being in the house all night." Mike gave a grunt. "Sure it's the gr'rand little detective we have un-det in Mr. Crewe. And is he as bad as that?" "We don't know yet how bad he is," Sandy said. "When she saw the natives, and ordered a halt. Iso-bel had said that Mouse's reputa-tion as a mass of wisdom and benevolence had become established, so that he was held in awe but not in fear, and Sandy was therefore surprised to see the blacks sheer wide.

"Perhaps, to scare her into sil-ence. A beast like that would dare a lot, with three cool backers who had everything to gain. At any rate, Miss Isobel turned to a big protector that was standing by. She called to Mouse. He reached inside, whipped her up out of the chair and through the window, then either cradled her, as you say, or raised her so that she could scramble up his trunk onto his head. Then they started off, and Vinckers followed She hadn't counted on that. All

she thought of in her panic was to get away. Or perhaps he kept close, threatening to shoot her if she raised an alarm." Mike nodded. "He would claim

Ayther, sir." Mike answered, "or h, maybe. Since all the natives reabouts are by now used to seen" in, it looks like they do not want be asked questions." Mouse was if anything more pur-poseful than ever in his onward course. He passed around the head of the little cove, then swerving from the path struck up a tangled alops with thick growths of scrub alternating with bare ledges of rock. It was apparent to both men that it he flank of a low mole rtly covered by a growth of sea-ape. Mike looked back and said: "Ever since Mouse snatched the ess off a wench that plagued him

the mole he must be stopped by the roughness of the formation. This presently happened. They came to a precipitous ledge that was fissured and eroded so that a man or even a dog or goat might scale it with no great difficulty but where the big pachyderm could not pass. There were dwarf cedars and of a sort with which Sandy was not familiar. Below them was a thick some of course vegetation, a line of stratggling paims and then the beach. Beyond the sea lay in bands of signamarine over the shoals. Mouse had stopped and now stood guietly but panting from his climb. His attitude seemed to may:-- "This is as far as I can take you. Now you'll have to swing on your own hook. It's up to you to do the rest." Mike 'turned, looked at Sandy with eyes that twinkled like bloc tilleto points and asked:-- "What do you be makin' av it now. sir?" This much, at least. Miss Isobel was writing at the desk in the office. The chair was beside the open win-dow, and the Venetian shutters were drawn high. Mouse had secured too loosely sheer. (To be contin ed)

Copyright 1926 ap Mrs Banty C. Bowland