Recovery Hint Made by Mart

Issues Rise by Fractions, Some Much More in Livelier Day

NEW YORK, Aug. 12–(AP)–The stock market got a toe-hold on recovery today and many issues were lifted fractions to a point and a few much more.

Brokers thought the better outlook for fall business helped brighten sentiment, although apparently confusing congressional activities tended to hold many traders in a neutral zone.

In the van of the come-back were selected steels, motors, rails, rubbers, farm implements, utilities and specialties.

While the day's volume was far from being on a profitable commission house basis, it was considerably ahead of the preceding session. Transfers amounted to 793,200 shares compared with 571,820 yesterday. The Associated Press average of 60 stocks moved up .4 of a point to 69.8.

Carrier shares were among the day's best performers and rail liens stiffened the bond market. Aiding the transportation group, brokers said, was the belief present wage negotiations with the operating unions would reach an amicable conclusion before the end of the month. Also it was hoped a rate increase would help offset a wage boost of possibly some 7 per cent.

Predictions motor sales in August would show a sizeable increase over the 1936 month despite higher prices and earlier shut-downs for new models brought support for this group.

Coppers were indifferent and most utilities failed to get very far ahead.

Timber Strip Favored

KLAMATH FALLS, Aug. 12–(AP)–The purchase of about 1,000,000 feet of lumber along the Klamath-Lakeview highway, to preserve a strip on each side of the right-of-way for roadside beauty, was approved by the state highway commission.

Salem Market Quotations

(The prices below supplied by a local grocer are indicative of the daily market. Prices paid to growers by Salem buyers, but are not guaranteed by The Statesman.)

FRUITS (Buying Prices)

Apples, Newtowns	2.15
Winesaps, bu., extra fancy	2.05
Bananas, lb., on talk	.05 to .05½
hands	.06
Cantaloupes, crate	1.85
Grapefruit, Calif., Sunkist, crate	4.25
Dates, fresh, lb.	.14
Grapes, seedling, lug	1.65
Grapes, Malagas	2.25
Lemons, crate	6.50 to 7.75
Oranges, Valencias	5.50 to 5.75
Loganberries, crate	1.25 to 1.50
Plums, Calif., crate	1.90
Youngberries, crate	2.00
Wild blackberries, crate	1.75

VEGETABLES (Buying Prices)

Apricots, The Dalles, crate	65 to .70
Beans, green and wax, lb.	.03
Beets, doz.	.30
Cabbage, lb.	.02
Carrots, local, doz.	.30
Cauliflower, Calif., crate	1.00
Corn, local, doz.	.10 to .15
Cucumbers, local, field grown dozen	.20
Cucumbers, pickle, lb.	.04, .05 .06
Celery, crate	2.25 to 2.85
Utah	3.00
Local hearts, doz.	1.10
Stalk	2.75
Lettuce, local, crate, dry pack	1.35
Onions, green, doz.	.35
Onions, No. 1, cwt.	1.25
Radishes, doz.	.35
Peppers, green, local, lb.	.10
Peas, local, lb.	.08
New Potatoes, 50 lb. bag	.90
Parsley	.40
Plums, local, lug	.15
Potatoes, local, No. 1, cwt.	1.65
No. 2, cwt., bag	1.30 to 1.50
Radishes, doz.	.45
Spinach, local, orange box	1.00
Summer Squash, lb.	.04
Italian Squash, doz.	.40
Danish squash, local, lb.	.45
Tomatoes, Walla Walla	1.60
Turnips, doz.	.65
Watermelons, Calif., retail	.02½
Red Peppers, lb.	.20
Sweet Potatoes, lb.	.06

NUTS

Walnuts, lb.	11 to .15½
Filberts, 1936 crop, lb.	16 to .19½
Walnut meats, pieces, lb.	.29
Walnut meats, light halves, lb.	.32

HOPS (Buying Prices)

Clusters, 1936, lb.	11 to .15
Fuggles	nominal

WOOL AND MOHAIR (Buying Prices)

Mohair	.50
Medium wool	.32
Coarse wool	.31
Lambs wool	.30

CASCARA BARK

Dry, lb.	.06½
Green, lb.	.02½

EGGS AND POULTRY (Buying Price of Andresens)

White extras	.22
Brown extras	.22
Medium extras	.20
Large standards	.20
Medium standards	.18
Pullets	.11
Heavy hens, lb.	.18
Colored mediums, lb.	.12
Medium Leghorns, lb.	.10
Stags, lb.	.05
White Leghorns, frys	.18
Old roosters, lb.	.05
Colored springs	.18

MARION CREAMERY Buying Prices

Butterfat, A grade	.33½
B grade	.31½
Live poultry, No. 1 stock—	
Colored hens, under 4½ lbs.	.15
Colored hens, over 4½ lbs.	.15
Colored fryers, over 3½ lbs.	.18
Colored fryers, under 3½ lbs.	.16
Leghorn hens, heavy	.09
Leghorn hens, light	.09
Leghorn broilers	.14
Roosters	.05
Rejects	market value
Stags, lb.	.06
No. 2 grades, 2 cents less.	
Eggs—Candled and graded—	
Large extras	.22
Medium extras	.20
Large standards	.20
Medium standards	.18
Undergrades	.16
Pullets	.11

LIVESTOCK (Buying Prices)

1937 spring lambs, lb.	8.25 to 8.50
Yearlings, lb.	.04 to .04½
Ewes	2.50 to 3.25
Hogs, top, 150-210 lbs.	12.20 to 12.35
130-150 lbs.	11.25 to 11.50
210-280 lbs.	11.75 to 11.85
Sows	8.25 to 8.50
Dairy type cow	3.50 to 4.50
Beef cows	5.00 to 6.00
Bulls	5.00 to 6.00
Heifers	6.00 to 7.00
Top veal	8.00 to 8.50
Dressed veal, lb.	.12
Dressed hogs, lb.	12.25

GRAIN AND HAY

Wheat, white, No. 1	.89½
Wheat, western red	.89½
Barley, brewing, ton	32.00
Feed, barley, ton	28.00
Oats, barley, ton	25.00
Feed, ton	23.00
Hay, buying prices—	
Alfalfa, valley	12.00
Oat and vetch, ton	9.00
Clover, ton	9.00

Grade B raw 4 per cent milk. Salem basic pool price $2.10 per hundred.

Co-op Grade A butterfat price, F.O.B. Salem 33½c. (Milk based on semi-monthly butterfat average.)

Distributor price, $2.34.

A grade butterfat—Delivered, 33½c; B grade delivered 31½c.

A grade print, 34½; B grade, 33½c.

Odell Youth Drowns

HOOD RIVER, Aug. 12–(AP)–Carson Masiker, 21, of Odell, drowned Wednesday while fishing in Hood River about six miles from Lost Lake.

Returns From Hospital

WACONDA—Mrs. Glen Lidtke returned this week to her home here after several weeks' illness at a Salem hospital.

4 Cent Collapse Occurs in Corn

First Marketing Moves of Huge 1937 Crop Bearing Factor

CHICAGO, Aug. 12 – (AP) – Announcement of the first important marketing of the United States' 1937 big new corn crop led to 4 cents quick collapse of corn prices today.

This was the extreme immediate permissable overnight drop allowed by board of trade rules, and tended to pull all grain values lower.

At the close, corn futures ranged all the way from 1½ to 4 cents under yesterday's finish, Sept. 96⅝, Dec. 65⅝-¾, May 66⅞-67, Wheat ⅝-2 cents down, Sept. $1.12½-⅝, Dec. $1.13¼-⅜, May $1.14⅞-1.15, oats ¼-⅝ off, Dec. 29⅝, and rye showing ⅞-1½ setback, Dec. 80. Provisions results varied from 40 cents decline to an advance of 2 cents.

Overturning the corn market completely at the last was word that Chicago handlers had bought more than 100,000 bushels of new crop Texas corn for early shipment to this city.

At today's closing price, 96¾ cents, Chicago September delivery of corn contrasted with $1.16½, the season's top, and also with 89¾ cents, the season's low point.

Provisions chiefly reflected downturns of grain values and of cottonseed oil.

Stocks & Bonds

(Compiled by Associated Press)

August 12

STOCK AVERAGES

Compiled by The Associated Press

	30 Indust.	15 Rails	15 Util.	60 Stocks
Today	98.7	39.5	43.3	69.8
Prev. day	98.2	38.9	43.2	69.4
Month ago	94.8	40.2	42.2	67.7
Year ago	91.1	40.7	52.8	68.9
1937 high	101.6	49.5	54.0	75.3
1937 low	87.9	36.1	39.1	62.6
1936 high	99.3	43.5	53.7	72.8
1936 low	73.4	30.2	43.4	55.7

BOND AVERAGES

	30 Indust.	15 Rails	15 Util.	60 Stocks
Today	91.8	103.2	98.4	73.2
Prev. day	91.2	103.2	98.1	73.3
Month ago	92.7	103.0	97.2	72.9
Year ago	94.3	103.4	102.8	69.3
1937 high	99.0	104.4	102.8	74.7
1937 low	90.9	102.2	95.8	70.5
1936 high	98.2	104.4	103.1	73.0
1936 low	86.9	101.8	99.3	67.6

Quotations at Portland

PRODUCE EXCHANGE

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—(AP)—Produce exchange: Butter—Extras 32; standards 31; prime firsts 30½; firsts 27½; butterfat 34-34½.

Eggs—Large extras 24; large standards 22; medium extras 23; medium standards 18.

Cheese—Triplets 17; leaf 18.

Portland Grain

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—(AP)—

Wheat:	Open	High	Low	Close
Sept.	1.00	1.00	.99	.99
Dec.	1.01	1.01	1.00	1.00

Cash wheat: Big Bend bluestem, hw, 13 pct 1.03⅝; 12 pct 1.00½; dark hard winter 13 pct 1.14½; 12 pct 1.10½; 11 pct 1.02½; soft white and western white 99½; hard winter and western red 1.00½.

Oats, No. 2 white 26.00.

Barley, No. 2-45 lb. bw 29.00

Corn, Argentine 42.00.

Millrun standard 26.50.

Today's car receipts: Wheat 44; flour 3.

Portland Produce

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—(AP)—Butter — Prints, A grade, 34½c lb., in parchment wrappers; in cartons, 35½c; B grade, 33½c in parchment wrappers; 34½c in cartons.

Butterfat—(Portland delivery, buying price)—A grade, 34-34½c lb.; country stations: A grade, 32-32½c; B grade, 1½ cents less; C grade, 6 cents less.

B grade cream for market—Price paid producer. Butterfat tests 55.2c lb.; milk, 67.7c lb.; surplus, 45-9c. Price paid milk board. 67c. lb.

Eggs—Buying price by wholesalers: Extras, 21c; standard, 19c; medium 19c; medium firsts, 16c; undergrades, 14c doz., firsts, 18c.

Cheese—Oregon triplets, 17c; Oregon loaf, 18c. Brokers will pay ½c below quotations.

Country meats—Selling price to retailers: Country killed hogs, best butcher, under 160 lbs., 15-15½c; veslers, 15-15½c; light and thin, 10-12c; heavy 10-11c; canner cows 7-8c; cutters 15-17c; bulls 10-11c; spring lambs, 15-16½c; yearlings (—); ewes, 5-7c.

Live poultry—buying price by wholesalers: Colored hens, 4-5 lbs. 16c lb.; over 5 lbs., 16-17c lb.; Leghorn hens under 3½ lbs., 10-11c lb.; over 3½ lbs., 11-12c lb.; colored springs over 3½ lbs., 20-21c lb.; 2 to 3½ lbs., 18-19c lb.; Leghorn broilers 17c lb.; roosters, 7-8c lb.

Cantaloupes — Delano, jumbo, 45s, $3.25-3.50; standards, 45s, $2.25-2.40; jumbo, 36s, $3.25; Yakima standards, $2.75-$3.

Potatoes—Deschutes, $1.75; Klamath No. 1, $2.00; new crop Yakima Gems, $1.25-1.50; local, $1.50 cental; new crop Yakima White Rose, $1.25 cental; local, $1.15-1.25 orange box.

Onions—New crop, California red, 85c-$1; 50 lb. bag Walla Walla, $1.00 per 50 lb bag.

Wool—1937 nominal; Willamette valley, medium 35c lb.; coarse and braids, 33c lb.; eastern Oregon, 28-29c lb.; crossbred, 32-33c lb.; medium, 31-33c lb.

Hay—Selling price to retailers: Alfalfa No. 1, $18 ton; oats and vetch, $13; clover (—) ton; timothy, eastern Oregon, $20-50 ton; do valley, $16.16.50 ton, Portland.

Hops—Nominal, 1936, 12c lb.

Cascara bark—Buying price, 1937 peel, 5c lb.

Domestic flour—Selling price, city delivery, t to 25 bbl. lots: Family patents, 49s, $6.75-7.15; bakers' hard wheat, $5.55-7.55; bakers' bluestem, $5.40-5.85; blended hard wheat, $5.60-6.90; graham, $5.95; whole wheat, $6.35 barrel; soft wheat flours, $5.30-5.40.

Portland Livestock

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 12.—(AP)—(U. S. Dept. Agr.)—Hogs: 600 including 331 through and direct, market active fully steady; good-choice 165-210 lb. driveins mostly 12.50, load lots quotable 12.75, 230-80 lb. 11.75-12.00, 130-55 lb. 11.50-12.00; packing sows largely 9.00, lightweights up 9.25; feeder pigs 11.25-50.

Cattle: 250 including 23 direct, calves 35 including 17 direct, market active fully steady, some she stock shade higher; scattered common-medium grass steers 6.25-8.50, good eligible 10.25; 2 loads grass heifers 8.50 and 8.85, common-medium 5.50-7.75; low cutter and cutter cows 4.00-75, common-medium including fat dairy type 5.00-75, good beef 6.25-7.00 including load 1104 lb. at 6.85, good young up to 7.15; bulls mostly 5.75-6.25, odd head 6.40; few good vealers 8.50-9.00, de luxe up 10.00, common-medium 6.00-8.00; medium to good 297-310 lb. calves 6.50-8.25.

Sheep: 900 including 636 direct, market slow, steady-weak; few fairly good spring lambs 8.75, some held 9.00, common-medium 7.00-8.50, few yearlings 5.50; good slaughter ewes salable up 3.75.

Wool in Boston

BOSTON, Aug. 12.—(AP)—U. S. Dept. Agr.)—Little wool moved in the Boston market today Users made a few inquiries but apparently were not eager to buy. Quotations were steady and the few small sales reported were within price ranges quoted last week.

Some finer grades of semi-bright fleeces were taken. Fine Dakota fleeces of mostly average French combing and clothing lengths brought around 91-92 cents scoured basis, the greased price being around 33 cents a pound.

French combing lengths half blood Dakota wool brought around 92 cents scoured basis with the grease price in the range of 37-38 cents for comparatively light shrinking wools.

Eldriedge Folk Move

ELDRIDGE — Mr. and Mrs. William Chapman moved from the Springer farm this week to Woodburn. Mr. Chapman will drive daily to his work at the farm here.

To Show Flowers

PRATUM—Fred DeVries invites all interested to view his new varieties of gladioli in bloom at his farm a mile southwest of here Saturday afternoon from 1 to 7 o'clock.

Gardeners' and Ranchers' Mart

PORTLAND, Aug. 12.–(AP)–The trend of prices on the Gardeners' and Ranchers' market was downward today with trading slack.

Heavy arrivals of apples from local orchards resulted in lower quotations. Slow demand was responsible for prices falling off on the apricot market.

Cantaloupe arrivals were heavy, with Oregon and Washington standard crates selling at $1.15 and $1.25.

Cauliflower and lettuce moved higher while eggplant, peppers and tomatoes went lower.

Asparagus — Oregon, 30-lb. crates, $2.10-2.35.

Avocados—Summer, $3.25-3.75; green, $3.50 flat.

Apricot—Oregon, faced, 55-65c.

Beans—Local, 3¾-4c lb.; Kentucky Wonders, 3-4c.

Beets—Per sack, Oregon, $1.85.

Broccoli—Crate, $2.25-2.35.

Brussels Sprouts — California, one-fourth drums, $2-75.

Berries — Raspberries, $2.75-$3; currants, $2.10-2.25; loganberries, 2.00-2.25, blackcaps, $2.35-2.50; youngberries, $2.25-2.50; blackberries, $1.65-1.80, Boysenberries $2.00-2.50; huckleberries 12-15c.

Bananas—Per bunch, 5½c.

Cabbage—One hundred-pound crates, $1.50-1.75.

Cantaloupes—California, Delano valley jumbo, 45s, $2.75-2.90; 36s, $1.50-1.75.

Carrots—Oregon, 4c per lb.; Calif., bunched, 55-60c doz.

Cauliflower—$1.35-150.

Celery—Labish local $1.85-$2.

Cherries—Bings, Lamberts, 10-12c; pie 5-6c lb.

Corn—$1.10-1.25 for 5 doz.

Cucumbers—Oregon, Washington hothouse, 30-35c dozen.

Citrus fruits — Oranges, Valencias, $4.50-6.25; lemons, California, $7.00-7.25; grapefruit, $4.00-4.75; lemonettes, $4.00-4.50.

Dill—7-8c lb.

Eggplant—Oregon flats, 90c-$1.00.

Figs—California, 70-75c; Washington, 75-85c.

Garlic—New, 9-10c lb.; Oregon, 7-8c.

Grapes—Thompson seedless, $1.65-1.85, red malagas, $2-2.25; black seedless, $1.75-1.85.

Lettuce—Oregon, dry, 3-4 doz., 85c-$1.00.

Mushrooms—One pound cartons, 40-45c.

Nectarines—Lug, 90c-$1.00.

Onions—Fifty-pound sacks, U. S. No. 1, 75-85c; commercials, 95c-$1.10.

Pears—Cal., Bartlets, $2.15-2.35.

Parsley—Per doz. bunches, $1.25-1.35.

Parsnips—Per lug, 35-40c.

Peaches—Nominal.

Hales early, 80-90c; Elbertas, 70-80c; Carmens, $1.10-1.15.

Peas—Oregon, 7-7½c lb.; Washington, 5-5½c per pound.

Peppers—California Bells 12-15c; Oregon, boxes 50-60 for 10 lbs.

Watermelons—Cwt. $2-2.25.

Plums—California, Santa Rosa 4 basket crates, 90c-$1; Washington Blues, 75c-$1.

Russets $2-2.25; Washington russets, $2.60-2.85; local, $2-2.25; White Rose, U. S. No. 1, $1.50-1.65.

Potatoes — White Rose U. S. No. 1, $1.35-1.50.

Rhubarb—Thirty-pound boxes, 50-65c.

Rutabagas—Washington, 100-lb. sacks, $1.50-1.75.

Radishes — Per dozen bunches, 35c-40c.

Spinach—Local, 20-pound crates, 90c-$1.00.

Sweet Potatoes—California, 8-12c lb.; lugs, No. 1, $1.85-1.90.

Turnips—Dozen bunches, 60-75c.

Tomatoes—Oregon hothouse, 10-16c lb. per pound; Mexico $3.50-$5.

Squash—Zuchinni, 35-40c.

Turnips—Oregon hothouse, 50-60c.

Tomatoes—Lugs, 15c-$1.25; boxed, $1-$1.15.

Watermelons—Cwt. $1.75-$2.

Bean Production At Season's Peak

Ideal weather conditions for beans prevailing recently have brought bean production to its peak and 100 tons are now being handled each 24 hour period at Hillman's West Salem cannery. An army of pickers in the field will finish the crop within two weeks, it is believed.

The pack this year is to be the greatest on record as a result of the "stepping up" of production each succeeding year. Between 2000 and 2200 tons will be packed this season. When it is figured that each 100 tons of beans make 80,000 cases, some idea of the enormity of the bean pack is reached.

Oregon Hop Crop Put at Double 1936 Production

PORTLAND, Aug. 12–(AP)–August 1 prospects for Oregon's hop crops indicates a production about twice the size of the 1936 crop, the U. S. Department of agriculture said today.

The crop condition was estimated at 77 per cent of normal, compared to 28 per cent last year, and production was put at 110,250 bales, a decrease of 6,750 from July 1.

Guest at Liberty

LIBERTY—Miss Ruth Lane of Seattle is spending two weeks at the home of her cousin Roy Farrand. She will leave for her home at the end of the week.

Munkers Picnic Sunday

SCIO—The Munkers picnic is to be held at Hager's grove near Salem next Sunday.

"The Captive Bride"

By Barrett Willoughby

CHAPTER XXVII

The newspaper clipping read:

Plans for what promised to be the most elaborate wedding of the season here were rudely disrupted last night when a Reno justice of the peace was called from his bed to perform the marriage ceremony that united Murray Hart, prominent San Francisco socialite, and Madonna Baggs, writer of modernistic fiction and member of the local bohemian colony.

Denny's eyes took in the words but at first her brain refused to grasp their import. As in a nightmare she read on, lines running together before her dazed vision, phrases springing out here and there to strike upon her consciousness with the force of a physical battering.

Murray Hart and Madonna Baggs . . . gin wedding . . . her own name.

Madonna, of the hostile, yellow-gray eyes. Denny had a sharp remembrance of the way they had looked at her that evening in the studio. Had the woman, even then, been planning to take advantage of Murray's easy-going disposition and weakness for liquor to bring about this result?

It did not occur to Denny as significant that her first flood of anguish came not from the loss of Murray, but from the injury to her pride. She, Denise Keith, jilted for a cheap, literary poseur. And her humiliation headlined in every paper on the Pacific Coast.

As the fact forced itself through the fog of her disbelief, she saw herself arriving in San Francisco to face the sly laughter of acquaintances, and worse, the pity of her friends. . . . Pity! She recoiled at the thought. She would give them no chance for pity. She would never go back to the world that knew her. She would return to River House—

She suddenly remembered that River House was hers no longer. She could not go back there. She must find another refuge.

Her thoughts began to circle wildly, striving for a solution of her problem.

"Oh-h-h!" she moaned and shook herself, vainly trying to break the torturing, vicious circle of her thoughts. Then, overcome by a feeling of suffocation, she jammed her mother's letter into the pocket of her polo coat and stumbled toward the door.

As she fumbled with the knob, the clipping in her other hand slipped unheeded to the floor and settled there, outspread, just within the threshold.

She stood in the open doorway, her unseeing eyes fixed on the night flying by, asking herself where a jilted girl might go to hide from the world. A girl jilted for—

"Stop it!" she commanded herself aloud, and found that she was wringing her hands. They were numb.

She let them drop to her sides and leaned wearily against the jamb of the door.

Denny was not thinking of anything now. Lulled by the dreamlike sensation of speed, she had surrendered herself to the unreality of the moment.

And then, with the quickness of a thunderclap, everything changed. Chilled air slapped her face. Swash of waters, blasts of exhausts, the hunters' gladsome chorus reverberated between Stygian walls that shot up on either side, blotting out the valley, the stars.

She caught her breath. "We've plunged into the Big Canyon!" And, galvanized into alertness, she stepped out on deck.

After the first startled second, the swinging light, the crashing waters, the hunters' singing all blended into something that suffused Denny with an exhilarating sense of velocity, a fierce, reckless joy, a new and glorious awareness of being. She lifted her face to the sharp air. "Swifter! Faster!" sang an unleashed spirit papers that would nullify the effect of the gin-inspired Hart-Baggs nuptials. . . . But it must be a bona fide wedding. There must be a personable flesh-and-blood groom whom she could take home to exhibit to the cynical eyes in San Francisco.

Oblivious now to everything but this startling idea, she drew her mother's letter from her pocket, and clutching it, considered the matrimonial material available. Van Cleve—he was a gentleman of her own world. His life was in chaos as hers was. He would understand without too much explanation. He might, in his aloof, impersonal way, consent to be her husband in name only, for so long as she needed him.

But no. Van Cleve, she suddenly remembered, was returning to Tarnigan to await whatever Fate might have in store for him. It was imperative that she marry some one who would accompany her back to San Francisco.

Denny, alive again to her surroundings, saw that the walls on either side were going backward less swiftly. The thunder of waters was diminishing. The *Maid* swerved abruptly; rolled; straightened. And ahead, in the path of the searchlight, appeared a low bank lined with cottonwoods.

They were through the Canyon! Through the high coast range and out on the Pacific side of the watershed!

Revelry Bourne stepped out on deck.

He stretched himself like some lithe animal, then relaxed and hooked his old blue cap on the back of his head. Perceiving Denny, he came toward her, his buoyant carriage proclaiming his pride in the feat he had just accomplished.

"Did you see this old baby do her stuff coming through the Canyon?" His voice held the lilt of elation that came from knowing that he had dared with the *Maid* and succeeded in doing what other rivermen had branded as impossible. "Only four more hours to Wrangell now. I must go down and tell Van the good news. He— Why, what's the matter, Denny?" His eyes moved from her telltale face to the letter crushed in her hand. "No bad news, I hope?"

"Oh, no, Captain!" In her effort to speak lightly, she failed to notice his keen glance darting to the clipping that lay on the floor of the brightly lighted cabin. "I'm just recovering my breath—after the rush through the Canyon."

She reached backward inside the door and snapped off the light, so that darkness might mask her face, within her, defying destruction, annihilation.

Then, like a needle to a magnet, her gaze went to the pilothouse where Revelry Bourne, the only really sane thing in this wild night, stood guiding the *Maid*. At the sight of his dim figure, a feeling that transcended admiration pierced her. Action there—but not unthinking action. Recklessness—for he was taking desperate chances—but not heedlessness. Swift to see and lightning to act, his hands spun the wheel with an inspired accuracy that time after time averted destruction by a margin of inches.

Even in her chaotic emotional state, this thought persisted. He had learned to fight, to compel his river; had learned to twist its strength to serve his need. Might not she, caught in the swirling stream of humiliation, fight through to a victory—any sort of victory, she thought desperately, so long as it would save her pride.

From somewhere came the answer: Fight fire with fire—marriage with marriage. A romantic, spectacular marriage, like Sylvia's!

Her mind, suddenly clear, began to work with unwonted rapidity. A cabled account of her own marriage under dramatic circumstances, and Sylvia, receiving it, could be trusted to make a story for the For she knew suddenly, desperately, that she was going to ask Revelry Bourne to marry her.

She strove for a manner that would cloak her agitation. She must begin by saying something gay, appreciative. And she must say it at once, for he was standing in front of her, singularly quiet now, as if he were studying her.

"It was marvelous—the way you brought the *Maid* through, Captain." Her voice sounded unnaturally shrill. "You must feel like shouting your triumph to the skies."

He stepped very close to her. His eyes were glowing in the dim light. "I do feel a little elated. But it was luck, Denise. I'm so lucky tonight—well, I feel as if I could gamble on anything." His voice was laughing and low and magnetic.

Now was the time to ask him, she thought. But how?

She heard herself laugh, a sound wild as the sea-born gale that was rushing up from the coast to meet them. She reached out and put a hand on his arm.

"Captain . . . tonight, while you're so lucky, would you take another chance—a greater one?"

"Absolutely!" he answered lightly. "What's the hazard?"

When she tried to tell him, her heart leaped into her throat.

She got the words out at last. "Would you—marry me? Without questions? Without reasons? If I were to ask you?"

He was silent so long she wondered if she had really spoken aloud or had uttered the words only in her mind. She was about to repeat them when he replied in a voice no longer light, but very thoughtful, "Marry you? Yes. I'd even take a chance on that tonight, if I thought you meant it."

"Oh, I do! I do mean it! Now—tonight—immediately!"

"Denny. Think a moment. Do you realize what you are doing?"

"Yes. The Commander is aboard. And I'm ready."

"All right. Wait here. I'll go fetch him."

But as he started away, Denny, swept by the realization of what she planned to do with him, reached out and tugged at his arm. He paused, waiting for her to speak. The hunters' wild singing rode the darkness. A gust of wind flattened a raindrop against her face. "I'm—I'm ready, Captain. But first I must tell you why—tell you my reason for—"

"Never mind, little dark child.' His warm hand patted her fingers clutching his arm. His head, with its blowing fair hair, stood out against the storm clouds behind him. His smile was reassuring. "You don't have to tell me anything. I'm willing to take any sort of a chance—with you."

* * *

Like a girl in a dream, Denny stood beside Revelry Bourne in the dark wheelhouse of the *Maid*, staring through the window at the gleaming river, the bending trees, the shoreline wheeling past. The commander, facing them, was repeating the marriage ritual, which she heard only vaguely. She kept repeating to herself, "I'm getting married. This is my wedding." But she couldn't believe it.

She heard Revelry Bourne's firm voice amid a sudden torrent of rain that rattled like shot against the windows. Heard herself answering, "I do."

Denny felt herself caught up as if by some infinite, irresistible force and swept on toward a goal she could not see.

Yet, through all the chaos, a tiny detached portion of her brain was thinking of the cable she would send to Sylvia the moment she reached Wrangell.

Sylvia, with her flair for dramatics, would know how to manage.

(To be continued)

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