Wheat Revival Nipped in Bud

Early 1½ Cent Upturn Is Wiped Out Later by Heavy Selling

CHICAGO, Aug. 24—(AP)—The wheat price recovery failed to make headway today in the face of persistent commercial selling to prevent losses in handling the marketing of spring wheat.

Prices shot up 1½ cents in the first 20 minutes on buying credited to eastern sources and held the upturn fairly well until the final hour when the gain was wiped out.

An advance of 1½ to 1⅞ cents at Liverpool, based partly on reports of needed rains in Argentine and on importer and miller buying of futures and Russian and Australian wheat, influenced some buyers here. Minneapolis rose more than 2 cents at one stage despite hedge selling accompanying the harvest, and this strengthened Chicago.

Wheat closed ¼ higher to ¼ lower compared with Monday's finish, September 1.04⅞-105; December 1.06⅞-07, May 1.09¼-⅜; corn was ⅛ off to 1 cent up, September 97-97¼, December 65¾, May 66⅝-¾; oats unchanged to ⅛ up, September 29; rye ⅛-1⅝ higher, September 77⅛, and lard 5 cents lower to 8 cents higher.

Reports from Minneapolis indicated demand for cash wheat was brisk.

Paper Firm Prospers

PORTLAND, Aug. 23—(AP)—The Crown Zellerbach corporation, in its quarterly report, listed net profits of $2,507,711 for the three months ending July 31, compared with $1,290,304 for the corresponding period last year.

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, fancy, gravensteins	1.25
Bananas, lb., on talk	.05 to .05½
hands	.06
Cantaloupes, crate	1.00 to 1.10
Grapefruit, Calif., Sunkist, crate	4.25
Dates, fresh, lb.	.14
Grapes, seedling lug	1.50
Grapes, Malagas	2.25
Lemons, crate	6.50 to 7.75
Oranges, Valencias	6.50 to 5.75
Peaches bu.	1.50
Plums, local, crate	.90
Evergreen blackberries, crate	1.50

VEGETABLES
(Buying Prices)

Apricots, The Dalles, crate	.49
Beans, green and wax, lb.	.01½-.02
Beets, doz.	.30
Cabbage, lb.	.02
Carrots, local, doz.	.30
Cauliflower, Calif., crate	1.50
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.	.90
Stalk	2.75
Lettuce, local, crate, dry pack	1.50
Onions, green, doz.	.35
Onions No. 1, cwt.	1.25
Radishes doz	.35
Peppers, green, local lb.	.03½
Peas, local lb.	.06½
New potatoes 50 lb bag	.40
Parsley	.40
Potatoes, local, No. 1, cwt.	1.25
No 2, cwt., bag	1.30 to 1.50
Radishes, doz.	.45
Spinach, local orange box	.90
Summer Squash, lb	.04
Italian Squash, doz.	.40
Danish squash, local, lb.	.45
Tomatoes local, crate	.60
Turnips, doz	.65
Watermelons, Calif., retail	.01½
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.	.02 to .13
Fuggles	nominal

WOOL AND MOHAIR
(Buying Prices)

Mohair	.50
Medium wool	.28
Coarse wool	.31
Lambs wool	.30

CASCARA BARK

Dry, lb	.06
Green, lb.	.02

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, 36c.
(Milk based on semi-monthly butterfat average.)

Distributor price, $2.34.

A grade butterfat—Delivered, 36c; B grade delivered 34c.

A grade print, 37c; B grade 36c.

EGGS AND POULTRY
(Buying Price of Andresens)

White extras	.23
Brown extras	.23
Medium extras	.22
Large standards	.21
Medium standards	.20
Pullets	.11
Heavy hens, lb.	.13
Colored mediums, lb.	.12
Medium Leghorns, lb.	.10
Stags, lb	.05
White Leghorns, frys	.15
Old roosters, lb.	.05
Colored springs	.18

MARION CREAMERY Buying Prices

Butterfat, A grade	.36
B grade	.34
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	.23
Medium extras	.22
Large standards	.21
Medium standards	.18
Undergrades	.17
Pullets	.12

LIVESTOCK
(Buying Prices)

1937 spring lambs, lb.	8.00 to 8.25
Yearlings, lb.	.04 to .04½
Ewes	2.50 to 3.25
Hogs, top, 150-210 lbs.	12.00 to 12.35
130-150 lbs.	11.25 to 11.50
210-230 lbs.	11.75 to 11.85
Sows	8.75
Dairy type cow	4.00 to 5.00
Beef cows	5.00 to 6.00
Bulls	5.50 to 6.25
Heifers	6.00 to 7.00
Top veal	8.00 to 8.50
Dressed veal, lb.	.12
Dressed hogs, lb.	.12

GRAIN AND HAY

Wheat, white, No. 1	.86
Wheat, western red	.86
Barley, brewing, ton	25.00
Feed, barley, ton	22.00
Oats milling ton	23.00
Feed, ton	20.00
Hay, buying prices—	
Alfalfa, valley	16.00
Oat and vetch, ton	10.00
Clover, top	10.00

Selected Stocks In Quiet Rally

Previous Sharp Losses Are Redeemed in Part by new Trend

NEW YORK, Aug. 24—(AP)—Selected stocks stepped over on the quiet rallying side of the market today and retrieved fractions to a point or more of their previous sharp losses.

News inspiration for the upward reversal, on the whole, was lacking. Brokers said public participation was at a minimum and that the mild-turn-about was accounted for largely by day-to-day traders who thought the list may have been oversold in the past week or so.

It was one of the slowest sessions of the year. Actual turnover of 558,440 shares was the smallest for any full day since June 29, and compared with yesterday's abbreviated volume of 584,720.

While there were a few strong spots here and there, most advances were limited to minor amounts. The Associated Press average was up .2 of a point at 67.6 as against a decline Monday of .5.

Burge to Show Draft Horses at State Fair

ALBANY—Dave Burge of Albany, route 2, has announced that he is not contemplating the round of Canadian fairs this year, but will show some 15 or 20 of his draft horses at the state fair next month. Burge has probably the finest lot of draft horses in the state.

During the past several years Burge has taken many prizes not only at the Oregon state and various county fairs, but also in Canada. He says he is not making Canada this year due to the heavy cost of transportation.

Quotations at Portland

PRODUCE EXCHANGE

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 24 —(AP)—Produce exchange: Butter—Extras 34c; standard 33; prime firsts 32c; firsts 31; butterfat 36½-37.

Eggs—Large extras 25; large standards 23; medium extras 24; medium standards 19. Small extras 14; small standards 10.

Cheese—Triplets 17; loaf 18.

Portland Grain

PORTLAND, Aug. 24—(AP)—

Wheat	Open	High	Low	Close
Sept.	.92¼	.3	.92¼	.93
Dec.	.94⅛	.95	.94⅛	.94⅛

Cash wheat:

Big Bend bluestem hw 13 per cent .96½; hw 12 per cent .92½. Dark hard winter 13 per cent 1.07; 12 per cent 1.03; 11 per cent .95. Soft white .92½; western white .92½; hard winter .93½; western red .93½.

Oats: No. 2 white 28.00.

Barley: No. 2-45 lb by 27.50.

Corn: Argentine 41.00.

Millrun standard 24.00.

Today's car receipts: Wheat 79; barley 2; flour 14.

Portland Produce

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 24 —(AP)—Butter — Prints, A grade, 36½c lb. in parchment wrappers; in cartons, 37½c; B grade, 35½c, in parchment wrappers; 36½c in cartons.

Butterfat—(Portland delivery, buying price)—A grade, 36½-37 lb.; country stations: A grade, 34c; B grade, 2 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, 24c; standard, 21c; merium 19c; medium firsts, 17c; undergrades, 14c dos., firsts, 20c.

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., 15-16c; vealers, 15-15½c; light and thin, 11-13c; heavy 10-11c; canner cows 8-8½c cutters 9-10c bulls 10-10½; spring lambs, 16-16½; yearlings (—); ewes, 5-8c.

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 — Turlock, jumbo, 45s, $1-1.25; standards, 45s, $1.00; jumbo 36s, $1.25; Yakima standards, 90c-$1; crate; California nominal; The Dalles $1-1.15; Dillard $1.50.

Potatoes—Deschutes, $1.75; Klamath No. 1, $2.00; new crop Yakima Gems, $1.25-1.30; 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, 90c per 50 lb. bag; Yakima 10's, 20c.

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, 8c lb.

Domestic flour—Selling price, city delivery, t to 25 bbl. lots: Family patents, 49s, $6.75; bakers' hard wheat, $5.45-7.05; bakers' bluestem, $5.15-5.35; blended hard wheat, $5.40-6.75; graham, $5.55; whole wheat, $6.35 barrel; soft wheat flours, $5.05-5.15.

Portland Livestock

PORTLAND LIVESTOCK

PORTLAND, Ore., Aug. 24—(AP-U.S. Dept. Agr.)—Hogs: 800, market steady with Monday close, weak to 25 cents lower than early Monday, bulk and top good-choice 165-210 lb. drivelns 12.00, car load lots 12.25, scattering 230-280 lb butchers and few light lights 11.25-11.50, packing sows 8.50-9.00, feeder pigs 11.00.

Cattle: 100, including 10 direct, calves 15, market steady with Monday close on kinds available, medium steers nominally 25-50 cents lower for two days scattering common grass steers 6.00-7.50, stocker and feeders 6.00-7.75, cutter steers 5.00, good grassers saleable 9.75, common heifers 5.50-6.75 low cutter and cutter cows 4.00-4.75, common - medium grades 5.00-5.75, good beef cows 6.35, bulls 5.75-6.35, good-choice vealers 9.00-10.00, common-medium 6.00-8.50, heavy calves slow.

Sheep: 1000, including 821 through and direct, market steady, 25 cents lower for two days, good trucked in lambs 9.00, common-medium 7.00-8.50 few yearlins 5.50-6.00, slaughter ewes 3.75.

Wool in Boston

BOSTON, Aug. 24—(U.S. Dept Agr.)—Insufficient business was transacted today in the wool market to determine trend in values.

Holders of wool showed no disposition to shade asking prices in order to stimulate sales. Some buyers made low bids but there were no indications of trading going on at prices lower than prevailed on the scattered business of the past two weeks.

Stocks & Bonds

(Compiled by Associated Press)

Aug 24

STOCK AVERAGES
Compiled by The Associated Press

	30 Indust.	15 Rails	15 Util.	60 Stocks
Today	96.0	37.6	41.8	67.6
Prev. day	95.6	37.3	42.0	67.4
Month ago	97.2	40.5	44.8	69.7
Year ago	86.3	38.7	51.5	66.6
1937 high	101.6	49.5	54.0	77.3
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	90.3	103.0	97.9	70.9
Prev. day	90.2	103.1	97.8	71.0
Month ago	92.4	103.0	98.2	72.9
Year ago	94.1	103.4	102.7	69.0
1937 high	99.0	104.4	102.8	74.7
1937 low	90.2	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

Gardeners' and Ranchers' Mart

PORTLAND, Aug 24—(AP)—Produce declined in many lines today mostly because large amounts of homegrown stock arrived.

Growers have declared a holiday on the harvesting of carrots and cabbage in an effort to bring them above the coast production.

Despite the lower prices prevailing for Wapato cantaloupes, the first arrivals from Dillard, Oregon, sold at $1.25-1.50 per standard crate.

Grapes, onions and tomatoes continued weak.

Potatoes were the exception to the rule and continued to display a strong tone with a tendency to advance.

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

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

Apples, gravensteins, Oregon, 90-$1.00.

Apricots—Oregon, faced, 55-65c. Wash. —suitcases, 45-50c.

Beans—Local, 3c lb.; Kentucky Wonders, 3½-4c.

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 $1.75-2.00; Boysenberries $2.00-2.50; huckleberries 12-15c Strawberries, $2.50-2.75.

Bananas—Per bunch, 5½c.

Cabbage—One hundred-pound crates, $1.10-1.30.

Cantaloupes—California, Delano valley jumbo, 45s, $2.75-2.90; 36s, $1.00-1.25. Oregon 1.25-1.50; Wash., Wapato, 60c-75c.

Carrots—Oregon, 4c per lb.; Calif., bunched, 30-35c doz.

Cauliflower—$1.35-150.

Celery—Labish local, $1.15-1.40.

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

Corn—70c-$1.00 for 5 doz.

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

Citrus fruits — Oranges, Valencias, $4.75-5.50; lemons California, $7.00-7.25; grapefruit, $3.50-4.25; lemonettes, $4.00-4.50.

Dill, lb. 5c-7c.

Eggplant—Oregon flats, 65-70c.

Figs—California, 90c flat; Washington, 75-85c.

Garlic—New, 9-10c lb.; Oregon, 7-8c.

Grapes—Thompson seedless $1.25-1.35, red malagas, $1.40-1.60; black seedless, $1.75-1.85; Ribiers $1.30-1.50; honey dews, $1.35-1.50.

Lettuce—Oregon, dry, 3-4 doz., 85c-$1.25.

Mushrooms—One pound cartons, 40-45c.

Nectarines—Lug, 90c-$1.00.

Onions—Fifty-pound sacks, U. S. No 1, 75c-85c; commercials, 65-75c.

Pears—Calif. Bartlets, $1.60.

Parsley—Per doz. bunches 25-30c.

Parsnips—Per lug, 35-40c.

Peaches—Nominal.

Hales early, 90-1.00; Elbertas, 75-85c; lugs $100-115

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

Peppers—California Bells, 12-15c; Oregon boxes $115-1.15 for 30 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, $1.10-1.15.

Rhubarb—Thirty-pound boxes, 50-65c.

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

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

Sweet Potatoes—California, 8-12c lb; lugs, No. 1, $1.50-1.65.

Turnips—Doz. bunches, 60-75c.

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

Squash—Zuchinni, 35-40c.

Turnips—Oregon hothouse 70-75c.

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

Watermelons—Cwt., $1.25-1.50.

Irrigation Work At Canby Talked

WASHINGTON, Aug. 24—(AP)—The reclamation bureau said today it had put up $1,000 to match a similar amount provided by local interests for a study of the feasibility of supplimenting rainfall with irrigation in the Canby district of the Willamette valley in Oregon.

A. R. Thompson of the Denver office and B. E. Hayden, superintendent of the Klamath irrigation project, will make a personal survey, and congress will decide whether the work will be done if their reports indicate it is feasible and necessary, John C. Page, reclamation commissioner, said.

"There is plenty of rainfall, but it is poorly distributed," said Page.

The reclamation officials will also review the reports of army engineers on the proposed $56,000,000 Willamette valley development project, which involves irrigation, flood control and navigation.

The reclamation project would cost approximately $250,000.

Bean Pickers Wanted

PORTLAND, Aug. 23—(AP)—The state employment office issued a call today for 200 bean pickers for the Scappoose area by tomorrow. Free transportation from here to the fields and return will be provided. Compensation will be $1.10 a hundred, the office announced.

"The Captive Bride"

By Barrett Willoughby

CHAPTER XXXVII

When Denny returned to the card room she saw, to her consternation, that Bourne was there, putting his shotgun back into its rack on the wall. Had he already looked at her sketch and divined her intent? Her quick glance at his bland face told her nothing.

"Hello, Denny!" He pulled his cap off and shoved it into his mackinaw pocket. "No luck I didn't get a shot."

She made some reply, noting meanwhile that her map was exactly as she had left it. She could scarce-keep herself from rushing to the table and snatching it up. But she knew if she did this, and he had already seen it, her action would mark the paper as her own. The safest thing was to wait until he left the room to hang up his mackinaw, and then secure it.

He was diabolically slow about going. Denny stood nervously watching him as he moved about, filling his cigarette case, rearranging Van Cleve's unopened medical journals in the corner cabinet, doing half a dozen absolutely unnecessary things, it seemed to her. Finally he sauntered over to the table and her heartbeats quickened with alarm.

Very deliberately he was reaching toward her sketch. His fingers hovered above it. She had a wild impulse to leap forward and lay hold of it; then she saw him pick up the pencil that was lying beside it. He drew a notebook from his shirt pocket, made a notation, and meticulously put the pencil back exactly where he had found it.

Denny felt weak in the knees when he at last went out into the hall and left her alone. She caught up the map and tucked it in the front of her blouse.

In the evening after dinner she sat with the others in the living room, when Bourne remarked, "Shakespeare George didn't show up for Christmas. I've been uneasy about the old boy ever since he had that stroke last summer. One of us ought to run over to the Tansilla to see if he's all right." He came to his feet and, going to the outer door, opened the upper half and looked out. "Light as day," he announced. "The moon is bright but the edges are a bit blurred. That means more snow very soon and bad sledding across the uplands."

"Right you are," agreed Harper. "If you want some one to dash over to Shakespeare's, it might be a good idea to strike out to-night, while the going is good. Shall I break out the malemutes and get my duds together, Skipper?"

"I was just about to suggest it," answered Bourne, turning back into the room.

"Okay." Harp started for the stairway. "With this crust on the snow, it won't take me more than a day to reach the Tansilla." He had already reached the foot of the stairs when Bourne halted him.

"I've just been thinking, Harp, that I haven't had any real exercise for a couple of weeks. A run behind the dogs would be good for me. Hook up the team and bring it to the front gate, and while you're about it, just take the bells off the harnesses."

Bourne's decision to make the trip was an unexpected bit of good luck that made Denny's spirits rise. After he had gone out to get ready, she recalled her study of the map. The Tansilla lay north of Tarnigan, while her route took her south in the opposite direction, so that there was no danger of their trails crossing. He would be absent at least three days and by that time she would be nearly to Wrangell—too far, at any rate, for him to follow and bring her back. At last everything seemed to be playing into her hands.

She slipped into a fur coat and went out to the front steps with Rio, Van, Honey-jo and Harp to see him off. She was aware of an unreasonable sense of disappointment because he did not draw her aside from the others to say good-by. But, of course, she reminded herself, he had no idea that this was good-by. Then, moved by a feminine desire to make this farewell memorable, more dramatic than a mere waving of the hand, she walked out to the road where the dog team waited.

The string of malemutes, pricked and wolfilke, were hitched to a light Yukon sled. They were making throaty noises of affection now as Bourne went along the line, patting each one and making absurd remarks of appreciation. He came back to the sled where Denny stood and, after securing his rifle under the lashings, straightened and began pulling on his mittens.

She noted his air of competence as he paused there in the moonlight, tall and slim in his white drill *parka*, belted by a scarlet Hudson's Bay sash. "He's a good-looking devil in that outfit," she thought, and felt a momentary twinge of regret because she was about to beat him at his own game and thus expose him to the pity of his community. She wished now that she had been more gracious in the matter of the Christmas presents, the Cosway miniature, the sapphire ring. She might have accepted these gifts and then left them behind her when she went south, instead of acting the way she had.

"Reval, might I ride with you to the top of the hill?" It was not any weakening of her resolve to escape that softened her now and prompted the request, but rather the magnanimity of the assured victor.

"Certainly. You wouldn't, by any chance, like to make this trip with me, Denny?" There was a half-humorous, half-whimsical quirk to his eyebrows, which, oddly enough, seemed to indicate a hope that she might.

"Oh, no. Reval. Not this time."

"My bad luck. All right, here we go!" Before she realized what he was about, he had lifted her in his arms as if she were a featherweight. For an instant he held her against his breast, his lean face close to hers; then he set her down in the basket sled and tucked her coat about her.

He laid hold of the handlebar and called to the little group on the steps, "So long, folks. I'll be seeing you on New Year, or sooner. Mush, fellers!" The dogs, yipping in joyous excitement, lunged forward in their collars and the sled began to move up the road toward the top of the hill. Tongass dashed on ahead of the team, moonlight glinting on the metal wheels that adorned his collar.

At the summit where one road turned north and the other south, Bourne halted the dogs and Denny got out of the sled.

"That was splendid!" she said, tossing back her loosened hair. For a few minutes they talked casually as they stood beside the panting malemutes, looking out over the moonlit valley and the village lights below. The peaceful northern beauty of the scene was, for Denny, heightened by her sense of farewell. There was something of finality in her voice when she turned to Bourne and held out her hand.

"Good-by, Captain. And good luck all the way—and always."

He smiled at her. "Thanks, Denny. I know my luck will hold good on this trip. But I'm not going to say 'good-by' to you. I'll be seeing you again—very soon."

"Of course!" She gave a dissembling little laugh. "That word is too solemn for a short parting. I hope you find your friend Shakespeare quite well."

She stood watching on the brink of the hill as Bourne rode away on the sled runners. Once he turned, snatched off his cap and waved to her.

With a sigh of relief she started down the road toward River House.

Denny spent the remainder of the evening making every effort to be agreeable to Rio and Van. Later she went up to her own little suite, free to finish her packing.

The first thing that caught her eye was the small, etched gold box containing the ring Bourne had given her. It was in the middle of her dressing table where she could not fail to see it. "How dared he come into my room," she thought indignantly. He must have placed it there when he came up to get ready for his trip. He had left a note with it which read: "Dear Denny: I had this ring made to fit only one finger. And that finger was made for this ring."

"Indeed!" she said to herself, as she released the spring for a last look at the circlet of gold and sapphire. The stone glinted up at her from its bed of white velvet—mockingly, she thought, like the light in Bourne's eyes when he had told her at the ways that she could not escape from Tarnigan. "Well, I'll show you, Captain Revelry Bourne."

She wrote two notes to leave behind her. One was to Honey-jo, saying that she had taken a sudden notion to visit Polly Wells at Blue Heaven, and had gone down-river early with the trapper Stebbins, who happened to be going that way.

The note to her husband was, she hoped, cool and dignified.

My dear Captain Bourne:

When you read this it will be apparent that you were mistaken in assuming that you could keep me in Tarnigan against my will. Please recall that I predicted this in the beginning, and I warned you I would fight you with whatever weapons came to my hand.

You are also mistaken regarding the finger to which these rings are adapted. But since I am going directly to Paris to secure a divorce, you will soon be free to correct your latter error in judgment.

DENISE KEITH.

Into the envelope with this note she placed the wedding ring that had belonged to Bourne's mother and the new ring he had given her. As she sealed it she thought, "I'd like to see his face when he finds this under his pillow."

Envelope in hand, she tiptoed into her unlighted bedroom and came to a halt before the locked door that led to Bourne's room. But now, for some reason, even though she knew that he was miles away, she hesitated to turn the key. Instead, she stood in the dark, staring at the panels, thinking of the many times she had lain in her bed after the house was sunk in slumber, watching that door. There was never a waking hour of the night when she had not been acutely conscious of it and of the man who lay asleep on the other side.

That her interest had any quality other than antipathy for him, she never admitted.

She remembered how once she had permitted herself to speculate on what might happen if she should turn the key and leave the door slightly ajar. Had imagined the aperture slowly widening and Revelry Bourne in his dressing gown, tall and dim in the half-light, smiling at her with a strange glow in his eyes; coming in to her—

Here her breath had caught while her whole being contracted with a swift emotion half-fearful, half-exultant—something she had never experienced before. It ebbed away, leaving her trembling like a star when the northern lights enfold it. Furious with herself, she had leaped from her bed and paced the floor until the cold drove her back to her warm covers.

She had never again allowed herself to be inundated by a wave of—was it antagonism?—for the man.

Yet now, when she was about to leave him forever; now, when he was far away on the snow-covered uplands, why was she standing at the threshold of his empty room palpitating like a fool? she demanded of herself.

With a decisive firming of her lips, she laid hold of the key, turned it, and noiselessly opened the door.

She groped toward the bed, reached it, and with quickly beating heart, bent above it. She started to slip the envelope under the pillow, when some trick of the senses swept her back to that first night with him in the grove. Her head swam and again she was standing in the circle of his arms; his mouth was warm on hers, draining her of her strength, firing her with ecstasy....

She dragged herself back to reality to find two Denise Keiths warring in her. One was demanding, "Let me go! Let me go!" while the other was trying to hold to that moment of surrender when all the rest of the world had vanished in the rapture of a remembered embrace.

In quick, scornful anger she denounced herself. And with a hasty, haphazard thrust, she shoved the envelope under the pillow and tiptoed back to her own room.

(To be continued)

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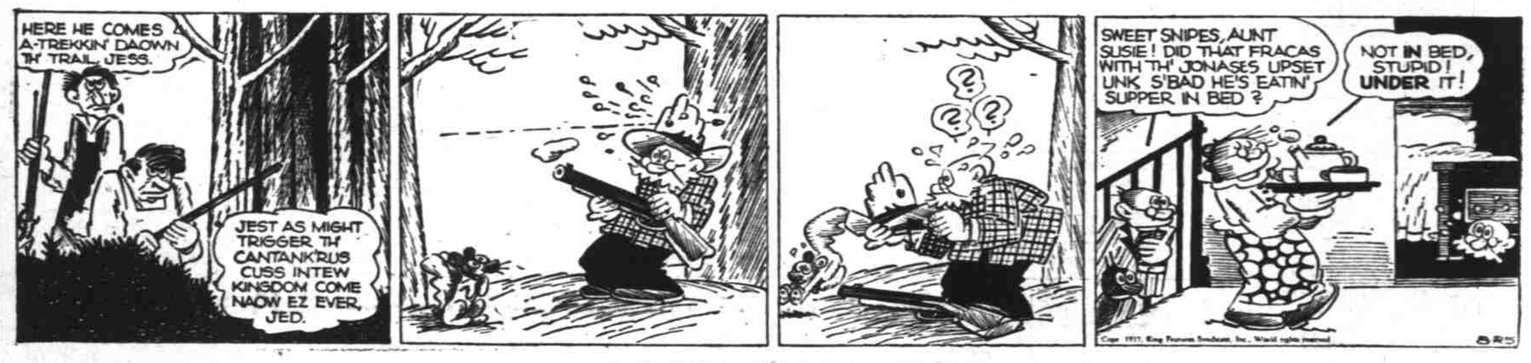
POLLY AND HER PALS — Chicken-Hearted — By CLIFF STERRETT



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