Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.

Frederic Thornburgh

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanician of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They alight to take walk, and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto.

CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) Stanton, unruffled as in the New York depot, except for his wind-tossed hait, whose blackness was flecked with yellow road dust, leaned back to reclaim his hat and inquire their destination. When he returned to the usual method of driving with both hands and facing forward, Miss Carlisle had altogether recovered her poise.

"Speaking of racing, I have never thanked you for the other night," she observed, her low tones inaudible to those behind them. "I never experienced anything like watching you on the track-you carried me away beyond conventionality, I am afraid. And to feel that I had a share in your bewildering feats-

The ugly mood rose again in Stan-

"You need not have felt that responsibility," he declared. "My feats, as you are pleased to call them, are shared by no one. I drive for purposes of my own." She understood at once.

"You mean that you did not race with the Duplex because I wanted to see your famous driving?"

He checked the machine to permit the passage of a trolley-car. "I had my mechanician beside me and

there were two men in the Duplex," was his oblique reply. "I do not amuse by brush. near assassination." The retort was thoroughly Stantonesque. Miss Carlisle bent forward to

catch the slipping dust-robe, before answering him, but gave an exclamation as the motor abruptly fell silent. "Oh, I am so sorry! The robe caught in the switch and moved it."

"It is nothing," he assured, stoop.ng to remedy the tangle, and sprang out to crank the engine.

He had done this very act for Floyd, two weeks before; only then the stoppage had been intentional. Stanton was thinking of that incident, while he bent to seize the crank, and no of what he was doing. But he saw Valerie Carlisle lean toward the steering-wheel, her red lips apart and her eyes glistening, just as he pulled up the handle.

"Wait!" the girl cried, a second too

There was a sharp explosion of the motor, the crank tore itself violently out of his hand. Only Stanton's trained swiftness and instant recoil saved him from a broken wrist. As it was, his arm fell momentarily numbed at his side.

"You left the spark up," Miss Carliste cried again, pale and shaken. "I tried to fix it, but you had cranked. Have you injured your arm?"

Mr. Carlisle had risen, several people paused on the sidewalk, but Stanton stood looking at the girl who leaned across the folded wind-shield. He, automobile expert, racing driver, had advanced his spark and gone out to crank his motor? His reason rebelled. Yet, what other explanation?

"You have injured your arm? Why was I so stupid as to catch the robe and stop the engine!"

He recovered himself promptly. "No, no, it is nothing, Miss Carlisle. I am not hurt," he disclaimed.

But nevertheless he started the en gine with his left hand, her narrowed amber eyes following him.

It was not far to the Carlisle place. There Stanton declined every invitation to remain, or even to enter, firmly resolved to go on to Lowell by the next train.

"We will be there tomorrow, also," Miss Carlisle informed him, in taking leave. "I am so grieved that you cannot use your arm."

"You see I have used it to steer and shift gears," he reminded. "Yes, but you will not try to race

That was what troubled her? The fear that he would not drive and she

would miss the excitement of seeing him on the thin verge of death? Her beauty went out to his eyes like the blown flame of a candle. "I shall race," he declared curtly.

He had an odd fancy as he went down the village street; it occurred to him that he would like to see of the feminine as represented by Valerie Carlisle. He would have liked to hunt up his mechanician and hear stand over there," volunteered a grinhim talk frank sense, man-fashion.

kind. When he arrived at Lowell he Floyd, do you know, I guess if you went to a coctor and had the strained had a sister she'd be a right pretty arm cared for, instead.

CHAPTER V.

Tuning Up. Floyd was sitting on a railing in front of the repair pits, when Stanton came out to the course next morning, engaged in chatting airily with a cou-He was laughing, and furthermore he his rumpled attire, his serious face this time, instead of the impromptu blend of the former occasion.

The group, already breaking up, drew apart at Stanton's approach, nodding greeting to him. But, beyond returning the salutes, he disregarded all except Floyd, opposite whom he stopped.

"You seem to have nothing to do; is the machine ready?" he flung, with ing down at himself. his ugliest intonation.

Floyd slipped off the railing and stood up, his expression flickering in momentary surprise.

"All ready," he answered, quietly buke.

"Get it out, then." The other men glanced significantly

at one another. "Good luck, Floyd," wished a slim Italian driver, whose reputation Stanton asked abruptly. equaled Stanton's own, as he turned away.

The Mercury car was out already. One of the factory men cranked it, after Stanton took his seat. Floyd was moving to take the place beside, when | their black lashes. his eyes fell on the driver's bandaged wrist.

"What's up?" Stanton demanded, at the exclamation.

"You have hurt your arm?" "Slightly. I cranked an Atalanta Six yesterday with my spark ad-

The mechanician stopped with one foot on the car, looking at him. "I set my spark forward and went

around in front and cranked up and wrenched my arm," Stanton explicitly repeated. Floyd regarded him blankly, then

slowly dissolved into a smile of humorous comprehension and stepped into the car. "I had no right to ask, of course," he agreed. "I beg your pardon. Curious people should expect to hear

nonsense. Floyd believed himself put off with an obvious tale, as one reproves a too-importunate child, so impossible

judgment. Only, the fact remained. The little episode had relieved the atmosphere, however, and restored naturalness of speech. They shot down the course, in the sweet country air, and the day's work had commenced. Then Stanton had his first exhibition of what Floyd called tuning up his

"Got her all the way up?" shouted the mechanician, when they let out on he first straight stretch.

Stanton nodded, fully occupied; the speedometer was indicating eightyour miles an hour.

"Stop her-she needs fixing." It was Floyd's hour of empire. Stanon brought his car to a halt in an apropriate situation, and the mechaniian sprang out to investigate the unhooded power-plant.

ninety an hour," he panted, returning. suggested. Stanton accordingly restarted.

They spent the morning so; speed- saw Valerie Carlisle's little gloved ing furiously, stopping for Floyd to hand dart toward the steering wheel, fuss with one thing or another, watch- just before he pulled up the crank. ing the speedometer. Floyd listened to the engine as to a speaking voice, have corrected her mistake an instant translating its plaint unerringly and going to remedy the cause. As the as-



'How Did You Become an Expert Automobile Driver?"

sistant manager had said, he was a gasolene freak, a clairvoyant magician of delicate touches and manipulation. At twelve o'clock the Mercury came to its camp and stopped.

"How is she doing?" inquired Mr. Green. "You made that last circuit a record breaker, I can tell you."

"Up to ninety-two miles an hour," Stanton reported with brevity. "It never did so well before. Get out,

Floyd got out, flushed, tired, his heavy hair clinging in damp rings to his temples, but sunnily content. Mr. Green contemplated him anxiously; he had heard an account of Stanton's morning greeting to his mechanician, and he was not pleased at the prospect of having to find another man to fill his place.

"How," he hesitated, testing his "how are you-er-feeling, Floyd?"

"Hungry," answered Floyd, promptly and unexpectedly.

The boyish freshness of it brought a smile to the lips of every one within Floyd. He was tired, tired to nausea hearing. The assistant manager chuckled outright in his relief.

"There's some kind of eats in a ning reporter from a Boston newspa-But of course he did nothing of the per, "if you can bear them. Say, doover"

girl." "I have got one," was the serene

"You have? Can I ask what she looks like?" "Just like me; we're twins," he replied absently, his eyes dwelling on

the Mercury. The description accorded so oddly ple of jovial drivers from rival cars. with his appearance, as he stood in

was clad in correct racing costume, stained and darkened with dust, that there was a universal roar of laughter. "For shame, to slander a lady!"

"Doesn't she ever wash her face Floyd?" called another. "Can't you support her without mak-

ing her heave coal for a living?" gibed a third. Floyd laughed with the rest, glanc-

"You never saw me dressed for the opera," he tossed back, as he went in search of water.

Stanton descended from his car, flung his mask and gauntlets on the businesslike under the undeserved re- seat, and followed his mechanician. He found him, presently, emerging damp and refreshed from ablutions performed in a bucket with the aid of some cotton-waste.

"Will you come to lunch with me?"

Floyd paused, regarding him in grave surprise and hesitation. "Thank you," he began.

Stanton made an impatient gesture, his eyes glinting steel-blue behind

"Do you want me to apologize for bullying you this morning?" he demanded. Over the other's face swept its

characteristic sudden warning of expression. "No: I wanted to be sure that you want me. Thanks, I'll come with

pleasure.' He slipped into a long motor coat, and accompanied Stanton with a ready cordiality that took no account of past events. No reproach could have moved the offender so much, no injured dignity could have so forced a

curb upon his tongue for the future. It was not to one of the temporary eating-places erected in anticipation of the race carnival that Stanton took his guest, but to a quiet, cool hotel within reach. There, the order given, he looked across the width of white linen at his companion with an odd sense of triumph and satisfaction; he felt for this boy-man something akin he considered such carelessness. And to the elation with which a youth Stanton wholly coincided with his takes the admired girl out to dinner for the first time.

"I missed the train, yesterday," he remarked. "I suppose you had no trouble getting the car here?"

"None at all," Floyd confirmed. "I fancied you accepted Miss Carlisle's invitation to drive."

"I did, afterward. It was her car I cranked with the spark forward." Floyd glanced up, a ripple of incredulous amusement crossing his gray eyes, but he said nothing.

"At least, I set the spark as I believed right," Stanton amplified, watching the effect, "and when I cranked, the motor fired over. The person who sat next to me said I left the spark wrong."

The incredulity died out of Floyd's gaze, but the wonder increased.

"More likely it was changed after "Now we'll try. She is good for you left it, perhaps by mistake," he In a flash of recollection Stanton

Could she have moved the sector, and too late? He remained silent, nor did Floyd pursue the question.

When the first course of the luncheon was placed before them, Stanton aroused himself. Quite indifferent to the waiter's pained disapproval, he took the carafe of ice-water and himself filled two glasses.

"Is this your substitute for cocktails?" he queried, and pushed one of the goblets over to Floyd. Startled, Floyd yet understood,

smiling as he looked across. "Yes," he assented, and drank the nnocent pledge. Motorists both, there was no question of a stronger beverage.

"You can go; I'll ring when we want you. Did you ever drive an Atalanta Six-sixty, Floyd?"

Stanton turned to the waiter.

"No, but I've handled their fours. I like a six cylinder machine, myself; it

has so fine a torque-' The conversation plunged into professional technicalities; the sentimental episode was pushed aside.

People going in and out of the restaurant stared interestedly at the two exchanging comments and questions. Stanton's dark face was well-known, and a face not easily forgotten, while companion's dress sufficiently identified him as one of the racers who held the city's attention during the motor carnival.

When the dessert was before them, Stanton suddenly returned to the per-

"How did you become a finished automobile expert by the age of twenty-one?" he questioned bluntly.

"Well, I believe you are only five or six years older," Floyd countered, with a touch of whimsical sadness. "But-I grew up in an automobile factory. I had no mother, no kinswomen at all, and my father made me his constant companion. He taught me everything he knew, and he-well, he was Edgar T. Floyd, who owned the Comet automobile plant, and who designed and built and raced his own

> (TO BE CONTINUED.) Its Kind.

"Is the new carriage a shay?" "Yes, sir! It's more—it's a shay

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GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH-Graya Crossing, E. G. Heas, pastor Sunday School at 10:00. Service at 11:00, German School Saturday at 1:30.

CHURCH—Grays Crossing. E. G. Hess pastor Sunday School at 10:00. Service at 11:00. Ger-man School, Saturday 1:30.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODMERE -Services and sermon at 4 p. m., every Sun-day. Sunday School at 5:00 a. m. Communion service, on second Sunday of each month. Dr. Van Water and Rev. Oswald W. Taylor. LENTS BAPTIST CHURCH-First Avenue, near Foster Road. Rev. J. N. Nelson pastor. Sun

day Senool 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meets at 6:30. Prayermeeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

8WEDISH LUTHERAN MEETING—Held every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and in the evening at the Chapel at corner of Woodbine street and Firland avenue. Rev. B. S. Nystrom. pastor. SWEDISH BETHANIA CHAPEL, ANABEL— Scandinavian Sunday School at 11 a. m., Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at 8 p. m. Scandinavian people cordially invited and welcome.

GRACE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, LENTS-Preaching Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young Peoples' Alliance every Sunday at 6:20 p. m. Prayer meeting and Bible study each Wednesday evening. Special music All cordially welcome. Rev. Conklin, pastor.

LENTS FRIENDS CHURCH--South Main St. Sabbath School 10:00 a. m. Service 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Evangelistic service 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:45 p. m. Myra B. Smith, pastor.

LENTS M. E. CHURCH--Corner of 7th Ave. and LENTS M. E. CHURCH--Corner of 7th Ave. and

LENTS M. E. CHURCH-Corner of 7th Ave. and Gorden St. Sunday School 10:00 a. m., Services at 11:00 s. m. and 7:30 p. m., Epworth League 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday even-ing of each week. All most cordially invited. Rev. W. Boyd Moore, pastor.

TREMONT UNITED BRETHERN CHURCH-62nd Ave. 69th St. S. E. Sunday School at 19:00 s. m. Preaching 11:90 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Mrs. Lynn, pastor.

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor Residence 6921-2 Loveloy St. Services: Sunday School at 10 a. m., Morning Worship 11 a. m. SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH-Saturday-Sabbath School 10 A M : Saturday-Preaching 11 A M; Sunday Preaching 8:00 P M; All welcome to these meetings. C. J. Cummings, Pastor, residence 98 East 45th St: Phone Tabor 3621.

GRANGE DIRECTORY

[Granges are requested to send to The Herald infomation so that a brief card can be run free under this heading. Send place, day and hour of meeting.] hour of meeting.)

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE No. 348 Meets second Saturday at 7:30 p. m., and fourth Saturday at 10:30 s. m. every month. ROCKWOOD GRANGE—Meets the first Wed resday of each month at 8 p. m. and third Sat

MULTNOMAH GRANGE, NO. 71.—Meets the fourth Saturday in every month at 10:30 a. m., in Grange hall, Orient. FAIRVIEW GRANGE-Meets first Saturday and the third Friday of each month. RUSSELLVILLE GRANGE, NO. 253-Meets in the schoolhouse the third Saturday of each

EVENING STAR GRANGE-Meets in their hall at South Mount Tabor on the first Satur-day of each month at 10 a.m. All visitors are

GRESHAM GRANGE — Meets second Satur day in each month at 10:30 a. m. DAMASCUS GRANGE, NO. 260.— Meets first Saturday each month. LENTS GRANGE-Meets second Saturday o

each month at 10:30 a. m.

CLACKAMAS GRANGE, NO. 298— Meets the first Saturday in the month at 10:30 a. m. and the third Saturday at 7:30 p. m.

SANDY GRANGE, No. 392. Meets second Saturday of each month at 10 o'clock a. m.

COLUMBIA GRANGE NO. 267.—Meets in all day session first Saturday in each month in grange hall near Corbett at 10 a. m.

RAILROAD TIME CARD UNION DEPOT, NORTHERN PACIFIC Phone A 6541, Main 6681 Leaves 7:10 a. m., 10:30 a. m. 3:30 p. m., 11:15p.m.

Arrives 7:00 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 6:50 p. m., 10:30 p. m. OREGON-WASHINGTON-SEATTLE Phone A 6121, Private ex. 1 Arrives 6:45 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p.m PENDLETON LOCAL

Leaves 7:50 a. m., arrives 5:30 a. p THE DALLES LOCAL Leaves 4:00 p. m., arrives 10:00 a. m. OVERLAND Leaves 10:00 a. m., 8:60 p. m., arrives 12:45 a. m.

SPOKANE Oregon Leaves 9:00 p. m., arrives 11:45 a. m. SOUTHERN PACIFIC WILLAMETTE LIMITED Leaves 5:15 p. m., arrives 11:15 a. m.

8:00 p. m.

ASHLAND Leaves 8:30 a. m., arrives 9:30 p. m. ROSEBURG Leaves 3:50 p. m., arrives 4:00 p. m CALIFORNIA TRAINS Leave at 1:30 a. m., 5:50 p. m., 8:15 p. m.

Arrive at 7:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 2:80 p. m. WEST SIDE Corvallis, leave 7:20 a. m., arrive 5:20 p. m. Hillsboro, leaves 7:20 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 6:20 p. m., 5:40p. m. Arrive 8:00 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:10 p.

JEFFERSON STREET UNION DEPOT Dallas, leaves 4:10 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m SHERIDEN-UNION DEPOT Leaves at 4:00 p. m., arrives 10:20 a. m. TILLAMOOK

Leaves 8:45, Hillsboro, 10:00 Tillamook 4:35; leaves Tillamook 7:00 a. m., Hillsboro 1:40 p. m., arrives in Portland 2:45 p. m. NORTH BANK Phone A 6251, Marshall 920 ASTORIA AND SEASIDE

Leaves 8:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m. 2:00 p. m. Sat., 6:30 p. m., arrives 12:20 p. m., 12:40 p. m. Mon., 9:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m. RANIER LOCAL Leaves 1:00 p. m., 5:45 p. m., arrives 9:45 a. m.,

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