

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram
Author of "The Game and the Candle," "The Flying Mercury," etc.
Illustrations by Frederic Tharburgh

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic 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. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued).

"Jessica has the right to a chance," he agreed. "I'm not going to meddle with things beyond my understanding. An' I'd rather have her your wife than have anything else in the world. Only—you've seen her just once—you can't tell if you want her, yet."

Stanton shot him one straight, expressive glance.

"She is like you," slipped from him involuntarily; then, furious at his betrayal of sentiment, he dropped the other's hand. "We had better go, or we'll miss the train," he brusquely reminded.

"Oh, she is like me," confirmed Floyd; "turned to look again at the factory. "We are pretty close chums. Yes, you an' I had better be gettin' to the train."

They walked back to the nearest trolley line, both silent.

The subject was not touched again, until the following morning, when they left the train in New York.

"When shall I see you?" Stanton questioned, as they exchanged farewells in the noisy depot. "To-morrow?"

"I'm going to be out of town for the next two weeks, Mr. Green tells me," Floyd replied. "They want me at the Mercury factory, and there are some other trips, too, I believe. Jessica is going to be rather deserted; if you happen to look her up, no doubt she would be glad to speak to some one besides her nurse."

"Thank you," accepted Stanton, as carelessly. "Take care of yourself."

He had not reached the exit when Floyd overtook him.

"Here are the entries for the Cup race," he panted, thrusting a folded newspaper into Stanton's hand. "There are two Atalanta cars to run against us. It's you who need to take care of yourself, until afterward."

"Floyd, wait! What do you mean? Do you really think—"

But his mechanic evaded the question.

"Some people are hoodoos," he laughed. "Keep away from them, please. Good-by."

He had not spoken Valerie Carlisle's name, yet Stanton knew against whom he warned. And the melodramatic absurdity of the idea did not prevent an odd thrill of discomfort and insecurity, from which he took his usual refuge in roughness.

"I'm not in the habit of hiding from people, hoodoos or not. Good-by."

"Oh, very well," acquiesced Floyd oddly. "But if you won't take care of yourself, Stanton—"

"Well, what?"

"Never mind."

CHAPTER X.

An interval.

It was on the second day after his arrival in New York that Stanton called upon Jessica Floyd. This time he went more confidently up the stairs of the quiet apartment house, sure of his right.

As before, the little old Irishwoman clad in black silk was waiting to admit him; as before, he could have cried out in the wonder of seeing this girl who turned Floyd's candid face to him and smiled with Floyd's gray eyes. Only, this afternoon Jessica did not rise from the piano seat to greet him, but from a chair near a window.

"Jes is away again," she regretted, giving him her hand.

"I came to see you, by his permission," Stanton returned.

The rich color flushed under her marvelous skin, that was like no other woman's he had ever seen. Floyd differed there, man from girl, his complexion being much darker and less translucent.

"It is too early to give you tea and cake," she told him, with a playful parting shy. "But if you will talk to me for half an hour, it will be after

four o'clock and I can offer you hospitality.

"What shall I talk to you about?" he doubted. "I am better at listening, I think."

"Oh, anything, everything. Suppose I were Jes; I like what he likes, racing, factories, motor-cars."

Although the season was early, a fire burned in the tiny hearth, on either side of which they were seated, facing each other. In the ruddy light Stanton contemplated the smiling girl, in her pale-blue gown with its lace ruffles foaming around her full young throat and falling low across her hands.

"Your brother has told you of the business partnership that we plan for this winter, Miss Floyd?"

She nodded her bronze-crowned head.

"Yes; I am very glad."

"Did he," a sudden fancy prompted the question, "did he tell you that I was coming here to see you, if I might?"

"Did he know of it?" she asked in counter-question.

Floyd had kept the confidence given him, then, although no formal restraint had been made. The expression that crossed Stanton's dark face was warm and very gentle.

"He knew, yes. I wish I could have met your brother years ago; I might have been less hard a man, more fit to know him, and you, now."

"You hard?"

"Has he not taught you that I am so?"

In her earnestness she leaned forward, her eyes fearlessly on his.

"Never. Do not imagine he thinks you that, do not so wrong his memory for your kindness. A rough word—what is it? The first gentleness cancels it; what is a friend worth who does not understand?"

Stanton bent his head, looking at the fire.

"I have not had much gentleness shown me," he said. "My mother died when I was born; when I was thirteen my father married again. My step-mother was a good woman, whom I loved as well as my father did. But within the second year after the marriage, the horses they were driving ran away, dragging the carriage over an embankment, and my parents died within a few moments of each other while being taken to the hospital. Have I said that my father was wealthy? He was so. He had made his will, a year before, leaving everything to his wife; well knowing that she in her turn would pass all on to me. She was much younger than he, almost certain to outlive him, and entirely to be trusted. But she had never made a will, delayed by chance or forgetfulness, I suppose. When he died five minutes before her, all his fortune passed to his wife; then, upon her death without a will, again legally passed on to her relatives. I was left with no share or claim."

"But it was yours by every right! Surely, surely, your step-mother's relatives did not take it?"

"They took every penny and every inch, Miss Floyd. And I, at fifteen, was sent out into the world, a beggarly orphan. They had no interest in

on his firm profile with its lines of relentless strength.

"You meant to punish them," she faltered.

"Revenge? No; it was not worth taking. I will not deny I thought of that as a boy; as a man I was too practical to waste my time. What I decided to have was money. I found in my aptitude for this automobile racing my best and quickest way to secure a starting capital. If I killed myself in doing it, very good; that was better than poverty. I was poor for six years; poor for a lifetime I will not be."

"No, you will not be," she agreed, her voice quite low and agitated. "You were born to bend circumstance, for good or ill."

"Circumstance bent me, when it set your brother in my path," he corrected. "I never before had a friend, or cared—" He shook his head impatiently, turning fully to her. "Bah, what dead history am I boring you with! Forgive me; I only meant to say there might be some small excuse for my savagery. It is after four o'clock, I was promised tea."

Jessica rose to cross to the little tea-table, but lingered for an instant.

"Jes once told me that he had been guilty of the impertinence of saying his driver had the best disposition and the worst temper he had ever seen. I think that if he were here, he would apologize for the last part."

"Perhaps he may yet retract the first," he warned lightly, yet touched.

When she summoned him to take his cup, Stanton looked at the brown beverage, then in quizzical surprise at his hostess.

"Yes," she laughed, coloring. "With three lumps of sugar in it. Jes told me that whenever he was out with you, you drank chocolate syrup and sweet. I thought it was only girls who liked sweet, syrupy things."

"And do you always give people what they like?" he asked, amused and oddly pleased.

"I would like to," she retorted.

"Then I would like very much to have you go to the theater with me, to-night."

"As you like," she conceded, her heavy lashes sweeping her cheeks.

The first step was made. For the next two weeks they saw each other frequently. Twice Stanton brought one of the Mercury cars and took Jessica for sedate afternoon drives. Several rainy days she gave him sweet chocolate and sat opposite him before the bright little hearth, listening or talking with the equable supineness so like Floyd's. Indeed, Stanton soon came to feel with her the sense of companionship and certainty of being understood that he felt with her brother. But he never was rough to Jessica.

During that interval he did not meet Floyd. Jes was busy thirty miles up the Hudson valley, at the Mercury factory, Jessica said, and as Stanton of course knew from his mechanic's own statement. Only it impressed him as rather strange that Floyd could not get away even once or twice to see his sister.

Meanwhile the Cup race was approaching. On the last evening before

"Will You Sing It to Me Now?"

Stanton went out to the Long Island course, he called on Jessica.

"It is possible to come into New York, of course," he said to her. "But I shall stay out there until after the race. After that, after Floyd and I come back, shall I see as much of you? Or won't you want me around when you have him?"

Stanton, she met his eyes, then turned away hurriedly to the piano.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman Bootblack.

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me, and I was old enough to support myself. One of them offered to get me a position as office boy."

"Oh! You—"

"I—lived," he grimly answered. "I asked them for nothing. What personal trinkets belonged to me, I sold, for the first needs; then I set to work. My father had wished me to be a mechanical engineer, and I meant to fulfill his plan. Perfect health I did have—for six years I regularly worked twenty hours out of each twenty-four, until I was graduated from college. For six years I was always tired, occasionally hungry, and took just one recreation: every night I walked through the avenue where my former home stood, and looked at it. I saw the people who had robbed me go handsomely clad and sleek, I saw their carriages and servants pass and repass. I watched, and I concluded that there was just one thing in life worth while."

The girl shivered slightly, her gaze

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CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. O. Hess pastor Sunday School at 10:30. Service at 11:00. German School, Saturday 1:30.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODMERE—Services and sermon at 4 p. m., every Sunday. Sunday School at 9:30 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. Sunday School 10 a. m. Preaching 11 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meets at 6:30. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening at 7:30.

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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 Gordon St. Sunday School 10:30 a. m. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday evening of each week. All most cordially invited. Rev. W. Boyd Moore, pastor.

TREMONT UNITED BROTHERN CHURCH—2nd Ave. 6th St. E. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Preaching 11:30 a. m. Christian Endeavor 8:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Mrs. L. J. J. pastor.

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GRANGE DIRECTORY

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

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE No. 888 Meets second Saturday at 7:30 a. m. and fourth Saturday at 10:30 a. m. every month.

ROCKWOOD GRANGE—Meets the first Wednesday of each month at 8 p. m. and third Saturday at 10 a. m.

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. 328—Meets in the schoolhouse the third Saturday of each month.

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

GRESHAM GRANGE—Meets second Saturday in each month at 10:30 a. m.

TAMASCUS GRANGE, NO. 260—Meets first Saturday each month.

LENTS GRANGE—Meets second Saturday of 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.

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Phone A 651, Main 681

Leaves 7:10 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 3:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
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OREGON-WASHINGTON SEATTLE
Phone A 612, Private ex. 1

Leaves 8:30 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 4:30 p. m., 11:30 p. m.
Arrives 6:40 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m.

PENDELTON LOCAL
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THE DALLES LOCAL
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OVERLAND
Leaves 10:00 a. m., 8:50 p. m., arrives 12:45 a. m., 8:30 p. m.

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WEST SIDE
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Hillsboro, leave 7:30 a. m., arrive 6:45 a. m., 6:30 p. m., 8:40 p. m.
Arrive 8:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:10 p. m.

JEFFERSON STREET
Dallas, leaves 7:40 a. m., arrives 5:45 p. m.

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leaves Tillamook 7:30 a. m., Hillsboro 1:45 p. m., arrives in Portland 2:45 p. m.

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