

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 ac-cepted. In the rest during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger. Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives nores. 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 Stan-tom is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stan-ton gain meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track ick, but makes race. They have acci-dent. Floyd tells Stanton of his twin ister. Jessica. Stanton becomes very fil and loses consciousness. On recovery, at its hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits jessica. They go to theater togeth-er, and meet Miss Carlisle, Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd, becomes suspidous of Miss Carlisle, Stanton again visits Jes-ica, and they become fast friends.

CHAPTER X-(Continued).

"Jes and I do not tire of our friends," she rebuked. "But beyond that, how can any one tell what will happen? We can just live our best every day and wait to see further. Sometimes things get twisted wrong." "What is the matter? What is twist-

ed wrong, Miss Floyd?" She shook her head, smiling across

her shoulders at him. "Nothing-nothing but me. Only I

feel disgustingly gloomy to-night; as if Jes and I were very far apart. Never mind, I wish you all good luck and victory for the race."

"What was that song you were singing on the first day I came here?" he asked irrelevantly.

She hesitated, then struck a few chords upon the piano. "That?" "Yes. Will you sing it to me,

now ?" With her charming trick of prompt obedience, she at once seated herself

at the instrument. It was no ornate classic, no love song, that the velvet-and-gold contralto voice braided into Stanton's memory, to be in the near future a torture more acute than physical pain and perconal grief.

"Oft, in the stilly night Ere slumber's chain hath bound me, Fond memory brings the light Of other days around me.'

That was the quaint stiff melody of afty years before, that Jessica Floyd

the trip to Indiana. No more orchids the ground. On the second time and laurel. He smiled in sardonic re- around, the Mercury struck an edged lief and went to open a window to stone and lost a tire with a sharp rothe pungent October air. To-morrow port. Stanton drew up by the roadhe would see Floyd at the course and side, and Floyd ran back to pitch the begin the work which intexicated him mischief making rock into the fields. "George and Palmer are out," he obas it does all those who once acquire served, returning. "They might come the fearless mastery of a car at high speeds and taste the strong excite- to grief on it, too. Besides, we curment of the racing game. He drew a selves might hit it again. I like a preath of anticipated exhilaration; track race." this was the ground where he and

"So do I. How many tires left?" Floyd stood closest in understanding "Three."

They worked rapidly, both for pracand where Jessica could never come. But he wished that she had not tice and from force of habit. The Duplex roared past at a leisurely gait, ooked so strangely grave and wistful, while they were busy, its driver waving a hand in sympathetic greeting. Floyd paused to wave a response, and presently the Mercury sped after its rival

Before ten o'clock they had lost an-"Say, Floyd, got a spare fire exother tire.

"I guess so," called a gay rippling "Those tires in yet?" demanded Stanton, when he again drew up be-"Just throw it into the next plt, fore the repair pit.

The harassed assistant manager A tousled head appeared from the shook his head, exhibiting a sheaf of yellow telegrams.

"Let Floyd alone, he'd rather hear "Not yet. The Ruby Company teleme whistle than you talk," jeered the graphs that they shipped the order offender. "Besides, he's working. Is last week by express; the express it true, Floyd, that you can make a company telegraphs that they sent the worn-out taxicab motor run like a new carload on from Chicago two days ago foreign engine? Some one told me and it must be here."

"The freight car must have been "Why, yes, Jack; but I haven't any left in the New York yards, instead of time to fix your car now," came the being sent out here," deduced Stanton exasperatedly.

"New York says it isn't there." "Perhaps they shipped the order to the Mercury factory by mistake," Floyd suggested.

Mr. Green looked at him in scorn. "Of course I 'phoned there first of all. The chief says they are not there, either, and to telegraph all along the line until we trace the car."

"Have you done it?" Stanton inquired.

"I'm doing it now. I've got as far west as Utica and each freight yard

"We'll go to lunch, Floyd. The answers will come in meanwhile."

There was a hotel near-by, which other explained. "Do you want to Mr. Green made his headquarters, and take the car out?" where Stanton and Floyd chose to stay. A good many of the other driv-"I am ready now. Get some warm ers and officials also remained for that

"I'd run into little old New York," the drivtr of the Atalanta car exboth men were content. Stanton had plained to Stanton, "only I'm afraid it felt the thrill of relief and pleasure ain't healthy to go through Brooklyn

To the hotel the answers continued much uneasiness the incident of the to come all that afternoon, until Mr. Green and the office were snowed over "You will have to be kind to the by strips of yellow paper. The larger tires," Floyd warned, as he complied the city and the more crowded its

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GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH-Grays Crossing, E. G. Hess, pastor Sunday School at 10:00. Service at 11:09. 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 Sunday. Sunday School at 5:00 a. m. Commun-

ion service, on second Bunday 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 School 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,

SWEDISH LUTHERAN MEETING-Held every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and in the evening at Sunday at 10:30 a.m., and in the evening at the Chapel at corner of Woodbine street and Firland avenue. Rev. B. 8. Nystrom. pastor. Swandinavian Bunday School at 11 a.m., Bible study and prayor meeting Friday at 5 p.m. Scandinavian people cordially invited and welcome.

GRACE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, LENTS-GRACE EVANOELICAL CHURCH, LENTS-Preaching Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young Peoples' Alitance every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting and Bible study each Wednesday evening. Special music All cordially welcome. Rev. Conklin, pastor.
LENTS FRIENDS CHURCH-South Main Bi Sabbath School 10:00 a. m. Service 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Evangelistic service 7:30. Frayer meeting Wednesday 7:45 p. m. Myra B. Smith, pastor.
LENTS K. C.URCH-Corner of 7th Ave. and

LENTS M. E. CHURCH-Corner of 7th Ave. and Gorden St. Bunday School 10:00 a. m., Ser-vices at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Epworth League 6:30. Frayer 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 11:00 s. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Mrs. ynn, pastor.

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor Residence 0921-2 Lovejoy St. Services: Sunday School at 10 s. m., Morning Worship 11 s. m.

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GRANGE DIRECTORY

[Oranges 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.]

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE No. 345 Meets second Saturday at 7:30 p. m., and fourth Saturday at 10:30 s. m. every month.

ROCKWOOD GRANGE-Meets the first Wed-nesday of each month at 8 p. m. and third Sat-urday 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. 303-Meets in he schoolhouse the third Saturday of each

GRESHAM GRANGE - Meets second Satur day in each month at 10:30 a. m.

LENTS GRANGE-Meets second Saturday o

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.



sweet reply. "Come crank the Mercury for me, one of you, I want to hear her run." One of the laughing mechanics ran forward, but paused as a tall figure

so.'

that evening. It troubled him.

voice across the gray dawn mist.

then; Jack's whistling again."

CHAPTER XI.

The Last Race.

advanced from the shadow of the stand Floyd straightened up from bending over the unbooded motor, shining-

eyed and vividly aglow in the raw, salt air that swept across the bare Long Island meadows. "Stanton!" he gladly welcomed, and

stripped off a rubber glove to give greeting; Floyd was girlishly careful denies having them. of his hands and always protected

them during work when possible. "I just arrived here, by train," the

"When you're ready."

things on, it is going to be chilly un- night. till the sun is out."

It was not an emotional meeting, but upon seeing his mechanician which so often." surprised him into recognition of how night before had caused him.

with the directions. "We have only freight yard, the longer the time re-

sung to Stanton before they parted.

On reaching home, an hour later, Stanton found a letter awaiting him from the assistant manager, Green. It was dated from Long Island, and reminded him that the course would be open for the last day's practice next morning during the early hours.

"The car is at last ready, and if you see Jes Floyd, tell him that we can not get along without him any longer," ran the concluding sentence.

Stanton put down the letter, frown-Ing at it in irritated astonishment. Had not Floyd gone to prepare for the race, with Green and by his direct or-How then could he. Stanton, der? know anything about his mechanician and why did not Green know everything? Possibly Floyd had been kept at the Mercury factory; but in that case Green would surely have sent there for him, instead of trusting to the faint chance of Stanton's encountering him. Of course Floyd must be ready to go out for the delayed practice work next morning-Stanton rose Impatiently; of course he would be ready.

A thought like a needleprick halted him when half-way across the room, a wild fancy. Could it be conceived credible that Valerie Carlisle did wish to prevent the Mercury car from rac- for the race hasn't arrived yet." ing, and, failing to reach the driver, might attempt to keep away the mechanician she knew to be so valuable? He recalled his own strange illness on the eve of the Massachusetts race. On an impulse beyond restrain, he turned to his telephone; there would be some one to tell him of Floyd at the factory, for it was working night and day to fill its orders. "Yes, 337 Frenchwood," the thin

voice finally came along the wire. "Yes, Mercury. Mr. Stanton? Walt."

The instrument roared vilely; he knew it was the din of the huge engines he heard across thirty miles of distance.

"Hello," another voice took up, through the drone. "Stanton? This is Mr. Bailey. What? Oh, why Floyd's gone on-" there was a blank clicking "-to Long Island tonight," was faintly resumed. "He'll be on his job when you need him. Stanton; go a bit easy on the poor kid. He isn't a machine."

Stanton exclaimed something ugly and hung up the receiver with a snap. Railey was a fool, he mentally sneered, and Green was another, and he himself the third. As for Miss Carlisle, roads. Here and there men were still tern of lace. It is about three inches

"Why not?"

"Goodness knows. Mr. Green has telegraphed to the tire company. I suppose they will be along to-day, or to-morrow at the worst."

"I should hope so. Ready?" "Just about. Oh, they all say that your trial for speeding in Pelham Parkway took place day before yester-

"It dad."

Floyd stopped in the act of ascending to his seat.

"You didn't tell Jessica," he reproached. "How do you know?" queried Stan-

ton, astonished. "I saw her late last night, on my way here. What did they do to you?"

"Fined me all the law allowedwhich the Mercury Company paidwould be interested in police court details. Get in."

The morning's work had begun.

got one extra set here. The shipment | quired to make the search for the missing car and report the result to Long Island.

> After four o'clock, the roads were again open for practice until sunset. The Mercury went out for a couple of circuits, and lost another tire by skidding on a turn. After that the car stood before its camp,-"Afraid of wearing out her last pair of shoes," Floyd informed solicitous questioners. "Can't you buy them somewhere else?" chafed the irritated Stanton. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Mrs. Fairchild's Distinction.

Mrs. George W. Fairchild is among the best gowned women in the con gressional set in Washington. One of her dinner gowns is a model or which the ceremonial robes of the summer will be built. It is a trained robe of heavy cream satin, with pan and suggested the wisdom of not doing els of blue chiffon extending back it again. I didn't suppose Miss Floyd front and on the sides from the low cut bodice and ending at the hem in tassels of crystal and cut steel beads The diamond necklace which Mrs It was always a course race, the Fairchild wears with many of her Cup event, and in many places the ceremonial gowns follows the prevail way lay over hastily prepared country ing style in resembling a delicate pat he had not seen or heard of her since at work, banking turns or smoothing in width and fits as snugly as a glove