

SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile face the mechanician of the Mercury, function's machine, drops dead. Strange your hear race for the derivative for the set of the set of the set of the fores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a frain beaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle of the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the for the set of the set of the set of the set of the hotel Stanton receives invitation and the hotel Stanton receives invitation and

CHAPTER XI-(Continued).

The assistant manager stared in a reproach touched with hysteria. His collar was wilted, his eye-glasses dangled by their cord.

"Buy them? Buy enough racing tires fitting the Mercury to last you for a three hundred mile road race, and get them here by to-morrow morning? What's the matter with you. Stanton?"

"Well, since there is nothing to do but eat, come to dinner, Floyd," said the other.

"It isn't dinner, it's supper," corrected his mechanician. "This is the country and you had your dinner at noon. But I'll come, anyhow."

At the table in the course of the meal, a small tea-pot was set before Stanton.

"Chocolate, sir," he was apprised. "Why, you had none at luncheon!"

The pompadoured waitress giggled. "No, sir. But the gentleman sent a

boy after some and came down and saw the cook, and cook's that fond of nonsense, and she fifty-four next December-'

Stanton looked across into Floyd's mirthful gray eyes.

"I hadn't anything better to do," was the malicious explanation. "And been coming since dawn; all night, in I was afraid your nerves would go to fact, and they're still coming." pieces if you didn't get your usual drug and then you'd wreck us to-morrow.

sat between the telegraph operator and the telephone. "Where is Floyd?" he casually wondered.

"Hello, hello-no, hold the wire. What is it? Floyd? Oh, he's gone to grimly back. Coney Island. Hello, yes-wrong number.

"To Coney Island! You sent him?" "He offered to go," Mr. Green jerkily imparted. "Please go to bed. won't you? Floyd can take care of himself, I should think, and he has had a two weeks' rest to get ready for this.

"What do you mean? He has been working at the factory or with you ever since we came back from Indianapolis."

In a nervous exasperation the assistant manager whirled his chair around. "He had a two weeks' vacation." he reiterated crossly. "He told me that he was going off by himself for a quiet rest. You don't have to know everything, Stanton. I fancy he needed a rest after what you put him through out west, he asked me not to tell you about it. Hello-454-"

Stanton paused for a moment, dumb, then turned on his heel and went out. He was so stunned and bitterly angered that little red flecks danced before his vision. Floyd had lied to him, systematically deceived him; in order to escape from his too pressing friendship, no doubt. He remembered that the mechanician had always shrunk from his personal advances and only yielded to them under compulsion. Now he understood the letter which he had received the previous night from Green, and Mr. Bailey's confused answer to his question about Floyd. He had been put off to be amused by Jessica, until Floyd was again ready to use him in the plans for the Comet

factory. Jessica! Stanton stopped short in the dark hall. Had Jessica also deceived him? Was she too playing a part in order to keep him in a good humor? He struck his clenched hand violently against the wall beside him.

"What's that?" cried the affrighted

Mr. Green, within the room. "Who-" "I ran against the wall, in the dark," Stanton called, his voice a little hoarse, but evenly controlled. "Good night."

"Good night. We'll fix things all right, Stanton; you take a good sleep." "I shall," promised the driver. He did not.

At seven o'clock, the next morning, Mr. Green burst into the hotel diningcoom where Stanton was at breakfast.

"He's got them! They're coming," a rejoiced maniacally. "The car he wasn't at Brighton, but he located it ten miles farther over, on a siding. And he raised such a disturbance around the express people's ears that they unloaded the tires then and there, and rushed out two motor trucks to cart them across to us. They'll be

here by eight and the race starts at nine. I have been up all night-an hour ago it looked as if you would have to be withdrawn from the contest for lack of a few sets of rubber tires. That fool tire company!" He wiped his forehead. "Don't you want to come out to the course, after you finish here? Floyd is due on the train which arrives in fifteen minutes, if he isn't smothered by the crowd. I never saw such a mob of people; they have

"Yes," acquiesced the other unemotionally. His dark face gave an

"What have I done?" he asked simply

Both men were still unmasked, their privacy of speech was secured by the uproar around them. Stanton looked

"Lied to me. You were not kept away from New York by work with Green, or any other work, for the last two weeks."

A tinge of scarlet streaked Floyd's pallor, he bent his head. "Yes, I lied to you," he admitted.

Stanton's gauntleted hand closed on his wheel.

"There was no need. Your time was your own, Floyd; I claimed no control over you. I don't know why you did it, to be rid of me for a while, I suppose. but the reason doesn't matter. Last night I thought a good many wild hings about you, and your sister, but this morning I've got my grip again. No doubt you had all you could stand of me, I'm not precisely lovable and would have understood if you had just told me so. But I will have no friend I can't trust all the way. Get -we will finish this race, and part." Floyd raised his head and gave to the stern scrutiny his candid gray oves

"Stanton, trust me all the way now," he appealed. "Can you do that? Can you take my word that your friendship is the only thing in the world I want? If I deceived you, it was so I could be here to race with you to-day. I will tell you afterward, I can't now."

"You mean-Floyd held out his hand.

"I've got everything badly mixed up but it's clean to offer you, Stanton."

As swiftly impulsive as his condemnation was Stanton's movement as he bent to give the clasp.

"All right," he said curtly. "Get in; ought to have given you a chance." And as the other obeyed: "I didn't mean to meet you as I did, an hour ago, anyhow; it slipped me."

"They're signaling," warned Mr. Green, hurrying over. "Are you ready? Both of you?"

From his place beside Stanton, Floyd turned a face of incarnate sunshine to the assistant manager, a face so changed in its color and glow and warmth that all who saw drew breath n sheer wonder.

"We're ready," his lilting tones assured. "Don't worry.

Stanton laughed with him, fastening on the mask, and sent the Mercury rolling forward. The world was right once more, and life sane.

It was an exquisite morning; windless, cool, with happy little effects of snowy cloud against a cobalt-blue sky. The October air was a summerdistilled cordial, an ethereal intoxicant. The racers had no time to notice it, yet the effect was there. The speed made on the first laps was reoord-breaking.

The brown or gray streak of road ahead, the deadly turns, the treacherous smooth hill down which it was so easy to make speed and still more easy to meet disaster-for the first hour Stanton had no attention to spare from these. Moreover, the spectators were massed over the course in many places, recoiling just enough to leave a lane for each car's passage, and so imposing another anxiety upon the drivers who knew the swerve of a foot must bring death to some one. "Car behind," Floyd's clear accents

gave the familiar cautions, from time to time. "He's tryin' to get us before the turn. The Atalanta's head in the

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(All churches are requested to send to The Herald notices, such as the following, for publi-cation each week free.)

GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH-Grays Crossing, E. G. Hess, pastor Sunday School at 10.00. Sorvice 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 Sunday. Sunday School at \$:00 a. m. Commun ion 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, Prayermeeting Thursday evening at 7:30,

SWEDISH 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. 8WEDISH BETHANIA CHAPEL, ANABEL-Scandinavian Sunday School at 11 a. m., Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at \$ p. m. Scandinavisti people cordially invited and welcome. p. m. Scar and welcor

GRACE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, LENTS-GRACE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, LENTS-Preaching Sunday at II a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m. Young Peoples' Alliance every Sunday at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting and Bible study each wednesday evening. Bpecial 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 Gorden St. Sunday School 10:00 a. m., Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Epworth Léague 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday even-ing of each week. All meste cordially invited. Rev. W. Boyd Moore, pastor.

TREMONT UNITED BRETHERN CHURCH-62nd Ave. 60th St. S. E. Sunday School at 10:00 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. Lynu. pastor.

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor Residence 6921-2 Lovejoy St. Services: Sunday School at 10 s. m., Morning Worship 11 s. m.

SEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH-Saturday-Sabbath School 10 A M : Saturday-Preaching 11 A M; Sunday Preaching \$:00 P M; All welcome to these meetings. C. J. Cum-mings, 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.] FLKASANT VALLEY GRANGE No. 348 Meets second Saturday at 7.30 p. m., and fourth Saturday at 10.30 a. m. every month.

ROCKWOOD GRANGE-Meets the first Wed-esday of each month at 5 p. m. and third Sat-rday 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. 853-Meets in he 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 laturday each month. LENTS GRANGE-Meets second Saturday o ach month at 10:30 a. m.

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

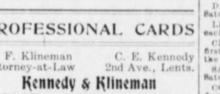
BANDY GRANGE, No. 292. Meets second Baturday of each month at 19 o'clock a. m. COLUMBIA GRANGE NO. 207.-Meets in all day session first Saturday in each month in grange hall near Corbett at 19 a. m.

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MODERATE RATES

"He'd coax a bird off a tree, sir," tittered the departing maid. "Give me your cup and have some,"

Stanton briefly commanded.

"Going to throw it at me, like you did that jug of water on the first night we raced together?" teased his companion, obeying.

Stanton's head lifted slightly, the regard in which he enveloped Floyd was almost savage in its leap of intense and tenacious passion. Such a glance from man to woman would have been a declaration, from man to man it was not a thing to be voiced. Floyd himwelf faltered before it, startled into pallor.

"You can throw it at me, if you like, and square up." was all Stanton said. and reached for the sugar-bowl with his customary nonchalance.

"Thanks: it's boiling I guess I won't," Floyd acknowledged. But he did not look at the other, and his manner was troubled.

The meal was ended and the evening had commenced, when a telegram came in from New York.

"Car marked Ruby Co. consigned to Mercury Co. Coney Island, left here last night."

Mr. Green uttered a howl and felt for the telephone.

"They've shipped the car to Coney Island instead of to Long Branch," he raged. "The tires must be out at the Beach track, or near it."

"Don't telephone; send some one out there to get them," advised Stan- strained force that the china vessel ton practically.

"I've got to be here, and I can't get our New York men in time, now."

brought here as soon as they are plate and rose to go. found."

"You? You? Traveling and wearing yourself out on the eve of a gruelling race? No. Go to bed and get your later, when Floyd emerged from the London Day. rest, please, Stanton. I'll send some dense press of arriving spectators and one.

went into the hotel room across the arms, the rest of the force clustered hall and played billiards with three around. Gay, blithe, triumphant, take of a similar one himself as a of his fellow-drivers. He was less for- here, if it wasn't for you" he debidding, less caustic of speech than clared, once. formerly. Floyd had taught him the art of companionship. Before the but he did not smile. game ended, the four players found The machines were preparing to go death, unless a special agreement has themselves very good company and to their stations for the start, Stan- been made for freeing him from all drank a good night in Apollinaris, to ton was in his seat at the wheel, when responsibility as to co sequences; the landlord's Bacchie disgust.

into the apartment where Mr. Green face.



Played Billiards With Three of His Fellow Drivers.

effect of bronzelike immobility, his blue-black eyes held steel glints. "Well," the assistant manager re-

sumed, and paused. The pompadoured waitress was leaning between them, placing a tea- it looks as though she would complete pot on the table.

"Chocolate, sir," she giggled. Stanton pushed back his chair, then

checked himself as sharply. "No," he stated, and set the pot away from before him.

The movement was not violent, but there was in it so much poorly re- the cover of the box and deposit the shattered upon striking the table and all the fragrant brown liquid ran over the white cloth. The girl exclaimed in | tirely so that the bird may complete "Well, I'll go, then. Coney Island dismay, Mr. Green stared; Stanton the task of rearing her young. It is has got to be raked fine and the tires only dropped a dollar-bill beside his

"I am ready," he signified.

animated preparation, twenty minutes eggs .- Watertown Correspondent New gained the inclosure. The assistant Stanton did not go to bed, but he manager almost received him in his "I'm awfully bright," Floyd agreed,

Floyd came over, and leaning against About ten o'clock, Stanton looked the car, looked up into the driver's molating him, he is expected to yield

dust." The pace maintained was the fastest at which the Mercury could be held to the road. It was Stanton's way to gain the lead first, when possible, then keep a steady average regardless of his rivals' spurts of speed; unless the race were too short to permit such tactics or the contest too close. Now, at the end of the second hour Floyd made the desired announcement, as they shot past the grand-stand and the bulletin boards.

"We're leadin'. The tires have been holdin' fine-look out for them this round."

Stanton moved his head affirmatively, his narrowed eyes unswerving from the line of course ahead. Heeding the advice, he did take the turns more carefully.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bird's Nest in Mall Box.

Probably a bird's nest in a rural mail box is a rare thing, if it has ever happened before, but out in Oswegatchie a small bird has taken possession of a mail box and has already built her nest and laid three eggs and her work of hatching and rearing her young.

The particular box picked out by the bird is one that is in use daily and the mail carried never misses a stop at this box. Mrs. Bird seems to enjoy the idea to have the mail carrier lift mail and will sit on her nest as unconcerned as can be. The mail box has been fixed so that it will not close ennot known what kind of a bird this is, but it is thought that it is a phebe, being brown of color and about the The Mercury camp was a scene of size of a sparrow and laying sky-blue

> Much Required of Physicians. In Beloochistan when a physician gives a dose he is expected to parguarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands the relatives, though they rarely exercise it, have the right o. putting him to while, if they should decide upon imto his fate like a man.

