

SERIAL STORY
The FLYING MERCURY
By **Eleanor M. Ingram**
Author of "The Game and the Candle"
Illustrations By **RAY WALTERS**

Synopsis.
The story opens on Long Island near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrage. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrage, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued).
None of the group in the next room had noticed the movement of the shade, absorbed in one another; any sound being muffled by the throb of adjacent machinery. Bailey obeyed the request, and leaned back in his chair.
"That's Darling Lestrage," he stated with satisfaction. "That's his own design for an oiling system he's busy with, and it's a beauty. He's entered for every big race coming this season, starting next week in Georgia, and meantime he oversees every department in every building as it never was done before. The man for me, he is."
Emily made an unenthusiastic sign of agreement.
"I meant a very different man from Mr. Lestrage," she replied, her dignity altogether Ffrench. "I have no doubt that he is all you say, but I was thinking of another class. I meant—well, I meant a gentleman."
"Oh, you meant a gentleman," replied Bailey, surveying her oddly. "I didn't know, you see. No; I don't know any one like that."
"Thank you. Then I will go. I—it does not matter."
She did not go, however, but remained leaning on the arm of her chair in troubled reverie, her long lashes lowered. Bailey sat as quietly, watching her and waiting.

The murmur of voices came dully through the closed door, one, lighter and clearer in tone, most frequently rising above the roar pervading the whole building. It was not possible that Emily's glimpse of Lestrage across the glass should identify him absolutely with the man she had seen once in the flickering lights and shadows on the Long Island road; but he was not of a type easily forgotten, and she had been awakened to a doubting recognition.
Now, many little circumstances recurred to her; a strangeness in Dick's manner when the new manager was alluded to, the fact that her rescuer on that October night had been driving a racing car and had worn a racing costume; and lastly, when Bailey spoke of "Darling" Lestrage there had flashed across her mind the mechanic's ridiculous answer to the request to aid her chauffeur in changing a tire: "I'll do it for you, Darling." And listening to that dominant voice in the next room, she slowly grew crimson before a vision of herself in the middle of a country road, appealing to a stranger for succor, like the heroine of a melodramatic fiction. Decidedly she would never see Lestrage, never let him discover Miss Ffrench.

"I will go," she reiterated, rising impetuously.
The glass-set door opened with unwelcome abruptness.
"I'll see Mr. Bailey," declared some one. "He'll know."
Helpless, Emily stood still, and straightway found herself looking directly into Lestrage's gray eyes as he halted on the threshold.
It was Bailey who upheld the moment, all unconsciously.
"Come in," he invited heartily. "Miss Ffrench, this is our manager, Mr. Lestrage; the man who's going to double our sales this year."
Emily moved, then straightened herself proudly, lifting her small head. Lestrage had recognized her, she felt; the call was to courage, not flight.
"I think I have already met Mr. Lestrage," she said composedly. "I am pleased to meet him again."
"Met him!" cried Bailey. "Met him? Why—"
Neither heeded him. A gleaming surprise and warmth lit Lestrage's always brilliant face.
"Thank you," he answered her. "You are more than good to recall me, Miss Ffrench. I owe an apology for breaking in this way, but I fancied Mr. Bailey alone—and he spoils me."
"It is nothing; it was about to go," she turned to give Bailey her hand, smiling involuntarily in her relief.

With a glance, an infection, Lestrage had stripped their former meeting of its embarrassment and un-conventionality, how, she neither analyzed nor cared.
"Good morning," said Bailey. "Shall I take you through, or—"
But Lestrage was already holding open the door, with a bright unconcern as to his workmanlike costume which impressed Emily pleasantly. She wondered if Dick would have borne the situation as well, in the impossible event of his being found at work.
The two walked together down an aisle of the huge, machinery-crowded room, the grimy men lifting their heads to gaze after Emily as she passed. Once Lestrage paused to speak to a man who sat, notebook and pencil in hand, beside another who manipulated under a grinding wheel a delicate aluminum casting.
"Pardon," he apologized to Emily, who had lingered also. "Mathews would have let that go wrong in another moment. He," his smile glanced out, "he is not a Rupert at changing his tires, so to speak, but just a good chauffeur."
The gay and natural allusion delighted her. For the first time in her life Emily Ffrench laughed out in a genuine, mischievous sense of adventure.
"Yes? I wonder you could separate yourself from that Rupert to come here; he was a most bewildering person," she retorted.
"Separate from Rupert? Why, I would not think of racing a taxicab, as he would say, without Rupert beside me. He is here taking a post-graduate course in this type of car, in order to be up to his work when we go down to Georgia next week."
"Next week? You expect to win that race?"
"No. We are running a stock car against some heavy foreign racing machines; the chance of winning is slight. But I hope to outrun any other American car on the course, if nothing goes wrong."
She looked up.
"And if something does?" she wondered.
He shrugged his shoulders.
"Pray be careful of those moving belts behind you, Miss Ffrench. If something does—there is a chance in every game worth playing."
"A chance!" her feminine nerves recoiled from the implied consequences. "But only a chance, surely. You were never in an accident, never were hurt?"
Lestrage regarded her in surprise mingled with a dawning rallery infinitely indulgent.
"I had no accidents last season," he guardedly responded. "I've been quite lucky. At least Rupert and I play our game unhampered; there will be no broken hearts if we are picked up from under our car some day."
They had reached the door while he spoke; as he put his hand on the

knob to open it, Emily saw a long zigzag scar running up the extended arm from wrist to elbow, a mute commentary on the conversation. In silence she passed out across the courtyard to where her red-wheeled cart waited. But when Lestrage had put her in and given her the reins, she held out her hand to him with more gravity.
"I shall wish you good luck for next week," she said.
Lestrage threw back his head, drawing a quick breath; here in the strong sunlight he showed even younger than she had thought him, young with a primitive intensity of just being alive.
"Thank you. I would like—if it were possible—to win this race."
"This one, especially?"
"Yes, because it is the next step toward a purpose I have set myself, and which I shall accomplish if I live. Not that I will halt if this step falls, no, nor for a score of such failures, but I am anxious to go on and finish."
Up to Emily's face rushed the answering color and fire to his; drawn by the bond of mutual earnestness, she leaned nearer.
"You live to do something? So do I, so do I! And every one else plays." However Lestrage would have replied, he was checked by the crash of the courtyard gate. Abruptly recalled to herself, Emily turned, to see Dick Ffrench coming toward them.
Remembering how the three had last met, the situation suggested strain. But to Emily's astonishment the young men exchanged friendly nods, although Dick flushed pink.
"Good morning, Lestrage," he greeted. "I've just come up from the city, Emily, and there wasn't any carriage at the station, so when one of the testers told me you were here I came over to get a ride."
"I've been to see Mr. Bailey," she responded. "Get in."

As Dick climbed in beside her, she bent her head to Lestrage; if she had regretted her impulsive confidence, again the clear sanity and calm of the gray eyes she encountered established self-content.
When they were trotting down the road toward home, in the crisp air, Emily glanced at her cousin.
"I did not know you and Mr. Lestrage were so well acquainted," she remarked.
"I see him now and then," Dick answered uneasily. "He's too busy to want me bothering around him much. You—remembered him?"
"Yes."
He absently took the whip from its socket, flicking the horse with it as he spoke.
"It was awfully square of you, Emily, not to mention that night to Uncle Ethan. It wasn't like a girl, at all. I made an idiot of myself, and you've never said anything to me about it since. I never told you where Lestrage took me, because I didn't like to talk of the thing. I'm really awfully fond of you, cousin."
"Yes, Dickie," she said patiently.
"Well, Lestrage rubbed it in. Oh, he didn't say much. But he carried me down to where they were practicing for a road race. Such a jolly lot of fellows, like a bunch of kids; teasing and calling jokes back and forth at one another half the night until daybreak, everything raw and chilly. Busy, and their mechanics busy, and one after another swinging into his car and going off like a rocket. By the time Lestrage went off, I was as much stirred up as anybody. When he made a record circuit at seventy-seven miles an hour average, I was shouting over the rail like a good one. And then, while he was off again, a big blue car rolled in and its driver yelled that Lestrage had gone over on the Eastbury turn, and to send around the ambulance. It was like a nightmare; I sat down on a stone and felt sick."
"He—"
"He shook me up half an hour later, and stood laughing at me. 'Upset' he said. 'No; you shed a tire and went off into a field, but it didn't hurt the machine, so we righted her and came in.' He was limping and bruised and scratched, but he was laughing, while a crowd of people were trying to shake hands with him and say things. I felt—funny; as if I wasn't much good. I never felt like that before. 'This is only practice,' he said, when I was about to go. 'The race tomorrow will do better. We find it more exciting than cockfights.' That was all, but I knew what he meant, all right. I've been careful ever since. He won the race next day, too."
"Dick, didn't it ever occur to you that you as well as Mr. Lestrage might do real things?" she asked, after a moment.
He turned his round, good-humored face to her in boundless amazement.
"I? I race cars and break my neck and call it fun, like Lestrage? You're laughing at me, Emily."
"No, no," in spite of herself the picture evoked brought her smile. "Not like that. But you might be interested in the factory. You might learn from Mr. Bailey and take charge of the business with Uncle Ethan. It would please uncle, how it would please him, if you did!"
Dick stirred unhappily.
"It would take a lot of grind," he objected. "I haven't the head for it, really. I'm not such an awfully bad lot, but I hate work. Let's not be serious, cousin. How pretty the frosty wind makes you look!"
Emily tightened the reins with a brief sigh of resignation.
"Never mind, Dickie. I—uncle will find a substitute. Things must go on somehow, I suppose, even if we do not like the way."
But the way loomed distasteful that morning as never before.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PUT END TO FROG-FARMING
Audubon's Scheme Might Have Been Good but for One Small, Unforeseen Incident.
There is an amusing story told in connection with the first venture in frog-farming ever made in the United States.
Early in the last century Audubon, the great ornithologist, went down the Ohio river from Pennsylvania in a little steamer of his own, stopping at various points to obtain specimens of little-known birds.
While at Hendersonville, Kentucky, which he made his home for some time, he built a mill and proposed to raise frogs on a large scale, preparing for that purpose a pond near the river.
The frogs multiplied wonderfully, and on warm summer evenings it was the practice of Audubon to sit under a tree near the pond, listening to the concert given by his stock, and calculating the amount of money he should derive from the sale of the grown frogs.
But one night, when the frogs were nearly grown, they heard the booming of bullfrogs in the Ohio. Their curiosity was aroused, and hopping out of the pond, they made their way to the river, into which they plunged and disappeared!

Judicial Advice.
"I hope you won't be hard on me, judge," he said. "You see, I was under the influence of liquor when I done it."
"You seem to have been under the influence of something equally bad when you studied grammar." During the spare moments that you are going to have, permit yourself to indulge in judicious study of the construction of simple sentences. Here is one to begin with—sixty days."



"I See Him Now and Then."

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CHURCH DIRECTORY
(All churches are requested to send to The Herald notices such as following, for publication each week free.)
GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. G. Hess, pastor Sunday School at 10:30. Service at 11:30. German School at 1:30.
CHURCH—Grays Crossing—E. G. Hess pastor Sunday School at 10:30. Service at 11:00. German School, Saturday 1:30.
ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODMERE—Service and sermon at 4 p. m., every Sunday. Sunday School at 8:30 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.
SWEDISH LUTHERAN MEETING—Held every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., and in the evening at the Chapel at corner of Woodbine street and Third Avenue. Rev. B. S. Nyström, pastor.
SWEDISH BETHANIA CHAPEL, AUSTIN—Scandinavian Sunday school at 11 a. m. Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at 4 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 8:30 p. m. Prayer meetings and Bible study each Wednesday evening. Special music. All cordially welcome. Rev. Conklin, pastor.
LENTS FRIENDS CHURCH—South Main St. Sabbath School 10:30 a. m. Service 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 6:30 p. m. Evangelistic service 7:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday 7:40 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 11:30 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 BRETHREN CHURCH—2nd Ave. 6th St. E. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Preaching 11:00 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 693-1-3 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 8:30 P. M.; All welcome to these meetings. C. J. Cummings, Pastor, residence 68 East 45th St.; Phone Tabor 3621.
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. 948 Meets second Saturday at 7:30 p. 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.
MULNOMAH 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. 538—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.
DAMASCUS GRANGE, No. 266—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. 899—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., 5:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
Arrives 7:00 a. m., 8:30 p. m., 5:50 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
OREGON-WASHINGTON-SEATTLE
Phone A 9121, Private ex. 1
Leaves 8:30 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 3:00 p. m., 11:00 p. m.
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. m.
THE DALLES LOCAL
Leaves 4:30 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.
OVERLAND
Leaves 10:00 a. m., 5:50 p. m., arrives 12:45 a. m., 8:00 p. m.
SPOKANE
Leaves 9:30 p. m., arrives 11:45 a. m.
SOUTHERN PACIFIC WILLAMETTE LIMITED
Leaves 8:15 p. m., arrives 11:15 a. m.
ASHLAND
Leaves 8:30 a. m., arrives 9:30 p. m.
ROSEBURG
Leaves 8:50 p. m., arrives 4:00 p. m.
CALIFORNIA TRAINS
Leave at 1:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m., 8:15 p. m.
Arrive at 7:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
WEST SIDE
Corvallis, leave 7:30 a. m., arrive 6:30 p. m.
Hillsboro, leaves 7:30 a. m., 8:45 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
Leaves 7:45 a. m., arrives 5:45 p. m.
UNION DEPOT
Dallas, leaves 4:10 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.
SHERIDEN-UNION DEPOT
Leaves at 4:30 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.
TILLAMOOK
Leaves 8:45, Hillsboro, 10:00 Tillamook 4:35; leaves Tillamook 7:00 a. m., Hillsboro 1:15 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. 6:10 p. m., arrives 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m., Mon., 5:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
LANIER LOCAL
Leaves 1:00 p. m., 5:40 p. m., arrives 9:45 a. m., 5:15 p. m.
LYLE-GOLDENDALE
Leaves 9:55 a. m., arrives 5:30 p. m.
SPOKANE EXPRESS
Leaves 9:55 a. m., 7:00 p. m., arrives 8:10 a. m., 7:45 p. m.
COLUMBIA LOCAL
Leaves 5:30 p. m., arrives 9:25 a. m.
ELECTRIC LINES
OREGON ELECTRIC
Sales and way points
Leaving at 6:15 7:35, 8:40, 10:40; 1:50, 3:40, 6:15, 9:15
Arrives 8:45, 11:15; 1:15, 4:15, 5:25, 6:15, 8:20, 11:15
Hillsboro and Forest Grove
Leaves 6:40, 8:10, 10:30, 1:00, 4:05, 5:40, 8:15, 11:15
Arrives 7:50, 10:00, 12:05 a. m., 2:35, 6:15, 7:45, 9:35, 11:15 p. m.
UNITED RAILWAYS
Third and Stark, phone A 8761 Marshall 990
Leaving hourly from 6:15 a. m. to 12:15 p. m.
Arriving " " " 7:35 a. m. to 4:55 p. m.
PORTLAND RAILWAY LIGHT & POWER
Alder St. Station, A 6181, 608 Main
Oregon City, arrives and leaves each half hour from 6:50 a. m. to midnight.
Casadero, arrives and leaves 6:25, 8:45, 10:45 a. m., 12:45, 2:45, 4:45, 6:45 p. m., stopping at Troutdale, and Greenham, way points.
Gresham, Troutdale, leaves at 7:45, 9:45, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 3:45, 5:45, 11:30 p. m.
Vancouver, station Washington and Second
6:15, 6:50, 7:25, 8:05, 8:25, 9:10, 9:50, 10:30, 11:20 a. m., 12:10, 1:10, 1:50, 2:30, 3:15, 3:50, 4:30, 5:10, 6:30, 7:00, 7:40, 8:15, 9:15, 10:15, 10:55, 11:45.