## SERIAL STORY

# The FLYING **MERCURY**

Eleanor M. Ingram

"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 Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how 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 Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer.

### CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Ffrench and his niece were at first account of the Georgia race reached Ffrenchwood.

Su will take fresh coffee," Emily in her hand, when the door burst open and Dick hurried, actually hurried, into the room.

brandishing the morning newspaper. The first time for an American car izing, but there was no escape. with an American driver. And how he won it! He distanced every car on the track except the two big Italian and French machines. Those he couldn't get, of course; but the Frenchman went out in the fourth hour with a broken valve. Then he was set down for second place-second place, Emily, with every other big car in the country entered. They say he drove like, like-I don't know what. A hundred and some miles an hour on the straight stretches."

"Oh," Emily faltered, setting down the coffee-pot in her plate. He stopped her eagerly, half turning

toward Mr. Ffrench, who had put on his pince-nez to contemplate his nephew in stupefaction, not at his statement, but at his condition. "Wait. In the last hour, the Ital-

ian car lost its chain and went over into a ditch on a back stretch, three miles from a doctor. People around picked the men out of the wreck, and Lestrange came up to find that the driver was likely to die from a severed artery before help got there. Emily, he stopped, stopped, with victory in his hands, had the Italian lifted into the mechanic'an's seat, and Rupert held him in while they dashed page. around the course to the hospital. He got him there fifteen minutes before an ambulance could have reached him, and the man will get well. But Lestrange had lost six minutes. He had rushed straight to the doctor's, given them the man, and gone right on, but the had lost six minutes. When people realized what he'd done, they went wild. Every one thought he'd lost the race, but they cheered him until they couldn't shout. And he kept on driving. It's all here," he waved the gaudy sheet. "The paper's full of it. He had half an hour to make up six minutes, and he did it. He came in nineteen seconds ahead of the nearest car. The crowd swarmed out on the course and fell all over him. Old Bailey's nearly crazy."

To see Dick excited would have been marvel enough to hold his auditors mute, if the story itself had not possessed a quality to stir even nonsporting blood. Emily could only sit and gaze at the headlines of the extended newspaper, her dark eyes wide and shining, her soft lips apart.

"He telegraphed to Bailey," Dick added in the pause. "Ten words: 'First across line in Georgia race. Car in fine shape. Lestrange.' That was

Mr. Ffrench deliberately passed his coffee-pot to Emily.

"You had better take your break fast," he advised. "It is unusual to see you noticing business affairs, Dick; I might say unprecedented. I am glad if Bailey's new man is capable of his work, at least. I suppose for the rest, that he could scarcely do less than take an injured person to the hospital. Why are you putting sugar in my cup, Emily?"

"I don't know," she acknowledged

"I didn't mean to disturb any one, said Dick, sulky and resentful. "It'll be a big thing though for our cars, Bailey says. I didn't know you dis-

Mr. Ffrench stiffened in his chair. "I have not sufficient interest in the man to dislike him," was the cold re-"We will change the subject." Emily bent her head, remedying her mistake with the coffee. She comprehended that her uncle had conceived a high cedar hedge. While he was

Lestrange's engagement was proposed.

gentleman this morning?" he complained. "He wants the business to succeed, doesn't he? If he does, he ought to like what Lestrange is doing for it. What's the matter with him?" Emily shook back her yellow curls, turning her gaze on him.

"You might guess, Dickie. He is

"Lonely! He!" All the feminine impulse to defend

"Why not?" she exclaimed with paswith him in his house? No wonder he can not bear the man who is hired to do what a Ffrench should be doing. It is not the racing driver he dislikes, but the manager. And do not you blame him, Dick Ffrench."

Quite aghast, he stared after her as she turned away to the nearest win-But presently he followed her over, still holding the papers.

"Don't you want to read about the race?" he ventured. Smiling, though her lashes were

damp, Emily accepted the peace offering.

"You're not angry? You know I'm a stupid chump sometimes; I don't ling."

This time she laughed outright. "No; I am sorry I was cross. It is I who would like to shirk my work. Never mind me: let us read."

They did read, seated opposite each other in the broad window-seat and passing the sheets across as they finished them. Dick had not exaggerated, on the contrary he had not said | don!" enough. Lestrange and his car were breakfast, on the Sunday when the the focus of the hour's attention. The daring, the reckless courage that risked life for victory, the generosity which could throw that victory away was saying, the little silver pot poised to aid a comrade, and lastly the determination and skill which had won the conquest after all-the whole formed a feat too spectacular to escape pub-"He's won! He's got it!" he cried, lic hysteria. It was very doubtful indeed whether Lestrange liked his idol-

> The two who read were young. "It was a splendid fight," sighed



"Never Mind Me; Let Us Read."

Dick, when they dropped the last

"Yes," Emily assented. "When he comes back, when you see him, give him my congratulations."

"When I see him? Why don't you tell him yourself?" Something like a white shadow

wiped the scarlet of excitement from her cheeks, as she averted her face. "I shall not see him; I shall not go to the factory any more. It will be better, I am sure."

Vaguely puzzled and dismayed, Dick sat looking at her, not daring to question.

Emily kept her word during the weeks that followed. Through Dick and Bailey she heard of factory affairs; of the sudden increase of orders for the Mercury automobiles, the added prestige gained, and the public favor bestowed on the car. But she saw nothing of the man who was responsible for all this. Instead she went out more than ever before. Their social circle was too painfully exclusive to be large or gay.

Three times a week it was Mr. Ffrench's stately custom to visit the factory and inspect it with Bailey. At other times Bailey came up to the house, where affairs were conducted. But in neither place did Mr. Ffrench ever come in contact with his manager, during all the months while win-

ter waxed and waned again to spring. "That's Bailey's doing," chuckled Dick, when Emily finally wondered aloud at the circumstance. "He isn't going to risk losing Lestrange because our high and mighty uncle falls out with him. And it would be pretty likely to happen if they met. Lestrange has a temper, you know, even if it doesn't stick out all over him like a hedgehog; and a dozen other companies would give money to get

him." Emily nodded gravely. It was a sunny morning in the first of March, and the cousins were at the end of the old park surrounding Ffrenchwood, where they had strolled before breakfast. "Mr. Bailey likes Mr. Lestrange,"

she commented. "Likes him! He loves him. You know Lestrange lives with him; a bachelor household, cozy as grigs." Just past here ran the road, beyond

for the young manager, and she was ports of a motor had sounded down sorry. Sorry, although, remembering the valley, unmistakable to those fa-Balley's unfortunate speech the night | miliar with the testing of the stripped cars, and rapidly approaching. Now, she was not surprised. But she as Emily would have answered, the looked across to Dick sympathetical roar suddenly changed in character, ly. So sympathetically, that after an appalling series of explosions minbreakfast he followed her into the li- gled with the grind of outraged mabrary, the colored journals in his chinery suddenly braked, and some one shouted above the din. The next "What's the matter with the old instant a huge mass shot past the other side of the hedge and there followed a dull crash.

"That's one of our men!" gasped Dick, and plunged headlong through the shrubbery.

Dazed momentarily, Emily stood, then caught up her skirts and ran after him. She knew well enough what the testers of the cars risked.

"Dick!" she appealed. "Dick!" But it was not the wreck she anticipated that met her eyes as she came through the hedge. On the opposite "Who has he got? Who stands side of the road a long low skeleton car was standing, one side lurched drunkenly down with two wheels in the gutter. Still in his seat, the driver was leaning over the steering-wheel, out of breath, but laughing a greeting to the astonished Dick.

"A break in the steering-gear," he declared, by way of explanation. "I told Bailey it was a weak point; now perhaps he'll believe me and strengthen it."

"You're not hurt," Dick inferred. "I think she's not-a tire gone.

Find anything wrong, Rupert?" "Two tires off," said the laconic mechanician. "Two funerals postponed. That was a pretty stop, Dar-

"Very," coolly agreed Lestrange, rising and removing his goggles. "What's the matter, Ffrench?"

"You frightened us out of our five sense, that's all. Do you usually practise for races out here?"

"Us?" repeated Lestrange, and turning, saw the girl at the edge of the park. "Miss Ffrench, I beg your par-

The swift change in his tone, the ease of deference with which he bared his head and, motor caps not being readily donned or doffed, so remained bareheaded in the bright sunlight, savored of the Continent. "It is too commonplace to say good

morning," Emily replied, her color rising with her smile. "I am very glad you escaped. But that is commonplace, too, I'm afraid." "Every one is commonplace before

breakfast," reassured her cousin. "Honestly, Lestrange, do you practice racing here?"

"Hardly. I'm trying out the car; every car has to go through that before it is used. Don't you know that we've recently secured from the local authorities a permit to run at any speed over this road between four o'clock and eight in the morning? I thought all the countryside knew that."

"But we have a regiment of men to test cars." Lestrange passed a caressing glance

over the dingy-gray machine in its state of bareness that suggested in-

"This is my car, the one I'll race this spring and summer. No one drives it but me. Besides, I have to have some diversion." He stepped to the ground with the

last word, and went around to where

Rupert was on his knees beside the "Can you fix it here?" he demanded. "Not precisely," was the drawled reply. "Back to camp for it with a

horse in front." "All right. You'll have to walk down and get a car from Mr. Bailey

to tow it home." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

### HE GOT THROUGH THE GATE

Resourceful Chicagoan Tampered With the Truth, but Made His Point, Just the Same.

"When all is said and done Chicago people can beat the world in resource fulness," said an envious New Yorker. "An exile from that city wished to see his wife off on an eastern train that positively refuses admittance to the platform without a ticket. He accompanied his wife to the gate.

"'Just wait around on the platform a few seconds,' he said, 'and I'll come through and belp you arrange your luggage.

"'You can't go through,' said a guileless New York friend. 'If you have anything to say you'd better say it now.

" 'That's all right,' said the Chicago man. 'I'll be there.' "Two minutes later he dashed up

brandishing a baby's milk bottle in the face of the astonished gatekeeper. "'For heaven's sake, let me through,"

he said. 'I put this in my pocket at the last minute and my wife has gone off and forgotten it. The baby will starve to death if she doesn't get it' "The guileless New Yorker, who

lacked sufficient wit to see his own wife and three small children off, asped in sheer envy, while the childless Chicago man, using a milk bottle as a harmless weapon, fought his way through to the platform."

Wit of Augustus Thomas. "The trouble with amateur caryers," said Mr. Thomas, on one occasion, "is that the gravy so rarely matches the wall paper." A fatuous argument he characterized as "like a chorus girl's tights, which touch every point and cover nothing." When Mr. Thomas was rehearsing "The Witch ing Hour," one of the management stopped the players, and, turning to the author, remarked: "I think this would be a good place for some witty dialogue."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thomas. "As for instance?"-Channing Pollock in one of his strong, silent antipathies speaking, the irregular explosive re "The Footlights-Fore and Aft."

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## CHURCH DIRECTORY

(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. Service at 11:00. German School Saturday at 1:20. CHURCH—Grays Crossing. E. G. Hess paster Sunday School at 10:00. Service at 11:00. Ger-man School, Saturday 1:30.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODMERN Services and sermon at 4 p. m., every Sunday. Sunday School at 3:00 a. m. Communion service, on second Sunday of each month. Dr. Van Water and Rev. Oswald W. Taylor. LENTS BAPTIST CHURCH-First Avenue, Beat

Foster Road, Rev. J. N. Nelson pastor, Sunday Senool 10 a.m. Preaching 11 a.m., and 7:20 p. m. B. Y. P. U. meets at 6:30. Prayer-meeting Thursday evening at 7:50. SWEDISH LUTHERAN MEETING-Held every

BWEDISH BETHANIA CHAPEL, ANABEL—
Scandinavian Sunday School at 11 a. m.,
Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at 5
p. m. Scandinavian people cordially invited
and welcome. GRACE EVANGELICAL CHURCH, LENTS-

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.

vices at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., Epworth League 6:30. Prayer meeting Thursday even-ing of each week. All most cordially invited. gev. W. Boyd Moore, pastor.

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor Residence 6921-3 Lovejoy 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. Cum-

[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.]

PLEASANT VALLEY GRANGE No. 348
Meets second Saturday at 7:20 p. m., and fourth Saturday at 10:20 a. m. every month.

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

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

LENTS GRANGE-Meets second Saturday o CLACKAMAS GRANGE, NO. 298— Meets the first Saturday in the month at 10:20 a. m. and the third Saturday at 7:30 p. m. BANDY GRANGE, No. 192. Meets second Baturday of each month at 10 o'clock a. m. COLUMBIA GRANGE NO. 207.—Meets in all day session first Saturday in each month in grange hall near Corbett at 10 a. m.

UNION DEPOT, NORTHERN PACIFIC Phone A 6541, Main 6681

Leaves 7:10 a. m., 10:80 a. m. 8:80 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

Arrives 6:45 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 5:30 p. m., 6:30 p.m. PENDLETON LOCAL

THE DALLES LOCAL Leaves 4:00 p. m., arrives 10:00 a. m. OVERLAND

Leaves 10:00 a. m., 8:60 p. m., arrives 19:45 a. m., SPOKANE

SOUTHERN PACIFIC WILLAMETTE LIMITED Leaves 5:15 p. m., arrives 11:15 a. m. ASHLAND

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. s

Hillsboro, leaves 7:20 a. m., 8:45 a. m., 4:20 p. m., 5:40 p. m. Arrive 8:00 a. m., 10:20 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:10 p. JEFFERSON STREET
Dallas, leaves 7:40 s. m. arrives 5:45 p. m.

Dallas, leaves 4:10 p. m., arrives 10:30 s. m 8HERIDEN-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 1:46 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., 8:30 p. m., arrives 12:20 p. m., 12:40 p. m. Mon., 9:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m. RANIER LOCAL

LYLE-GOLDENDALE

Leaves 9:55 a. m., 7:00 p. m. arrives 8:10 a. m. 7:45 p. m. COLUMBIA LOCAL Leaves 5:80 p m., arrives 9:55 a. m.

OREGON ELECTRIC Salem and way points Leaving at 6:15 7:35, 8:40, 10:40; 1:50, 8:40, 6:18,

Arrives 8:45, 11:15; 1:15, 4:15, 5:25, 6:15, 8:20,11:18 Hillsboro and Forest Grove Leaves 5:40, 8:10, 10:30, 1:00, 4:05, 5:40, 8:15 11:15

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mings, Pastor, residence os East 45th St; Phone Tabor 3621.

### GRANGE DIRECTORY

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

RUSSELLVILLE GRANGE, NO. 853-Meets in he schoolhouse the third Saturday of each

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

RAILROAD TIME CARD

Phone A 6121, Private ex. 1 Leaves 8:80 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 8:00 p. m., 11:60p.m.

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m., 1:45, 8:45, 5:45, 11:35 p. m.
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6:15, 6:50, 7:25, 8:50, 8:35, 9:19, 9:50, 10:30,
11:55 a. m., 12:30, 1:10, 1:50, 2:30, 8:10, 8:50,
4:26, 5:19, 5:50, 6:30, 7:06, 7:40, 8:15, 9:25, 10:38