

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By **Eleanor M. Ingram**
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"The Game and the Candle"
Illustrations by
RAY WALTERS
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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily French, a relative of Ethan French, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick French, 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 French car and directs Miss French how to proceed. Ethan French 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 French wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrage, and at the French factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrage ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Rupert got up, his dark, malign little face twisted.

"If I'd broken a leg they'd have sent a cart for me," he mourned. "Now I'll have to walk, and I ain't used to it. Hard luck!"

"If you go around to the stables they will give you my pony cart," Emily offered impulsively. "You, her dimpling smile gleamed out, "you once put a tire on for me, you know. Please let me return the service."

Rupert's black eyes opened, a slow grin of appreciation crinkled streaks of dust and oil as he surveyed the young girl.

"I'll put tires on every wheel you run into control, day and night shifts," he acknowledged with sweet cordiality. "But I'm no horse-chaufeur, thanks; I guess I'll walk."

"He is a gentle pony," she remonstrated. "Any one can drive him."

He turned a side glance toward the motionless car.

"That's all right, but I'm used to being killed other ways. I'll be going."

"Jack Rupert, do you mean to tell me that you will race with Lestrage every season, and yet you're afraid to drive a fat cob?" cried the delighted Dick.

"I'm not telling anything. I had a chum who was pitched out by a horse he lost control of, and broke his neck. I'm taking no chances."

"How many men have you seen break their necks out of autos?"

"That's in business," pronounced Rupert succinctly. "I'm going on, Darling; it's only a two-mile run."

"Here, wait," Dick urged. "Emily, I'll stroll around to the stables with him and make one of the men drive him down. You don't mind my leaving you?"

"No," Emily answered. "I will wait for you."

She might have walked back alone, if she had chosen. But instead she sat down on a boulder near the hedge, folding her hands in her lap like a demure child. The house was so dull, so hopelessly monotonous contrasted with this fresh, wind-tossed outdoors and Lestrage in his vigor of life and glamour of ultra-modern adventure.

"You and Mr. French are very good," Lestrage said presently. "I am afraid I appreciate it more than Rupert, though."

"Is he really afraid of horses?"

"I should not wonder; I never tried him. But he is amazingly truthful."

Their eyes met across the strip of sunny road as they smiled; again Emily felt the sudden confidence, the falling away of all constraint before the direct clarity of his regard.

"You won't your race," she said irrelevantly. "I was glad, since you wanted it."

"Thank you," he returned with equal simplicity. "But I did not want it that way, so far as I was concerned."

"Yes, it was the next step?"

"Yes, it was the next step. I meant that one does not care to be victor because the leading cars were wrecked. There is no elation in defeating a driver who lies out on the course. But, as you say, it helped my purpose. You," he hesitated for the right phrase, "you are most kind to recall that I have a purpose."

It was the convent-bred Emily who looked back at him, earnest-eyed, excitedly serious.

"I have thought of it often. Every one else that I know just lives the way things happen—there are only a few things who grasp things and make them happen. That is real work; so many of us are just given work we do not want—" she broke off.

"If we do not want the work, it is probably not our own," said Lestrage. "Unless we have brought it on ourselves by a fault we must un-

do—I need not speak of that to you. One must not make the mistake of assuming some one else's work."

He spoke gently, almost as if with a clairvoyant reading of her tendency to self-immolation.

"But may not some one else's fault be given to us to undo?" she asked eagerly. "May not their work be forced on us?"

"No," he answered. "No," he bewilderer. "I don't think so. Each one of us has enough with his own, at least so it seems to me. Most of us die before we finish it."

Emily paused, contending with the loneliness and doubts which impelled her to speech, the feminine yearning to let another decide her problems. This other's nonchalant strength of decision allured her uncertainty.

"I am discouraged," she confessed. "And tired. There is no reason why I should not speak of it. You know Dick, how he can do nothing in the factory or business, or in the places where a French should stand. All this must fall into the hands of strangers, to be broken and forgotten when my uncle dies, for lack of some one who would care. And Uncle Ethan seems severe and hard, but it grieves him all the time. His only son was not a good man; he lives abroad with his wife, who was an actress before he married her. You know that?" as he moved.

"I heard something of it in the village," Lestrage admitted gravely. "Please do not think me fond of gossip; I could not avoid it. But I should not have imagined this a family likely to make low marriages."

"It never happened before. I never saw that cousin, nor did Dick; but he was always a disappointment, always. Uncle Ethan has told me. And since he failed, and Dick fails, there is only me."

"You?"

She nodded, her lip quivering.

"Only me. Not as a substitute—I am not fit for that—but to find a substitute. I have promised my uncle to marry the first one who is able to be that."

The silence was absolute. Lestrage neither moved nor spoke, gazing down at her bent head with an expression blending many shades.

"It is a duty; there is no one except me," she added. "Only sometimes"



"You Are Most Kind."

I grow—to dislike it too much. I am so selfish that sometimes I hope a substitute will never come."

Her voice died away. It was done; she, Emily French, had deliberately confided to this stranger that which an hour before she would have believed no one could force from her lips in articulate speech. And she neither regretted nor was ashamed, although there was time for full realization before Lestrage answered.

"I did not believe," he said, "that such things could be done. It is nonsense! It is the kind of situation, Miss French, where any man is justified in interfering. I beg you will leave the affair in my hands and think no more of such morbid self-sacrifice."

Stupefied, Emily flung back her head, starting at him.

"In your hands?"

"Since there are none better, it appears. Why," his vivid face questioned her full and straightly, "you didn't imagine that any man living could hear what you are doing, and pass on?"

"My uncle knows—"

"Your uncle—is not for me to criticize. But do not ask any other man to let you go on."

Her ideas reeling, she struggled for comprehension.

"You, what could you do?" she marvelled. "The substitute—"

"There won't be any substitute," replied Lestrage with perfect coolness. "I shall train Dick French to do his work."

"You—"

"I can, and I will."

"He can not—"

"Oh, yes, he can; he is just idle and spoiled," the firm lips set more firmly. "He shall take his place, I can handle him."

Emily sat quite helplessly, her eyes black with excitement. Slowly recollection flowed back to her of a change in Dick since his light contact with Lestrage; his avoidance of even occasional highballs, his awakening interest in the clean sport of the races, and his half-wistful admiration for the virile driver-manager.

"I almost believe you could," she conceded.

"I can," repeated Lestrage. "Only," he openly smiled, "it will be hard on Dick."

It was the touch needed, the antidote to sentiment. Emily laughed with him, laughed in sheer mischief and relief and leap of youth.

"You will be gentle—poor Dickie!"

"I'll be gentle. He is coming now, I think." He took a step nearer her

"You will leave this in my care, wholly? You will not trouble about a substitute?"

"I will leave it with you. But you are forgetting your own doctrine; you are taking some one else's work to do."

"Pardon, I am merely making French do his work. I have seen a little more of him than you perhaps know; I understand what I am undertaking. Moreover, I would forget a great many doctrines to set you free."

"Free?" she echoed; she had the sensation of being suddenly confronted with an open door into the unexpected.

"Free," he quietly reassured. "Free to live your own life and draw unhampered breath, and to decide the great question when it comes, with thought only of yourself."

She drew back; a present dismay fell sharply across her late relief, a panic crossed with strange delight.

"He's off," called Dick, emerging from the park. "I made Anderson take him down with the limousine. At least, Rupert is driving while Anderson sits alongside and holds on; when they came to the turn in the avenue, your previous mechanic took it full speed and then apologized for going so slowly because, as he said, he was an amateur and likely to upset. He is really a good driver, Lestrage."

"Pretty fair," returned Lestrage serenely from his seat on the edge of the ditched machine. "When I'm not using him, he's employed as one of the factory car testers; and when we're racing I give him the wheel if I want to fix anything. However, I'm obliged to that steering-knuckle for breaking here, instead of leaving me to a long wait in the wilds. Come down to the shop tomorrow at six, and Rupert and I will even up by taking you for a run."

"Who? me? You're asking me?"

"Why not? It's exhilarating."

Dick removed his hat and ran his fingers through his hair, gratification and alarm mingling in his expression with somewhat the effect of the small boy who is first invited into a game with his older brother's clique.

"You—er, wouldn't smash me up?" he hesitated.

"I haven't smashed up Rupert or myself, so far. If you feel timid, never mind, of course; I'll take my usual companion."

Dick flushed all over his plump face, the French blood up at last.

"I was only joking," he hastily explained. "I'll come. It's only that you're so confidently reckless sometimes, Lestrage, and— But I'll come."

Lestrage gave his fine, glinting smile as he rose to salute Emily.

"All right. If you don't get down to the factory in time, I'll call for you," he promised.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LUCINDA HAS A GRIEVANCE

Annoyed at Glare in Return for What Was Intended as a Kindly Action.

"You know how the wind blows around the Flatiron building!" said Lucinda interrogatively. "Well," she continued, "yesterday when it was so windy just as I was passing the nose of the building—you know the nose, that's the show window that projects from the building's northern point—just as I was passing the nose I felt something touch my foot, and when I looked down I saw there a man's hat."

"Now you know most girls won't pick up a man's hat. They simply let it blow past them unless it's an old man's or a cripple's for fear that the man will presume on this to add too many smiles to his thanks, but it seems to me that men are likely to be gentlemen. And anyway there was that man's hat at my foot and here was the man running after it, coming from Twenty-third street way, and I just stooped, or started to stoop, to stop it for him, but just as I did that another gust of wind struck it and away it went on around the corner down Broadway."

"All this, you understand, occupied only a brief space of time, and almost the next instant the man running for his hat came along past me, and do you know as he went by he glared at me? He fairly glared at me as if he thought I'd pushed his hat when I bent over or given it a kick, when really I had tried to stop his hat for him."

"My brother Claude tells me that we are any of us liable to be misunderstood, even when our motives are of the best, and we must not bother, and I guess that is so. But still this wasn't pleasant, and I guess I'll have to stop picking up even old men's hats and join the ranks of the girls that let men's hats roll by."—New York Sun.

Concerning Warts.

Strange beliefs relating to warts are by no means confined to the young and illiterate. They are sometimes found among persons of mature age and high intelligence.

The noted German physician, Genewelt, recorded a case in which the cutting off of a single wart from a patient's hand was speedily followed by the disappearance of all the warts on his other hand. The same authority mentions another case in which the removal of a wart from a patient's hand was followed by the disappearance of one from his chin.

In a country neighborhood the boy who is without his special wart cure is an object of pity. One way to remove a wart is to rub it with a bit of stolen bacon. Another was to persuade a friend to count the warts and a third was to rub them with a cent piece and cast the coin into a pond.

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Necessity for Salt.

All farm animals have an instinctive craving for salt. If it is so placed as to be always within their reach, they will consume just as much as they need, and no more. It is only when it has been kept from them for a long period that there is danger of their eating too much. It is, therefore, an excellent practice to keep it in a box or boxes where they can have access to it whenever they desire.

When they are salted, as is the practice with many farmers, only once a week, while some may get enough others may suffer from a deficient supply. Salt promotes an active circulation of the blood, which never becomes thick and sluggish so long as the supply is plentiful; it assists digestion, and is often a preventive of disease. It is so cheap that no stock-raiser can really afford to deny to his animals all they want of it.

Ideals the Guiding Star.

Ideals are like stars; you will not succeed in touching them with your hands. But, like the seafaring man on deserts of water, you choose them as your guides, and following them reach your destiny.—Carl Schurz.

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

GERMAN EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN CHURCH—Grays Crossing, E. G. Hess, pastor Sunday School at 10:30. Services 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. German School, Saturday 1:30.

ST. PAUL'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WOODMERE—Services and sermon at 4 p. m., every Sunday. Sunday School at 8:00 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 Firland avenue. Rev. B. S. Nystrom, pastor.
SWEDISH BETHANIA CHAPEL, ANABEL—Scandinavian Sunday School at 11 a. m. Bible study and prayer meeting Friday at 4 p. m. Scandinavian people cordially invited and welcome.

GLACE 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 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 St. Sabbath School 10:00 a. m. Service 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 7:30 p. m. 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.

TELEPHONE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH—42nd Ave. 4th St. E. Sunday School at 10:30 a. m. Preaching 11:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor 8:30 p. m. Preaching 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Mrs. J. Tobin, pastor.

MILLARD AVE. PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Levi Johnson, pastor. Residence 691-12 Lovejoy St. Services: Sunday School at 10 a. m., Morning Worship 11 a. m.
ELEVENTH DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH—Saturday Sabbath School 10 A. M. Saturday Preaching 11 A. M. Sunday Preaching 9:00 P. M.; All welcome to these meetings. C. J. Cummings, Pastor, residence 16 East 6th St.; Phone Tabor 3021.

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. 348 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.
MULTNOMAH GRANGE, No. 7L—Meets the fourth Saturday in every month at 10 a. m., in Grange hall, Orient.
FAIRVIEW GRANGE—Meets first Saturday and the third Friday of each month.
RUSSELLVILLE GRANGE, No. 333—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. 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. 292—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 631, Main 6381
Leaves 7:10 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.
Arrives 7:50 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 6:50 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
OREGON-WASHINGTON-SEATTLE
Phone A 613, Private ex. 1
Leaves 8:30 a. m., 1:45 p. m., 8:30 p. m., 11:00 p. m.
Arrives 6:45 a. m., 2:30 p. m., 6:30 p. m., 8:30 p. m.
PENDLETON LOCAL
THE DALLES LOCAL
Leaves 7:50 a. m., arrives 10:00 a. m.
OVERLAND
Leaves 10:30 a. m., 8:50 p. m., arrives 12:45 a. m., 8:00 p. m.
Leaves 9:00 p. m., arrives 11:45 a. m.
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
WILLAMETTE LIMITED
Leaves 5:15 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 a. m., 8:15 p. m.
Arrive at 7:00 a. m., 8:15 a. m., 2:30 p. m.
WEST SIDE
Corvallis, leaves 7:30 a. m., arrive 6:20 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., 10:20 a. m., 2:45 p. m., 4:15 p. m.
JEFFERSON STREET
Dallas, leaves 7:40 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 4:50 p. m., arrives 10:30 a. m.
TILLAMOOK
Leaves 8:15, Hillsboro, 10:50 Tillamook 4:25. Leaves Tillamook 7:30 p. m., Hillsboro 1:40 p. m., arrives in Portland 2:45 p. m.
NORTH BANK
Phone A 623, Marshall 920
ASTORIA AND SEASIDE
Leaves 8:00 a. m., 9:10 a. m., 2:30 p. m. Sat., 5:00 p. m., arrives 12:30 p. m., 12:40 p. m. Mon., 9:10 p. m., 10:30 p. m.
RANIER LOCAL
Leaves 1:00 p. m., 5:45 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., 7:30 p. m. arrives 8:10 a. m., 7:45 p. m.
COLUMBIA LOCAL
Leaves 5:30 p. m., arrives 9:55 a. m.
ELECTRIC LINES
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Salem and way points
Leaving at 6:15 7:25, 8:40, 10:40; 1:50, 3:40, 4:15, 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, 1:30, 4:05, 5:40, 8:15 11:15
Arrives 7:50, 10:50, 12:05, a. m., 7:25, 8:15, 7:45, 9:55, 11:15 p. m.
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Vancouver, station Washington and Second 6:15, 8:50, 7:20, 8:35, 9:25, 6:10, 8:50, 10:30, 11:20 a. m., 12:20, 1:10, 1:55, 2:35, 5:15, 8:50, 4:20, 6:10, 6:50, 8:30, 7:05, 7:40, 8:15, 9:35, 10:45 11:40.