



BY GEORGE BARR MCGUIREON  
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CHAPTER II.  
In Which a Young Woman Trespasses.

**M**R. SHAW was a tall young man of thirty or thereabouts, smooth faced, good looking and athletic. It was quite true that he wore a red coat when tramping through his woods and vales, not because it was fashionable, but because he had a vague horror of being shot at by some nearsighted Nimrod from Manhattan. A crowd of old college friends had just left him alone in the hills after spending several weeks at his place, and his sole occupation these days, aside from directing the affairs about the house and grounds, lay in the efforts to commune with nature by means of a shotgun and a fishing rod. His most constant companion was a pipe, his most loyal follower a dog.

As he sauntered slowly down the river road that afternoon, smiling retrospectively from time to time as he looked into the swift, narrow stream that had welcomed his adversaries of the morning, he little thought of the encounter in store for him. The little mountain stream was called a river by courtesy because it was yards wider than the brooks that struggled impotently to surpass it during the rainy season. But it was deep and turbulent in places, and it had a roar at times that commanded the respect of the foothardy.

"The poor devils might have drowned, eh, Bonaparte?" he mused, addressing the dog at his side. "Confounded nuisance, getting wet after all, though. Lord Bazelhurst wants war, does he? That log down there is the dividing line in our river, eh? And I have to stay on this side of it. By George, he's a mean spirited person, and it's his wife's land, too. I wonder what she's like. It's a pity a fellow can't have a quiet, decent summer up here in the hills. Still—lighting his pipe—"I dare say I can give as well as I take. If I stay off his land they'll have to keep off of mine. Hello, who's that? A man, by George, but he looks like a partridge. As I live, Bonaparte is pointing. Ha, ha, that's one on you, Dony!" Mr. Shaw stepped into the brush at the side of the path and watched the movements of the man at the "log," now less than 100 yards away.

Lord Bazelhurst, attired in his brown corduroys and his tan waistcoat, certainly suggested the partridge as he hopped nimbly about in the distant foreground, cocking his ears from time to time with all the aloofness of that wily bird. He was, strange to relate, some little distance from Bazelhurst territory, an actual if not a confident trespasser upon Shaw's domain. His horse, however, was tethered to a sapling on the safe side of the log, comfortably browsing on Bazelhurst grass. Randolph Shaw, an unseen observer, was considerably mystified by the actions of his unusual visitor.

His lordship paced back and forth with a stride that grew firmer as time brought forth no hostile impediments. His monocle ever and anon was directed both high and low in search of Shaw or his henchmen, while his face was rapidly resolving itself into a bloom of rage.

"Confound him," his lordship was muttering, looking at his timepiece with stern disapproval, "he can't expect me to wait here all day. I'm on his land, and I'll stay here as long as I like!" (At this juncture he involuntarily measured the distance between himself and the log.) "I knew it was all a bluff, his threat to put me off. Hang it all, where is the fellow? I won't go up to his beastly house. I won't gratify him by going up there even to give him his orders. Demmed cad, blowhard! Five o'clock, confound him! I dare say he's seen me and has crawled off into the underbrush. He's afraid of me; he's a coward. It is as I feared. I can't see the rascal. There's only one thing left for me to do. I'll pin a note to this tree. Confound him, he shall hear from me. He'll have to read it."

Whereupon his lordship drew forth a large envelope from his pocket and proceeded to fasten it to the trunk of a big tree which grew in the middle of the road, an act of premeditation which showed strange powers of prophecy. How could he, except by means of clairvoyance, have known before leaving home that he was not to meet his enemy face to face?

As Mr. Shaw afterward read the note and tossed it into the river, it is only fair that the world should know its contents while it hung unfolded to the bark of the tall tree. It said in a very scrawling hand: "Mr. Shaw, I have looked all over this end of your land for you this afternoon. You doubtless choose to avoid me. So be it. Let me state once and for all that your conduct is despicable. I came here personally to tell you to keep off my land henceforth and forever. I will not repeat this warning, but will instead, if you persist, take such summary measures as would best a person of your instincts. I trust you will feel the importance of keeping off." To this his lordship bravely signed himself.

"There," he muttered, again holding his watch and fob up for close inspection, "he'll not soon overlook what I've said in that letter, confound him!" He had not observed the approach of Randolph Shaw, who now stood, pipe in hand, some twenty paces behind him in the road.

"What the devil are you doing?" demanded a strong bass voice. It had the effect of a cannon shot.

His lordship leaped half out of his corduroys, turned with agonizing abruptness toward the tall young man and gasped "Oh!" so shrilly that his horse looked up with a start. The next instant his watch dropped forgotten from his fingers, and his nimble little legs scurried for territory beyond the log. Nor did he pause upon reaching that supposedly safe ground. The swift glance he gave the nearby river was significant as well as apprehensive. It moved him to increased but unpolished haste.

He leaped frantically for the saddle, scorning the stirrups, landing broadside, but with sufficient nervous energy in reserve to scramble on and upward into the seat. Once there he kicked the animal in the flanks with both heels, clutching with his knees and reaching for the bridle rein in the same motion. The horse plunged obediently, but came to a stop with a jerk that almost unseated the rider; the sapling swayed; the good but forgotten rein held firm.

"Ha!" gasped his lordship as the horrid truth became clear to him. "Charge, Bonaparte!" shouted the man in the road.

"Soldiers!" cried the rider, with a wild look among the trees. "My dog," called back the other. "He charges at the word."

"Well, you know, I saw service in the army," apologized his lordship, with a pale smile. "Get up!" to the horse.

"What's your hurry?" asked Shaw, grinning broadly as he came up to the log.

"Don't—don't you dare to step over that log!" shouted Bazelhurst.

"All right. I see; but, after all, what's the rush?" The other was puzzled for the moment.

"I'm practicing, sir," he said unsteadily, "how to mount on a run, demmit. Can't you see?"

"In case of fire, I imagine. Well, you made excellent time. By the way, what has this envelope to do with it?"

"Who are you, sir?"

"Shaw. And you?"

"You'll learn when you read that document. Take it home with you."

"Ah, yes; I see it's for me. Why don't you untie that hitch rein? And what the dickens do you mean by having a hitch rein anyway? No rider!"

"Confound your impudence, sir! I did not come here to receive instructions from you, dem you!" cried his lordship defiantly. He had succeeded at that moment in surreptitiously slashing the hitch rein in two with his pocketknife. There was nothing now to prevent him from giving the obtrusive young man a defiant farewell. "I am Lord Bazelhurst. Good day, sir!"

"Just a minute, your lordship," called Shaw. "No doubt you were timing yourself a bit ago, but that's no reason why you should leave your watch on my land. Of course I've nothing against the watch, and, while I promise you faithfully that any human being from your side of the log who ventures over on my side shall be ejected in one way or another, it would seem senseless for me to kick this timepiece into the middle of next week."

"Don't you dare kick that watch. It's a hundred years old."

"Far be it from me to take advantage of anything so old. Don't you want it any longer?"

"Certainly, sir. I wouldn't part from it."

"Then why don't you come over and get it? Do you expect me to break the rule by coming over on to your land to hand it to you?"

"I shouldn't call that trespassing, don't you know," began his lordship.

"Ah! Nevertheless, if you want this watch you'll have to come over and get it."

"By Jove, now, that's a demmed mean trick, I'm mounted. Beastly annoying, I say, would you mind tossing it up to me?"

"I wouldn't touch it for \$10. By the way, I'll just read this note of yours." Lord Bazelhurst nervously watched him as he read; his heart lightened perceptibly as he saw a good humored smile struggle to the tall young man's face. It was, however, with some misgiving that he studied the broad shoulders and powerful frame of the erstwhile poacher. "Very good of you, I'm sure, to warn me."

"Good of me? It was imperative, let me tell you, sir. No man can abuse my servants and trample all over my land and disturb my fish!"

"Excuse me, but I haven't time to listen to all that. The note's sufficient. You've been practicing the running mount until it looks well nigh perfect to me, so I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll step back thirty paces and then you come over and get the watch—if you're

not afraid of me—and I'll promise—" "Afraid? Demmit, sir, didn't I say I was Lord Bazelhurst? Of the guards, sir, and the Seventy-first? Conf—" "You come over and get the watch and then see if you can get back to the horse and mount before I get to the log. If I beat you there, you lose. How's that?" "I decline to make a fool of myself. Either you will restore my watch to me or I shall instantly go before the



"Afraid? Didn't I say I was Lord Bazelhurst?"

authorities and take out a warrant. I came to see you on business, sir, not folly. Lady Bazelhurst herself would have come had I been otherwise occupied, and I want to assure you of her contempt. You are a disgrace to her countrymen. If you ever put foot on our land I shall have you thrown into the river. Demmit, sir, it's no laughing matter. My watch, sir." "Come and get it." "Sealawag!" "By George, do you know if you get too personal I will come over there." Randolph Shaw advanced with a threatening scowl.

(TO BE CONTINUED)  
**BREVITIES**

Oyster Cocktails at Shearer's, Forest Grove. Try them. 1-4t  
Word received from Prof. Gardner, former superintendent of the Forest Grove Public Schools, states that it has been two below zero at Lakeview, Oregon, where he is now located, for several days past.

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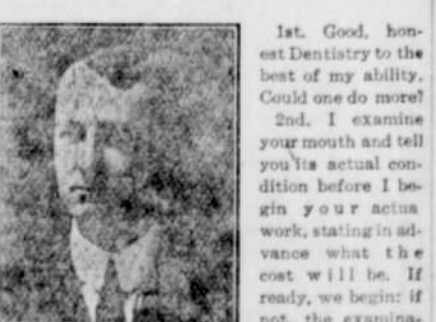
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Miss Hazel Stockman, of the Hoffman & Allen store, was detained from business several days last week by sickness.

Henry Berkholtz came over from Gaston Tuesday to help fill the ballot box. Mr. Berkholtz is now running a billiard parlor in the neighboring town.

Miss Margaret Whealdon, of The Dalles, a graduate of Pacific University, visited with her sister, Miss Jerrene Whealdon, at Herrick Hall, over Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. A. K. Higgs, Dr. and Mrs. E. N. Crockett and Miss Margaret Raimbault, of Portland, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Hoffman, at Green Gables, Sunday.

"Cyclone" Davis, the silver tongued orator of Democracy from the Lone Star state, delivered an interesting address upon matter political before a fair-sized audience at Vert's Liberal Hall, Saturday evening.

Miss Manche Langley, the popular young lady lawyer and society leader of this city, returned last Thursday from a vacation of three weeks, spent among the orange groves of California. Miss Langley had a most delightful and restful trip and will take up her work with renewed energy and vim.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shively, of Portland, visited over Sunday at the home of Mrs. Shively's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Peterson.

Ed. Fisher, the well-known fire insurance man of this city, came in off the road to cast his ballot Tuesday and incidentally to boost for single tax.

I. P. Vanney of Dilley, accompanied by Mrs. Vanney, was a Grove visitor Monday. Mr. Vanney called at the Press office and reported the sale of a number of gooseberry plants as the result of a small advertisement placed in the Press.

Dr. Lowe, Nov. 21st. 1-1t

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At Greatly Reduced Prices

All Furniture that is tagged with red tags are the close-outs. Some of these pieces have been in stock for some time and seemed to be slow sellers, but I have reduced the prices so that they will move now. That I have a limited amount of different articles, as follows:  
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In fact something of each article. You will have to come early to get the best buys.

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A Paint Insurance Policy. We have the exclusive sale in this vicinity for GOLD SEAL PAINT. We are authorized by the manufacturer to issue a written guarantee over our own signature that the paint will last five years. Special GOLD SEAL PAINT at \$1.95 per Gallon.  
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A few remnants of Linoleum cheap. All Linoleums reduced.

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