



BY GEORGE BARR MOUTCHEON

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"Ha, ha!" laughed his lordship shrilly. "I dare you!" He turned his horse's head for home and moved off a yard or more. "Whoa! Curse you! This is the deendest horse to manage I've ever owned. Stand still, confound you! Whoa!"

"He'll stand if you stop licking him." "Hallow! Hey, Bazelhurst!" came a far distant voice. The adversaries glanced down the road and beheld two horsemen approaching from Bazelhurst Villa—the duke and the count.

"By Jove," muttered his lordship, suddenly deciding that it would not be convenient for them to appear on the scene at its present stage, "my friends are calling me. Her ladyship doubtless is near at hand. She rides, you know—I mean dem you! Wouldn't have her see you for a fortune. Not another word, sir! You have my orders. Stay off or I'll throw you off!" This last threat was almost shrieked and was plainly heard by the two horsemen.

"By Jove, he's facing the fellow," said the duke to the count.

"Ees eet Shaw? Parbleu!"

"I'll send some one for that watch. Don't you dare to touch it," said his lordship in tones barely audible. Then he loped off to meet his friends and turn them back before they came too close for comfort. Randolph Shaw laughed heartily as he watched the retreat. Seeing the newcomers halt and then turn abruptly back into their tracks, he picked up the watch and strolled off into the woods, taking a short cut for the dirt road which led up to his house.

"I had him begging for mercy," explained his lordship as he rode along. "I was on his land for half an hour before he would come within speaking distance. Come along. I need a drink."

Young Mr. Shaw came to the road in due time and paused, after his climb, to rest on a stone at the wayside. He was still a mile from home and in the loneliest part of his domain. The Bazelhurst line was scarcely a quarter of a mile behind him. Trees and underbrush grew thick and impenetrable alongside the narrow, winding road. The light of heaven found it difficult to struggle through to the highway below. Picturesque but lonely and somber indeed were his surroundings.

"Some one coming?" he said aloud, as Bonaparte pricked up his ears and looked up the road. A moment later a horse and rider turned the bend a hundred yards away and came slowly toward him. He started to his feet with an exclamation. The rider was a woman, and she was making her way leisurely toward the Bazelhurst lands. "Lady Bazelhurst, I'll bet my hat," thought he with a quiet whistle. "By George, this is awkward! My first trespasser is in petticoats. I say, she's a beauty—a ripping beauty. Lord, Lord, what do such women mean by giving themselves to little rats like Bazelhurst? Oh, the shame of it! Well, it's up to me. If I expect to 'make good' I've just got to fire her off these grounds."

Naturally he expected to be very polite about it—instinctively so. He could not have been otherwise. The horsewoman saw him step into the middle of the road, smiling oddly but deferentially. Her slim figure straightened, her color rose, and there was a—yes, there was a relieved gleam in her eyes. As she drew near he advanced, hat in hand, his face uplifted in his most winning smile—savoring more of welcome than of repulsion.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "doubtless you are not aware that this is proscribed land."

"Then you are Mr. Shaw?" she asked, checking her horse with premeditated surprise and an emphasis that puzzled him.

"Yes, madam," he responded gravely. "the hated Shaw. Permit me," and he politely grasped the bridle rein. To her amazement he deliberately turned and began to lead her horse, willy nilly, down the road, very much as if she were a child taking her first riding lesson.

"What are you doing, sir?" she exclaimed sharply. There was a queer flutter of helplessness in her voice.

"Putting you off," he answered innocently. She laughed in delight, and he looked up with a relieved smile. "I'm glad you don't mind. I have to do it. These feuds are such beastly things, you know. One has to live up to them whether he likes it or not."

"So you are putting me off your place? Oh, how lovely!"

"It isn't far, you know—just down by those big rocks. Your line is there. Of course," he went on politely, "you know that there is a feud."

"Oh, yes; I've heard you discussed. Besides, I met Tompkins and James this morning. Pardon me, Mr. Shaw, but I fancy I can get on without being led. Would you mind?"

"My dear madam, there is no alternative. I have taken a solemn vow personally to eject all Bazelhurst trespassers from my place. You forget that I am, by your orders, to be thrown into the river and all that. Don't be alarmed! I don't mean to throw you into the river."

"By my orders? It seems to me that you have confused me with Lord Bazelhurst."

"Heaven has given me keener perception, your ladyship. I have seen his lordship."

"Ah, may I inquire whether he was particularly rough with you this afternoon?"

"I trust I am too chivalrous to answer that question."

"You are quite dry."

"Thank you. I deserve the rebuke, all right."

"Oh, I mean you haven't been in the river."

"Not since morning. Am I walking too fast for you?"

"Not at all. One couldn't ask to be put off more considerably."

"By Jove," he said involuntarily, his admiration getting the better of him.

"I beg your pardon," with slightly elevated eyebrows.

"Do you know, you're not at all what I imagined you'd be."

"Oh? And I fancy I'm not at all whom you imagined me to be."

"Heavens! Am I ejecting an innocent bystander? You are Lady Bazelhurst?"

"I am Penelope Drake. But," she added quickly, "I am an enemy. I am Lord Bazelhurst's sister."

"You—you don't mean it?"

"Are you disappointed? I'm sorry."

"I am staggered and—a bit skeptical. There is no resemblance."

"I am a bit taller," she admitted carefully. "It isn't dreadfully immodest, is it, for one to hold converse with her captor? I am in your power, you see."

"On the contrary, it is quite the thing. The heroine always converses with the villain in books. She tells him what she thinks of him."

"But this isn't a book, and I'm not a heroine, I am the adventuress. Will you permit me to explain my presence on your land?"

"No excuse is necessary. You were caught red handed, and you don't have to say anything to incriminate yourself further."

"But it is scarcely a hundred feet to our line. In a very few minutes I shall be hurled relentlessly from your land and may never have another chance to tell why I dared to venture over here. You see, you have a haunted house on your land, and I"—She hesitated.

"I see. The old Renwood cottage on the hill. Been deserted for years. Renwood brought his wife up here in the mountains long ago and murdered her. She comes back occasionally, they say; mysterious noises and lights and all that. Well?"

"Well, I'm very much interested in spooks. In spite of the feud I rode over here for a peep at the house. Dear me, it's a desolate looking place. I didn't go inside, of course. Why don't you tear it down?"

"And deprive the ghost of house and home? That would be heartless. Besides, it serves as an attraction to bring visitors to my otherwise unalluring place. I'm terribly sorry the fortunes of war prevent me from offering to take you through the house. But as long as you remain a Bazelhurst I can't neglect my vow. Of course, I don't mean to say that you can't come and do what you please over here, but you shall be recognized and treated as a trespasser."

"Oh, that's just splendid! Perhaps I'll come tomorrow."

"I shall be obliged to escort you from the grounds, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said agreeably. He looked dazed and delighted. "Of course I shall come with stealth and darkness. Not even my brother shall know of my plans."

"Certainly not," he said with alacrity. "They were nearing the line."

"Depend on me."

"Depend on you? Your only duty is to scare me off the place."

"That's what I mean. I'll keep sharp watch for you up at the haunted house."

"It's more than a mile from the line," she advised him.

"Yes, I know," said he, with his friendliest smile. "Oh, by the way, would you mind doing your brother a favor, Miss Drake? Give him this watch. He—er—he must have dropped it while pursuing me."

"You ran?" She accepted the watch with surprise and unbelief.

"Here is the line, Miss Drake," he evaded. "Consider yourself ignominiously ejected. Have I been unnecessarily rough and expeditious?"

"You have had a long and tiresome walk," she said, settling herself for a merry clip. "Please don't step on our side." He released the bridle rein and doffed his hat.

"I shall bring my horse tomorrow," he remarked significantly.

"I may bring the duke," she said sweetly.

"In that case I shall have to bring an extra man to lead his horse. It won't matter."

"So this rock is the dividing line?"

"Yes; you are on the safe side now—and so am I, for that matter. The line is here," and he drew a broad line in the dust from one side of the road to the other. "My orders are that you are not to ride across that line at your peril."

"And you are not to cross it either at your peril."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BREVITIES

D. G. Lilly, of Gales Creek, was a business visitor in the Grove Saturday.

Dr. Lowe's glasses do not need the warantee that goes with them. There's a reason. 2-1t

John Heisler, the well-to-do farmer of Gales Creek, made this office a pleasant call Saturday.

C. M. Perry has purchased a lot on Fifth street, near Pacific avenue, and is erecting a modern five-room cottage. Charles E. Hall is constructing the dwelling.

George Snipes, a retired capitalist of The Dalles, is visiting in Forest Grove with his niece, Miss Snipes, a student at Pacific University, and with his sisters-in-law, Mesdames N. B. Hall and R. F. Emerson.

Mike Strum, Sr., of Iowa Hill, five miles from Cornelius, brought in to the PRESS office recently, a beet weighing twelve and one-half pounds. This shows what the quality and quantity of the crops produced on Washington county land are.

Mrs. Ida S. Burns, of Nome, Alaska, is a guest of her brother, H. T. Shorb, of this city, and will remain until spring. Mrs. Burns, who has extensive business interests in the land of gold, came out on the last steamer (the Senator) to reach Seattle before the ice formed.

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.

Mrs. Melvin Markham, sister-in-law of Marion Markham, City Recorder, and L. H. Watkins, the popular tonsorial artist, is visiting this week at the home of the later. Mrs. Markham resides at Clatskanie, where Mr. Markham, who graduated from the Portland Dental College about a year ago, is enjoying a lucrative practice.

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J. E. Bryan, of Dilley, was viewing the sights in the Grove, Saturday.

Dr. Lowe's glasses are death to headaches. Ask your neighbors. 2-1t

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vandebey, of near Gaston, were business visitors in the Grove Monday.

Mrs. Grace Larimore, of Portland, visited Sunday at the home of her mother, Mrs. George Hughes, in this city. The epicures of the Grove will remember Mr. Larimore as the former manager of the Oregon Grill in Portland.

C. A. Hanley, County Commissioner elect, was greeting friends in the Grove Monday. Naturally, Mr. Hanley is much pleased with the outcome of the election, and is determined to do his best for the county and the tax-payers.

Rev. Father Buck has received a letter from Joseph Wunderlich, of Centerville, who entered Creighton University at Omaha, this fall. Mr. Wunderlich is making excellent progress in his studies and taking a prominent part in the athletics of the institution. His preparatory education was received at Mt. Angel.

Judge Stevens, of Dilley, was transacting business in Forest Grove, Saturday.

W. G. Walker, of Banks, was visiting his brother, S. A. Walker, of this city, Friday.

Twenty head of good, young, well broke horses for sale cheap. See them at the U. S. Stable, 2-4t L. E. HESS, Owner.

Just received. A shipment of Whitman Chocolates, fresh from the factory. Forest Grove Pharmacy. 2-1t

M. E. Dilley, of this city, while lifting a heavy piece of timber last week, strained himself quite badly. Mr. Dilley is under the care of Dr. Tucker, and is getting along nicely.

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