



BY GEORGE BARR MCUTCHEON

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"Do you dare me?" with an eager step forward.

"Goodby!"

"Goodby! I say, are you sure you can find the Renwood cottage?" he called after her. The answer came back through the clatter of hoofs, accompanied by a smile that seduced his self possession.

"I shall find it in time."

For a long time he stood watching her as she raced down the road.

"At my peril," he mused, shaking his head with a queer smile. "By George, that's fair warning enough. She's beautiful."

At dinner that night the Hon. Penelope restored the watch to her brother, much to his embarrassment, for he had told the duke it was being repaired in town.

"It wasn't this watch that I meant, old chap," he announced irreverently to the duke, quite red in the face. "Where did you find it, Pen?" She caught the plea in his eye and responded loyally.

"You dropped it, I daresay, in pursuing Mr. Shaw."

The positive radiance which followed dismay in his watery eyes convinced her beyond all doubt that her brother's encounter with the tall Mr. Shaw was not quite creditable to Bazelhurst arms. She listened with pensive indifference to the oft repeated story of how he had routed the "insufferable cad," encouraged by the support of champagne and the solicited approval of two eye witnesses. She could not repress the mixed feelings of scorn, shame and pity, as she surveyed the array of men who so mercilessly flayed the healthy, fair faced young man with a gentle strength.

The house party had been augmented during the day by the arrival of a half

a dozen men and women from the city, brain fagged, listless and smart. The big cottage now was full, the company complete for three weeks at least. She looked ahead, this fresh, vigorous young Englishwoman, and wondered how she was to endure the staleness of life.

There was some relief in the thought that the men would make love to the good looking young married women—at least part of the time—and—but it

verseness of a woman who feels it worth while to procrastinate.

Truth to tell, Randolph Shaw was going hollow eyed and faint in his ceaseless, racking watch for trespassers.

Penelope laughed aloud as she gazed upon the tangle of hoof prints. The duke looked as surprised as it was possible for him to look after the wear of the past night.

"Hang it all, Penelope," he said. "I didn't say anything, don't you know?"

"I was just thinking," she said hastily, "what fun it would be for us to explore the haunted house."

"Oh, I say, Pen, that's going out of the way for a little fun, isn't it? My word, it's a filthy old house with rats and mice and all that—no place for a ghost, much less a nice little human being like you. They're all like that."

"I think you are afraid to go," said she.

"Afraid of ghosts? Pshaw!" sniffed the duke, sticking out his chest.

"Yes, Shaw; that's whom you're afraid of."

"Now, see here, Pen, you shouldn't say that. Shaw's a d—, a cad. See what Cecil did to him. Remember that? Well, pooh! What would I do to him?" Penelope looked him over critically.

"I'll admit that you're larger and younger than Cecil," she confessed grudgingly. "But they say Mr. Shaw is a giant killer." The duke dropped his monocle and guffawed loudly.

"Good!" he cried in the ecstasy of pride. His worn, dissipated face lighted up with unwonted interest. "I say, Pen, that's the nicest thing you've said to me in a week. You've been so deuced cold of late. I don't understand. I'm not such a bad lot, you know."

"Tell that to Mrs. De Peyton and Mrs. Corwith. They're looking for the good in everything."

"By Jove, I believe you're jealous! This is the proudest moment of my life."

"Don't be silly! And don't try to make love to me any more. Wait until I'm married," she added, with a laugh, the irony of which escaped him.

"But, hang it all, suppose you should marry some one else and not me?"

"That's what I mean."

"Oh," he said, perplexed. Then, as if his stupidity called for an explanation: "I had a beastly night. Didn't go to bed till 4. But, I say, why can't I have the same privilege as these other chaps? Corwith makes love to you and so does Odwell, and, hang it, they're both married. It's rotten mean of—"

"Their wives are accountable for their manners, not I. But, come; will you go to Renwood's with me?"

"I'd rather talk to you in that nice little corner of the billiard room at home if you—"

"But I don't need a brandy and soda. Oh!" This exclamation came with the discovery of an approaching horseman.

"It's Mr. Shaw, I'm sure."

Randolph Shaw, loyal to his feudal promise, appeared in the road a couple of hundred yards away. He drew rein and from that distance surveyed the two who were so near to encroaching upon his preserves. He sat straight and forbidding in the saddle. For a full minute the two factions stared at each other. Then, without a sign of recognition, Shaw turned and rode rapidly away.

"He rides like a gentleman," commented Miss Drake, after reflection.

"Indian blood in him," remarked her companion.

"Let us go home," said she, whirling her horse like a flash. The duke had some difficulty in keeping abreast of her during the ride, and he lost sight of her altogether after they dismounted at Bazelhurst Villa.

The momentary glimpse of a real man set Penelope's opinions on edge for the remainder of the day and night. Shaw, whatever else he might be, was a man. Even while others addressed her in conversation she was absently recalling to memory certain English gentlemen at home who could stand comparison with this handsome fellow across the danger line. But to compare any one of the men in Lady Bazelhurst's house party—oh, it was absurd! She looked them over. Dull eyed, blasé, frayed by the social whirl, worn out, pulseless, all of them. They talked automobile, bridge, women and self in particular. In the seclusion of a tete-a-tete they talked love with an ardor that lost most of its danger because it was from force of habit. One of the men was even now admitting in her ear that he had not spent an evening alone with his wife in four years.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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CHAPTER III.

In Which a Dog Trespasses.

PENelope was a perverse and calculating young person. She was her own mistress and privileged to ride as often as she pleased, but it seemed rather odd—although splendidly decorous—that she did not venture upon Mr. Shaw's estate for more than a week after her first encounter with the feudal baron. If she found a peculiarly feminine satisfaction in speculating on his disappointment, it is not to be wondered at. Womanly insight told her that Randolph Shaw rode forth each day and watched with hawklike vigilance for the promised trespasser. In her imagination she could almost hear him curse the luck that was helping her to evade the patrol.

One morning after a rain she rode with the duke to the spot where Shaw had drawn his line in the road. She felt a thrill of something she could not define on discovering that the wet soil on the opposite side of the line was disfigured by a mass of fresh hoof prints. She rejoiced to find that his vigil was incessant and worthy of the respect it imposed. The desire to visit the haunted house was growing more and more irresistible, but she turned it aside with all the relentless per-

BREVITIES

Miss Manche Langley visited the family ranch last Sunday.

Senator W. H. Hollis was transacting business in Portland Monday.

Bert Simmons, of Dilley, was seen on the streets of Forest Grove Saturday.

Mrs. L. B. McFarland, of Portland, visited with friends in this city over Sunday.

Schultz Pure Food Market and Grocery has all kinds of good things for your Thanksgiving dinner.

For Rent—Unfurnished bungalow and 1 furnished house. Both modern. Inquire of Mrs. M. A. Thomas, phone 855, or at the PRESS office.

Golf Brothers are constructing a powder magazine near the brick yard and will hereafter buy powder in carload lots, storing it for local distribution.

H. N. Robinson and family have moved into their new home on Second street, opposite the sanitarium. The residence is modern in every respect and presents a handsome architectural appearance.

A patent has been granted to J. N. Hoffman and Chas. E. Hicks for a hand mitering machine. A device which will fill a long-felt want among the printing craft, especially in small offices.

Wm. Ober, employed on the John Lee place in Patton Valley, suffered a severe gash on the right knee Thursday afternoon last, which necessitated his removal to the hospital. The injury was caused by the slipping of an ax with which Ober was engaged in splitting wood.

Alica, the 4-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Barrett, nearly severed the first two fingers of the left hand, Friday morning, while playing with an ax. The injured child was brought to this city from the family home on the Gales Creek road and surgical attention secured. In all probability amputation will not be necessary.

Dr. E. T. Hedlund, Dentist

N. W. Corner 6th and Oak, 2nd floor, take elevator

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The New Breakfast food (Post Tavern) for sale by Schultz Pure Food Grocery.

Mrs. Hundley was visiting in the Grove Saturday, driving over from her home in Dilley.

J. R. Taylor, of Independence, is visiting in this city with relatives. Mr. Taylor is seeking a business location and in all probability will settle in Forest Grove.

Roy Fogel and Roy Phelps are becoming expert duck hunters. They secured a brace each the first of the week and had them served up at a little dinner by one of the Grove's caterers.

Chas. E. Short, an old time printer, was a business visitor in the Grove Tuesday. Mr. Short conducted the Crawford, Nebraska, Crescent, over twenty-four years ago, when that place was one of the outposts of civilization. He is now located in Portland.

Attorney John M. Wall, of Hillsboro, Democratic Presidential Elector, was in Forest Grove Friday of last week shaking hands and exchanging congratulations with his fellow conspirators. Mr. Wall is a Democrat of the progressive school and a strong supporter of the Bryan policies.

If your umbrella leaks have Danielson recover it.

County Surveyor McGee was looking over the Grove last Sunday.

W. P. Ireland, of Corvallis, visited the first of the week with his son W. W. Ireland, of this city.

Jack Carlyle, one of the first residents of Cordova, Alaska, visited with friends in Forest Grove last Sunday.

Special Communication of Holbrook Lodge No. 30, A. F. and A. M. Work in the Master's degree, Saturday evening, Nov. 23, at 8:00. All visiting Brothers cordially invited. By order of the Worshipful Master.

A. BEN KORI, Sec'y.

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3rd. I guarantee all that I do, as I consider work not worth guaranteeing, not worth doing. This has been my policy.

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Dr. E. T. Hedlund, Dentist

N. W. Corner 6th and Oak, 2nd floor, take elevator