



BY GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON
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"There's always something doing," he said. "A week or two ago, by Jove, you wouldn't believe it, but we had an evening turn up without a thing on hand. Strangest thing I ever knew. Neither of us had a thing on. We said we'd stay at home and go to bed early just to see how it felt. Well, what do you think? We sat up and read till half past 10 o'clock, and then both of us thought of it at the same time. We dressed and went down to Rector's and waited for the theaters to let out. Three o'clock when we got home. You can't imagine what a queer experience it is being all alone with one's wife."

"Don't you love your wife, Mr. Odwell?"

"Certainly! But there's always a crowd." Both of them glanced over at pretty Mrs. Odwell. She was looking down at her plate demurely while Reggie Van Voort talked straight into her pink ear, his eyes gleaming with the zest of invasion. "I say, Miss Drake, you won't mind talking to me awhile after dinner, will you?" went on Odwell, something like relief in his voice.

After dinner she was obliged to set him straight in a little matter. They were sitting on the terrace, and he had thrown away his half smoked cigarette, an act in itself significant. She had been listening patiently, from sheer habit and indifference, to what he was saying, but at last she revolted. "Don't! You shall not say such things to me. I am not your kind, I fancy, Mr. Odwell," she said. "I don't know why you should tell me of your chorus girl friends, of your suppers and all that. I don't care to hear of them, and I don't intend that you shall use me as a subject of illustration. I am going upstairs."

"Oh, come now, that's rather rough, just as we were getting on so well. All the fellows do the same!"

"I know. You need not tell me. And you all have wives at home, too," with intense scorn.

"Now, that's where you wrong us. They're not at home, you know. That's just it."

"Never mind, Mr. Odwell; I'm going in." She left him and entered the house. For a minute or two he looked after her in wonder and then, softly whispering, made his way over to where De Peyton, through some oversight, was talking to his own wife. De Peyton unceremoniously announced that he was going upstairs to write a letter.

Penelope, flushed with disgust and humiliation, drew near a crowd of men and women in the long living room. Her brother was haranguing the assemblage, standing forth among them like an unconquered bantam. In spite of herself she felt a wave of shame and pity creep over her as she looked at him.

"Barnminster says the fellow ran when he saw him today," his lordship was saying. "But that doesn't help matters. He has been on my land again and again. Tompkins says, and Tompkins ought to know."

"And James, too," said the duke with a brandied roar.

"Can't Tompkins and his men keep that man off my land?" demanded Lady Bazelhurst. Every one took note of the pronoun. Her ladyship's temples seemed to narrow with hatred. Bazelhurst had told the men privately that she was passing sleepless nights in order to "hate that fellow Shaw" to her full capacity.

"My dear, I have given positive orders to Tompkins, and he swears he'll carry them out," said he hastily.

"I suppose Tompkins is to throw him into the river again."

"He is to shoot that fellow Shaw if he doesn't keep off our land. I've had enough of it. They say he rode his confounded plow horse all over the west end the other day." Penelope smiled reflectively. "Trampled the new fern beds out of existence and all that. Hang him, Tompkins will get him if he persists. He has told the men to take a shot at the rascal on sight, Tompkins doesn't love him, you know."

Penelope went her way, laughing, and forgot the danger that threatened Randolph Shaw. The next morning, quite early, she was off for a canter. Some magnetic force drew her toward that obliterated line in the roadway. Almost as she came up to it and stopped Randolph Shaw rode down the hillside through the trees and drew rein directly opposite, the noses of their horses almost touching. With a smile he gave the military salute even as she gasped in self-conscious dismay.

"On duty, Miss Drake; no trespassing," he said. There was a glad ring in his voice. "Please don't run away. You're on the safe side." "I'm not going to run," she said, her cheek flushing. "How do you know where the line is? It has been destroyed by the ravages of time."

"Yes. It has seemed a year. This thing of acting sentinel so religiously is a bit wearing." His great friendly dog came across the line, however, and looked bravely up into the enemy's face, wagging his tail. "Traitor! Come back, Bonaparte!" cried his master.

"What a beautiful dog!" she cried, sincere admiration in her eyes. "I love a big dog. He is your best friend,

"I'll wager."

"Love me, love my dog," is my motto." The conversation was not prolonged. Penelope began to find herself on rather friendly terms with the enemy. Confusion came over her when she remembered that she was behaving in a most unmaidenly manner. Doubtless that was why she brought the meeting to a close by galloping away.

The ways of fortune are strange, look at them from any point of view. Surprising as it may seem, a like encounter happened on the following day and—aye, on the day after and every day for a week or more. Occasions there were when Penelope was compelled to equivocate shamefully in order to escape the companionship of the duke, the count or others of their ilk. Once when the guardian of the road was late at his post she rode far into the enemy's country, actually thrilled by the joy of adventure. When he appeared far down the road she turned and fled with all the sensations of a culprit, and he thundered after her with vindictiveness that deserved better results. Across the line she drew rein and faced him defiantly, her hair blown awry, her cheeks red, her eyes sparkling.

"No trespass!" she cried, holding up her gloved hand. He stopped short, for that was one of the terms of truce.

The next day he again was missing, but she was not to be caught by his stratagem. Instead of venturing into the trap he had prepared for her, she remained on her side of the line, smiling at the thought of him in hiding far up the road. If any one had suggested to her that she was developing too great an interest in this stalwart gentleman she would have laughed him to scorn. It had not entered her mind to question herself as to the pleasure she found in being near him. She was founding her actions on the basis that he was a real man and that the little comedy of adventure was quite worth while.

At length an impatient line appeared on her fair brow, a resentful gleam in her eyes. His remissness was an impertinence! It was the last time she would come—but a sudden thought struck her like a blow. She turned white and red by turns. Had he tired of the sport? Had the novelty worn off? Was he laughing at her for a silly coquette? The riding crop came down sharply upon her horse's flank, and a very deeply agitated young woman galloped off toward Bazelhurst Villa, hurrying as though afraid he might catch sight of her in flight.

A quarter of a mile brought a change in her emotions. British stubbornness arose to combat an utter rout. After all, why should she run away from him? With whimsical bravado she turned off suddenly into the trail that led to the river, her color deepening with the consciousness that, after all, she was vaguely hoping she might see him somewhere before the morning passed. Through the leafy pathway she rode at a snail's pace, brushing the low hanging leaves and twigs from about her head with something akin to petulance.

As she neared the river the neighing of a horse hard by caused her to sit erect with burning ears. Then she relapsed into a smile, remembering that it might have come from the game warden's horse. A moment later her searching eyes caught sight of Shaw's horse tied to a sapling and on Bazelhurst ground, many hundred feet from his own domain. She drew rein sharply and looked about in considerable trepidation. Off to the right lay the log that divided the lands, but nowhere along the bank of the river could she see the trespasser. Carefully she resumed her way, ever on the lookout, puzzled not a little by the unusual state of affairs.

Near the river trail she came upon the man, but he paid no heed to her approach. He sat with his face in his hands, and—she could not believe her eyes and ears—he was sobbing bitterly. For an instant her lips curled in the smile of scornful triumph, and then something like disgust came over her. There was mockery in her voice as she called out to him: "Have you stubbed your toe, little boy?" He looked up, dazed. Then he arose, turning his back while he dashed his hand across his eyes. When he glanced back at her he saw that she was smiling. But she also saw something in his face that drove the smile away. Absolute rage gleamed in his eyes.

"So it is real war?" he said hoarsely, his face quivering. "Your pitiful cowards want it to be real, do they? Well, that's what it shall be, hang them! They shall have all they want of it. Look! This is their way of fighting, is it? Look!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

F. Mott advertised a six-year-old team for sale through the classified columns of the Press. Mr. Mott has sold the team, and the buyer was secured through the PRESS advertisement.

SURPRISED BY MANY FRIENDS UPON WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Thatcher, who celebrated their silver wedding anniversary last Saturday, were most pleasantly surprised by a large circle of friends who gathered at their home northwest of the Grove with well filled baskets and numerous appropriate gifts. Everything that could be thought of to make such an occasion pass off most auspiciously, was undertaken and a most delightful day enjoyed. No one had reason to complain of hunger, as the contents of the many baskets proved all sufficient. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. James Haney, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Schafer, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin Thatcher, Mr. and Mrs. Scofield, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Aydelott and daughter Lillie, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. King and little Addie Eva, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Hayden, and Hellen Hess, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lyda and sons John and Harry, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Haney, daughter Leora, and son Francis Willard; Mr. and Mrs. Victor Griep and little Willabelle and William Barker.

THANKSGIVING FARES VIA OREGON ELECTRIC RY.

Round trip tickets will be sold Nov. 27, and 28, return limit Dec 2, to all points on the Oregon Electric Ry. for one and one-third fare. Minimum fares: 50c for adults, 25c for children. J. E. FARMER, Agent.

BREVITIES

F. A. Watrous has secured the confectionery next to the Star Theater, formerly conducted by R. A. Phelps. The deal was closed last week.

Dilley's Fish Market, open six days in the week. Will deliver fresh, salt and dried fish. North First avenue, telephone 692. 3-ft

CHARMING NOVELTIES

appropriate for Christmas gifts are be found at our store.

They are quality goods, selected to meet the needs of the most exacting purchasers. It may seem a little early to urge you to select your gifts, but it is not too early to make a selection from our splendid assortment of Holiday Goods.

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A Growing Pharmacy in a Growing Town.

WHY NOT?



1st. Good, honest Dentistry to the best of my ability. Could one do more? 2nd. I examine your mouth and tell you its actual condition before I begin your actual work, stating in advance what the cost will be. If ready, we begin; if not, the examination costs you nothing. 3rd. I guarantee all that I do, as I consider work not worth guaranteeing, not worth doing. This has been my policy. 4th. Absolute cleanliness. Every instrument must be cleaned, and are used as they are taken from the sterilizers. 5th. My prices are reasonable, not advertised cheap prices to lure you in, and then charge you more—but a price that will make more friends; more patients; one price to all.

Dr. E. T. Hedlund, Dentist
N. W. Corner 5th and Oak, 2nd floor, take elevator

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

A board sidewalk is under construction out the Greenville road from the city limits. The property owners along that thoroughfare standing the expense.

Perry Ellis, proprietor of the Crystal Springs Health Resort, 15 miles from this city, was a visitor in the Grove yesterday. Mr. Ellis has one of the prettiest locations in Oregon—a natural park of great beauty.

Saturday in the County Seat, the Hillsboro High School eleven defeated the Estacada aggregation by a score of 13 to 0, evening up for its loss to Estacada two weeks ago, 6 to 0. Hillsboro made a touchdown within the first ten minutes of play. Thompson kicked a goal in the second half.

A syndicate of Portland business men, members of the Concordia club, has purchased outright 80 acres of the Sweek homestead on the Tualatin river, and secured an option on 50 acres additional. The consideration is said to be \$500 per acre. A club house will be erected and the site used as a country club.

FOR SALE—No. 1, alsike-clover and timothy-hay. Phone, 726. 4t W. W. Ryals' Feed Barn.

Interesting papers were read at the Friday afternoon meeting of the Missionary Societies of Forest Grove held in the Congregational Church. Mrs. Semonies conducted the devotional services. Mrs. Carlyle gave an instructive paper upon the progress of missionary affairs in the Spanish-American Countries, Mrs. Sanford spoke upon the "Problem of the City," Mrs. Fern treated of women and children in Industrial Life and Mrs. Horsch delivered an address upon "The Church as a Social Agency." Over 100 were in attendance.

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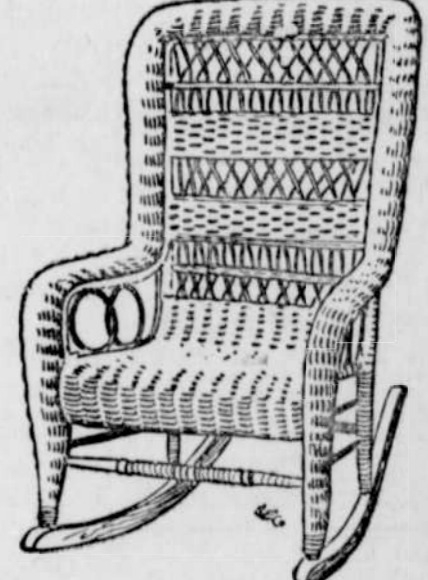


Closing Out Sale of Odd Pieces of Furniture At Greatly Reduced Prices

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:

Dressers, Buffas, China Closets, Beds, Chairs, Rockers, some Rugs, Lace Curtains, Lounges and Center Tables.

In fact something of each article. You will have to come early to get the best buys.



Paint

PURE MASURY'S WHITE PAINT in 5-gallon cans at \$1.95 per Gallon
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.

Let us figure on your whole bill of Paint, Oil, White Lead, Varnishes, etc. PURE WHITE LEAD, PURE LINSEED OIL, WALL PAPER and CLOTH in stock.

Dishes

At Cost. Must close these out. See my windows

Linoleum

A few remnants of Linoleum cheap. All Linoleums reduced.

Sewing Machines

Guaranteed Sewing Machines, with drop head, Special \$16.50. Guaranteed ten years by the maker. Have a limited amount of other Sewing Machines that will be sold at cost this week only.

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