

**Forest Grove Steam Laundry**

**Wood, Coal, Cold Storage and Ice.**

**MERTZ & LATTA**

Cor. 5th Ave. and 2nd St., Forest Grove, Ore.

**MR. RANCHER.**

Do you know where your land corners are, or the exact number of acres you have? You need to know because the price of land is so high now, that every foot adds on or takes off just so much value. It is worth considering. Let me tell you. H. B. GLAISYER, Surveyor, Over Hoffman & Allen's, Phone 806. Main St.

**W. F. HARTRAMPH**

Feed Mill will run every day in the week.

**Wholesale and Retail**

Bran, Shorts, Rolled Oats, Ground Oats, Ground Wheat, Cracked Wheat, Cracked Corn, Whole Wheat and Corn, Middlings and several kinds of Hard Wheat Flour, Sack Twine and Sacks, Hay and Vetch Seed.

Give us a call when in need.

Ind Phone 50x Forest Grove, Ore

S. A. WALKER H. LIDYARD

**WALKER & LIDYARD**

**SHOEMAKERS**

1st Ave. N., near Main St.

We are prepared to do the very best of all kinds of shoe work.

**UP-TO-DATE MACHINERY**

Special attention given to crippled feet.

**SURVEYOR**

Civil Engineering and Surveying

A. A. KIRKWOOD, Abbot Bld'g Phone 482 Forest Grove, Ore.

W. Weitzel L. L. Hollinger

**WEITZEL & HOLLINGER**

**Tinning and Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work and Repair Shop.**

North First Avenue, between Main and "A" Streets; phone 863.

**SURVEYOR**

All kinds of surveying and mapping. Subdivisions a specialty.

H. B. GLAISYER, Hoffman & Allen Bld'g Phone 806 Forest Grove, Ore.

**Forest Grove Press** JOB PRINTING DEPT



BY GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON

Copyright, 1906, by Dodd, Mead & Company.

"I understand why you take his side. You cheapen and degrade yourself and you bring shame upon your brother and me by your disgraceful affair with this ruffian. Don't look shocked. You meet him secretly, I know. How much further you have gone with him I don't know. It is enough that you—"

"Stop! You shall not say such things to me!"

"You came in here to have it out with me. Well, we'll have it out. You think because you're English, and all that, that you are better than I. You show it in your every action; you turn



"You'd starve if it were not for me."

up your nose at me because I am an American. Well, what if I am? Where would you be if it were not for me? And where would he be? You'd starve if it were not for me. You hang to me like a leech—you sponge on me—you gorge yourself—"

"That is enough, Evelyn. You have said all that is necessary. I deserve it, too, for meddling in your affairs. It may satisfy you to know that I have always despised you. Having confessed, I can only add that we cannot live another hour under the same roof. You need not order me to go. I shall do so of my own accord—gladly." Penelope turned to the door. She was as cold as ice.

"It is the first time you have ever done anything to please me. You may go in the morning."

"I shall go tonight!"

"As you like. It is near morning. Where do you expect to go at this hour of the night?"

"I am not afraid of the night. Tomorrow I shall send over from the village for my trunks." She paused near the door and then came back to Cecil's side. "Goodby, Cecil. I'll write. Goodby." He looked up with a hazy smile.

"Goodnight," he muttered thickly.

Without another word or so much as a glance at Lady Bazelhurst, Penelope Drake went swiftly from the room. The big hall clock struck the half hour after 11. Some one—a woman—was laughing in the billiard room below. The click of the balls came to her ears like the snapping of angry teeth. She did not hesitate. It was not in her nature. The room in which she had found so much delight was now loathsome to her. With nervous fingers she threw the small things she most cherished into a bag—her purse, her jewels, her little treasures. Somehow it seemed to her as if she were hurrying to catch a night train, that was all. With her own strong young arms she dragged the two huge trunks from the closet. Half an hour later they were full and locked. Then she looked about with a dry, mirthless smile.

"I wonder where I am to go," she murmured, half aloud. A momentary feeling of indecision attacked her. The click of the balls had ceased, the clock had struck 12. It was dark and still, and the wind was crying in the trees.

"She won't go," Lady Bazelhurst was saying to herself as she sat, narrow eyed and hateful, in her window looking out into the night. "Life is too easy here." The light from the porch lanterns cast a feeble glow out beyond the porte cochere and down the drive. As she stared across the circle the figure of a woman suddenly cut a diametric line through it and lost itself in the wall of blackness that formed the circumference. Lady Evelyn started and stared unbelievably into the darkness, striving to penetrate it with her gaze. "It was she—Penelope," she cried, coming to her feet. "She's really gone—she meant it."

For many minutes she peered out into the night, expecting to see the shadow returning. A touch of anxious hope possessing her, she left the window and hurried down the corridor to Penelope's room. What she found there was most convincing. It was not a trick of the lanterns. The shadow

had been real. It must be confessed that the peevish heart of Lady Bazelhurst beat rather rapidly as she hastened back to the window to peer anxiously out into the somber park with its hooting owls and chattering night bugs. The mournful yelp of a distant dog floated across the black valley. The watcher shuddered as she recalled stories of panthers that had infested the great hills. A small feeling of shame and regret began to develop with annoying insistence.

An hour dragged itself by before she arose petulantly, half terrified, half annoyed in spite of herself. Her husband still was sitting in the big chair, his face in his hands. His small, dejected figure appealed to her pity for the first time in the two years of their association. She realized what her temper had compelled her to say to him and to his sister. She saw the insults that at least one of them had come to resent.

"I hope that foolish girl will come back," she found herself saying, with a troubled look from the window. "Where can the poor thing go? What will become of her? What will every one say when this becomes known?" she cried, with fresh selfishness. "I—I should not have let her go like this."

Even as she reproached herself a light broke in upon her understanding; a thought whirled into her brain, and a moment later a shrill, angry, hysterical laugh came from her lips.

"She knew where she could go! How simple I am. Shaw will welcome her gladly. She's with him by this time—his doors have opened to her. The little wretch! And I've been trying so hard to pity her." She laughed again so shrilly that his lordship stirred and then looked up at her stupefied, uncertain.

"Hullo!" he grunted. "What time is it?"

"Oh, you're awake, are you?" scornfully.

"Certainly. Have I been dozing? What's there to laugh at, my dear?" he mumbled, arising very unsteadily. "Where's Pen?"

"She's gone. She's left the house," she said, recurring dread and anxiety in her voice. A glance at the darkness outside brought back the growing shudders.

"What—what d'ye mean?" demanded he, bracing up with a splendid effort.

"She's left the house, that's all. We quarreled. I don't know where she's gone. Yes, I do know. She's gone to Shaw's for the night. She's with him. I saw her going," she cried, striving between fear and anger.

"You've—you've turned her out?" gasped Lord Bazelhurst numbly. "In the night? Good Lord! Why—why did you let her go?" He turned and rushed toward the door, tears springing to his eyes. He was sobering now and the tears were wrenched from his hurt pride. "How long ago?"

"An hour or more. She went of her own accord. You'll find her at Shaw's," said her ladyship harshly. She hated to admit that she was to blame. But as her husband left the room, banging the door after him, she caught her breath several times in a futile effort to stay the sobs and then broke down and cried, a very much abused young woman. She hated everybody and everything.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**In Which Dan Cupid Trespasses.**

LADY BAZELHURST was right. Penelope was making her way through the blackest of nights toward the home of Randolph Shaw. In deciding upon this step, after long deliberation, she had said to herself: "Randolph Shaw is the only real man I've seen since coming to the mountains. I can trust him to help me tonight."

It was full; three miles to Shaw's place, most of the way over the narrow valley road. She knew she would encounter but few tortuous places. The last half mile, however, was steep, rugged and unfamiliar to her. She had ventured no nearer to his home than Renwood's deserted cottage, lying above and to the south of the road, almost at the base of the long hill on whose side Shaw had built his big home. To climb that hill was no easy task in daylight; at midnight, with the stars obscured by clouds and treetops, there was something perilously uncertain in the prospect.

Only the knowledge that patience and courage eventually would bring her to the end made the journey possible. Time would lead her to the haven; care would make the road a friend; a stout heart was her best ally. Strength of limb and strength of purpose she had, in use and in reserve. No power could have made her turn back willingly. Her anxious eyes were set ahead in the blackness. Her runaway feet were eager in obedience to her will.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

**DEVOTED TO THE W. C. T. U.**

Edited by Mrs. Katherine R. Kerr

It was with great regret that the women of the Forest Grove Union W. C. T. U. accepted the resignation of their President Mrs. Bolderick. But her health demanded rest. She was ever faithful to the trust that her women gave into her keeping. Was she always led

"In pastures green not always, Sometimes, he who knoweth best, In kindness leadeth her In weary ways where heavy shadows be."

But shadows did not discourage our president, nor did the work given into her hands by the call from the Master lag. She like many other women, consecrated to this blessed work, forgot human ills to be up and about her Masters' work. She was truly a sower, the kind word, the loving handclasp, are the kind of seeds sown during the time she worked among us and this seed sowing will surely spring up and bear precious fruit.

The ladies of the W. C. T. U. held their Mother's Meeting at the Methodist church on Friday afternoon. Though small in number, the meeting was a success. Everyone present listened with great attention and interest as Mrs. Barber talked of the Girls and work of the Girls' Club, and of their great desire for a permanent home and we all said God hasten the time when their hopes will be realized and give us the desire to help when the call comes.

The mother who brings up her children to clean man-hood and woman-hood, who safe-

guards them from the dangers of harmful appetites and habits and who shields as far as lies within her power, all children within the bounds of her influence, is truly doing her duty to human kind. But the citizen who denies to the cause of temperance the aid and influence of his or her vote—because intemperance has never touched him or his loved ones, will surely some day have an awakening. No people, no nation, is exempted from the fulfillment of the command "Help ye one another". When you watch the struggle between the forces of evil and the temperance forces and with folded hands and closed lips, do nothing, you have allied yourself with the saloon element and are a foe to the righteous.

The W. C. T. U. are planning for their New Years' reception with a short program on January 3, at 3 p. m. All are invited. Come and encourage us as we take up the work for the New Year.

**KENNEDY'S GRAPE JUICE**



MADE FROM THE Best Concord Grapes Pure and Unfermented.

D. A. KENNEDY

CONCORD RIDGE FRUIT FARM FOREST GROVE OREGON

All kinds of Optical Goods.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

**J. A. HOFFMAN**

WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER

We solicit your patronage. Reliable work at moderate prices.

HILLSBORO, ORE.

Absolutely Safe and Reliable

**The Bankers & Merchants Mutual Fire Association Of Forest Grove, Oregon**

Conducted on Economic and Business Principles. The Home Company That Has Made Good. Insure Your Business or Dwelling in The Bankers & Merchants

**Holiday Round Trips VIA Oregon Electric R'y**

Tickets on sale Dec. 20 to 25 inclusive, and Dec. 28 to Jan. 1 inclusive. Return limit Jan. 2, 1913

PORTLAND \$1.00 ALBANY \$3.50 WOODBURN \$1.95 EUGENE \$5.35 SALEM \$2.50 JUNCTION CITY \$4.75 TO OTHER POINTS IN PROPORTION.



New schedule Dec. 15 Copies may be had at station

If you are going east please consult me about through fares, trains, etc.

J. E. Farmer, Agent

Forest Grove, Ore.