

ILLUSTRATIONS
by R.B. Van Nice

"Well, there was a big Cornishman here that I was kind of sweet on—and I guess I always will be. He's been gone now, though, ever since your father left. I got him and asked him to help. And Harry was just the kind of a fellow that would do it. Out in the dead of night they went and staked out your father's claim—Harry was to get 25 per cent—and early the next morning your dad was waiting to file on it, while Harry was waiting for them three. And what a fight it must have been—that Harry was a wildcat in those younger days." She laughed, then her voice grew serious. "But all had its effect. Rodaine didn't jump that claim, and a few of us around here filed dummy claims enough in the vicinity to keep him off of getting too close—but there was one way we couldn't stop him. He had power, and he's always had it—and he's got it now. A lot of awful strange things happened to your father after that—charges were filed against him for things he never did. Men jumped on him in the dark, then went to the district attorney's office and accused him of making the attack. And the funny part was that the district attorney's office always believed them—and not him. Once they had him just at the edge of the penitentiary, but I—I happened to know a few things that—well, he didn't go." Again Mother Howard chuckled, only to grow serious once more. "Men who went to work for your father and Harry disappeared, or got hurt accidentally in the mine or just quit through the bad name it was getting. Once Harry, coming down from the tunnel at night, stepped on a little bridge that always before had been as secure and safe as the hills themselves. It fell with him—they went down together thirty feet, and there was nothing but Nature to blame for it, in spite of what we three thought. Then, at last, they got a fellow who was willing to work for them in spite of what Rodaine's crowd—and it consisted of everybody in power—hinted about your father's bad reputation back East and—

"My father never harmed a soul in his life!" Fairchild's voice was hot, resentful. Mother Howard went on: "I know he didn't, Son. I'm only telling the story. Miners are superstitious as a general rule, and they're childish at believing things. It all worked in your father's case—with the exception of Harry and 'Sissie' Larsen, a Swede with a high voice, just about like mine. That's why they gave him the name. He went to work. A few months later they got into good ore. It looked like the bad luck was over at last. Then—"

Mother Howard hesitated at the brink of the very nubbin of it all, to



"The Three of Us Drove Up the Main Street."

Robert Fairchild. A long moment followed, in which he repressed a desire to seize her and wrest it from her, and at last—

"It was about dusk one night," she went on. "Harry came in and took me with him into this very room. He kissed me and told me that he must go away. He asked me if I would go with him—without knowing why. And, Son, I trusted him, I would have done anything for him—but I wasn't as old then as I am now. I refused—and to this day, I don't know why. It was just woman, I guess. Then he asked me if I would help him. I said I would."

"He didn't tell me much; except that he had been upstairs spreading the word that the ore had pinched out and that the hanging rock had caved in and that he and 'Sissie' and your father were through, that they

were beaten and were going away that night. But—and Harry waited a long time before he told me this—'Sissie' was not going with them."

"I'm putting a lot in your hands," he told me, but you've got to help us. "Sissie" won't be there—and I can't tell you why. The town must think that he is. Your voice is just like 'Sissie's.' You've got to help us out of town."

"And I promised. Late that night, the three of us drove up the main street, your father on one side of the seat, Harry on the other, and me, dressed in some of 'Sissie's' clothes, half hidden between them. Nobody dreamed that I was anyone else but the Swede—my head was tipped forward, so they couldn't see my features. We drove outside town and stopped. Then we said goodby, and I put on an old dress that I had brought with me and sneaked back home. Nobody knew the difference."

"But Larsen—?"

"You know as much as I do, Son. 'You never saw Larsen again?'"

"I never saw any of them. That was the end."

"But Rodaine—?"

"He's still here. You'll hear from him—plenty soon. I could see that, the minute Blindeye Bozeman and Taylor Bill began taking your measure. You noticed they left the table before the meal was over? It was to tell Rodaine."

"Then he'll fight me, too?"

Mother Howard laughed—and her voice was harsh.

"Rodaine's a rattlesnake. His son's a rattlesnake. His wife's crazy—Old Crazy Laura. He drove her that way. She lives by herself, in an old house on the Georgeville road. And she'd kill for him, even if he does beat her when she goes to his house and begs him to take her back. That's the kind of a crowd it is. Just to put a good finish on it all, the young 'un moves in the best society in town and spends most of his time trying to argue the former district judge's daughter into marrying him. So there you are. That's all Mother Howard knows, Son."

She turned to the door and then, turning, patted Fairchild on the shoulder.

"Boy," came quietly, "you've got a broad back and a good head. Rodaine beat your father—don't let him beat you. And always remember one thing: Old Mother Howard's played the game before, and she'll play it with you—dark streets aren't exactly the place for you."

Robert Fairchild obeyed the instructions, a victim of many a conjecture, many an attempt at reasoning as he sought sleep that was far away. Again and again there rose before him the vision of two men in an open buggy, with a person between them whom Ohadi believed to be an effeminate-voiced Swede; in reality, only a woman. And why had they adopted the expedient? Why had not Larsen been with them in reality? It was hours before Fairchild found sleep, and even then it was a thing of troubled visions.

Streaming sun awakened him, and he hurried to the dining room to find himself the last lodger at the tables. He ate a rather hasty meal, made more so by an impatient waitress, then with the necessary papers in his pocket, Fairchild started toward the courthouse and the legal procedure which must be undergone before he made his first trip to the mine.

A block or two, and then Fairchild suddenly halted. Crossing the street at an angle just before him was a young woman whose features, whose mannerisms he recognized. The whipcord riding habit had given place now to a tailored suit which deprived her of the boyishness that had been so apparent on their first meeting. The cap had disappeared before a close-fitting, varicolored turban. But the straying brown hair still was there, the brown eyes, the piquant little nose and the prettily formed lips. Fairchild's heart thumped—nor did he stop to consider why. A quickening of his pace, and he met her just as she stepped to the curb.

"I'm so glad of this opportunity," he exclaimed happily. "I want to return that money to you. I—I was so fussed yesterday I didn't realize—"

"Aren't you mistaken?" She looked at him with a slight smile. Fairchild did not catch the infection.

"Oh, no. I'm the man, you know, who helped you change that tire on the Denver road yesterday."

"Pardon me." This time one brown eye had wavered ever so slightly, indicating someone behind Fairchild.

"But I wasn't on the Denver road yesterday, and if you'll excuse me for saying so, I don't remember ever having seen you before."

There was a little light in her eyes which took away the sting of the denial, a light which seemed to urge caution and at the same time to tell Fair-



"Oh, He's Maurice Rodaine."

child that she trusted him to do his part as a gentleman in a thing she wished forgotten. More fussed than ever, he drew back and bent low in apology, while she passed on. Half a block away, a young man rounded a corner and, seeing her, hastened to join her. She extended her hand; they chatted a moment, then strolled up the street together. Fairchild watched blankly, then turned at a chuckle just behind him emanating from the bearded lips of an old miner, loafing on the stone coping in front of a small store.

"Pick the wrong filly, pardner?" came the query. Fairchild managed to smile.

"Guess so." Then he lied quickly. "I thought she was a girl from Denver."

"Her?" The old miner stretched. "Nope. That's Anita Richmond, old Judge Richmond's daughter. Guess she must hev been expecting that young fellow—or she wouldn't have cut you off so short. She ain't usually that way."

"Her fiancé?" Fairchild asked the question with misgiving. The miner finished his stretch and added a yawn to it. Then he looked appraisingly up the street toward the retreating figures. "Well, some say he is and some say he ain't. Guess it mostly depends on the girl, and she ain't telling yet."

"And the man—who is he?"

"Him? Oh, he's Maurice Rodaine. Son of a pretty famous character

around here, old Squire Rodaine. Owns the Silver Queen property up the hill. Ever hear of him?"

The eyes of Robert Fairchild narrowed, and a desire to fight—a longing to grapple with Squire Rodaine and all that belonged to him—surged into his heart. But his voice, when he spoke, was slow and suppressed.

"Squire Rodaine? Yes, I think I have. The name sounds rather familiar."

Then, deliberately, he started up the street, following at a distance the man and the girl who walked before him.

CHAPTER VI

There was no specific reason why Robert Fairchild should follow Maurice Rodaine and the young woman who had been described to him as the daughter of Judge Richmond, whoever he might be. Resentment was in his heart—resentment that the family of Rodaine should be connected in some way with the piquant, mysterious little person he had helped out of a predicament on the Denver road the day before. And to his chagrin, the very fact that there was a connection added a more sinister note to the escapade of the exploded tire and the pursuing sheriff; as he walked along, his gaze far ahead, Fairchild found himself wondering whether there could be more than mere coincidence in it all, whether she was a part of the Rodaine schemes and the Rodaine trickery, whether—

But he ceased his wondering to turn sharply into a nearby drug store, there absent to give an order at the soda fountain and stand watching the pair who had stopped just in front of him on the corner. She was the same girl; there could be no doubt of that, and he raged inwardly as she chatted and chaffed with the man who looked down upon her with a smiling air of proprietorship which instilled instant rebellion in Fairchild's heart. Nor did he know the reason for that, either.

After a moment they parted, and Fairchild gulped at his fountain drink. She had hesitated, then with a quick decision turned straight into the drug store.

"Buy a ticket, Mr. McCauley?" she asked of the man behind the counter. "I've sold twenty already, this morning. Only five more, and my work's over. Please take the five, won't you? Then I'll be through."

"I'll be darned if I will, 'Nita!'" McCauley bucked against a shelf case in mock self-defense. "Every time you've got anything you want to get rid of, you come in here and shove it off on me. There's only four in my family and four's all I'm going to take." He tossed four silver dollars on the show-case and took the tickets. The girl demurred.

"But how about the fifth one? I've got to sell that too—"

"Well, sell it to him!" And Fairchild, looking into the soda-fountain mirror, saw himself indicated as the drugist started toward the prescription case.

There was a moment of awkward silence as Fairchild gazed intently into his soda glass, then with a feeling of queer excitement, set it on the marble counter and turned. Anita Richmond was approaching—in a stranger-like manner—a ticket of some sort held before her.

"Pardon me," she began, "but would you care to buy a ticket to the Old Times dance? It's a sort of municipal thing, gotten up by the bureau of mines—to celebrate the return of silver mining."

"But—I'm afraid I'm not much on dancing."

"You don't have to be. Nobody'll dance much—except the old-fashioned affairs. You see, everybody's supposed to represent people of the days when things were booming around here. There'll be a fiddle orchestra, and a dance caller and everything like that, and a bar—but of course there'll only be imitation liquor. But," she added with quick emphasis, "there'll be a lot of things really real—real keno and roulette and everything like that, and everybody in the costume of thirty or forty years ago. Don't you want to buy a ticket? It's the last one I've got!" she added prettily.

"When's it to be?"

"A week from tomorrow night. Are you going to be here that long?"

She realized the slip of her tongue and colored slightly. Fairchild, recovered now, reached into a pocket and carefully fingered the bills there. Then, with a quick motion, as he drew them forth, he covered a ten-dollar bill with a one-dollar note and thrust them forward.

"Yes, I'll take the ticket."

She handed it to him, thanked him, and reached for the money. As it passed into her hand, a corner of the ten-dollar bill revealed itself, and she hastily thrust it toward him as though to return money paid by mistake. Just as quickly, she realized his purpose and withdrew her hand.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, almost in a whisper, "I understand." She flushed and stood a second hesitant, flustered, her big eyes almost childish as they looked up into his. "You—you must think I'm a cad!" Then she whirled and left the store, and a slight smile came to the lips of Robert Fairchild as he watched her hurrying across the street. He had won a tiny victory, at least.

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(To Be Continued.)

DRIVER HURT WHEN AUTO TURNS TURTLE

C. A. Bushong Sustains Cut Thigh— Attempted To Pass Another Car On Tumalo Road.

C. A. Bushong sustained a severe cut on the thigh Sunday night on his way home from Suttle lake, when his car turned over on the road from Tumalo to Bend when he drove into the soft gravel in attempting to pass another car. Bushong was imprisoned beneath the car, and a screw on the windshield caused the wound. Another passenger in the car was unhurt, and extricated Bushong. Outside of a cracked windshield, the car was not damaged.

The car was one which formerly belonged to Dan Smith, and had been in a similar accident while Smith's property.

ACTION DEFERRED ON ARNOLD'S RAILROAD

Commercial Club Directors Authorize Preparation of More Road Signs.

A. W. Arnold's proposal to build a "rubber tired wooden" railway from Bend to Lakeview, presented to the Bend Commercial club directors Thursday, was not acted upon the railroad committee deciding that no action could be taken until the present controversy over the Southern Pacific-Central Pacific unmerger is decided.

Secretary Antles was instructed to have placed all of the road signs on hand and to have an additional supply painted, particularly for pointing out the way to the Century drive inside Bend's city limits.

STRUCK BY CABLE, LOGGER IS INJURED

Glen Hackett, employed at Shevlin-Hixon Camp No. 1, sustained a badly bruised back and also suffered a sprained ankle and scratches on his head and arms, when a loose cable struck him Saturday afternoon. No bones were broken. He was brought to the Lumberman's hospital, and is reported improving satisfactorily.

HISTORY PAMPHLETS SENT TO TEACHERS

Pamphlets on the history of Oregon are being sent out for the first time from the office of State Superintendent of Education J. A. Churchill, and will be used as an aid to instructors in teaching the subject in the eighth grade. A quantity of the pamphlets were received at the office of County Superintendent J. Alton Thompson this morning.

Lynx Kitten Adopts Auto Salesman's Car; Now He's a Window Decoration; May Become U. of O. Football Mascot

A lynx kitten which was found on the running board of a Bend Motor Service Co. automobile beyond Prineville, is now the central figure in a window display at the company's local office on Bond street. The kitten was one of half a dozen or more which appeared near the road as the car idled along. The others escaped when pursued by occupants of the car, but the one in question merely camped on the running board and refused to leave.

Sunday night he changed his mind as he was being brought into Bend. He managed to free himself when the corner of his box was raised for a moment, but was captured about 1 o'clock Monday morning by Reuben Shafford, O. T. Mann, and Mann's Airedale dog.

The lynx is to be sent to Prineville to Dr. J. H. Rosenberg, and from there will be shipped to Eugene this fall as a candidate for the position of mascot of the University of Oregon football eleven. Dr. Rosenberg's son is a student at the state university.

RECEPTION PLANNED FOR COUPLE FAILS

Vehicle Which Was To Transport Newlyweds In State Returns From Station Empty.

A reception committee which did not receive what it expected appeared Tuesday morning at the union station to meet the S. P. & S. passenger train. A dilapidated truck with an antiquated seat arranged in the rear, with "just married" painted across the back, drew up at the station, with B. P. Royce, Lloyd Magill and Vernon Manny in charge.

When the train arrived, Dr. Harry N. Moore was one of those who alighted, but no Mrs. Moore appeared. After the dentist was hown the conveyance which had been arranged for himself and his bride, and after efforts to obtain a third degree confession had failed, he admitted that there is a Mrs. Moore, and that she had remained in Portland for a few days.

The truck was driven back to town unoccupied.

Dr. Moore and Miss Helen Abel, last year an instructor in typing and history at the Bend high school, were married in Portland last Saturday.

SPHIER TO BECOME AGENT FOR BLOCK

Action of Seattle Man In Quoting Representative Not Supported By Court.

That John Michael of Seattle, in whose name title to the Sphier building in Bend stands, had no right to oust D. Sphier, holder of a 50 per cent equity in the property, as agent, is the decision handed down in circuit court in the case brought by Sphier several months ago. The decision allows J. F. Arnold, Michael's agent, a 5 per cent salary up to September 1, with a like amount going to Sphier, and reinstating Sphier as agent after that date, Jay H. Upton, Sphier's attorney, explained.

The building, which was redeemed from foreclosure through Michael's aid, has become a paying property, according to Upton.

THEY ARE MILD BUT EFFECTIVE

Biliousness, headaches, blurred vision, bad breath and coated tongue are almost certain to be present with a mass of heat producing undigested food in the stomach. Foley Cathartic Tablets keep the digestive organs active and the system fit and fine, purged of poisons. Not habit forming. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

CIVILIAN AID NOW OCCUPIES A. R. C.

Where a few months ago ex-service men's needs occupied most of the Red Cross home service section, civilian cases are now in the majority, it is shown in the report for July, issued by Mrs. Vernon A. Forbes, secretary. Forty ex-service men, 19 of them new in July, and 43 civilian cases, including 20 new ones, were handled.

The Red Cross shop turned over \$50 for the use of the home service section on August 1, but the sales during July amounted to only \$42.16.

CHIEF CLERK GOES TO VANCOUVER JOB

Louis Currie, chief clerk at the Bend railroad terminal for the past five years, leaves today for Vancouver, to take a similar position at the consolidated yards. Leand Davis will be promoted to take Currie's place here, and a new man will come from Portland to fill Davis' position. Currie's family is now in California, and will join him at Vancouver.

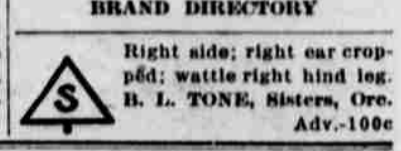
ROADS SOUTH ARE IMPROVED BY RAIN

Roads south of Bend have been improved, rather than damaged, by the recent heavy rains in that part of Central Oregon, according to R. S. McClure of the Dodge agency, who returned to Bend last week from a trip into Lake and Klamath counties.

Grass hoppers are stripping the grain fields in the Klamath marsh district, according to McClure.

WEEK END IS FOUND QUIET BY OFFICERS

Only one transgression of the law was reported over the week end. Ole Swanson was arrested Saturday night on a charge of drunkenness, and today forfeited \$25 bail.



Right side; right ear cropped; wattle right hind leg. B. L. TONE, Sisters, Ore. Adv. 100c

Brooks-Scanlon Lumber Company
Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Building Material, Kiln Dried Flooring and all kinds of Finish
SASH AND DOORS
COMPLETE STOCK of Standard Sizes.
BROOKS-SCANLON LUMBER CO.
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