upon the forehead of the being be

A lurching second—then "Bull" dropped, while the crowd, frightened

"I've done it-" came in a strange,

droning voice. "I've done it-he'll get

looked toward Bart Rogers, who had

turned, after assisting the weakened

Anita into the car, and in his eyes was

the look of a man facing something

far worse than death. "I've done it.

Bart-the thing I've always been

afraid of. I knew he'd make me-

I knew he'd go so far some day that

it'd all have to come out. Now he'll

get me and she'll-she'll have to suf-

fer, 'cause she ain't his daughter,

"Yours?" Bart asked the question

hurriedly as he pushed the frightened

old man into the car. "There-don't

talk about it now. Come on-we've got

his shoulder, jammed his foot on the

starter, and with the first roar of the

engine sent the car skidding around

the corner on the beginning of a cir-

cultous journey to the home of the

mayor. A half-block and he out-

distanced the few persons who had

sought to pursue. A few moments

more and he swerved into the Jordan

driveway. Then, with Anita, struggling

grimly for self-possession, and the

chattering Jim beside him, he faced

"I hate to impose on you, Mr. Jor-

"Come in!" The genial old official

had thrown wide the door. "Who's

this? Oh-" and his expression

"Yes, I'll explain to you later," Bart

answered. "In the meanwhile, could

you allow me to have a room where

Miss Franniston and Old Jim could

sort of sit down and compose them-

"Surest thing." Tom Jordan asked

no more questions, but simply led the

way to the top of the stairs, where his wife awaited him. "There's been

some more trouble, Mary," he an-

nounced quietly. "Take care of these folks, will you?"

living room, where Rogers gave his ac-counting, and told the story of "Bull" Franniston. The mayor's face lost its

"That looks bad," he responded grim-

"I wonder if you'd mind attending a

meeting with me about nine o'clock?"

"Out on the alkall flat. Some of the

men who are working around here

and who belong to the American

Legion are going to get together for

a few minutes. Will you be there? I'll need you."

"Meet me here at 8:30." It was said

Still with the grin on his features,

Tom Jordan went out the door, while

Bart Rogers looked after him in al-

most worshipful fashion. For Bart

had learned that one thing he had

had a genial face. He had a soft.

following the easiest way. But now,

to the barrier, he could prove him-

He stretched himself on the lounge.

nap," he said to himself. "Only a few

But when he turned at last, to

"Have to step lively, youngster,"

came his cheery greeting. "Let you sleep 'till the last minute. Hurry out

there in the kitchen and get the grub

my wife's fixed for you. It's half past

Bart obeyed hurriedly, then joined

machine. A mile past the center of

flat. Now Bart was leaning anxiously

forward, straining for the sight of

"They're there!" came his enthusi-

astic announcement, "Fully a hundred

of them. See! There by the campfire!"

Five minutes later they drew up at

the flat, and Bart alighted, to find the

enlongated Tarko striding toward him.

"Ain't I a good man?" he asked as

he jabbed forth a disfigured hand.

"May be a little mussed up-but a

good man's a good man any ole time.

Look 'em over, Cap'n. There they are

Bart introduced the mayor, and Bud

-a hundred and forty of 'em.'

men-and at last to be rewarded.

tugging at a shoulder, the light with

out had faded. Tom Jordan was grin-

self a thoroughbred

ning down at him.

minutes-"

quietly and tersely. "If I am a few

minutes late, don't worry. I'll be here.

Then he turned with Bart to the

"Take care of Anita," he called over

me now. But I-I can't help it."

hated and feared.

Bart-she's mine!"

to get away from here."

Mayor Jordan,

geniality.

Bart asked.

"Tonight? Where?"

dan," he began, "but-"

changed-"Miss Franniston."

now, milled for safety.

(Continued)

CHAPTER VIII A Fight

An hour later Bart was in Mannington, at ten o'clock he reached the bank and got the money; then he walked into the courtroom and waited for his deputy to be brought forward for pleading.

It was not long before Bud Tarko

"Not guilty, your honor," came the voice of the tall, bedraggled young man, and with that Bart went forward. "If you please, your honor, Mr. Tarko's attorney is on the way here from Cheyenne," he announced, "and, simply as a citizen, I would like to ask permission of the court to have this case set for at least a month from today, as Mr. Tarko's attorney will have to familiarize himself with all the detalls."

The district attorney nodded. "It's agreeable with me, your honor."

The date of trial was set. Bart again faced the court.

"I am ready, your honor, to furnish

Fifteen minutes later, the dilapidated Tarko beside him, Bart again was on the road to Bellaine. A mile and he turned to his companion.

"Bud, I'm going to let you out at the discovery well. I want you to visit every camp and outfit and find every American Legion man in the oil district. What's more, I want you to argue with that man until he gives you his solemn promise to meet at the alkall flat, just west of town, at nine o'clock tonight. Do you get me?"

"Do I? It's memorized. What'll I tell 'em is doing?"

"Action-and plenty of it."

Accordingly Bart let Tarko off at the oil fields and went on. At the entrance to the main street he leaned over the wheel suddenly at the sight of a crowd on the corner. A second more and he had swerved the machine to the curb, shut off the engine and was rushing forward. He had heard the jeering tones of a man-then the frightened cry of a girl-the voice of Anita Franniston.

In a doorway lounged "Bull" Franniston, plainly drunk, while, at the curbing, Anita was struggling vainly to evade the caresses of a man-the gambler Bart had arrested the day before. He too was drunk-almost as who egged him on from the doorway.

Old Jim, begging piteously with his drunken brute of a master for some evidence of human commiseration, was unbeeded. About them the crowd laughed and jeered as the gambler continued his lurching efforts to force the lips of Anita Franniston to his.

And with that, Bart Rogers swept for-

He tore the gambler away from Anita. "Let go of that girl!" It was "Bull"

Frankiston, weaving forward now, his right hand fumbling in the direction of a hip pocket. "Bart!" It was a screaming voice

from one side, where Old Jim was scrambling forward. "Bart! Look out! He's got a gun!" But half-way to his pocket Frannis-

ton's hand halted, and he whirled in frenzied fashion as the thin, suddenly superstrong Old Jim lunged toward him, with both thin hands, grasping his heavy wrist. A great fist drew back, and the black eyes of the hulking beast seemed to pull together in a spasm of anger.

"Let go there!" he ordered, and struck wildly at the dodging, twisting form of the old man. "Let go there!"

"I'll not let go!" Old Jim was screaming now, with a sort of flerce terror, "I'll not! It's my flesh and blood, 'Bull,' and I ain't going to stand it any longer! You ain't going to hurt her and you ain't going to hurt him! Drop that gun! Drop that gun, I say !

"Let go !!" The big voice thundered the command and again the heavy. free fist of the man swished through the air, to catch the older man on the side of the head, to stun him momentarily and to send him staggering, while the gunhand again swung upward.

Then a shot tore its way into the sidewalk as Old Jim once more leaped to the attack and grasped the wrist of the larger man. A third shot, a fourth

-and then a shriek! The teeth of Old Jim clamped on the wrist, and the blood began to splatter on the sidewalk. The gun had dropped from the deadened grasp of "Bull" Franniston, while Jim leaped and seized it, then, whirling, swung it high and brought the butt crashing down Tarko grinned as the former went to call the meeting to order.

He waved toward Bart Rogers, and the marshal stepped a short distance

"Fellows," he began quietly, "I know that every one of you have some place that you call home, and that you like to think about it as a place where there's law and decency, and where your mother or your sister or your sweetheart can walk along the street in safety, or where your young brother will not be face to face with a thousand temptations that should be removed from his path. Is that right?"

There was a slight murmur-Bart knew it was one of approval. He con-

"I thought so. Now: the man beside me is the new mayor of Bellaine. He's not a politician, and he has no ax to grind. I think he will tell you that on the streets of Bellaine in the last week women have been insulted, men fleeced of their every cent, youths lured into dance halls and worse-and all because there isn't sufficient police power to stop it. Mayor, is that right?"

Tom Jordan rubbed his hands. "I had just thirty letters yesterday

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that makes the language of the United States marine. For all of it, there was not the slightest necessity-everywhere were men, stripped to the waist, and working as they had not worked in months. Post-hole diggers were biting their way into the ground, rolls of barbed wire being trundled into position, hammers were clanging, and shadowy forms clustered about a hastily procured truck as they relieved it of its first load of supplies. A form moved to Bart Rogers' side,

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from people who really lived in Bellaine asking me what I intended doing about cleaning up this town," was his reply. "All that I could tell them was that I would do my best, but that my hands were tied."

Again Bart Rogers took the initiative.

"The reason for it is, fellows, simply the fact that Bud Tarko and myself are the police department. We're not a very husky army to combat what we're up against. We get no help from the sheriff-instead, today he arrested my deputy because he had shown the effrontery to use firearms to prevent a jail delivery of a gambler. Now I've promised to make it short, sweet and snappy. You're Legion men. You stand for certain things, for honesty, for decency, for clean Americanism, and for law and order. This little town didn't give many soldiers during the war, because it had but few to give. But it did give of what wealth possessed, what hopes it had, what energy it could summon. In all things it gave to the limit, and it asked no return. Tonight I am begging for it, I, a member of the American Legion, am asking you, as my buddles of the greatest organization in the world, to jump in and help me make this an American town again. I need 25 men whom I can deputize and who will not be afraid to shoot. You'll receive no money; you may receive injuries; are there 25 men who want to help me?"

CHAPTER IX

The Stockade

"Hey, keep them hands down!" Bud Tarko was yelling at the top of his lungs. "What d' you think I amadding machine? Now, first row! Them that wants to go in on this jamboree, stick up your mitts! U-U-" he turned suddenly to Bart-"how in blazes do you say unanimous? Second row-same thing! Third, fourth, fifth-huh, it looks like everybody's coming to the party."

"Good!" exclaimed Bart smiling. Then he turned to Tom Jordan, 'Mayor, I may need \$1,000 to carry this thing through. Are you willing to advance it, knowing that you'll get It back from the city when the fines begin coming in?"

it back or not." Tom Jordan was chewing at a cigar, somewhat viciously.

"It's advanced whether I ever get

feared was untrue. Old Tom Jordan "Very well. You've got a charge account at the Royal Hardware company, easy manner. He had a penchant for haven't you? Take Bud Tarko and these men up there and get sufficient Bart saw, when Tom Jordan came barbed wire, staples, posts and everything else that's necessary to build a fence six feet high around the place where the City hall stood. Get that, "It's just going to be a bit of a Tarko?"

"Do I?" The long deputy swung his arms. "Oh, baby! A stockade!" "That's it. I want it built by tomorrow afternoon at six o'clock. the meanwhile I want twenty men who can scare up rifles and revolvers, to walk post, ten to stand duty tonight and ten to relieve them at eight in the morning, to keep everybody away and to answer no questions. Do I get 'em?"

"Stop your crowdin', will you guys? They's plenty of work left!" Bud was pushing back the volunteers. Bart Rogers went on.

the mayor, who was waiting in the "The rest of you report at the may town they veered their course, and, or's home at ten o'clock tomorrow leaving the road, started straight night with what side-arms you can across the prairie toward the alkali scare up. In the meanwhile I want one or two men who are well known to the state adjutant of the American Legion of Wyoming to go to Chey-

enne with me tonight. Who's on?" Two hours later, in the light of spluttering torches, Bart Rogers stepped to one side as a roaring, bellowing person strode past him.

"Aw-right!" sounded the howling voice. "Make 'er snappy! Le's get some action here! Post carriersover this way! Barbed wire men, stand by t' shove off!"

It was Bud Tarko, shouting the lingo of the sea and the jabber of the army

and a rather fat hand mopped at perspiring forehead.

"Here are the commissions for all the men at work here tonight," came the announcement of the puffing Tom Jordan. "I guess Tarko'd better pass them out. They've all been sworn."

"Listen, cap'n, it ain't any of my business, but that train's going to be whistlin' in about ten minutes." Fifteen minutes later they were leaving the glaring, noisy, blatant boom town behind on their way to Cheyenne.

Morning, and with it hurried interviews, running messengers, clanging nammers, and then-

On board the train which carried the three men back to Bellaine were six long, coffin-like boxes, each with its excess baggage tag attached, the premium of speedy transportation. A truck awalted them at the station, and Bud Tarko met Bart with a grimy bunch of men.

In the distance a great circular stockade of bristling wire had been



Around It Stood a Curious, Gaping Crowd.

built, and around it stood a curious, gaping crowd.

To the stockade Bart went then, to examine the barbs, to test the heavy, wire-studded gate, and stepping inside, to regard the possibilities and impossibilities of escape. Once more he turned to Tarko.

"I'll be back to relieve you in a few minutes, as soon as I get this stuff up to the mayor's house. You're needing sleep."

"Who, me? Say, I never want to look a bed in the face again. Boy, I'm rarin' to go."

"You'll rear better after you've snored awhile." Then Bart Rogers, his old enthusiasm returned, a portion at leaest of his zest in life restored, followed the truck and the long, casket-like boxes to the home of the mayor. There he called for Old Jim, that he might aid in the work before them. But when the man appeared Bart rescinded his order.

Jim appeared ghastly ill and frightened. Instinctively Rogers went to him and grasped him by a thin, trem-

"Jun!" he ordered, "buck up here! What's the matter with you? No-

"He's looking for me." The voice was strange and cracked and lifeless. A hand twitched in the general direction of outdoors. "I-I saw him go down the street."

"Looking for you? Saw him-what are you talking about?" "Graham. He came into town in a

hurry a half hour ago. He's-he's looking-

"Oh, look here!" A slight air of disgust crept into Bart's voice at the continued fear of the other man.

"Forget it. If that's all you're worry. If you enjoy a good meal,

"Upstairs."

"Is she feeling better?" The burning eyes turned toward the other man, eyes which told a thousand stories of suffering.

"Better?" asked Old Jim in a voice that was stranger, more weird than ever. "No. She's-she's crying. It | had to come. I've-done what I've always been afraid of doing. broken her heart. I've-I've told her!'

"What do you mean?"

Just then the doorbell jangled. "Graham's at the door," Old Jim said slowly. "He's come for me. Will

"Certainly." Bart could say but little else. He passed the tense figure and turned the knob. Sheriff Graham of Mannington looked up at him in surly fashion.

"I want him"-Graham demandedwho's that standing back there in the hall?" "Jim Alderby!" The faint voice an-

swered.

"Did you ever go under the name of George Morrison?"

"That-that was my real name." "Then I guess you'd better come along. I've got a telegram here from Alkonia that they want you."

"Alkonia?" Bart Rogers had edged into the conversation. "Alkoniawhere?"

"Illinois." "But Jim hasn't been out of this town for-"

"Well, if you've got to know," and the sheriff poked forward a telegram, "maybe you'd better look at this and get an eyeful."

Bart Rogers took the message, suddenly to find the words swimming before his eyes. For a full moment he stared at it, reading again the crisp. brutal order.

"Graham, Sheriff,

"Mannington, Wyo.
"Arrest and hold for local officer, George Morrison, alias James Alderby, fifty-six, five ten, dark eyes, second finger of right hand bent to left, scar above right ear. Charge murder.

"Chief of Police, Alkonia, Ill." "Murder?" Bart Rogers spoke the word dazedly, non-understandingly.
"There must be some mistake about this. I-"

"You're not the one who's running it," the sheriff cut in. "This man's admitted his identity. What's the use-

"But Jim! Don't stand there dumb! You haven't been out of this town for years. You-"

He ceased. The old man had spread his hands and shaken his head. Then, slowly he had come forward.

"Don't try to help me, Bart," had come pleadingly. "It only makes it harder. I--I told you I'd broken her heart. I'm-what you say-a murderer. I-I guess the worst kind of murderer that ever God ever cursed, a murderer who killed the woman he loved -his wife-and the mother of his baby !"

Long after the machine containing the sheriff and Old Jim had chugged away, Bart Rogers still stood there in the hallway, looking with dazed eyes into nothingness, striving to en-

Was that the reason-the thought shot like red flame through the brain of Bart Rogers-that Old Jim had suffered Anita to be mistreated at the hands of "Bull" Franniston, simply because he knew that even this was better than the discovery that her father was a murderer? Did he know that once he crossed the evil, hglytempered "Bull" Franniston, his secret would be a secret no longer? Wax that why he had begged the man he served to be more lenient with the girl; why he had beseeched him not to force the issue to the breaking point? Instinctively, Bart knew the answer-and yet, with it all, there still lingered the mystery, the unsol-

uble question of-why? There were too many questions, even for conjectures. More, Jim had spoken of a girl upstairs, a girl who was broken-hearted and weeping. Bart turned in search of Mrs. Jordan, then with her beside him, went to Anita's room. A little heap of humanity was curled in a chair, weeping. The woman hurried to her.

"He told me the whole story," came brokenly. "He killed my mother!" Then the sobs came again. Mrs. Jordan nodded to Bart and quietly he de parted. An hour later-

In the big living-room dowstairs, a sad-faced, motherly woman stood by the window, talking to Bart Rogers.

"It's not a pleasant story," came quietly. Maybe it's not true-but if it is, I can't help feeling sorry for Old Jim, even if he is a murderer. Perhaps, I'm too sympathetic. But when a man has paid and paid and paid-I just can't help it."

'I don't understand, Mrs. Jordan. "Neither do I-in a way," was the quick rejoinder. "Old Jim may have nvented the whole story. Certainly there is nothing but his word for it, however.

"According to what he told Anita, he and a young lawyer, Mason Bartholomew, were rivals for the same girl back in Alkonia. She had become engaged to Bartholomew, simply, according to Jim, because he seemed to exert some sort of hypnotic influence over her. She was afraid of

ing about, I'll pay your fine. Where's .add know a good meal when you get it,
Anita?" You'll be back, tor you'll not forget it:

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from him. As a result, Jim did not

give up his suit. "The time for the wedding approached and the girl became more frightened than ever. Then Jim, according to his story to Anita, decided

to take things into his own hands. He went to her and argued with her until she gained the courage to elope with him. They ran away and were married that night. "Of course, they came back to Alkonia, and the girl had to face the at-

torney. But apparently he had decided to act the man about the thing. He offered Jim his hand and told him that it was only natural that the best man should win, then promised his undying friendship.

"Four years went by, in which the attorney was a constant visitor to the Morrison home—that is Old Jim's real name, you know. Then Anita was born, and but three months later the storm broke.

"One morning Jim opened his mail to find an anonymous letter which made charges against his wife and some man in town whose name Anita could not recall. Jim accused her, then went to the man in question, accusing him. I guess there was the usual scene-and a fight, in which Jim was bested. Those were drinking days, and once the whisky had begun to work on him, he bought a revolver. He hazily remembers Bartholomew ar-

guing with him to be sensible and trust his wife. Then, according to his story, his mind became a blank. When he awoke he dragged himself out of a drunken stupor to find that he was in his own house, that his revolver was clasped in his right hand, and that, across the room, lay the dead body of his wife.

(To be continued)

Laws! Laws!

(Portland Journal

No one in Portland could live long enough to disobey all the local laws. He would have to have a cat's nine lives to disregard the laws of state and city combined.

In the second of his articles The Journal, William P.

Helm Jr. said: In 15 legislatures this year more than 10,000 bills were introduced. New York, Minne-California, Tennessee, sota. Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Massachusetts, West Virginia and Wisconsin, share the doubtful honor of considering the greatest number of changes in statutory law. New York leads the list with a total of 3186 bills introduced. Much freakish and unusual legislation burnt hours for which taxpayers paid many thousands of dollars in salaries to their lawmakers.

Judge Marcus Kayanagh of the superior court of Illinois says:

Three powerful lawyers are responsible for the failure of our criminal law. They are the lawyer in the legislature, the lawyer on the bench and the lawyer at the bar.

He bases the statement on flimsy technicalities thrown into the law by lawyers in the legislature, pleaded by lawyers before the bar, and sustained by lawyers on the bench.

The Union Bridge company has appealed to the Oregon supreme court from the decision of Judge McMahan which enjoined the maintenance of the new Albany bridge approach without the payment of damages to Barrett brothers for damage to their property.

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Halsey and Harrisburg Call D. TAVLOR, Halsey, or

him-even after she had given her W. L. WRIGHT, Harrisburg promise. She told Jim of her fears and of her dislike: once she ran away