



With the Clock Turned Back

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(Continued)

There were screams, yells, shouts. Brent looked back. A woman or two had fainted. Two or three men were seizing clubs and preparing to follow him.

"Gosh," he said to himself with a



"Gosh," he said to himself with a grunt. "They think I'm a Wild Man!"

grunt, "they think I'm a real wild man!"

He plunged forward into the woods and sought to regain the cave. A yell or two from behind told him that the men were still on his trail. He heard a sharp report from the rear and a singing something passed him.

"Good by, Thomas," he consoled himself. "They're shooting at you."

But on he went, dodging here and there. Again and again he sought to find the entrance to the cave where he might lose himself from the men who were following. It was an impossibility. Bewildered, befuddled, he had lost all sense of direction, and blindly dodged here and there, anywhere, in the effort to throw his pursuers off the trail. At last the cries from behind grew fainter. Brent realized that the pursuit was over. Slowly he sank beneath a tree and gasped back a part of the breath he had lost, and he remained there.

It seemed good to rest in the sun after that wild chase. It was warm and pleasant and comforting. He allowed his head to sink lower and lower. At last he slept.

When he awoke it was with a start and the realization that night was approaching, that he was hungry, that the warm air of the day was different from the cool air of evening, that he was still in the attire and decoration of a cross between a Malay savage and a Fiji islander. He groaning rolled over and looked steadily at the moon.

"Doggone it!" he burst out wholeheartedly. "Doggone it!" But the ejaculation did no good except to relieve somewhat his overcharged feelings. It brought him no nearer his clothes, no nearer the cave, no nearer anything except the realization that he was lost in the woods in exceedingly thin attire and that it was going to get rather cool before morning.

"No fool like an old fool," he growled as he rose and stumbled toward an open space where the moonlight made progress better. "I've got to get this crazy mud off of me or I'll go insane. If I could find the creek, maybe I could follow it back to the cave or somewhere near it."

"That Freck is a wise one," Mr. Brent commented to himself. "Had sense enough to stay in that brush and not move, and of course they didn't think of looking for him. There he is rolled up in his blanket, asleep, warm, and comfortable—comfortable," he said slowly and with a shiver.

"Huh! there isn't any such condition." A shimmer in the distance caught his eye and he plunged forward, colliding with a few trees now and then but at last reaching the creek where, with shivering teeth he bathed away the hateful mud, and then, shivering and trembling, started along its banks in the hope of finding the cave. The air was growing colder, and every little while Brent was forced to pause and do a short but energetic war dance to keep the chatter out of his teeth and the tremble and shiver out of his body.

"G-g-gosh, it's c-c-cold," he muttered to himself time after time. "I wish I could find that c-cave."

He stopped with the assertion and

thirty-five or thirty-six, vigorous, well formed, pretty, a healthy tan on her face and arms, and the wrinkles of appreciation of life and what it means were about her eyes.

Slowly she regarded the head which stuck up above the woodpile with much of the mud crown it once bore sticking to it and one or two pokeberries still drooping and awry. For a second or two the expression about her mouth and eyes were changeable, then it resolved into a laugh—a deep, feeling laugh in which even Thomas Brent was forced to join.

"Well," she said, "I don't know who on earth you are, but you're about the funniest-looking creature I ever set eyes on. Why don't you come out from behind there?"

"Can't," answered Thomas Brent with a return to lugubriousness.

"Can't? Why?"

Brent stuttered a moment before answering. "Because you're a woman," he said at last, "and I'm a man, and I haven't got on anything except a stinky little old pair of bathing trunks."

"Bathing trunks?" Another shriek of laughter. "Well, I never. What on earth are you doing here?"

"Goodness knows, madam. It's too long a story for me to go into now. I'd keep you standing here from now until tomorrow noon if I'd try to tell you all about it. Say, has your husband got any clothes in the house that would fit me?"

"He might—if I had a husband," the woman answered. "But I haven't. I'll ask the hired man, though."

The door shut and she was gone. In ten minutes more it opened. A pair of overalls and a shirt were thrown in.

"Best I can do," came in through the door. "I'll be waiting for you outside."

Thomas Brent looked but little more impressive than before when he left the wood-beds. The woman was waiting for him. With an appearance of dignity that made him only the more comical in his bare feet and mud-streaked hair, he strode forward and stuck out a hand.

"I want to thank you," he said slowly. "I may not look it, but my name is Thomas Brent and I am the president of the Amalgamated Foundry company in Kansas City. I—"

The woman laughed again. "No, you certainly don't look it," she answered. "For goodness' sake, come into the house. I'll bet you're about starved."

"Worse than that—I'm famished," Brent answered.

She led him to the kitchen, and as she bustled herself with the biscuits and country-smoked ham, and as Thomas Brent later busied himself with the very same delicacies, he told his story, leaving out what details he thought were unnecessary. Gradually his words ceased as the biscuits were pushed with greater frequency between his teeth, and he merely gurgled now and then as he attempted to end up his story. The woman, weak from laughing, sat on the opposite side of the table and gazed at him, her hands on her hips.

"I don't know whether to call you the funniest man I ever saw in my life, the craziest man I ever saw in my life or the most sensible man I ever saw in my life," she said at last. "Do you think it has done you good out here in the woods?"

"I wouldn't admit it to any one else but you," Thomas Brent said from behind a bulwark of biscuits, "but it's done me more good than twenty thousand sanitarians, a flock of nurses, and a whole regiment of doctors. You ought to see this kid I've got. He's the wisest little head I ever ran up against. I'm going to grow him up to be general manager of my business."

"What's his name?" asked the hostess.

"Goodness, I don't know," Brent answered. "I call him Freck. Say, these biscuits are good. Wonder why they don't cook 'em like this in hotels."

"Hotels?" asked the woman. "Do you live in a hotel?"

"Haven't lived in anything else since I can remember," Brent answered. "What kind of bun is this?"

"Country bread."

"Good, isn't it? Mind if I take an other slice? Funny thing how the country gives a man an appetite. I never felt this way in the city. I don't suppose you know much about that city, do you?"

"Don't I?" The woman laughed. "I've had both sides of it. I came on here to get away from it and I think I'm going to stay."

"Well, maybe you're right. Still, the city's a pretty good old place. I head up my mind I'm going to stick out here sixty days, and then I'm going back."

"You're a fool if you do," the woman said.

"Well, what am I going to do about my business?"

"How much of a business have you got? What's it worth?"

"Well, it's worth half a million. The Amalgamated Foundry company you know," Brent said proudly.

"Half a million. And you'll probably go back and try to build it up to a million. Then when you've built it up to a million, you'll be about sixty years old and they'll be putting you into a coffin and saying nice things about you before they cover you up with dirt. Then what will you do with your million?"

Mr. Brent slammed the table with one hand as he lifted a biscuit with the other. "By George," he said, "I'd never thought of that! Mind if I have another biscuit? Say, by the way, never asked you your name?"

"Mrs. Williams," was the answer.

"Oh! There was a tone of disappointment in Mr. Brent's voice. "I thought you didn't have any bus-

band."

"I haven't," Mrs. Williams answered. "He has been dead eight years."

"Oh," said Mr. Brent again. "Oh." And then by way of changing the subject, he added: "Mind if I take just one more biscuit?"

Following that one, which was the last, he rose heavily and watched Mrs. Williams pile the dishes into the pan.

Once or twice he clumsily helped her, then stood bashfully by looking with something of amazement upon the mastery with which this woman handled things. To tell the truth, Mrs. Williams was the first real woman Thomas Brent had ever come in close contact with. She was the only woman he had ever seen engaged in the mysteries of a culinary department, and to him in this stage of life the picture was amazing.

"I'd like to do something to help you," he said awkwardly, "but I don't know anything about this sort of business."

"Well, it's time a man like you was learning," Mrs. Williams answered with a laugh. "You've missed the best part of your life if you've never washed dishes. Now here, you take the towel in your hand like this, see? Then you take up the dish with it and then you get your hand under the other end of the towel like this, see?"

"Uh-huh," said Thomas Brent, raising his hands awkwardly and then dropping them again. "Then what do you do?"

"Why, you just wipe the dish."

"Suppose I drop it and burst it?" he asked.

"Well, there's the gamble," said Mrs. Williams. "There's a gamble in pretty nearly everything, even dish washing."

Thomas Brent gazed admiringly across the dishes and dish water. "You're a wonder," he beamed. "I never thought I—"

A door opened, there was the sound of running steps, and a boyish voice called:

"Aunt Margie, has Mr. Edwards come yet? He said he—"

Freck paused in the door.

"Why, hello, Mr. Brent," he said in amazement. "How long you been here?"

The cup which Mr. Brent was wiping juggled for a second and was in imminent danger of falling as he turned to gaze in amazement at Freck in the doorway.

"Well—well, where did you come from?" he asked.

"Came from the cave," Freck replied with a grin.

"What're you doing here?"

"Good lands!" The voice of Mrs. Williams had broken in. "You don't mean to tell me that this is the wonderful boy you have been talking about. Goodness gracious me! I didn't know Jimmie Phillips was good for anything except to catch crawdads and get into mischief."

"Good for anything?" Mr. Brent said heatedly. "Why, that boy's got more sense in a minute than most men have in years. He's got more business judgment, he's got more tact, he's got more diplomacy about him than half the ambassadors at Washington. Why, Mrs. Williams," he concluded, leaning far back and gazing admiringly at the boy, "you don't know what an honor it is to have Freck in your family?" He turned quickly. "I heard him say something about an aunt of his that lived over this way, but I never connected you two until just now."

"Yes; he's in the family," Mrs. Williams laughed. "Sometimes I'm glad of it, and sometimes I'm sorry. That boy can be the greatest blessing or the worst trial of anybody I ever saw in my life. Freck, how's your ma?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her for three or four days. Soon as Mr. Brent'll let me I'm going to take her to town and buy her a rug. She'll be tickled." He turned shortly. "Here comes Mr. Edwards," he said.

A tall young man had opened the gate and was coming slowly down the walk toward the house. As he looked at him Mr. Brent's forehead gathered into puckers and he strained his eyes.

"I've seen that young man before somewhere," he said to himself. "Now where was it—where was it?"

Edwards reached the door. "How do you do, Mr. Brent," he said coldly. "How do you do," answered Mr. Brent. "I believe you've got the best of me. Your face is familiar, but I don't remember just where I've seen you before."

"I guess not." There was a sort of an ugly coolness in Edwards' voice. "I worked for you only four years."

"Huh! That so? Funny I didn't remember you." Mr. Brent said as he put forth his hand. "What department did you work in?"

"I was head of the checking department. I should say, Mr. Brent, that it would be a little queer that a man could work for you for four years and you not know him."

"There's something to that," Mr. Brent answered with a little laugh. "To tell the truth, when I was in town I buried myself so much with the contract end of the business that I was forced to allow my employees to be taken care of by Scovettes. I've been wondering the last week or so whether I did the right thing."

"I hardly think you did," Edwards replied. There had not been a smile on his face since he entered the house, Freck and Mrs. Williams were staring at him.

Freck stepped forward. "Mr. Brent is the man that wanted to see you," he said. "He wants you to help him out with something."

Edwards laughed a little harshly.

(Continued on page 5)

Albany Directory

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REFEREE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN. That pursuant to an order of sale made and entered in the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Linn, Dept. No. 2, on the 28th Day of April, 1927, in that certain suit therein wherein Jesse B. Schroll, Annie M. Schroll his wife, and Clara L. Carlson and C. E. Carlson her husband, were plaintiffs, and Emory Wallace Schroll, Ruby Almon, H. L. Almon her husband, Pearl P. Sturgis, J. H. Sturgis her husband, and George W. Schroll and Ruth Schroll his wife, were defendants, and appointing and directing the undersigned as sole referee to sell the real property hereinafter described, I, the undersigned referee will, on Saturday, the 4th Day of June, 1927, at the hour of One o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the courthouse at Albany in Linn County, Oregon, offer and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, in the manner required for sale of real property on execution, subject to confirmation of said court, all the following real property, to-wit:—All of Blocks 22, 39 and 40 of the City of Halsey in Linn County, Oregon; also beginning 90 Ft. West of the S. W. corner of Block 38 in the City of Halsey in Linn County, Oregon, and running from thence North 720 Ft. to the county road; Thence West 123 Ft.; Thence South 720 Ft. to a point due W. of the place of beginning; and thence East 123 Ft. to beginning, as said blocks are numbered, designated and described on the maps and plats of said city of record in the office of the County Recorder of said County. Dated and first published May 5, 1927.
FRANK RICHARD,
Sole Referee.

Tussing & Tussing, Attys for Pliffs.
Hewitt & Sox,
Attys for Dfts. Emory Wallace Schroll et al.

A Brownsville car collided with that of George Donnen of Shedd between that town and Corvallis Thursday night and smashed it, but Mr. Donnen and two children, who were in it, escaped with cuts and bruises.

Mr. and Mrs. Berky, missionaries from China who are visiting friends in and around Halsey, will soon go to Nebraska. Mr. Berky preached at Pine Grove Sunday.

Strawberry and gooseberry growers, who expect to begin their harvest within a week, report that no shortage of pickers is in prospect.

Mrs. Kemises of Los Angeles was severely injured Friday morning when the family car skidded while passing a wagon on the highway near Shedd. She died a few minutes after reaching the hospital in Albany.

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ABE'S PLACE

NOTICE of Appointment of Executrix
Notice is hereby given that, the undersigned, by an order of the County Court of Linn County, Oregon, has been appointed Executrix of the last will and testament of Richard C. Farwell, deceased.
All persons having claims against said estate are required to present them within six months from the date of this notice, with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned at her residence, about three miles east of Shedd, in Linn County, Oregon.
Dated and first published this 28th day of April, 1927.
Grace Farwell, Executrix aforesaid.
Tussing & Tussing, Attys. for Exrx.