



(Continued from last week.)

He was nearly opposite in the lodge when he noticed a fisherman in front of him. Working steadily forward, Kilmeny found himself gaining on the other. In order not to pass too near he struck out into the deeper water toward the center of the river. When almost opposite the other he heard a splash not twenty feet away, followed by the whirl of the reel as the trout made for the deep water. From the shadows where his unknown companion was obscured came the click of the line being wound up. There was a flash of silver in the moonlight, and again the rapid whirl of the reel.

"You've hooked a whale, neighbor," Kilmeny called across.

The voice that came back to him across the water was eager and glad. Jack would have known its throbbing, youthful zest among a thousand. "Must I let him have all the line he wants?"

Kilmeny waded toward her as he gave counsel. "Don't make it too easy for him, but don't jerk. Keep his nose up if you can."

The trout fought gamely and strongly, but the young woman struck to her work and would not give him any rest. Jack watched her carefully, all the while she was tiring, but he did not offer any help, for he knew that she was a sportsman. She would want to win alone or not at all.

Yet he moved closer. The water was up to her hips, and no river in the Rockies has a swifter current than the Gunnison. The bottom, too, is covered with smooth slippery stones and boulders, so that a mistep might send her plunging down. Deprived of the use of her landing pole, she could make less resistance to the tug of the stream, and the four or five pounds of dynamic energy at the end of her line would give her all she could do to take care of for the next few minutes.

Her pole was braced against her body, which made reeling difficult. The man beside her observed that except for a tendency to raise the pole too much she was playing her trout like a veteran.

The thing that he had anticipated happened. Her foot slipped from its insecure rock hold and she stumbled. His arm was round her waist in an instant.

"Steady! Take your time."

"Thanks. I'm all right now."

His right arm still gripped her slight figure. The trout was tiring, inch by inch she brought him nearer. Presently she panted, "My landing net."

It was caught in the reel. Kilmeny unfastened the net and brought it round where it would be ready for instant use.

"Tell me what I must do now."

"He's hooked pretty fast. Take your line about getting him into your net, and be careful then. These big fellows are likely to squirm away."

It was a ticklish moment when she let go of the rod with her left hand to slip the net under the trout, but she negotiated it in safety.

"Isn't he a whopper?" she cried in delight. "He won't go into the creel at all."

"Then let me have him. The glory is yours. I'll be your gillie to carry the game bag."

He got his fingers through its gill before he took the hook from the mouth of the fish. Carrying the trout in one hand and his pole in the other, he waded slowly through the swift water to the shore.

The girl's vibrant voice came to him as she splashed at his heels toward the bank. "He's such a ripping good one. I'm so pleased. How much do you think he will weigh?"

"My guess is six pounds. He's the biggest taken this year so far. I congratulate you, Miss Dwight."

lition and manner, she wondered why. The change had come when she had spoken his name. A certain spark had settled over his face like a mask. She could see that he was purposely taking refuge in the class distinctions that presumably separated them. Yet she could have sworn that nothing had been farther from his mind during the exciting ten minutes in the water while voice and presence and arm had steadied her for the battle.

"They walked together up the slope to the big house. A fishing costume is not a thing of grace, but the one this girl wore could not eclipse the elastic suppleness of the slender figure or the joy in life that animated the vivid face with the black curls straying from beneath the jaunty cap. To deny her beauty was easy, but in the soft sifted moonlight showered down through the trees it was impossible for Kilmeny's eyes to refuse her an admission of charm. She had the gift for comradeship, and with it a freedom of mind unusual in one of her class.

She ran up the steps of the lodge lightly and thanked him with a pleasant "good-night." As he turned away Kilmeny came face to face with another fisherman returning from the sport of the night. The man opposite him was rather short and thickset. In his eyes was a look of kind shrewd wisdom. Red-faced and white-bearded, he was unmistakably an Englishman of the upper class.

Miss Dwight introduced him as Lord Farquhar, and the men shook hands.

"Guess what I've got," demanded the young woman, her hands behind her.

"Heaven, only knows. It might be anything from the measles to a new liver," smiled Farquhar.

She flashed upon him the fish that had been hidden behind her waders.

"By Jove! Catch him yourself!" She nodded, her eyes shining.

Farquhar, very much a sportsman, wanted to know all about it, after which he insisted on weighing the trout. Jack was dragged into the lodge to join in this function, and presently found himself meeting Lady Farquhar, a pleasant plump lady. Her smile was warm for this simple blue-eyed engaging westerner, but the latter did not need to be told that behind her friendliness the instinct of the chaperon was alert. The one swift glance she had thrown at Miss Dwight told him as much.

Into the room drifted presently Miss Seldon, a late novel in her hand. Joyce Seldon was frankly a beauty in every line and feature. Her exquisite coloring, the soft amber hair so extravagant in quantity, the long lashes which shaded deep lovely eyes, satisfied the senses no less than the supple rounded young body which was carried with such light grace. Kilmeny was not very impressionable, but in her presence the world seemed somehow shot through with a new radiance. She laid upon him the spell of women.

Presently Dobyns Verinder dropped in with an empty creel and opened wide supereyed eyes at sight of Jack. He was followed presently by Captain Kilmeny and his sister, India, the latter a pretty Irish girl, quick of tongue, quicker of eye, and ready for anything from flirting to fishing.

From the talk, Jack gathered that Lord Farquhar and Miss Dwight had bet their catch would outweigh that of the other three. Farquhar and she to fish opposite the Lodge and the others half a mile below. The minority party had won easily, thanks to the big trout and Verinder's obstinacy in sticking to the flies he had used in England with success. There is a type of Englishman that goes through life using the flies he was brought up on and trying to make them fit all places and times. Any divergence is a form of treason. Neither Farquhar nor Kilmeny happened to be of that kind.

Supper, to which Lady Farquhar had insisted that the American stay, was being served informally in the living room. Verinder helped himself to a sandwich, ogling Moya the while with his eyes.

"I say, you know, I believe in you, Miss Dwight," he asserted.

That young woman did not know why she resented more than usual his wheedling attentions. Lady Jim had invited the millionaire to join their party, as the girl very well knew, in order to give her charges a chance at him. Not that Lady Farquhar liked the man. She knew him quite well for an ill-bred little snob at heart. But he would pass muster in a crowd, and none of the young women of the party could afford to snuff at two millions sterling.

"Since Captain Kilmeny had joined the party in Denver the plans of Lady Farquhar had been modified. The soldier had taken an early opportunity to tell her that he meant to ask Moya Dwight to marry him. He had been in love with her for years and had asked her just before his regiment left for India the last time. The captain was not rich, but he had enough. It happened too that he was a firm hope-gentleman who had made a reputation for efficiency and gallantry in the army. Lady Farquhar was quite willing to back his suit so far as she could.

"He's our kind, Ned Kilmeny is," she had told her husband. "I gave Moya her chance with Verinder but I should have been disappointed in her

if she had taken him. If she went only fall in love with Ned I'll forgive her all the queer things she is always doing."

Farquhar had chuckled. "It's an odds-on chance she'll not fancy him, D."

"No, I suppose not. Pity she can't be sensible."

"There are enough of us sensible, D. We can spare her a few years yet for romance. When she grows sensible she'll have to give up something she can't afford to lose."

His wife looked at him and smiled fondly. "You haven't quite lost it yourself, Jim."

It was true enough that Lord Farquhar retained an interest in life that was refreshing. This evening his eyes gleamed while the westerner told of the frontier day program to be held at the little town of Gunnison next day.

"You and your friends are miners, I understand. You'll not take part, then?" he asked.

"I used to punch cows. My name is entered for the riding. The boys want me to take a turn."

India Kilmeny sat up straight. "Let's go. We can ride up in the morning. It will be jolly. All in favor of going sat another sandwich."

"It will be pretty woolly—quite different from anything you have seen," the miner suggested.

"Thought we came to fish," Verinder interposed. "Great bore looking at amateur shows—and it's a long ride."

"Move we go. What say, Lady Farquhar?" put in Captain Kilmeny.

"Do let's go," Moya begged.

"I don't see why we shouldn't," Lady Farquhar smiled. "But I'm like Mr. Verinder about riding. If he'll drive me up the rest of you can go on horseback."

"Delighted, 'm sure."

Verinder came to time outwardly civil but inwardly fuming.

"If we're going it's time you girls were in bed. You've had a hard day and tomorrow will be another," Lady Jim pronounced.

The westerner rose to go.

"Night's young yet. Stop and sit in with us to a game of poker. What?" Farquhar invited.

"My pocketbook is at the camp," the American demurred.

"I'll be your banker," his host volunteered.

The ladies said good-night and departed. Chairs were drawn to the card table, chips sold, and hands were dealt. The light of morning was breaking before Kilmeny made his way back to camp. He had in his pockets one hundred and seventy-three dollars, most of which had recently been the property of Dobyns Verinder.

(To be continued next week.)

## Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

**Sorbet of Mixed Fruit No. 2**  
To the grated or shaved rind of two lemons, add one quart of boiling water, and when cold add the strained juice of six lemons and four cups of sugar. When dissolved, strain out the peel and add one banana, the pulp of two grape fruit and one-half pineapple. Freeze to a mush.

**Sorbet of Mixed Fruit No. 3**  
One pineapple peeled into bits, two bananas minced fine, three cups canned white cherries stoned and cut fine, and the juice and pulp of four oranges. Boil three cups sugar and 3 cups water five minutes and pour it over the shaved rind of one lemon. When cold strain it over the fruit mixture, add more lemon-juice if needed, and freeze till soft.

## WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

By NELLIE MAXWELL

When the family takes the picnic basket for a day's outing a few suggestions may be helpful. Sandwiches of various kinds with a hot pot of coffee will often be all that is needed with some fresh fruit for the finish of the meal.

**SUNDAY**—Breakfast: Coffee cake. Dinner: Fried chicken, green peas. Supper: Strawberry shortcake.

**MONDAY**—Breakfast: Griddle cakes, bacon. Dinner: Pork chops, baked potatoes. Supper: Sally Lunn.

**TUESDAY**—Breakfast: Buttered toast, fried ham. Dinner: Calf's liver en casserole. Supper: Lyonnaise potatoes.

**WEDNESDAY**—Breakfast: Omelet. Dinner: Apple sauce snow. Supper: Gingerbread.

**THURSDAY**—Breakfast: Waffles, maple syrup. Dinner: Ham on scalloped potatoes. Supper: Milk toast.

**FRIDAY**—Breakfast: Eggs and corn gems. Dinner: Codfish gravy, baked potatoes. Supper: Sweet omelet.

**SATURDAY**—Breakfast: Fried scrapple. Dinner: Roast of beef. Supper: Green apple sauce, sponge cake. Sally Lunn.

Sift one quart of flour twice with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Measure one cupful of milk, two table-spoonfuls of butter, melted, four eggs beaten light and a teaspoonful of salt. Add the sifted flour in small quantities, stirring as long as the stiffening dough will allow you to use the spoon. It should be very soft, more like batter. Bake in a funnel cake pan. Turn out when tested with a long straw or toothpick. Slice and eat while hot.

**Calf's Liver en Casserole**  
Cook a few slices of bacon in a frying pan; slice the liver and lay upon the hot bacon, cook two minutes on each side. Transfer to the casserole, add a pint of stock, sliced onion browned in bacon fat, and two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice. Cook closely covered for two hours. Shortly before serving add potato balls which have been parboiled. Thicken the brown gravy and serve from the casserole.

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**Philadelphia Ice Cream**—Scald one quart of thin cream with one scant cup of sugar; or use one cup of milk with three cups of thick cream. When cog flavor to taste, and freeze in three parts ice and one part salt. Very thick cream will not freeze readily. Scalding gives a firm, rich, velvety texture, not found in the uncooked cream.

**Oustard Ice Cream**—Scald one pint of milk; beat yolks of from 2 to 6 eggs, with one cup of sugar; add hot milk; cook over boiling water until it coats the spoon; add a dash of salt, strain and when cold, flavor. Before freezing, fold in the whites beaten till foamy, and add from one to two cups of this cream that has been whipped. Freeze.

**Plain Ice Cream**—Boil one qt. of milk, or half milk and half thin cream. Mix one cup sugar with two scant table-spoonfuls of flour, or one on cornstarch; add one-fourth cup cold milk, stir into the boiling milk, and cook twenty minutes, stirring frequently. Add two well beaten eggs, and from one to four cups of thin cream, and sugar in proportion. Cook enough to set the egg, then strain into the freezer. Cool, flavor to taste, and freeze.

## BENTON COUNTY CATTLE NEAR TUBERCULAR FREE

Tuberculosis has been almost eradicated from Benton county dairy herds by three years of systematic testing and culling out the infested animals. Only 21 out of 4609 reacted in recent tests.

When testing began under the supervision of the county farm bureau, federal bureau of animal industry, and the college extension service, almost 2 per cent reacted. The latest test showed less than half of one per cent, indicating the county herds are virtually tubercular free according to the federal standards.

Complete testing was the object of the first work and more than 6000 cows were tested—about 210 reacting. That condition has been nine-tenths cured.

**ON THE JOB**  
In languid summer when each tree in lazy cadence rustles, the blithe mosquito seems to be the only thing that hustles.

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## FARM REMINDERS

In control of gooseberry and currant leaf spot Oregon growers find good success with copper lime dust. Applied just after the fruit is picked the dust helps prevent leaf fall which seriously devitalizes the bushes. There is hope that the dust will prove equal to bordeaux for this purpose.

July is the best month for anthracnose spray on apple trees in Oregon. It is combined with the codling moth lead arsenate spray for economy of application. This application practically cleans up even badly diseased orchards in a single season.

Virus troubles are showing up plainly in the Oregon seed potato plots now in the growing season. The more serious diseases are readily recognized and the plants suffering from any of them are rogued out and destroyed. Isolation of the seed

plot by not less than 300 feet from any other potatoes is the only way to prevent the spread of virus to the seed crop. One station seed plot alongside another field of potatoes has some 10 per cent disease although the seed for it was certified last year. There is no doubt that the disease spread from the other potatoes says M. B. McKay in charge of potato disease investigations. He is now working to find the answer to how they got it though there is reason to blame insects.

## AN EPIQUEURAN HORSE

Did you ever see a horse so particular that he demanded salt and pepper on his oats? The horse appearing with Stan Laurel in "Mother's Joy," his latest Pathocomedy, is a most finicky animal. In the picture, "Mother's Joy," horse asks for all of food well spiced. "Mother's Joy" will come to the Pacific Theatre Saturday and Sunday nights. It is said to be spiced with horse laughs.



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