



(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER III

Fugitives From Justice

At the Lodge the whole party was down by nine-thirty and was on the road within the hour. The horses were keen and the pace brisk. It was not until half the distance had been covered that Joyce, who was riding beside the captain, found opportunity for conversation.

"You sat up late, didn't you?" "Early," the soldier laughed. "How did the savage behave himself? He has a good deal of assurance, hasn't he?" she asked lightly. The captain hesitated. "You think that's quite the word? He fitted in easily—wasn't shy or awkward—that sort of thing, you know—but he wasn't obtrusive at all. Farquhar likes him."

"He's rather interesting," Joyce admitted.

She thought of him as a handsome untamed young barbarian, but it was impossible for her to deny a certain amount of regard for any virile man who admired her. The westerner had not let his eyes rest often upon her, but the subtle instinct of her sex told her that he was very much taken with her. Since Joyce Selton was the center and circumference about which most of her thoughts revolved, it followed that the young man had chosen the sure way to her favor.

Moya Dwight found that the young fisherman fitted in and out of her mind a good deal. In spite of the soft vocal intonations of the West, his speech had a dignity that suggested breeding. It was quite likely he was not a gentleman, according to the code in which she had been brought up, but it was equally sure there burned in him that dynamic spark of self-respect which is at the base of all good manners.

The little town of Gunnison rioted with life. Born and brought up as she had been in the iron cradle of modern super-civilization, Moya found the barbaric color of the occasion very appealing. As she looked down on the arena from the box her party occupied, the heart of the girl throbbed with the pure joy of it all. She loved this West, with its picturesque chap-clad brown-faced riders. They were a hard-bitten lot, burned to a brick red by the untamed sun of the Rockies. Cheerful sons of mirth they were, carrying their years with a boyish exuberance that was delightful.

Most of the competitors for the bucking broncho championship had been eliminated before the arrival of the party from the Lodge. Among the three who had reached the finals was their guest of the previous evening.

"Jack Kilmeny will ride Teddy Roosevelt," blared the megaphone man. The English officer turned to Farquhar. "Didn't quite catch the name. Rounding like my own."

"That's what I thought," contributed his sister. A moment later, she added: "Why, it's Mr. Crumba."

That young man sauntered forward lazily, dragging his saddle by its horn. He added the trembling animal easily, then swung lightly to the seat. The broncho stood for an instant motionless, then humped itself from the earth, an incarnate demon of action. But the lean-fanked young miner appeared placid to the middle. Little and sinuous as a panther, he rode with a perfect ease that was captivating. Even the frontier West had never seen a more daring and magnificent place of horsemanship.

Captain Kilmeny clapped his hands enthusiastically. "Bravo! Well done!" He turned to Moya, who sat beside him. "Fine bit of rough-riding. I ever saw. Not one man in a million could have done it."

"It's all in getting the hang of the thing, you know," drawled Verinder complacently.

Moya, who was leaning forward with her dark eyes fixed on the two superb animals fighting for mastery in the arena, thought both comments characteristic. The captain was a sportsman and a gentleman, the millionaire was neither.

India whispered in the ear of Moya. "He's as broadminded as a crab, just about."

The reference was of course to Verinder. "I think we ought to be fair, even to a crab, dear," Miss Dwight answered dryly.

The battle between the outlaw broncho and its rider was over. The confidence of Teddy Roosevelt as well as its strength had been shaken. The

hucks of the pony were easy to foresee. Presently they ceased. The horse stood with drooping head, foam dripping from its mouth, flanks fleeced with sweat stains.

Kilmeny swung from the saddle, and at the same time Colter stepped into the arena. He drew Jack aside and whispered in his ear. India, watching the rough-riding through, fold glasses, saw the face of the young man grow grim and hard. Without the delay of a moment he pushed through the crowd that gathered to congratulate him and walked out of the grounds with Colter.

The other two riders who had reached the finals were both experts in the saddle. One of them, however, had been traveling with a Wild West show and was too soft to hold his own against the bit of incarnate devilry he was pitted. To save himself he



The Bucks of the Pony Were Easy to Foresee.

had to clutch at the horn of the saddle. "He's pulling leather," shouted one of the judges, and the man was waved aside.

The third cowpuncher made a good showing, but his horse lacked the energy and spirit of Teddy Roosevelt. The unanimous decision of the judges was in favor of Kilmeny. But when they sought for him to award the prize the new champion was nowhere to be found.

Moya Dwight felt with genuine disappointment that the man's courtesy had failed. She and her friends had applauded his exploits liberally. The least he could have done would have been to have made a short call at their box. Instead, he had ignored them. She resolved to hear herself more coldly if they met again.

The early shadows of sunset were stretching down the rough mountain sides by the time the visitors from the Lodge reached the river canyon on their homeward way. Soon after this the champion rider and his friend Colter passed them on a stretch of narrow road cut in the steep wall of the gulch. The leathery face of the latter took them in impressively as he gave them a little nod of recognition, but the younger man, reined in for a few words. He accepted their congratulations with a quiet "Glad you enjoyed it," but it was plain that he was in a hurry. In his eyes there was a certain hard wariness that seemed hardly to fit the occasion. Moya could not avoid the impression that he was anxious about something. As soon as he well could he put spurs to his horse and cantered after his companion.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour later that the sound of hard riding reached them from the rear. Five dusty, hard-bitten men, all armed with rifles and revolvers, drew level with them. The leader threw a crisp question at Lord Farquhar.

"Two riders pass you lately?"

"Yes."

"Say anything?"

"The younger one stopped for a few words. He is a Mr. Crumba, camped on the river just below us."

The lank man with the rifle across his saddle bow laughed grimly. "Yes, he is—not. His name is Kilmeny, I'm the sheriff of Gunnison county—and I want him bad."

"Did you say Kilmeny?" asked the captain sharply.

"That's what I said—the man that won the broncho-busting contest today."

(To be continued next week.)

Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Banana Cream—Boil two cups of water and two of sugar until clear, then pour it over the

juices of two oranges, one lemon and the sifted pulp of eight ripe bananas. When sold, freeze until soft, then remove the beater and stir in one pint of thick cream whipped stiff, and let it ripen.

Buttermilk Ice Cream—To 3 cups of rich foamy buttermilk (not bitter) add one cup thick cream, one and one-half cups of sugar, and flavor to taste with vanilla or black coffee, and freeze.

Caramel Ice Cream—Melt one-half cup sugar in a sauce-pan and stir till dark brown; add one-half cup boiling water and simmer ten minutes. Use as a flavoring in ice cream, using only half the amount of sugar called for in the recipe for ice cream.

Chocolate Ice Cream—Mix 1/2

spoons sugar, two ounces unsweetened chocolate, and two tablespoons water; heat and stir till smooth. Blend with a portion of any ice cream mixture, and strain into the remainder.

WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

By NELLIE MAXWELL

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Drop doughnuts. Dinner: Fricassee chicken. Supper: Bread and milk.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Blueberries, oatmeal. Dinner: Codfish, lettuce salad, Parker house rolls. Supper: Baked potatoes.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Bran bread. Dinner: Boiled dinner, blueberry pudding. Supper: Potato salad.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Boiled dinner hash. Dinner: Steak, lemon cheese cake. Supper: Sponge cake.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Gridle cakes. Dinner: Roast of beef, browned potatoes. Supper: Omelet.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Poached eggs, buttered toast. Dinner: Salmon loaf, creamed peas. Supper: New onions, egg sandwiches.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Ham and eggs. Dinner: Baked beans. Supper: Coffee cake.

Drop Doughnuts. Take one egg well beaten, add one-half cupful of sugar, a pinch of ginger and grated lemon peel, one and one-half cupfuls of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a pinch of salt, one-half cupful of milk. Mix and cool by teaspoonfuls into hot fat. When cool roll in powdered sugar.

Bran Bread. Mix together two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt and one well-beaten egg. Add one-half cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk. Stir in slowly two cupfuls of bran, the same each of white and Graham flour. Lastly add one-half cupful of baking powder, one-half cupful of raisins and bake in two loaves forty-five minutes.

Lemon Cheese Cakes. Make small individual pies either in small tins or in gem pans and fill with the following: Take one egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of salt, the grated rind of a lemon, one tablespoonful of the juice, one-fourth cupful of sponge-cake crumbs. Beat the yolk of the egg, add the sugar, salt, lemon juice, rind and cake crumbs, mix well and fold in the white of the egg beaten dry. Bake in the pastry-lined shells until the filling is set.

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Take Salts to Flush Kidneys and Help Neutralize Irritating Acids

Kidney and bladder irritations often result from acidity, from acid in the blood. The kidneys help filter this acid from the blood and pass it on to the bladder, where it may remain to irritate and inflame, causing a burning, itching sensation, or setting up an irritation at the neck of the bladder, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night. The sufferer in constant dread; the water passes sometimes with a scalding sensation and is very profuse; again, there is difficulty in voiding it.

Bladder weakness, most folks call it because they can't control urination. While it is extremely annoying and sometimes very painful, this is often one of the most simple ailments to overcome. Begin drinking lots of soft water, also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from your pharmacist and take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast. Continue this for two or three days. This will help neutralize the acids in the system so they no longer are a source of irritation to the bladder and urinary organs, which then act normal again.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, and is made from the acid of cranberries and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is used by thousands of folks who are subject to urinary disorders caused by acid irritation. Jad Salts causes no bad effects whatever.

Here you have a pleasant, effervescent lithia-water drink which may quickly relieve your bladder irritation. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

(To be continued next week.)

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HORTICULTURAL HINTS

CODLING MOTH

The second or July codling moth cover spray should be applied between July 7 to 16. It is estimated that the moths of the second generation will appear about July 8, and that the worms hatching from the eggs laid by these moths will emerge about July 16. The apples, therefore, should be covered with a poison spray before that date, preferably by July 13. These estimates are based upon the breeding cage and field observations made by the Department of Entomology at Corvallis.

Apple tree anthracnose can be controlled at the same time that the above mentioned codling moth spray is applied, using 4-4-50 Bordeaux. This is the only spray needed, and is by far the best type from most all standpoints in controlling this apple tree anthracnose.

FILBERT BLIGHT

Frequent cultivation during this dry, hot July is more important than usual. Calling the growers' attention to this fact would do no harm.

Cut out all traces of blight in the filberts weekly, and disinfect wounds then too, with the Reimer disinfectant or a 10% formalin solution. There is no preventative known for Walnut blight.

Remove suckers from fruit and nut trees, especially from around new grafts. Brace and tie walnut grafts, if not already done. This will save a lot of these grafts that are sure to break out if not braced and tied.

Grape mildew is showing up in places over the state. The universal remedy for this disease is dusting the vines at intervals with a fine dusting sulfur. If mildew is showing up in your county I would make this recommendation. Other appli-

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ications should be given when inspection shows that the disease is present.

By Clayton L. Long, Horticultural Specialist.

FUN ABOUT FORDS

By Le Moyne Wisner

There was an old man and he had a wooden leg, Not a ride could he steal, not a ride could he beg. So he got four spools and an old tin can, Built himself a Ford, and the darn thing ran.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

C. A. Tolbert, Plaintiff

Amanda M. Beemer and John Doe Beemer, her husband; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein. Defendants. To Amanda M. Beemer and John Doe Beemer, her husband; also all other persons or parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, and particularly named defendants:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby notified that C. A. Tolbert, the holder of Certificate of Delinquency numbered 1486, issued on the 6th day of September, 1922, by the Tax Collector of the County of Washington, State of Oregon, for the amount of \$16 and 75-100 (\$16.75) dollars, the same being the amount then due and owing to said county for taxes for the year 1921, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property situated in said County of Washington, and State of Oregon, and particularly named and described as follows, to-wit:

That certain tract of land situated in Washington County, Oregon and more particularly bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point which is 519.38 feet West of the Southeast corner of the Isaac Butler Donation Land Claim and 26 feet North of the South line of said Claim; thence North 8 deg., 19 min., West 246.7 feet more or less to an intersection with a line 50 feet south of the railroad track 152.3 feet; thence south 8 deg., 19 min., East 253.3 feet more or less to a point 29 feet North of the South line of the said Isaac Butler Donation Land Claim; thence West 138.2 feet to the place of beginning, containing One (1) acre located in the Southeast quarter (S. E. 1-4) of Section Thirty-five (35), Township One (1) North of Range 12 East of the Willamette Meridian.

You are further notified that the said C. A. Tolbert has paid taxes on said premises for prior or subsequent years with the rate of interest on said amounts, as follows:

For the year 1919, paid Sept. 6, 1922. Tax receipt No. 14339, \$6.68 at 12% interest. For the year 1920, paid Sept. 6, 1922. Tax receipt No. 15196, \$7.66 at 12% interest. For the year 1921, paid Sept. 6, 1922. Tax receipt No. 15122, \$2.45, at 12% interest. For the year 1922, paid Oct. 6, 1922. Tax receipt No. 13753, \$2.72, at 12% interest. For the year 1923, paid April 6, 1923. Tax receipt No. 12945, \$2.11, at 12% interest. For the year 1924, paid April 6, 1923. Tax receipt No. 14642, \$3.14, at 12% interest.

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Del. Cer. For the year 1918, paid Sept. 6, 1922. Tax receipt No. 1496, \$6.79, at 12% interest. Said Amanda M. Beemer, as the owner of the legal title of the above described property, as the same appears further notified that C. A. Tolbert will apply to the Circuit Court of the County and State aforesaid for a decree foreclosing the lien against the property above described and mentioned in said certificate, and you are hereby summoned to appear within sixty days after the first publication of the summons, exclusive of the day of said first publication, and defend this action or pay the amount due as above shown, together with costs and accrued interest, and in case of your failure to do so, a decree will be

entered foreclosing the lien of said taxes and costs against the land and premises above named. This summons is published by order of the Honorable Geo. R. Bagley, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, and said order was made and dated this 2nd day of July, 1924, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 4th day of July, 1924. All process and papers in this proceeding may be served upon the undersigned residing within the State of Oregon, at the address hereinafter mentioned. M. R. Bump and D. D. Bump, attorneys for Plaintiff. Address and residence as follows: M. R. Bump, Hillboro, Oregon. D. D. Bump, Forest Grove, Oregon. Adv. c 21-29

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