



(Continued from last week.)

Moya knew that the flutter of her pulse was telling tales in the pink of her cheeks. "I don't know you."

"I'm only a workman, and an American at that—so it follows that I must be a criminal," he answered with a touch of bitterness.

"No—no! But you're different. There's something untamed about you. I don't quite know how to put it—as if you had been brought up without restraint, as if you didn't care much for law."

"Why should I? Law is a weapon to bolster up the rich and keep down the poor," he flung back with an acid smile. "But there's law and law. Even in our class we have our standards, such as they are."

"Now it's you that isn't fair," she told him quietly. "You know I meant nothing like that. The point is that I don't know what your standards are. Law doesn't mean so much to people here. Your blood runs freer, less even than ours. You don't let the conventions hamper you."

"The convention of honesty, for instance. Thanks, Miss Dright."

"I didn't want to believe it, but—"

The penitence in her vivid face pleaded for her. He could not refuse the outstretched hand of this slender lance-straight girl whose sweet vitality was at once so delicate and so gallant. Reluctantly his palm met hers.

"You're quite sure now that I didn't do it?"

"Quite sure."

"Even though I'm wild and lawless?"

"Aren't you?" she flashed back with a smile that took from the words any sting they might otherwise have had. Mirth overflowed in his eyes, from which now many little creases radiated. "You're a good one, neighbor. But since you will have it, I am. I reckon my standards even to honesty wouldn't square with yours. I live in a rough mining camp where questions have two sides. It's up to me to play the game the way the other fellow plays it. But we'll not go into that now."

Strong, clear-eyed and masterful, she knew him a man among ten thousand.



Strong, Clear-Eyed and Masterful, She Knew Him a Man Among Ten Thousand.

It might be capable of great sin, but what he did would be done with his eyes wide open and not from innate weakness. Her heart sang jubilantly. How could she have dreamed this crime of him? Her trust was now a thing above any evidence.

"And you'll sit down with me now if I ask you, neighbor," he laughed.

She did not wait to be asked, but sat down, taller fashion, and looked expectantly up with a humorous little twist of the eyebrows. Flashes of dappled sunlight played on her through the moving leaves and accentuated the youthful bloom of her cheeks.

With a sigh of content he stretched himself on the sun-warmed loam. "It's sometimes a mighty good world, neighbor," he said.

"I'm thinking that myself," she admitted, laughter welling softly out of her.

The sun lit the tips of the pines, so that they looked like burnished lances in battle array, poured its beams over the scarred hillside, and bathed the little valley in effulgent glory.

"You can always find it somewhere," he said with deep content, leaning on an elbow indolently.

She asked for no antecedent to his pronoun. What he meant was not ambiguous to her.

"If one knows where to look for it," she added softly.

"That's the trouble. We get so busy with our little everyday troubles that we forget to look. But the joy of life is always there if we'll forget our grouch and see it."

"Yes—if having eyes we see."

"I'm comforted a heap to know that you believe in me—even if I'm not Captain Kilmeny," he assured her with his slow rippling laugh.

Had he been looking at her he would have seen the telltale color tide her cheeks. "If that is a comfort you are welcome to it. I might have known the idea of connecting you with such a thing was folly."

He glanced whimsically at her.

"Don't be too sure of me, neighbor. I'm likely to disappoint you. You'd have to make a heap of allowances for me if I were your friend."

"Isn't that what friendship is for—to make allowances?"

"You've found that out already, have you?"

The long-lashed lids fell to her cheeks in self-defense. "Not for worlds would she have had him guess the swift message ready to leap out to ward him. He seemed to be drawing her soul to his unconsciously. Tinging in every nerve, a throbbing with an emotion new and inexplicable, she drew a long slow breath and turned her head away. A hot shame ran like quicksilver through her veins. She whipped herself with her own scorn. Was she the kind of girl that gave her love to a man who did not want it?"

His next words brought to her the shock she needed, the effect of a plunge into icy water on a warm day.

"What about your friends—what about Miss Seldon—did she believe me guilty too?" He could not quite keep the self-consciousness out of his voice.

"Hadn't you better ask her that?" she suggested.

Kilmeny's alert eyes had swept again and again the trail leading up the gulch. He did not intend to be caught napping by the officers. Now he rose and offered her a hand up.

"Your friends are coming."

Swiftly Moya came to earth from her emotions. In another moment she was standing beside the fugitive, her gaze on the advancing group. Captain Kilmeny was in the lead and was the first to recognize her companion.

Moya took a step toward her friends, so that for the first time Jack Kilmeny stood plainly revealed. India's pretty piquant face set to a red-tipped sombrero. Joyce stared in frank amazement. Verinder, ruffled in haste and respectability as only a social climber dubious of his position can be, ejaculated a "God bless my soul!" and collapsed beyond further articulation. Captain Kilmeny nodded to the westerner without embarrassment.

"Mornin', Mr. Crumba."

"Good-morning. But you have the name wrong, sir."

"Beg pardon." The captain's eyebrows lifted in inquiry.

"Kilmeny," the American corrected. "Nonchalantly the captain came to time. 'Same name as ours. Wonder if by any chance we're of the same family. Happen to be any relation of Archibald Kilmeny, who died in Colorado fifteen years ago?'"

Jack looked at him quietly. "A son."

"Makes us cousins. He was my father's brother."

The westerner nodded coolly, not in the least impressed. "Yes."

It would have been easy to read hostility in his bearing, but India called past her brother with hand extended. "Glad to meet you, Cousin Jack. 'Member me? Last time you saw me I was a squalling five-year-old."

The American warmed a trifle. "I remember you, all right. Never saw a kid before so fond of current jam."

"Still am. You've improved in your personal appearance. Last time I saw your eye it had been beautifully blacked, kindness of Ned."

"Fortune of war. My lip was swollen for a week," her brother laughed as he extended his hand.

"Ned got caned for fightin' with a guest. Served him jolly well right," Moya Kilmeny said.

Joyce called forward into the picture gracefully. Her radiant beauty took the westerner's breath.

"You'll stay with us for luncheon," she said with soft animation. "For, of course, this is an occasion. Long-lost cousins do not meet every day."

Verinder, making speechless sounds of protest at this indiscretion, grew very red in the face. Would he have to sit down to eat with a criminal at large?

Jack hesitated scarcely a second. He could not take his gaze from this superb young creature, whose every motion, charmed, whose deep eyes glowed with such a divine warmth of mellow gold.

"Thanks awfully, but I really can't stay."

He bowed to one and another, turned upon Joyce that look of dumb worship she had seen on the faces of many men, and scurrying off into the pines, as elastic-heeled, confident, and competent a youth as any of them had seen in many a day.

India's eyes danced. She was Irish enough to enjoy a situation so unusual.

"Snubbed, Joyce, by a highwayman," she laughed.

But Joyce merely smiled. She knew what she knew.

CHAPTER V

Moya's Highwayman.

Dinner at the Lodge was just finished. It was the one hour of the day when anything like formality obtained. Unless there was to be night fishing the whole party usually adjourned from the dining room to the river-front porch, where such members of it as desired might smoke the post-prandial cigar of cigarette. Tonight nobody cared to get out and dine. Voices drifted up the trail and presently riders came into sight. They halted among the trees, where one dismounted and came forward.

He bowed to his audience in general, and again and more particularly to Lady Farquhar.

"Evening, ma'am. My name's Gill—sheriff of this county. I hate to trouble you, but my men haven't had a bite to eat since early this mornin'. Think we could get a snack here? We'll not get to Gunnison till most eleven."

Lady Farquhar rose. "I'll have the cook make something for you. How many?"

"Six. Much obliged. Just anything that's handy."

Sheriff Gill beckoned to the men in the trees, who tied their horses and presently came forward. All but one of them were heavily armed. That one walked between a 30-30 and a 22 special carbine. It was observable that the men with the rifles did not lift their eyes from him.

Moya felt her heart flutter like that of a caged bird. The blood ebbed from her lips and she swayed in her seat. The prisoner was Jack Kilmeny. Farquhar, sitting beside the girl, let his hand fall upon hers with a comforting pressure.

"Steady!" his voice murmured so that she alone heard.

Yet his own pulse stirred with the sheer melodrama of the scene. For as the man came forward it chanced that the luminous moonbeams haloed like a spotlight the blond head and splendid shoulders of the prisoner. Never in his gusty lifetime had he looked more the vagabond enthroned.

He was careless, and the strong muscles showed beautifully from the brown throat. A sardonic smile was on the devil-may-care face, and those who saw that smile labeled it impudent, debonaire, or whimsical, as fancy pleased.

Jack Kilmeny nodded with cool equality toward Farquhar and the captain, ignored Verinder, and smiled genially at India. For Moya his look had a special meaning. It charged her with the duty of faith in him. Somehow, too, it poured courage into her sinking heart.

"Afraid an engagement at Gunnison with Sheriff Gill won't let me stop for any poker tonight," he told his host.

Farquhar was on the spot to meet him in the same spirit. "Verinder will be glad of that. I fancy my pocket-book, too, will be fatter tomorrow morning."

Higgs appeared to take the newly arrived party in charge. As they started to follow him the prisoner came face to face with Joyce, who was just coming out of the house. Under the lowered lights of evening she seemed to swim in a tide of beauty rich and mellow. The young man caught his breath at the sheer pagan loveliness of her.

"What is it?" she asked in a low, sweet, tremulous voice.

His assurance fled. The bravado was sponged from his face instantly. He stared at her in silence from fascinated eyes until he moved forward at the spur of an insistent arm at his elbow.

India wondered how Lady Jim would disprove of the party. Jack Kilmeny might be a criminal, but he happened to be their cousin. It would hardly do to send him to the servants' quarters to eat. And where he ate the sheriff and his posse would likewise have to dine.

The young woman need not have concerned herself. Lady Farquhar knew enough of the West and its ways not to make a mistake. Such food as could be prepared at short notice was served in the dining room.

Having washed the dust of travel from himself, the sheriff returned to the porch to apologize once more for having made so much trouble.

Farquhar diverted him from his regrets by asking him how they had made the capture.

"I ain't claimin' much credit for gettin' him," Gill admitted. "This here was the way of it. A kid had been lost from Landon's ranch—strayed away in the hills, y'understand. She was gone for forty-eight hours, and everybody in the district was on the hunt for her. Looked like they weren't going to get her. Soon it would be too late, even if they did find her. Besides, there are a heap of mountain lions up in that country. I tell you her folks were plumb worried."

(To be continued next week.)

WINTER WHEAT VARIETIES

A large number of varieties of winter wheat are grown in Washington County. Some fields are badly mixed with several varieties. This past week no less than ten varieties were noted in one field.

Some communities, however, have standardized their varieties

quite well. Rink is grown quite extensively in the northwestern part; Poise, or Golden Chaff, in the southeastern, and considerable White Winter (locally named White Russian) is grown in the northeastern corner of the county; while through the central part of the county some Jenkins Club is raised.

White Winter Wheat is a favorite with the farm crops department of the O. A. C. experiment station because of its high yielding qualities and its good market value. This variety is known around Bethany as White Russian. W. N. Hathorn, Laurel; Jas. Batchelder, North Plains; Henry and Fred Beach, North Plains, are growing certified White Winter Wheat.

Rink Wheat is also popular with the O. A. C. Experiment Station as well as in this county because of its high yields of a good grade of grain. Local growers sometimes object to Rink because of the tendency of the heads of grain to break off easily when harvesting.

Near Bethany some Kinney wheat is found which has become known locally as Red Russian. This is rated as a low yielding wheat by the Experiment Station and is not recommended because the station has found other varieties better.

Washington County could increase the demand for her wheat through the elimination of inferior varieties. Buyers usually seek localities where they can easily get car lots of the same variety of good wheat. Certified seed wheat is not high in price and is quite easily obtained. The cost of pure vari-

eties is not therefore a determining factor in the securing of wheat for seed.

SUMMONS

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

C. A. Tolbert, Plaintiff

vs.

Amanda M. Deemer and John Doe Deemer, her husband; also all other persons of parties unknown claiming any right, title, estate, lien or interest in the real estate described in the complaint herein, Defendants.

To Amanda M. Deemer and John Doe Deemer, 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, the above 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 1498, issued on the 4th day of September, 1922, by the Tax Collector of the County of Washington, State of Oregon, for the amount of \$18 and 50-100 (\$18.50) dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for the year 1921, 1922, together with penalty, interest and costs thereon upon the real property assessed to you of which you are the owner as appears of record, situated in said County of Washington, and State of Oregon, and particularly bounded and described as follows:

That certain tract of land situated in Washington County, Oregon and more particularly bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point which is 819.35 feet West of the Southeast corner of the Isaac Butler Donation Land Claim, 20 feet North of the South line of said Claim; thence North 8 deg. 19 min. West 346.79 feet more or less to an intersection with a line 50 feet southerly from measured at right angles to, the center line of the Oregon Electric Railroad Company's track, and parallel with said track; thence South 85 deg. 25 min. East along a line parallel with and 50 feet southerly from, measured at right angles to, the center line of the aforesaid railroad track 152.2 feet; thence South 8 deg. 19 min. East 212.2 feet more or less to a point 20 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 Two (2) West 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, 1921. Tax receipt No. 14339, \$6.60, at 12% interest; For the year 1920, paid Sept. 6, 1922. Tax receipt No. 15180, \$7.60, at 12% interest; For the year 1921, paid Sept. 6, 1922. Tax receipt No. 15122, \$2.85, at 12% interest; For the year 1922, paid Oct. 6, 1922.

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Too much rich food forms acids which excite and overwork the kidneys in their efforts to filter it from the system. Flush the kidneys occasionally to relieve them like you relieve the bowels, removing acids, waste and poison, else you may feel a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back or sick headache, dizziness, the stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine is cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get irritated, obliging one to get up two or three times during the night.

To help neutralize these irritating acids and flush off the body's urinous waste, begin drinking water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine and bladder disorders disappear. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to help clean and stimulate sluggish kidneys and stop bladder irritation. Jad Salts is inexpensive and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help prevent serious kidney and bladder disorders.

By all means, drink lots of good water every day. Have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

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