

The Highgrader

by Wm MacLeod Raine

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He Was Following the Cut-off Trail That Led to Gunnison.

gaiting horse. He was following the cut-off trail that led to Gunnison. She wondered what was taking him away so abruptly. He had meant to stop, then had changed his mind. He had told her calmly she must meet him here tomorrow, and if he were late for the appointment she must wait. His impudence was enough to stagger belief. She would show him about that. If he wanted to see her he must come to the Lodge and face Lady Jim. Even then she would not see him. Why should she, since he was what he was?

Ah, but that was the crux of the whole matter! Had he proved his innocence and been released? Or had he broken prison, an alternative of which he was quite capable? And, guilty or innocent, what could be the explanation of his extraordinary demand that she should turn over to him the stolen money? She divined again the hint of a mystery. Something deeper than reason told her that the unraveling of it would prove him no villain.

One immediate duty alone confronted her. She must confess to Lady Farquhar that she had met and talked with him again. It was likely that she would be well scolded, but it was characteristic of her that she preferred to walk straight to punishment and get it over with. No doubt she had been too free with this engaging scamp. The rules of her set proscribed a straight and narrow road in which she must walk. She was to know only such people as had the password, only those trimmed and trained till there was no individuality left in them. From birth she had been a rebel, but an impotent one. Each revolt had ended in submission to the silent chains of her environment. Fret as she might, none the less she was as much a caged creature as Lady Jim's cat.

Jack strode through the young alders to his horse, swung to the saddle without touching the stirrups, and was off instantly.

An hour of rapid travel brought him to the Gunnison road. He swung to the ground and examined the dusty roadbed. Apparently he was satisfied, for he took his sweat-soaked horse back into the brush and tied it to a cottonwood. From its case beside the saddle he drew a rifle. He retraced his own steps and selected carefully a place among the thick bushes by the roadside. With his pocketknife he cut eyeholes in the bandana handkerchief that had been round his neck and tied it over his face in such a way as to conceal his features entirely. Then he carefully emptied from the rifle all cartridges it contained and dropped them into his pocket.

These preparations made, he sat down and waited. There came to him very soon the rumble of wheels. Presently a one-horse trap appeared at a curve of the road. Captain Kilmeny was the driver. Jack was within six feet of the road and he waited until his cousin was almost abreast of him. "Throw up your hands!"

The captain knew in an instant what he was up against. A masked man with a rifle in his hands could mean only one thing. Ned Kilmeny was no fool. He knew when to fight and when to surrender. His hands went into the air.

"Kick that rifle into the road—with your foot, not with your hands." The Englishman did as he was told. "What do you want?" he demanded, looking sharply at the masked bandit. "I want that satchel beside you. Drop it out."

Again the officer obeyed orders. He asked no questions and made no comment.

"There's room to turn here by back lane. Hit the grit for the Lodge." After he had faced about, Ned Kilmeny had one word to say before leaving.

"I know who you are, and there's just one name for your kind—you're an out-and-out rotter."

"It's a difference of opinion that makes horse races, captain," answered

the masked man promptly.

Ned Kilmeny, as he drove back to the Lodge, was sick at heart. He came of a family of clean, honest gentlemen. Most of them had been soldiers. Occasionally one had gone to the devil as this young cousin of his had done. But there was something in this whole affair so contemptible that it hurt his pride. The man had traded on their faith in him. He had lied to them. Even the elements of decency seemed to be lacking in him.

India and Moya were on the veranda when the captain drove up. One glance at his grim face told them something had gone wrong.

"I've been held up," he said simply. "Robbed—with a rifle within reach of my hand all the time."

"But—how?" gasped India.

Moya, white to the lips, said nothing. A premonition of the truth clutched India at her heart.

"A masked man stopped me just as I swung round a bend about three miles from Gunnison. He ordered me to throw out the satchel with the money. I did as I was told."

"Did you recognize him?" Moya's throat was dry, so that her question came almost in a whisper.

The captain's eyes met hers steadily. "He stayed in the bushes, so that I didn't see his body well. He was masked."

"But you know who it was. Tell me."

"I couldn't take oath to the man."

"It was your cousin," Moya was pale to the lips.

The officer hesitated. "I'm not prepared to say who the man was."

The pulse in her throat beat fast.

"You know better. It was Jack Kilmeny," she charged.

"I could tell you only my opinion," he insisted.

"And I know all about it," Moya came to stand with her confession proudly, in the fearless fashion characteristic of her. "It was I that sent him to you. It was I that betrayed you to him."

India set her lips to a soundless whistle. Her brother could not keep out of his brown face the amazement he felt.

"I don't wonder you look like that," Moya nodded, gulping down her distress. "You can't think any worse of me than I do of myself."

"Nonsense! If you told him you had a reason. What was it?" India asked, a little sharply.

"No reason that justifies me. He took me by surprise. He had come to get the stolen money and I told him we were returning it to the Fair association. He guessed the rest. Almost at once he left. I saw him take the canyon road for Gunnison."

"You weren't to blame at all," the captain assured her, adding with a rueful smile: "He didn't take you any more by surprise than he did me. I hadn't time to reach for the rifle."

Moya, too, kept silence. Her heart was seething with scorn for this handsome scamp who had put this outrage upon them all. It was bad enough to be a thief, but to this he had added deception, falsehood and gross ingratitude. Nor did the girl's contempt spare herself. Neither warning nor advice—and Lady Jim had been prodigal of both—had availed to open her eyes about the westerner. She had been as foolish over him as a school-girl in the matter of a matinee idol. That she would have to lash herself for her folly through many sleepless hours the night was a certainty.

A note had been arranged for next morning to the Devil's slide, a great slab of rock some miles away. The young people were to have an early breakfast and get started before the sun was hot.

(To be continued next week.)

WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

By NELLIE MAXWELL

There are many delicious dishes that one may prepare from the common, everyday apple. When kept to ward spring and lacking in flavor there may be added pineapple, quinces, dates, raisins, figs as well as various fruit juices to supply any lack, with excellent results and giving much variety.

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Fried mush, baked apples with cream. Dinner: Roast duck, orange salad. Supper: Creamed celery with cheese.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Oatmeal, cream. Dinner: Beefsteak, mashed potatoes. Supper: Baked cold roast duck.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Stewed prunes, whole wheat, top milk. Dinner: Pork chops, apple rings, cabbage salad. Supper: Milk toast.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Oranges. Dinner: Fricassee of veal. Supper: Apple soufflé.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Buttered toast, bacon, eggs. Dinner: Roast of beef. Supper: Tea cake.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Omelet, muffins, coffee. Dinner: Salmon loaf. Supper: Waffles, cocoa.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Corn flakes, cream, French toast. Dinner: Baked spare ribs, sauer kraut. Supper: Bean soup.

Creamed Celery With Cheese. Cook a pint of celery cut in half-inch slices until tender. Prepare a

white sauce, season well. Put a layer of white sauce in a buttered baking dish, add a layer of the cooked celery and a layer of grated cheese. Repeat until the dish is full. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until brown.

Fricassee of Veal. Take a slice of veal cut from the leg, cut into serving-sized pieces. Pound them to reduce the thickness one-half. Roll in flour and saute in salt pork fat until brown on both sides. When browned remove to a casserole, pour broth or hot water into the frying pan and boil up to remove all the flavor, then pour this into the casserole. Carrots and other vegetables may be added if desired.

Apple Soufflé. Take two cups of hot apple sauce, sweetened and seasoned with butter and nutmeg with half a teaspoonful of rose extract. When cold add four egg yolks, then the stiffly beaten whites, folding them in lightly. Put into a buttered baking dish and bake until a delicate brown. Serve at once. (© 1923, Western Newspaper Union.)

Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD. RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

To make wash goods look like new, put two cups prepared starch in the rinse water, instead of the old way.

To remove iron rust stains—Hold over a steaming tea kettle until the spot is thoroughly saturated and while still holding it over the tea kettle pour lemon juice over the stain.

Scrap of left-over fish may be made into fish cakes or croquettes, with rice, breadcrumbs, mashed potatoes, or they may be scalloped in shells or ramekins, and moistened with some kind of sauce that is left over.

Apple Roll—Boil a cup of sugar and a cup of water in a baking dish. Roll out a thick biscuit dough and cover thickly with chopped apples, sugar and cinnamon. Roll up and cut as cinnamon rolls. Place the rolls in the hot syrup and bake until the apples are tender.

Pickled Onions—Take two qts. small white onions, and pour over them boiling water and set aside immediately to cool. When cool enough to handle pull off the papery outer skin which can then be removed very easily and then put them in a stone jar or deep china dish and cover with a strong salt brine. If a fresh egg will float on the top of it, the brine is about right. Let this stand all day, any night, twenty-four hours in all. Pour off the brine, drain thoroughly and rinse very lightly and quickly in cold water and place in jars with two or three pieces of gingerroot and small peppers in each jar and cover with boiling-hot vinegar. They should be kept for two weeks before using.

Eggless Fruit Cake—2 cups brown sugar, three-fourths cup butter, or two-thirds cup shortening, two cups water, three cups raisins, two cups currants, one cup mixed peels, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, one-half teaspoon mace, one-half teaspoon nutmeg, two tablespoons molasses, two teaspoons soda, four cups flour, one teaspoon baking powder, 4 and one-third cups nut meats. But all the ingredients except the flour, spices, baking powder, soda and nuts, into a large pan and boil three minutes. Let cool a little, then add nuts and the flour sifted with the remaining dry ingredients. Bake in pans lined with double folds of well-greased paper. If a richer cake is wanted, add one, two, or three eggs, well beaten, just before adding the flour, and allow two to three tablespoons more water for each egg used.

Carrot Pudding—One cup of grated raw carrots, one cup of bread crumbs, one cup minced meat, one cup washed and dried currants, one cup chopped raisins, one cup flour, one cup skimmed milk, one teaspoon of salt, one-fourth teaspoon soda. Mix all dry ingredients. Flour the raisins and currants. Stir thoroughly, steam four hours in ball over boiling water. Serve with hot sauce.

Beefsteak and Onions—Two pounds of beefsteak, eight onions, one cupful beef stock and salt. Flour the steak and fry in bacon drippings. When the steak is done, add the onions, which have been cooked in a separate pan. Fry the onions in bacon drippings to which has been added one cupful of beef stock. When the stock evaporates the onions will become brown but will retain their tenderness and added flavor, salt before adding to the stock.

Prune Cake—Mix one round-tin tablespoon of butter, one cup sugar and one egg. Sift two cups flour with one round-tin teaspoon of soda. Add the

flour and one cup of prune juice alternately to the first mixture, then add one cup of cooked and pitted prunes and one teaspoon of vanilla.

FLASHES Forest fires grow without watering.

A friend who let his camp fire get away now refers to himself as a "finished camper." He says the judge did the "finishing" with a lecture and a fine.

Don't start anything you can't finish—forest fires, for instance.

Great fires from little sparks are spread.

The trees of to-morrow are the seedlings of today.

"Those Careless Camper Blues," sung by the C. C. Quartette. Tune, Fifty Dollars and Costs.

Safety: Putting out the last spark. Recommended for all smokers and campers.

Did you leave your markers on the Great Tin Can Trail the last time you went camping?

W. E. Pegg

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will tell you that we always have the kind of Lumber you want—dependable grades and sizes. That is why he has passed judgement on the products of the

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Opposite S. P. Depot BEAVERTON, OREGON

Salts Fine for Aching Kidneys

When Back Hurts Flush Your Kidneys as You Clean Your Bowels

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, sometimes get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally, else we have headache and dull misery in the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region begin drinking lots of water. Also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is intended to flush clogged kidneys and help stimulate them to activity. It also helps neutralize the acids in the urine so they no longer irritate, thus helping to relieve bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which everybody should take now and then to help keep their kidneys clean. A well-known local druggist says he believes in trying to correct kidney trouble while it is only trouble. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

DANCE at HUBER Commercial Hall every Saturday evening. Music by Sherman Moody's six piece orchestra. c 37 tf

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BEAVERTON, ORE.

DOUBLE-HEADED ADVICE

"Man, know thyself" and thus secure the good that doth from such knowledge flow; But when you know yourself, be sure You don't tell people all you know.

SUMMONS
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, C. A. Tolbert, Plaintiff

vs.
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, the above named defendant, the

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 1496, issued on the 24th day of September, 1922, by the Tax Collector of the County of Washington, State of Oregon, for the amount of Six and 79-100 (\$6.79) dollars, the same being the amount then due and delinquent for tax for the year 1918, 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, 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 419.38 feet West of the Southeast corner of the Isaac Butler Donation Land Claim and 20 feet North of the South line of said claim; thence North 6 deg. 19 min. West 316.79 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 65 deg. 37 min. East along a line parallel with and 10 feet southerly from, measured at right angles to the center line of the aforesaid railroad track 152.2 feet; thence

South 6 deg. 19 min. East 822.5 feet more or less to a point 20 feet North of the South line of the said Isaac Butler Donation Land Claim; thence West 128.1 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, 1922, Tax receipt No. 14132, \$6.60, at 12% interest; For the year 1920, paid Sept. 6, 1922, Tax receipt No. 15199, \$7.50, at 12% interest; For the year 1921, paid Sept. 6, 1922, Tax receipt No. 9123, \$2.85, at 12% interest; For the year 1922, paid April 4, 1922, Tax receipt No. 1275, \$2.13, at 12% interest; For the year 1922, paid Oct. 6, 1922, Tax receipt No. 14642, \$3.14, at 12% interest; For the year 1918, paid Oct. 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 of record, and each of the other persons above named are hereby 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 rendered 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. Hagley, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Washington, and said order was made on the 24th day of July, 1924, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 4th day of August, 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.

E. Hump and D. D. Hump, attorneys for Plaintiff.

Address and residence as follows: M. R. Hump, Hillsboro, Oregon. D. D. Hump, Forest Grove, Oregon.

Adv. c 31-39

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YOU ARE INVITED!

Wednesday Evening, Aug. 20, will be

"WASHINGTON COUNTY NIGHT"

In the U. S. Bakery

East 11th to East 12th Streets
East Everett to Flanders Streets

Portland

BEAVERTON people and residents of all parts of Washington County are cordially invited to come and participate in going through "the Home of Butter-Nut—the Bread Supreme," and accept the hospitality of this big baking institution. Free buffet luncheon will be served, and a free entertainment by the following artists:

Mrs. C. F. Kleeb, Soprano

Mrs. Olga Ruffi, Pianist

Miss Madeline Susanka, Contralto

Mr. A. T. Connors, Magician

The Crescent Orchestra

And you will find it really very interesting, too, to see how everything is done in this big bakery equipped to make "75,000 quality loaves a day." All departments will be in full operation during the evening.

