



(Continued from last week.)

"Well, I trust them while they're under my eye. The trouble with men of that stripe is that they're yellow. A game man gives you a fighting chance, but fellows of this sort hit while you're not looking. But you needn't worry. They're real tame citizens this morning."

"Yes, they looked tame," Moya answered dryly. "No tame I'm sure they'd like to crucify you."

"I dream they would, but in this world a man can't get everything he would like. I've wanted two or three pleasures myself that I didn't get. His gaze happened to turn toward Joyce as he was speaking. He had



From the Door of the Shaft House the Cornishmen Watched Them Mount and Ride Away.

been thinking of nothing definite, but at the meeting of their eyes something flashed into birth and passed from one to the other like an electric current. Jack knew now something that he wanted, but he did not admit that he could not get it. If she cared for him—and what else had her eyes told him in the golden glow of that electric moment?—a hundred Verinders and Lady Farquhars could not keep them apart.

His heart sang jubilantly. He rose abruptly and left the room because he was afraid he could not tell his feeling.

Joyce smiled happily. "Where is he going?" she asked innocently.

Moya looked at her and then turned her eyes away. She had understood the significance of what she had seen and a door in her heart that had been open for weeks clanged shut.

"I don't know, unless to get the horses," she said quietly.

A few minutes later he returned, leading the animals. From the door of the shaft-house the Cornishmen watched them mount and ride away. The men smoked in silent silence.

Before they had ridden a hundred yards Joyce was in gay talk with Kilmeny. She had forgotten the very existence of the miners. But Moya did not forget. She had seen the expression of their faces as the horses had passed. If a chance ever offered itself they would have their revenge.

It was a day winnowed from a lifetime of ordinary ones. They rode through a world shot to the core with sunlight. The snow sparkled and gleamed with it. The foliage of the cottonwoods, which already had shaken much of their white coat to the ground, reflected in greens and golds and russets merged to a note of perfect harmony by the Great Artist. Though the crispness of early winter was in the air, their nostrils drew in the fragrance of October, the faint wafted perfume of spring summer.

Beneath a sky of perfect blue they pushed along the shoulder of the hill, avoiding the draw into which snow had drifted deep. Life stormed in their veins, glowing in their flushed cheeks, rang in the care-free laughter of at least two of them. Jack broke trail, turning often in the saddle with a little twist of his lean muscular body, to suggest a word of caution at the bad places. Always then he discovered the deep violet eyes of Joyce Seidon with their smoldering fire. So let himself dwell upon her loveliness of fine-textured satin skin, set off by the abundant crown of lustrous bronze hair, was to know again a quickened pulse of delight.

When he spoke it was with the languid drawl of the western plainman. In humor he felt to conceal his passion, but Joyce knew him to be alertly conscious of her every word, every turn of her pliant body.

They reached the road, where two could ride abreast. Sometimes he was with the one, again with the other. Moya, who had not much to say this morning, made it easy for him to be with Joyce. She did not need to be told that he was under the allure of that young woman's beauty; and not alone of her beauty, but of that provocative stimulating something that can be defined only as the drug of sex. All men responded to it when Joyce chose to exert herself, many when she did not.

Once he turned to point out to Moya some snow-covered mounds above the road.

"Graves of a dozen mule-skinner killed by Indians nearly thirty years ago. My father was the only one of the party that escaped."

Half a mile from town they met two men on horseback and exchanged news. All Goldbanks had been searching for them through the night. The Farquhar party were wild with anxiety about them.

Kilmeny gave prompt quiet orders. "Get back to town, boys, and tell Lady Farquhar that it's all right. We'll be along in a few minutes."

The news of their safety spread as by magic. Men and women and children poured into the streets to welcome them. It was as much as Kilmeny could do to keep back the cheering mob long enough to reach the hotel. Verinder, Lady Jim, and India came down the steps to meet them, Captain Kilmeny and Lord Farquhar both being away at the head of search parties. India and Lady Farquhar broke down without shame and cried as they embraced the returned wanderers.

"We thought... we thought..." India could not finish in words, but Moya knew what she meant.

"It was very nearly that way, dear, but everything is all right now," her friend smiled through a film of tears.

"It was Moya saved us—and afterward Mr. Kilmeny," Joyce explained between sobs.

The crowd below cheered again and Moya borrowed India's handkerchief to wave. It touched her to see how glad these people were to know they had been rescued.

Lady Farquhar thanked Kilmeny with a gulp in her throat. "We'll want to hear all about it and to get a chance to thank you properly. Will you come to dinner this evening? Joyce and Moya should be rested by then."

Jack accepted promptly. "I'll be very glad to come."

CHAPTER X

"Prove It!... Prove It!"

Sam Bleyer, superintendent of the big Verinder mines, had been up to see his chief at the hotel and was passing the private sitting-room of the Farquhar party when a voice hailed him. He bowed inclusively to Lady Farquhar, Miss Seidon and Miss Dwight.

"You called me?"

"I did. Are you in a very great hurry?" Joyce flashed her most coquettish smile at him.

"You are never to be in a hurry when Miss Seidon wants you, Bleyer," announced Verinder, following the superintendent into the room.

Bleyer flushed. He was not "a lady's man," as he would have phrased it, but there was an arresting loveliness about Joyce that held the eye.

"You hear my orders, Miss Seidon," he said.

"Awfully good of you, Mr. Verinder," Joyce acknowledged with a swift stant smile toward the mine owner. "Just now I want Mr. Bleyer to be an information bureau."

"Anything I can do," murmured Bleyer.

He was a thin little man with a face as wrinkled as a contour map of South America. Thick glasses rested on a Roman nose in front of near-sighted eyes. Frequently he peered over these in an ineffective manner that suggested a lost puppy in search of a friend. But in spite of his appearance Bleyer was a force in Goldbanks. He knew his business and gave his whole energies to it.

"We're all so interested in Mr. Kilmeny. Tell us all about him, please?"

"That's a rather large order, isn't it?" The wrinkles in his leathery face broke into a smile. "What in particular do you want to know?"

"Everything. What does he do? How does he live? How long has he been here?"

"He has been around here about five years. He has a lease in a mine. There was a flinty dryness in the manner of the superintendent that neither Joyce nor Moya missed.

"And he makes his living by it?"

Above his spectacles the eyes of Bleyer gleamed resentfully. "You'll have to ask Mr. Kilmeny how he makes his living. I don't know."

"You're keeping something from us, I believe you do know, Mr. Bleyer." With a swift turn of her supple body Joyce appealed to Verinder. "Make him tell us, please."

Moya did not lift the starlike eyes that were so troubled from the face of Bleyer. She knew the man implied something discreditable to Kilmeny. The look that had flashed between him and Verinder told her so much. Red signals of defiance blazed on both cheeks. Whatever it was, she did not intend to believe him.

Verinder disclosed a proper reluctance. "Bleyer says he doesn't know."

"Oh, he says! I want him to tell what he thinks."

"You won't like it," the mine owner warned.

"I'll be the best judge of that," Joyce swung upon Bleyer. "You hear, sir. You're to tell me what you mean."

"I don't mean anything." He paused, then looked straight at Joyce with a visible harshness. "I'll tell you what the common gossip is if you want to know, Miss Seidon. They say he is a highgrader."

"And what is a highgrader?" de-

WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

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By NELLIE MAXWELL

improve your kitchen, making them bright with sunlight if possible, if not bright with sunny point. The room where so much time is spent in the preparation of food should be as attractive as it is possible to make it. Do you have a window out of which you may enjoy the view, over your kitchen sink? It will help amazingly in shortening the time of dishwashing.

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Orange, muffins. Dinner: Leg of lamb with dressing, peach ice cream. Supper: Omelet, rhubarb sauce.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Ripe pears, oatmeal and top milk. Dinner: Lard liver, baked calves' hearts, stuffed lettuce salad. Supper: Sliced roast lamb.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Bread crumb pancakes. Dinner: Hungarian goulash, head lettuce salad. Supper: Angel food.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Cherries, coffee cake, coffee. Dinner: Stuffed calves' hearts, raw carrot salad. Supper: Cabbage salad.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Waffles, coffee. Dinner: Swiss steak, rice potatoes, apple pie, cheese. Supper: Baked hash, green onions.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Muskmelon, cereal with cream. Dinner: Boiled fish, horseradish sauce; steamed brown bread. Supper: Egg and peas omelet.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Grapes, corn flakes, cream. Dinner: Boiled mutton, caper sauce; hot seasoned rice. Supper: Baking powder biscuit, blackberries.

Peach Ice Cream.

Remove the skins and pits and put through a ricer enough ripe peaches to make one and one-half cupsful of pulp. Add the juice of a lemon, one and one-fourth cupsful of sugar and place in the freezer. When well chilled add a pint of cream and freeze as usual. Serve in halves of chilled melons.

Cabbage Salad.

Shred a hard head of cabbage very fine, cover with feed water and when crisp drain and dry. Add salt and enough thick sweet cream to moisten the cabbage well, sprinkle with sugar and add a dash of vinegar. Mix well and serve well chilled.

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Harding grass, he relatively new perennial in Oregon, has been tried on the experiment station farm for several years.

HEAD STUFFED FROM CATARRH OR A COLD

Says Cream Applied in Nostrils Opens Air Passages Right Up.

Instant relief—no waiting. Your clogged nostrils open right up; the air passages of your head clear and you can breathe freely. No more hawking, snuffling, blowing, headache, dryness. No struggling for breath at night; your cold or catarrh disappears.

Get a small bottle of Ely's Cream Balm from your druggist now. Apply a little of this fragrant, antiseptic, healing cream in your nostrils. It penetrates through every air passage of the head, soothes the inflamed or swollen mucous membrane and relief comes instantly.

It's just fine. Don't stay stuffed-up with a cold or nasty catarrh.

Whose Review are you reading? Yours or your neighbor's?

Bring Us Your Job-Printing THE BEAVERTON REVIEW

TARIFF TAX ON HOMES

Woman Lecturer Says Cost Is \$125 For Each Family.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Women are the purchasing agents for all of the 25,000,000 families in the United States, and as such they are the heaviest sufferers under the Fordney-McCumber high protective tariff, according to Mrs. Olive Heldon Lewis, of Indianapolis, who has been delivering a series of lectures to women on the tariff.

Mrs. Lewis points out that the Republican tariff increases the expense of every American home by at least \$125 a year in extra cost on commodities in daily use.

Her ward turned upon Lady Jim a flushed face stirred by anger to a vivid charm. "Can't you see how absurd it is? He owns his own lease. Mr. Bleyer admits it. Is he robbing himself, then?"

(To be continued next week.)

DAVIS BECOMES BOY SCOUT IN COLORADO

Denver, Colo.—When John W. Davis, Democratic presidential candidate, was in Colorado recent he climbed to an altitude of 9,500 feet in the rugged Rockies to become a member of the Boy Scouts of America, and remained there for a time as the guest of the organization. He is now enrolled as a Boy Scout in good standing of Region No. 8, which includes Colorado.

At the suggestion of James E. West, executive director of the Boy Scouts, Mr. Davis spoke to the members of the conference in session there.

Mr. Davis praised the movement undertaken by the Boy Scouts to bring voters to the polls at local, state and national elections.

"You can do better work for the men and women of this day and for the men and women who are to come after us than to bring those boys to feel that that is their task in life. And that, young as they are, immature as they are, the hour for them to begin has already struck," Mr. Davis said.

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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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Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER! Fletcher's Castoria is a harmless Substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation Wind Colic
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Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opium

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of J. C. Fletcher. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

STOP RHEUMATISM WITH RED PEPPER

When you are suffering with rheumatism so you can hardly get around just try Red Pepper Rub and you will have the quickest relief known.

Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers. Instant relief. Just as soon as you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the tingling heat in three minutes it warms the sore spot through and through. Frees the blood circulation, breaks up the congestion—and the old rheumatism torture is gone.

Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, costs little at any drug store. Get a jar at once. Use it for lumbago, neuritis, backache, stiff neck, sore muscles, colds in chest. Almost instant relief awaits you. Be sure to get the genuine, with the name Rowles on each package.

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and found not so good for hay on average tillable lands of the state as clover or vetch and grain or timothy, and inferior to a well selected mixture for pasture.

Repairing and Painting roofs of all kinds. Old roofs made like new at small cost. Estimates free. All work guaranteed. C. F. Slatery. Adv c 29-4f

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This hot weather won't last forever. Now's the time to get heating stoves re-jacketed and furnaces repaired before cold weather sets in. Frank Pulver, Tin and Sheet Metal Merchant, Beaverton. Adv c 28-4f

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