



(Continued from last week.)

The muscles stood out on the cheeks of the superintendent like cords. He stuck doggedly to his guns. "I didn't say he stole the ore himself. The charge is that he buys it from the men who do take it. His lease is an excuse. Of course he pretends to get the ore there."

"It's the common talk of the camp," snapped Verinder contemptuously. "The man doesn't even keep it under decent cover."

"Then prove it . . . prove it! That ought to be easy—since everybody knows it!" Moya's voice was low, but her scornful passion lashed the Englishman as with a whip.

"By Jove, that's just what I'm going to do. I'm going to put our friend behind the bars for a few years, the snuggly little man cried triumphantly. The red spots on Moya's cheeks burned. The flashing eyes of the girl defied her discarded lover.

"If you can," she amended with quiet anger. The soft laugh of Joyce saved for the moment the situation. "Dear me, aren't we getting a little excited? Mr. Bleyer, tell me more. How does a highgrader, didn't you call him?—how does he get a chance to steal the ore?"

"He picks out the best pieces while he is working—the nuggets that are going to run a high per cent of gold—and pockets them. At night he carries them away."

"But—haven't you any policemen here? Why don't you stop them and search them?"

"The miners' union is too strong. There would be a strike if we tried it. But it has got to come to that soon. The companies will have to join hands for a final fight. They can't have men hoisted up from their work with a hundred dollars' worth of ore stored away on them."

"Is it as bad as that, Mr. Bleyer?" asked Lady Farquhar in surprise.

"Sometimes they take two or three hundred dollars' worth at once."

"They don't all steal, do they?" demanded Moya with an edge of sarcasm in her clear voice.

Bleyer laughed grimly. "I'd like to know the names of even a few that don't. I haven't been introduced to them."

"One hundred per cent dishonest," murmured Moya without conviction.

"I don't guarantee the figures, Miss Dwight. The superintendent added grudgingly: "They don't look at it that way. Bits of highgrade ore are their perquisite, they pretend to think."

Verinder broke in. "They say your friend Kilmeny took ore to the value of two thousand dollars from the Never Quit on one occasion. It ran to that amount by actual smelter test, the story goes. I've always rather doubted it."

"Why—since he is so dishonest?" Moya flung at him.

"Don't think a man could carry away so much at one time. What d'ye think, Bleyer?"

"Depends on how highgrade the ore mine carries. At Cripple Creek we found nearly four thousand on a man once. He was loaded down like a freight car—looked like the fat boy in 'Pickwick Papers.'"

"Should think he'd bulge out with angles where the rock projected," Lady Farquhar suggested.

"The men have it down to a system there. We used to search them as they left work. They carry the ore in all sorts of unexpected places, such as the shoulder padding of their coats, their mouths, their ears, and in slings scattered over the body. The ore is pounded so that it does not bulge."

"Perhaps I'm doing Mr. Kilmeny an injustice, then. Very likely he did get away with two thousand at one time," Verinder jeered with an unpleasant laugh.

"Yes, let's think the worst of everybody that we can, Mr. Verinder," came Moya's quick scornful retort.

The Croesus of Goldbanks stood warning himself with his back to the grate, as snug and dapper a little man as could be found within a day's journey.

"Very good, Miss Dwight. Have it your own way. I'm not a hally prophet, you know, but I'll go this far. Your little tin hero is riding for a fall. It is all very well for him to do the romantic and that sort of piffle, by Jove, but when you scrape the paint off he's just a receiver of stolen property and a common agitator. Don't take my word for it. Ask Bleyer."

Without looking at him he gave a little jerk of the head toward his superintendent. "Who is the most undesirable citizen here, Bleyer? Who makes all the trouble for the companies?"

Bleyer shook his head. "I can't back my opinion with proof."

"You know what people say. Whom do the men rely on to back them whenever they have trouble with us? Out with it!"

"Kilmeny is their king pin—the most influential man in camp."

"Of course he is. Anybody could tell to look at him that he is a leader. Does it follow he must be a criminal?" Moya demanded abruptly.

The superintendent smiled. He understood what was behind that irritation. "You're a good friend, Miss Dwight."

"It's absurd that I am. He did nothing for Joyce and me—except fight for us and see that we were sheltered and

fed and brought home safely. Why shouldn't we sit still and let his reputation be torn to tatters?"

Butcher hove down upon the field of Waterloo. "Of course we're for Mr. Kilmeny, as you Yankees say. I don't

care whether he is a highgrader or not. He's a gentleman—and very interesting." Joyce nodded decisively, tilting a saucy chin toward Verinder.

"We're for him, aren't we, Moya?" Lady Farquhar smiled and let her embroidery drop to the table as she rose. "I like him myself. There's something about him that's very attractive. I do hope you are wrong, Mr. Bleyer. He does not look like an anarchist and a thief."

"That is not the way he would define himself. In this community highgrading isn't looked on as theft. Last year our sheriff was suspected of buying ore from miners and shipping it to the smelters."

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quences hold him from any course upon which he was determined. Had he not once warned her in his whispering way that she would have to make "a heap of allowances" for him if she were to remain his friend? Was it this to which he had referred when he had told her he was likely to disappoint her, that a man must live by the code of his fellows and judge right and wrong by the circumstances? Explicitly he had given her to understand that his standards of honesty would not square with hers, since he lived in a rough mining camp where questions had two sides and were not to be determined by abstract rule.

(To be continued next week.)

"SHERLOCK HOLMES" IS VERY DIFFERENT

There are several reasons why the screen production of "Sherlock Holmes" differs from most motion picture plays. In the first place it bears the name of that imposing star, John Barrymore, who, unfortunately, is too seldom seen on the silver screen.

In addition to this leading dramatic actor, who plays the title role, others in the cast include such names as Roland Young, who plays the part of Watson. The villainous Moriarty is played by Gustave Seyffertitz, Louis Wolheim, who created a sensation on the stage by his portrayal of the rough-neck stoker in "The Hairy Ape" is another member of the cast.

Among others are Percival Knight, Reginald Denny, Albert Brunning, Lumsden Hare, John Willard, Carol Dempster, Hedda Hopper and other well-known men and women of the stage and screen.

In order to get the proper atmosphere the producer did not attempt to manufacture stage backgrounds, but instead transported the entire company to England and later to Switzerland. Scenes were taken in the old section of London, Baker

Street, the house to which the world has beaten a track; the Limehouse and St. John's College, Cambridge. In Switzerland, the company had to go to a little mountain town in order to get the "proper" locations. Then the company returned to this country in order to complete the production and have it authentic, true and wholly artistic.

In "Sherlock Holmes" John Barrymore has succeeded splendidly in his interpretation of the leading role. He has made himself look a great deal like the Holmes pictured in fiction, and has thoroughly humanized the detective while retaining the characteristics Conan Doyle accorded him.

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Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some form, says a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts can not injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

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OR WERE YOU PUSHED?

"Did you fall?" asked a man, rushing to the rescue of a woman who had slipped on an icy pavement.

"Oh, no!" she said. "I just sat down here to see if I could find any four-leaf clovers."

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Wanted—General Contracting and Building work, Joseph Knox, Phone, M 5863, Route 6, Box 255-A, Portland Ore.

Electric Floor Surfacing—On old or new floors. All kinds of hardwood floors laid. Why contend with rough floors when they can be made smooth like new? W. C. Gifford, 743 Eighth St., Hillsboro. c 32 tf

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 tf

Cement Work Done by contract or by the day. First Class work. A. Valentine, Beaverton Commercial Hotel. Adv c 44-45

\$100 places Standard make of new phonograph in your

home. One year to pay. Write J. W. Day, 1067 East 20th Street, North, Portland, Oregon. Adv c 44-48

Good Dry Wood, 12 and 16 inch lengths at \$4.50 per load and up. Delivered anywhere in the city. Beaverton Wood & Coal Co. Leave order at office or at Mapes' Billiard Hall. G. H. Wolf, Prop. Adv c 44 tf

For Sale—Seven good milch cows, four fresh; also six horses and some farm implements. Inquire at the Beaverton Review. p 44-45

For Sale—Three registered Jerseys, two three-year olds and a six-year old, giving forty pounds a day. Yearling. Inquire M. F. Briggs on W. B. Emmons place south of Beaverton. Phone 151. p 44-45

Only \$295 places standard make of new piano with bench to match in your home. Two years to pay. Write J. W. Day, 1067 East Twentieth Street, North, Portland, Oregon. Adv c 44-48

Wanted—Will take Beaverton lots or acreage up to \$1000 as payment on new five-room house in Beaverton. Dallas P. Murray, Post Office Box 162, Beaverton, Oregon. Adv c 44-45

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