



(Continued from last week.)

Jack did not hear it. A bolt of jagged lightning seared through his brain. The limp hands of the driver fell away from the reins and he fell to the ground, crumpling as a dry leaf that is crushed in the palm.

From the shadow of the bunk-house two men stole into the moonlight heavily like awkward beasts of prey. They crept steadily forward, rifles in hand, never once lifting their eyes from the huddled mass beside the wagon.

The first looked stolidly down upon the white face and kicked the body with his heavy boot.

"By G—d, Dave, us be quits w' Jack Kilmeny."

The other—it was Peale, the Cornish miner—had stepped on a spoke of the wheel and pulled himself up so that he could look down into the bed of the wagon. Now he broke out with an oath.

"The wagon's empty."

"What!" Trefoye straightened instantly, then ran to see for himself. For a moment he could not speak for the rage that surged up in him. "The d—d robber has made fool of us," he cried savagely.

In their fury they were like barbarians, cursing impotently the man lying with a white face shining in the moonlight. They had expected to pay a debt of vengeance and to win a fortune at the same stroke. The latter they had missed. The disappointment of their loss stripped them to stark primitive savagery. It was some time before they could exult in their revenge.

"He'll interfere w' us no more—not this side o' h— anyway," Peale cried.

"Not he. An' we'll put him in a fine grave where he'll lie safe."

They threw the body into the wagon and climbed to the seat. Peale drove along an unused road that deflected from the one running to the Jack Pot.

### CHAPTER XIII

#### Mr. Verinder Is Treated to a Surprise.

The morning after the setting of the ore Verinder came to breakfast in a mood so jaded that he could not long keep to himself the cause of his exultation. Kilmeny and Farquhar were away on a hunting trip, and none of the ladies except Moyna was yet up. He was especially eager to tell his news to her, because she had always been such an open defender of the highgrader. She gave him his opening very promptly, for she was anxious to know what had occurred.

"Has some distant connection passed away and left you a fortune, Mr. Verinder? Or have you merely found a new gold mine since I saw you last?" she asked.

"By Jove, you're a good guesser, Miss Dwight. I found a gold mine last night. Wonder if you could think where."

Her heart beat faster. "You're so pleased about it I fancy the quartz must have been sacked up for you ready for the smelter," she said carelessly.

Verinder flashed a quick look at her. "Eh, what? How's that?"

Moyna opened her lips, to confess what she had done, but the arrival of a waiter delayed this. Before he had left, Lady Farquhar entered and the girl's chance was temporarily gone.

"I was just telling Miss Dwight that we've found another gold mine, Lady Farquhar—and of all places in the bed of a wagon."

"In the bed of a wagon! How could that be?"

"Fact, 'pon my word! High-graders are, too, we fancy; but we'll know more about that when we hear from the assayer."

The matron intercepted the look of triumph—it was almost a jeer—that the mine owner flung toward Miss Dwight. She did not understand what he was talking about, but she saw that Moyna did.

"If you'd tell us just what happened we'd be able to congratulate you more intelligently," the latter suggested, masking her anxiety.

"Jove, I wish I could—like to tell you the whole story. We pulled off a ripping surprise on one of our friends. But—the deuce of it is I'm sworn to secrecy. We played the highgraders' game and slipped a bit outside the law for once. Let it go at this, that the fellow had to swallow a big dose of his own medicine."

Moyna pushed one more question home. "Nobody hurt, I suppose?"

"Only his feelings and his pocket-book. But I fancy one highgrader has learned that Debyans Verinder knows his way about a bit, you know."

The subject filled Moyna's thoughts all day. Had Kilmeny and Farquhar taken advantage of her warning? Or had his opponents proved too shrewd for him? From what Verinder had told her she surmised that Jack had tried to reach the railroad with his ore and been intercepted. But why had he not changed his plans after her talk with him? Surely he was not the kind of man to walk like a lamb into a trap baited for him.

Late in the afternoon Moyna, dressed in riding costume, was waiting on the hotel porch for India and her brother when she saw Verinder coming down the street. That he was in a sulky ill humor was apparent.

"Lord Farquhar and Captain Kilmeny came back a couple of hours ago," she said by way of engaging him in talk.

"Any luck?" he asked morosely and with obvious indifference.

"A deer aplene and a bear for the captain."

"That fellow Kilmeny outwitted us, after all," he broke out abruptly. "We've been had, by Jove! Must have been what Hieyer calls a plant."

"I don't understand."

"The rock we took from him was refuse stuff—not worth a dollar."

The girl's eyes gleamed. "Your gold mine was salted, then."

"Not even salted. He had gathered the stuff from some old dump."

"He must have profited by my warning, after all," Moyna said quietly.

The little man's eyes narrowed.

"Eh? How's that? Did you say your warning?"

In spite of herself she felt a sense of error at having played the traitor to her host. "Sorry. I didn't like to do it, but—"

"What is it you did?" he asked bluntly.

"I told Mr. Kilmeny that his plan was discovered."

"You—told him?" He subdued his anger for the moment. "If it isn't asking too much—how did you know anything about it?"

She felt herself flushing with shame, but she answered lightly enough. "You shouldn't discuss secrets so near the breakfast-room, Mr. Verinder."

"I see. You listened—and then you ran to your friend, the highgrader, with the news. That was good of you, Miss Dwight. I appreciate it—under the circumstances."

"Thank you, Mr. Verinder—for all the kind things you mean and can't say."

She turned on her heel and walked to the end of the veranda. After a moment's thought he followed her.

"Have I said a word too much, Miss Dwight? You did listen to a private conversation you weren't meant to hear, didn't you? And you ran to your friend with it? If I'm wrong, please correct me."

"I daresay you're right. We'll let it go at that, if you please."

Verinder was irritated. Clearly in the night, he had allowed her to put him in the wrong.

"I'll withdraw listened, Miss Dwight. Shall we substitute overheard?"

Her angry eyes flashed into his cold, hard ones. "What would you expect me to do? You know what he did for Joyce and me. And he is Captain Kilmeny's cousin. Could I let him go to prison without giving even a warning?"

"Evidently not. So you sacrifice me for him."

"You think I wasn't justified?"

"You'll have to settle that with your conscience," he said coldly. "Don't think I would have been justified in your place."

"You would let him go to prison—the man who had fought for you against odds?"

"Does that alter the fact that he is a thief?" Verinder demanded angrily.

"It alters my relation to the fact—and it ought to alter yours. He did a great service to the woman you are engaged to marry. Does that mean nothing to you?"

"The fellow was playing off his own bat, wasn't he? I don't see I owe him anything," the mine owner snidely answered. "Truth is, I'm about fed up with him. He's a bad lot. That's the long and short of him. I don't deny he's a well-plucked daredevil. What of it? This town is full of them. There was no question of his going to prison. I intended only to get back some of the ore he and his friends have stolen from me."

"I didn't know that."

"Would it have made any difference if you had?"

She considered. "I'm not sure."

Captain Kilmeny and India emerged from the hotel and bore down upon them.

"All ready, Moyna," cried India.

"Ready here," Moyna knew that it must be plain to both Captain Kilmeny and his sister that they had interrupted a disagreement of some sort. Characteristically, she took the bull by the horns. "Mr. Verinder and I are through quarrelling. At least I'm in talk."

through. Are your ass asked one mine owner with a laugh.

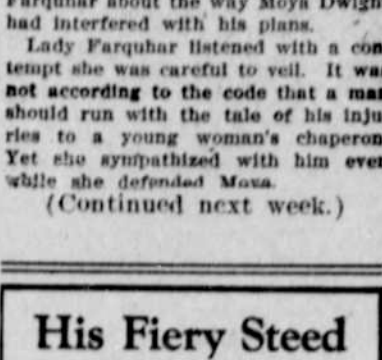
"Didn't know I'd been quarrelling, Miss Dwight," Verinder replied stiffly.

"You haven't. I've been doing it all." She turned lightly to her betrothed. "They didn't send up the pinto, Ned. Hope he hasn't really gone lame."

Verinder had been put out of the picture. He turned and walked into the lobby of the hotel, suddenly resolved to make a complaint to Lady Farquhar about the way Moyna Dwight had interfered with his plans.

Lady Farquhar listened with a contempt she was careful to veil. It was not according to the code that a man should run with the tale of his injuries to a young woman's chaperon. Yet she sympathized with him even while she defended Moyna.

(Continued next week.)



Just a Canter to the Block.

and to an oriental clime where all speech is flowery and filled with imagery. In this land, sacred by its wonderful history, mystic by its strange traditions, ancient, because the birthplace of venerable religions, where the city walls inclose beloved ruins, and the barren stony hills speak sorrowfully of what has been and is no more, there is something peculiarly touching and appropriate in the continuation of these old-time customs.

The construction of these "tabernacles" furnishes a time of great amusement to young and old, for all members of the family take part in the rearing and decorating of this airy home within which the feast is to be celebrated. Some choose the large, open courtyard of the house for the site of this temporary residence, while others prefer to build it on the flat roof of the house.

#### Time for Neighborliness

The charities of the rich are indeed widespread, and to the heart really attuned to the spirit of Thanksgiving it seems a far more lovely thing to read of their gifts of clothing and food, at their sitting at the bedside of the sick and sorrowing, than to pore through their fine social doings in the society column. Although the Bible tells us it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than a rich man to enter heaven, one feels inclined to believe that exceptions will be made. In truth, the rich and poor are very close at Thanksgiving time, and all the rest of us who can just scrape along try to do our level best by the friends and neighbors who are less well off.—Chicago Daily News.

#### FILBERT BLIGHT

##### GREATEST ENEMY

The greatest danger to young filberts perhaps results from bacterial blight infections spread by pruning instruments. The disease is so difficult to detect sometimes that knives or pruning shears may become contaminated unknown to the worker, and serve to spread the disease to other trees. The O. A. C. experiment station advises that the pruning tools be disinfected between trees.

#### THEIR THANKSGIVING

By Ella Saunders

The Thanksgiving dinner was something that none of the members of the Lawes family ever failed to attend. No matter what had happened during the year, everybody turned up at Farmer Lawes' house for the Thanksgiving dinner. There the quarrels were made up, differences adjusted; it was a sort of family clearing house.

Here was Farmer Lawes, hale and hearty in spite of his seventy years, seated before the table.

Here was Will, the pride of the family, the successful one, with a hundred thousand in

the bank.

Here was Judd, the failure, who lost one position after the other, and was now going to be given a fresh start in his older brother's office, and to redeem the past. He was glad to be home for Thanksgiving.

Here was Tom, who was in the lawyer's office, Tom, the bright one of the family, who was going to be President some day—watch him smile as he looks at the turkey, exuding gravy.

Here was Pepita, the actress. Not very successful, Pepita, and often in need of funds, and perhaps old Farmer Lawes had sent many bitter hours thinking of her. But—but this was Thanksgiving.

And here was Rodd, who was doing so well in high school, only bird that had not flown from the nest.

How happy they all were! No, not quite happy, because on the Thanksgiving before there had been another chair, and Dorothy.

Well, nobody had spoken of Dorothy since that scandal. She was dead to all of them. Even Thanksgiving could not atone for that black, bitter humiliation and disgrace.

Nobody had spoken of her, "Dorothy!"

"Well, boys and girls, this bird loc's good to me!"

The door was opening. They looked up. They stared aghast. Investments and a fine house on Sidmouth street, and two motor cars, with his wife and three kids—all beaming and bright and jappy.

Here was Grandmother Lawes, going on ninety, and with her eyes still undimmed. Here was Mother Lawes, beaming upon her boys and girls.

Here was Molly, the hospital nurse, who had come in from town. Not very successful, but doing well and a self-supporting woman, and so glad to be home for Thanksgiving.

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Nobody had spoken of her, "Dorothy!"

At everybody was thinking of her.

"The girl made a fool of herself," Will was thinking. "Well, she made her bed and she'll have to lie in it. She's dead to us forever. My wife shall never recognize her."

And Molly, the hospital nurse: "Dorothy was simply a fool to come infatuated with a married man and run off with him. It's a shame that can never be wiped out. If she were to come here now, begging for bread, I'd turn my back on her."

Judd, the failure: "Well, I guess there's more than one failure in this family. Each must look out for himself. I haven't any time to waste on sympathy for others."

Tom, in the lawyer's office: "Ah, well, the world is hard and censorious in its judgments! A man has got to get on, and the only way to get on is to have no incubuses in the way of failures about one. Judd? Yes, sir, I believe in giving every dog his chance. Judd may make good yet. Dorothy? Nothing doing. No sir! No sister of mine."

And Pepita: "Poor old Dorothy! What an ass she made of herself!"

Farmer Lawes—well, he was thinking of the little girl he used to dandle on his knee. That was how he saw Dorothy. But he said that his doors were closed to her forever, and he was a man of his word.

Mother Lawes—but who knows what is in a mother's heart?

And Grandmother Lawes, so near eternity—well, perhaps she had the tenderest and shrewdest judgment of them all, only she seldom spoke now, perhaps hardly remembered.

Nobody moved—then everybody moved, moved with a simultaneous rush.

"Dorothy!"

Notice is hereby given that the budget committee of the City of Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon, a municipal corporation, has filed in the office of the levying board, to wit: The City Council of said City, its detailed estimate of the total amount of money proposed to be raised by taxation and expended by said municipal corporations for all purposes for the fiscal year of 1925, which estimates are as follows:

#### GENERAL FUND

SALARIES: Marshal \$150.00, City Recorder 300.00, City Attorney 250.00, Light Maintenance 1200.00, Fire Department 150.00, Printing 25.00, Emergency 400.00, Interest on Bonds and Outstanding Warrants 1008.00, \$3483.00

Estimate for new fire equipment to be voted on as a special tax levy at the annual Town election as follows: Fire Truck and Equipment \$2250.00, Fire Siren 350.00, Fire House for Equipment 500.00, \$3100.00

#### GENERAL ROAD FUND

County Tax Levy, Estimated \$800.00

Lumber \$200.00, Ditches 200.00, Repairs 400.00, TOTAL \$800.00

#### RECEIPTS

County Tax Levy, Estimated \$800.00

Lumber \$200.00, Ditches 200.00, Repairs 400.00, TOTAL \$800.00

#### EXPENDITURES TOTAL

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