



by Wm MacLeod Raine

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(Continued from last week.)

"because you're afraid to let me tell you that I love you," he charged.

"Thought it was Joyce you . . . fancied," she retorted quietly, her pulse hammering.

"So it was. I fancied her. I love you. For asking you to marry me."

"You don't have to ask me to marry you because you exaggerate the service I did you."

"I ask you because I love you."

"Thank you very much for the compliment. Sorry I must decline." She did not dare look at him. Her eyes were fixed on the mill far below.

"Why must you—since you love me?"

The telltale pink stained her cheeks. "You take that for granted, do you?"

"It's true, I believe. How can I make love to you as other men do? Lady Farquhar won't let me see you alone—even if you were willing to give me a chance. In two days you are going out of my life. I must speak the truth . . . bluntly. I love you. It has been that way with me ever since you came into my life again, little Moysa. But I was blind and didn't see it till . . . till I was alone in the mine with death."

"That is not enough. I'm going to give the truth. You saved my life. What for? It is yours . . . if you will take it."

"She looked straight at him. 'I can't marry you.'"

"Why can't you? Can you say that you don't love me?"

In the full-charged silence that followed a stifling emotion raced through her blood. The excitement in her set a pulse beating in her throat. Womanlike she evaded the issue.

"The cable has stopped. What has happened?"

"Nothing has happened. It has stopped because I arranged with the engineer at the hoist to have it stop when I give the signal it will start again."

"But . . ."

"He brushed aside her futile protest. 'I'm going to have this out with you. Dare you tell me that you don't love me, Moysa?'"

"He forced her to meet his eyes, and in that moment she felt weak and faint. The throbs of passion beat in tumultuously against her will."

"Please . . . be generous. What will you think? Let us start," she begged.

"They will think something is wrong with the machinery. But it doesn't matter in the least what they think. It's my last chance, and I'll not give it up. You've got to answer me."

"The point where the bucket had stopped was a hundred feet above the ground below. She looked down, and shuddered."

"It's so far down . . . please."

"The don't look down. Look at me, Moysa. It won't take you a moment to answer me."

"I have. I said I couldn't marry you."

"Tell me that you don't love me and I'll give the signal."

"I . . . don't."

"Look straight at me and say it."

"She tried to look at him and repeat it, but her eyes betrayed the secret she was fighting to keep from him. The long lashes fell to the hot cheeks an instant too late."

"His hand found hers. 'My little Irish wild rose, all sweetness and thorns,' he murmured."

Above the tumult of her heart she heard her voice say, as if it were that of a stranger, 'It's no use . . . I can't . . . marry you.'"

"Because I'm a highgrader?"

"She nodded."

"Do you think I'm worse than other men? Down in the bottom of your heart do you believe that?"

"She smiled wanly. 'Other men are not . . . asking love to me.'"

"Am I nothing but a thief to you?"

"I have told you that you are the man I . . . love. Isn't that a good deal?"

"The desire of her, pure as a flame, swept through him. 'It's the greatest thing that ever came into my life. Do you think I'm going to let it end there? I'm going to fight for our happiness. I'm going to bend down the things that come between us.'"

"You can't. It's too late," she cried, wistfully.

"It's never too late for love so long as we're both alive."

"Not for love, but . . ."

"You've got to see this as I see it, sweetheart. I'm a man—primitive, if you like. I've done wild and evil things—plenty of them. What of that? I slough them off and trample them down. The heart of me is clean, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"To look at him was enough to clear away all doubt. He had the faintest that go with full-blooded elemental life, but at bottom this virile American was sound."

"Well! Isn't that enough?"

The little movement of her hands toward him seemed to her for pity. "Jack! I can't help it. Maybe I'm a little prize, but . . . mustn't we guide our lives by principle and not by impulse?"

"Do I guide mine by impulse?"

"Don't you?" She hurried on to contradict, or at least to modify, her reluctant charge. "Oh, I know you are a great influence here. You're known all over the state. Men follow you wherever you lead. Why should I criticize you—I, who have done nothing all my life but lean on others?"

season. It's hard to guess that it takes five thousand a year to clothe you. That is nearly twice as much as I'll earn altogether next year if I throw away my stake."

She waved his argument aside. "Stupid boy! I have dresses enough to last me for five years—if you'll let me be that poor man's wife. I can make them over myself later and still be the best-dressed woman in camp."

From above came Captain Kimney's shout. "We telephoned down. The engineer has the trouble arranged."

"The cable began to move."

"When shall I see you again, Moysa?" Jack demanded.

"I don't know."

"I'm going to see you. We've got to fight this out. I'll not let Lady Farquhar keep me from seeing you alone. It's serious business."

"Yes," she admitted. "I'll tell Lady Jim. But . . . there's no use in letting you think I'll give up. I can't."

"You've got to give up. That's all there is to it." His jaw was set like a vice.

The party above fell upon them as they tended.

"Were you frightened, Moysa?" exclaimed Joyce above the chorus of questions.

"Just for a moment." Moysa did not look at Jack. "Mr. Kimney told me it would be all right."

Jack's eyes danced. "I told her we would work out of the difficulty if she would trust me."

Moysa blushed. It happened that Captain Kimney was looking directly at her when his cousin spoke.

CHAPTER XVIII

Homing Hearts

Jack Kimney had not been brought up in the dry sunbaked West for nothing. The winds of the Rockies had entered into his character as well as into his physique. He was a willful man, with a good deal of granite in his make-up. A fighter from his youth, he did not find it easy to yield the point upon which he differed from Moysa. There was in her so much of impulsive generosity that he had expected to overpower her scruples. But she stood like a rock planted in the soil.

It came to him as he walked home after his long fight with her that his heart had not wanted her to yield.

She was the Moysa Dwight he loved because she would not compromise with her conviction. Yet, though he wanted her to stand firm, he hated the thought of giving way himself. It galled his pride that he must come to her without a penny, knowing that she had the means to keep them both modestly. Nor could he, without a pang, think of surrendering the twenty-eight thousand dollars he had fought for and won. He was no visionary. The value of money he understood perfectly. It stood for power, place, honor, the things that were worth having. Given what he had, Jack knew he could double it in Goldbanks within the year. There were legitimate opportunities for investment that were bound to make rich returns. But without a dollar he would be like Samson shorn of his locks.

(Continued next week.)

Historic Gray's Inn

Linked With America

Gray's Inn, in London, has long been the mecca of the American filius, who people who believe that Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays visit the inn to see the hall in which Bacon for many years presided as treasurer, and the gardens which he planned, says the Detroit News. There are links between the inn and the United States.

There was a Lawrence Washington, admitted a student in 1697, whose brother Robert was a direct ancestor of George Washington. There is an entry in the admission register of the inn recording the membership of Thomas Yale. This was an ancestor of John Yale, whose piety helped to found a great American university.

Andrew Hamilton was a member of the inn. His admission is recorded in 1714. "Andrew Hamilton, of Maryland, America, gent." Hamilton designed the state house of Philadelphia, the building which was the birthplace of the American republic.

Youth and Old Age

To know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age. Youth is wholly experimental. The essence and charm of that unquiet and delightful epoch is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life. These two unknowns the young man brings together again and again, now in the airiest touch, now with a bitter hag; now with exquisite pleasure, now with cutting pain; but never with indifference, to which he is a total stranger, and never with that near kinship of indifference, contentment. If he be a youth of dainty senses or a brain easily heated, the interest of this series of experiments grows upon him out of all proportion to the pleasure he receives. It is not beauty that he loves, nor pleasure that he seeks, though he may think so; his design and his sufficient reward is to verify his own existence and taste the variety of human fate.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

Wrestling Is Old Sport

Wrestling took a most important place in the early Olympic games. It was also considered a necessary accomplishment of the athletes of the days of chivalry. The county of Cornwall, England, led the van in wrestling, so that to give a Cornish hag has passed into a proverb. The summer season is associated with wrestling matches at St. Ives, provided for by a worthy citizen who bequeathed an income for games to be held every fifth year for ever around his manse which was set up on a high rock near the town in 1782. The game meant as much to St. Ives, Penzance, Helston and Truro as the Olympic games to the ancients.

How pitiful it is when an aviator—or a southpaw loses control!

WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

By NELLIE MAXWELL

SUNDAY—Breakfast: Doughnuts, coffee. Dinner: Fried chicken, coffee cream with butterscotch sauce. Supper: Bread and milk, sugar cookies.

MONDAY—Breakfast: Muskmelon, coffee cake, coffee. Dinner: Meat balls, sliced tomatoes and cucumbers. Supper: Layer cake, lemon ice.

TUESDAY—Breakfast: Potato cakes, bacon, coffee. Dinner: Baked ham, parsley, potatoes. Supper: Celery soup.

WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Corn meal mush. Dinner: Sausages and fried apple rings. Supper: Rolls, peaches and cream.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Melon, oatmeal, cream. Dinner: Porterhouse steak with fresh mushroom sauce. Supper: Fried mush.

FRIDAY—Breakfast: Watermelon. Dinner: Fried fresh fish, French fried potatoes, rhubarb frappe. Supper: Sponge cake.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Bluberries, toast, omelet. Dinner: Mutton stew, carrot salad. Supper: Steamed brown bread, baked beans.

Coffee Ice Cream.

Beat the yolks of six eggs, add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, beat again, add to one quart of milk and scald in a double boiler, until the mixture coats the spoon, add two-thirds of a cupful of strong coffee, cool and freeze. Serve sprinkled with pecan meats.

Butterscotch Sauce.

Into a double boiler turn one cupful each of cream, sugar, and dark corn syrup. Cook over boiling water an hour, then heat in one dessert spoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract.

Rhubarb Frappe.

Boil three cupfuls of water and two cupfuls of sugar ten minutes; add the juice of a lemon, one quart of cooked rhubarb, strained through a colander, cool and freeze. Pour one cupful of boiling water over one-half cupful of raisins, let stand half an hour, strain, cool and pour over the frappe just before serving.

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Household Dept. VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Prune Cake—Mix 1/2 cup of butter, 1 cup of sugar, 3 well-beaten eggs, 1 cup of chopped cooked prunes, 4 tablespoons of sour milk, 1 teaspoon each of soda, cloves, nutmeg and cinnamon. Mix together and bake in a moderate oven until done.

Cocoa Cakes—1 tablespoonfuls shortening, 1/2 cup milk, 1 1/2 cups flour, 3 teaspoons of baking powder, 1 teaspoon of vanilla extract, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/2 cup cocoa, 1/2 teaspoon salt. Cream shortening; add sugar and well-beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt, and cocoa into mixture and stir until smooth; add vanilla. Pour batter into well-greased pan and bake in moderate oven about twenty minutes.

German Coffee Cake—Place in a mixing bowl or pan 1 cup of sweet milk, 1 cup seedless raisins, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup lard or butter, 1 teaspoon salt. Put on stove and let heat until it is scalded, cool and add 1 cup lively liquid yeast. Cover and let rise until twice its bulk. Grease a biscuit pan well and pour in the batter, spreading evenly over the pan. Bake in a moderate oven.

When making dark cake, spice cake, or cookies, cream a little peanut butter with your shortening and you will find that it gives them a very delicious flavor.

SULPHUR CLEARS A PIMPLY SKIN

Apply Sulphur as Told When Your Skin Breaks Out

Any breaking out of the skin on face, neck, arms or body is overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur. The pimples seem to dry right up and go away, declares a noted skin specialist.

Nothing has ever been found to take the place of sulphur as a pimple remover. It is harmless and inexpensive. Just ask any druggist for a small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur, and use it like cold cream.

Rub Rheumatic Pain, Soreness, Stiffness

Rub Pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

What's Rheumatism? Pain only. Stop drugging! Not one case in fifty requires internal treatment. Rub soothing, penetrating "St. Jacobs Oil" directly upon the "tender spot" and relief comes instantly. "St. Jacobs Oil" is a harmless rheumatism and sciatica liniment, which never disappoints and cannot burn the skin.

Limber up! Quit complaining! Get a small trial bottle from your druggist, and in just a moment you'll be free from rheumatic and sciatic pain, soreness, stiffness and swelling. Don't suffer! Relief awaits you. Old, honest "St. Jacobs Oil" has relieved millions of rheumatism sufferers in the last half century, and is just as good for sciatica, neuralgia, lumbago, backache, sprains and swellings.

via RED ELECTRICS Friendly Service

What a time!

How're you holding out on the old New Year's resolution?

Annie says that one of man's special privileges is to make New Year's resolutions and then break 'em at will.

But we made one resolution a long time ago that has proven too worth while to break.

That was when we resolved to ride on the Southern Pacific Red Electrics

C. E. ALLEN, Local Agent BEAVERTON, ORE.

Light in the Steeple on Christmas Morning

FAIR above the sleeping city, like a low and leading star, like a watchful and kindly eye, like a beacon of assuring hope, a promise of Christmas morning, beamed the light in the old church steeple.

It shone down through one of the pictured windows and smiled upon the crowd of worshippers who found a morning at midnight; and upon the stately wise men who knew the joy of making gladness out of gifts. Its rays lighted up a garret, where two very hopeful youngsters were sleeping upon a very small bed, after making sure that the light was there. In the street below a passer looked up, saw it and smiled; another paused under the glow and spell of it and dropped a coin into the poor box at the church door. The Salvation Army lass came out from the church porch and thumped her tambourine merrily because some genial influence had filled her basket so full, almost dancing down the street as the bells gave by the gleaming light that it was time to ring.

And so with ebullient glory and with chime came in another happy Christmas time.

While the old steeple, still pointing upward, remained as a witness to things high and splendid.—Christopher G. Hazen.

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No Smocks Worn in England

It is only in American films, which are not distinguished by fidelity to fact, that English agricultural laborers still wear smocks. Once only in my life have I seen a man in a smock, an old shepherd in Gloucestershire, who was so aged that he probably imagined that William the Fourth was still on the throne.

When a workman wears "jeans" or an overall, he does so, not as a trade mark, but as a protection from the elements of his trade. He will not let himself be catalogued. The class war will not break out in England, because no one here, least of all a workman, will admit that he is in a class.—St. John Ervine in the Observer (London).

Anyway, the word "sweetie" sounds as well as the word "suitor" used to.

BARBER Studio Barber Shop

An experienced MARCELLER in attendance

FIRST CLASS WORK AT REASONABLE PRICES

Potato Cake—Two cups of sugar, one cup butter or lard, four eggs, one-half cup sweet milk, two and one-fourth cups flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one cup mashed potato, one cup ground chocolate or cocoa, one cup raisins, one and one-half teaspoons of cinnamon, one teaspoon allspice, one teaspoon cloves. Beat sugar and butter well together, stir in milk, then the flour with the baking powder sifted with it. Next add the cold mashed potatoes, stir in the chocolate and spices, then the nuts and raisins. Stir well together, then bake in a moderate oven.

RED PEPPER FOR COLDS IN CHEST

Ease your tight, aching chest. Stop the pain. Break up the congestion. Feel a bad cold loosen up in just a short time.

Red Pepper Rub is the cold remedy that brings quickest relief. It cannot hurt you and it certainly seems to end the tightness and drive the congestion and soreness right out.

Nothing has such concentrated, penetrating heat as red peppers, and when heat penetrates right down into colds, congestion, aching muscles and sore, stiff joints relief comes at once.

The moment you apply Red Pepper Rub you feel the tingling heat. In three minutes the congested spot is warmed through and through. When you are suffering from a cold, rheumatism, backache, stiff neck or sore muscles, just get a jar of Rowles Red Pepper Rub, made from red peppers, at any drug store. You will have the quickest relief known.

WHO ARE BUILDERS?

Bright prospects mark the opening of the new year. The business horizon is a glow, for fundamental conditions never were sounder.

During the next two months thousands will need materials.

J. Haulenbeck Lbr. Co.

Opposite S. P. Depot BEAVERTON, OREGON

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 Flatulency To Sweeten Stomach Diarrhea Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

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It is economy to buy our high quality groceries, because you use less than you do of the poor quality, they go farther per pound.

Then the purity of our quality groceries insure the good health of you and your family.

We keep our stock fresh and we keep it free from dust, and we give you prompt service and low prices.

Buy your groceries here.

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Beaverton Market & Grocery

H. A. Morrison, Mgr.

Beaver Chapter, No. 106, O. E. S. Regular meeting, Wednesday, Jan. 14, at 4 P. M. Visitors welcome. By order of the W. M. Jessie C. Pharis, Secretary c 6

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