



The Highgrader by Wm MacLeod Raine

(Continued from last week.)

"I had would distress us extremely," answered Kilmey with a genial smile.

"But would not affect your plans, I understand you to mean."

"You catch the idea exactly, sir," Lady Farquhar entered the conversation.

"Are you planning to go to prison with him, Moyn, when he is convicted of highgrading?" she asked pleasantly.

Moyn told in three sentences of what her lover had done. The Englishman wrung Kilmey's hand cordially.

"By Jove, you reform thoroughly when you go about it. Don't think I'd have enjoyed writing that check for Miss Joyce. Leaves you strapped, does it?"

"I had broke," came the very cheerful reply.

"But of course Moyn has some money," said Lady Farquhar quietly.

The westerner winced. "Wish she hadn't. It's the only thing I have to forgive her."

Farquhar lifted his eyebrows. "Did he remonstrate?"

"His wife came to time with a frank apology," said Lady Farquhar.

"No, Mr. Kilmey, I withdraw it. None the less, I think Moyn would be throwing herself away. Do you realize what you are proposing? She's been used to the best ever since she was born. Have you the means to supply her needs? Or are you considering a Phyllida and Corydon idyll in a cottage?"

"It will have to be something of that sort at first. I've told her all this too, Lady Farquhar."

"What does that matter if I love each other?" Moyn asked.

"You'll find it matters a good deal," said Lady Jim drily. "When poverty comes to you, it is likely to wink out any day. Or course I realize that yours is of a quality quite unusual. It always is, my dear. Every lover has thought that since time began."

"We'll have to take our fighting chance of that," Jack replied.

Moyn, her eyes shining, nodded agreement. No great gain can be won without risk. She knew there was a chance that she might not find happiness in her love. But where it called her she must follow—to a larger life certainly, to joy and to sorrow, to the fuller experiences that must come to every woman who fulfills her destiny.

The memories of both Moyn and Lord Farquhar went back, as it were, in a bound. In a certain night some months before, when Farquhar, as Moyn's guardian, had talked to the girl seriously on the subject of her apparently growing regard for the romantic "highwayman," Jack Kilmey.

It was a still night, save only for the rushing waters of the river. The lamps of the sky had all been lit and were glancing coldly millions of miles away. The shadowed moonlight in the trees offered a stage set to low, red lights.

The thoughts of the girl had drifted to speculation about the transplanted countryman of hers whose personality had come to interest her so greatly. He had challenged her trust in him and she had responded with a pledge. He had not explained a single one of the suspicious circumstances against him. He had not taken her into his confidence, nor had he in so many words declared his innocence. She was glad he had told her nothing, had demanded her faith as a matter of course. It was part of her pride in him that she could believe without evidence. All the world would know he was not guilty after he had shown his proofs. It would be no test of friendship to stand by him then.

A step sounded on the gravel behind her and an arm opened to let her hand slip round the elbow.

"Miss Dwyer? Lord Farquhar asked formally, dropping into step with her.

Moyn and her guardian were kindred spirits. They never needed to explain themselves to each other. Both knew how to make-believe.

"If you're not afraid of a scandal at being alone with me so far from a chaperon," the girl answered lightly.

He burlesqued a sigh. "I'm only afraid there won't be any. It's the penalty of age, my dear. I can claim all sorts of privileges without making Verinder jealous."

"Oh, Verinder," she scoffed.

"Should I have said Kilmey?" he asked.

"I'll tell you a secret, guardy," whispered Moyn gaily. "You're a hundred years younger than that, either of them."

"I wish my glass told me so."

"Fiddlesticks! Youth is in the heart. Mr. Verinder has never been young and Captain Kilmey has forgotten how to be."

"I fancy Ned would be willing to learn how again if he had the proper teacher."

She gave him a little squeeze. "You dear old matchmaker."

"Heaven forbid! I'm merely inquiring my dear."

"Oh, I see—you in loco-parentis."

"Exactly. So it isn't going to be that?"

She looked across the twilight moonlit river before she answered. "I don't think so."

"Nor Verinder?"

"Goodness, no! A little ripple of laughter flowed from her lips before she added: "He's a good fellow, but it's Joyce he wants now."

Farquhar selected a cigar from the case. "Hm! Sure you didn't change it for him?"

A diaphragm flashed into her cheeks. "I may have helped a little, but not half as much as Joyce."

"That young woman is a born flirt," Lord Farquhar announced, his head and the lower part of his face in the sudden glow of the lighted match.

"Upon my word, I saw her making eyes at your highwayman the night we met him here."

There was a moment's silence before she answered. "Anybody could see that he was interested in her."

"It doesn't matter to me who interests him, but I can't have any of my winks being romantic over a Dick Turpin," he replied lightly.

She was standing in the shadow, so that he could not see the dye sweep into her cheeks.

"I'm afraid he is going to disappoint you. He's not a highwayman at all."

"Did he tell you so?"

"No. But I know it."

"Looks to me as if he might make a good one. The fellow is cool as a cucumber and afraid of nothing or two legs or four."

"You forget he is India's cousin."

"No. You remember that his father had a devil of a temper and his mother was as wild as an unbroken colt when I met her."

"They weren't thieves, were they?" she flushed.

He gave her his frank smile. "You like this young man, Moyn?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't I?"

"Why not—if you don't like him too well?"

"So that's why you came out here—sent by Lady Farquhar to watch me—and I thought you had come because you like to be with me?"

"Come; let us reason together," he invited cheerfully. "We'll sit on the end of the wharf and dangle our legs while your guardian finishes his cigar and does his duty by you."

Lord Farquhar seemed in no hurry to begin, nor did Moyn attempt to hasten him. His cigar glowed and ashed and glowed again before he spoke.

"Did how things work out, my dear. These across the river are two men who would like to marry you. Both are good matches. One is by way of being a bit of a boaster perhaps, but the other is no fine a fellow as any girl could look for—not brilliant, but no fool either, and as steady as a clock."

A breath of wind lifted the edge of her white skirt. She followed the woman's instinct. No trick it safely under her before making denure answer. "Captain Kilmey is his own certificate of merit. Any praise is superfluous."

He shrugged. "That's the perversity of it. You see all his merits and they don't touch you."

With a vivacious little turn that was wholly charming she turned merrily upon him. "Are you by any chance proposing for him, Lord Farquhar?"

"I don't. He proposed for himself," her guardian asked bluntly.

"I believe he has."

"And you—didn't see it?"

"I couldn't."

"Sorry," he looked at the tip of his cigar and brushed away the ash. "Because he's a no end good sort."

"You don't know that any better than I do. Don't think I can't see all the advantages of it. I do. I want to say 'Yes'—but—well, I can't. That's all."

"On account of the other man?" he questioned gently.

"I haven't mentioned any other man," she cried, her face in a flame.

"No, I mentioned him. Devilish impudent of me, if you want to take it in that way, Moyn. But, then, as you've said, I'm in loco. Got to grab around and find out how you feel."

"If you mean Mr. Kilmey, they haven't been a word between us, you couldn't have heard yourself," she told him stily.

"If my memory serves, it didn't use to be so much a matter of words. What about your feelings? Di fan cles."

"Of course she does. She's always fancying. That's the business of a chaperon. It's perfectly absurd," Moyn flung back wily.

"Did you see it that way. It wouldn't do, of course."

"Any number of reasons why it wouldn't. Marriage nowadays isn't entirely a matter of sentiment. You're an Englishwoman. He's an American, and will be to the end of the chapter."

"I'm not English; I'm Irish—and the Irish make the best Americans," she told him merrily.

Farquhar looked her protest. "His ways of thinking are foreign to yours so are his habits of life. You're a delightful little creature, but you've got to come to heel in the end. All girls do. It's a rule of the game, and you'll have to accept it. No matter how captivating your highwayman may be—and upon my word I admire him tremendously—he is not your kind. He makes his own laws, and yours are made for you."

"You're making one for me now, aren't you?" she demanded rebelliously. "Why shouldn't I listen to him? You tell me he doesn't have the same little conventions as we do. Thank heaven he hasn't. His mind is free. If that condemns him—"

She broke off from sheer passionate indignity to express herself.

"These conventions are a part of the little girl. Can you imagine yourself sitting opposite him at breakfast for the rest of your natural days?"

"You mean because he is a working-man, I suppose?"

"If you like. You would miss all the things to which you were used. Love in a cottage isn't practicable for young people, is it, as you have been?"

"Then I've been brought up wrong. If I were fond enough of the man—but that's absurd. We're discussing an impossible case. I'll just say this, though. I've never met a man who would be as little likely to bore one, give me my great moments, even if I have to pay for them."

He understood perfectly her eager desire for the best life has to offer. What he was proposing for her was a tame second best. But it was safe, and the first rule of the modern marriage mart is to play the game safe. Yet he had a boyish errand impulse to tell her to cut loose and win happiness if she could. What restrained him, in addition to what he owed Lady Jim in the matter, was his doubt as to this young man's character.

"Well, I daresay I've exaggerated the whole matter, my dear. I was just to give you a hint—no more."

"You've done it, then."

(Continued next week.)

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Condensed Milk Iceing—Two tablespoonsful condensed milk, one cup powdered sugar, three fourths teaspoon lemon flavoring. Warm milk in small pan, heat in sugar and add flavoring. This iceing is very pretty tinted slightly with a vegetable coloring.

WEEKLY MENU SUGGESTIONS

By NELLIE MAXWELL. We are advised to use as many of our vegetables uncooked, as cooking destroys the vitamins (nutrients which keep the body in good health and promote growth). SUNDAY—Breakfast: Bacon, toast, coffee cake. Dinner: Roast stuffed chicken, ice cream, supper: Milk, toast, chocolate cake.

Household Dept. VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS. Cornstarch Pudding—Mix one-half cup cornstarch with six tablespoons sugar and one-half teaspoon salt. Dilute with one cup cold water and add to three cups scalded milk, stirring constantly until thick. Then place over hot water and cook one-half hour, stirring occasionally. Add one teaspoon of vanilla, pour into a mold, and set in cold water to chill. Turn out into center of plate, pour a little chocolate sauce around pudding and decorate with a few cranberries or candied cherries and a little marshmallow whip.

Tapioa Pudding—One-half of a cup of milk, five tablespoons unglazed tapioca, five tablespoons sugar, one-eighth teaspoon of salt, 2 and one-half tablespoons cocoa, 10 drops vanilla. Scald milk, add tapioca, sugar, salt and cocoa. Cook until the fine granules are clear and the milk has been absorbed. If more liquid is needed, add by the tablespoonful. Add vanilla and pour into wet molds. Chill, remove from molds, and serve with cream and sugar as desired.

Gocho Bread Pudding—1 cup scalded milk, two tablespoons cocoa, one-eighth teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons sugar, one-third teaspoon cinnamon, one-half cup bread crumbs, a few drops of vanilla, and an egg. Scald the milk and add cocoa, salt, sugar and cinnamon. When cool soak the bread in this. Add the vanilla and the egg slightly beaten. Turn into a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with a chocolate sauce.

Pudding Sauce—Two-thirds cupful sugar, one and one-eighth cupfuls boiling water, one and one-fourth tablespoons flour, one and one-half tablespoons shortening, one-half teaspoonful nutmeg, one-eighth teaspoonful salt. Combine the sugar, flour, and salt. Mix thoroughly. Gradually pour in the boiling water, add the shortening, stirring constantly, and bring to boiling point and boil five minutes. Add the nutmeg and serve hot.

Storing Sauce—One-fourth of a cup of oleomargarine, one-half cup brown sugar, two tablespoonsful cream or rich milk and one-half teaspoon vanilla. Cream the oleomargarine (or butter), add remaining ingredients, and beat until it becomes light and fluffy.

Prune Pudding—Stew the raw prunes (or use canned ones) until they are soft, remove the pits, then force the fruit thru a sieve. To two large cupfuls of the pulp add the same amount of breadcrumbs, previously soaked in milk. Add two tablespoonsful of molasses, one generous cupful of brown sugar, mixed with one teaspoonful ground cinnamon, and two cupfuls of hot milk. Mix all thoroughly, heat on the top of the stove to the boiling point, then bake for an hour in a moderate oven.

the flavoring last. Bake in a moderately hot oven about 30 minutes.

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TUESDAY—Breakfast: Griddle cakes, maple syrup. Dinner: Raisin pie. Supper: Parker house rolls. WEDNESDAY—Breakfast: Oatmeal, top milk, coffee. Dinner: Cabbage with white sauce and cheese. Supper: Spice cake.

THURSDAY—Breakfast: Cornmeal cakes, ham, coffee. Dinner: Brailed steak, green onions. Supper: Escaloped potatoes, lettuce salad. FRIDAY—Breakfast: Eggs on toast, coffee. Dinner: Baked trout, cabbage salad. Supper: Hot potato salad, sponge cake.

SATURDAY—Breakfast: Cantaloupes, cracked wheat, top milk. Dinner: Baked beans, apple pie. Supper: Iced tea, cookies. Glazed Onions. Cook small white onions until soft, but firm enough to hold their shape. Make a syrup of one cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of stock and cook to the soft ball stage; add the onions and continue cooking for two or three minutes. Lift out the onions when the syrup begins to discolor and arrange on a platter with the steak.

Prune Cake. Cream one-third of a cupful of butter and one-eighth of a cupful of sugar. Add two egg yolks and one whole egg, all beaten together, five tablespoonsful of sour cream, one and one-eighth cupfuls of steamed prunes, stoned, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of lemon extract. Sift together one and one-half cupfuls of flour, three-quarters of a teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoonful of soda, one-quarter teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful each of nutmeg and cloves, and add gradually one-half cupful of chopped nut meats. Bake in layers. (© 1931, Western Newspaper Union.)

A JOB TO SUIT. Foreman—Here now, Murphy, how about carrying some more bricks? Murphy—I ain't feelin' very well, guv'nor. I'm tremblin' all over. Foreman—Well, then, lend a hand here with the sieve.

SULPHUR IS BEST TO CLEAR UP UGLY, BROKEN OUT SKIN. Any breaking out or skin irritation on face, neck or body overcome quickest by applying Mentho-Sulphur, says a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, nothing has ever been found to take the place of this sulphur preparation that instantly brings ease from the itching, burning and irritation. Mentho-Sulphur heals eczema right up, leaving the skin clear and smooth. It seldom fails to relieve the torment or disfigurement. A little jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be obtained at any drug store. It is used like cold cream.

Our Accomplishments—What Have They Been? I HAD always found, even in youth, quite as much interest in looking back as in looking forward. It is good to plan for the future, but there is quite as much to be gained from reviewing the past and in seeing how far we have come, how much we have accomplished, in what ways we have developed.

DEBATES TO BE HELD. There will be a debate between H. H. Stallard, State Manager of the Non-Partisan League in Oregon and F. T. Johns, late candidate of the Socialist Labor Party for President, at Garden Home on Friday January 23, at 8 P. M., and at the Hazeldale Schoolhouse west of Beaverton, Saturday, January 24 at 8 P. M.

Rub Rheumatic Pain From Aching Joints. Rub Pain right out with small trial bottle of old "St. Jacobs Oil."

THE LAST TIME. Minister—Why don't you attend church? Non-Attendant—Well, I'll tell you, sir. The first time I went to church they poured water in my face, the second time they tied me to a woman I've had to keep ever since.

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via RED ELECTRICS "friendly Service". What a time! Did you ever notice how many gas stations there are when your car's tank is full.

What a time! Did you ever notice how many gas stations there are when your car's tank is full. And how many there aren't when it goes dry on the road? We choked old "Betsy" so much getting her warmed up yesterday that we ran out of gas—and I walked two miles to a gas station.

But henceforth we'll be aboard the Southern Pacific Red Electrics. C. E. ALLEN, Local Agent BEAVERTON ORE.

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

J. Haulenbeck Lbr. Co. BEAVERTON, OREGON. Opposite S. P. Depot.

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.

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