



# The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau

like flits upon each other's faces and bodies. They clinched, rebounded, clinched again; then of a sudden Rathway got home a furious kick to the groin that sent Lee stumbling.

For the first time Estelle screamed, and that aroused Lee to the consciousness that he must finish his enemy almost immediately, before aid arrived. He shook away the film that was creeping over his eyes, and, sick and nauseated from the kick, he closed with Rathway again. They went to the floor of the hut together, and struggled there like two dogs in the dirt.

There was no longer any attempt at fatigue. The primitive instinct to rend and tear possessed both of them equally. They scrambled about the floor of the hut, clawing at each other's throats. Lee got Rathway's beard in his right hand, and with his left began smashing at his nose and lips. Rathway bellowed, his hands closed on Lee's throat, clung there, worrying him like a bulldog. Lee felt that he was faltering. He was slowly forced over; Rathway's fingers closed on his neck.

The two tightened, and the walls of the hut began to waver. Lee's trachea rattled, his lungs felt as if they would burst. Rathway grinned diabolically into his face; his beard like some foul fungus swept it. Lee flung his arms out instinctively to breathe. One of his hands encountered something. It was the pistol.

Lee's fingers closed on it. And, as if he concentrated all that was left of himself in his left hand, he raised the weapon and brought it crashing down upon Rathway's skull.

Instantly Rathway's clutch relaxed; his eyes glazed, as chicken's eyes glaze at the moment of death. The man's head dropped foolishly forward of Lee's breast. A stream of curses went out in foolish mutterings.

Lee struggled to his feet and stooped for breath, while Rathway, numbingly stupidly, swayed to and fro upon his knees on the floor of the hut.

Suddenly Estelle appeared to be revived. With a low cry she ran to Rathway's side, knelt down by him, and put her arms about his head. She drew his head down on her knees and began chafing his hands. She looked at Lee in bitter hate.

"Haven't you done me wrong enough in the past, that you should come here to kill my man?" she cried. "Do you think you can arrest him? You couldn't get a mile from here before you would be captured."

But Lee, without paying any attention to her, hurried to the bedside, and looked down at the captured girl. She lay there, an unconscious, huddled heap, one knee bent under her. Her face was deathly white, and there was a scarp wound at the back of her head which had been bleeding freely. She breathed faintly. Her hair was cut short and jagged about her head, making her look more than ever like a boy.

Estelle laid Rathway gently down and came toward Lee with sudden comprehension. "It's for her!" she whispered earnestly, laying her hand upon his arm. "You came here to rescue her!"

She read the answer in his eyes. "Oh, I'll help you, I'll help you, then!" she cried wildly. "You'll take her away! Trust me, then, and listen to me. There's no time for explanations now. It's only a miracle of luck you found him alone. Some men are due at any moment in the motor boat. Two more have gone to meet them with a message. They're coming from down the lake. They may be just time to escape them. You must take the York boat. You can't pull it alone against the stream. Keep to the left channel past the island, then run ashore, and you'll be safe in the forest wherever you are going. Hurry, hurry!"

Lee made no audible reply, but his mind automatically registered Estelle's instructions. He bent over the girl again, raised her in his arms so that her face rested against his shoulder, and carried her out of the hut.

As he turned at the entrance he saw that Rathway had risen to his knees again. Blood was dripping from the wound in his scalp, and he was staring about him in the eager effort to remember.

Lee crossed the open space at a run, scrambled down the descent, placed the girl in the bottom of the boat, and, seating a pair of oars, began to pull furiously for midstream. The current caught him and sent him whirling along toward the long, flat, wooded island in the middle of the lake that came into view.

In a minute or two, however, the flow of the river, diffused over the whole of the lake, ceased to afford him any appreciable assistance. The heavy York boat responded only slightly to the pull of the single oarsman, seeming to creep on by inches.

Suddenly Rathway appeared upon the promontory, Estelle beside him, clinging to him. He pushed her from him, shaking his fist at Lee, and his hoarse, furious bellowing came across the water like the roaring of an angry bear in the forest. For a few moments he stood thus outlined against the rising sun; then he disappeared.

Lee struggled at the oars. From time to time he strained his ears to catch the sounds of the oncoming motor boat. Although the new arrivals would know nothing of his activities at the promontory, he was pretty sure that any solitary oarsman appearing in that region would be stopped by them; then he would be at their mercy, for Pierre and Shorty would be members of their party.

If once he could round the point of the island, where he would be out of sight both of the promontory and of the motor boat coming up the channel, he could pull straight for the lake shore, take to the woods, make for the mission, where he meant to leave the girl for safe-keeping.

Lee felt his spirits rise. It was a matter only of a half hour. And there were two packs in the boat. With one of these they could live in the forest till she was able to continue the journey. And, looking down at the unconscious girl, he felt again that odd sense of tender companionship in his heart for her, fed, perhaps, by the realization that the one thing he had dreaded had not come to pass.

He had feared that if ever again he met Estelle the old passion for her would flare up in him. Now they had met, and that love of the past filled him only with wonder, and a vast pity for her, that she should have come to this—to be the discarded companion of an outlaw. He no longer condemned her. He no longer resented his wrongs. It was as if a cleansing sponge had been passed over all that had happened.

The left channel between the island and the shore was almost blocked, in places, with reeds and water growth. It was a huge water morass of dead vegetation, nearly half a mile wide. A few more strokes, and he meant to push toward the lake's shore.

The pulling had grown to be an enormous effort. Lee was again conscious of fatigue. He felt drowsy in the increasing warmth of the sun. He could have fallen asleep in a moment. But suddenly his senses leaped into activity. From far away he had caught the urgent warning of faint heat danger, the faint put-putting of the motor boat.

## CHAPTER VI

### Trapped on the Island

And instantly he began straining at the oars again, redoubling his efforts to gain the shore before the motor boat rounded the point.

And of a sudden his attention was attracted by something creeping along the opposite shore. It was a small canoe and a single man in it—Rathway!

It was impossible not to admire the courage that inspired the man after the drubbing he had received. Rathway was, of course, on his way to warn the expected party.

Lee drove hard for the left middle channel of the lake. The main body of Siston lake came into view, a vast expanse of shining water, the shores receding into the hazy distance, out of which a small, black object began to be visible, like a bug skimming the surface.

Now the canoe containing Rathway was almost abreast of him.

A few more furious pulls—ten, fifteen; now canoe and motor boat and promontory were all hidden behind the point of the island. Lee labored at the oars, turning the York boat's head toward the bank. Once there, they would be safe. But his strength was failing him. Curse the clumsy boat, which hardly seemed to move!

The putting of the motor engine had grown infernally loud. It added a horror of its own to that sense of pursuit which makes the bravest man something of a coward. The added horror of the fugitive who hears the distant bay of bloodhounds.

Then suddenly the motor stopped. That meant that the canoe had come abreast of it. Rathway was passing the intelligence. And the shore was still a hundred yards distant.

There was no chance of reaching it unobserved. It would be neck and neck for it, and it was doubtful whether Lee could have escaped alone, much less with the girl and the pack to carry. He swung the boat's blunt nose toward the nearest patch of reeds, twenty yards! He put all his strength into that last effort. Now the reeds were closing about him. In front of him a little open channel appeared. Using one shortened oar as a paddle, he drove vigorously, and found himself in temporary safety. A thick wall of reeds extended between himself and open water, rendering the York boat invisible.

Then the motor began to roar. The shouts of its occupants became audible. The motor boat had rounded the point. Lee had escaped discovery by the skin of his teeth.

And very cautiously, so as not to betray his whereabouts by any undue agitation of the reeds, Lee pushed the boat toward the island. His plan must now be to drive ashore, trusting to escape detection until nightfall and to make the wooded shore of the lake in the darkness.

Through the reeds the marshy foreground began to be visible, and a sandy

spot projecting to the water's edge. Above it was a hummock overgrown with birch and red spruce, with a tangle of sheep laurel and birch and poplar behind it.

Lee worked his heavy boat noiselessly toward this spot. But suddenly he stopped. The motor boat was coming up the open channel hardly a stone's throw distant. He could hear Rathway in it, following commands to his companions. He could hear the reeds rustling against the boat's side as she forced her passage through them.

"They're not in here!" he heard Rathway say with an oath. "Get into the channel and beat up the island!"

Lee, crouching in the stern of the York boat with his pistol in his hand, breathed a sigh of relief as the motor boat withdrew. The roar of her engine began to grow fainter. In a few minutes it had died away.

Lee forced the York boat ashore upon the spit of sand, and stooping,



Lee Forced the York Boat Ashore Upon the Spit of Sand, and Stooping, Raised the Girl in His Arms and Carried Her into the Shelter of Spruce Thicket, Where He Laid Her Gently Down.

raised the girl in his arms and carried her into the shelter of the spruce thicket, where he laid her gently down. For the first time since her injury, he had the opportunity of examining her. Her prolonged unconsciousness alarmed him.

But she was beginning to revive at last, and, after assuring himself that the pulse beat fairly strong, he proceeded to make as thorough an examination as possible of her injuries.

He turned his examination first to the cut in her head. He tore strips from his shirt, went down to the water and swam them thoroughly; then, returning, he proceeded to wash and bandage it. It was a bad gash, deep a rock, and she had bled a good deal, which was a good thing, relieving the concussion which had no doubt been the cause of the prolonged insensibility. Having ascertained that she seemed to have received no bodily injuries beyond contusions, Lee examined her limbs. He saw that one knee hung awry. In a moment he had the gaiter off, and discovered that the joint had been dislocated.

(Continued next week.)

## My Favorite Stories

### By IRVIN S. COBB

#### The Identical Article

A Shakespearean actor was left stranded in a small town in Michigan. This was in the days when there still were Shakespearean actors.

He obtained board at the local hotel until a resolute arrival to take him back to Chicago. As he had no funds for tipping purposes he got scant attention from the servants.

One day he pushed and pushed the push button in his room without getting an answer. Then he got out of bed, put on his trousers and overcoat, turned the coat collar up about his bare throat and ventured through the hallway until he came to the retards opening down upon the office floor.

"Bellboy! Bellboy!" he called in his best speaking voice.

"Watcher want?" answered back a youthful mental impertinently.

"Bellboy," said the Thespian with much dignity, "I desire my laundry to be brought to me forthwith!"

"Gwan!" said the boy. "You didn't have but half a shirt when you hit this town."

"That," said the actor, "is the laundry to which I refer."

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## My Favorite Stories

### By IRVIN S. COBB

#### As a Favor to the Railroad

A New York theatrical magnate had a bad attack of gripe in the winter and went South to recuperate. He stopped a few days in a small town in South Carolina. When he got ready to leave for the North he found the official bus had mysteriously vanished; probably the driver had gone job riding. There was no conveyance, public or private, to be had; and in order to catch his train the Northerner was compelled to labor afoot over a mile and a half of dusty road, with a villain in each hand.

When he staggered up to the tiny station there was no one in sight except an old dandy who was sitting on the platform.

"Uncle," inquired the New Yorker, "why in the name of goodness did they build this depot so far from the town?"

The old man scratched his head. "I don't know, boss," he said, "unless it wuz because dey wanted to git closer to de railroad!"

Say It With Printing  
"Flowers Die"  
The Beaverton Review

## My Favorite Stories

### By IRVIN S. COBB

#### A Fifty-Fifty Proposition

The original of Peter Dunne's immortal character, "Mr. Dooley," kept a saloon in Chicago much frequented by newspaper men. He was a born wit, and in his way—and a very good way it was, too—a philosopher and a student of human nature in its varying aspects.

One wintry evening as he perched behind his bar in friendly conversation with two of his regular patrons there entered a so-called journalist whose reputation as a ready borrower and a poor payer was more than city-wide.

"Uncle John," he said briskly, "I'm detailed to an out-of-town assignment and I'm a little short of cash—need some coin for traveling expenses. Slip me a ten-spot, will you? I'll hand it back to you sure on pay night along with the rest of the small loans I've had off of you lately."

The old man's face gave no sign of his real feelings. He lifted his hand, waddled to the counter, extracted from the till a bill and without a word passed it across the bar to the pleading man.

The latter, murmuring his thanks, started to cram it in his pocket but took a second glance at the greenback. "Hold on here, Uncle John," he said. "I needed ten bones and this bill is only a five."

"That's all right, me son," said Uncle John; "it makes the thing come out even."

"What do you mean, makes the thing come out even?"

"Why, five I lose and five you lose," said Uncle John.

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## A Radical Difference Noted

A friend of mine has a friend who has a friend who, according to his other two friends, went abroad while Victoria, the beloved, was still on the throne of Great Britain.

Madame Bernhardt might the traveler saw in London one night in "Anthony and Cleopatra."

The scene came where Cleopatra receives news of Mark Anthony's defeat at Actium. Bernhardt was at her best as Egypt's fiery queen that night. She stabbed the unfortunate slave who had borne the tidings to her, stormed, raved, frothed at the mouth, wrecked some of the scenery in her frenzy and finally, as the curtain fell, dropped in a shuddering, convulsive heap.

As the thunderous applause died down, the American heard a middle-aged British matron in the past seat remarking to her neighbor in tones of satisfaction:

"How different—how very different from the home life of our own dear queen!"

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## Household Dept.

### VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

The day of the elaborately embroidered sofa cushion has passed—possibly because women found so many more worthwhile things to which to devote their time.

The davenport of today presents a more attractive appearance than the much cushioned sofa of yesterday—because the colors of the cushions are now chosen with the thought of helping out the color scheme of the room.

The round pillow is still a favorite and lends itself well to the shirtings and cordings which are used in place of the embroideries on the new pillows. Soft, plain silk is mostly used for the shirred pillows.

Narrow oblong pillows with the ends gathered and finished with a large tassel of some contrasting color, are also shown. These pillows are made of heavier material and may be plain or figured.

Sateen lends itself especially well to the making of pillows. It is soft, rich in appearance, inexpensive, and can be found in all colors. Pillows made from sateen require no trimming other than a cord made by covering soft trimming cord with sateen of a contrasting color.

Black sateen trimmed with cording made from any of the lighter shades makes striking pillows that will fit into almost any color scheme, particularly if the cording matches the general color scheme of the room.

Sateen is also used to good advantage in making window drapes. These drapes may be finished with a plain hem, or with a binding of contrasting color. One or two pillows to match the drapes will do much towards making the room attractive.

## HOW TO MAKE TEA

There is nothing quite so refreshing as a cup of well made tea. And there is nothing more disappointing than a cup of tea when it is not well made.

Here are a few rules which— if followed carefully—will assure success in tea making.

It is economy to buy the best tea as the cheaper grades do not have a fine flavor. Besides, the better grades do not seem to require as many leaves to give the desired strength.

Do not use a metal teapot. It gives a rank flavor to the tea. Use instead a teapot of earthenware, china, or the new teapots made of glass.

Use fresh, cold water. Bring quickly to a boil. Scald teapot, empty, put in tea, then pour the boiling water into the pot. Let stand three or four minutes before pouring.

Never place the teapot over the fire and never allow the tea to stand on the leaves more than five minutes. Boiling or long steeping causes the bitter taste so commonly found in poorly made tea.

## CELERY—ITS MANY USES

It is surprising to find the few housewives who appreciate the wide use of celery. They are content to serve it for Sunday dinner or with chicken salad, but that is the end of its usefulness.

When buying celery see that the leaves are fresh, for they can be used to great advantage in many ways. They take the place of lettuce and parsley for

furnishing meat dishes and the crisp inner leaves are delicious with all salads. Use a few of the deeper green leaves as a garnish for contrast.

When the leaves have served their purpose as a garnish, wash carefully in cold water, and add to the soup pot. Celery leaves give a specially fine flavor to soup made from roast chicken or turkey bones. They are also nice for flavoring stewed chicken.

## via RED ELECTRICS "friendly Service"



What a time! Annie says we're coming into a great "stay-at-home" era.

She says the cross-word puzzle and the radio are making a nation of fireside fans of us.

But Annie beats the game daily by taking her cross-word puzzles with her and working at them aboard the smooth, easy-riding

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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.

During the next two months thousands will need materials.

## J. Haulenbeck Lbr. Co.

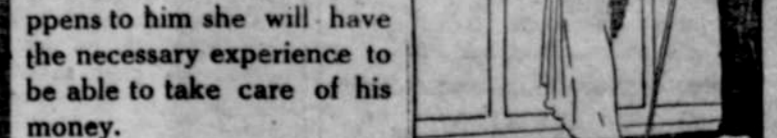
Opposite S. P. Depot BEAVERTON, OREGON

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## Bank of Beaverton

# CLASSIFIED ADS

Quick results come from our classified page.

## You get-- what you Want when you want it

# RESULTS

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With full basement, furnace, good drainage, land enough for two houses, on a rock road that's paid for and readily accessible to both highways where there is no city taxes and just 3 blocks to the train station. These homes have five rooms finished and room for 3 more in attic. If your old home is priced right it can be traded in on one of these homes or they can be bought on easy payments

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