



The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau

(Continued from last week)

"See, isn't that fine?" he said, looking at me. Father McGrath pleaded.

An inarticulate sound like that of some animal broke from Lee's lips. And, shaking himself free from the priest's friendly grasp, he picked up the rifle and the snowshoes, and went stumbling off in the direction of the forest. Father McGrath took a step or two toward him, then, shaking his head, watched him as he made his way over the frozen ground into the darkness.

Sighing, the priest turned back to the sleigh. He gathered up the reins; then, with an impulse of sudden fury, shook his fist toward the log house, lying peacefully enough in the bosom of the frozen valley, bathed in moonlight.

"If I were a priest of God, and believe that He brings all things right in His good time according to His will, I'd throttle ye like the bound ye are!" he cried.

CHAPTER XV

Joyce Fights a Good Fight

Joyce let Hathway lead her inside the log house without offering any resistance. (She moved like an automaton under the pressure of his arm. Inside the large room he released her. "Put down my stick!" he ordered. "Shorty, who was attacking him. "Light some candles and pin something over the window, and then get out!"

In a minute Hathway and Joyce were alone. The girl shuddered as the candle light revealed the man's face to her. She had seen it so many times in fearful dreams, and all the way up through the range. When she had married Hathway she had hoped against hope that something would intervene to save her; but now the blow had fallen. And she stood quite still, her hands crossed on her breast, waiting for what was to come.

Then Hathway seized her in his arms. He kissed her forehead, cheeks, eyes, and throat. His hands went pawing over her. And as she still stood unresistant and unresponsive, his passion grew the fiercer, and mingled with fury at the realization that this girl, so submissive in his arms, was his in body alone.

He released her and, in his rage, began to growl out jeers and curses. "A different honeymoon from what you were expecting, Joyce girl!" he cried. "No, no, the same honeymoon, but a different husband. A better one, eh, my girl? Well, can't you speak? Which of your two men do you prefer?"

But Joyce made no reply. "You've answered me, you drab!" Hathway shouted. "So you've been living with him on the trail these two weeks past! By heaven, I was a fool to take you back from him without killing him! You thought I'd give you a lesson about your having forgotten you were a married woman, did you? Did you ever hear of a woman forgetting that she was married?"

Joyce only watched him with a fixed gaze that made him uneasy. "You won't pretend to me that your relations with him were innocent, I suppose?"

Still Joyce said nothing, and Hathway grasped her by the wrists. "Answer me! Were they?"

"Yes, they were innocent." The words issued mechanically from her lips. He glared at her, incredulous, wanting to be convinced, unable to believe. Of course the girl was lying. He would rather have known the worst than remain in that state of uncertainty. He didn't understand her. It was barely possible, no more. He was choking at the sight of her—his, yet in spirit a world away. And suddenly he fell upon his knees, seized her hands, and began impressing kisses upon them.

"Forgive me!" he stammered. "I'm mad with jealousy. I know you were unconscious and at his mercy when he took you away. You weren't to blame. I love you, Joyce. I've always been mad about you, you know that. Once, when I lost my head, your father shot me. Won't you forget this other man, this Anderson? He means no good to you. He's after that mine, no doubt, and that's why he forced his company upon you in the range.

"Forget him, Joyce. I love you. I'll make you a good husband, and you shall be a rich woman. We'll give up this life here and go south, where people know how to live. Can you love me, Joyce?"

"No," she answered. "I don't love you. I have always hated you."

"By heaven, I'll show you!" But as he tried to seize her in his arms, she drew away suddenly, stopped—and then he saw that she had a hunting knife in her hand.

"Listen to me now, James Hathway," she said, still speaking in the same strangled, monotonous tone. "I shall never be yours. I shall kill myself first. I would have fulfilled my compact in the spirit and the letter, had you fulfilled yours. But I didn't trust you. I suspected that you were tricking me—as you were."

"Put down that knife!"

"It's not a lie. You tricked me twice. The first time you forced me into a marriage with you by the threat that unless I consented you would betray my father to the police. I married you, and still you betrayed him."

"I did not. Someone else must have done so. Why should I have betrayed him? He was my friend."

"You were the only man who knew his secret. Then the second time, knowing that I would never live with you, you sent me a lying message to lure me up here, saying that you held my father in your power. You knew that nothing else on earth would bring me up to you. And it was a lie, because my father has been dead for months past."

Hathway's face blanched. "I don't believe that story. How do you know?"

"He died in his mine. His body lies at the bottom of it, where he was stricken. If you did not know that he was dead, at least you were lying when you said he was in your power."

"He lies—at the bottom—the bottom of the mine?" Hathway stammered. "I—I didn't know." He seemed to shake off a sort of stupor. He tried to take her hand.

"Joyce, if I did lie to you, it was only because I love you. God, think of the years I've loved you, Joyce! I've given all my life to the hope of winning you. Let a woman touched by the thought of that! All that I've ever done, since that day when I first saw you in your father's house, has been for you. And now I've got you, and you tell me you will never—"

He was pressing toward her, but she held the dagger pointed at him, and he stopped, afraid of the look in her eyes.

"Joyce, don't be foolish. Put that knife away. What do you mean to do?"

"Kill you and then myself, if you lay a hand on me again. I've told you I shall not live with you."

"By heaven, I'll kill him if you go to him!"

"I shall not go to him. That is why I sent him away. I shall go away alone."

"Joyce, listen to sense. Do you realize that you are my wife? That I can hold you by force, and there is no law in the dominion to prohibit me, and no man who would not approve? Joyce, be sensible. If you're still in love with this man, Anderson, I'm willing to wait till you've forgotten him a little. Lord, I've waited long enough for you! But I'll wait longer if I have to."

"Don't you see how foolishly you're acting," he pleaded. "Don't you realize how much better off you're going to be with a husband who is rich and devoted to you? Your father never took a penny out of that mine all these years. There must be a hundred thousand dollars' worth of gold dust there—perhaps a million. Can't you see the old boy working night after night like a beaver, to make you and me rich?"

And he threw back his head and uttered his bygone laugh again. But Joyce said nothing at all, and he nodded.

"I suppose you know it all belongs to me, as your husband, under the law, and that if you leave me you don't get a penny of it?"

"Well?"

"Well? I thought you mightn't understand. How far from here is the mine?"

"I don't know."

He burst into a spasm of fury. "By heaven, I'm going to make you know! Do you think you're going to keep the secret of my own mine from me? I tell you I meant to have it from the first moment that your father began dropping his hints, the old fool. If I was to find out about it that I stayed on with him year after year."

"I've always known that."

"I've always known that."

"I've always known that."

"I've always known that."

"I've always known that."

suggested by the gold. Anderson had never believed her before. He had been so confident when he sent for her, under the pretext of having her father at his mercy, that she could solve the secret which he had never been able to solve himself.

Yet now it began to occur to him as a possibility that Joyce had never known the secret. He had taken too much for granted. If she had not known it when she went south, as had certainly been the case, how could she have learned it since?

And all his plans seemed suddenly defeated.

"You say you don't know where the mine is? Ah, but you told me your father's lying at the bottom of it!" he cried suddenly. "Who found him there?"

"Mr. Anderson."

"He knows, then? Your lover knows and your husband doesn't? D'you mean to say it wasn't you who told him?"

"I've told him nothing, because I know nothing. He found the mine and found my father's body there. He hasn't told the secret to me, and I don't want to know."

An extraordinary look came over Hathway's face, the look of the fox, the volvereine. He seemed to reflect—and suddenly he pounced.

In an instant he had gripped Joyce by the arms, imprisoning the hand that held the knife. With a laugh he tore the hand open, took out the knife, and thrust it into his belt. He strained the girl against him.

"I've had enough of this nonsense, my dearie!" he cried triumphantly. "You're going to make that lover of yours tell you the secret of the mine. You'll do it when you've learned to love me. And, by heaven, I'm going to make you!"

She screamed and beat furiously at his face, impotent in his grasp. They wrestled to and fro. So violent was the girl's resistance that for a moment or two she held Hathway at bay, beating her fists in his face again and again, and drawing blood from his nose and lips.

The fury of her resistance only made her the more desirable in his eyes. He held her fast now, her arms forced to her sides again, his bloodshot eyes leering into hers, his black beard sweeping her cheek.

In the room they had taken at the rear of the house the three men, who were drinking and playing cards, hearing the girl's screams and the sounds of the struggle, burst into mirth, and came tiptoeing along the passage.

Joyce, making one final, desperate effort, broke once more out of Hathway's arms, burst through the door, and ran screaming along the passage. She got the front door open.

"Lee! Lee! Come to me!" she cried in wild abandonment.

Then Hathway's arms closed about her from behind, and Joyce ceased to struggle.

(To be continued next week)

FARM REMINDERS

Grapes may be grown in Oregon but need as frost free location as possible. The best locations are on slopes at least 50 or 100 feet above the valley floor. The slopes below the planting should be open and clear to permit the cold air to drain away to the lower levels where frost and freezing are more apt to occur.

Comparatively few Oregon growers produce certified potato seed. Three trips must be made by the O. A. C. extension service specialists to the farm of those who attempt it. The growers usually receive a premium for their seed, so a small fee is asked to help pay the expenses.

Hungarian vetch has a number of qualifications that make it an outstanding crop in many Oregon situations. Being a legume it increases the amount of nitrogen in the soil. It is excellent as a forage crop giving hay, silage, soilage, and pasture equal in palatability and nutritive value to that of any other annual legume.

Beehives should not rest directly upon the ground. Timbers two by six inches, or bricks, or special stands may be used for supports, a stand



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six inches high being the best. A sloping board should be placed from the ground to the entrance to permit heavily laden bees that drop near the hive to reach the entrance. The hives should be level from side to side, but should slant slightly toward the opening. The hives should be placed so that it will not be necessary to pass directly in front of them while working in the yard.

The average weight of the Oregon fleece is 9 pounds, more than a pound better than the average weight for the country, which was reported as 7 to 8 pounds in 1922. The national average was raised from 1.85 pounds in 1910 to its present size, and is still improving with careful selection of stock. It is significant to note that many hands in Oregon average 10 pounds. Careful culling of poor fleece bearers is being conducted by different growers with a view to raise the average weight still further.

The number of pigs raised in each litter is regarded as the big factor in the cost of producing weanling pigs in Oregon. The feed necessary to produce a litter is about the same whether the litter is large or small, and no good evidence appears that the weanling pigs in the large litters are less thrifty than pigs from small litters, or are inferior to them in any way.

HOMEMADE FLY SPRAY EFFECTIVE

A good homemade spray for flies on dairy cattle has been requested so frequently from the O. A. C. dairy department by Oregon dairymen that Roy C. Jones offers the following:

Kerosene dip, 1 gallon; neutral oil, 3 gallons; kerosene, 1 gallon; carbon disulfide, 1 pound; and horse mint, 3 ounces. Mix thoroughly in 5-gallon container and use in fly spray twice daily or as often as necessary.

The formula, says Mr. Jones, was submitted by a leading Oregon dairymen, fully tried out at the college, and found effective.

Have You Done Your Bit?

There is something yet that you should do if you are not a subscriber to your Home Town Paper.

DISPOSES IN 282 WORDS OF THE BANK GUARANTEE LAW

"Understand bank deposit guaranty being proposed in your legislature," telegraphed R. B. Clark, president of the Bank of Tupelo, Miss., to Paul B. Brown, Secretary of the North Carolina Bankers Association. "Such a law in any form is a snare and a delusion. It is license and encouragement to irresponsible banks and banking and penalizes capital solvency and prudent banking. It creates a sense of security in the minds of the unthinking and uninformed that is false and impossible to be realized on ultimately. It tends to debauch man's right and duty to be thoughtful and discriminating. To compare it to legitimate insurance is without reason and absurd. It jeopardizes the solvency of all banks and the safety of all depositors for the theoretical safety of a few. We have had it ten years, and the fund is hopelessly in arrears. Have been fighting for repeal and have made progress. Only repeal can save our state system of banks. Many of the best are nationalizing even now. Guaranty schemes always have been, and are always will be impotent, futile and disastrous. Consider Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska, Mississippi and others. It is not new. Has been tried, failed and discarded at intervals for more than 100 years in this country. No well-informed, honest and intelligent mind can accept it in principle or practice. Well paid intelligently competent supervision, restriction of banks to territory that will warrant sufficient capital investment and encourage surplus accounts is the only sane and honest course and will afford all the guaranty the depositing public is entitled to as compared with all other human affairs. Across your people and crash the misguided effort for all time. To do so will be worth whatever it may cost, and the value will be to your people generally more than to the banks."

PITFALLS FOR THE UNWARY

Seek Bankers' Advice on Foreign Bonds, Says Department of Commerce.

American investors in securities of foreign companies and foreign governments should take care to purchase them only through reliable bankers or brokers, says Commerce Reports issued by the Department of Commerce. It adds:

"There have recently been several flagrant cases of securities being advertised in American journals at prices from 10 to 100 times the price quoted on the same date in the markets of the countries where the concerns are located. Some of these cases have even attracted the attention of foreign newspapers. This is not a safe kind of speculation for uninformed Americans, but the would-be investor can easily protect himself by asking the advice of his regular banker."

STRAIGHT TALKS WITH AUNT EMMY

On Carrying Checks Around

"Have you heard about the trouble Jim Sykes is in, Aunt Emmy?" asked Molly, who dearly loved to talk about her neighbors.

"Why, no," answered Aunt Emmy; "what is it?"

"Well, Aunt, you know how proud he was to get that building job from Mr. Parker. He needed the money so much. When it was finished Mr. Parker gave him a check for \$3,000. Of course Jim had obligated himself to pay a lot of that out for materials and things. Well, you know what an old slow poke Jim Sykes is. Instead of taking the check to the bank right away he carried it around in his pocket and then poor Mr. Parker died. Now he must wait until Mr. Parker's estate is settled, and that may be a couple of years before he can cash the check. Poor Jim, isn't it a shame!"

"It's too bad," agreed Aunt Emmy, "but quite in keeping with most folks' carelessness about money. People should be prompt in depositing checks. Aside from such a serious thing as a death, an undeposited check is a nuisance to lots of people. Banks and business houses keep their books carefully balanced. If at the end of a month a check that has been issued has not been put through for collection it means a lot of unnecessary bookkeeping for the person who issued the check and for the bank."

"Then, too, there is the danger of loss. People often write their names across the back of a check and then carry it around for a day or two before banking it. An indorsed check is as negotiable as money. To be safe always indorse it to your bank. Write 'Pay to the Order of _____' then the name of your bank and below that sign your name. That protects the check from being used, if it should get out of your hands. But never waste any time about depositing checks you receive."

"Not after what happened to Jim and after hearing you tell me all these things, Aunt!" said Molly. "I'd be scared to keep a check a minute more than necessary."—Ann B. Ayres.

ASKING TOO MUCH

Patient—Will that anaesthetic make me sick?
Doctor—Not a bit.
Patient—How long will it be before I know anything?
Doc—See here, my boy, isn't that asking too much of the anaesthetic?

FOR SALE—White ivory bedroom set and library table.

W. H. Hunter, Beaverton. Adv p 31

FOR SALE—Cows. Two fresh and two coming fresh soon.

One mile northeast of Beaverton. Nelson place. John Fink, Rt. 2. Adv p 32-33

FOR SALE—Jersey cow, milking, fall freshen.

Also light wagon in good condition. Owner leaving July 15th. L. G. Hartman, one mile south of Hazledale Store. Adv p 32

CALL FOR BIDS

Bids will be received by the Board of Directors of School District No. 60 for a basement to be placed under the school house and other repair work on the building.

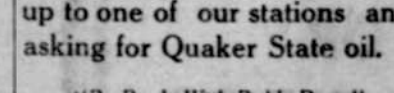
Plans and specifications may be seen at the Hazledale Store, four miles west of Beaverton and two miles south of Reedville.

W. P. Brooks, Clerk of District No. 60. Adv c 32-33

MODERN TRAVEL

Homebody—The last time I saw the General was in Paris. Benabroad—G'wan! You never was in Paris.

Homebody—I know it, but I've been to the movies.



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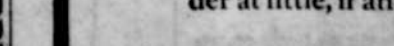
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