

The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau

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WNU Service

(Continued from last week)

"Don't go first," Lee said, "and light the candle. Miss Pelly—" Rayway muttered, but Lee could not bring himself to call her by the man's name—"Will please follow me. You, Rayway, will come last."

Lee pushed the stone back, lay down on the ground, and, after showing the girl how to elevate it from beneath, descended. When his feet were on the first rung of the ladder, he lit the candle. In a moment Joyce appeared, and then Rayway behind her, clinging to the opening and looking down with uneasy suspicion.

"Hold tight to the rocks," Lee called. "It's slippery, and if you lose your hold there's a deadly drop below." He led the way down, shifting the candle from hand to hand alternately as he descended, to illuminate the way for Joyce, until he reached the bottom office. Then he began slowly to complete the descent, instructing Joyce where to put her hands and feet, guiding her, and bracing himself against the cliff, ready to sustain her weight in case of a slip. However, all three reached the floor of the gorge without accident.

Rayway muttered, looking about him. In the moonlight Lee saw that he was dripping with perspiration. He was trembling with excitement.

Lee said eight fatal words: "The rock marks the entrance to the tunnel." Rayway looked at it and nodded.

"I had some difficulty in finding it before," Lee added. He turned to the girl. "Joyce dear, I'm going to show Rayway something that I think it would be better for you not to see. Will you wait where you are for a few minutes? We won't go out of your sight."

"Very well, Lee," the girl answered quietly. She had understood what Lee meant immediately. Lee took Rayway through the laurel tangles and showed him Pelly's remains. He showed him the initials on the handle of the revolver.

Rayway stood dumbly staring at the skeleton. He was trembling even more violently than before.

"He must have fallen from the cliff," said Lee, indicating the broken bones. "Aye, but where's your proof that it's Pelly?" Rayway burst out suddenly. "Why, man, there isn't a court in the land would admit that skeleton as proof that Pelly was dead. 'Twas as like as life to the body of his Indian, carrying Pelly's revolver."

Lee obeyed the instinct not to tell Rayway that Leboeuf was alive.

"Besides," Rayway went on, "as for C.P.—Well, that might mean anything. Charles Patrick, or Clarence Peel. There used to be a Clarence Peel in this district who disappeared. I swear that's the truth, Anderson. Any old-timer will tell you that I'm not lying to you. No, no, Anderson, you can't prove that's the body of old Pelly, just from those initials."

Lee wondered at Rayway's agitation. The man seemed quite beside himself. He twined his fingers in his black beard, and slouched away with his peculiar hunched look. Lee led him to the cross above the little grave. "I think that's proof," he said quietly.

But Rayway, clementing and un-clementing his fists, said nothing. Lee went back, calling Joyce, and they proceeded in the direction of the cave. Lee pointed out the pans and cradle, and the proofs of dynamiting.

"Aye, but the gold—where's the gold?" Rayway demanded.

"I have seen none," answered Lee, "and, if you remember, I made no guarantee as to it."

"How do I know you haven't taken it away?" Rayway shouted. "Aye, you may have stowed my gold as you stole my wife. You may be planning to take my wife and my gold away together."

Lee looked at him in amazement, for Rayway was nearly crazed by some passion, probably, Lee thought, the anticipation of obtaining the treasure of old Pelly.

"I've taken no gold and I've seen none," he answered. "I must again remind you of our agreement, Rayway."

Rayway pulled himself together with an effort. "Aye, that's all right," he answered. "This looks like Pelly's mine. Let's look inside. Have you been inside, Anderson?"

"I've only explored the entrance," Lee answered. "I brought no candle with me last time I was here."

Relighting the candle, he preceded Rayway within. The sound of the distant roaring came immediately to their ears. By the candle light Lee saw fresh footprints on the sands. They were made by a man wearing moccasins, no doubt Leboeuf. He did not call Rayway's attention to them, and Rayway, absorbed with his eagerness to find the treasure, noticed nothing. Lee wondered, however, what the Indian had been doing in the cavern.

The cave grew narrower; then, just when Lee thought that they had reached the end, it suddenly vaulted out and up into a large chamber.

The roaring of the waterfall immediately became accentuated as the sands seemed from wall to wall. By the light of the candle they could now see what looked like a sheer drop into darkness immediately in front of j



They drove back from the edge hastily. But the next moment they perceived that what they had taken for a precipice was a river, inky black, a swift and perfectly soundless stream rushing through the cavern from side to side of the mountain.

It emerged through a low tunnel in the rock and disappeared through another, barely two feet in height, upon the other side. And the roaring that they heard was not caused by this stream within the cave, but by some distant cataract, either beyond the mountain or deep within the bowels of the earth.

There were evidences, in the shape of rusty pots and kettles, and disintegrating this stream about the place, that this had been Pelly's headquarters, while on the opposite side of the cavern there was a deep sand tunnel extending into a smaller cavern under the wall, showing that Pelly had worked this part for gold. And the whole interior was piled high with wood ashes and remains of charred logs.

This seemed, in fact, to be the heart of Pelly's gold mine.

Suddenly Rayway, who had been wandering apparently aimlessly about the interior, uttered a shout and leaped toward the obscurity of the opposite wall. In another moment he had returned, dragging with him a large sack, from whose mouth tiny yellow particles exuded.

As if unconscious of the presence of Lee and Joyce, he knelt down, and, muttering feverishly, began washing the cord about this sack's mouth. The gapping sides disclosed a pit of gold.

Gold in fine dust, gold in nuggets, Rayway plunged his arms within the sack up to the elbows, chucking and mumbling. There was a fortune in that bag, the accumulation of old Pelly's years of nocturnal labors. It was impossible to estimate it, but it would make its possessor a very rich man for life.

"Well, I'm glad you've got it," said Lee.

But he was thinking bitterly of Joyce's loss.

He turned away. Suddenly some instinct caused him to duck and spin around. The flash of flame spurted almost into his face. He heard Joyce cry through the cavern.

Rayway had pulled a second pistol from his clothes and fired at Lee at five or six feet distance.

The bullet clipped a sliver of granite from the wall behind his head. At the same instant Lee saw Joyce aim her automatic and fire deliberately at Rayway.

But of course no discharge followed the pulling of the trigger. Lee had known the automatic was empty, though it had not seemed necessary to warn Joyce.

As he sprang forward, Rayway brought the butt of the weapon smashing down upon Lee's forehead.

Lee dropped foolishly upon his knees; he saw Rayway's face, convulsed with fury, over his arm, yellow with gold dust, raised to strike again. Lee leaned backward, overbalanced, fell into the stream.

He saw Joyce run forward and grasp at him as he was swept past, saw Rayway grappling with her—then he was in the whirling current, and Joyce and Rayway and the cavern vanished as swiftly as a picture on the screen.

Lee was only dimly conscious of what was happening to him, for his senses reeled under Rayway's blow, and it was only an intense effort of the will that enabled him to keep his face above the water. He had a vague consciousness that he was being whirled through the depths of the mountain in complete darkness. The



He Saw Joyce Run Forward and Grasp at Him as He Swept Past.

rock roof swept his hair, and the rock walls on his two sides formed a sort of hydraulic tube again, which the stream tossed and buffeted him, hurling him from side to side in his fury.

And ever the stream grew swifter, and ever that ominous roaring sounded louder in his ears.

The river was carrying him toward some subterranean waterfall. Half conscious, Lee visualized death among the grinding rocks—death in that viscous blackness that no ray of sunlight had ever illuminated.

He knew in a dim way that this was the end, and resistance being impossible, resigned himself to the rush of the waters, gasping in a few mouthfuls of air whenever it was possible.

The tunnel was growing still narrower, and now the roaring sounded in his ears like thunder. The rock roof dipped to the water. Lee drew in one last breath. He went under. He flung up his arms, and his fingers scraped the roof—then touched only emptiness. The current hurled him to the surface again. He opened his eyes.

Starlight overhead, appearing between high, precipitous walls, first seemed to scrape the sky. A narrow gorge, through which the current whirled him still more furiously. In the distance a line of white, the boiling of the torrent about the rocks of the falls.

Involuntarily a great cry of anguish broke from Lee's throat. Again and again it broke forth, the spontaneous protest of the body against inevitable destruction.

Upon the brink of the gorge, which had a tiny ledge of rock or undercut beside the water, a beacon fire leaped into view, far away. Silhouetted against it was the black figure of a man. Lee fancied that he shouted in answer. His head was growing clearer now.

The gorge had become as narrow as a hair bedroom, and the rush of the black torrent toward the falls terrific. It whirled Lee around and around like a ball. The line of white was coming nearer with awful rapidity. Lee saw the figure on the edge of it, tossing its arms as it raced along the brink, but if it was shouting now, its voice was indistinguishable in the roar of the torrent.

Great fallen rocks lined the banks. Lee grasped at them as he was swept by, but they always eluded him, always the current carried him away. Now he seemed poised upon the brink of the tumbling cataract. He grasped at a rock projecting out of mid-stream, missed it. . . .

Something descended over his head, checking him. He seemed to float still in the current, which boiled about and past him. He reached out to the rock, found it, clung to it. He reached up one arm and found that he was enveloped in the folds of a long fishing net. He saw Leboeuf upon the brink, not ten feet distant. The man was shouting, but Lee could not distinguish a word. He was pointing toward the shore, to the rock. Lee let himself go.

The great shoulders and arms strained themselves upon the net against the torrent. Completely exhausted, Lee felt himself being slowly drawn, like a gigantic fish, toward the bank. There was one instant when the force of the current seemed to be pulling old Leboeuf into the stream. The huge body bent like a bow, there was an instant of suspense, then slowly the great shoulders swung back, and Lee grasped the rocky ledge through the net. He felt himself raised to the rock, felt Leboeuf's arms about him, and collapsed into unconsciousness.

(To be continued next week)

FARMERS INTERESTED IN HUNGARIAN VETCH

Farmers of the county show an increasing interest in Hungarian vetch this season probably because this variety lived through the winter which killed common vetch.

Hungarian vetch is not apt to become a pest in grain fields, and in addition to standing the cold weather it is said to be aphid resistant and will stand a more wet soil than common vetch.

Hungarian vetch was first introduced into Washington Co. three years ago by the O. A. C. Extension Service through the county agent's office when a few farmers tried Hungarian for the first time. It is an excellent forage crop, giving hay, silage, and pasture equal in nutritive value to that of any other annual legume.

Clean Kidneys By Drinking Lots of Water

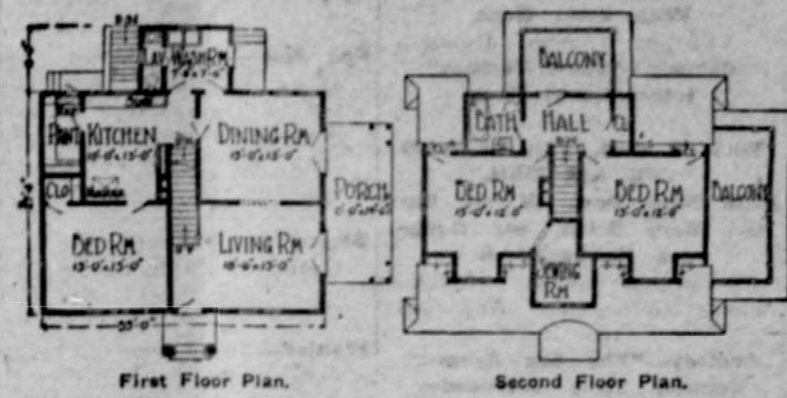
Take Salts to Flush Kidneys if Bladder Bothers or Back Hurts

Eating too much rich food may produce kidney trouble in some forty per cent of a well-known authority, because the acids created excite the kidneys. Then they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up and cause all sorts of distress, particularly backache and misery in the kidney region, rheumatic twinges, severe headache, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't setting right, or if bladder bothers you, begin drinking lots of good water and also get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days, and your kidneys may then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for years to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to activity; also to neutralize the acids in the system so that they no longer irritate, thus often relieving bladder disorders.

Jad Salts can not injure anyone, makes a delightful effervescent lithia water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to help keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus often avoiding serious kidney disorders. By all means have your physician examine your kidneys at least twice a year.

This Quaint Six-Room Frame House Suggests Old-Fashioned Farm Home



By WILLIAM A. RADFORD

Mr. William A. Radford, a career questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all problems pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as editor, author and manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on the subject. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 1827 Prairie Avenue, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

The attractiveness that marked the old-fashioned farm home, especially those that were common in the eastern section of the country many years ago, is revealed in the modern farm home shown here. This suggests the Dutch type of architecture. Its squat appearance with the side entrance and dormer windows and the balcony over the porch are reminiscent of the homes of the Dutch farmers built in the neighborhood of New York in early days.

However, a glance at the floor plans will show that this is a strictly modern type of home. The good-sized living and dining rooms at the front of the house, the French window that opens out each onto the porch, and the conveniences indicated on the plans, mark it as the type of home that will suit the needs of the modern farm family.

The house is of frame construction throughout and is 35 feet deep and 27 feet 6 inches wide. The side entrance leads directly into the living room, while an open stair opposite the entrance leads to the second floor. The living room and dining room at the front are connected by a cased opening, which makes one large room partially divided in the center. Both of these rooms are large and well lighted, each having windows at the side as well as those opening on the porch. Back of the dining room is the kitchen, and at the side of the house is a large washroom and entry, doors leading from the washroom into both the kitchen and dining room. One bedroom, 13 by 15 feet is shown on the first floor. This is a corner room and adjoins the kitchen.

Upstairs the slope of the roof gives space for only two bedrooms, one in each gable. Both of these rooms are large for bedrooms, being 12 by 15 feet. In the dormer at the front is a sewing or storage room, while the corresponding space on the opposite side of the house is used for a bathroom.

While this is not a large home, the space in it has been so well planned that it will accommodate a good-sized family. Many farm owners like a downstairs bedroom, while others may desire to use the extra room on the first floor as a farm office.

A basement of the same dimensions as the house itself provides plenty of space for incense heating plant and storage room for fuel, and for fruits and vegetables.

House Kept in Repair With Proper Painting

When you consider the painting of your property, be sure to look at the matter from the standpoint of economy and conservation.

Any piece of property not painted at least once in four years depreciates in value and costs from five to ten times as much in repairs as the paint and varnish required to keep it permanently in good condition.

For example, a well-painted house will last from five to ten times as long as an unpainted structure. In other words, a house that is protected with paint at regular intervals will be in perfect condition after five or ten unpainted houses have in turn become uninhabitable. This applies to painting and varnishing inside as well as outside.

While outside surfaces have to resist weather, inside surfaces have to resist wear—the touch of hands, the grinding of feet, the contact of furniture—and a thin film of paint or varnish 1-100th of an inch thick will give ten times better protection than a sheet of steel of equal thickness.

Examine Oak Floor Lumber Before Laying

It is well that you examine the oak flooring lumber before it is laid, and in many cases it is not of the same color, and while you have ordered clear lumber, you will in many instances, find pieces which will not match, and result in a poor floor.

Oak is one of the best flooring lumbers. It has color and the necessary hardness to stand up against hard usage, and can be finished to blend in with almost any color scheme of interior decoration.

The treatment of oak flooring are many, and can be left to the home owner's choice. Some prefer to wax the lumber without any varnish or shellac, while others prefer that the wood be varnished and rubbed smooth before waxing; either is satisfactory.

Ash Chute

Never build a fireplace without an ash chute, and in building the chute make it of sufficient size to take care of all sizes of ash and wood. The greatest mistake is to build one which is so small that it clogs up and makes more work than to shovel out the ash in the first place.

Came From India

One-story houses or bungalows, as we know them, had their origin in India, according to some authorities.

Mottled Effects

Rough or smooth plaster walls of the home today; fabric walls—that is, walls covered with canvas, burlap or oiled cloth—wall board, smooth or rough, lend themselves after the printing color has been properly applied, to mottled, blended or two-toned effects.

Our Printing

will help build your business.

The Beaverton Review

ALFALFA TOUR AND FIELD MEETING

Members of the Agricultural Committee of the Portland Chamber of Commerce of which E. E. Faville, Editor of The Western Farmer, is chairman, will make a tour to Washington County alfalfa fields on Tuesday, July 28th, for the purpose of noting the success with this crop locally. E. N. Weinbaum, secretary, writes that moving picture men will accompany the committee for the purpose of securing a screen photo to advertise Washington County alfalfa growing, and to give proper publicity to this new endeavor.

The schedule being arranged by W. W. Phillips, secretary of the Hillsboro Chamber of Commerce, and County Agent O. T. McWhorter is as follows:

12:15 Noon luncheon at the Washington Hotel in charge of the Agricultural Committee of the local Chamber, F. L. Brown, chairman.

1:30. Visit to the alfalfa farm of Sherman Hyre at Newton Station, where a field meeting will be held at which farmers from all the Willamette Valley as well as the county are invited to attend.

2:15. Leave the farm of Mr. Hyre for a tour of alfalfa demonstrations and fields, including farms of C. Hanson, Ivan Konigan, and Henry Behrman, arriving at the farm of Gustave Kraus south of Blooming about 3:15 where 5 acres of Grimm alfalfa is making a fine showing.

"Alfalfa for Every Cow" is the Washington County slogan. Come and see how the other fellow grows it.

SULPHUR CLEARS ROUGH, RED SKIN

Face, Neck and Arms Easily Made Smooth, Says Specialist

Any breaking out of the skin, even fiery, itching eczema, can be quickly overcome by applying a little Menthol Sulphur, declares a noted skin specialist. Because of its germ destroying properties, this sulphur preparation begins at once to soothe irritated skin and heal eruptions such as rash, pimples and ring worms.

It seldom fails to remove the torment and disfigurement, and you do not have to wait for relief from embarrassment. Improvement quickly shows. Sufferers from skin trouble should obtain a small jar of Rowles Menthol Sulphur from any good druggist and use it like cold cream.

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In line with progressive methods of merchandising we wish to announce a new policy effective Aug. 1, 1925. From that date forward we will discontinue the giving of trading stamps.

We are doing this, first, because it is to the advantage of the shopping public to have their money's worth in merchandise itself. We want the merchandise, its assortment, its value, and its price, to be the reason for your buying it, not for any prize or premium.

Second, because modern business methods and the ethics of up-to-date merchants demand that the value shall be in the merchandise bought and not in some premium or prize.

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