

The Free Traders

By Victor Rousseau
WNU SERVICE
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(Continued from last week.)

It was about the middle of the afternoon that Leboeuf touched Lee's arm and pointed a second time. Again Lee saw the motor boat. Again they heard the rattle of the engine swell up and die away.

But now, by the same faith, Lee knew that Joyce's deliverance was very near, although their horses were wearied almost to death.

Again they rode on through the afternoon. The Indian, who had not spoken a word since their departure, touched Lee's arm a third time.

And now Lee saw the motor boat again, but it was drifting, apparently aimlessly, in the river, and moving slowly toward the rapids. Joyce sat in the middle of it, and Rathway was at the engine. Lee and Leboeuf rode eagerly, drawing out their horses' last reserve of strength.

What was the man doing? They saw him rise and hurt something into

the water. The boat was up in the boat, he shook his fist at them, and his yells of defiance reached their ears above the roar of the stream.

Then, sliding an ear, Rathway began paddling frantically, in the endeavor to get the boat low on preparatory to guiding her down the narrow course among the rocks.

Lee and Leboeuf were nearly abreast of the boat now—and of a sudden Lee knew that Joyce was his. His, in life and death, for evermore! She saw, she knew him, and their spirits seemed to rush together across the waters.

Without hesitation Lee and the Indian put their horses into the river. They drove the frightened beasts through the ice-cold water, making a course immediately toward the boat, which was now being swirled by the torrent toward that black chain of projecting rocks.

The horses yielded to the force of the stream. They were being carried away. Lee felt the swift rush of the water past him as he rode, submerged to the waist. He saw Leboeuf a little in front of him. And a wild exhilaration filled his heart, and his whole personality seemed to rush out before him, anticipating his vengeance and his love.

The frightened, snorting beasts were now helpless in the rush of the river, which gathered force momentarily as it drove them toward the rocks. They were hardly a boat's length from where Rathway was striving desperately to right the motor craft.

He was too late. He had not calculated on the force of the current, which steered the heavy boat around, in spite of Rathway's strongest efforts. One moment of suspense and terror—and the motor boat wedged itself firmly between two upstanding rocks beside the channel's mouth.

Such was the velocity of the current that it drove into its place with a force that fixed it as firmly as if it were a part of the rocks themselves and slung there, with a swirl of white water around it, reaching almost to the gunwales.

In those last moments Lee saw Rathway, standing in the boat, drag Joyce to her feet and clutch her to him, as if resolved to be united with her at the last. His free hand he extended menacingly toward Lee as he approached, himself spinning upon his whirling mount like a straw in the torrent.

Then Leboeuf had struggled from his horse's back, poised himself upon the bow of the motor boat, and with a hollow of rage, seized Rathway by the throat.

To and fro they rocked, the boat despite their struggles, remaining firm as a wedge. And now the great shoulders of the old Indian were dragging his enemy from his place.

What Leboeuf said to Rathway in those last moments no one ever knew, for the roar of the rapids drowned all other sound. But of a sudden Rathway's resistance seemed to cease. Perhaps in Leboeuf he recognized the advent of that Nemesis he had defied, he collapsed, and Leboeuf, holding him in his arms, poised himself one instant on the gunwale.

The next both men had disappeared forever in the surge of the rapids that swept them through the falls, grinding them into unrecognizable pulp among the rocks.

Lee grasped at the boat as his horse swept by to its destruction. He clung there, clambered in. His arms were about Joyce. She lay there, and they forgot everything in the peace that had descended under the veil of the smoking spray.

It was long before they awakened to realities. They looked about them smiling at their position. Death seemed so small a thing to them, now. And yet, the boon of life... how much it meant!

Lee crept to the bow. The boat wedged firmly between the rocks, was nevertheless being constantly swept aside by the swirl of the current. He came back to Joyce.

"If I could dislodge her, I believe she'd go through that channel in the rapids, Joyce. I—I'll have to try."

Joyce sighed. They would have liked to prolong that happiness of theirs for all eternity. They were unconscious of all but each other.

But they must put their love to the last test of life. Lee's clothes were freezing on him; in the boat were packs, supplies—life, life for both of them if she could take the rapids.

"I'll try, Joyce."

They held each other for a moment longer. Then, taking the oar, Lee drove the handle into the gap between the rocks and levered with all his strength. The boat began to give.

One instant it hung giddily on the abyss; the next it was back in position.

"Lie down, Joyce!"

And he flung all his strength into that attempt, conscious that life and death trembled in the balance.

The boat gave, clung to the rock, was swept aside, righted herself and plunged down the channel to safety in the calm waters below.

"Lee, dearest, it's from Father McGrath. He wants us to come up to the settlement this summer. He's got five new Indian babies and he's as proud as Punch over them. And Estelle—"

She hesitated and looked at Lee.

"Go on!"

"Estelle's simply devoted to the children and she's taken up my work with so much pleasure. He says she seems quite happy and he believes in time that she'll forget—him."

"I might get leave of absence," Lee mused. "But with that promise of my commission and our transfer—I think perhaps our visit will have to wait."

"Some day..." Joyce suggested.

They wondered if that day would ever come. At times a longing for the range came over them for those scenes where they had met and loved. But mingled with it were those memories that they had put out of their lives because that should never darken their happiness.

"Some day," said Lee, "perhaps—"

(THIS END.)

Household Dept.

VALUABLE HOUSEHOLD RECIPES AND SUGGESTIONS

Corn Bread—One tablespoon of melted lard, one pint of sweet milk, one beaten egg, 2 tablespoonfuls of white flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt and enough sifted corn meal to make a batter that will pipe up on the spoon. Bake in gem pans to a golden brown. They may be served with butter or with cream and sugar.

In baking potatoes, do not put them in the oven dripping with cold water. The average conditions allow forty-five minutes to one hour for a six-ounce potato.

Coarse salt and vinegar will clean enameled ware that has been burned or discolored.

Do not drop dirty, greasy dish towels in hot soap suds. It will only set the grease. Wash them first in luke-warm water.

In baking potatoes, do not have different sized potatoes—select medium ones and scrub them with a vegetable brush if possible before putting in the oven.

When tins are hard to wash, where food has burned on, as, for instance, baked fish or oatmeal, put the dish on the stove, fill it with cold water, add a teaspoonful of baking soda, and let it boil. You can then wash the dish easily, and the odor of fish will be gone.

If very dirty clothes are put to soak for a while in water to which a small amount of gasoline has been added, the dirt will loosen up and come out quickly.

Turpentine added to the water in which clothes are boiled is a great aid in whitening the clothes.

If you want perfectly poached eggs, stir a teaspoonful of vinegar in the water in which they are to be cooked. Cook in deep water if you want the yolks to be covered with the white; in shallow, if you want them to spread out and be uncovered.

Constantly wearing snug shoes is hard on most feet. A pair of rest slippers gives tired feet a chance to recover themselves. These slippers should have low heels, be stout enough to keep the feet from spreading too much, and be a number larger than the foot.

Apple sauces strained and sweetened to suit the taste, and sweetened with a little gelatine makes a simple but very delicious dessert. It is especially good when served with whipped cream.

If your meat grinder is dull, grind a piece of scouring brick through it and see how sharp and polished it will become.

AMEN!

A Justice of the Peace in a small town was called upon to perform his first marriage ceremony. After he had tied the knot the young couple continued to stand before him.

Whereupon the judge stammered out, in a desperate attempt to round off the ceremony with a religious turn, "There, there, it's all over. Go and sin no more."

Tunnel Election Notice

(Continued from Page Two)

of Range one (1) West of the Willamette Meridian; thence north one-half (1/2) mile to the quarter corner on the east line of said Section thirty-one (31); thence west one-half (1/2) mile to the quarter corner in the west line of said Section thirty-one (31); thence south one-half (1/2) mile to the section corner common to Sections thirty-one (31) Township One (1) North, Range one (1) West, Willamette Meridian, Section thirty-six (36), Township One (1) North, Range two (2) West, Willamette Meridian, Section one (1), Township One (1) South, Range two (2) West, Willamette Meridian, and Section six (6), Township One (1) South, Range one (1) West, Willamette Meridian; thence west four (4) miles to the Northwest corner of Section Four (4), Township One (1) South, Range two (2) West, Willamette Meridian; thence south two (2) miles more or less, to the center line of Tualatin River, thence easterly and southerly following its meanderings of Tualatin River and in the center thereof to a point where said center line intersects the east and west center lines (between the center of Section eighteen (18), Township One (1) South, Range one (1) West of the Willamette Meridian; thence east approximately one and one-fourth (1 1/4) miles to the center line of Section seventeen (17) in said Township one (1) South, Range one (1) West of the Willamette Meridian; thence north two and one-half (2 1/2) miles to the quarter corner in the north line of Section five (5) of said Township and Range; thence east two and one-half (2 1/2) miles to the southeast corner of Section thirty-four (34) in Township one (1) South, Range one (1) West of the Willamette Meridian; thence north one (1) mile to a point in the north line of said Section thirty (30) which is one-fourth (1/4) mile west of the northeast corner of said Section thirty (30); thence east one-fourth (1/4) mile to the northeast corner of said Section thirty (30); thence north one-half (1/2) mile to the quarter corner on the west line of Section twenty (20), Township one (1) South, Range one (1) West of the Willamette Meridian; thence east one-half (1/2) mile to the center line of said Section twenty (20); thence north one-half (1/2) mile and east one-half (1/2) mile to the northeast corner of said Section twenty (20); thence north three-fourths (3/4) mile to the southeast corner of the northeast quarter (NE 1/4) of Section seventeen (17) in Township one (1) South, Range one (1) West of the Willamette Meridian; thence west one-half (1/2) mile to the center line of said Section seventeen (17); thence north one-half (1/2) mile to the northeast corner of the southeast quarter (SE 1/4) of Section eight (8) in said Township and Range; and thence following a straight line in a northeasterly direction to the place of beginning, shall be organized as a tunnel district under the provisions of an act of the legislative assembly of the state of Oregon, approved February 26, 1921, and entitled "An Act providing for the organization of tunnel districts, for the construction, operation, and maintenance of tunnel systems, and for the payment of the cost of such systems and expenses incident thereto."

Also for the election of three directors of said tunnel district.

Every person, male or female, over the age of twenty-one years whether a resident of said district or state, or not, who is the owner of 1/2 acre or more of land situated within the district and whose name appears on the last assessment roll, or who is the purchaser of land within said district on contract, if such contract is signed by the vendor, and witnessed by two witnesses and contains a provision to the effect that such purchaser shall be considered the owner thereof within the meaning of the "Oregon Improvement District Act" is a qualified elector at said election. The electors must be required by cast ballots which contain the words, "Tunnel District—Yes" and "Tunnel District—No."

Polling places for said election will be located at the following places:

High School of Commerce, Fifth and Harrison Streets, Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon;

Fire Engine House, Fourth and Taylor Streets, Portland, Multnomah County, Oregon;

Fairvale School House, at Fairvale, Multnomah County, Oregon;

High School Building, at Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon.

Which election will be held at 8 o'clock in the forenoon and will continue until 8 o'clock in the afternoon of said day.

Dated this 6th day of July, 1925.

BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

By E. J. Ward, Chairman, BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

By F. W. Livermore, Commissioner, BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON.

By J. M. Hiatt, Commissioner, Adv c 41-45

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FREE CREDIT ALLOWANCE or a WESTINGHOUSE AUTOMATIC IRON with every WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC RANGE—any model—purchased during this sale! Come TODAY!

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

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Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

FARM REMINDERS

In late cabbage production the seed strain, soil fertility, good moisture holding capacity of soil, and protection from injurious insects are listed by the experiment station as factors determining the quality and profits of the crop.

A vigorous young queen is the big factor in preventing premature swarms as viewed by the O. A. C. bee specialists. Colonies headed by an old queen are likely to supersede her, in the process of which they often swarm.

FARM REMINDERS

Growers who are using the paradichlorobenzene treatment for peach and grape root borers will not find it effective unless its application is followed by ten days of 55 degrees Fahrenheit, or higher. The soil must be reasonably dry.

In handling pears the cool night temperature is of much benefit. The temperature of Bartlett pears picked in the heat of the day dropped from 104 to 63 degrees when left out at night.

Only a clear fruit juice can be depended on to make a clear, sparkling jelly. Cloudiness is due to suspended particles that cannot be removed by ordinary methods of filtration.

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Keeps you well and does your chores
—from the proverbs of Mr. Quick

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