



BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD.

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(Continued From Last Week)

He closed the door quietly. "Peter" she called from behind it. He continued down the carpeted stairs and out into the first morning sunlight that came tumbling down over the chimney pots into the narrow street.

"Vanished?" he said aloud. "What piffle! And yet— He looked about him; the street was empty except for one small child who was sweeping the sidewalk with a broom three times the youngster's own height.

"Good morning," said Peter. "Fine morning!" the one in kilts said. "Finest ever, son," returned Peter. "I ain't a boy; I'm a girl, sir."

CHAPTER XII

Peter had spent eight days upon the sea and had landed on his own soil again before he came to the full realization that mere reasoning will not solve baffling problems such as that upon the understanding of which he now had so much at stake.

He had come into New York without word to his acquaintances; only Colby Pennington of Pennington, Gould & Goodhue, who was the son of the elder DeWolfe's attorney, knew of Peter's return from his long absence.

ter to explode or disgrace himself, but the lawyer belonged to a type of correct and regular life which does not fear departures from correctness and regularity as much because of known hazards as because of the unknown hazards which those who always play safe imagine lie in ambush behind independence and originality and imagination. For instance it would have disturbed the chilly Colby to have known that Peter was returning from a record of hard action, wounds and decoration, without a word to his friends, and that instead of going to his club, he went, like a returning guest, to his old apartment where the heat of the summer had been locked in and where for many months the severe portrait of the elder DeWolfe had directed an unblinking gaze at the door waiting for the son's return.

As on other occasions when he weighed the facts he was not disposed to give weight to the idea that any secret hand, setting portals under oath of vengeance or of loyalty, was exercising an influence upon the life of Bronn Selross.

The fact was that Peter had determined to hold a conference with himself. He had opened the dusty apartment which had been his bachelor retreat for several years; there had entered only the unstriving, hushed air which, as if itself exhausted by the day's heat, hung in a slight haze over the city below his high windows and dimmed the blinking, twinkling lights across the park.

During the voyage he had failed to think of a result of any kind, and the reasons were two. He defined them now readily enough; they were the influence of the sea and the memory of Brenna. There had been the spell of the sea—the sea that Peter loved so well, the personality of the sea that could be a basin of iridescent oil in a tropic calm, an enigma of chill gray mist-enveloped soul, a fury of glorious racing rags, a beam of strange quiet messages from whirling, crooning lands at the other end of the earth, a voice from far and unseen peoples, a yielder of mysteries belched forth from its

amethyst and lacy depths, a thing able to cover, with a superb superiority to the trivialities of life and death, the last trace of all that it takes into the confidence of its eternal peace.

The memory of Brenna, whose personality had seemed as everlasting as that of the sea itself, had done its part. She had appeared, but with irritating indistinctness, before his eyes and seeking to feel by reaction the touch of her lips, to see again with all the definition of reality, her dark eyes and her red-gold hair, to hear her voice, to sense the warmth of her lips, flexible body, to recall the miracle by which for the first time in his life spiritual love, the love of companionship and the love of woman had been more woven into one fabric, he had realized more than when he had been with her, the stability of an affection that had come upon him with a force, impetuous descent. Peter now realized that he had been dreaming away the days of his journey lost in the spirit of the sea and in the memories of the strange girl whose future might depend upon his success or failure in striking off the shackles of fear.

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One of these men, Jim Hennepin, had gone to his end without fear; he had only shown excitement. He had hinted that some call or message of great advantage had come to him. At the time he left he had given, apparently without intention, a scrap of paper bearing the symbolic figure of the feathered snake—the Kuk-ul-can, god of the Mayan civilization.

When, however, Parmalee himself had disappeared less than four years later it was at the end of a long period in which he indicated beyond doubt that he had some knowledge, however vague, of the danger that threatened him.

What had it meant that this extraordinary man had surrounded his life with defenses as if he forewarned of his fate? He employed only servants he knew, he built defenses, walls, put up bars at his windows, retained the chauffeur, Paul, because the man would be handy with his fists in an emergency, he bought a fenced-in grove at night, he lived in a terror which burned his nerves and chilled his heart, that drove him fibbering to the bottle and he indicated more than once that this was all due to his wife—that it was she who dragged this trail of unknown horror.

But when he had gone—vanished without trace, he, like Jim Hennepin, went willingly.

(To be continued next week.)

NOTICE

The tax rolls for 1925 will be ready for collection March first, 1926. The first half will be due on or before May fifth, 1926. Second half will be due on or before Nov. fifth, 1926. Interest will be charged on first half at the rate of five-sixths of one percent per month or fraction of a month after May fifth, 1926, and at the same rate of interest on the second half after Nov. fifth, 1926. Penalty of three percent is additive after Dec. fifth on any 1925 tax then delinquent.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

In the Matter of the Last Will and Testament and Estate of Charlotte Sittig, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been by the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, duly appointed administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Charlotte Sittig, deceased, and has duly qualified as such administratrix.

NOTICE

The tax rolls for 1925 will be ready for collection March first, 1926. The first half will be due on or before May fifth, 1926. Second half will be due on or before Nov. fifth, 1926. Interest will be charged on first half at the rate of five-sixths of one percent per month or fraction of a month after May fifth, 1926, and at the same rate of interest on the second half after Nov. fifth, 1926. Penalty of three percent is additive after Dec. fifth on any 1925 tax then delinquent.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County.

In the Matter of the Estate of E. E. Hayden, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Washington County, State of Oregon, administratrix of the estate of E. E. Hayden, deceased, and has qualified, and all persons having any claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same duly verified to the undersigned at Beaverton, Oregon, Route 3, Box 29. The date of the first notice is February 26, 1926.

Ella H. Rinehart, Administratrix.

W. I. NOYES



A home is not a house complete, until it has its share of heat—From the proverb of Mr. Quack. If your radiator is not coming through with its full quota of heat call us in on the job and we'll make it warm for you.

Frank Schlegel, Attorney for Administratrix. Adv. e 14-17

Advertisement for Para-Ard motor oil, featuring an illustration of a car and the text 'to one side CHATTER' and 'Chatter shortens your car's life. Para-Ard will cure it. A perfect lubricant made just for your car.'

Advertisement for Chas. Berthold Hay, Grain and Feed, listing prices for Del Monte Flour, Crown, and Fisher's Blend, and mentioning special Saturday & Monday only prices.

Advertisement for Beaverton Transfer Co., Lewis Brothers Props., offering auto truck and livery service, daily trips to Portland, and furniture and piano moving.



Advertisement for Fletcher's Castoria, describing it as a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared to relieve infants in arms and children of all ages.

Large advertisement for General Gasoline & Lubricants, featuring the headline 'Man alive—what a difference' and an illustration of a car. The text emphasizes the quality and performance of General gasoline.