

the lawyer belonged to a type of cor-

rect and regular life which does not

fear departures from correctness and

regularity and stock patterns of hu-

man beings as much because of known

hazards as because of the unknown

hazards which those who always play safe imagine lie in ambush behind in-

dependence and originality and Imagi-

nation. For instance it would have

disturbed the chilty 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

ghost, to his old apartment where the

heat of the summer had been locked

in and where for many months the se-

vere portrait of the elder DeWolfe had

directed an unblinking goze at the

door waiting for the son's return. Such

a return was not cut according to ap-

proved fashlen and if Penaington had

known of its nature he would have felt

Peter knowing this merely asked,

after a greeting, whether any cables

-had come for him; finding that there

were none he went for a lonely dinner

and a night alone in his apartment

with his trunks standing around among

the linea-covered chairs like fat, solid

men whom Peter had called in for con-

The fact was that Peter had deter-

mined to hold a conference with him-

self. He had opened the musty apart-

ment which had been his bachelor re-

treat for several years; there had en-

tered only the unstirring, husbed air

which, as if itself exhausted by the

day's heat, hung in a night have over the city below his high windows and

across the park. The muffled sound of

district of pretense and high rents, like a shabby minstrel of the poor

ground out its worn-out war tunes to

forlorn hope of largess. The night was

not one for clear thinking, but Peter,

having fled the waist string of his pa-

lamns, sat down in an old leather chair

bufore the empty fireplace, and wiping

his forehead stared into the chimney

reasons were two. He defined them

now readily enough: they were the in-

fluence of the sea and the memory of

Brenn. 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 rac

ing rage, a beam of strange quiet mes-

sages from whining, crooning lands at

the other ends of the earth, a voice

of mysteries belched forth from Its

from far and unseen peoples, a yielder

orbidding, boarded-up residences in a

hurdy-gurdy that had invaded this

amed the blinking, winking lights

a Yugue anxiety.

(Continued From Lest Vicak) for to explode or disgrace himself, but

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

"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 om three times the youngster's own

"Good morning," said Peter. "S'fine mornin'," the one in kilts

"Finest ever, son," returned Peter. "I ain't a boy; I'm a girl, sir." "Well, it's a fine morning in any

Peter walked on, thinking; he had a lot of thinking to do.

It added somewhat to his need of thinking when he found at the steamship dock in Liverpoot a plate epvelope addressed to him in which was a scrap of torn paper. Upon it in typewritten letters and unsigned were the words:

"Be warned before it is too inte." Peter raised the scrap of paper to his nose; it was pungent with an odor of some strong chemical.

He stood thinking for a moment, olinking at the reds and grays and browns of the shipping in Liverpool parbor and the distant sky velled with smut and smoke of city and barred by smokestacks and musts.

"D-n them-whoever they are," he "This time they've got a fight on their hands."

CHAPTER XII

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

He had come into New York without ord to his acquaintances; only Colby Pennington of Pennington, Gould & Goodhue, who was the son of the older DeWolfe's attorney, knew of Peter's return from his long absence. This lean, unemotional lawxer looked apophis young client, put in hand by the death of the elder Pennington, as he would upon an old heirloom without much intrinsic value. The law business did not pay much in spite of the size of the DeWolfe estate and the younger DeWolfe was considered by those who are conventional, regular and of stock patterns, as a rather uncertain mixture of quantity and quality.

Pennington had never expected Pe-

amethyst and beryl depths, a thing able to cover, with a superh superior-ity to the trivialties of life and death, the last trace of all that it takes into the confidence of its eternal peace. The sea had invited Peter to more musing upon his problem but it had erased days with its sweep of sunlight and its salt spray and with its miracle of obliterating hours in the flow of a great eternity.

The memory of Brens, whose per-sonality had seemed as everlasting as that of the sea itself, had done its part. She had appeared, but with irritating indisfinctness, before his eyes and seeking to feel by reaction the touch definition of reality, her dark eyes and her red-gold bair, to hear her voice, to sense the warmth of her lithe, 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 all woven into one fabric, he had realized more than when he had been with her, the stability of an affection that had come upon bim with a fierce, impetuous debeen dreaming away the days of his journey lost in the spirit of the sea and in the memories of the strange girl whose future night depend upon haunting destiny, to dissipate the shad-owing mystery that followed in her track, dealing its fatal dark thrusts in the dark to the men who played a part in her life had been a job he had be-

Once more Peter reviewed the evidence already in his hands with the vague hope that from it a conclusion would suddenly stand forth, just as one again looks through a pile of papers for the twentfeth time for one paper that the senses have proclaimed the County Court of Washington repeatedly is not there,

As on other occasions when he weighed the facts he was not disposed to give weight to the idea that any secref hand, acting perhaps under oath of vengeunce or of loyalty, was exercising an influence upon the life of trix.

Bronn Selcoss. Her father's connec. tion with the secret society revolutionaries in Greece and the political plottings of her maternal grandfather, the famous Tom Vaughn, might have appeared to give some color to the idea, but Peter knew that the arm of a secret band, no matter how long it might be at its full development, no matter how it might deliver knife thrusts at the ends of the earth on behalf of a cause, withers quickly when its inspiration is gone. It was not likely that tury the power of such an arm would survive nor that it would extend far away and across the years either to protect or blast the life of a girl, who, whatever she had since become in her wonderful development, was, at first, humble and forgotten and alone.

To be sure, Peter thought the last words of her father had made reference to an unnamed assurance that if Brena were to be menaced, a protecting force would aid her. These, howdreamer who having falled to provide against all dangers to his orphaned daughter might naturally enough, when During the voyage he had failed to facing death, have voiced a vehement faith, boping that it would help to Peter put this evidence behind him as belonging to that class of improbabilities that only those who love to make more mystery rather than to lessen it. seize with all the joy of the amateur secret service men who had amused Peter so much during the war.

The vital facts as Peter saw them were to be found among those which attended the disappearance of menmen of different types who at moments some years apart had sunk to the bottom of nonexistence like two plum-

PERSONAL PROPERTY OF PARTY OF PARTY OF PARTY OF PARTY. 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. According to Parmalee, who not only had been much in the desert country but who was a student of its history and a collector of books bearing upon its antiquities, the appearance of this sym hol suggested the southwestern United States or Mexico.

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. Peter had often on his voyage across the 'Atlantic, squeezed all the conclusions possible from the facts bearing upon whether Parmalee feared a known enemy or one unknown Brena's strange bushand at times in diented a fear of a known and human agency; when he had shot at an imaglnary intruder in their New York apartment he had said, "I thought it was him," a remark that he had after-ward explained by saying he referred to the burgiar that he believed had enered. Parmalee's violent objection to the exhibition of Brena's portrait with her name attached might well have been the objection of a man who feared that some one by chance seeing the

picture and recognizing it would trace he original by inquiries addressed to What had it mount that this extraor dinary man had surrounded his life vith defenses as if forewarned of his ate? He employed only servents he

new, he built defensive walls, put up ars at his windows, retained the handeur. Paul, because the man would be handy with his fists in an emergency, he hought a fanged mongrel beast to ream about the grounds at night. He lived in a terror which burned his nerves and chilled his heart. that dreve how Jibbering 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 vent willingly,

ase it had been money. This could not have drawn Parmalee. To be continued next week.)

ready for collection March gon. first, 1926. The first half will be due on or before May fifth, and address at Hillsboro, Ore-1926. Second half will be due gon. 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 f interest on the second after Nov. fifth, 1926. Penalty of three percent is additive after Dec, fifth on any

1925 tax then delinquent. Tax statements should gotten now in order to save waiting for them in the last Description moment rush. should be given by Lot Plock of City, or Section, Township and Range of farm prop-A description taken from last year's tax receipt is satisfactory. The taxpayer should be sure to see if personal property tax is included, and that all property that is to be paid his success or fedure in striking of on is listed correctly on the Adv o 13-14

> NOTICE TO CREDITORS ne County Court of the State of Oregon for Wash-

ington 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 County, Oregon, duly appointed administratrix with the Will annexed of the estate of Charlotte Sittig, deceased, and has duly qualified as such administra-

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, with proper vouchers. my residence at Beaverton, Washington County, Oregon within six months from date

Dated and first published, February 5, 1926. Last publication March 5 1926.

A. Henderson, Admini stratrix with the Will annexed, of the Estate of Charlotte Sittig. Deceased.

C. W. Noyes, with residence The tax rolls for 1925 will and address at Beaverton, Ore-M. B. Bump, with residence

Attorneys for the Estate.

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

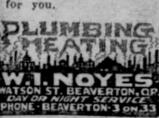
against said estate are hereby required to present the same duly verified to the undersigned at Beaverton, Oregon, Route 3, Box 29. The date of the first notice is February 26, 1926. Ella H. Rinehart, Administra-

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