

The Everlasting Whisper, By Jackson Gregory

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FROM THE BEGINNING

Mark King, prospector, and his partner, Ben Gaynor, share with a desperado, Sven Brodie, knowledge of a vast store of hidden gold...

CHAPTER VIII—Continued

He went a second time far back into the darkness of the cave, carrying a smoking torch as before, vanishing from Gloria's eyes. She had but to snatch up the few things she meant to take with her...

At length King returned. She noted that his coat was off; that in it, as in a bag, he carried something heavy. "This goes with us wherever we go," he announced triumphantly.

"If you can whip up enough endurance for the work ahead of us," he announced impersonally, "we stand a good chance of getting out of this. Otherwise, we stand a whole lot better show of being caught here and freezing and starving to death."

Gloria was upborne at every step by the expectation of coming presently to their horse, and of having nothing to do from then on but hold to the pommel and have King lead her on to an ultimate safety.

Leaving Gloria, he put down rifle and pack and hurried down into the hollow where he had tethered his horse. Five minutes of reading the signs in the snow told him the story.

"Are you up to crowding ahead on foot?" he called to Gloria. She moaned miserably: "I am sick; I am dying, I think. I can't go on."

"We'll go back to the cave for the night, after all," he told her quietly. "Stand up!"

But Gloria's head moved the slightest bit in sidewise negation; her pale lips formed a faint smile.

"What?" asked King. "I can't," came her whisper. "You've got to," he informed her crisply. Do you want to lie here and die tonight?"

"I don't care," said Gloria listlessly. He turned away, took up his pack and gun, set his back square upon her, and trudged off toward the only shelter that was theirs.

He had meant to storm at her, to force her into activity by the lashings of his rage. But instead he stood and gazed after her through the storm, shielding her body all that he could.

When he had gone, she scrambled up and went to peer out. No sound or sign of Gratton. There was none. But he would come soon; he must. She would wait, hoping for Gratton's coming before King's return.

When at last he came to the grove of big trees as he had more than half expected, he found nothing. Gloria told herself, when King had gone, that she was glad to be alone.

Repeatedly she was tempted to go forth and seek Gratton; to hunt up and down until at last she came to him. She sought to tell herself that she was not afraid of the snow, of being lost, of being unable to find Gratton.

She let her fire die down, not noticing it. Then the cold reminded her, and she worked long building another. She knew where a block of matches was; she had seen King set it carefully away.

At last her fire blazed up and she warmed herself. Then she was conscious of a strange faintness and realized that she was hungry. She opened a tin of sardines and came back to the fire with it in her hands.

King stamped the loose snow from his boots and came in. Gloria stood confronting him, tense, rigid, white-faced, her hands stiff at her sides.

"In God's name," he demanded, "what do you mean by a thing like that? Are you stark, raving mad?"

"For a moment she was at a loss to understand what had enraged him. The act of tossing the distasteful food into the fire had been purely involuntary.

But King hung to his feet and set his hands on her two shoulders and swung her about. "Listen to me," he said angrily.

"The storm is over, then?" "No. But we are not going to wait. We have food for only six or seven days, at the most."

She let her eyes droop to the fire so that the lids hid them from him. It was not yet full day; it was still snowing. Gratton and the men with him would, of course, have ample supplies.

was the victory. Mark King was again waiting on her, hand and foot, sacrificing for her.

"I am going to look for the horse," he told her. "But don't count too much on my success. Another thing: if I don't get Buck today he'd be no use to us; that is if the snow keeps on. But I'll do what I can."

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"I am going to talk with you. You are a fool, a downright empty-headed silly fool. What you have destroyed in wanton carelessness could have kept the life in a man a long day. Be still," he commanded.

Not because you are any but just because you are Ben. But I am not going to have you throw all of our chances away by dumping 'rub into the fire. If you do one other brainless thing like that, and I catch you at it, I am going to tie you up, hand and foot, and keep you out of mischief."

"You wouldn't dare..." But she knew better; he would dare anything. She went slowly to her bed to hide her trembling, and lay down.

Then for the first time he saw the waste of scattered matches on the floor. From them he looked to her in an amazement so sheer that it left him no word of expostulation. The suspicion actually came to him that the girl was mad.

She saw him get up and begin gathering up all of the foodstuff. He carried it to the back of the cave, where he passed out of her sight in the dark. He made a second trip, after which there was left on a shelf of rock only half a dozen matches and enough food for one scanty meal.

King awoke filled with resolve and definite purpose. It was still snowing heavily, steadily, implacably. "The biggest storm in twenty years," he told himself.

He must seek immediately to locate his horse; one could eat horseflesh if driven to it. He must try to get game of some sort. He went to Gloria's bed. "You'd better get up," he said briefly.

"Time to start the day. While we eat I want to talk with you. I never saw a storm worse than this. We have enough food for a few days. After that, if we stuck on here and did not find more somehow, we'd die like dogs. Therefore we are going to get ready to beat it out the first chance we get."

Gloria, I am going to do all that I can for both of us. You are going to do all that you can. That is final." She bit her lips and gave him her scornful silence.

She ignored him when he called crisply that breakfast was ready. There were limits to her obedience, she thought rebelliously. To be told to do this, do that, was intolerable. King looked at her and had the understanding to grasp something of her thought. So he explained:

"I want you to come outside with me. You'll find it hard work. It would be a first-rate idea if you'd fortify your strength by the little bit of nourishment which we can afford to take. No? Well, I'm sorry.—Here."

He offered her the pieces of a sack he had cut in two for her. "Tie those about your feet to keep them from freezing."

"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it," she retorted icily. "Very well," he answered. "And I can't make you eat if you don't want to. After all, perhaps you are not hungry." He set aside her portion.

Her heart seemed scarcely to stir in her breast; then slowly it began to beat, swifter and swifter, hammering wildly. Her reason fled before the flood of the passionate willfulness of the old Gloria, and she cried shrilly: "I won't! I won't! I am not your slave and I am not going to jump at your bidding! You can't make me; you shan't make me. I won't!"

Mrs. V. A. Wood entertained the Daghney Club Thursday. Those present were, Mrs. Guy Jacobs, Mrs. Charles Ralph, Mrs. George Rud-burg, Mrs. Hanson, Mrs. Forest Howard, Mrs. Schroder and Mrs. Samuel Lawrence.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR WASHINGTON COUNTY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned, Cora E. Shreve, has been by the county court of the state of Oregon, for Washington county, duly appointed administratrix of the estate of J. W. Shreve, deceased, and has duly

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby required to present the same to me, with proper vouchers, at my residence, Beaverton, Oregon, Route, 2, or at the law office of M. B. Bump, in Hillsboro, Oregon, within six months from date hereof.

Dated at Hillsboro November 10, 1932. Cora E. Shreve, administratrix of the Estate of J. W. Shreve.

M. B. Bump, residence and address Hillsboro, Ore., D. D. Bump, residence and address Forest Grove, Oregon. Attorneys for said estate and Administratrix.

SAFeway STORES Safeway Leads In The Finest Blends Of Freshly Roasted Ground To Order Coffee. Features for Saturday - Monday, Nov. 12 - 14. An Expertly Blended HIGH GRADE COFFEE. You Save The Cost Of The Can. Airway Coffee, 23c; 3 lbs. 85c. Edwards' Dependable, lb. 28c. MILK, Fresh, per qt. 7c. BUTTER, Fresh Creamery, lb. 23c. CHEESE, Full cream, lb. 14c. BREAD, White, or Whole Wheat, 1-lb. loaf 5c. DATES, SUGAR, BEANS. MACARONI, HONEY, PUMPKIN, MILK, MALT, Pineapple, CRISCO, Meats of Quality, VEAL or BEEF ROAST, VEAL OR PORK, STEAK, SLICED BACON.

MICKIE, THE PRINTER'S DEVIL. A comic strip featuring a printer named Mickie and a boy named Gwan. Mickie is a grumpy man with a top hat, and Gwan is a mischievous boy. The strip includes a word puzzle and a cartoon about a radio station.