

SERIAL STORY

STANTON WINS

By Eleanor M. Ingram

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SYNOPSIS.

At the beginning of great automobile race the mechanic of the Mercury, Stanton's machine, drops dead. Strange youth, Jesse Floyd, volunteers, and is accepted. In the race during the twenty-four hour race Stanton meets a stranger, Miss Carlisle, who introduces herself. The Mercury wins race. Stanton receives flowers from Miss Carlisle, which he ignores. Stanton meets Miss Carlisle on a train. They elude to take walk and train leaves. Stanton and Miss Carlisle follow in auto. Accident by which Stanton is hurt is mysterious. Floyd, at lunch with Stanton, tells of his boyhood. Stanton again meets Miss Carlisle and they dine together. Stanton comes to track sick, but makes race. They have accident. Floyd hurt, but not seriously. At dinner Floyd tells Stanton of his twin sister, Jessica. Stanton becomes very ill and loses consciousness. On recovery, at his hotel Stanton receives invitation and visits Jessica. They go to theater together, and meet Miss Carlisle. Stanton and Floyd meet again and talk business. They agree to operate automobile factory as partners. Floyd becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Stanton again visits Jessica, and they become fast friends. Stanton becomes suspicious of Miss Carlisle. Just before important race time needed for Stanton's car are delayed. Floyd traces the tires and brings them to camp.

CHAPTER XI—(Continued).

The precaution was justified. On the most dreaded angle of the course came the well-known explosion, immediately followed by a second from the opposite wheel, the Mercury topped perilously.

Floyd was leaning over the back, unstrapping the extra tires, before Stanton had brought the car to a standstill. The two men were out on the ground together, dragging forth tools, flung about by pushing, exclaiming spectators, they worked with quick precision, wasting no time in speech. Dust-wrapped, two big cars sped by them, the red one hanging doggedly at the flank of the white.

"George thinks he's winning," hissed Floyd mockingly. "But he isn't going to; we are."

Stanton was on his feet again. "In with the tools," he directed, with brevity.

But the blue-black eyes and gray exchanged one smiling glance before the Mercury sprang forward.

The race began its third hour, as Stanton started out to regain his lost lead. It was noon, a dazzling, breathless noon of azure and gold. Down past the grand-stand with its heaving expanse of color and movement they swept again, the joyous applause coming to them across the roar of their own motor, and on between the walls of people into the quieter back stretch in pursuit of their rivals.

There was a bridge, back there, across a shallow running brook shut in by a strip of autumn-tinted woodland. "Car ahead!" Floyd cried suddenly, as they rushed around a curve and bore down on the crossing. "Look out—Stanton!"

In the center of the bridge was a reeling, staggering car, coming to a halt and striving to maintain its equilibrium meanwhile. The chain had broken loose, its driver afterward explained, and was lashing the under-mechanism to scrap metal. Seeing too late to stop his own machine, Stanton took the only chance of saving any of the four lives and tried to twist past the other car on the narrow bridge.

Only a master-driver would have attempted the feat; Stanton carried it to the verge of success. They were along side, passing, when the edge of the wooden bridge gave way under the double strain. There was the rip of splintering planks, as the Mercury's outside wheels crashed through the flooring, a shuddering lurch.

"Jump!" Stanton shouted his vain command to Floyd, as they went down. The cool water lapped around his fingers, trickled revilingly across his intolerably painful arm, gurgling like a joyous voice as it passed by him. Slowly, with infinite effort, Stanton dragged himself up upon the other arm, the uninjured right. He must see; that was the imperious cry of brain and heart, to see. It seemed to him years ago that the Mercury had gone off the bridge, yet he knew the time could be but moments, since the ambulance had not come and he was still here.

His vision was clearing. Yes; there, half in the dainty brook, half on the green bank, lay the heap of bent and broken metal that had been the Mercury racing car. And beside it—

When he drove back the faintness that blackened the bright noon, Stanton began to drag his pain-racked body toward what lay beside the Mercury. Movement hurt, hurt unbearably, yet was a less anguish than thought. For he knew, knew the mechanic's dead escapes.

Floyd lay near the machine, unmoved to outward view except for a cut over his temple and a stain of blood on his lips. His mask and cap were gone, one hand was flung out, palm upward, and the torn sleeve left bare the

slim arm crossed by the zigzag scar gained at Lowell. He looked very young and strangely grave, as the sunlight and tree-shadows flickered back and forth across his colorless face and shining bronze waves of hair.

"Floyd," Stanton articulated hoarsely. "Floyd?"

The brook gurgled cheerfully, a belated oriole flashed past a streak of flame. Stanton's head sank back down against his mechanic's inert hand, and the world fell out of knowledge.

CHAPTER XII.

Jess.

It was two weeks later when Ralph Stanton first reopened conscious eyes, this time upon the immaculate dreariness of a hospital room. A linen-clad nurse stood beside him, and at the foot of the bed was a gentleman unmistakably medical.

"Better, Mr. Stanton?" queried the latter, breezily professional.

"Floyd?" Stanton whispered, with difficulty. "Where is Jess Floyd?"

The doctor surveyed him oddly, hesitating. But the nurse stooped over him, her expression altering to impulsive compassion.

"Well, very well," she assured hastily. "Jess Floyd has gone home. Try to rest; try not to think of things."

He had known the truth before he asked the question. Stanton quietly turned his face to the wall and faintly, being very weak.

In his next conscious interval, he put another demand.

"Miss Floyd? She is alive?"

"Yes, oh yes," the nurse heartily affirmed. "Yes, indeed."

Once more Stanton turned to the wall. Jessica had not died when Jess did, then, according to her prediction; the tie of kinship had not held so far. She was in the little apartment, alone.

Later in the night his steady, silent gaze drew the attendant to his side.

"What is it? You are suffering more?"

"Ask her to stop singing," he begged. "It wasn't my fault. Ask her to stop."

The nurse took a glass from the table.

"There is no one singing, Mr. Stanton, no one at all. Drink this."

"No one? Not out there in the dark?"

"No."

He averted his gaze, and remained mute, unprotesting. After that he never lost memory again; not even in sleep, for he dreamed. Day and night, hour after hour, Jessica's monotonous song beat through his sick brain.

"Oh, in the still night—"

His nights were not still, always when he closed his eyes he heard some one sobbing, Jessica Floyd weeping for her brother.



Stanton Surveyed Him With Blank Non-Recognition.

But gradually the last traces of delirium faded out. Slowly his superb health reasserted its dominion and brought Stanton back to normal life. The fractured bones knit, the other injuries healed.

He never spoke Floyd's name a second time. Nor did any one mention it to him. The head of the Mercury Company came out from New York to see him and express cordial sympathy. George, who had driven the Duplex to victory after the Mercury's wreck, came to visit him more than once, a blonde, cheery presence; as did the driver of the machine on the bridge who owned his own life to Stanton's cool fearlessness and skill. Mr. Green brought his fussy condolence. But none of them alluded to Jess Floyd. There was a curious constraint that marked them all, an air of watchfully keeping silent upon some subject constantly present in their minds. Stanton looked them through and through with his hollow blue-black eyes, and asked nothing.

It was two months before he could leave the hospital. Winter had shut in, raw and bleak. The day fixed for his departure, the doctor lingered in bidding him good-by.

"I have not wanted you to be worried, Mr. Stanton," he said brusquely. "Not on any account. But from the fact that your first question was 'Jess Floyd?' I imagine you feel some re-

sponsibility in that matter. May I ask where you are going?"

Before the spoken name Stanton winced, but steadily met the other's inquisitive eyes.

"To Miss Floyd," he responded.

The doctor held out a hearty hand. "Good, I was sure of it! A patient shows a lot of his character to his physician. Good luck to you—all kinds."

How did he know of unprotected Jessica Floyd? Stanton wearily pondered the question as he descended to the carriage. Or rather, how did he know of Stanton's feeling of responsibility toward her? The mechanic was supposed to take his chance with the driver. Perhaps delirium had revealed the close bond of friendship between Floyd and himself.

At the railroad station, a tall young man approached him, as the train whistled in the distance.

"My name is Richards," he announced diffidently. "You're hardly on your feet yet, Mr. Stanton; if there is anything I can do for you on the trip into the city, I'd be glad."

Stanton surveyed him with blank non-recognition.

"You don't remember me?" the young man tried again. "Have you forgotten the cub reporter who followed you on the afternoon you were arrested for speeding your machine in Pelham Parkway? You let your companion give me the story?"

Stanton put out his hand, the poignant memory unendurable.

"Yes, yes. What of it?"

"It gave me my start, it meant a big life for me; and I didn't forget it. I made the accounts of the accident at the Cup race as easy for Miss Floyd as I could, when they came out. There was bound to be some sensationalism."

"Thank you," Stanton made brief acknowledgment. "There is nothing that you can do for me."

The train was hissing at the platform, but the reporter pursued him a step farther.

"You, you'll look after Miss Floyd, Mr. Stanton? That's square?"

The driver turned an amazed resentful glance upon his questioner, his hand on the rail. But, hardly aware why, he answered, however glacially.

"Yes, sir."

The reporter beamed at him, radiant.

"I knew it," he called, above the roar and clang of the starting train. "I knew it was all right."

A dull gray sky arched above a snow-patched landscape, flurries of snow were in the harsh air. Stanton sat with unseeing eyes directed out the window, chin in hand, much as he had found Floyd sitting in the west-bound train the night they started for Indianapolis. September sunlight, October crimson and gold, all gone.

A delicate fragrance drifted around him, there was the frou-frou of soft garments as some one took the seat

facing him. Stanton looked up, saw Valerie Carlisle opposite, her blond fairness framed in dark velvets and furs, her amber eyes regarding him from beneath the shadow of her wide-plumed hat.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

U. S. Dentistry Abroad.

"An American at home, with or without toothache, is not much affected by the sign, 'Painless Dentistry,' but at sight of it in a foreign land he thrills pleasantly," a traveler said. "Its lure is not professional. Every tooth in his head may be perfectly sound, yet if stranded and homesick he welcomes that sign because all over Europe it is a sure indication that somewhere in the neighborhood lives a citizen of the United States. From the northernmost towns of Norway and Sweden to the boundaries of Sahara the words 'Painless dentistry' are likely to hit you in the eye at the most unexpected turning. Usually they are followed or preceded by 'American,' but that qualifying term is entirely unnecessary."

Increased Honors.

Farmer Jenkins (with newspaper)—Wall, I swan! how that boy of St. Fax-on's is gittin' along. Last year he was made a furrin' ambassador, an' now, by cricker, the paper says he's a persona non grata.

JURY FINDS FRAUD.

Government Badly Cheated in Coal Deals, Says Verdict.

Tacoma—Entailing a possible maximum penalty of two years' imprisonment and a fine not to exceed \$10,000, the jury in the Federal court, that has heard the evidence adduced against John H. Bullock and Charles E. Houston, charged with conspiracy to defraud the government, returned a verdict of guilty. The jury had been out 18 hours.

Ex-United States Senator S. H. Piles, one of the attorneys for the defendants, was given until December 7 to file a bill of exceptions. November 9 was set by United States Judge Cushman as the date for passing sentence.

The trial of Bullock and Houston occupied three weeks, and followed an exhaustive investigation by the department of justice that resulted in indictments last spring. Bullock, secretary of the John J. Seson company; Houston, as manager of the Pacific Coast company, and Captain D. J. Jarvis, who committed suicide several years ago, were accused of having conspired to boost the price of coal furnished Alaskan forts, while ostensibly competing. It was shown in the trial that coal was sold to the government at \$27 a ton at a time when it was being sold to private corporations at \$12 and \$14. The defense sought to show that this was due to the added risks that contractors bore in dealing with the government.

Other evidence was introduced which B. D. Townsend, special prosecutor, contended proved that the defendants made thousands of dollars in personal "rakeoffs" on these contracts. About \$50,000 in all, it was alleged, was thus fraudulently obtained.

BIG CANAL LINER READY.

Minnesotan to Go On Hawaiian Run and North Pacific.

Seattle—Representatives of the American-Hawaiian Steamship company in Seattle have been advised that the steamship Minnesotan, the first of the eight big freight and passenger liners ordered from the Maryland Steel company, Sparrow Point, Md., has been completed and is ready for service. The Minnesotan was launched June 8 and given her builders' trial September 10. She is a vessel of 9450 tons dead weight cargo capacity, 415 feet 2 inches in length between perpendiculars, 53 feet 6 inches beam, moulded depth. The Minnesotan has a draft of 28 feet and can maintain a speed of 12 knots an hour.

The placing of an order for eight steamships by one company is unprecedented in the history of American ship building. The vessels are being built in preparation for the additional traffic which is expected to follow the opening of the Panama canal. They are similar in design and construction to the steamships Kentuckian and Georgian, now in the Atlantic service of the American-Hawaiian Steamship company.

The route on which these vessels are to be placed is from New York to San Francisco, the Hawaiian Islands, Portland and Puget Sound ports by way of the canal.

Wild Dogs Raid Ranches.

Oroville, Cal.—A pack of 20 wild dogs, led by a huge collie, is, with increasing boldness, making daily raids on farms near Thermalito. The dogs have shown great cunning, and efforts to kill them have resulted in capturing only one. The floods of 1907, when the Feather river reached the highest stage ever recorded, is responsible for the marauders, whose nucleus was a few tame dogs that were marooned on an island of driftwood. When the waters receded the dogs burrowed into the debris and refused to return to domesticity.

Britain Ponders on Canal.

London—"The whole matter of the Panama Canal bill, together with the views of the legal advisers to the British Crown on the subject, is under consideration by the cabinet," was the reply of Sir Edward Grey, to a question in the house of commons. In reply to a question by Arthur Lee as to whether Great Britain would postpone its representations until after the presidential election, Sir Edward Grey said that it would require considerable time, but was not dependent on internal affairs of the United States.

Hat Offerings Illegal?

New York—Leaders of the various political parties here will consult attorneys this week as to the legality of the practice of passing the hat at political meetings without making notes of the names of the contributors. It was charged that the practice is a violation of the state election laws. The custom of passing the hat at political gatherings was started by the Socialists.

Fraud Has Many Sides.

San Francisco—William H. Hoburg, assistant weigher of customs of the Port of San Francisco, was trapped by customs officials in the act of receiving \$1000 from a Chinese in payment for 50 opium tins filled with axle grease and confessed that he had been regularly engaged in filling five-tael opium tins with axle grease and selling them to Chinese as contraband opium.

Priceless Treasure Discovered.

Antwerp—H. Van Slochem, of New York, has discovered and purchased a fully authenticated "Rubens Holy Family" painting. The picture is considered by the most competent authorities to be a priceless work.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

LINN TIMBER ALL SAFE.

No Forest Fires Occurred in County This Summer.

Albany—For the first time in more than a quarter of a century Linn county has passed through a summer without a forest fire.

Though this was partially due to heavy rains the system of protection established by the new fire patrol association is credited also for this record. This association was formed last spring by the owners of timber land in Linn county and established a complete patrol system.

John Marrs, chief fire warden, had 21 patrolmen and lookouts and a system of telephone lines connecting all of the lookout stations with his headquarters at Lacombe. Besides maintaining this system, 35 miles of new trails were built this year, and 50 miles of telephone lines were established through the timber. They also repaired 100 miles of old telephone lines. All of this work has been done in addition to that accomplished by the government forest service.

This protection cost the timber owners three cents an acre. Heretofore each timber company or owner of large holdings has maintained his own rangers and there was no definite system of co-operation. With all united the fire protection has been placed on an efficient system.

VALE PROJECT ON SOON.

Bully Creek Irrigation Work Has Sufficient Funds.

Vale—Word has just been received here that available funds have been secured from Eastern concerns sufficient to construct the Bully Creek irrigation project, which has been hanging fire for several months. This news comes from D. M. Brogan, who is now in the East and to whose untiring efforts this project has been made possible. Mr. Rigby, of this place, who is connected with Mr. Brogan in this enterprise, left for Boise to let the contract to parties there. Work will begin as soon as possible.

This bit of news, while the details are not yet fully known, has caused much interest here. The dam will be constructed in the canyon about two miles above the town of Westfall, and the reservoir, when completed, will furnish water for about 40,000 acres of now arid land, all of which is in the immediate vicinity of Vale. Twenty thousand acres have been signed up for water. This enterprise, in connection with the railroad work, will make Vale one of the busiest centers in Eastern Oregon.

LOGGING ROAD NEAR READY.

Rail Line for Crossett Timber Company Presages Activity.

Astoria—C. L. Houston, who has the contract for building about five miles of railroad for the Big Creek Logging company, leading from tide water to Knappa to the Crossett Timber company's holdings, expects to have the road completed in about two weeks. The company has established its camp and has a force of men at work felling and cutting timber so that it will be ready to commence hauling logs in about another month.

The Big Creek Logging company is a subsidiary of the Crossett company, and the latter owns approximately 2,500,000,000 feet of standing timber in that district, sufficient to keep its camp running for 50 years and still take out 50,000,000 feet of logs annually. This timber tract is among the largest and most valuable individual holdings of the kind in the state.

Line Wants Orders Modified.

Salem—The Sumpter Valley Railroad company, which filed an injunction suit to restrain the railroad commission from enforcing its recent order reducing the passenger and freight tariffs on its road, also filed with the state railroad commission a petition to have the commission's order modified. Where the commission ordered the use of the Spaulding scale in measuring lumber, the company asks for permission to use the Scribner scale, saying this latter is the one in common use along its road. It also asks to have the rate on logs fixed by weight instead of measurement.

Many Fish Distributed.

Oregon City—S. S. Mohler, of this city, who left here in May, and who has been distributing 110,000 fish in 90 different lakes, for the government, returned to his home in this city. Mr. Mohler's trip was very successful, only a few of the fish having perished on the trip. One trip covered over 60 miles, and only five of the fish were dead when the destination was reached. The work has been very satisfactory to the government. Although hardships were encountered, the trip was made without mishap.

Grange Defines Stand.

La Grande—Indorsement of the so-called majority amendment to the constitution, to be voted on at the November election, was given by Blue Mountain Grange No. 345, at its last meeting. The grange unanimously adopted the resolution, in which it held that the present excessive use of the initiative is its worst enemy and expressed the belief that a remedy lies in the proposed measure, making necessary a majority vote of all electors at any election to change the constitution.

HOOD RIVER HAS REPUTATION

Apples Bring Together People From Many Lands.

Hood River—Seven men sat in the reading room of the Commercial club the other evening. One laid down his paper, then another, until the seven were engaged in conversation. Naturally the talk turned to apples, and then to orchards. Four of the men were unacquainted with any of the others. Names followed, then addresses. The four men were strangers and hailed from Groton, Mass.; St. Catherine, Ontario; Mexico City, and Minneapolis, Minn. This caused comment that in a little town in Oregon all these men should meet with one common reason—Hood River apples and how they do it.

The succeeding conversation brought up the question: "From how many different localities will the visitors of a month come?" Reference was had to the visitors' register, and the result showed visitors registered at the club from 46 different towns in 17 states, and two from outside the country during the month of August. September showed 57 towns in 19 states and four foreign countries. These are only those that registered at the club.

FINE CORN GROWN HERE.

Columbia Slough Farmer Has Giant Stalk on Exhibit.

Portland—John Zoller, retired, who owns a farm on the Columbia Slough road a few miles east of this city, brought into town a stalk of corn 14 feet long, which he declared was grown by John Aaby, tenant on Mr. Zoller's ranch. Planting took place July 15, after the harvesting of a fodder crop of wheat and vetch from the same land. Mr. Zoller also had a ripe ear of corn as refutation of the oft-repeated assertion that corn will not ripen in this section of Oregon because of damp weather.

"This stalk I picked out of a field of more than 10 acres," said Mr. Zoller. "The height throughout is from 11 to 14 feet. Last week I saw an item in The Oregonian about corn 10 or 11 feet high in some portion of Western Washington, and I wanted to show that it is possible to beat that in Multnomah county. I shall take this stalk to the Chamber of Commerce secretary and give it to him to place on exhibition for the benefit of strangers."

BUYS DAIRY FARM.

Rich Tillamook County Land Brings Fancy Price.

Tillamook—The Elmore dairy ranch of 193 acres, considered one of the finest in Tillamook county, has been purchased from J. H. Hathaway by B. N. Sproat, of Washington county, the consideration being \$50,000. The purchase also includes 60 head of high-grade Holstein and Jersey cows. Mr. Hathaway took in exchange the 33-acre Eldorado apple orchard of Mr. Sproat at Aloha, Washington county, valued at \$20,000 paying the difference of \$30,000 cash for the Tillamook county farm. The sale as negotiated by Paul A. McPherson, of Portland. Mr. McPherson also sold the Glenn Johnson place of 160 acres, located near Hebo, in Tillamook county. The farm was bought by Mrs. Marshall for \$9500. About 50 acres are in cultivation, the remainder being pasture land.

Apple-Growing Put On Film, Hood River—Secretary Scott, of the Commercial club, has just finished a three days' trip through the valley with a moving picture outfit. All the different stages of the apple industry have been photographed, as well as considerable scenery. Several thousand feet of film have been exposed. The work is not finished, however, as there are several stages of the industry that were not in operation at this time of the year. The work was started last spring during blossom week.

Rate Order Not Effective.

Salem—A temporary restraining order enjoining the State Railroad commission from enforcing orders in regard to rates and shipments on the Sumpter Valley railroad was granted by Judge Galloway in Circuit court here. The commission demurred to the application for an injunction on the ground that the order was already effective.

China Pheasants Released.

Pendleton—Six dozen pairs of China pheasants, six pairs of silver and six pairs of golden pheasants have been released in a reserve for game consisting of several thousand acres east of this city, and it is the intention of the state game commission to liberate many other varieties. Farmers in this section have signed up to keep all trespassers off the tract.

Panama Resident Makes Inquiry.

Albany—Declaring he wants "to go back to God's country where the thermometer is not always 90 or above in the shade," O. C. Pickel, a civil and sanitary engineer in the Panama Canal zone, has written the Albany Commercial club for information regarding this section of the state.

112-Pound Squash on Display.

Albany—A squash weighing 112 pounds is on display in the office of the Linn & Benton Real Estate company in this city. It was raised by Fred Arnold, a farmer, residing south-west of this city.