

Eureka Lodge No. 121 A. F. & A. M.
Moro, Oregon
Meets the 1st and 3rd
Thursday evenings of
each month. Visiting
members cordially in-
vited to meet with us.
Glen King, W. M.
C. V. Belknap, Secy.

Moro Lodge No. 113 I. O. O. F.
Moro, Oregon
Meets every Monday
evening in the I. O. O. F.
hall. Transient and
visiting brothers are
cordially invited to
meet with us.
William McKinney, N. G.
Joe Truitt, Secretary.

Lupine Rebecca Lodge No. 116
Moro, Oregon
Meets 2d and 4th Tues-
days of each month.
Visiting members wel-
come.
Havie Brisline, N. G.
Lila Bull, Secretary.

Chris Schultz Post No. 71
American Legion
Meets at Legion hall on
2nd and 4th Wednesday
evenings of each month.
Vernon Flatt, Commander.
Giles L. French, Adjutant

Town Talk

The Mutual Life of New York.
Annuities, endowments, retirement
income, life insurance. I am in Sher-
man county frequently, and will
gladly give any service or assistance
to policyholders. Geo. H. Flagg, tel-
ephone 188-W, The Dalles.

Will the man who took the mag-
neto off my combine please return it.
Vic Barr.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Barzee went to
Turner for Memorial day.

George Bates and wife were here
for Memorial day. They came from
Salem and are son-in-law and daugh-
ter of R. J. Ginn.

Louis Dillinger and wife of Dufur
spent Tuesday and Wednesday here
from their home near Dufur.

Truman Strong and family drove
to Portland Sunday to look at some
of the gardens down that way altho
most any one will agree that they
have a very fine one at home to look
at.

A. C. Thompson and wife are going
to Camp Sherman this week for a
little vacation and are taking five
of their grand children with them. Faye,
Teddy and Doris Thompson and Nor-
ma and Lois Melzer are the grand
children.

Ben Peetz was here Saturday an-
day while on a trip to Portland.
L. L. Peetz accompanied him to the
city.

George Updegraff and wife spent
Memorial day and the Monday holi-
day in Portland driving down Satur-
day afternoon. Miss Edythe John-
son accompanied them to her home
there.

Mrs. Anna Ellsworth came over
from Condon Monday and removed
some of her household goods from her
building here.

James Kenny brought his daughter
home from the hospital last week as
she has largely recovered from her
recent operation.

Mr. and Mrs. George Haskell spent
Sunday with the J. R. Cothran fam-
ily. Mr. Haskell is well known in
Moro and vicinity, having bartered
here at various and sundry times.
They are now living at Plymouth,
Washington.

Robert Urquhart and daughter,
Mrs. Isabelle Hunter, were here Tues-
day from Moscow, Idaho, to observe
Memorial day.

Justice R. J. Ginn married a couple
from Walla Walla here on Wednes-
day May 31. They were Leo M.
Douglass and Grace M. Smith.

Orville Barnum and Robert Young
flew up from Portland Tuesday af-
ternoon for a little visit with Orville's
parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Barnum.

Mrs. M. M. Oveson entertained the
members of the younger bridge set
last Friday afternoon at her home in
Moro.

Wallace Cochran returned home
last week from Hermiston where he
finished his term as school teacher.

R. G. Cunliff left Sunday for Dee,
Oregon where his parents live. He
has spent the winter here teaching
the high school students the rudiments
of science and mathematics.

Harold Bryant was in Moro for a
short time Tuesday to decorate the
grave of his father.

Lester Conlee and his family drove
to Longview, Wash., on his three day
vacation from the worries of running

a grocery store.
Johnnie Walker finished his school
work Saturday afternoon, handed in
his final reports for the year and left
for his home in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Olds of Grass
Valley visited Wednesday with the
L. H. Nahouse family. Mrs. Eliza-
beth Olds, mother of Mrs. Nahouse,
came with them and will remain for
a few weeks visiting at the Nahouse
home.

A. Rose and wife took advantage
of the Memorial day holiday to drive
to Scappose to visit Mr. Rose's brother.

J. A. Thompson and Angus Kuks
came up from Portland Wednesday
afternoon for a business and pleasure
trip among old friends.

Art Johnson has taken to the soup
diet since Wednesday when Dr. But-
ter removed his upper teeth.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Kruger visited
here the first of the week with the
Art Bucholtz family. Ms. Krueger
was formerly Eunice Bucholtz. Mrs.
Otto Bucholtz was also here.

C. V. Belknap spent the three day
holiday in Portland visiting with relatives.

Stanley Reavis took advantage of
the three day holiday and drove to
Yakima to bring his wife home from
a visit there.

Neal Freeman left Saturday for
LaGrande to spend a few days with
his wife and sister.

Lowell Bucholtz is here with his
brother Art, from the family home
near Corbett.

W. H. Ragsdale and Mrs. Ragsdale
left Thursday for Klamath Falls
where they will meet Mrs. Ragsdale's
sister and mother. Mrs. Belshee will
return here to remain during the
summer.

Good competent woman wants
house work on ranch. See Model
Laundry driver. 2pd.

Jack Noonan painted an oil sign
on the side of the McKean and Searcy
building Thursday morning.

Dr. Harry Wilson and wife spent
Tuesday and Wednesday here. The
doctor was at the hotel instead of in
Dr. Morgan's office as previously an-
nounced.

W. T. Balsiger and wife drove to
Coquille for the holiday vacation.

Judge J. T. Whalley and three
nieces visited here this week from
Portland. Mr. Whalley is the father
of Mrs. Margaret Peetz and Mrs.
Marroll Sayrs.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Taylor were
here Tuesday from Bend. Mrs. Taylor
was formerly Laura Urquhart.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis Moore spent
the three day vacation in Portland
visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hoskinson had
as guests Tuesday night and Wednes-
day, Mr. and Mrs. John Hoffmeister
of Portland, who stopped over on
their way home from Camp Sherman
where they had been visiting with
Mrs. Hoffmeister's parents, Mr. and
Mrs. Chas. Boardman.

Mrs. Harry Kunsman is recovering
from a case of the flu that has kept
her under the weather for a large
part of the winter.

CHURCHES
Community Presbyterian Church
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Morning Worship 11:00 a. m.
Subject "Our Divine Deliverer."
Evening Service 8:00 p. m.
Subject "Are Few People Saved."
"And call upon me in the day of
trouble: and I will deliver thee, then
thou shalt glorify me." Psalms 50:15
You are most cordially invited.
Allan A. McRea, Minister.

Christian Science
Subject: God the Preserver of Man.
Golden Text: Psalms 37:28. For
the Lord loveth judgment, and for-
saketh not his saints; they are pre-
served forever.
Responsive Reading: Isaiah 49. 8-16
All are cordially invited to attend
the church services and to make use
of the reading room in the rear of the
church building, which is open daily
where all authorized Christian Science
literature may be read, borrowed or
purchased.

The Full Gospel Assembly
Sunday School 10:00 a. m.
Fellowship Meeting 11:00 a. m.
Every body welcome.

(Grass Valley)
Baptist Church
S. L. Boyce, Minister.



"It's fire!" Crooked Bill's voice
was the first to break the silence when
Roberta had finished reading this re-
markable communication. "It's true.
There is a God that marks the sparrows'
fall—and your Uncle Tom was a
bird!"

"Well, now that he's dead, Uncle
Bill, you might be charitable and
speak kindly of him. At least he was
my last of kin," Roberta child the old
man.

"All right, honey, I'll not say an-
other word."
Glenn Hackett thought the situa-
tion, while a bit clouded, deserved the
customary consideration. "I'm very
sorry, Bobby," he said.

"That's kind of you, Glenn. Unfor-
tunately I never knew Uncle Tom—
had never seen him, that is. It's too
bad, of course, but really poor Uncle
Tom wasn't a very lovable character,
I'm afraid."

"He was a turkey buzzard," Crooked
Bill declared with finality. "Roberta's
paternal uncle," he went on to explain
for the benefit of Hackett. "He took
to associating with sheep. I reckon
the old handit must have been worth
considerable, and so far as I know,
Roberta, you're his next of kin. So
it looks as if you're in the sheep busi-
ness in Texas."

Roberta read the letter again. "Judg-
ing by the name of the sender of this
telegram, Jaime Miguel Higuenes, it
would appear that Texas boasts at
least one very intelligent, very
thoughtful, very frank and very humor-
ous Mexican. He expresses himself
like an educated American. Uncle
Bill, you spent a great many years
down there. Do you happen to know
the Higuenes family?"

Crooked Bill's face had worn his
most crafty smile while Roberta was
speaking, but now it was blank and
expressionless. "It's been twenty-five
years since I operated in Texas, Ro-
berta. Higuenes! Higuenes! I can't
seem to remember anybody by that
name."

"It would appear," Roberta decided
presently, "that I have need to en-
gage a lawyer to investigate Uncle
Tom's estate." She glanced with frank
interest and approval at Hackett.

"Certainly. Of course," Crooked
Bill agreed, and thought more kindly
of Uncle Tom for having provided an
opportunity for these two to forget
their recent differences and be friend-
ly again in the name of business.
"Hackett is the very man."

"Hackett isn't," that harassed per-
son declared with finality. "Jaime
Miguel Higuenes is. That man is honest
and fearless. I can tell that much
from his telegram. Also he gives bank
references. If you desire, Roberta,
I shall telegraph the bank he men-
tions. If the bank's reply would
seem to indicate the advisability of
requesting Higuenes to take charge
of your Uncle Tom's estate for the
present, may I send him a telegram,
signing your name, and requesting him

to do so?"
Roberta was rereading the telegram.
"I think," she declared, "that Jaime
Miguel Higuenes must be a perfectly
fascinating person. In twenty-three
words he gives one the whole dramatic
story of a bloody shooting scrape out
on the range and gives one the im-
pression—in fact, the conviction—that
the result was no surprise to him and
that he is not sorry the tragedy oc-
curred! He is resourceful, not squeamish
and has initiative, because in
the pursuit of information he dared
to pick a dead man's pocket. He is
kind and friendly and thoughtful and
wants to help a person he has never
seen, and he is a man of substance
and takes a justifiable pride in his
personal and financial standing."

"Oh, those Spanish dons are as
proud as Lucifer," Crooked Bill as-
sured her.
"He is also good-natured and easy-
going, otherwise he would not bother
himself with the probably thankless
task of protecting the interests of a
stranger—and an American at that.
Probably he acted thus because I am
a woman, which proves he is gallant
and chivalrous."

"A sort of knight-errant," Crooked
Bill murmured maliciously, and
Hackett shot him a look of displeas-
ure. "Well, Mexicans, of whatever
class, are very polite to a lady. They
always make a great-to-do about wom-
en. The chances are this Higuenes is
an educated half-breed Aztec Indian.
I wish he had informed us who killed
Cock Robin. He merely says it was
a cowman."

"I wonder if he got hurt?" Roberta
murmured.
"Does it matter particularly?" For
a reason he had not even tried to
analyze, but which had been born of
a subconscious resentment of the man
who had made it possible to intercept
Jaime Miguel Higuenes into Roberta
Antrim's thoughts, Glenn Hackett
spoke.

Ten thousand cunning lips peeped
for an instant from Crooked Bill's old
eyes. "No, he didn't get hurt—at
least, not very badly."

"How do you know?" Hackett de-
manded, and Roberta looked at her
uncle inquiringly. "I believe you
know Jaime Higuenes."

"I couldn't make an affidavit to that,
Roberta. I cannot recall having met
him or even heard of him, so help
me!"

Just then the butler entered to an-
nounce dinner. "Better reconsider
your decision and break bread with

us," Crooked Bill urged their guest.
"Yes, do," Roberta pleaded.
"Thank you, I think I shall not."
Then to the butler, "Harris, will you
be good enough to get my hat and
coat and telephone the garage for my
car?"

When Glenn Hackett's car had
rolled away down the driveway,
Crooked Bill turned to his ward.
"Round two for little Bright-eyes. I'm
pleasing my money on the red."

"Who," the girl demanded firmly, "is
Jaime Miguel Higuenes?"

"I don't know, honey. I can only
suspect, and some day I'll verify my
suspicions and tell you."

"Please tell me your suspicions now,
there's a dear," and Roberta smiled
her most coaxing smile and put her
arms around Crooked Bill's neck.

"Ah," he murmured, "a man can
struggle along under a mystery but it
drives a woman crazy. I'll not tell
you what I suspect and you are per-
fectly powerless to drag it out of me."

"For two cents," Roberta threat-
ened, "I'd go down to Los Algodones
and investigate Jaime Miguel Higuenes
personally."

"If you do you'll get the surprise
of your sweet young life, my dear."
Roberta's brown eyes danced. No-
body knew better than Crooked Bill
how she cherished surprises.

"I think I should go down to Uncle
Tom's funeral," she suggested. "I'm
the last of the Antrims and it would
be rather indecent of me to permit
strangers—and not very sympathetic
strangers, I fear—to bury him."

Crooked Bill was always practical,
even if mysterious. "I wouldn't do
that, honey. I'm afraid Uncle Tom
won't keep until you get there. I have
never heard of ice or undertakers in
Los Algodones, and as for hermetical-
ly sealed caskets, there just aren't
any. I have a friend down there, how-
ever, and I'll wire him to attend the
obsequies and send flowers for you
and a wreath of cactus for me."

"Why have you always disliked
Uncle Tom?"

"Because you're his niece, not mine,
and he's never showed the slightest
interest in you, except to send you
five dollars at Christmas and on your
birthdays; because I staked the un-
holy wretch in the cow business and
he sold out the cows, refused to pay
the loan, went to Mexico where I
couldn't collect and set up in the
sheep business; because he was ornery
from birth and looked it. Your father
was not what I would call a mental
giant, Roberta, but he was kind and
amusing and on the square, whereas
your Uncle Tom was a throwback, a
black sheep."

"Every family has them," the girl
defended.

"Well, honey, you haven't yours any
more."

The following evening Glenn Hackett,
having recovered marvelously from
his indisposition of the day before,
called for dinner. "The bank gives
the man Higuenes most flattering
recommendations, Mr. Latham," he
announced. "He has plenty of cash
and worldly assets and his record is
clean. He is known as a man of
honor and can be trusted implicitly."

Crooked Bill nodded, as if this re-
port was not a matter of surprise to
him. Hackett resumed:
"I cannot go to Texas to attend to
this matter of your, Roberta. It will

be necessary to engage a lawyer down
there to handle your affairs there, and
I suppose Higuenes can direct you to
a good one. I imagine you will have
to proceed to Los Algodones imme-
diately."

"I shall start tomorrow," Roberta
decided, and added maliciously: "I
can hardly wait to meet that adorable
Jaime Miguel Higuenes!"

CHAPTER II

A Sabbath calm lay upon the
hacienda of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes,
lord of the Rancho Valle Verde,
notwithstanding the fact that it was
not Sunday. Don Jaime gazed out
through the arched entrance of his



A Sabbath Calm Lay Upon the
Hacienda of Don Jaime Miguel Higuenes.

patio toward the distant, blue, ser-
rated hills where the United States
of America ended and the Republic
of Mexico began.

"I wonder," he thought, "what is
going to become of the Higuenes
family?"

The problem proving too much for
him, Don Jaime did that which all of
his race do with the utmost ease and
without preliminary notice. He fell
into a gentle slumber. And while he
slept a man on a honey-colored horse
with a dark stripe running the length
of his backbone rode up to the hacienda
entrance, dismounted, and strode
stiffly through the arched entrance
and down the flower-bordered gravel
walk to the veranda. Observing Don
Jaime at peace in the arms of Mor-
pheus, the stranger removed a full
cartridge belt, with two pistols, and
hung his armament on one of a row
of huge spikes driven into the adobe
wall of the house. Quietly he drew
another chair alongside Don Jaime,
and disposed his tired body in it.

Don Jaime murmured, without
troubling to open his eyes. "Who the
devil are you?"

"Wake up, you lazy greaser, and
see," the visitor retorted.

"When you speak in your naturally
loud, vulgar and irreverent tone of
voice I recognize you. I do not have
to look." Don Jaime spoke perfect
English, but the faintest clipped ac-
cent denoted it was not his mother
tongue. He added in Spanish: "Wel-
come to my poor house. It is yours,

gringo."
"I don't want your poor house. All
I desire is accommodation and food
for my horse and myself until morn-
ing and—"

"Thou graceless one!" Don Jaime
murmured drowsily but without of-
fense. "But what else can one expect
of a Texan—and particularly a Texas
ranger? But what brings you here,
my friend?"

"A desire to be neighborly and to
offer a slight return for your many
evidences of princely hospitality—
that and a natural desire to enjoy it
again. Since when did you go into
the sheep business, Jimmy?"

Don Jaime's dark eyes opened
widely and the hint of an ever-ready
smile faded from his handsome fea-
tures, leaving them unbelievably
stern. "Where?" he demanded.

"About ten miles south of here. I
came across country from San Ysidro
and bumped into them on your range.
About forty thousand of them, I
should say, although I'm no judge of
sheep in quantity. The brand is
"Circle A."

"Tom Antrim's outfit. Well, if he's
only ten miles from here he's tres-
passing on my range. Thanks for the
information, Ken. Feed is pretty
scarce to the east of me and I suppose
Tom Antrim got desperate. Yes, you
have your uses, gringo."

"If you care to run into Los Algo-
dones and swear to a warrant charging
him and John Doe and Richard
Roe and James Black and Thomas
Green and say a dozen other off-color
gents with trespassing, I'll pick those
boys up and lodge them in the jug-
galo; then you and your boys can
run the sheep off in peace."

"I don't want to run them off in
peace, Ken," Don Jaime replied lan-
guidly. "I've done that before and
it doesn't work. They always come
back. Sure you haven't got some
other work to do tomorrow?"

"Now, look here, Jimmy," the ran-
ger protested, "you listen to me. Tom
Antrim's there to stay. So I'm going
to hang around the neighborhood.
He's got twenty herders with him
and I noticed they all carried rifles."

To be continued.

Read the ads in the Journal

Dr. F. A. Perkins
301 E. Second St.
The Dalles, Oregon
PHONE 211 W
OPHTHOMETRIST-OPTICIAN

ZELL'S
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GRASS VALLEY PHARMACY
— or —
Phone 222

JUNE

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

The incomparable Am-
erican star—
Rich Chatterton
Starring in
"FRISCO JENNY"
A story of the kind
of women who are kind to
men.
Friday June 2nd
Legion Theatre
Moro - - - Oregon

**Information About the County, Schools,
Roads and Crops.
News About the People You Know**

SHERMAN COUNTY JOURNAL