



Illustrations by PAUL ROBINSON

edwin legrand sabin

**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE**

1868—and the Union Pacific Railroad has reached Benton, Wyoming. For that distant point, an eastern youth, in search of health, is bound. En route from Omaha, he is warned of Benton's wildness. A stylishly dressed and beautiful young woman, with pretty blue eyes, attracts him. He is astonished at her taking a drink of brandy before breakfast. The brakeman tell him she had "followed her man" to Benton.

**"Ride, Shoot and Tell the Truth"**

The brakeman went on: "But, Lord, that cuts no great figure. People here don't stand on ceremony in those matters. Everything's above-board. Hands on the table until time to draw—then draw quick."

His language was a little too bluff for me.

"Her husband is in business?"

"Business?" He laid a finger alongside his nose, and winked wisely. "You bet yuh! And good business. Are you on?"

"Am I on?" I repeated. "On what? What is all this about?"

"I'll be damned!" he roundly vowed. "And—'You've been having a quiet little smile with her, eh?' He sniffed suspiciously. 'A few swigs of that'll make a pioneer of you quick-er'n alkali. She's favoring you—eh? Now if she tells you of a system, take my advice and quit while your hair's long.'"

"My hair is my own fashion, sir," I rebuked. "And the lady is not for discussion between gentlemen, particularly as my acquaintance with her is only casual."

"Tut, tut!" he grinned. "No offense intended, Mister Pilgrim. Her and me are good enough friends. There's no brace game in that deal. I only aim to give you a steer. Savvy?" and he winked. "You're out to see the elephant, yourself."

"High and dry? By golly, then Benton's the ticket. It's sure high, and sure dry."

He leaned over the side steps, and gazed ahead. "Sydney is sight."

As I left the station dining room I found the lady of the blue eyes strolling alone upon the platform.

"You are rather slow in action, sir," she lightly accused. "We might have had breakfast together!"

"I plead guilty, madam," I admitted. "But the next meal shall be my privilege."

"For dinner, yes; at Cheyenne." "And after that you will be home."

"Of course." She laughed shortly.

"Benton is now 'home.' We have moved so frequently that I have grown to call almost no place home."

"I judge then that you are connected, as may happen, with a flexible business," I hazarded.

"There is money in following the railroad, and that is our present life," she said frankly. "A town springs up, you know, at each terminus, booms as long as the freight and passenger pile up—and all of a sudden the go-ahead business and professional men-gull stakes for the next terminus as soon as located."

We were interrupted. A drunken rowdy was careering over the platform, a large revolver dangling at his thigh.

His language was extremely offensive—he had an ugly mood on, but nobody interfered. The crowd stood aside—the natives laughing, the tourists like myself viewing him askance, and several Indians watching only gravely.

He sighted us.

"Howdy?" he uttered, with an oath. "Shay—hello, stranger. Have a 'smile.' Take two, one for lady. Hic!" And he thrust a bottle at me.

My lady drew back. I civilly declined the "smile."

"Thank you. I do not drink."

"What?" His tone stiffened. "The hell you say. Have a smile you pilgrim; fer if you don't—"

"Train's starting, Jim," she interposed sharply. "If you want to get aboard you'd better hurry."

The bell was ringing, the passengers were hurrying, incited by the conductor's shout: "All 'board!"

Without another word the lady tripped for the car steps. I gave the fellow one firm look and perforce left him. The train moved as I jumped on the nearest car and the conductor and brakeman hauled the tipsy fellow aboard.

My lady was ensconced. "Did they get Jim?" she inquired. "By the scruff of the neck. You know him?"

"He's from Benton. I suppose he's been down here on a little pasear, as they say."

I had no more than seated myself beside her when the brakeman ambled through, his face in a broad grin.

"Well, we got him corralled," he proclaimed. "He'll sleep it off and be ready for night."

But soon there was a commotion in the forward part of the car. Jim had appeared.

"Have a 'smile,' ladies an' gents," he was bellowing thickly. "Hooray! Have a smile on me. Great an' glorious 'casion—'ic! Everybody smile. Drink to op'nin' glorious Pacific—'ic—Railway. Thash it. Hooray!"

It was inevitable that he would reach us. I heard My Lady utter a little gasp, as she sat more erect.

"Have a 'smile,' you two," he roared. "Wouldn't smile at station; got to smile now. Leshr be good fellers."

"You go back to your seat, Jim," she ordered tensely. "Go back, if you know what's good for you."

"Whash that! Who your dog last year? Shady! You can't come no highly-tighty over me. Who your new friend? Shay!" He reeled and gripped the seat. "By Gawd, I got the dead-wood on you, you—!" and he loosed a torrent of epithets.

"For that I'd kill you in any other place, Jim," she said. "you know I'm not afraid of you. Now get, you wolf!" She had made sudden movement of hand and I saw almost under my nose the smallest pistol imaginable.

"No!" I warned. "No matter. I'll tend to him."

The fellow's mouth opened as if for fresh abuse—and half rising I landed upon it with my fist.

"Go where you belong, you drunken whelp!"

I had struck and spoken at the same time, with a rush of wrath that surprised me; and the results surprised me more, for while I was not conscious of having exerted much force he toppled backward clear across the aisle, crashed down in a heap under the opposite seat.

"Look out! Look out!" she cried. Up he scrambled, wrenching at his revolver, but the brakeman and conductor arrived, in a jiffy he was hustled forward. I sank back, breathless.

Congratulations echoed dully. "The right spirit!"

"That'll larn him to insult a lady."

"Shake, Mister."

"For a pilgrim you're considerable of a hoss."

The lady herself was amazingly cool under the epithets that he had applied. I admired her for that as she gazed at me pleadingly.

"A drunken man is not responsible for words or actions," I said. "Possibly I should have not struck him. In the Far West you may be more accustomed to these episodes than we are in the East."

"I don't know. There is a limit. You did right. I thank you heartily. 'Still'—and she mused—"you can't always depend on your fists alone. Fists are a short-range weapon. The men generally wear a gun somewhere. It is the custom."

"Under our tutelage I am sure I shall do well," I accepted. "I may call upon you in Benton? If you will favor me with your address—?"

"My address?" She searched my face in a manner startled. "You'll have no difficulty finding me; in event"—and she smiled archly—"you are not afraid of strange women."

"I have been taught to respect women, madam," said I.

"Oh!" I seemed to have pleased her. "You have been carefully brought up, sir."

"To fear God, respect women, and act the man as long as I breathe," I asserted.

"That may go excellently in the East," she answered. "But we in the West favor the Persian maxim—to ride, shoot, and tell the truth. With those three qualities even a tenderfoot can establish himself."

"You hear the truth when I say I anticipate much pleasure as well as renewed health, in Benton," I declared.

"Were we by ourselves we would seal the feature in another 'smile' together," she slyly promised. "Unless that might shock you."

"I am ready to fall in with the customs of the country," I assured. "I certainly am not adverse to smiles, when fittingly proffered."

Our passage was astonishingly short, but the sun was near to setting when the brakeman shouted:

"Benton! Benton in five minutes!"

"My valise, please."

I brought it. The conductor, who like the other officials knew My Lady, pushed through to us and laid hand upon it.

"I'll see you out," he announced. "Come ahead."

"Pardon. That shall be my privilege," I interposed. But she quickly denied.

"No please. The conductor is an old friend. I shall need no other help—I'm perfectly at home. You can look out for yourself."

"But I shall see you again—and where? I don't know your address; fact is, I'm even ignorant of your name," I pleaded desperately.

"How stupid of me." And she spoke fast and low, over her shoulder. "Tonight, then, at the Big Tent. Remember."

I pressed after. The Big Tent! Shall I inquire there? And for whom?

"You'll not fall to see me. Everybody knows the Big Tent, everybody goes there. So au revoir."

We stopped with a jerk, amidst a babel of cries.

"Benton! All out!" Out we stumbled. Here I was at rainbow's end.

**(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)**

**Special Train Service**

Special train service over the week-ends has been instituted by the Southern Pacific company. On Saturday a train passes through Springfield at 2:50 P. M. and arrives at Oakridge at 5:10 P. M. Returning, the train leaves Oakridge at 6 P. M., reaches here at 7:10, and pulls into Eugene at 7:30 P. M. On Sunday the train leaves here at 7:50 P. M., reaching Oakridge at 9:10, and returns at 9:30 to reach here at 10:40 o'clock.

**Man Sleeps Like Log.**

**Eats Anything**  
"After taking Adlerika I can eat anything and sleep like a log. I had gas on the stomach and couldn't keep food down nor sleep." (signed) R. C. Miller. ONE spoonful Adlerika removes GAS and often brings surprising relief to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Often brings out old waste-matter you never thought was in your system. Excellent for chronic constipation. Flanery's Drug store.

**What Price Beauty?**  
by Miss Flo

**AS OTHERS SEE YOU**

A brand new mirror has been invented. It's a magnifying mirror for the dressing table, and looks like any other mirror. It may be had in your favorite color with powder box to match—that you may carry out the decorative scheme of your dressing table. But when you look into it—well, watch out for a shock—because it magnifies!

Instead of seeing a perfect example of the skin you love to touch, you will see all the tiny lines that are coming—all the spots and maybe freckles—all the moles; in fact, everything that is there and shouldn't be.

All of which serves to remind us of the real importance of a good mirror, not necessarily one that magnifies but one that makes it possible for us to see our skins as they really are and keep a check on the blemishes that mar its beauty is all that is necessary in the majority of cases. The next essential is the light, which must be clear and strong. Shadows have a way of flattering and deceiving—and illusions are quickly destroyed in strong light.

Choose a hand mirror of generous that may be easily held. An oval shape it to be preferred to an odd or fanciful one—and the round mirror is always the best—even though at the present time it seems a bit old-fashioned.

And remember that the mirror must not be just a decorative ornament. Make a habit of using it regularly—for studying good points and bad points of the face, lines of the head, arrangement of the hair, profile, etc. It will serve as a friend and warn you of disfiguring lines and blemishes in time to avoid them, and teach you to play up your good points against those that are not so good.

And, while we are on the subject, don't overlook the importance of taking careful note of the back of your head each time you dress. This is most important, for although you may not be conscious of it, other people look as closely and critically at the back of your head as at your face. A beautiful arrangement of the hair over the face cannot excuse straggly wisps of hair and a crooked part in the back.

**Women Have Nerve**

University of Oregon, Eugene, Feb. 3—(Special)—Women fencers are more daring and less afraid of being hurt than men, according to W. C. Davission, instructor in fencing, who has revived interest in the ancient sport. For three years the sport has been organized on the campus, but the interest has been greater this year than ever before.

CALL AND SEE Dr. N. W. Emery on prices on plate and other work. It

**PATRIOTIC PROGRAMS PLANNED BY SCHOOLS**

Patriotic observance of both Lincoln and Washington's birthdays will be held by the Springfield public school on the latter date, February 22. Assemblies of pupils in both high and elementary schools will be conducted, with patriotic themes the chief feature of the programs.

In the elementary schools, separate rooms will observe Lincoln's birthday. Valentine boxes are planned for elementary school rooms on February 14.

**Natron Man In**—Glenn Tryon of Natron was a visitor in Springfield this morning.

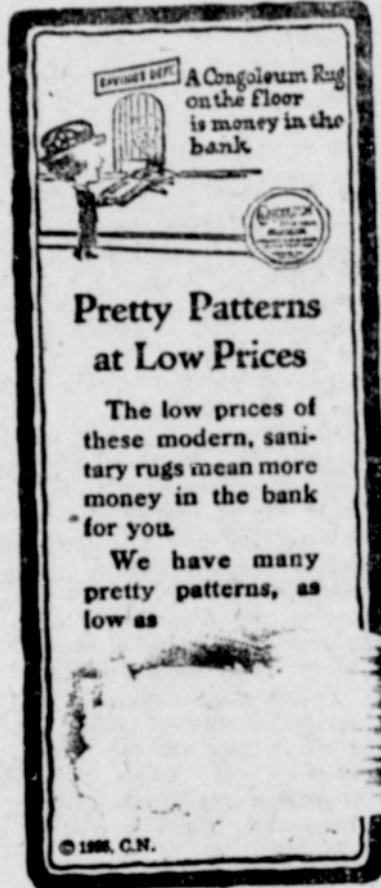
**Here From Goshen**—Henry Matthews of Goshen transacted business in Springfield this morning.

**Wending Resident Here**—John Downing of Wending was a Springfield visitor today.

**Minister Visits Grove**—Rev. Gabriel Sykes went to Cottage Grove this week with Conference Superintendent Chaney to confer with Rev. Henderson, evangelist, concerning the evangelistic services to be conducted in Springfield late in March. A group from the local Methodist church will attend the Henderson services in Cottage Grove early next week.

A Good Piano for sale. \$275.00. Terms. See Wm. Vasby at 312 Main Street.

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The low prices of these modern, sanitary rugs mean more money in the bank for you. We have many pretty patterns, as low as

**Gold Seal Congoleum Rugs**

7 1/2 x 9	\$ 8.25
9 x 9	9.75
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**Linoleum Rugs**

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9 x 12	15.50

10 per cent off above prices for cash. Also new reduced prices on Felt Base, Print and Inlaid Linoleum.

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Bargains? Certainly! Because we always undersell! You will save money on any set you buy in our shop. Yet the quality—tone and performance are standard and guaranteed to be satisfactory in every way.

**Money Saved on Sets and Parts**

201A Radiotron and Cupnningham Tubes \$1.75. 80 Amp. Hr.. "A" Batteries \$12.50. \$15.00 Loud Speakers - \$7.50.

Special on a few Model 20 Kennedy Radio Sets. We can furnish Radio Sets Complete as low as \$61.50.

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