



**WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE**  
It is 1868 and the Pacific Railroad has reached its newest "farthest west"—Benton, Wyoming, a town described as "roaring," as each new terminus, temporarily was.

Frank Beeson, a young man from Albany, New York, comes because he is in search of health and Benton is considered "high and dry."

Edna Montoyo, a fellow passenger on the train from Omaha, impresses Beeson with the beauty of her blue eyes and the style of her apparel. Equally she astonished him by taking a "smile" of brandy before breakfast. A brakeman tells Beeson she has "followed her man" to Benton.

Jim, a typical western ruffian whom she knows apparently well insults her and is flogged by Frank whose prowess impresses the passengers.

Col Lunderson and "Bill" Brady volunteer to entertain young Beeson. Frank avoids being caught by any of the numerous gambling games, but is robbed of all his money.

At the "Big Tent" Beeson again meets the Lady of the Blue Eyes. At "Monte" someone turns up the corner of the winning Queen of Hearts and Beeson, his whole \$22 bet on it, turns the card—which instead of being the Queen is the Eight of Clubs.

**AWAKENING.**

My fingers left it as though it were a snake. The eight of clubs! Where I had seen, in fancy, the queen of hearts, there lay like a changeling the eight of clubs, with corners bent as only token of the transformation.

"We can't both win, gentlemen," the gambler said. "But I am willing to give you one more chance from a new deck."

What the response was I did not know, nor care. My ears drummed and seeing nothing I pushed through into the open, painfully conscious that I was flat penniless and instead of having played the knave I had played the fool, for the—queen of hearts.

The loss of some twenty dollars might have been a trivial matter to me once—but here I had lost my all, whether large or small; and not only had been bilked out of it—I had bilked myself out of it by sinking, in pretended smartness, below the level of a mere artful dodger!

I heard My Lady speaking beside me.

"I'm so sorry." She laid hand upon my sleeve. You should have been content with small sums, or followed my lead. Next time—"

"There'll be no 'next' time," I blurted. "I am cleaned out."

"I was first robbed at the hotel. Now here."

"No, no!" she opposed. Jim sidled to us. "That was a bungle, Jim."

He ruefully scratched his head.

"A wrong steer for once, I reckon. By thunder, I want revenge on this joint and I mean to get it. So do you don't you, partner?" he appealed to me.

As with mute, sickly denial I turned away it seemed to me that I sensed a shifting of forms at the monte table—caught the words "You watch here a moment," and close following, a slim white hand fell heavily upon My Lady's shoulder.

It whirled her about, to face the gambler. His smooth olive countenance was dark with a venom of rage incarnate that poisoned the air; his syllables cracked.

"You devil! I heard you, at the table. You meddle with my concerns, will you?" And he slapped her with open palm, so that the impact smacked. "Now you get out o' here or I'll kill you."

She flamed red all in a single rush of blood.

"Oh!" she breathed. Her hand darted for the pocket in her skirt, but I sprang between the two. Forgetful of my revolver, with a blow I sent him reeling backward.

He recovered. With lightning movement he thrust his right hand into his waistcoat pocket.

I heard a rush of feet, a clamor of voices; and all the while, I was tugging, awkward with deadly peril at my revolver.

His fingers had whipped free of the pocket. I glimpsed as with second sight (for my eyes were held strongly by his) the twin little black muzzles of a derringer concealed in his palm; a spasm of fear pinched me; they spat, with ringing report, but at the instant a flannel arm knocked his arm up, the ball had sped ceilingward and the teamster of the gamb-

ling table stood against him, revolver barrel boring into his very stomach. "Stand pat, Mister, I call you!"

In a trice all entry of any unpleasant emotion vanished from my antagonist's handsome face, leaving it olive tinted, cameo, inert. He steadied a little, and smiled, surveying the teamster's visage close to his.

"You have me covered, sir. My hand is in the discard." He composedly tucked the derringer into his waistcoat pocket again. "That gentleman struck me; he was about to draw on me, and by rights I might have killed him. My apologies for this little disturbance."

He bestowed a challenging look upon me, a hard unforgiving look upon the lady; with a bow he turned for his hat, and stepping swiftly went back to his table.

Now in the reaction I fought desperately against a trembling of the knees; there were congratulations, a hubbub of voices assailing me—and the arm of the teamster through mine and his bluff invitation:

"Come and have a drink."  
"But you'll return. You must! I want to speak with you!"

It was My Lady, pleading earnestly. I still could scarcely utter a word; my brain was in a smother. My new friend moved me away from her. He answered for me.

"Not until we've had a little cab-fab, lady. We've got matters of importance just at present."

I saw her bite her lips, as she helplessly flushed; her blue eyes implored me, but I had no wits of my own and

I certainly owed a measure of courtesy to this man who had saved my life.

We found a small table in a corner. The affair upon the floor was apparently past history—if it merited even that distinction. The place had resumed its program of dancing, playing and drinking as though after all a pistol shot was of no great moment in the Big Tent.

"You had a narrow shave," my friend remarked as we seated ourselves.

He proceeded to tell me that the whole thing was crooked. "And the woman is the main steerer," he concluded. "That party piece who damn high lost you your life as well as losin' you your money!"

"You mean the lady with the blue eyes?"

"Don't you savvy that your 'lady's' Montoyo's wife—his woman anyhow?"

"Montoyo? Who's Montoyo?"

"The monte thrower! That same spieler who trimmed us," he rapped impatiently.

"She's bound to Montoyo. He's a breed, some Spanish, some white, like as not some Injun. A devil, and as slick as they make 'em. She's a power too white for him, herself, but he uses her, and some day he'll kill her. You're not the first gudgeon she's hooked, to feed to him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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

**FIR LOGGING MORE ACTIVE, REPORTS 4L**

Portland, Feb. 24—(Special)—With the resumption of logging at several more operations employment in most of the fir districts of Oregon and Washington continues to slowly increase, according to reports from 4L employment offices in various Pacific Northwestern cities received at 4L headquarters here today. Logging has now reached normal spring activity, the reports indicated.

In the Grays Harbor district the shingle industry remains virtually at a standstill, except for two large plants that have not been affected by the Shingle Weaver's strike. Several logging camps in the Grays Harbor country remain closed. Preparations for the clamming and fishing season are under way and many men are busily engaged in this work.

Most camps of the Portland and Columbia River district are operating, although several are running only on one side. Willapa Harbor camps are not yet generally under way, but will be by the middle of March.

Salmon canning concerns on the North coast and in Alaska are signing up crews for the season and crew shipments will begin sometime in March.

There are still unemployed in all

the larger centers but the situation is much improved over that of last month at this time.

**NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT**

Estate of Edward A. Rice, Deceased. Notice is hereby given that Ellen M. Rice, Administratrix of the estate of Edward A. Rice, deceased, has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon, in and for Lane County, her final report as such administratrix and that ten o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, the 28th day of March, 1927, at the Court room thereof, have been, by the Court, fixed and appointed as the time and place for hearing objections to said report and for the final settlement of the estate of said deceased.

ELLEN M. RICE, Administratrix.  
A. E. WHEELER, Attorney.  
P 24; M 3-10-17-24

**Dinner is Enjoyed**

Honoring Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Shannon, recently returned from their honeymoon trip, a dinner was held Sunday at the Shannon home attended by friends of the newlyweds.

Those present included Mr. and Mrs. John Will, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Shannon, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Beyer, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Orr, and son, Jimmie, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stump, Mr. and Mrs. M. Spores and Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lipas and family.

**For Sale or Trade**

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2 Acres and large house at Fall Creek for Springfield.

If you have anything you want to trade come in and see me. I can match you.

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312 Main St. Phone 73-J

**Royal Neighbors To Meet**

The Royal Neighbors will meet on the fourth Monday in March at Marcola, delegates from Springfield, Eugene, Cottage Grove and Creswell attending.

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- Buick Touring.
- Chevrolet Coupe, late model in nice shape.
- Oldsmobile Sedan, a good family car.
- Nash Touring.
- Overland Coupe.
- Star Touring.
- Dodge Touring.
- Gardner Touring.
- Dodge Coupe, late Model.
- and several other good cars.

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EVANGELIST JAMES SMALL of Kansas City, Mo.

Begins a meeting in the Christian Church, Springfield, Sunday, February, 27. Clark Adyalot of Eugene will have charge of the music.



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