



**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 floored by Frank whose prowess impresses the passers.

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.

Montoyo, the gambler at "Monte" table, strikes the Lady of the Blue Eyes. Beeson interferes and is nearly killed by the gambler. His life being saved by teamster who was at the "Monte" table. The teamster tells Beeson that the Lady of the Blue Eyes is Montoyo's wife or woman and is only a leader-on for Montoyo.

**AWAKENING—Continued**

Now I saw all, or enough. I had received no more than I deserved.

"Jest why Montoyo struck his woman I don't know," the teamster went on. "Do you?"

"Yes! She had cautioned me and he must have heard her. And she showed which was the right card. I don't understand that."

"To save her face, and egg you on, Shore! Your twenty dollars was nothin'. She didn't know you were busted. Next time she'd have steered you to the tune of a hundred or two and cleaned you proper. You hadn't been along, yet, to the right piece o' smartness. Montoyo must ha' mistook her! Well now what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I must find work and earn enough to get me home with." To write for funds was now impossible through very shame. "Home's the only place for a person of my greenness."

"Let me make you a proposition," he said. "I'm on my way to Salt Lake with a bull outfit and I'm in need of another man. I'll give you a dollar and a half a day and found."

"You are teaming west, you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. Freightin' across. Mule-whackin'."

"But I never drove a span in my life; and I'm not in shape to stand hardships," I faltered. "I'm here for my health. I have—"

"Stow all that, son," he interrupted. "Forget your lungs, lights and liver and stand up a full-size man. In my opinion you've had too much doctorin'. A month with a bull train, a diet of beans and sow-belly, and you can look anybody in the eye and tell him to go to hell! This roarin' town life—it's no life for you. It's a hotbail, wide open in the middle."

"Sir," I said gratefully. "may I let you know in the morning? Where will I find you?"

We arranged to meet next day and I returned to the hotel, having paid in advance.

Gazing neither right nor left, I strode resolutely for the exit, but at the door I was halted by a hand laid upon my arm, and a quick utterance.

"Not goin'? At least say good-night!"

I barely paused, replying to her, "Good-night."

Still she would have detained me. "Oh, no no! Not this way. It was a mistake. I swear to you I am not to blame. Please let me help you. I don't know what you've heard—I don't what has been said about me—you are angry—"

I twisted free. With such as she, a vampire and yet a woman, a man's safety lay not in words but in unequivocal action.

"Good-night," I bade thickly. Bearing with me a satisfying but somehow annoying persistent imprint of moist

blue eyes under shimmering hair, I roughly stalked on and out, free of her, free of the Big Tent, her lair!

In the morning as I left the hotel the clerk handed me a note.

It could have been sent by only one person—the superscription, dainty and feminine, betrayed it. That woman was still pursuing me!

Couldn't she understand that I was no longer a fool—that I had wrenched absolutely loose from her and that she could do nothing with me? I was minded to tear the note to fragments, unread, and contemptuously scatter them. Had she been present I should have done so, to show her.

But around a corner, I tore the envelope open. The folded paper

within contained a five-dollar bank note.

That was enough to pump the blood to my face with a rush. It was an insult—a shame. With cheeks twitching I managed to read the lines accompanying the dole.

Sir:

You would not permit me to explain to you to-night, therefore I must write. The recent affair was a mistake. I had no intention that you should lose, and I supposed you were in more funds. I insist upon speaking with you. You shall not go away in this fashion. You will find me at the Elite Cafe, at a table, at ten o'clock in the morning. And in case you are a little

short I beg of you to make use of the enclosed, with my best wishes and apologies. You may take it as a loan. I am utterable miserable.

Half unconsciously wadding both money and paper in my hand as if to squeeze the last drop of rain from them I swung on.

"Mr. Beeson! Wait! Please wait." I had to turn about to avoid the further degradation of acting the churl to her, an inferior.

"I've been waiting since daylight," she panted, "and watching the hotel, I was afraid you wouldn't answer my note, so I slipped around and cut in on you."

"I know where you're going. George Jenks has engaged you. You don't have to turn bull-whacker or mule-skinner! It's a hard life; you're not fitted for it—never, never. Leave Benton if you will. Let us go together."

"Your husband, madam," I prompted.

"Montoyo? He is no husband to me. I could kill him—I will do it yet, to be free from him."

"My good name, then," I taunted. "I might fear for my name more than I'd fear a man."

"But I'm not asking you to marry me," she said. "I'm not asking you to

love me as a paramour, sir. Please understand! Treat me as you will; as a sister, a friend, but anything human. Oh, I'm so tired of myself; I can't run true, I'm under false colors.

And there is Montoyo—bullying me, cajoling me, watching me. But you were different! I foolishly wished to help you, but last night the play went wrong. And Montoyo struck me—me, in public! Oh, why couldn't I have killed him. You'll say I'm in love with you. Perhaps I am—quite sane? I only ask a kind of partnership—the encouragement of some decent man near me. I have money; plenty till we both get a footing. But you wouldn't live on me; no! I would be glad merely to tide you over, if you'd let me. And I—I'd be willing to wash floors in a restaurant if I might be free of insult. You I'm sure, would at least protect me. Wouldn't you?

"You would, wouldn't you? Say something, sir." She paused, a quiver. "Shall we go? Will you help me?"

For an instant her appeal, of swimming blue eyes, upturned face, tensed grasp, breaking voice, swayed me. But I had resolved not to be snarled again.

Impossible, madam," I uttered. This is final. Good-morning."

She staggered and with magnificent but futile last flourish clapped both

hands to her face. Gazing back, as I hastened, I saw her still there, leaning against a wall.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

**PLEA FOR PEACE MADE**

BY O. A. C. PROFESSOR

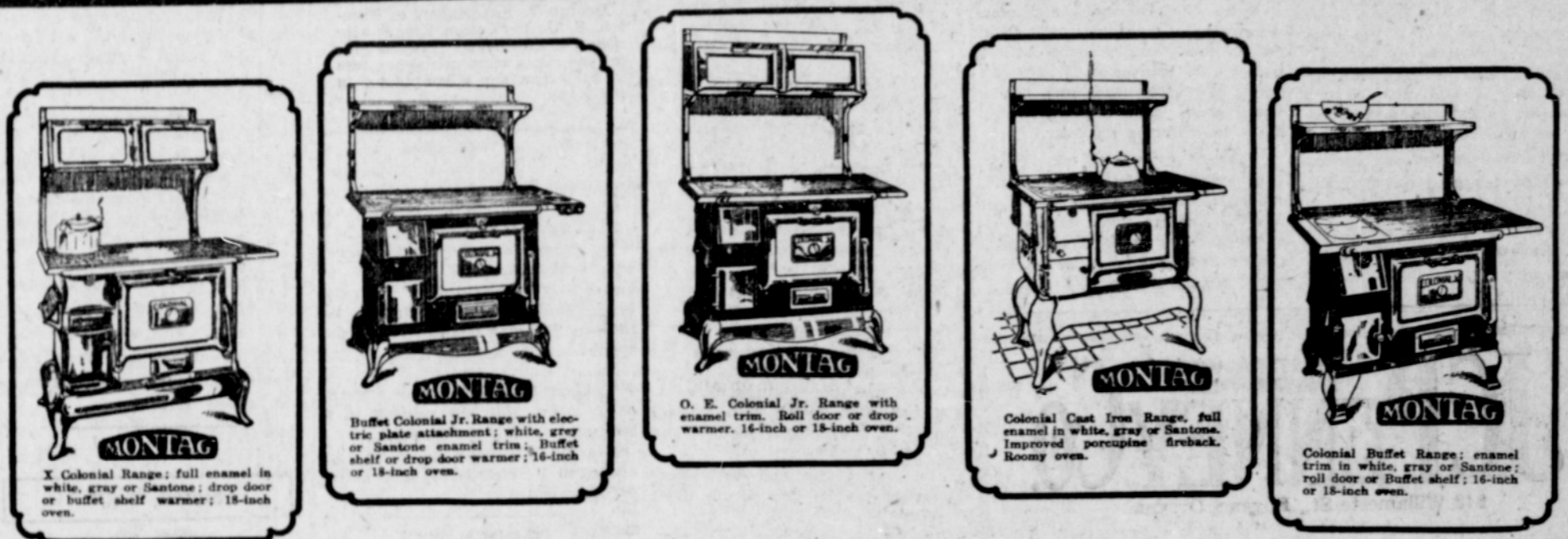
Speaking before the Methodist church brotherhood Monday night, Prof. Roy Hewitt, professor of political science at the Oregon Agricultural college, made an urgent plea for the injection into international relations of the doctrine of Christianity, assuring his hearers that such a doctrine will do more than anything else to bring about permanent peace.

"The Future of Our Civilization," was the subject of the college professor. He pointed out the folly of war and gave accounts of first-hand experiences in the world war.

Students of Springfield high school heard Prof. Hewitt in a similar address on Friday afternoon at assembly.

**Former Resident Dies**

Mrs. J. G. Loffler died at Eugene hospital Monday after a brief illness. Mrs. Loffler was 28 years of age, and formerly lived in Springfield, her husband conducting a blacksmith business here at one time.



X Colonial Range; full enamel in white, gray or Santone; drop door or buffet shelf warmer; 18-inch oven.

Buffet Colonial Jr. Range with electric plate attachment; white, gray or Santone enamel trim; Buffet shelf or drop door warmer; 16-inch or 18-inch oven.

O. E. Colonial Jr. Range with enamel trim. Roll door or drop warmer. 16-inch or 18-inch oven.

Colonial Cast Iron Range, full enamel in white, gray or Santone. Improved porcupine fireback. Roomy oven.

Colonial Buffet Range; enamel trim in white, gray or Santone; roll door or Buffet shelf; 16-inch or 18-inch oven.

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March 5th to 12th



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Come in—see for yourself the advantages of cooking with the range with the French plate top; the Pacific Coast firebox; the electrically riveted oven lined with the non-rusting Toncan iron; the buffet shelf as well as the incomparable beauty of the Santone non-chipping, high luster enamel.

**Semi-Enamel Montag Ranges**

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and Upward

**\$10 Merchandise Credit FREE** On any other article in the store, with every Montag Range purchased during this event.

A small deposit will hold any Montag Range for later delivery. Liberal allowance will be made for your old stove in exchange for a new Montag Range.

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