



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 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.

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.

Frank repulses Edna when she begs him to go away with her, sobbingly telling him that she had made a mistake in letting him lose his money. He goes to take a job with

George Jinks, a teamster in a wagon train about to leave for Salt Lake City.

CHAPTER VII

Westward Ho!

My new boots were burning, my thigh was chafed raw from the swaying Colt, and my face and throat were parched with the dust, when I arrived at the encampment of Jenk's train.

Some dozen whitetopped wagons were standing grouped in a circle and figures were busily moving among them, and the thin blue smoke of their fires was a welcoming signal.

I marked women and children. The whole prospect—they, the breakfast smoke, the grazing animals, the stout vehicles, a line of washed clothing—was homey. Jenk himself came out to meet me.

"Hooray. Here you are," he said. "You fetched all your outfit?"

"What you see," I confessed. "They stripped me clean."

"Wall, all you need is a blanket. You can pay for it out of your wages or turn it in at the end of the trip."

He conducted me on, along the groups and fires and bedding outside the wagon circle, and halted where a heavy man, of face smooth-shaven, except chin, sat upon a wagon-tongue, whittling a stick.

"Shake hands with Capt'n-Hyrum Adams, Frank. He's the boss of the train."

Captain Adams offered a thick hand which proved singularly soft and flatulent under the callouses.

"Glad to meet you, stranger," he acknowledged. "Breakfasted?"

"Not yet, sir. I was anxious to reach the train."

"Nobody goes hungry from the Adams wagon, stranger," Captain Adams observed. He slightly raised his voice, preemptory. "Rachael! Fetch our guest some breakfast."

There were two women in view, busied with domestic cares. One was elderly as far as might be judged by her somewhat slatternly figure.

The other promptly ladled food from a kettle to a platter, poured a tin cupful of coffee from the pot, and bore them to me; her eyes down, shyly handed them.

I thanked her but was not presented. To the Captain's "That will do, Rachel," she turned dutifully away; not so soon, however, but that I had seen a fresh young face within the confines—a round rosy face according well with the buxom curves of her as she again bent over the washboard.

"Our fare is that of the tents of Abraham, stranger," spoke the Captain. "Such as it is, you are welcome

to. We are a plain people who walk in the way of the Lord, for that is commanded."

"I ask nothing better, sir," I answered.

The pork and beans and the black unsweetened coffee evidently were what I needed, for I began to mend wonderfully ere I was half through the course.

"You are from the East, stranger?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir. I arrived in Benton only yesterday."

"A Sodom," he growled harshly. "A tented sepulcher. And it will perish. I tell you you do well to leave it, you do well to yoke yourself with the appointed of this earth, rather than stay in that sin-pit of the eternally damned."

"I agree with you, sir," said I "I did not find Benton to be a pleasant place. But I had not known, when I stated from Omaha."

"Possibly not," Adams assented. "The devil is attentive; he is present in the stations, and he will ride in those gilded palaces even to the Jordan, but he shall not cross. In the name of the Lord we shall face him. What good there shall come, shall abide; but the evil shall wither. Not," he added, "that we stand against the railroad. It is needed, and we have petitioned without being heard. We are strong but isolated, we have goods to sell, and the word of Brigham Young has gone forth that a railroad we must have. Against the harpies, the gamblers and all the Gentile vanities we will stand upon our own feet by the help of the Almighty God."

At this juncture, a tall double-jointed youth of about my age, carrying an ox goad in his hand, strolled to us as if attracted by the harrangue.

"My son Daniel," the captain introduced. "This stranger travels to Zion with us, Daniel."

The youth had the grip of a vice, and seemed to enjoy emphasizing it while cunningly watching my face.

"Hawdy," he drawled. "I left soon to join Jenk's wagon and as I passed Rachel, she glanced quickly up. I caught her eyes with a blush. She was indeed wholesome if not absolutely pretty."

"Wall, those Mormons are good providers," Jenk commented. "They'll share with you whatever they have, for no pay, but if you rub em the wrong way or go to dickerin' with 'em they're closer'n the hide on a cold mule. You didn't make sheep's eyes at any of the women?"

"However, I could not help but see that the Captain's daughter is pleasing to look upon."

"How? His daughter?"

"Miss Rachael."

"Whoa, man! She's his wife, and not for Gentiles. They're both his wives; whether he has more in Utah I don't know. Bpt you'd best let her alone. She's been f'ined to him."

This took me all aback. He was twice her age, apparently.

"And Daniel, his son—is he married?"

"That whelp? No, he ain't married yet. But he will be, soon as he takes his pick 'cordin' to law and gospel among them people. You bet you, he'll be married plenty."

Later in the day as I sat resting upon a convenient wagon-tongue Daniel hulked to me.

"You know me?" he asked.

"Your name is Daniel, isn't it?"

"No, 'tain't. It's Konnie Bravo on the trail."

"All right, sir," said I. "Which ever you prefer."

"I 'laow you aim to go through with this train to Salt Lake, do you?"

"That's the engagement I've made with Mr. Jenk."

"It's four hundred mile, an' twenty mile at a stretch, without water. Most the water's pizen, too, from hyar to the mountings."

"I'll have to drink what the rest drink, I suppose."

"I 'laow the Injuns are like to get us. They're powerful bad in that thar desert. Ain't afeared o' Injuns, be you?"

"I'll have to take my chances on that, too!"

"We don't think much o' Gentiles, yonder. We don't want 'em, nohaow. They'd all better git out. The Saints settled that country an' it's ours."

"If you're a sample, you're welcome to live there," I retorted. "I think I'd prefer some place else."

"Haow?" he bleated. "Thar ain't no place as good. All the rest the world has sold itself to the devil."

We remained in silence for a moment while he waited, provocative.

"Say, Mister," he blurted suddenly. "kin you shoot?"

"I presume I could if I had to. Why?"

"'Becuz I'm the dangest best shot with a Colt's in this hyar train. Anytime you want to try a little poppin' you let me know." And with this, he left me, with the uneasy impression that he and I were due to measure strength in one way or another.

About three o'clock with whips cracking, the Captain Adams wagon on in the lead (two pink sunbonnets upon the seat), the valorous Daniel's next, we toiled creaking and swaying up the Benton road, amidst the eddies of hot, scalding dust.

It was a mixed train, of Gentle mules and the more numerous Mormon oxen; therefore not strictly a "bull" train, but by pace designated as such.

Trudging manfully at the left fore wheel behind Mr. Jenk's four span of mules I played the teamster—although sooth to say there was little of play in the job, on that road, at that time of the day.

At sundown, having eaten our supper, we were sitting by our fires, smoking and talking, when, as a construction train of box cars clanked by on the railroad I chanced to note a figure spring out asprawl, alight with a whistle of sand, and staggering up hasten for us.

First it accosted the hulk Daniel. I saw him lean from his saddle; then he rode in, bawling like a calf:

"Paw! Paw! Hey, you-all! Thar's a woman yonder in britches an' she 'laows to come on. She's lookin' for Mister Jenk."

In a storm of rude halloo—"That's a hoss on you, George!" "Didn't know you owned one o' them critters, George?" and so forth—my friend Jenk arose, peering, while the solitary figure, braving our stares, came on to the fires.

"Gawd Almighty!" Mr. Jenk delivered.

It was My Lady—formerly My Lady—clad in embroidered short Spanish jacket, tightish velvet pantaloons, booted to the knees, pulled down upon her yellow hair a black soft hat, and hanging from the just-revealed belt around her waist, a revolver trifle.

She paused, small and alone, viewing us, her eyes very blue, her face very white.

"Is Mr. Jenk there? she hailed clearly.

"Damn' if I ain't," he mumbled, glowering at me.

"I wish to engage passage to Salt Lake," she said.

"We haven't no place for a woman, ma'am," Jenk demurred.

"There are other women in the train," Edna insisted.

"Where's Pedro? Where's Montoyo?" asked Jenk.

Her eyes blazed.

"He? That snake? I shot his!"

"What! You Killed him?" Exclamations broke from the bystanders.

"No, I didn't have to! But when he tried to abuse me, I defended myself. Wasn't that right, gentlemen?"

"Right or wrong, he'll be after you won't he?"

The question held a note of alarm.

"I am only an employee, here, madam," I faltered. "If I had an outfit of my own I certainly would he'p you."

She flushed painfully; she did not glance at me direct again, but her unspoken thanks unfolded me.

The large form of Captain Adams came striding.

"What's this?" he demanded harshly. "An ungodly woman? Get you gone, Delilah!"

"I am going, sir," she replied. "I ask nothing from you or these gentlemen."

"Them's the two she's after, paw; Jenk an' that greenie," Daniel bawled. "Ain't she purty, though! She's dressed in britches."

"Get you gone," Captain Adams thundered. "And those your paramours with you. No braen hussy in men's garments shall travel with this train to Zion—no, not a mile of the way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Contrast in flavor is important in a meal. Don't repeat the same flavor too often. For instance, even though we liked tomatoes, we would not relish a meal commencing with tomato soup, followed by tomato sauce on the meat, or stewed tomatoes and fresh sliced tomato salad.

A pretty garnish for salad is made of sharp-flavored club cheese rolled in the shape of a carrot, with a sprig of parsley at the big end.

NOTICE

WHEREAS in chapter 127, general laws of Oregon, enacted in 1919, it is declared to be the duty of every person, firm, copartnership, company and corporation owning, leasing, occupying, possessing or having charge of or dominion over any land, place, building, structure, wharf, pier or dock which is infested with ground squirrels and other noxious rodents or predatory animals, or as soon as the presence of the same shall come to his, their or its knowledge, at once to proceed and to continue in good faith to exterminate and destroy such rodents by poisoning, trapping or other appropriate and effective means; and

WHEREAS gray digger ground squirrels (Citellus douglasii) are noxious rodents in Lane County, Oregon.

Now, therefore, all of such persons, firms, copartnerships, corporations and companies owning or having dominion over land in said Lane County, Oregon, are hereby required to take steps to exterminate said gray digger ground squirrels (Citellus douglasii) within thirty days from the date of the first publication of this notice. If such steps are not taken, a person or persons appointed by the county court of said Lane County will enter upon said lands and proceed to exterminate said gray digger ground squirrels (Citellus douglasii) and the cost of said extermination will be levied against said lands.

The county agricultural agent hereby designates Monday, April 4th, as a day to be known as "squirrel poisoning day" throughout the said Lane County, and it is hereby recommended that poisoned barley, as prepared by the undersigned and representatives of the Bureau of Biological Survey of the United States Department of Agriculture, be used for the purpose of such extermination. Such poisoned barley may be secured from the undersigned at his office in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon at approximately the cost of preparation.

Date of first publication of this notice March 16th, 1927.

(Signed) O. S. FLETCHER, County Agricultural Agent, M 10-17-24

Literal Len Asks  
If you saw a trainload of plus tobacco go by, would you call it a chew-chew train?

A Fashionable Disease  
Prof.—Ever had Psychology?  
Stude—No, only scarlet fever and bronchitis.

Paying For Fun  
An Irishman was before a judge on the charge of beating his wife. The judge looked down at him and said: "That will cost you exactly \$2.20." "And please, Sorr, what is the 20 cents for?" "Federal tax on amusements."

**Ford**  
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

**IMITATION FORD PARTS**  
*Don't Last*

You can't get something for nothing. Imitation Ford Parts are cheap because they are made from imperfect patterns with poor material. Genuine Ford Parts cost a few cents more because they are made from the finest steel and tested exactly as were the original parts in your car. Beware of imitations. They may injure your car. They may even endanger life and limb. Get the Genuine Ford Parts and have authorized Ford dealers Service your car. Be safe.

**E. R. Danner Motor Co.**  
Authorized Ford Sales and Service

**J.C. Brill Stores**  
AX BILLY DEPARTMENT STORE

Friday, March 25th, Marks the Beginning of One Week of Remarkable Value-Giving in Order that We May Fittingly Celebrate (J. C. Brill Stores) Eugene's Largest Department Store's 19th Anniversary Sale

AN EVENT THAT CELEBRATES ONE YEAR OF ACCOMPLISHMENT BY THE J. C. BRILL STORE (BUT THE FOUNDING OF THIS GREAT EMPORIUM DATES BACK SOME 19 YEARS FORMERLY KNOWN AS SCHAEFERS BROS. AND BY OTHERS FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS AX BILLY'S).

**OUR MESSAGE**

—Now we are to celebrate the Birthday of this business marking another milestone in that progress which you by your splendid co-operation have helped to make possible.

—The achievements of the past, are the stepping stones of the future—a spur to stimulate our ambitions towards building a business that is "never completed but ever completing" a better service and quality for you.

—One week of remarkable merchandising will, we hope, serve to make new friends and further entrench this store in the good will and confidence of Eugene and Lane County.

—It is fitting, indeed, to devote a few words of gratitude. We are grateful to our many friends whose invaluable good will has made it possible in becoming the largest department store in the state outside of Portland.

—We want to give the many shoppers a tangible proof of our gratitude and the best way of showing this by celebrating our FIRST Anniversary with greater values than ever, and we hope to have the pleasure of your attendance.

**FREE SOUVENIR**

TO EACH ADULT ATTENDING OUR ANNIVERSARY SALE ON THE OPENING DAY, FRIDAY MARCH 25TH, WE WILL GIVE FREE A BOX OF

**DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES**