

CEDAR SWAMP

by Michael J. Phillips

Illustrations by Henry Jay Lee
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THE LEADING CHARACTERS —

Edison Forbes, a young resident of Scottdale with an inherent craving for liquor, is held for the death of a woman who has been killed by a bootlegging truck. Circumstantial evidence points to Forbes and rather than tell the truth of the episode which would clear him but cast another friend in a bad light, he stands trial and is sentenced to a long term in prison. The governor of the state, an old friend of Eddie's father, believes him innocent and pardons him shortly after his arrival at the jail.

Scotts Libbey, a worthless character, who has smashed his machine into another car, killing its lone occupant, a woman. Forbes' companion and Libbey quit the scene hurriedly, leaving the former alone to face a constable who reasons that Eddie, with the scent of whiskey about him must be connected in some way with the accident. Accordingly, Forbes is arrested.

Patsy Jane, Eddie's pretty wife, agrees that public sentiment runs too high against him. Accordingly they migrate up north to some land that has been in the family for years. Settled in their log cabin.

Isiah Sealman, a shifty neighbor who is anxious to buy their land. Eddie learns that the back taxes total over eight hundred dollars and must be paid in five months to avert forfeiture. Sealman makes a generous offer which is refused. Eddie thinking the land must have some value unknown to him to warrant his neighbor's interest. Things do not go well. Eddie fails to get work and succumbs to his old yearning by falling in with a bootlegger's gang, getting drunk and being shanghaied to Chicago. Upon his return he discovers that Pat has left him and will not return until he has quit drinking. This he determines to do. He secures work on a nearby ranch, run by Davenant, and after many temptations at last beats his enemy, John Barleycorn. All this time he is slowly earning money but realizes that when the tax is due he can't possibly have enough. Sealman grews his offer and is again refused. One day

Nance Encell, his former sweetheart, calls, finds him alone, offers to pay the deficit but is rebuffed. Then Nance kisses him—and is seen by Patsy who had called to attempt a reconciliation with her husband. Pat leaves without listening to his explanation. Broken-

hearted, Eddie tried harder than ever to earn the money and one morning early while berry picking, notices fresh tire marks on his property.

**CHAPTER XIX.
Just Dessert**

A light truck was standing near the scar on the side of the mound—the first day of their journey of exploration. Two men were busily at work, scraping and shoveling the sour-smelling earth into sacks which they loaded onto the truck. One of them was the Long Portage express man. Eddie's face hardened at sight of the other. It was his companion of the night of the accident, the youth who had so cravenly deserted to avoid the possible consequence of discovery.

As Eddie came upon the workers, the youth started. Then he leaned on his shovel. He smiled insolently. "Gee, you're an early riser," was his first remark.

"Have to be, to keep my farm from being carried away. What's the big idea?"

"You mean—this?" The youth nodded at the truck. "Well, they say this stuff is good for stock, salt in it, you know. So I was getting some for the cattle at Encell's."

"At Encell's?"

"Yes. I'm visiting over there, you know?"

Eddie regarded him speculatively. "Well of course I'd like to see Encell's stock do well," he said mildly. "But wouldn't it be courteous to ask me first about this stuff?"

The sneer in the young man's smile became more pronounced. "Why should I ask you? You lose this place on taxtitle the first of next month. I'm already the owner. I bought the title from the Bower estate by telegraph two days ago."

"The Bower estate?" echoed Eddie, puzzled.

"Sure. You don't know what's going on under your own nose," was the contemptuous retort. Old Brower died suddenly, and the family doesn't care about this northern Michigan estate idea of his. All his tax titles were put on the market. I got this. So, really I have more right here than you."

"Listen, kid," commanded Eddie, quietly. "You're off—away off. You haven't any right here until after the first day of next month. Then you

only have a right if I fail to redeem the property. Well, it'll be redeemed. So right now you're a trespasser and a thief. You're stealing my property."

The lean-pawed expressman rubbed his bristles nervously. "Don't blame me, Mr. Forbes," he pleaded. "He said he owned this when he hired me," Eddie waved absolution.

"You're using pretty rough language, Forbes," commented the youth, coolly. "Thief, eh?" I'll show you the first of the month. Where would you get three hundred and fifty dollars to take care of that tax-title—" He laughed ironically. "Everyone knows you're broke, that your wife has left you and you're just stalling here because you don't dare show your face in Scottdale. Why, you escaped being a jailbird because that old crook of a governor pardoned you. So don't get fresh with me."

"So that's it, eh?" was Eddie's comment. "Well, I don't think those few sacks of earth are worth much. But you'll leave them, just the same. Unload."

The youth's reply was to drop his shovel and rush, a scowl on his weak, dark face. Eddie met him with a straight right hander that puffed the loose lips. As a fight it did not compare with the fierce battle against the motor-tramp. This adversary had neither the courage, the strength nor the resolution of the wanderer. His eyes were blackened and his nose bleeding, though he had scarcely left a mark on Eddie, when he turned his back and clamored onto the truck.

"All right, you big bully!" he complained. "I'll have the laugh when the sheriff throws you off. You put your foot on here and I'll shoot you like a dog. "Yes, I will!" he raved, as the expressman started the truck. "And you keep away from Nance Encell, or I'll drill you anyway."

"So that's it?" mused Eddie. "I remember he always did like her. Of course he wouldn't have been so nasty if it hadn't been for booze. His breath was like a distillery. He got away with that dirt, after all. Oh, well, I guess he paid for it." He grinned.

Absentmindedly he picked up an empty sack, one which had been left and which had been overlooked. A name and address were printed on the sack in black letters. He whistled when their significance came to him with the others. He was, the slick one, a director of the bank, Eddie recalled.

When he drove back to the big ranch. Davenant himself, black with passion, met him at the door of the bunkhouse.

"Get your dirty traps together, Forbes, and make tracks," snarled the big man.

"Why, Mr. Davenant, what's the matter?" asked Eddie, in surprise.

"Matter?" echoed Davenant doubling his fists, and Eddie noted that the formidable knuckles were barked. "matter? You've been giving liquor to Millig, that's all."

Millig, another farmhand, had managed heretofore to keep his potations from the notice of the owner. But he had, seemingly, been careless, had been thrashed when he grew impudent, and discharged.

"But I didn't give him liquor," protested Eddie.

"You did. Don't lie to me."

"I tell you I didn't," returned Eddie, sharply.

"Well, he got it from you. You had it."

"He didn't. I—" he began, and stopped. He recalled the bottle in his suitcase.

"Hah!" growled Davenant at his hesitancy. "You'd better admit it."

Eddie entered the bunkhouse. His suitcase open, lay in the middle of the floor. The bottle was gone. He returned to the outside. "You're right, Davenant," he acknowledged.

"There was some liquor in my bag, and it's gone. I didn't give it to him, or tell him—"

"But you had it." The owner's voice rose to a shout. "You know how I hate booze, but you brought it here. I suppose you figured on a spree yourself. I've a notion to give you what I gave him." He advanced, his arms swinging.

"Well, maybe you can, but you'll get something in return," snapped Eddie. "You won't be beating up a drunken squarehead if you try any funny business with me. I'll leave you a few marks, anyway."

"Get off my place," shouted Davenant, more furiously than before. But his advance ceased.

Eddie came out to load his possessions in the car, the owner was nowhere to be seen. Bull, the foreman, was, and he was regretful and sympathetic.

"Sorry to lose you, Forbes." He glanced over his shoulder as he spoke, toward the main ranch house, a commodious two story log house, as though fearful of being overheard. "But you know how it is. The old man's crazy on the subject of liquor. They say his son drank himself to death a few ago. What in thunder did you want to keep that bottle around for? You might have known that nut Millig would smell it out."

"Oh, I don't know, I'd forgotten it, more or less," replied Eddie. "I'm sorry to have to go, Bull. I like working for you. Well, if you'll give me what's coming—"

The foreman went to the ranch house and returned, presently, with Eddie's pay check for wages to the end of the month. He bought Eddie's pig, which had thrived wonderfully, for eighteen dollars. As the discharged farmhand drove homeward and later, as he was disposing his goods and chattels to make the cabin cosily livable, he had time to ponder on two things which had been crowded to the back of his mind by more stirring events.

"The address on that sack means something," he thought. "It's up to me to squander a little something on telegrams to find out exactly what. His story about carting the stuff away as salt for the stock is all bosh. The pure salt is on top."

"What about the other remark of his? What did he mean by talking about three hundred and fifty dollars for the 'first' tax-title? Didn't I get the dope straight from the county treasurer? Guess I'll get downtown right away and find out where I'm at."

**CHAPTER XX.
Wiped Out**

He drove to the railroad station and sent away two telegrams. He went to the country building and stated his errand to Peter Wimpe. That official nodded, as though confirming something that had long been a matter of doubt.

"You know, Forbes," he explained puffing on his pipe, "I've thought a good many times that maybe you didn't understand me. I suppose you knew that a tax-title issues for each year of back taxes, but that you have two years from the date of issue of each to redeem them."

"There are two such plasters out against your property. To settle them both would be eight hundred and thirty-odd dollars. But if you'll pay the two-year-old one the first of the month, you'll still have a year for the other one."

Eddie swallowed jerkily. "How much is the first one?"

Peter consulted his canvas-jacketed book. "Three forty-eight, seventy—"

(Continued from Page 3)

Variety of Blooming Potted Plants At Oldham and Schantol's.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane on the 24th day of September, 1927, upon a judgment rendered therein on the 23rd day of September, 1925, in favor of the plaintiff Williamette Collection and Credit Service, a corporation, and against the defendant Lucy Husted, for the sum of \$146.00, with interest thereon at the rate of six per cent per annum from the 23rd day of September, 1925, and the further sum of \$10.50 costs and disbursements, which judgment was enrolled and docketed in said county on the 23rd day of September, 1925, and said execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon, to satisfy said judgment, interest, costs and disbursements, and the costs and expenses of and upon this writ out of the personal property of said defendant or if sufficient could not be found, then out of the real property belonging to said Defendant in Lane County, Oregon, and being unable to find any personal property belonging to said Defendant or either of them, upon which to levy, I have levied upon the following described real property in Lane County, Oregon, to-wit: Lot One (1) block two (2), D. G. McFarlands Third Addition to Cottage Grove, Oregon.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, in compliance with said execution, and in order to satisfy said judgment, interest, costs and disbursements, and the costs and expenses of and upon this writ, I will on Saturday the 5th day of November, 1927, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at the south-west front door of the County Court House, in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale and sell for cash, at public auction, subject to redemption as provided by law, all of the right, title and interest of said defendant Lucy Husted, or any other person or persons claiming by, through or under them, or either of them in and to the above described property.

FRANK E. TAYLOR, Sheriff.
By BEULAH BRINNICK, Deputy.
O-6-13-20-27; N-3;

Brattain Carnival Successful

A tidy sum of benefit work was obtained as a result of the carnival given last Friday afternoon at the Brattain school by school children. Many local people patronized the affair, which proved very entertaining it was said. Mrs. Ora Read Hemenway, principal of the Brattain school, originated many of the ideas carried out by the children in the carnival.

And A Real One

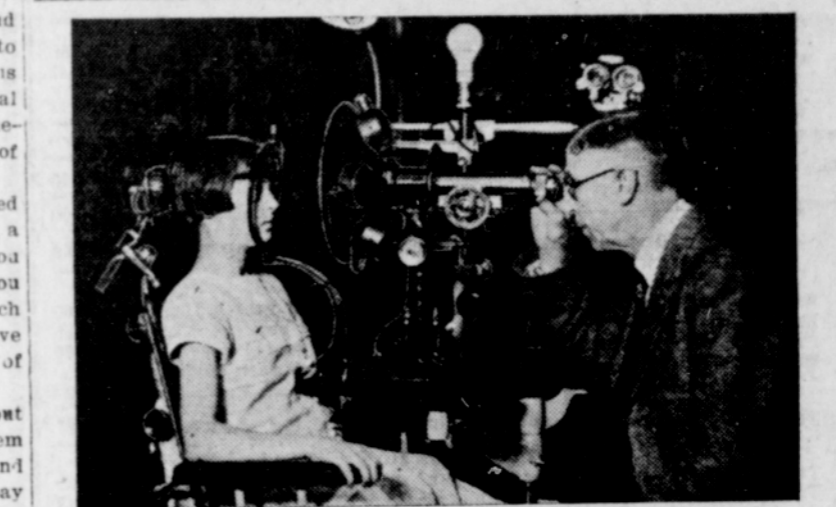
Five-year-old Arthur awoke at three o'clock in the morning. "Tell me a story, mother," he begged. "Quiet, dear," replied his mother. "Daddy will be in soon and tell us both one."

EVEN RICE HURT GIRL'S STOMACH

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freely around your premises at this time and make your home safe against disease during the indoor season. We have the most effective kinds and can recommend what is best to use in special cases. During fall housecleaning is a good time to get after the germs.

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