



WHAT HAPPENED SO FAR
Tom Bilbeck is the narrator. He is a fat newspaper writer who drives a tumbledown car he calls Grandmother Page. He is in love with Maryella, his rival being Jim Cooper. The three are members of an amateur dramatic club. Plans for a play at the Old Soldiers Home are under way. Grandmother Page has engine trouble while Maryella is out driving with Bilbeck, and Cooper in his big roadster, takes Maryella home. After Maryella has left Bilbeck is able to start his car again.

The amateur players are to give Pygmalion and Galatea. In their version Bilbeck is to act as the statue, and Maryella gets peeved when she discovers that Bilbeck is bowlegged. Mrs. Hemmingway later flatters Bilbeck and talks to him about the play. Bilbeck puts her hand, only to find a rough hand grasping him by the shoulder and lifting him out of his seat.

The Sheriff's horse has broken loose. Meanwhile Hemmingway suspects Bilbeck more and more, and Jim Cooper mixes in to tell Bilbeck he had arranged that the Hemmingways be divorced and that Bilbeck is to marry Mrs. Hemmingway.

Mr. Hemmingway, husband of one of the members, thinks Bilbeck is in love with his wife. During the argument the two men receive notice that there is a jail escape at the penitentiary. This escape keeps Bilbeck busy at his newspaper work, so that he but Maryella summons him and starts gets away from the dramatic club, telling the story of "Donnybrook" who believes that everything that happens turns out for the best.

The players arrive at the Old Soldiers Home, being greeted royally and mixing with the new members.

The play at the Old Soldiers Home is interrupted because of a fire, the players and veterans escaping.

Riding away from the scene of the ill-fated play in their costumes and overcoats, they are held up by escaped convicts, one of whom is captured by Bilbeck after a struggle.

The captured thief is taken back to the Old Soldiers Home and the Sheriff is sent for. As the car refuses to budge, the players must stay there, and Mr. Hemmingway, hearing this over the phone, says he is coming right to the home—as he is suspicious of Bilbeck and his wife. Meanwhile the Sheriff arrives.

Hemmingway arrives just when Bilbeck is assisting Mrs. Hemmingway, who has fainted, and of course thinks the worst. Meanwhile a disturbance is heard in the cellar, and all in the house rush down to it.

They get out of the hole and try to find Fair Oaks again. They lose their sense of direction.

They separate and Bilbeck finds himself back at the Old Soldiers Home. He sees an intruder and gets through a window only to find himself in Maryella's room. The Sheriff come in and holds a gun on Tom.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

"Well, let's go," I urged. "Even if you and I have to go alone."

The sheriff looked at his watch. "They are clear in town by this time and they will be taking the 9:36 train out. We haven't a chance. We'd have to get there in twenty minutes, and that ain't possible."

I groaned. It was only eight miles and there was no way of making the distance except by airplane or—

There was an alternative. The iceboat!

I ran to the window. It was still on the lake where I had seen the boys rig it the day before.

But the sheriff was doubtful of my plan.

"I wouldn't trust myself on one of the dog-gone things. Terra cotta is good enough for me any time."

"Won't you go?" I asked. "I need some one to help me sail it."

"No, siree! Not for a thousand dollars."

I turned to the rest of the men. "Who will go with me on the iceboat to intercept our escaped prisoners before they catch the train?"

My proposal was received with absolute silence.

"I will," said a voice from the stairs. There stood Maryella, vivid with restored health.

"You're on," I said. "Hustle. We've only got eighteen minutes now."

At my suggestion Maryella put on a pair of trousers over her other clothing and borrowed a man's coat and overcoat.

Thus equipped and accompanied by the protests of our companions, we hastened down the hill. It was snowing again, but there was a gale of wind back of it.

It took me a minute to get the sails hoisted. At any rate, we had less than ten minutes in which to make town. Fortunately the wind was on the quarter and I knew what an iceboat was capable of making when crowded to the utmost. Maryella had sailed a regular water craft before, so she knew how to handle a jib without instruction.

I shoved off. She started very slowly. At first I feared that possibly she was too heavy for the sail expanse.

As soon as we got out in the lake, however, away from the protection of a wooded point of land that projected from a bank, a heavier gale of wind struck us, and with a leap like a frightened horse the iceboat jumped it.

For the most part the ice was black and clear. Occasionally there was a small drift. When she struck them the rigging would rattle and we would slow up. But we went through every time, and out in the middle we struck a clear space, smooth, unbroken and hard.

A sudden squall of snow came with the wind, obscuring everything; but I knew how to steer from the wind. As long as I held her where she was we would reach Fair Oaks on one tack. The cold was stinging and the snow beat upon our exposed faces. My fingers were numb from holding the tiller, and so were Maryella's where she grasped the jib sheet.

But the exhilaration made the blood pump faster. The terrific, staggering speed, the hiss of the runners, the whine of the wind in the rigging and the flap of the main sail when I pointed up too high were music for my ears. We seemed not to be touching the ice at all; and indeed there were moments when we were going on only two runners. Maryella's weight was not sufficient to hold the windward shoe on the ice, and often it would jump a foot or more from the surface.

I looked at her inquiringly the first time it happened to see if she was frightened. She read the query of my glance.

"It's all right," she shouted. "I'll take a chance."

And so we did. I held the iceboat with all sail set at the point where she went fastest.

Suddenly out of the white flurry loomed a glack shape. It was one of the fishing shanties that dotted the lake. I tried to swerve and miss it, but it was too late.

Crash! The front end of the main

beam went through it, breaking our forward stay and the jib halyard. The jib itself released, fluttered down. The ice boat staggered and almost stopped.

Then slowly, she recovered headway, the wind filled the main sail, and by holding a little harder on the tiller I discovered that I could still keep on the course.

Fortunately the mainmast was strong and even without the forward stay it held. I doubted seriously whether we could come about and go on the other tack, but as long as we kept in the direction we were going there seemed every reason to suppose that we would last to the end of the trip if nothing further occurred.

A sudden cessation of snow flurries revealed the town to us—and with it the train approaching the station at the other side of the lake. Maryella looked back to see if I had observed. I nodded and held her up a little higher.

Neck and neck we approached the station. I prayed for more wind, and when it wouldn't come I swore under my breath.

The train was nearly at the station.

The came a squall. The ice boat leaped forward once more with creaking mast. Our speed doubled. As the train pulled in I swung the ice boat around sharply and abreast of the station.

As she came about the mast went over with a crash. Fortunately Maryella leaped clear of the rigging; and without any further parley we raced up the bank. We got there while they were still unloading baggage.

On the platform, smoking a huge cigar in obvious contentment, was Julius. He had not seen us, and when I laid a heavy hand on his shoulder, he looked up startled.

"I've got you," I exclaimed.

He made no reply to my obvious statement.

"See if he has got the pearls," panted Maryella.

It was a good suggestion. I hastily went through his pockets much to the amazement of the loafers at the station. He had nothing in them but some money and a knife.

"Where are the pearls?" I demanded.

"Yes you have," I insisted. "You stole them from the dresser in that room where you hid."

A crafty look came to Julius's eyes. He pondered a moment.

The train whistled.

"All aboard!" yelled the conductor. "Will you let me go free if I tell you where the pearls are?" Julius asked.

I debated.

"Say 'yes,' Tom!" urged Maryella. "I must get them back at any cost."

Julius moved toward the platform of the car, which was getting under way.

"I'll tell you as soon as I am on the train."

Not quite understanding, I nevertheless ran on beside him and allowed him to mount the first step.

"Now where are they?" I demanded.

The train was moving faster. I could not keep up much longer.

"They are on this train," said Julius, and then seeing the questioning look on my face he added, "I sent them to myself by parcel post. They are in the mail-car."

I dropped back, and the train pulled away. Julius waved at me from the car steps.

CHAPTER XIV.

I gazed stupidly at the departing platform.

"Where are the pearls?" asked Maryella, joining me.

"On that train," I explained. "He put 'em in the mail and sent them to himself, parcel post."

"And you let the train go off without you!" she reproached.

"He didn't tell me until it was too late for me to get aboard," I defended my action, or rather inaction as best I could.

While we looked at the receding train it came to a gradual stop. I looked for the cause and noticed a water tank beside the track.

"Good-by," I said, with hastily formed resolution, as I left Maryella and sprinted down the track.

I caught it. No need to go into details of the red spots before my eyes and the dry throat that burned me as I ran. As it pulled out I swung on to the rear platform.

I went into the car and went to the forward end where I could look into the coach ahead.

Yes, Julius was there, finishing up his cigar all unconscious of my presence. I decided it would be just as well not to make a scene on the train, but to follow him to his destination and get the pearls when he claimed them at the post office.

So I sat where I could see the platform and note where he got off. After all I was redeeming myself for any blunder I had made in the past. "Tickets," said a voice.

The conductor had entered the door just in front of me.

I had no ticket, and explained it to the official.

He looked at me suspiciously. My clothing was a trifle nondescript.

"I had only just time enough to catch the train without stopping at the station," I offered.

My short-winded condition bore out my statement.

"All right. I don't care," he replied. "You'll have to pay a little extra, that's all, by settling with me on a cash basis."

While he was asking me where I wanted to go I reached in my pocket for some money.

I found nothing but a hole. Up to that moment I had forgotten that I was wearing Comrade Dreyenfurth's "other" pants.

It's a terrible thing to be without money among strangers. I know of no sensation akin to it.

"I left it in my other clothes," I said weakly.

"Is that so?" said the conductor scornfully eyeing me with a practiced gaze. "Don't try to kid me. You haven't any other clothes."

I was indignant, but what's the use?

"Cough up some money," said the conductor crossly, "or get off." He reached up suggestively for the bell cord which signals to the engineer.

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK

SUMMONS
IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON, FOR LANE COUNTY
Sarah Irwin, Plaintiff, Vs. John Irwin, Defendant.
To John Irwin, Defendant.
In the name of the State of Oregon: You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the last day of the time prescribed in the Order for Publication, to-wit: on or before the expiration of four weeks from the date of the first publication hereof, if served without the State of Oregon and within any of the states of the United States, and if you fail to appear and answer for want thereof, plaintiff will take a decree against you for the relief prayed for in the complaint which is for a decree of the court dissolving the marriage contract now existing between plaintiff and defendant, and

for such other and further relief as to the court may seem just and proper.

This summons is published pursuant to an order of the Hon. C. P. Barnard, County Judge of Lane County, Oregon, made and entered September 10th 1929, and is published in the Springfield News, a newspaper published in Lane County, Oregon once each week for four successive weeks and the date of the first publication hereof is September 12, 1929 and the date of the last publication is the 10th day of October, 1929.

HOWARD M. BROWNELL
Attorney for Plaintiff, Residence: Eugene, Oregon.
S 12-19-26 O 3-10

NOTICE OF FINAL HEARING
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Emma Mathews, administratrix of the estate of Hugh S. Mathews, deceased, has filed her final account in this court and cause and that Monday, October 14th, 1919 at ten o'clock in the forenoon thereof at the office of said court in the court house in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, has been fixed by said court as the time and place for hearing

and considering said estate and settlement thereof.
Date of first publication, September 12, 1929.
EMMA MATHEWS,
Administratrix
ALTA KING, Attorney for Estate.
S 12-19-26 O 3-10

NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT OF ADMINISTRATOR
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Velma G. Peterson, Deceased, and all persons having claims against said estate are required to present said claims with proper vouchers within six months from this date at the office of Dan Johnson, 206 Tiffany Building, Eugene, Lane County, Oregon.
Dated September 11, 1929.
VICTOR M. PETERSON,
Administrator of the Estate of Velma G. Peterson, Deceased.
DAN JOHNSON,
Attorney for Administrator.
S 12-19-26 O 3-10

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I followed the direction of her glance. The dresser was bare, save for toilet articles.

Maryella looked at me, panic-stricken. "Why, where are they? Will you look in the drawers?"

I did. They were not to be found.

"Possibly Mrs. Lillilove picked them up," I consoled. "I'll ask her."

When Mrs. Lillilove was summoned she disclaimed having seen the jewels at all the night before.

"That thief must have taken them then!" decided Maryella firmly.

I recollected that in order to get to the door Julius had been forced to pass the dresser on which the pearls lay. It was perfectly possible for him to have picked them up unobserved as he went by.

"What shall I do? I can never look Mrs. Hemmingway in the face again if I have lost them! They were very valuable. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

"I'll get them back," I declared heroically, not knowing into what depths my statement might lead me.

"Oh, will you, Tom?" Maryella exclaimed, dragged from the slough of despond by my confidence. "If you do, you can ask anything of me you want!"

My heart thrilled at the promise in her voice. With such a reward in sight I would have entered upon the labors of Hercules without a doubt in my own mind of accomplishing them.

I didn't know exactly what she meant, but I thought I would take a chance even though Jim Cooper had said they were engaged.

There was no time to be lost. Leaving Maryella to dress, I went down stairs to organize a posse to go in pursuit. My announcement that I was going to lead another party to recapture the escaped convicts met with scant enthusiasm on the part of the old soldiers. One and all they politely declined. Even the sheriff did not respond to the idea with any zest.

"How can we catch them?" he objected. "We've got to follow on foot and they've got my horse."

"From what I've seen of your horse," I replied, "I don't think we will have much trouble in beating him in the race."

"He is a good horse," the sheriff argued, "and he is only nineteen years old come next May."