

# The JOY of LIVING

By SIDNEY GOWING

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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(Continued from last week)

SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I.**—Disliking the prospect of a month's visit to her austere aunt, Lady Erythra Lamb, at Jervaulx abbey, and her cousin, Alexander Lamb, Almee, vivacious daughter of the Very Reverend Viscount Scroope, is in a rebellious mood.

**CHAPTER II.**—She wanders into the park, there encountering a strange youth in trouble with a motorcycle. He laughingly introduces himself as "Billy," American. The two cement the acquaintance by a ride on the motorcycle, the "Flying Sphinx," and part. With Georgina Berners, her cousin, Almee sets out for Jervaulx. On the way she decides that Georgina shall impersonate her at Jervaulx, while she goes on a holiday. Georgina's horrified protest is unavailing.

**CHAPTER III.**—Happy in her new freedom, Almee again meets "Billy." He tells her his name is Spencer, and she gives her name as Amy Spooks, at present "out of a job." Billy offers to take her into partnership in selling the Sphinx. In a spirit of madcap adventure, she accepts. The two proceed to the town of Stanhoe, taking separate lodgings in Ivy cottage.

**CHAPTER IV.**—That night Almee visits Georgina and learns that the deception has not been discovered. By her dominant personality, she compels Georgina to continue the subterfuge.

**CHAPTER V.**—On a trial spin next day on the Sphinx, with Billy, Almee almost collides with a carriage in which are her aunt, Georgina and Alexander. The pair escape unrecognized.

**CHAPTER VI.**—Georgina learns that Lord Scroope is coming to visit Lady Erythra and, realizing what will happen on his arrival, is in hopeless bewilderment.

**CHAPTER VII.**—While Almee is secretly visiting Georgina at Jervaulx, the place is burglarized. Almee escapes.

**CHAPTER VIII.**—Georgina learns, with much relief, that Almee has got away.

**CHAPTER IX.**—Police Inspector Panke decides that the robbery is the work of "Jack the Climber" and "Calamity Kate," noted thieves, who travel on a motorcycle.

**CHAPTER X**

**Action and More.**

Billy Spencer, sitting in his austere furnished bedroom, looked unusually thoughtful. The night was still young, but his candle was not lit. The whole house, indeed, was in darkness. He sat on the window sill and stared out into the night. At last he wandered back to the bedside, his hands thrust in his pockets.

"The partner," he said pensively, "has got something on her mind. A fellow doesn't need any X-rays to see that."

His lips curled down at the corners. "I'd give a lot to know what it is. I hate to seem inquisitive. But I'd hate a lot worse to have anything happen to the partner. An' I can sure smell trouble coming. She doesn't fear man or devil. But that isn't always goin' to help a girl. There's times when it's more useful to call up a husky with big feet—like me.

"She'd sure be mad if she thought I was interfering. And she can get mad—the partner. Gee! but she's great! The dinkiest thing that ever happened. But I don't like the way things are framing."

He stood for a while, as if listening; then sighed and lay down on the bed, fully dressed. In twenty seconds he was asleep, breathing regularly and easily.

It was a doglike sleep, of which some men hold the faculty, and very doglike was the manner in which Billy roused himself some hours later. In a moment he was broad awake, and swinging his legs off the bed, sat listening with cocked ears. He moved swiftly to the window and peered out. There was nothing to be seen. Billy remained where he was for some seconds, all his senses alert. Then, with a gesture of decision, he snatched up his cap, heaved himself out of the window, and climbed down the trellis. He came silently under Almee's bedroom window, glanced up at the open casement, took a little nickel torch from his vest pocket, and bent down. Shading the glow with his hand, he examined the soft soil be-



There Were Five Little Shoe Prints Visible.

neath the window. There were five unmistakable neat little shoe-prints visible; the first pair deep and pointing inwards to the wall, the others leading outwards.

Billy at once ran noiselessly round to the garden gate and peered up and down the lane. No one visible. He returned quickly, got a rake from the shed, and carefully raked over the footprints; also those beneath his own window. Then he made for the gate, and, after a moment's thought, unlocked the shed where the Flying Sphinx reposed.

He wheeled the cycle out, freed the engine, and tipped softly down the path with it. Not till he was clear of the lane and well out on the high road did Billy start the Sphinx, and then only at a very gentle pace. At an easy seven miles an hour he ambled along the road, heading for Jervaulx abbey.

It would have surprised Almee Scroope considerably had she guessed for one moment how far Billy was abreast of affairs. The careless, insouciant Billy, who seemed to live for nothing but the Sphinx, was infinitely more wideawake than people gave him credit for. The cool blue eyes missed very little; the brain behind them was able to connect facts together shrewdly. Almee had not the faintest suspicion that anybody at Ivy cottage knew she had made an unconventional exit by the window the night before. Billy, however, was perfectly well aware of the fact. Early that same morning, before setting off for Syderford, he had observed the footprints beneath her window, which, to a keen eye, told plainly that Almee had dropped from the trellis, and later on had regained her room by the same path.

Clearly the partner had made a midnight excursion for a very definite ob-

ject; people do not roam the countryside in the small hours for nothing. The incident of the carriage on the Stanhoe road puzzled Billy; he had mentioned the carriage casually to Mrs. Sunning—saying nothing about the collision—and learned that it could belong to none other than Lady Erythra of Jervaulx abbey. He was told a good deal about that establishment. It was easier to start Mrs. Sunning talking than to stop her.

Obviously, Amy had something to fear from Jervaulx; something that bound her to secrecy, and led her to run risks. It annoyed Billy that she should have anything to fear whatever.

"Sometimes," said Billy to himself, as the lodge gates of Jervaulx came in sight, "a broncho sily with the spring blood in her will get doin' stunts an' galloping among the gopher holes. When they do that they're liable to fall an' break a cannon-bone. It's the same with her. If she doesn't want me, why she doesn't. But if she does, I'm goin' to be right there."

He dismounted some little distance short of the park entrance. The dark pile of the abbey was visible, a quarter of a mile across the grasslands. Billy paused and reflected. The journey could be nothing more than a scouting expedition. He wished very much that he had been closer on Almee's tracks.

Just then he observed a light flash out in one of the abbey windows. Faint, tintinnabulatory sounds were borne to him upon the night breeze—the clanging of a bell. He watched the house with alert and thoughtful eyes. In a few moments two dim figures became visible, moving swiftly. An imaginative on-looker might have thought them to be goblins, gamboling across the sward. But they kept an uncommonly straight line, crossing the park and heading for a point a few hundred yards to Billy's right. Two people—running swiftly.

Billy followed them with his eyes. The foremost was long-limbed, scudding along with giant strides. The other, close behind, moved no less swiftly, but it was a figure of vague outlines, apparently wearing a cloak or dust-coat. They vanished from sight against the park fence where the lane turned.

"If that ain't a hold-up," said Billy, starting away from the fence, "there never was one yet!"

He heard the cough and splutter of a starting motorcycle under tall trees far up the lane. For one moment he listened, then made a dash for the Sphinx.

"A get-away!" said Billy. "My job!" He threw his leg over the Sphinx and whirled off round the corner. He lifted his chin and gave a joyous laugh, like the bay of a hound. The lust of the hunter was in his blood.

The rider ahead, already aware that he was being chased, let out his machine at breakneck speed. The ray from Billy's lamp showed him a man crouching low between the handlebars, his arms spread like the wings of a bat. On the pillion behind crouched a small, muffled figure.

"Give up!" shouted Billy, as he overtook them. "You can't make it. I've got you!"

A hand stretched out from the figure on the pillion, and emitted a barking flash of fire. It dazzled Billy for the moment. Something zipped through his hair; automatically his left hand tightened on the valve-lifter and the Sphinx slowed, allowing the other cycle to shoot ahead.

Billy made a lurid remark, and at once increased speed again to close with the fugitives. Right ahead the lane forked on to the main road, and thither the driver of the other cycle was obviously heading. But the lights of a car were in sight, approaching rapidly on the road. The rider of the cycle had evidently no ambition to meet it; at the last moment he swerved left and continued along the narrow lane.

Billy laughed aloud. "The guy's cornered himself!" he thought. "He's taken the blind alley. Me for him!"

The lane was very rutty and uneven. The cycle ahead had vanished round a bend; Billy, shutting off his engine, swung round it immediately afterward. As he did so he heard a crash. The driver of the other cycle, realizing too late that he was in a cul-de-sac, had swerved, braked violently, and came thoroughly to grief.

Billy sprang from the Sphinx, let-

ting her fall on her side with the headlight still glowing. The other cycle lay prostrate; a small heap was huddled beside it on the grass.

The taller man, the driver, was just staggering to his feet when Billy ran at him. The cyclist whipped out a repeating pistol.

A gun, at night, and in the hands of a shaken man, is much less certain than a fist with six feet of activity behind it. Billy's left dashed the pistol hand aside, the bullet spat impotently into the air, and his right came with a terrific upper-cut beneath the man's chin, lifting him off his feet to fall inert.

As he came down, something skipped and rolled away from him along the grass, in the ray of the Sphinx's headlight. With the swift instinct for loot Billy pounced upon it—a sumptuous looking little case of leather, with a clasp. Billy thrust it in his pocket and turned to the fallen man, who lay with closed eyes and his head moving faintly from side to side.

"Mighty slow with a gun," said Billy, stooping over him. "I'm going over you for the rest of the goods, Bud."

A moan from the other malefactor, lying by the fallen cycle, interrupted him. So pathetic and treble a moan was it that Billy started and jerked himself upright, staring.

"Lordy!" he gasped, with remorse and concern. "It's a woman!"

The discovery was disconcerting enough. But a thought shot through his brain that nearly paralyzed Billy. What woman was it?

He hurried to her side. She had already raised herself on one hand and seemed trying feebly to get up. Billy stooped over her.

"Much hurt?" he stammered. "Here—"

At that moment the fallen driver recovered and stirred. Billy turned his head toward him, with a quick instinct—the danger lay closer at hand.

The woman's hand was grasping a stone, and, as Billy turned, she brought her arm round with a sweep, swift as a striking snake. The chunk



He Fell as an Ox Falls.

of rock crashed full on the side of Billy's head. He fell as an ox falls, and lay still.

The woman staggered to her feet and ran to her prostrate companion.

"He's got his!" she panted. "You hurt, Jake?"

She helped the man to rise. He stood dazedly for a moment; the spinal jar from a knock-out under the point of the chin is terrific, but evanescent.

"Look lively an' beat it!" gasped the woman, hauling the motorcycle upright with surprising ease. "See if the bulgine'll run—we'll have the cops here next!"

"Got to settle with him!" said the man thickly, glancing at the prostrate Billy.

"He's all in, I tell you. Get her going!"

The man wrenched the motorcycle round, and fumbled at the feed and controls with nervous fingers. While he did so the woman snatched up another stone, and, running to the Sphinx, hammered on the engine and

the lever. She had dealt three or four lusty strokes when the other motorcycle came spitting and wobbling past her. The woman ran to it and swung herself up deftly behind. "Let her out. We'll clear yet!"

The motorcycle, coughing and missing fire badly, trundled back down the lane the way it had come. Jack the Climber leaned to the handle-bars, Calamity Kate, her arms tight round him, settled herself on the pillion. Together they whirled away into the darkness.

**CHAPTER XI**

**Confession.**

It was very dark and very quiet at the lane's end when Billy at last stirred, and, after an interval of slowly returning consciousness, managed to raise himself dizzily to a sitting position.

He pressed his hands to the side of his head and remained for awhile motionless, conscious of a damp warmth under his left palm. His eyes dwelt on a white, chalky stone, as big as a doubled fist, that lay on the grass beside him. Events began to reconnect themselves in a brain that still buzzed faintly.

"A granite skull," murmured Billy, not without a touch of pride, "isn't altogether a disadvantage in an argument."

He looked about him thoughtfully. Not far away something gleamed in a rut—a small repeating pistol. His late opponents had evidently left in too much of a hurry to take an inventory of their effects.

"She must have dropped that when the machine crashed," thought Billy. "She loosed it at me when I was riding up. Lucky for me she hadn't it just now. Some girl!"

He heaved himself to his feet unsteadily, made for a ditch where there was a glitter of water, and bathed the tender side of his head. The water revived him; save for a cut under his hair, no serious damage was done, though the blow might easily have cracked a weaker skull.

"I don't see that I shine much, over this job," said Billy despondently; "they sure handed it to me. Got right under my guard. Never thought of a woman sharing in a hold-up; an' yet I guess it's been done before."

He picked up the pistol, was about to pocket it, but altered his mind and flung it in the ditch. The other automatic was nowhere to be seen. Billy walked towards the Sphinx, the headlamp of which was now in darkness. His hand swung against a large lump projecting from the side of his coat. He halted and dragged out the leather case. Billy had forgotten its existence.

"Whr, here's something saved from the wreck!" he exclaimed. "They couldn't have seen me get it!"

(Continued on Page Five)

**NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.**

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned as administrator of the estate of C. F. Williams, deceased, has duly filed his Final Account in said estate in the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, and that Wednesday, the 14th day of February, 1923, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of said day, and the County Court room in the County Court House at Heppner, in said County and State, has been duly appointed by the said Court as the time and place for the proving of the same and hearing of any objections thereto.

Dated this 10th day of January, 1923.

W. P. MAHONEY,  
Administrator of the Estate  
of C. F. Williams, Deceased.

**NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL PROPERTY**

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of an execution duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow county by the Clerk of said Court on the 8th day of January, 1923, pursuant to a judgment duly rendered and entered in said Court on the 3rd day of March, 1922, in a certain action in said Court wherein Julian Rauch, was plaintiff and Frank Ayers, and J. B. Coxen, were defendants, and in which action the plaintiff recovered judgment against the said defendants for the sum of \$500.00, with interest thereon from the 14th day of January, 1920, at the rate of eight per cent per annum, less the sum of \$146.49 paid thereon February 20th, 1922, for the further sum of \$50.00, attorney's fees and \$21.00 cost and disbursements of said action, I will on Thursday, the 8th day of February, 1923, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon of said day at the front door of the Court House in the city of Heppner, Morrow county, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real property, situated in Morrow county, Oregon, to-wit:

The South half of the North-east quarter of Section 17 in Township 2 South of Range 25 East of Willamette Meridian.

The said real property is taken and levied upon as the property of the defendant, J. B. Coxen, and the said sale is made subject to confirmation by the said Court.

Dated this 9th day of January, 1923.

GEO. McDUFFEE,  
Sheriff.

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Cecil	Lv	10:20	3:20
Morgan	Lv	10:35	3:35
Ione	Lv	11:05	4:05
Lexington	Lv	11:30	4:30
Heppner	Ar	11:55	4:55
	TO ARLINGTON		
Heppner	Lv	9:00	4:00
Lexington	Lv	9:25	4:25
Ione	Lv	9:50	4:50
Morgan	Lv	10:05	5:05
Cecil	Lv	10:35	5:35
Arlington	Ar	11:55	6:55

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