

The JOY of LIVING

By **SIDNEY GOWING**

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

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thoughtfully emitting puffs of smoke. Then he replaced the case in his pocket and finished his cigarette, his smooth forehead wrinkling into tiny lines. Finally he rose and walked briskly towards the entrance lodge of Jervaux.

There was no electric bell in the great porch. He pulled a pendant handle of wrought iron, and was answered by an arched clanging inside. After a brief pause the doors were thrown open by Tarbeaux the butler. He looked at Billy inquiringly.

"I want to see the proprietor—on urgent business," said Billy. "Is he up yet?"

"If you mean Lady Erythea Lambe," said Mr. Tarbeaux with dignity, "her ladyship has not yet risen."

"I am a stranger here," said Billy, "but what I want you to do is get a message to her ladyship that it will be worth her while to see me as soon as convenient. Say I've important news about some property that's missing from here."

Mr. Tarbeaux became more alert. "Come this way," he said, and Billy followed him.

In less than ten minutes Lady Erythea arrived, pallid after her night of stress, but unconquerable, clad in a purple wrap. Billy turned to face that tremendous presence.

"What do you want to see me about?" she said sternly.

With his sunniest smile, Billy



Billy Laid Before Her the Lambe Emeralds.

opened the leather case and laid before her the Lambe emeralds.

CHAPTER XIII

"Very Good, My Lady."

"Do these interest you, madame?" said Billy simply.

Lady Erythea stared as though the green gems hypnotized her. Then, with a little gasp of joy, she lifted them from the case with trembling fingers. It was one of the rare occasions of her life when Lady Erythea exhibited emotion.

She laid down the necklace and looked at Billy as one might regard a materialized angel. Before she could speak, however, Mr. Alexander Lambe entered the room.

It has been said that Mr. Lambe's eyes were large. They expanded indescribably when he saw the Lambe necklace lying on the table. He closed the door softly behind him, and approached the table in an awestruck manner.

He glanced from the emeralds to Lady Erythea's face, and then, somewhat sternly, at Billy.

"How did you come by these?" said Lady Erythea, pointing to the emeralds. Suddenly she presented the ear-trumpet at Billy. "Explain!"

The ear-trumpet startled Billy a little. He felt—so he declared to Almee afterward—as if Lady Erythea had the drop on him. But his face, as he answered, was ingenuous as a baby's.

"I was passing by your park gates early this morning, on my way to Syderford. It was just one, and the house was dark. When I got to the place where the lane turns into the road I heard a motorcycle coming up behind, h—l for—coming mighty quick," said Billy, turning pink. "It came right by me, pretty near out of control. It hadn't any lights, there was a bend just ahead, and I heard it crash."

Billy delivered this with a beautiful fluency into the ear-trumpet.

"I just ran in on them," pursued

Billy, "for I didn't have to stop an figure it out that an outfit travelling that way with lights out at one in the morning was up to any good. They were just picking themselves up when I arrived, and they went for me—"

"Was it a man and a woman?" exclaimed Mr. Lambe.

"You've hit it, sir."

"My dear aunt!" cried Alexander, "the inspector told me, after you retired, that he suspected a man and a woman, on a motorcycle, of being the thieves! They can be no other than those people who ran into us yesterday on the Syderford road—"

"Hold your tongue, Alexander," interrupted Lady Erythea impatiently, "and allow this amazing young man to continue!"

"There was some scrap," said Billy diffidently, "maybe if there'd been two men I'd have done better, but the lady lugged me, and somehow I took the count. They knocked me out, and got away. But they left this behind them," he pointed to the case of emeralds, "and it looks like they never knew they'd lost it. I don't know, madam, if there was anything else of yours they got. If so, I'm very sorry I didn't attach it, and rope the two thieves for you as well. But, with the pair of them, it was rather a roughhouse. I did my best."

There was a flush of admiration on Lady Erythea's high cheek-bones.

"Yes, there were other jewels stolen," she said, "but their value is the merest trifle compared to what you have restored to me. These emeralds are my most priceless family possession. They are historic—nothing could have recompensed me for the loss of them. Your conduct has been not only intelligent, but extraordinarily gallant. May I ask your name?"

"Spencer, William Spencer."

"Mr. Spencer, it is impossible for me to express my gratitude in words. I thank you most heartily for what you have done; it is fortunate for me the emeralds fell into such good hands. Let me say that I was about to offer a reward for information leading to the recovery of the jewels; a reward of—"

Lady Erythea hesitated, and achieved an inward struggle—"one hundred pounds. But I must really ask you to accept a hundred and fifty."

Lady Erythea unlocked a desk, and produced a check-book. Billy flushed red.

"Madam," he said quietly, "the service I did you cost me nothing. I'm glad you have your jewels back. I'm a man who earns his living, but I don't accept gratuities. And people very scarcely ever offer them to me."

Lady Erythea turned somewhat pink in her turn. She slid the check-book aside.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with some embarrassment, mingled with relief and a touch almost of annoyance. "It was the least I could do. You will accept no recompense?"

"None, madam. Anyway not in money."

"You are not English, are you?"

"American. And a Westerner, at that."

"Ah! You have done me a great service. Is there nothing I can do for you?"

Before Billy could reply, Mr. Tarbeaux opened the door.

"Mindy, Inspector Panke—"

Mr. Tarbeaux's gaze fell on the emeralds. He was very human for a butler, and it took him a fraction of a second to recover himself.

"Inspector Panke urgently desires to see your ladyship at once."

"Show him in here," said Lady Erythea grimly.

Billy did not move an eyelid. It seemed to him that Mr. Lambe's solemn eyes were watching him rather intently. Inspector Panke appeared. It was a great day in the Lambe emeralds' history. The inspector was the fifth person in whom they caused intense emotion.

"Well, have you caught the thieves?" inquired Lady Erythea, acutely.

"No-no, my lady," stammered Inspector Panke, gazing at the necklace.

"Perhaps you had better enlist the services of Mr. Spencer," said her ladyship, with a wave of her hand toward Billy. "This young man has already found the emeralds and restored them to me."

"Then," said Panke, with a searching glance at Billy, "I should like a full account, at once, of how you came by the jewels."

"Sure," said Billy genially.

Mr. Lambe set chairs for them both. All four seated themselves; Lady Erythea, with an avid determination to keep abreast of affairs, held her ear-trumpet close to Billy and the policeman.

Billy repeated his tale with fuller detail this time, and described, not without a twinge of embarrassment, his downfall at the hands of Calamity Kate. Lady Erythea's lips tightened grimly, the description did not surprise her. The inspector had his book before him and made careful notes. At the conclusion he regarded Billy pensively, and with a touch of envy.

"It's a pity you didn't hang on to them, when you'd got them in hand," said Panke. "But, of course, we know what Calamity Kate is."

"Who?" echoed Billy.

Panke described briefly the popular names of the two thieves, and what little was known about them.

"And now, Mr. Spencer, I have some questions to put to you—for the information of the police. This happened between one and two o'clock. It is now seven. What became of you in the meantime?"

Billy turned to the light and allowed Panke to inspect the wound on the side of his head, only partially concealed by his hair.

"If you'd had that," said Billy, "I

guess you'd be lyin' on the grass yonder now!"

"A severe cut," said the inspector, impressed.

"And you lay unconscious there till daybreak?" exclaimed Lady Erythea, with intense sympathy.

"It might have been a week, for all I knew when I woke up. When I'd got my senses back, and made up my mind what to do," said Billy, "I came along here."

"Didn't it occur to you," said Panke, "that the right thing to do was to go to the police?"

"No. It occurred to me the first thing to do was to get the stuff straight back to its owner."

"And perfectly right, too!" said Lady Erythea sharply.

"How did you know," persisted Panke, "that the necklace belonged here?"

(Continued next week)

REBEKAH LODGE, HOLD PIE-SOCIAL

Ladies of the Rebekah Degree, I. O. O. F., held a pie social last Friday evening which is said to have been a remarkable success, both socially and financially.

A feature of the program was the shadow pictures, the audience being permitted to guess the originals of the shadows which some of the b-guessers did when the guessing was good.

A good crowd was in attendance.

HAY MARKET SHOWS STRONG UPWARD TREND

L. A. Hunt, manager of the Oregon Co-operative Haygrowers, sends out the following news article relative to the present situation in the hay market:

Some time ago the fear was expressed that unless most favorable weather should continue until spring, the Northwest would face a real hay shortage.

The storm of December and the cold weather of the past month bring this prophecy very much nearer realization.

Indications point to sufficient hay to last Oregon feeders, if it were not for the demand for Oregon hay in Washington. The Yakima valley is rapidly cleaning up and some dealers have expressed the opinion that there will not be sufficient hay to last more than another four weeks.

Hay is now being shipped from the Hermiston section to the Seattle market and western hay dealers are already considering the importation of California hay. Dealers are now offering farmers \$23.00 at country points.

Even with the most favorable weather conditions from now until spring, there will not be enough hay in the Northwest to meet the demand and it is entirely probable that the only limit set to prices will be that fixed by the California market.

DEVINE-TOLEFSON

A quiet wedding was solemnized here last Thursday, February 8th, when Miss Alma Tolefson, of Walla Walla, was united in marriage to Mr. Paul Devine, of near Lexington. Rev. J. R. L. Haslam performed the ceremony at his residence, immediately following which the happy couple left for Portland to spend the honeymoon.

The bride is a trained nurse by profession and came here several months ago in the line of her duties and has since made many friends in this country. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Devine, well known wheat growers of the country north of Lexington.

Upon their return from Portland, the newlyweds will reside at the Devine ranch home.

OMER REITMAN MARRIED

It will be a surprise to many of our readers to learn that Omer Reitman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Reitman, was married to Miss Ellen Freiler, of Ashland, Ore., December 17, 1922. The bride is a most charming young woman who once lived in Hoppen where her father was a bank cashier. She is a student at the O. A. C. and will graduate next June before taking up her household duties. Omer, or "Dutch" as he is known to everyone in this section of the state, is one of this county's largest and most successful ranchers, a finished base ball player and a prince of good fellows. The happy couple spent a short honeymoon in Southern California.—Ione Independent.

SOME GAME

A man passing a lot where two colored teams were playing base ball, asked the man on first base how the score stood. He replied, "forty to nothing, favor the other side."

"Well, they seem to be giving you quite a beating."

"No, sah," replied the darky, "We ain' been to bat yet."

MODERN HIEROGLYPHICS

"I beg your pardon, sir, but what is your name?" the teller politely asked the man presenting a check.

"Name," echoed the indignant customer, "don't you see my signature on the check?"

"I do," answered the teller. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

ILLUSTRATED LECTURE ON PALESTINE AND TURKEY

Mr. Sigbee has been very fortunate in securing for the people of Heppner and vicinity a series of two lectures to be given by Professor and Mrs. Cook, who have just returned from Constantinople.

Mr. Sherman R. Cook has been a professor in Robert College in Constantinople for the past three years. Both Professor and Mrs. Cook are graduates of Columbia University of New York City. While in the Near East they spent months in Palestine, Egypt, and Greece. They have just returned from a four months' stay in war-ridden Europe, so they can follow things look "over there" now.

On Wednesday evening, February 14th, at 8:00 o'clock, Mrs. Cook will give a very interesting lecture on "Come With Me Through Palestine." She will tell us something of new Jerusalem, Bethany, Bethlehem, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Mount of Olives, the Sea of Galilee, and other interesting places look at the present time. This is an event that should not be missed by anyone.

Professor Cook invites you to spend "A Day in Constantinople" with him, Thursday evening, Feb. 15 at 8:00. Both of these lectures will be illustrated with slides and with native costumes. In fact a part of each lecture will be given while they are dressed in their costumes. Prof. Cook will show some of the native Turkish tools and how they are used.

In the latter part of Prof. Cook's lecture he will discuss some of the problems confronting the Near East and Europe. Should we join the league of nations? Should we have an active representative on the reparations committee and at the Lausanne conference? Is France doing the wisest thing by occupying the mining section of Ruhr? Should England have supported France in this step? These are only a few of the questions which will be discussed at this second meeting. Come prepared to ask questions and to take part in the discussion which will follow the lecture.

A GOOD FAMILY LAUNDRY

Judge: "What's your occupation, Rastus?"

Rastus: "Ise a business man, yo' honor. Ise manager ob a fambly laundry."

Judge: "What is the name of that laundry?"

Rastus: "De name ob dat laundry is 'Liza, yo' honor.'"—Selected.

DR. PHELPS CELEBRATES 85th BIRTHDAY

A. M. Phelps returned Wednesday evening from Vancouver, Washington, where he and Mrs. Phelps attended a family re-union party celebrating the birthday of his father, Rev. Dr. Phelps. Mrs. Phelps returned Friday evening.

Rev. Dr. Phelps, who is 85 years young, is well known here, having acted as pastor of the Federated church for several months two or three years ago, but being forced to give up the work and seek a lower altitude for health reasons. Dr. Phelps was for many years one of the best known Presbyterian clergymen in the Mississippi valley and was long president of an Iowa college. He has retired from active work but is still in demand as a speaker at the Rotary and other clubs in his city and is also credited with tying a first-class nuptial knot, an industry for which Vancouver has long been famous.

A meeting of the local base ball enthusiasts was held a few days ago and arrangements perfected for organization of a first-class team for the coming season. Bert Mason was elected manager and Arch Cochran captain. An endeavor will be made to get Rocky again on the team as pitcher, and there is said to be considerable new talent about here which will be available if needed.—Ione Independent.

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