



Illustrations PAUL ROBINSON

Edwin LeGrand Sabin

as not some Injun. A devil, and as slick as they make 'em. She's a power too white for him, herself, but he uses her and some day he'll kill her. You're not the first gudgeon she's hooked, to feed him."

Now I saw all, or enough. I had received no more than I reserved.

"Just why Montoyo struck his woman I don't know," the teamster went on. "Do you?"

"Yes! She had cautioned me and he must have heard her. And she showed which was the right card. I don't understand that."

"To save her face and egg you on. Shore! Your twenty dollars was nothin'. She didn't know you were busted. Next time she'd have steered you to the tune of a hundred or two and cleaned you proper. You hadn't been worked along, yet, to the right pitch of smartness. Montoyo must have mistook her! Well now what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I must find and earn enough to get home with." To write for funds was impossible through very shame. "Home's the only place for a person of my greenness."

"Let me make you a proposition," he said. "I'm on my way to Salt Lake with a bull outfit and I'm in need of another man. I'll give you a dollar and a half a day and found."

"You are teaming west, you mean?" I asked.

"Yes, sir. Freightin's across. Mule-whackin'."

"But I never drove spans in my life; and I'm not in shape to stand hardships," I faltered. "I'm here for my health. I have—"

"Stow all that, son," he interrupted. "Forget your lungs, lights and liver and stand up a full-sized man. In my opinion you've had too much doctorin'. A month with a bull train, a diet of beans and sow-belly, and you can look anybody in the eye and tell him to go to hell! This roarin' town life—it's no life for you. It's a bob-tail, wide open in the middle."

"Sir," I said gratefully, "may I let you find in the morning? Where will I find you?"

"We arranged to meet next day and I returned to the hotel, having paid in advance.

Gazing neither right or left, I strode resolutely for the exit, but at the door I was halted by a hand laid



Forgetful of my revolver, with a blow I sent him reeling backward.

upon my arm, and a quick utterance. "Not goin'? At least say good-night!"

I barely paused, replying to her, "Good-night."

Still she would have detained me. "Oh, no, no! Not this way. It was a mistake. I swear to you I am not to blame. Please let me help doctorin'."

I don't know what you've heard about me—you are angry—"

I twitched free. With such a she, a vampire and yet a woman, a man's safety lay not in words but in unequivocal action.

"Good-night," I bade thickly. Bearing with me a satisfying but somehow annoying persistent imprint of moist blue eyes under shimmering hair, I roughly stalked on and out, free of her, free of the Big Tent, her lair!

In the morning as I left the hotel

the clerk handed me a note.

It could have been sent by only one person—the superscription, dainty and feminine, betrayed it. That woman was still pursuing me!

Couldn't she understand that I was no longer a fool, that I had wrenched absolutely loose from her and that she could do nothing with me? I was minded to tear the note to fragments, unread, and contemptuously scatter them. Had she been present I should have done so, to show her.

But around a corner, I tore the envelope open. The folded paper contained a five-dollar bank note.

That was enough to pump the blood to my face with a rush. It was an insult—a shame. With cheeks twitching I managed to read the lines accompanying the note:

Sir: You would not permit me to explain to you to-night, therefore I must write. The recent affair was a mistake. I had no intention that you should lose, and I supposed you were in more funds. I insist upon speaking with you. You shall not go away in this fashion. You will find me at the Elite Cafe, at a table, at ten o'clock in the morning. And in case you are a little short I beg of you to make use of the enclosed, with my best wishes and apologies. You may take it as a loan. I am utterly miserable. E. Half unconsciously wadding both money and paper in my hands as if to squeeze the last drop of rancor from them I swung on.

"Mr. Beeson! Wait. Please wait." I had to turn about to avoid the further degradation of acting the part to her, an inferior.

"I've been waiting since daylight," she panted, "and watching the hotel. I was afraid you wouldn't answer my note, so I slipped around and cut in on you."

"I know where you're going. George Jenks has engaged you. You don't have to turn bull-whacker or mule-skinner! It's a hard life; you're not fitted for it—never, never. Leave Benton if you will. Let us go together."

"Your husband, madam," I prompted.

"Montoyo? He is no husband to me. I could kill him—I will do it yet, to be free from him."

"My good name, then," I taunted. "I might fear for my good name more than I'd fear a man."

"But I'm not asking you to marry me," she said. "I'm not asking you to love me as a paramour, sir. Please understand! Treat me as you will; as a sister, a friend, but anything human. Oh, I'm so tired of myself; I can't run true, I'm under false colors. And there is Montoyo—bullying me, enjoying me, watching me. But you were different! I foolishly wished to help you, but last night the play went wrong. And Montoyo struck me—me, in public! Oh, why couldn't I have killed him. You'll say I'm in love with you. Perhaps I am—quite sane? I only ask a kind of partnership—the encouragement of some decent man near me. I have money; plenty till we both get a footing. But you wouldn't live on me; no! I would be glad merely to tide you over, if you'd let me. And I—I'd be willing to wash floors in a restaurant if I might be free of insult. You, I'm sure, would at least protect me. Wouldn't you? You would, wouldn't you? Say something, sir." She paused, acquiver. "Shall we go? Will you help me?"

For an instant her appeal, of swimming blue eyes, upturned face, tensed grasp, breaking voice, awayed me. But I resolved not to be snarled again.

"Impossible, madam," I uttered. "This is final. Good-morning."

She staggered and with magnificent but futile last flourish clapped both hands to her face. Gazing back, as I hastened, I saw her still there, leaning against a wall.

(Continued next week)

DATES OF PLOWING.

Morrow county farmers are, on the whole, completely sold on the system of early spring plowing. Farm results check very closely with the results obtained from 1913 to 1925 at the Moro Experiment Station, where April 1 plowing shows an average yield of 28 bushels per acre, May 1 plowing 22.3 bushels, and June 1 plowing 22.3 bushels.

The Morrow County District Pomona Grange will meet at Morgan, Saturday, April 2 at 10:00 a. m. An open meeting will be held in the afternoon and a good program is being lined up by the Pomona Lecturer.

# Public Sale

at what is known as the CHAS. HUSTON PLACE, 3 miles north of Eight Mile Postoffice on

Saturday, March 5th

Beginning promptly at 10:30 a. m., the following will be sold:

- 1 Bay Mule named John.
- 1 Bay Mule named Kit.
- 1 Brown Mule named Mutt.
- 1 Black Mule named Matt.
- 1 Black Mule named Francis.
- 1 Brown Mule named Bunny.
- 1 Brown Mule named Jude.
- 1 Bay Mule named Bell.
- 1 Bay Mule named Jack.
- 1 Brown Mule named Skukum.
- 1 Black Mule named Kate.
- 1 Brown Mule named Jack.
- 1 Grey Mare Horse named Ruth.
- 1 Blue Gelding Horse named Blutch.
- 1 Bay Mare named Lady.
- 1 Bay Gelding named Ginger.
- 1 Blue Mare named Bally.
- 1 Blue Gelding named Prince.
- 1 Spotted Mare named Spott.
- 1 Black Gelding named Sharkey.
- 1 Black Gelding named Dempsey.
- 1 Black Mare named Colley.
- 1 10-ft. Double Disc.
- 1 16-ft. Wooden Harrow.
- 1 20-Disc Empire Drill.
- 1 22-Disc Superior Drill.
- 1 4-Section Weeder.
- 2 Iron Truck Wagons.
- 2 3-in. Winona Wagons with Racks.
- 1 3 1-4 in-Winona Wagon with Rack.
- 12 Sets Hip Strap Harness.
- 14 Collars.
- 1 Blacksmith Outfit complete.
- 2 Three-Bottom Oliver Plows.
- 15 Sacks Bluestem Wheat.
- 49 Sacks Forty Fold Wheat, treated.
- Part of Stack Wheat Hay.
- 1 Bay Horse named Pete, 5 yrs. old, wt. 1100.
- 1 Bay Mule named Mollie, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
- 1 Black Mule named Nettie, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1200.
- 1 Black Mule named Buck, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
- 1 Sorrel Mule named Babe, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1200.
- 1 Sorrel Mule named Red, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
- 1 Grey Mule named Rose, 5 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
- 1 Black Mule named Nibbs, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
- 1 Black Mule named Bobbie, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
- 1 12-ft. Peoria Disc Drill.
- 1 3-Bottom Oliver Plow.
- 1 16-ft. Iron Harrow.
- 1 8-ft. Disc, Clark.
- 1 Hero Fanning Mill.
- 1 Set Blacksmith Tools.
- 1 Winona Wagon and Rack.
- 1 Weber Wagon.
- 1 500-gallon Water Tank.
- 9 Sets Chain Harness.

## LUNCH SERVED AT 12:30

Terms of Sale: Cash in hand, all sums of \$20.00 and under. All sums over \$20.00 secured bankable notes, due on or before Sept. 1, 1927, at 7 p'rc't interest

# W. H. WEHRUNG, Agent

B. F. Sevdy, Auctioneer Victor G. Peterson, Clerk



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The Roadster . . . \$525	Sport Cabriolet . . . \$715	1/2-Ton Truck (Chassis only) . . . \$395
The Coupe . . . \$625	The Landau . . . \$745	Balloon tires now standard on all models.

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Heppner, Oregon

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