as not some Injun. A devil, and as

slick as they make 'em. She's a pow-er too white for him, herself, but he

uses her and some day he'll kill her. You're not the first gudgeon she's

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

"Jest why Montoyo struck his we an I don't know," the teamster went n. "Do you?"

hooked, to feed him."



What's Gone Before.

It is 1868 and the Pacific Railroad has reached its newest "farthest west"-Benton, Wyoming, a town described as "roaring," as each new

terminus, temporarily, was.

Frank Beeson, a young man from
Albany, N. Y., comes here because
he is in search of health and Benton
is considered "high and dry."

Edna Montoyo, a fellow passenger on the train from Omaha, impresses Beeson with the beauty of her blue eyes and the style of her apparel. Equally she astonished him by taking a "smile" of brandy before breakfast A brakeman tells Beeson she has "fol-lowed her man" to Benton.

Jim, a typical western ruffian whom she knows apparent well insults and is floored by Beeson whose prowess impresses the passengers. Col. Lunderson and "Bill" Brady

volunteer to entertain young Beeson. Frank avoids being caught by any of the numerous gambling games, but is robbed of all his money.

At the "Big Tent" Beeson again meets the Lady of the Blue Eyes. At "Monte" someone turns up the cor-ner of the winning Queen of Hearts and Beeson, his whole \$22 bet on it, turns the card-which instead of being the Queen is the Eight of Clubs.

Awakening.

My fingers left it as though it were a snake. The eight of clubs! Where I had seen, in fancy, the queer of hearts, there lay like a changeling the eight of clubs, with corners bent as only token of the transformation. "We can't both win, gentlemen," the gambler said. "But I am willing to give you one more chance, from a

to give you one more chance, from a new deck."

What the response was I did not know, nor care. My ears drummed and seeing nothing I pushed through into the open, painfully conscious that I was flat penniless and instead of having played the knave I nad played the fool, for the—queen of hearts!

The loss of some twenty dollars might have been a trivial matter to me once—but here I had tost my all, whether large or small; and not only had been bilked out of it—I had bilked myself out of it by sinking, in pretended smartness, below the level of a mere artful dodger! I heard My Lady speaking beside

"I'm so sorry." She laid hand up

The COACH

on my sleeve. "You should have been ! little, and smiled, ly lead. Next time-

"You have me covered, sir. My hand is in the discard." He composed-blurted. "I am cleaned out."
"You don't mean—?"
"I was first robbed at the hotel Now here."
"No, no!" she opposed. Jim sidled us. "That was a bungle, Jim."
He ruefully scratched his head.
"A wrong steer for once, I reckon."
"A wrong steer for once, I reckon."
"A wrong steer for once, I reckon." "A wrong steer for once, I recken on me, a hard unforgiving look upon y thunder, I want revenue on this the lady; with a bow he turned for int and I mean to get it. So do you, on't you, pardner?" he appealed to back to his table.

Now in the reaction I fought described.

As with mute, sickly denial I turned perately against a trembling of the way it seemed to me that I sensed knees; there were congratulations, a "Yes. shifting ef forms at the monte ta-ble-caught the words "You watch here a moment"; and close following all miles that I words the monte ta-ble caught the words "You watch the arm of the teamster through mine and his bluff invitation: "Come and have a drink."

My Lady's shoulder. It whirled her about, to face the rambler. His smooth olive countenance was dark with a venom or rage incarnate that poisoned the air: his

incurrate that poisoned the air; his word; my brain was in a smother. "You devil! I heard you, at the table. You meddle with my comeons, will you?" And he alapped her fab, lady. We've got matters of importance jest at present." smacked. "Now get out o' here or I'll kill you."

She flamed red, all in a single rush of blood.

"Oh!" she breathed. Her hand of courtesy to this man who had

of blood.

"Oh!" she breathed. Her hand of courtesy to this man who had darted for the pocket of her skirt, but saved my life. I sprung between the two. Forgetful of my revolver, with a blow I sent him ently past history—if it merited even that distinction. The place had re-

reeling backward. He recovered. With lightning movement he thrust his right hand into sumed its program of dancing play-his waistcoat pocket.

I heard a rush of feet, a clamor of a pistol shot was of no great moment pices; and all the while, I was tugging, awkward with deadly peril at

His fingers had waipped free of the sight (for my eyes were held strong-ly by his) the twin little black muz-zies of a derringer concealed in his ly by his) the twin little black muz-zies of a derringer concealed in his palm; a spasm of fear pinched me, they spurted, with ringing report, but just at the instant a flanneled arm "You mean the lady with the blue just at the instant a flanneled arm knocked his arm up, the ball had sped ceilingward and the teamster of the gambling table stood against him, reolver barrel boring into his very

"Stand pat, Mister, I call yout" In a trice all entry of the unpleas-ant emotion vanished from my antag-imputiently. nist's handsome face, leaving it alive "She's bound to Monteyo. He's a inted, cameo, inert. He steadied a breed, some Spanish, some white, like

"You have me covered, sir. My

"But you'll return. You must!

vant to speak with you!"
It was My Lady, pleading earnest-

ly. I still could scarcely utter a word; my brain was in a smother.

We found a small table in a corner. The affair upon the floor was appar-

n the Big Tent,
"You had a narrow shave," my

friend remarked as we seated our-

He then proceeded to tell me that he whole thing was crooked.

yes?"
"Don't you savvy that your 'lady's

Montoyo's wife-his woman, any

"Mentoyo? Who's Mentoyo?"
"The monte thrower! That same pieler who trimmed us," he rapped

"She's bound to Montoyo. He's

"Yes! She had cautioned me and e 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 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 o' smartness. Montoyo must ha' 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 now 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 Sait 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? "Yes, sir. Freightin's across, Mule wheakin'."

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

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 menth with a bull train, a diet of beans and sow-belly, and you can look anybody in the eye and tell 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 know in the morning? Where will I find you?"

We arranged to meet next day and

advance. Gazing neither right or left, I free of her, free of the Big Tent, her trode resolutely for the exit, but at he door I was halted by a hand laid. In the morning as I left the hoel

Bay Mule named John.

Bay Mule named Kit.

Brown Mule named Mutt.

Black Mule named Matt.

Black Mule named Francis.

Brown Mule named Bunny.

Brown Mule named Jude.

Brown Mule named Skukum.

Grey Mare Horse named Ruth

1 Blue Gelding Horse named

Bay Mare named Lady. Bay Gelding named Ginger.

Blue Mare named Bally.

Blue Gelding named Prince.

Spotted Mare named Spott.

Black Gelding named Demp-

1 Black Mare named Colley.

Blutch.

Black Mule named Kate.

Brown Mule named lack.

Bay Mule named Bell.

Bay Mule named Jack.



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

pon my arm, and a quick utterance. "Not goin'? At least any good-

I barely paused, replying to her, Good-night."
Still she would have detained me.

Still she would have detained me.

"Oh, no, no! Not this way. It churi to her, an inferior.

was a mistake. I swear to you I am not to blame. Please let me help you. I don't know what you've heard I was afraid you wouldn't answer my lon't know what has been said note, so I slipped around and cut in about me-you are angry—"

on you."

ing with me a satisfying but some-how annoying persistent imprint of gether. moist blue eyes under shimmering hair, I roughly stalked on and out, ed

the clerk handed me a note. It could have been sent by only on

serion—the superscription, dainty and feminine, betrayed it. That woone was still pursuing met Couldn't she understand that I was a longer a fool, that I had wrenches beclutely loose from her and that he could do nothing with me? ne minded to tear the note to fragsetter them. Had she been present should have done so, to show her. But around a corner, I tore the en-celope open. The folded paper con-ained a five-dollar bank note. That was enough to pump the blood ony face with a rush. It was an ngult-a shame. With cheeks twitchmpanying the dole:

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 the holder in the morning. And in case you are a little short I beg of you to make use of the en-closed, with my best wishes and apologies. You may take it as a loan. I am utterly miserable. E. Half unconsciously wadding both oney and paper in my hands as if to queeze the last drop of rancor from

em I swung on.
"Mr. Beeson! Wait. Please wait." I had to turn about to avoid the further degradation of acting the

a vampire and yet a woman, a man's safety lay not in words but in unquivocal action.

"Good-night," I bade thickly. Bearlow annoying real satisfying but some ow annoying real satisfying but some of the same of skinner! It's a hard life; you're not plowing 25.2 bushels, and June 1

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

The light 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 aster, a friend, but anything human. Oh, I'm so tired of myself; I can't run true, I'm under false colora. And there is Montoyo-bullying me, cajoling 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—quien sabe? 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; ne! I would be glad mersly 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 the contraction of the same of the contraction. free of insult. You, I'm sure, would at least protect me. Wouldn't you? You would, wouldn't you? Say some-thing, sir." She paused, acquiver, "Shall we go? Will you help me?" For an instant her appeal, of wimming blue eyes, upturned face, ensed grasp, breaking voice, swayed se. But I resolved not to be snarled

ngain.
"Impossible, madam," I utterer. 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, lean-ing against a wall.

(Continued next week)

DATES OF PLOWING. Morrow county farmers are, on the 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 22.2 bushels.

The Morrow County District Pomona Grange will meet at Morgan, Saturday, April 2 at 10:00 s. m. An "Montoyo? He is no husband to open meeting will be held in the af-me. I could kill him—I will do it yet, ternoon and a good program is being

1 Black Mule named Buck, 7

1 Sorrel Mule named Babe, 7

1 Sorrel Mule named Red, 6

1 Grey Mule named Rose, 5 yrs.

1 Black Mule named Nibbs, 6

1 Black Mule named Bobbie, 6

yrs. old, wt. 1000.

yrs. old, wt. 1000.

1 12-ft. Peoria Disc Drill.

1 3-Bottom Oliver Plow.

1 8-ft. Disc, Clark.

1 Hero Fanning Mill.

Weber Wagon.

9 Sets Chain Harness.

Set Blacksmith Tools.

1 500-gallon Water Tank.

Winona Wagon and Rack.

yrs. old, wt. 1000.

yrs. old, wt. 1200.

yrs. old, wt. 1000.

old, wt. 1000.

ublicSa

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 10-ft. Double Disc.

1 16-ft. Wooden Harrow.

1 20-Disc Empire Drill.

1 4-Section Weeder.

Racks.

Rack.

treated.

Black Gelding named Sharkey 1 Bay Mule named Mollie, 7

14 Collars.

2 Iron Truck Wagons.

2 3-in. Winona Wagons with

1 3 1-4 in- Winona Wagon with

12 Sets Hip Strap Harness.

1 Blacksmith Outfit comptele. 2 Three-Bottom Oliver Plows.

15 Sacks Bluestem Wheat.

Part of Stack Wheat Hay.

old, wt. 1100.

1 Bay Horse named Pete, 5 yrs.

yrs. old, wt. 1000.

yrs. old, wt. 1200.

1 Black Mule named Nettie, 7

49 Sacks Forty Fold Wheat, 1 16-ft. Iron Harrow.

1 22-Disc Superior Drill.

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W. H. WEHRUNG, Agent

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Victor G. Peterson, Clerk