



What's Gone Before.

Frank Beeson, from Albany, New York, reaches Denton, Wyoming, then—1888—western terminus of the Pacific Railroad. He had been ordered by physicians to seek a climate "high and dry." He is robbed of most of his money in his hotel and loses his last twenty dollars at monte in "The Big Tent," a dance hall and gambling resort in the "roaring" town of Denton.

"Go whar yu belong, yu Jezebel! Then I'll tend to this—" The rabid epithet leveled at me I shall not repeat. "Be careful what you say, Daniel. No man on this earth can speak to me like that." All his face flushed livid with a sneer, merging together yellow freckles and tanned skin. "Can't, can't he? I kin an' I do. Now yu git. I've stood yore fast-an'-loose plenty. I mean business. Git! Whar yu'll be safe. I'll not hold off much longer."

ed every movement preliminary to the onset! Bullets were too slow and easy! I did not see his revolver; I saw but the hulk of him and the intolerable sneer of him, and that his flesh was ready to my fingers. And quicker than his hand I was upon him, into him, clinching him, clinging to him, arms binding him, legs twisting around his, each ounce of me greedy to crush him down and master him.

Into the Night CHAPTER X.

A meeting between My Lady and me brought on, not long after, the expected crisis. As we talked, suddenly I saw Daniel nearing, striding rapidly, straight for us, a figure portentous in the fading glow, bringing the storm with him. She saw, too. Her eyes widened, startled, surveying not him, but me. "Please go. I'll keep him."

So there I stood, amidst silence, gaping foolishly, breathing hard, my smoking revolver in my fingers.



stalling arms; gave him all my weight and strength; smelled the sweat of him, startled into his snarling race, close beneath mine.

Presently I had him crucified: his one outstretched arm under my knees, his other arm tethered by my two hands, my body across his chest, while his legs threshed vainly.

He strained again, convulsive; and relaxed. "Nuff!" he panted through bared teeth. "Lemme up, Mister."

On a sudden, as he faced me, his hand shot downward—I heard the surge and shout of men and women, to the stinging report of his revolver ducked aside, felt my own gun explode in my hand (and how it came there I did not know—beheld him spin around and collapse; an astonishing sight).

So there I stood, amidst silence, gaping foolishly, breathing hard, my revolver smoking in my fingers and my enemy in a shockingly prone posture at my feet, gradually reddening the white of the torn soil.

He was upon his face, his revolver hand outflung. He was harmless. The moment had arrived and passed. I was standing here alive. I had killed him!

Figures rushed in between. Hands grasped me, impelled me away, through a haze; voices spoke in my ear while I feebly resisted, a warm salty taste in my throat.

"I killed him. I didn't want to kill him. He made me do it. He shot first."

"Yes, yes," they said soothingly. "Shore he did; shore you didn't. It's all right. Come along, come along."

As they hustled me onward the world had grown curiously darkened, and I dimly wondered whether I was dying myself. Across a great distance we stumbled by the wagons and halted at a fire.

Hands were rummaging at my left arm; a handage being wound about. "Did I kill him?" I bemoaned. "Not that! I didn't aim—I don't know how I shot—but I had to. Didn't I?"

"You did! He'll not bother you ag'n. She's yours."

"That hurt."

"Is Mr. Beeson hurt? Badly? Where is he? Let me help."

"No, he's all right, ma'am."

"I'm all right, I assure you," I mumbled thickly, and helpless as a babe to the clinging of her cold fingers.

The group about me dissolved. Jenks seated himself close beside me. "Your arm won't trouble you," he

said. "Just a flesh wound. You two can eat and rest a bit, and if you set out 'fore moon-up you can easy get clear. We'll furnish mounts and grub and anything else you need."

"Mounts!" I blurted. "Set out, you say? You mean that I—should run away? I'll not leave the train and neither shall she, until the proper time. Or do I understand that you disown us?"

"Hold on," Jenks bade. "Tain't a question of disownin' you. But you've killed one o' the Mormons, the wagon boss's son; and when he comes in the mornin' demandin' of you for trial by his Mormons, what can we do? We'll take the chance on sneakin' you both away and facin' the old man."

"I think we'd best go," I agreed. "It's the only way."

And it was. We were twain in menace to the outfit, and to each other, but inseparable. We were yoked.

The fact appalled. It gripped me coldly. I seemed to have bargained for her with fat and bullet, and won her; now I should appear to carry her off as my booty; a wife and a gambler's wife. Yet such must be!

"Moon'll be up in a couple o' hours,"

Jenks said. "I'd advise you to take an hour's start of it, so as to get away easier. If you travel straight south you'll strike the stage road in the mornin'. When you reach a station you'll have 'chance either way."

"I have money," she said; and sat erect.

For the first half mile we rode without a word.

What her thoughts were I might not know, but they sat heavy upon her, closing her throat with the torture of vain, self-reproach. That much I sensed. But I could not reassure her. My own thoughts were so grievous as to crush me with aching woe.

This then, was I; somebody who had just killed a man, had broken from the open trail and was riding the knee not where, through darkness worse than night, himself an outlaw with an outlawed woman—at the best a chance woman, an adventuring woman—now the spoil of killing!

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MAKING THE FARM PAY - - By Old Man Economy

Advertisement for John Deere machinery. It features an illustration of a man operating a John Deere pump. Text includes: "I'VE ALWAYS LIKED THE LOOKS OF YOUR JOHN DEERE ENGINE, HANK. IT'S SO TRIM AND NEAT WITH ALL GEARS ENCLOSED." "IT'S A REAL LABOR SAVER, JIM. WE USE IT FOR PUMPING WATER, SEPARATING CREAM, WASHING CLOTHES, GRINDING FEED AND A DOZEN OTHER JOBS. IT DOESN'T COST MUCH TO RUN IT AND IT NEVER NEEDS REPAIRS BECAUSE ALL WORKING PARTS RUN IN A BATH OF OIL." The ad is for Peoples Hardware Co. and includes the John Deere logo with the slogan "PRIDE" and "THE MARK OF QUALITY MADE FAMOUS BY GOOD IMPLEMENTS". At the bottom, it says "At this Store You Get QUALITY AND SERVICE".

Down come High Prices We are going to sell for Strictly Cash saving customers money and meeting Cash Store Prices.

SIMPLASH! GO HIGH PRICES

We Must Have CASH to meet our bills and to raise cash we have cut the prices on our entire stock for quick selling.

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We offer further reductions on our goods so they will sell. All must go quickly. Buy now! SAVE!

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