

WHO'S WHO

Jeanne Beaufort, beautiful daughter of a Virginia planter, has lost her father and two brothers in the Civil War. (The year 1864.) She swears to Mrs. Wetmore, her aunt, that she

will carry out the Biblical injunction for vengeance—"an eye for an eye!" While at Richmond she meets Henry Morgan, a debonair young officer, who falls in love with her. She repels his advances. She is engaged as a spy for the Confederate government and urged to use all the

when and power of her sex to find one
Parson Kennedy and bring him
within the Southern lines. It is planned to have her make headquarters with a family of southern sympathy in Washington. Jeanne learns tele-graphy and other technical branches of her new calling. And clad as a boy often in the Blue of the North, she makes her way through the lines. She learns of an organization of eleven Union spics and of their meet-ing place in a Richmond loft, As she overhears the leader address the masked men seated about a table, Jeanne is discovered and dragged into the room. The leader unmasks as he threatens her with death, but is dissunded from shooting her by the sug-gestion from one of the men that one of their number marry her. She consents and when one of the masked

men volunteers to marry she refuses and claims the right to choose. She rejects the volunteer and se-lects the one who suggested the marriage. Him she names "Irony." To her surprise the leader is no other than Parson John Kennedy. He per-forms the ceremony. "Irony" says his name is among those who sign as witnesses. (just before they leave witnesses, (just before they leave her bound), in the following code

John Kennedy, D.D. C-WG-L H-RD-M G-RD-A J-NK-F F-WG-S W-BE-H Later Jeanne learns that Morgan is

CHAPTER IV

In the little station at Fair Oaks, for her aunt. She sat down before some ten miles out of Richmond, a the mirror, picked up a pair of bright telegraph operator sat before his in-

At midnight he became galvanized into action. He ran outside to the station platform, glanced right and left, to make sure that no one was in sight; then he returned to the office and put out the light. A moment later he was in the cellar, a candle flicker-ing in his hand. He pulled aside a stack of gunnysacks and uncovered a telegraph instrument. Over this he

stooped.

In Morse code J-WG-A was repeated three times. He waited anxiously. Back came the answer—J-NK-F. The operator's message contained grave news. An attempt would be made the following night to blow up the ammunition stores in Washington.

The receiver of this message climb-ed down from the telegraph pole, hid his batteries and instrument, mounted and rode off into the night. The man in the cellar piled up the gunnysacks once more and returned to his office, alouched into

He had cleared the track for the

coast-bound, and when that passed through, he was done for the night. All at once he assumed the attitude of a tense listener-running horseshe was certain he heard them. He reached for his revolver and carefully examined it.

Running horses were not unusual in the night, but one never knew or could forsee what they might bring. Louder and louder grew the hoofbeats, nearer and nearer. The sound ceased abruptly.

The operator waited, his revolver ready. Then came the sound of run-

ning human feet.

The door opened. The revolver flashed in the light—then dropped.

"George?" cried the operator.

"Yes, John, old boy."

"What's up?"
"The whole business. The game at

Fair Oaks is done for. The marvel is that it has lasted as long as it has. Did you end that message?"
"Yes." "Thank God! Fogarty will get

away. Come! I beat the train to you. Five minutes—look alive!" The operator blew out the light, and the two hurried out to the steam-

ing horses.
"There she comes!" cried the new comer, waving his hand down the track toward the point of light which grow larger as they looked. "A troop of Johnnies, old boy, all prepared to put your back to the station clap-

bourds and sail you out. Mount!"
They rode in silence for half an hour, cross-country at first. They bad mapped out a route against such a crisis as this. They walked a shal-low stream toward an unused road, whence they might make their way northward without worrying over

"Tell me what's happened," said the late operator at Fair Oaks.

"Do you remember when the Par-son made us all ride north, threatening to shoot any man who lagged?"
"Yes."

"Well, that's all I'm at liberty to tell you just now. I came back bedown here to give me a lift at the secret wire. But for quick and lucky work tonight, you'd have gone over. "Who is it?"

"I know, and that is sufficient for the present. You're not built for this kind of work, John, and that is why I'm not telling you anything. You still have some illusions. But to hoodwink the Parson!"

"Parson Kennedy is a Hun."
"Yes, poor devil, he's a Hun. But
in this kind of game we need Huns.

go back to Washington."
"And why?" "There's a woman we want, Brother John."

"A woman!"
"You're an old solf-soap, Jack; you can't get the idea out of your head that women are holy."

"But to hunt a woman!" "Whose name we don't know, whose face we haven't seen—h'mph! Fine chance we have of catching her, ex-cept in one way. This isn't the kind of woman you and I know; it's a fe-male rattlessnake. Whenever she strikes, it's death. Do you know what I think? Well, that young woman we all married a few weeks ago may be th every woman we've been after."

When we reach the road, you'll when we reach the road, you it have to go it alone. I must get back to Richmond. Turn to your right three times, then go straight ahead. You'll strike our outposts by noon. Here we are. And good luck to you."
Then J-WG-A climbed the bank of the road. His friend wheeled his horse midstream and went splashing down it. J-WG-A and G-RD-A had

gone their separate ways forever.

Meantime Jeanne had ordered her carriage. She was tired, and she knew that her aunt was struggling

against sleep.
When Jeanne reached her room, she undressed and sat down before the ily whose sympathies inclined toward mirror to do up her hair for the night. The South. Now she must go out in With a sigh she realized that those the high world; she must gather her beautiful tresses must go, and not la-ter than tomorrow-must be clipped short like a boy's. She would save it, and wear it as

a wig dyed brown. She saw the fold-ed bit of paper sticking from the miror's frame. Calmly she plucked forth the note and opened it. Medusa's head!

A crudely drawn circle, with strange, Greek-letter-like device in the center, stared back at her. Below it was written in cramped

Compliments of the season to Madam Who from her fend and loving, but neglected, husband. The man she had married was still

The following morning Jeanne sent

new seissors and passed them ove her shoulder.

"Cut it close, Auntie-close." "But why, why?" demanded the be

wildered aunt.
"I am a soldier; soldiers obey orders. I am going back to Washington, Auntie-but not as Jeanne Beaufort. I may never come back. In that case there will be four of us"-with a ges-ture toward the photographs,

"Give me the scissors." " "Take them to the hair-dresser, Auntie. Never mind the price. Tell her the wig must be made within forty-eight hours. It must be dyed a dark brown."

"But why didn't you keep it on your ad and dye it? "Sometimes I shall be a boy,

Auntie." Quite naturally her next glance wa into the mirror. She rather admired the boyish face that looked back at her. The hair, freed of weight, show-ed a tendency to curl crisply.

Jeanne left Richmond. Her luggage the world.

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We are going to let this double-spy | ing else. She had trunks in Washing-

ton, and these contained everything Ah, but she did take something else -a sheet of paper. Somewhere she etter to compare with those on that

Dressed as a boy it would have been comparatively easy for her to go directly to Washingotn; but she proposed to arrive this time in her present garments, the somber gray

uch as hospital nurses wore. It took her ten days to reach Baltiore, for that was her first destina-on. A deep tan lay upon her face, and to this she added a semi-perma-

nent stain. Only her eyes were Jeanne Beaufort's. . She would call herself Alice Trent. The name came into her mind quite innocent of calculation. She had never heard of anyone by that name, she could not even recall hav-ing read it in a book.

It was one of those incomprehenble tricks of fate, this idle selecion; and later it came very near

proving fatal to her.

How could she possibly know that
Alice Trent was a living being, her
cwn age, a resident of the very city

she had chosen as her base?

Heretofore she had gone by the name of Susan Warren. She had ived quietly with a middle-class famnformation from military and dipematic sources.

So, one morning, there arrived on the Baltimore train, among other pasengers, a handsome young woman in ober gray. She glanced about inde-

A regiment was entraining. Until he soldiers had passed, it was imossible to make the exit from the ation. Company by company the tation. oaches swallowed up the troopers. An intoxicated man watched her peculatively. He approached, doffed is cap amiably and asked if she

would like a gentleman see her home.
Jeanne had no time to reply. A
ean brown hand seized the offender y the collar and flung him roughly one side. A pleasant-faced young officer saluted Jeanne and offered to see her to her carriage.

"It was very kind of you," she said she took her seat in a rickety old

"The pleasure was mine. I am Cap-

"he pleasure was mine. I am Cap-tain Armitage."

"My name is Alice Trent," All young officers were useful.

He raised his hat, and she was driven off. A very agreeable face, she thought. But he was a hated Yankee; and so she dismissed him

vith a shrug. Political influence, unmerited promotion, jealousy, inefficiency, cheat-ng army-contractors, these prolonged the Civil War two years. It was only when the iron ring began to tighten about Richmond that the Government awoke to the fact that Linlet be, and that there were as dan-gerous enemies within the gates as

ere were outside of them. About this time the Secret Service bureau became a real arm of the Gov-ernment. It began to be what it has

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ed. Jeanne knew this and arranged her plans accordingly. The family to which she was assigned as a guest from Baltimore had borne the closest scrutiny, cheerfully, urbanely and

They were Northerners who had the bulk of their fortune invested in the and militar South. Aside from the zest of the ton life. Jeanne. Her dark beauty the splen-dor of her eyes and dark brown hair, her low, musical voice—this capti-

vated them from the start. That her skin was artificially darkened, that her hair, while her own, lenough different from the ordinary was yet a wig, was quite unsuspected by her hosts. They vaguely understood that her presence in Washington had political significance, but beits illusions and tensciously clings.

heads. They had been asked to harbor

her so long as harborage was neces-stry; they needed no more than that. They began to take her everywhere and within a fortnight's time she be came a bright new star in the political and military firmament of Washing-ton life. Morgan took particular pains to keep out of her orbit until September.

On the other hand, wherever she went she found that young captain, John Armitage. He attached himself to her immediately. He was just



"Test O' Ten" questions are compiling a scrap book for future use, claiming that it furnishes all kinds of Your score this week should be 90 contests for parties. Answers may be per cent.

TEST 'O TEN QUESTIONS

1. Who did Gloria Swanson marry?

2. What type of music is dinting guished by syncopation and rythm. Who was Abraham Lincoln's wife

and where was she born? Where is Dresden and for what is

From what famous document is

the following extraction?
"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are en-dowed by their Creator with 10. Who publishes the World Alma certain unalienable Rights, that

among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness."

What is the meaning of the I atin expression, "E pluribus unu Where is it commonly used?

7. What is Big Ben and where is it? 8. Is there any law which prevents

a man from being elected Presi-dent of the United States for more than two terms?

9. Who wrote Vanity Fair?

(The Correct Answers will be Published Next Week)

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S TEST 'O TEN

Woodrow Wilson. The president | 4. Chicago. is always Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy when called

into actual service. Siam.
 The Mayflower.

6. Shopenhauer.

8. The diamond. The "Marseillaise."

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Her interest in him deepened uickly, for she wanted to get to the bottom of this peculiarity. He was

He was bold one day and diffident

youd this they did not bother their blindly we might say, to the other still a Yankee, but she no longer qualified the word.

She had forsworn romance. As if ed-blooded twenty could forswear its dreams by the mere willing of it!

(Continued Next Week)

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was a small bag for such toilet ar-ticles as she needed. She took noth-sympathy with the South, were watch-5 BIG DAYS of