orward motion ceased. The crew



The Leading Characters. EDISON FORBES, a young resident of Scottdale with an inherent craving for liquor is held for the death of a woman who has been killed by a lootlegging truck. Circumstantial evidence points to Forbeand rather than tell the truth of the epische, he stands trial which results in a long prison sentence. He is soon pardoned, however, but back in Scottdale he and

PATSY JANE, his pretty wife, agree that public sentiment against him would warrant their migration up north where Eddie has a quarter section of land. While there they form the acquaintance of

Eddie has a quarter section of land. While there they form the acquaintance of ISAIAH SEALMAN, a shifty neighbor who is anxious to buy their property. Eddie learns that the back taxes total over eight hundred dollars and must be paid in five months to avert forfeiture. Sealman makes a generous offer which is refused—Eddie thinking the land must have some value unknown to him to warrant his neighbor's interest. Things do not gro well. Eddle fails to get work and succumbs to his old yearning by failing in with a bootlegger's gang, getting drunk and being shanghaied to Chicago. Upon his return he discovers that Pat has left him and will not return until he has quit drinking. This he determines to do. He secures work on a nearby ranch, run by Davenant, and after many temptations at last beats his enemy, John Barleycorn. All this time he is slowly earning money but realizes that when the tax is due he can't possibly have enough. Sealman renews his offer and is again refused. One day

NANCE ENCELL, his former aweetheart,

CHAPTER XVI Unwelcome Visitors,

Eddie puzzled resentfully as he drove home. As all of Scottdale had, Patsy was condemning him without a hearing, on circumstantial evidence. Well, it couldn't be helped. However, the impudent trespassing on

their property and the purchase of the tax-title rather absolved him from obligation toward the man who had been with him the night of the accident. He'd seen: perhaps he might tell Patsy Jane, after all. He filled in the suspenseful week in wire about the land. He hurried

to the cutting of fence posts and re-stringing the wire, and went to the mail-box each forenoon after the rural carrier had rattled along the trail in his little car. But the governor

The eighth day he could stand it no longer. When the carrier had failed to stop at the box, Eddie drove into town and wired Governor Al-bright. He spent the afternoon in bright. He spent the afternoon in wandering about town, returning at half-hour intervals to inquire for a message. Finally, at five o'clock it came:

Eddie's self-control was suddenly

summoned a smile to his face and drove to the garage. "They say a man may be down, but he's never out," he thought. "Well, here's where I test the theory." To the garage at-tendant he said briefly: "Fill her up."

He had resolved to attempt borrow ing the money at Scottdale. He could have appealed to Nance Encell, but that was impossible. Patsy Jane would have to know where the money came from. She would never accept her home at Nance's hands. Furthermore, to borrow from Nance would confirm every mean suspicion. No; he'd win or lose without that,

He bought food and headed south It was his intention to drive all night and as much of the next day as might be necessary to reach Scottdale. For the time was getting perilously short. The first of September was but just around the corner.

It had begun to rain at noon of the 31st day of August. Autumn comes early in northern Michigan, and there was the chill of leafless, desolate landscapes over which the wind may prowl untrammeled, in the saturated air. The ton of Faddie's car was in bad condition. The spears of rain found the weak places unerringly. Lit-tle streams played upon him and soaked through his clothing. His hands were stiff with cold. An endless succession of chuckholes developed, through which the car jolted

uncomfortably.

Perhaps he would not have been so responsive to the miserable weather had his mission been successful. He had trampled on his pride and appealed to every likely person for the loan which he needed. All had refused him.

Some would have been willing to advance the money. But they feared the bleak disfavor of their neighbors. The barrens had been a soundingboard, apparently, and outstanding incidents of his life there echoed in the town's cars. All favorable angles had been eliminated. Scottdale heard

only the most discouraging.

They knew of his drinking bouts. But they didn't know that he had con-quered liquor. They had heard of his quered liquor. They had heard of his enforced trip to Chicago. They rolled under their tongues the delicious morsel that Patsy had left him, and assured that the separation was final. His fight to oust the motor tramp and his thrashing of the other trespasser were described as drunken quarrelsomeness. Even his dismissal by Davenant had been distorted into something mysteriously criminal.

lently from cold and rain. He was dock in the bootleggers' cove. There

governor for funds and the reply were public property by now. There were sisted, although the large drops too many lounging in and out of the now dissolved into many small ones, and a thick white mist threw a blandar them. It was impossible to

Long Portage knew his attempts to get money there had failed. It would read in his face that his journey to the south had been a failure, also. So he squashed through the mud of the uneven main street and left the yellow lights in the store building behind.

Somehow, it seemed friendly out in the barrens, though the night was black. The rain whispered compan ionably among the jackpines. twisting track was firm and free from standing water. He saw no person but a pair of fiery eyes stared upon him from a bend in the road, and as the car rushed past, he could see the mild and shaggy head of a bear, who

enough. Scaliman renews his offer and is again refused. One day

NANCE ENCELL, his former sweetheart, calls, finds him alone, offers to pay the deficit but is rebuffed. Then Nance kisses him—and is seen by Patsy who had called to attempt a reconciliation with her husband. Pat leaves without listening to his explanation. Broken-hearted, Eddie tries harder than ever to earn the money and one morning early while berry picking, notices fresh tire marks on his property.

Eddie discovers that two men, one of them the youth who descreted him the night of the truck accident are carting away the soil from a mound. He stops them, whips the young coward and gets the address on a bag they have used. At Long Portage he learns there is only three hundred and fifty dollars instead of eight hunded for his first year's taxes, which would enable him to pay, but at the bank he also discovers that a check he gave Seahman for five dollars for a pig has been raised to five hundred, completely wiping him out. Then he tries to see Patsy, but learns that she is not at home. A light was shining from the windows of his cabin. He shut off the
"All clear signal."

Only one man was not so equipped.
"All clear signal." sides to a height of ten feet was being goose-egg. "No false moves, or—"
from the corner. Two small panes had been broken out so that the unlidden guests might unloose the sashbolts. After a single glance he went to the back door and thrust it open.

The tiree occupants of the cannas which swarinde her nounced quietly, holding up his own goose-egg. "No false moves, or—"He drew back his arm slightly. "And the deck was piled high with pine to the back door and thrust it open.

The tree occupants of the cahin.

The turder was heining the drew back his arm slightly. "And it's a painful way to die."

The turder was heining to ten feet was being goose-egg. "No false moves, or—"He drew back his arm slightly. "And it's a painful way to die."

The turder was heining to ten feet was being goose-egg. "No false moves, or—"He drew back his arm slightly. "And the deck was piled high with pine the feet was being goose-egg. "No false moves, or—"He drew back his arm slightly. "And the deck was piled high with pine the feet was being goose-egg. "No false moves, or—"He drew back his arm slightly. "And the deck was piled high with pine the deck was pine the deck w

to the back door and thrust it open.
The three occupants of the cabin, surprise. They were quite at their ease, as much so as in their own homes, or a stable. They had eaten a plate had been broken, and the pieces carelessly kicked aside. Now Culley was chewing tobacco, as the brown spletches where he had spat on the floor showed. The others were smoking. There was a blazing fire in the fireplace. And a tall black bottle partly full, stood in the center of the

They had removed their outer clothing. Caps and mackinaws were thrown on one of the bunks. Across them lay three belts to which were at tached holsters, each holster contain

ing a large calibre automatic.
"Hello, kid!" greeted Culley, jovially. "Didn't find you home, so we

came in. "So I see," returned Eddie

"This rain'll hold up the ship may be till noon tomorrow," volunteered Oscar, "se we thought we'd eat un-

me:
"Sorry, but Governor is in Europe
til Christmas. Duff, Secretary."
He summoned a smile to his face
were loaded only with birdshot, it is true. But birdshot will serve admir nbly at three feet.
"You hogs!" he growled. "You lazy

filthy crooks! Get out of here-quick!"

Men who live by violence are usefully educated. They know when an adversary is bluffing and when he is dangerous. They have the courage of their careers, and they will take ruthless steps against the bluffer. But they bow to the dangerous man. So the trio rose. Here was danger per-sonified. A false move would mean the discharge of the shotgun, and two dead men. They had no desire to speculate as to who might be spared. Keeping them covered, Eddie step-

He removed the pistols with one hand and threw the belts to the floor. Backing again be pulled open the front door. They saw his intention. "Aw, say, kid," remonstrated Culley, his voice between a whine and a snarl, "don't throw them gats away.

ped back until he secured the belts.

His answer was to hurl the pistols, one by one, out into the darknses, and Culley spoke again: 'What's the big idea, anyway? You claim to be a friend-

The bulky guard happened to be nearest. Eddie thrust the gun against his flabby stomach so that the twin muzzle dented deeply the soft tissue. "Shut up and get out!" he com-

manded. Culley obeyed, carrying his coat and belt with him. Eddie shepherded them along the path. He kept his flashlight spraying on the trio to pre-vent a surprise attack. The booze-truck, headed north, stood by the side of the road. They clambered into the sent, after Oscar had kindled the lights, and thundered away. They hurled back curses and threats from a safe distance. Eddie smiled into the darkness after them before turning

'I wanted them to think I was a simp and an easy mark till something fell on them," he mused. "But I guess the shock of finding out wasn't less unkind tonight than it would have been later. Now for a bite to eat. And then it's a case of back to town ngain."

CHAPTER XXII

Eight trucks, bull-noxed and immensely powerful, stood humped un-der their tarpaulins like strange prehistoric animals. Their guards

gathered at the rail, removing the final lashings. As the skiffs came alongside and were made fast, they landed down the cases. Two small boats came back cau-

tiously to the dock, laden to the water's edge. The waiting group formed a chain. The cases were passed from hand to hand until they were piled up on the nearest truck. In a few minutes the skiffs were empty, and were rowed to the tug

Two motorboats shot out from notch in the shoreline, just above the cove. High banks on either side of the shelter and thick, overhanging vegetation had effectually concealed them before. The boats were long, high in the bow and equipped with coaring engines that sent them flying very hungry. But he felt he could not was an attitude of expectancy and through the water at racing speed. bear the looks which would be turned impatient waiting over the score of on him in either of the town's restaumen making up the expendition.

Each was manned by a half dozen young men, in the forest-green uniform of the Michigan state police. rants. His telegraphic appeal to the governor for funds and the reply were public property by now. There were sisted, although the large drops had

All hands went up on the tug and the skiffs. There was no hope. The railroad office who could see the message on the open file, even were the agent silent and discreet—which he see farther than a short distance. Bad weather, fog and a high sea had de-

> talked insensibly the atmosphere be-came lighter. The mist, little by litflying craft with horrified amazement. tle, began to dissolve. A cold wind the fig was up—up most emphatical-came up and swept away the reminder. It was every man for himself, nants. The clouds turned from a dreary dark gray to a lighter shade. The trucks furnished them with a dreary dark gray to a lighter shade.

> They became fleecy; patches of blue sky appeared. The rain stopped.
>
> "There she is!" several voices cried at once. Only a few hundred yards from among the sand dunes. These away, heading straight inshore, was a were armed with rifles and automat-squat, broad-beamed fishing tug. She ics. And each held a dark metal obwas low in the water; there was a ject, about the size and shape of a bone in her teeth and spray dashed over her square bows.
>
> A plume of steam arose from the head was drawn a dull cloth bag that craft, and a single inquiring note of fitted tightly around the neck and end-her siren rolled over the water. One ed in front in a sort of elephant's of the men raised a long bamboo pole trunk. Two great staring glass disks on which was a square of white cloth, were turned forward like nerciloss

the motor-tramp came in to his mind and he went forward cautiously to reconnoiter. He crept stoopingly, keeping out of range of the windows on. The canvas which swarinde her reconnoises he are reconnoised to the swaring her reconnoises. The runners would be unformed toward toward the huddled, doubtful booze-runners. The tug drove runners. 'Gas-bombs, boys,' he answering her runners are reconnoised.

to the back door and thrust it open.

The three occupants of the cabin, tions at one hundred and twenty-five dollars per case. The cargo was surprise. They were quite at their worth a fortune.

The back door and thrust it open.

of them, retailing at curren tquotatic ice in the great war. They had abundant courage, and would have shot it dollars per case. The cargo was surprise. They were quite at their worth a fortune. surprise. They were quite at their ease, as much so as in their own homes, or a stable. They had eaten a bountiful meal from his provisions, as the disordered table showed. A his hand and shouted. She had come plate had been broken, and the pieces inshore as far as it was safe and stood in the foreground. inshore as far as it was safe and, stood in the foreground, with the reversal of her engines, the Every hand? Not quite, A man



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> and to make this store your

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It was dark when he approached Long Portage. He was shivering vio-

Also Asks Apology



ket over them. It was impossible to see farther than a short distance. Bad weather, fog and a high sea had desweather, fog and a high sea had desweather, fog and a high sea had desweather. She of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the unsuccessful mission in 1915 to get the completeness of the surprise made the thought of charges growing out of the surprise made the charges growing out of the

the trucks above, raised his auto-matic with a desperate gesture and fired at the leader of the troopers He missed. But the sergoant who an swered it did not. The man on the dock clasped his arms about his stomach and fell into the shallow water. "Steady!" commanded the leader

He's done. Don't throw, men." Eddie Forbes ran from among the troopers, throwing aside his gas mask as he came. "I'll get him out!" he cried. For the runner who had fallen was too valuable to be drowned. It was Scoots Libbey, whose mishandling of a liquor truck months before had started all his trouble.

It was within a few minutes of five clock, closing time in the county of the new brick building wearily. ense of responsibility had kept him with the state police until the pris-oners could be lodged in the county

PHONE

or leave orders at Phelps Grocery Co. Home Phone 1102

HEPPNER TRANS-FER COMPANY

For it had been his telephone I see you made it, after all.' call of the night before which had

Fortunately, a troop of the state police, working on shore with motor-cars and horses, and on the water with their fast motor cruisers, had been beating the north for rum-runners, and were stationed only a few miles away. Orders from Lansing had started them during the night to the rendezvous he had selected. The ain had helped them to establish themselves undetected in position to spring their coup.

Now there was a let-down, a despairing sense of loss and failure. He was conscious that he had eaten only sketchily for two days, that he was not shaven, and that his misshapen, wrinkled clothing had been wet by te rain, had dried upon him, and had een wet again to dry again. He won-ered rather stupidly why he was ping to the courthouse at all, he money to meet the taxes. Peter Whimple had company, Eddie

There was the youth he had ten up for trespass. He was sitou a straight-backed pine chair, Nance Encell was beside him. A young man in city clothes was dagainst the wainscoting of the

Eddie advanced a few steps and sussed uncertainly. The stranger wered the front legs of his chair nd prepared to rise. His late ad-ersary scowled, but Nance smiled ed said cheerily, 'Hello, Eddie. Well

Made it? He had made nothing but a mess of it. Why had he come precipitated the most successful liq-bere to be laughed at by Nance En-uor raid in the state's history.

(Continued Next Week)

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