

# Mosier Bulletin

Issued Each Friday

MOSIER.....OREGON

## EVENTS OF THE DAY

### Newsy Items Gathered from All Parts of the World.

Less Important but Not Less Interesting Happenings from Points Outside the State.

Chang Chi Tung, grand councillor of China, is dead.

An explosion of fire-damp in a Nanaimo, B. C., mine killed 32 miners.

Japan has forced China into a treaty which closes the open door in Manchuria to all but Japanese.

American Consul Hanna, at Monterey, Mexico, again appeals for help for the earthquake sufferers.

Beginning Nov. 1 the Burlington will shorten its running time between Chicago and the coast to 72 hours.

The supreme court has refused a rehearing to James A. Finch, the Portland attorney convicted of murder.

A daughter of Samuel Clemens, better known as Mark Twain, will wed the Russian pianist, Gabriolvitch.

The mayor of Spokane has reappointed Street Commissioner Turke, who had been ousted by his brother councilman.

A Kansas woman pleaded guilty of bigamy, saying she had been married six times without being divorced, and was tired of men and matrimony.

A California woman who was suing for divorce fell heir to \$6,000,000, and immediately withdrew her divorce suit that she might share the money with her husband.

Many anarchists are being found in Spain and arrested.

Canada has grabbed a large area of Polar land for Great Britain.

America will be first to examine and report upon Dr. Cook's Arctic records.

Restaurants and schools are being closed at Madrid, Russia, on account of cholera.

The Great Northern plans a mail train to run from St. Paul to Seattle in 47 1/2 hours.

New York Republicans have nominated a man for mayor who is practically unknown.

Nine men are dead and two dying as the result of an explosion and fire in a Roslyn coal mine.

Seventeen balloons competed for the Bennett cup at Zurich, Switzerland. Nine nations are represented.

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise says miscegenation is a menace to the Jewish race and to Christianity in general.

An American mining syndicate is making millions by working the tailings of ancient Mexican mines.

The University of Nebraska has given out that it does not want college toughs, nor "sissies," and that no student who worked his way has ever disgraced the institution.

The special train of the president's party is composed of plain coaches.

The president gives assurance that Vancouver barracks will not be moved.

The National German Alliance of America will take up the cry of anti-prohibition.

President Taft spent two days in Portland and declared them the pleasantest of his trip.

Harriman's interests will be handled by three men, Robert S. Lovett, J. C. Stubbs and Julius Kruttschnitt.

The chairman of the Republican county committee of New York will try to stop the voting of dead men's names.

The Kansas state board of health has declared itself against the wearing of beads and will try to have its rulings enforced by law.

A wealthy Grand Army veteran was so badly crushed in the rush to see Taft at the Portland army that he died on the way to the hospital.

Charles W. Morse, New York financier, convicted of violating national banking laws, has paid off \$7,500,000 of his indebtedness, and says he will soon pay the remaining \$500,000.

Sir Thomas Lipton would like another chance at the America yachting cup.

Chief Forester Pinchot fears trusts are after water power sites in the West.

An American fishing vessel has been seized for poaching on Mexican fishing preserves.

After a long fight Mrs. Yerkes has been granted a third of the estate of her husband.

Severe fighting between the Spaniards and Moors continues.

General Grant says he will quit the army if he can't give all his time to temperance.

The survey has begun on the last link of the California railroad into the Klamath country.

The sultan of Morocco has put El Roghi, the pretender, to death, using the most horrible cruelty.

W. A. Clark, Jr., son of ex-Senator Clark, of Montana, has discovered a process for smelting zinc ore and may become the zinc king of the country.

One man was killed and eight others injured in a collision between a passenger train and work train on the Puget Sound railroad at Garrison tunnel, Montana.

President Taft has declared himself in favor of ship subsidy.

The Miners' congress at Goldfield, Nev., condemned the policy of Forester Pinchot.

## EXPLOSION KILLS 32.

### British Columbia Mine Scene of Awful Disaster.

Ladysmith, B. C., Oct. 6.—As a result of the explosion of fire-damp in the Extension mine of the Wellington Colliery company near here yesterday, 32 miners lost their lives and great damage was done to the mine property. Up to 11 o'clock last night 18 bodies had been recovered and 14 more were known to be entombed in the mine.

Thomas Hislop, who was one of the last of the 700 miners and associates who scurried from the Extension mine after the disastrous explosion, gave a most graphic account of the accident.

"I was working with 16 men, including five of the dead, on the first level when we heard the explosion," said he. "We stood for a second in the darkness. The rush of air put our lamps out, until some one came with a safety lamp, and 15 of the 17 of us holding coat tails, hurried along, holding the lamp ahead to see the lighting of the rails. We made little headway before we were driven back.

"The damp drove us back into the level again. We tried to clamber out into the cross-cut, but were driven from there. In No. 3 counter-level we met five men, Alex. McLellan, Jack Isamaster, Winn Steel, Fred Ingham and Bob White. When we lost them, we did not know the damp had got them. We knew nothing then except that the smoke and damp were chasing us back whichever way we went. Finally we sat down to figure out what could be done. We were tired and beaten back. The fire-damp came so thick and fast the air could not be breathed and we had to run back again.

"We had given up hope and decided to wait for death, when we heard a shout and Alex. Shaw, the foreman and Davidson, who lost his son in the mine, came. When we heard their shouts instructing us, we smashed through to the slope and crawled over to safety. Then, fatigued and worn out, we clambered up the slope, clinging to each other's coatsails, and helped by men who met us with safety lamps.

"We waited at the slope-head for the five we left behind, but they never came out."

### CHOLERA SHOWING FANGS.

#### Dread Disease Raises Menacing Head in St. Petersburg.

St. Petersburg, Russia, Oct. 6.—Cholera is increasing in Russia, and especially in this city, where it seems to have become firmly established. From the start of the outbreak there have been in St. Petersburg alone 15,552 cases and 6,000 deaths.

During the month of September the number of cases increased everywhere and infection reached the wealthy part of the city and military academy. It is also spreading throughout the country districts and there were 226 deaths in the provinces last week. Nearer St. Petersburg the infected districts have a greater number of victims, as for instance, Tver, Yakoslav and Kostromar, where the deaths of last week were 23, 83 and 35, respectively. Further south the figures are lower, yet they show the disease is increasing.

Europe generally is in danger of becoming infected with the plague and there is talk among other nations of imposing some efficient sanitary measures on Russia from without.

### BRITISH FLAG SET.

#### Canadian Vessel Returns From Cruise to 84 Degrees North.

Farther Point, Quebec, Oct. 6.—The Canadian government steamer Arctic, Captain J. E. Bernier, which has been in the Far North for more than a year, reached here tonight. Captain Bernier refused to talk of his trip, saying he must first report to the minister of marine.

The expedition was arranged primarily to collect customs duties from the American whalers operating in north Canadian waters. It was also commissioned to plant the British flag as a sign of Canadian ownership on all islands and other parts of land in the Arctic seas which hitherto had been unclaimed.

### New Road Coming West.

Minneapolis, Oct. 6.—Indications of a substantial kind point to the building of a fourth transcontinental line from the Twin Cities to the Pacific Coast in the near future. This new coast line will be an extension of the Minneapolis & St. Louis. Word comes from Lebeau, S. D., the present Western terminus, that E. D. Sloan, local engineering, has been ordered to locate at once with a survey across the Cheyenne reservation to the Montana line. There is great activity all along the line.

### President Has Busy Day.

San Francisco, Oct. 6.—After spending the entire forenoon in the cities of Oakland and Berkeley, across the bay, President Taft was welcomed to San Francisco this afternoon by a throng that lined the walks, in some places ten deep, along a line of march extending over three miles of the principal streets. The school children of this city, of Oakland and Berkeley gave their joyous cheers for the President. Later in the day the president was the guest of honor at the Union League Club.

### 800 Buffalo Make Escape.

Calgary, Alberta, Oct. 6.—Word was brought here today that the Canadian buffalo park at Watrinage, Alberta, had been destroyed by the prairie fire which has been burning in that section for a week. As the fire burned the fence surrounding the park, the herds of buffalo, estimated to number 800 animals and a large herd of elk, escaped. The fires in this section have caused a financial loss that will run into the millions.

### Spain Only Feels Peace.

Paris, Oct. 6.—The Spanish ambassador denied today that Spain had changed her intentions in Morocco. He declared Spain was seeking only to pacify the country around Melilla and that she had but fifty thousand troops in Morocco, instead of seventy thousand.

# OREGON STATE ITEMS OF INTEREST

## IMMENSE TRACT SOLD.

### North Yakima Syndicate Takes Over 15,000 Acres in Harney.

Portland—A great tract of Eastern Oregon land, comprising 15,000 acres, has been sold by J. O. Elrod, a local real estate dealer, to Frank H. Clerf and his mother, of North Yakima, and associates, at a consideration of \$300,000. The deal represents a profit of over \$100,000 to Mr. Elrod, who purchased the land 18 months ago.

The property is located in Harney county and comprises what is known as the old John Devine ranch, one of the most noted ranches in Oregon. One of the unique features of the place is that it boasts a herd of elk, one of the few herds of this kind in Oregon. The name of the place is now the Alvord ranch. It has been rented to the Pacific Livestock company, but the recent purchasers will stock the property and conduct it themselves.

The land is all fenced and cross fenced, with about 7,500 acres in hay. The remainder is good sagebrush land with a large quantity of available water for irrigation purposes. Good buildings have been erected on the place, and all the improvements are in good shape.

Mr. Elrod says that the purchase represents an advance in the price of the land of something over \$100,000 in 18 months. A year ago last June he purchased it from the Eugene Church company of Tacoma. The deal has just been consummated whereby the property is transferred to Mr. Clerf and associates.

## REDUCE EXPRESS RATES.

### New Schedule Goes Into Effect on Oct. 6.

Salem—October 1 the reduced express rates ordered by the railroad commission on the Oregon Railway & Navigation company's lines where the Pacific Express company operates, went into operation. The reductions are material, and in some instances as much as 20 and 25 per cent.

The Pacific Express company accepted the reductions without making a fight in the courts. Patrons of the express company will at once feel the benefits of the reduced rates.

An effort will soon be made to procure a reduction of the rates charged by the Wells Fargo Express company, which operates in the Willamette valley. Representative B. F. Jones of Folk county, who brought the successful complaint against the Pacific Express company, is also prosecuting the complaint against the Wells Fargo company.

### Building Santiam Bridge.

Lebanon—Preparations for the construction of the bridge over the Santiam river at this place are being made as rapidly as possible, for the new line between Lebanon and Crabtree of the Oregon & California railroad company. A gang of nearly 100 men are now at work on the new structure. The bridge is going to be one of the longest bridges in the country, being nearly 400 feet crossing the river, with a trestle of some 2,000 feet on the west approach to the bridge. The bridge will cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

## Auto Road is Discussed.

Marshfield—The building of an automobile road from Coos bay to Roseburg was the chief subject under discussion at a good roads meeting held at Coquille, the county seat. The plan is to have the residents along the line agree to a special tax and the county appropriate an equal amount. A road, passable at all times of the year, has been agitated for some time, but it is likely that the present movement will materialize in actual work next summer.

## Heavy Shipments of Hay.

Lostine—Over 3,500 tons of hay has been shipped from this station during the past two weeks. On an average two cars, or about 60 tons per day, have been shipped for the last 60 days. Three hay balers near Lostine are running steady time now. The shipping of this hay to Portland markets speaks well for the quality of the hay as well as the quantity. The price paid for the hay f. o. b. Lostine is about \$10. The average price of clover and alfalfa hay in the stack is \$6 or \$7. Baling costs \$2.

## Increased Lien is Denied.

Salem—After a long discussion of the merits of the case the desert land board has come to the conclusion that the Deschutes Irrigation and Power company cannot demand an increased lien of 140 per cent, or \$40 an acre from the settlers for reclaimed land. The matter will probably be taken up by the settlers, and the reclamation company and finally threshed out in the courts. The dispute is one of long standing.

## La Grande Has Oat Record.

La Grande—One of the largest yields and records for fast threshing as well have been enacted here this week, when the Conaway machine, threshing on the Leander Ferguson ranch, brought out 129 bushels of oats to the acre of a 20 acre field. During 10 hours one day the thresher rolled out 5,008 bushels of oats. The yield is one bushel to the acre greater than two crops already reported on 20 acre fields this season.

## To Plant Vast Orchard.

Albany—Articles of incorporation of the Linnhaven Orchard company, the corporation which plans to set out a 3,000-acre orchard in Linn county, have been filed in the county clerk's office. The capital stock of the corporation is \$300,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$100 each, \$100,000 being preferred stock and \$200,000 common.

## Hunting Makes Revenue.

Albany—Linn county has contributed \$1,863 to the state game fund already this year, 997 hunters' licenses and 866 anglers' licenses having been issued from the county clerk's office here.

## TRAIN ROUTE FIXED.

### Demonstration Special to Stop at Seven Eastern Oregon Towns.

Portland—Its shibboleth "A crop for every acre every year," the demonstration train of the O. R. & N. will leave Portland, October 25 on an anti-barrenness crusade in Sherman, Gilliam and Moro counties. The itinerary of the educational train as finally decided upon provides a four-days' trip in which seven stops will be made. Ione, Heppner, Clem, Condon, Grass Valley, Moro and Wasco will be visited by the demonstration train and at each place six lectures will be delivered by members of the faculty of the Oregon Agricultural college at Corvallis, professors of that institution, with a few railroad officials to be the only passengers on the demonstration special.

The complete schedule for the demonstration train is as follows: Tuesday, October 26—Ione, 9 a. m. to 12 noon; Heppner, 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. Wednesday, October 27—Clem, 9 a. m. to 12 noon; Condon, 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. Thursday, October 28—Grass Valley, 9 a. m. to 12 noon; Moro, 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. and 8 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. Friday, October 29—Wasco, 9 a. m. to 12 noon.

## Bohemian Colony Coming.

Klamath Falls—Unless some unforeseen obstacle arises there will be located in the southern portion of the Klamath basin one of the largest Bohemian colonies ever established in any state. Sixty representatives of the colony have spent several days going over the 3,000 acres of land on which options have been secured. The colony is in the form of a club and consists of approximately 500 families. Officials of the club visited this section several days ago and secured options on the large Lakeside tract.

The 60 members who have been here for several days are a final committee to pass on the land. If they recommend the acceptance of the land the setting up of this large area will be begun at once.

## Raise 120,000 Pounds Onions.

Salem—John R. Dimick will this year market 120,000 pounds of onions from his farm near Salem. To harvest the large crop Mr. Dimick has invented a topping machine. It was the first machine of the kind to be received by the patent office at Washington. It threshes 60 pounds a minute, taking off the tops and trash from onions, leaving them clean and unbruised. To make a half acre, he needs three men a half day to prepare 3,000 pounds. Mr. Dimick finds onions a paying crop.

## New Flour Mill Active.

Baker City—The Baker flouring mill, which is now almost completed, has been an extensive buyer of grain in Eastern Oregon this season, having just closed a contract with the North Powder growers for 25,000 bushels of wheat. In contemplation of the demand caused by the new mill many ranchers raised more grain this year than usual, and the result has been gratifying, both the grower and the mill operators.

## Odd Fellows to Spend \$5,000.

Condon—The Odd Fellows have begun excavating for their new two-story brick building on Spring street. The building will be 30x100 feet, and cost \$5,000. The order expects to be able to occupy its new quarters about January 1.

## PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 96c; club, 88c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 90c; Fife, 88c; Turkey red, 88c; 40-fold, 90c.

Barley—Fed, \$26; brewing, \$27. Oats—No. 1 white, \$27.50; No. 2, \$26.50.

Corn—Whole, \$35; cracked, \$36. Hay—Timothy, Willamette valley, \$15.00 per ton; Eastern Oregon, \$18.00; alfalfa, \$14; clover, \$14; chest, \$13.00; grain hay, \$15.00.

Butter—City creamery, extras 36; fancy outside creamery, 33c per cwt; store, 22 1/2 cwt. Butter fat prices average 1 1/2 cwt under regular butter prices.

Eggs—Oregon ranch, 32 1/2 cwt per dozen. Poultry—Hens, 14c; 14 1/2 cwt; springs, 14c; roosters, 9c; ducks, 15c; geese, 9c; turkeys, 18c; 18c; squabs, 17.50c per doz.

Pork—Fancy, 9c per pound. Veal—Extra, 10c per pound. Fresh Fruits—Apples, new, \$1.25 per bushel; pears, \$1.60; peaches, \$1.25; cherries, \$2.00; plums, 25c per bushel; watermelons, 1c per pound; grapes, 85c; \$1.25 per crate, 20c per bushel; casaba, \$1.50; quinces, \$1.25 per bushel; cranberries, \$9.00 per barrel.

Potatoes—Buying prices: Oregon, 60c per sack; sweet potatoes, 2c per pound. Onions—New, \$1.25 per sack. Vegetables—Beans, 46c; cabbage, 3c; cauliflower, 50c; celery, 50c; corn, 15c; eggplant, 75c; garlic, 7c; horseradish, 9c; lettuce, 12c; peas, 7c; peppers, 46c; pumpkins, 1c; radishes, 15c; squash, 1 1/2 cwt; tomatoes, 60c per sack.

Stocks—Cattle—Steers, top quality, \$4.25; 4.40; fair to good, \$4; common, \$3.50; 3.75; cows, top, \$3.25; 3.35; fair to good, 3.00; common to medium, 2.50; 2.75; calves, top, \$6.50; heavy, \$3.50; 4; bulls, \$2.25; 2.50; 2.75. Hogs—Best, \$8; fair to good, \$7.75; 67.85; stockers, \$6.00; China fats, \$7.50.

Sheep—Top wethers, \$4.40; 4.25; fair to good, \$3.50; 3.75; ewes, 1 1/2 cwt less on all grades; yearlings, best, \$4.00; 4.25; fair to good, \$3.50; 3.75; spring lambs, \$6.50. Hops—1909, Willamette valley, 20c; 24c; Eastern Oregon, 20c; 23c; Mohair, 1909, 23c; 24c per pound.

# The Pirate of Alastair

By RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

Author of "The Count at Harvard," etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

I was up the stairs like a flash, to find Duponceau, one of the old broadsworders in his hand, holding the balcony. Men's heads were to be seen just above the flooring of the porch, where the invaders had climbed by means of my trellises, but the owners of those heads seemed very little disposed to come farther. They had no reserves to cover their attack from the protection of the dunes, and Duponceau was proclaiming that he would behead the first rascal that raised himself another inch at the ring of determination in his voice, no wonder that no one came on. I had barely reached his side, however, when a man flung a handful of sand full in Duponceau's face, temporarily blinding him, at the same moment another man sprang up the trellis and vaulted over the balcony rail. I met him face to face, and recognized the surly chap who had spied on me that first day from the woods. He had not gained his balance when I fell upon him, hoping to topple him back against the rail. Instead, his feet shot out from under him, and, clutching at me, he fell flat on the balcony. He lay there panting a second, his arms about my back, while I tried to get my hands upon his chest to push myself up. Suddenly his grip tightened, and, with a lurch, he rolled me over, so that now I lay underneath and pinned by his arms. Then he tried my game, and, hands on my chest, sought to drive the breath from my body. He was heavy, and I felt myself going, drawing each breath harder, seeing more dully when with a jerk the pressure lightened, and I looked up to see Charles, his brawny arms about the man's shoulders, slowly but inexorably throwing him over on his side. His hands relaxed, there was a groan, and the man lay flat on his back, Charles securely kneeling on him while I struggled to my feet.

Meantime Duponceau, his sight clear again, had held the balcony, and more, had driven the men down the supports by striking with his sword over the edge. "Thank him," I agreed, "he is commanded by me, and quickly we had the hapless creature up on the railing and had dropped him into the sand below. He fell with a soft thud, and we turned to other matters.

It was high time. Baffled at the balcony, the enemy were already trying to batter in the front door. At the first sounds below-stairs, Rodney had drawn my dinner-table and the heavy oak settle across the door, and fortified it with every heavy weight in the room. Now the battering began, and Duponceau and Charles joined him while with an axe I found in my den I hacked away the trellises that climbed to the balcony. Verily the fight was hot when I would cut down my own property.

Crash! crash! A heavy log struck the front door and ripped away a panel. The log was withdrawn, there was a shout, and again came the thudding crash, splintering the upper part of the door and carrying clear in to the parlor, the door, and the door. Now the battering began, and Duponceau and Charles joined him while with an axe I found in my den I hacked away the trellises that climbed to the balcony. Verily the fight was hot when I would cut down my own property.

"Now," cried Duponceau, "there was a boom, a crash, and the battering-ram shot half way into the house. As it cleaved away the door, Duponceau leaped high on to the wreck of the table and aimed his blow with his sword. I saw one man fall sideways, and the rest, started into the room with eyes ablaze, stand, hesitate, and fall back.

"Come on!" he cried. "There is room for two abreast!" But no one came on; the passage through that open doorway looked dubious.

A hurried conference, a quick dispersal, and then the enemy was back, armed with clubs out from the woods. Now they came on with a rush, and the battle joined. Pistols were discarded; it was to be a fight of our old rusty swords, and sticks found by Charles, and the staffs of the slaves. Two men leaped into the breach and fell on Duponceau, another slipped and fell to Rodney's care, while Charles and I gripped our weapons and waited. Duponceau thrust at one of his assailants and with a jerk threw the other across the table. From there Duponceau rolled him out against his comrades. All this time Monsieur Pierre had fought like a demon, but now one man fell against his legs, while another struck him a glance, blew across the shoulders, and before he could gain his footing he fell from the table back into the room, striking against the settle. He lay there still. Rodney was in his place, and I jumped beside him.

"Now!" I cried, and a moment later we had what was left of the enemy safely at bay.

The attacking party gathered together, and, with many a look at us, finally withdrew. Charles pulled the man he had in the corner up before us, and asked what should be done with him. I pointed out to where the others were turning up the beach.

"It seems almost too good for him," said Charles.

"Yes," said I, "it does." I had to hold myself tight in check now as I looked at my broken door and devastated room.

"Get out," I cried, "before I begin to talk to you, and tell the rest of your gang that the next time they batter in a man's house I hope they get their just deserts. A nice band of ruffians they make!"

The next time you look in this door there'll be murder done. Get out!"

The man got out, helped over the bar-

clade by a none-too-gentle lift from Charles.

I turned to Duponceau; he was just sitting up, rubbing his shoulders. He struggled up to his feet and looked about him.

"I'm afraid, Selden, you'll never forgive yourself for sheltering me. I didn't think it would really come to this."

"I did," I answered. "I knew it, and I knew we'd beat them off. But if they ever come again, it'll be the end of one or the other of us."

"I'd better surrender," he said.

I gave a short laugh. "I'd put you in chains first. This is my house, and I have what guests I choose, and all the powers of Europe shall prevent me! Do these people think we're living in the Middle Ages?"

"I'm inclined to think we are," said Rodney, from his seat on the overturned settle. "But I've always had a liking for those days, so I don't object."

Then we went to work to build up the front of the house as best we could.

CHAPTER XIX.

By the time we had finished our repairs the morning was still not far advanced towards noon. I had lighted a pipe and was smoking in the full joy of rest after battle, when Rodney came up to me with a puckered line between his eyebrows.

"I'm afraid," he remarked, "we're going to get let down for the rest of the day."

"Why, man?" I ejaculated, "you wouldn't be going through that sort of racket each hour in the twenty-four, would you?"

He smiled at my answer. "Not exactly, but just at present we're playing the part of a lot of cooped up rats too realistically to suit your humble servant. I'll be expecting them to set fire to the house next. Besides that, I shouldn't be surprised if the club would set a search for me at any moment. Anything may happen in my office, the market may have gone to pot, and my customers be ready to tar and feather me."

"Well," I agreed, "that's all true, and yet if you go it leaves Duponceau just as much more unprotected."

"I know," he mused thoughtfully, rubbing his cheek with his hand. "I wish to the deuce I knew who the man was." He looked at me sharply. "Haven't you an inkling, Felix?"

I shook my head. "All I know is that he came out of the sea in a storm, with his precious treasure-box, and that Fate has apparently appointed us to protect him from his enemies until he sees fit to return into the sea again. On one subject he's absolutely unapproachable: his antecedents."

"Then why," pursued Rodney, "did you ever take such an infernal liking to him?"

I considered. "Why did you?"

Our eyes met, and we both smiled, chuckled, and then laughed.

"There's an old French adage," said Rodney, "cheesecake in femme." He took a turn or two up and down the room. Then "See here, Felix," he said, "there's no denying the fact that we're both of us in the same boat, figuratively speaking, even if no longer physically together. You had a great drag from the start, because you were living such an unusual sort of life, and were probably a woman-hater, certainly had no use for society. Those things take with a girl brought up in New York."

I smoked stolidly. "You won't the first word, and that takes with a woman anywhere."

He looked at his bandaged arm and smiled reminiscently. "He was probably thinking of that half-hour when she had dressed it."

"But the main point is," he remarked, "that we both knew that the particular girl in question loved romance better than anything else in the world."

"And that Duponceau was romance personified," I added, "which fully explains our actions."

Rodney puffed at his cigarette in silence.

"Yet I've grown very fond of the man," he said presently. "He's brave, and he's a gentleman."

"I'm fond of him, too. I wouldn't give him up now for the world. I intend to stay right here until something happens."

Rodney finished his cigarette and threw it away. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll steal over to your farmer's and ride horse to the club. I'm feeling that something may be doing in the outer world, and that I ought to get a ticket. I'll not be long, and I don't think they'll come back before afternoon."

"Go, by all means. The man will give you the horse and show you an inland road, so you'll not fall in with these people. We can get on all right until night-fall."

Rodney started to leave, then turned again.

"I was sore," he said, "that first afternoon when I found you and Barbara having tea here. I'll admit that I'd followed her from New York, expecting to have a clear field; but—well, one can't always get what one wants, and there's luck in this sort of a fight, just as there is in the Street; but it is a good fight, and that's more than I can say for some of the affairs one sees in town. I'm not sore any longer."

He smiled, and somehow his genuineness brought me to my feet.

"It's a square fight all round," I said. "We went down-stairs together, and I pointed out the way to the farm-house. Then I returned to my den to finish my pipe, and to wonder if Rodney was going to the club for news or only to see Barbara. The brief glimpse of her that morning had certainly set up both of us."

"The hours still past without exertion on my part. Duponceau and I had lunch a little after twelve, and then I returned to the study and stretched myself on the leather couch, with a book before my eyes. The summer sun, warm and sensation-dulling, came in through the window, and the salt breeze was as heavy on the eyes as poppies. The world drowned, the beach and my horse were too warm, and still and lethargic for action, and my eyes closed despite my best intentions. I slept long, deep, and like a tired child, without dreams.

There was a man's step on the stairs, I set up and rubbed my eyes; I stretched the study and stretched myself on the floor. Rodney entered and fopped into the leather arm-chair, an ironic smile on his lips, his eyes bright with the news that he had brought.

"Well," he said, "I know: Duponceau's Etienne."

"Yes, Etienne, the French Colossus, the man who made fortunes in months and lost them in hours, who planned to make the poor of France rich and made