

Mad Pursuit

BY JESSIE DOUGLAS FOX

SYNOPSIS: Frances Lindsay's reconciliation with her husband has written the book to her. She has written the book to her. She has written the book to her. She has written the book to her. She has written the book to her.

And Damon sees now that with my spirit, my vision, I can put it on its feet. I have only to interest certain well-known artists in it—

He talked on and on. He was happy. Years had dropped from him. And as he talked, Nora saw that at last he would have a place to live, a place where he would be free to work, where his explosive words and mad schemes could hurt no one.

She said as they came out of the woods and trod the snow path:

"Oh Julian, I'll never be afraid again."

When she came down next day from the office she found Jon waiting for her.

"I'll drive you home," he said.

"She watched him thread his way through the traffic recklessly. He seemed different to her. Or was it she who had changed? She only knew that his restless vitality as it showed in his voice and gestures told her that he no longer had the power to stir her senses. She looked at him with a cool observation which she might give to a stranger. Here was the same boy that she had met when she was fifteen, but then he had believed anything was possible. Now he was meshed in his conflicting desires. And for the time his desire was for her. She saw it in the glance he gave her, she felt it in the very atmosphere between them. But she strained back from him imperceptibly.

"Your father's going to that colony in Vermont. He's very keen about it, isn't he?"

"Yes," she smiled.

"You and I are free."

He had come out on the river road now and he slowed down the car; one hand on the wheel, he steered negligently while he gave her all his attention.

"I thought," said Jon, "we could go off at once. We won't tell anyone. That's the best way."

"Jon, I don't want to go now."

"Only last week—"

"But things are different since last week. I'm not afraid any more."

"That's just the reason— Did you know that Damon is going to leave me? Doesn't that make a difference?"

He waited for her to show some feeling but only a little movement touched her face like the faint ripple across a pond.

"Nora, what's happened to you?"

"I don't know," she said honestly. "It's only—that I don't want to go with you. I could never feel . . . secure. You will forget me in a little while."

"It's that beastly young doctor, that Irishman, what's his name?"

"It's no use, Jon."

"I'll make you come! You will come, don't you hear? I've always had everything I wanted. I shall have you."

Her silence seemed to madden him. He sent the car forward with a lurch. At first she was not aware of what he was going to do. Then she saw that he was trying to frighten her into submission. The road seemed to shoot from beneath them and Nora clung to the side of the car, her teeth clenched.

He must be a little mad. There was some intrinsic flaw in all the Thayers that verged on madness.

She braced her feet against the footboard and sat rigid in her corner. At last she cried when his speed became unbearable:

"Jon, are you trying to kill me?"

The words were torn out of her lips. Now his driving was like a madman's. He grazed another car as he flew past, rocked around a corner on two wheels, while the engine seemed to spit the air with its roar.

The air tore at her hair and stung her face like needles. The graph poles veered toward them crazily and seemed to bend as they passed them. The motor had settled down to a steady drone, and the wind screamed in her ears as the car swept on.

Somewhere out of this confusion, Nora heard the shriek of an approaching train, and then suddenly she saw it sweeping down toward the crossing, a veil of smoke blowing back from it. Now she could see the engineer's frantic signal, waving them away, while another blast sounded.

Jon was going too fast now to shove on the brakes. There was only one thing to do. His foot jammed the accelerator to the floor as the car hurtled into the path of the limited.

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A jolt . . . Then stiffness again—and Jon's head is slumped over the wheel as the story continues tomorrow.

Chapter 25

A TURN IN THE PATH

FERGUS' arm steadied the trembling Nora as they paused on the quiet path by the river. She turned to look at him.

"You don't know me—the real me—I've always longed for the things I didn't have. To belong somewhere, to someone, someone that cared what became of me. I was fearful too. Fear, that's the answer. If I hadn't been afraid I wouldn't have married Nicholas. When I came home I wanted so desperately to have Jon love me. That is why I lost him. And now Julian—Julian, she whispered the name. "I've always been afraid for him. All the things I have been afraid of have come to pass."

"Perhaps it was your fear that created . . . the things," Fergus said.

"Do you think my fear has made Julian do this?"

Again she felt the reassuring pressure of his hand on her arm as he said, "Well strike off through the woods."

How silent the woods were. The hemlock branches laden with snow trailed the ground, ice made fairy friends across the bushes and they moved through the soft snow without a sound. But here there were footprints.

"Oh, Fergus, if I find them . . . if nothing has changed . . . all my life will be different. I won't be afraid any more!"

The path turned sharply. Nora sprang forward with a choked cry. She saw her father leaning against a tree and Damon in a grey fur coat seated on a log. They were talking quietly. They looked up when they saw the two approaching and Julian Lake lifted his arm with his inflexible grace.

His wine-colored eyes were dancing, his brown thin cheeks reddened by the cold and when he spoke, his voice had its old light-hearted timbre.

"They have followed us. Tracked us down!" he greeted them.

Nora introduced Fergus to Damon. Damon rose, austerely sweet, her pale face in the ghostly white light that the snow laid over everything seemed to be lit from within.

"Your father and I have been talking. He will tell you about it," she said extending her hand to Nora.

Nora caught her father's arm and held it tight against her. She clung to him as though she would never let him go. The other two turned and went on ahead.

"Why this wild affection?" Julian Lake said looking down into her face.

"Nothing happened to you . . . you're here . . . I have you. Oh, Julian, no matter what happens, we can hear it now!"

"Nothing's going to happen," he smiled.

They waited until the other two were lost to view. Then her father began to tell her with an enthusiasm that was boyish, that Damon was not going to prosecute him. Nicholas' pictures were to be put in a permanent collection.

"But why—how—"

"I told her I was going to kill myself. But the water looked so cold—I got one foot wet when she called my back. She said she would forgive me, for Nicholas' sake," her father said with a wry twist of his mouth. "But enough of that sad tale. Nora, my own, I have a plan—"

Nora's heart sank.

"There's an artists' colony, been struggling along for years in Vermont. It needs new life in it. Damon suggested that I go there—"

He began to elaborate the plan. He would live in one of the cottages, administer the funds that Damon would put at his disposal.

"No, will not run off with them. I can see it in your face, my child! Besides it's impossible," he admitted. "But this is to be a creative school for struggling artists."

BERRIES ENJOYING ADDED DEMAND IN PORTLAND MARKET

PORTLAND, Ore., June 25.—(AP)—There was a keener demand for berries on the East Side farmers' market. Offerings were of some what greater volume than had been generally expected but demand was even better.

Strawberries sold generally at \$1.75 to \$2. One selected lot sold \$2.10, which was the top for more than a crate or so, although a single lot went \$2.25.

Raspberries moved \$1.35 to \$1.50 crate generally.

Loganberries sold \$1.10 generally with a few showing a spread of \$1 to \$1.20.

Blackcaps moved \$1.50 to \$1.60 crate mostly.

Currants sold \$1.60 to \$1.65 for most with a few 10- to 15c better.

Peas moved 5 and 6c lb, mostly 5 and 5 1/2c.

Yellow squash from The Dalles sold \$1 with white at \$1.25 flat crate.

Rhubarb sales were generally a half dollar a box.

New potatoes sold \$1.75 orange box for best.

Asparagus sales hit \$1 most of the day.

Royal Ann cherries found fair call 3 1/2 to 5c pound, with Lamberts 5 and 7c and Black Republics 4c lb.

Dalles outdoor cucumbers were held \$1.35 box with hot house \$2.25 box of 2 1/2 dozen.

Cañiflowers was sold \$1 for 1c.

That the labeling law on strawberries and other fruits would be strictly enforced hereafter was suggested when Charles Walker, Multnomah county inspector, arrested several for violation.

Some very good peaches from McMinnville were offered 75c box.

STEADY AND FIRM TREND IN BUTTER; EGGS HOLD LEVEL

PORTLAND, Ore., June 25.—(AP)—Generally steady to firm trend is reflected in the market for butter. Daily cleanup of offerings is indicated with no change in current values. Undergrades are most plentiful.

Undertone in the egg trade locally shows no change. Prices are just about being maintained even though receipts in general are reported as still decreasing.

There is quite a keen demand for heavy weight hens with bids for over 4 1/2 pound weights up to 15c lb. Light weights are generally 12c with a few down to 10c.

There are sufficient offerings of broilers in the live chicken trade to take care of immediate wants.

While some sales are reported fractionally below, general trading in light weight top quality calves is at the high price recently established. The same applies to block-er hogs. Lamb sales are steady.

Portland Wheat

PORTLAND, Ore., June 25.—(AP)			
Wheat futures:			
	Open	High	Low
July	.55	.55	.54 1/2
Sept.	.55	.55	.54 1/2
Cash wheat:			
Big Bend bluestem	.57		
Soft white	.57		
Western white	.57		
Hard winter	.54		
Northern spring	.54		
Western red	.54		
Gate No. 2-38 lb. white	21.00		
Today's car receipts: Wheat 31; flour 16; corn 1; oats 5.			

San Francisco Butterfat

SAN FRANCISCO, June 25.—(AP) Butterfat f.o.b. San Francisco 26c.

Wall Street Report

NEW YORK, June 25.—(AP) A heavy volume of profit-taking followed another active advance of \$1 to \$7 in the stock market today and most prominent losses closed with net losses of \$1 to \$4.

United States Steel common turned a rise of \$2 into a decline of \$1.50. Its high for the day was \$102. American Can, Bethlehem Steel, American Telephone, New York Central, Radio, Sears Roebuck, General Electric and General Motors lost in the neighborhood of a dollar each. American Tobacco "B" dropped \$2. Anaconda, which had featured a sharp upturn in the coppers, held \$1 of an extreme jump of \$3. Auburn Auto sprinted \$23.50, again crossing \$200, but cut its gain in two. J. I. Case also gave the shorts a squealing with a jump of \$6.75, most of which was surrendered.

Sales of stocks approximated

4,300,000 shares, 800,000 under yesterday's turnover.	
Today's closing prices for 17 selected stocks follow:	
Am. Can.	109 1/2
Am. Tel. and Tel.	179
Anaconda	50 1/2
Col. Gas	31 1/2
Curtiss Wright	3 1/2
General Electric	44 1/2
General Motors	38 1/2
Kennett Copper	23 1/2
Mont. Ward	21 1/2
Radio Corporation	20
Trans. Am.	8 1/2
Sears Roebuck	57
S. P.	83 1/2
United Air Craft	28
U. S. Steel	98 1/2
Corpt. Trust Shares	5 1/2
5 Year Fixed Trust	7 1/2

PHOENIX

PHOENIX, Ore., June 25.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Dan Anderson of Petaluma, Calif., called at the John Roberts and George McClain homes Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. Anderson were former neighbors of the above mentioned families, and their visit was much enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheiby of Portland have been visiting Mrs. Mackie Wright during the last week. Miss Millie Burleson is spending this week with her sister, Mrs. Tom Custer. She spent Tuesday night with her aunt, Mrs. Wesley Coffeen.

Mrs. J. W. Watkins was hostess at dinner Tuesday in honor of the birthday of her son, Floyd Watkins. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Watkins and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Judd and Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Watkins and little daughter, all of Medford.

Mrs. Jess McKinsey and little daughter of Seaside, Ore., spent Tuesday night with Mrs. Roy Burleson.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Ward are picking apricots this week.

Mrs. L. O. Caster was hostess at a dinner Sunday for Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Pruett and daughter.

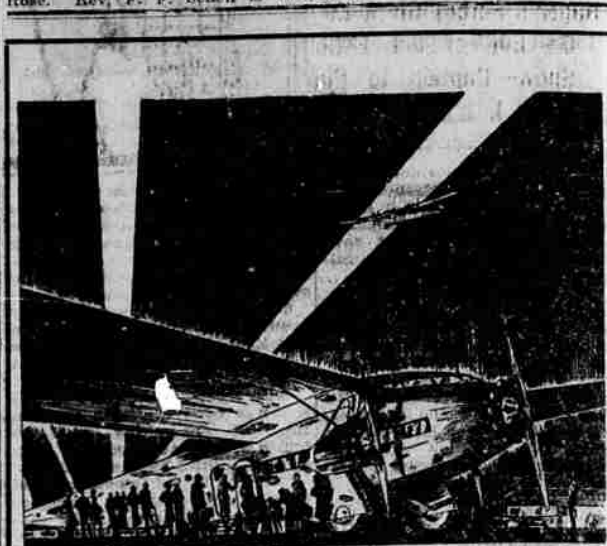
Margaret and Mrs. J. W. Lee, her and daughter Zevie, all of Medford and Mrs. Roy Burleson and daughter, Shirley Sybil of Phoenix. During the afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Hal Anderson of North Phoenix called.

Mrs. J. W. Watkins received news last week that her mother, Mrs. Ella J. Beat, had fallen and sustained a broken hip and was in the hospital at Tacoma. Mrs. Beat has visited her daughter here several times.

Three of the young people of the Presbyterian church here are attending the Presbyterian Young Peoples' conference at Rogue River this week. They are Marion DeFries, Mildred Poling and Doris Rose. Rev. F. P. Schell is one of the instructors. The delegates were taken to Rogue River by Edna Mae White.

Ice Cream Hit Whiskey.
GLOBE, Ariz.—(UP)—William Richardson suspected something when a Mexican called at the city jail with a quart of ice cream for a fellow countryman held for immigration law violation. Jailer Richardson investigated and found a pint of whiskey concealed in the ice cream.

Shoe Cost Her Fine.
LIVERPOOL (UP)—Because the shoe fitted her, a woman accused of throwing it through a neighbor's window was fined \$2 cents in court here.



PHOENIX GRANGE HEARS REPORTS

PHOENIX, Ore., June 25.—(Special)—Phoenix Grange met Tuesday with about 20 members present. Reports on the recent Grange convention in Medford were given by Ray Ward, master. Mrs. L. O. Caster, home economics chairman and Mrs. O. C. Maust, lecturer of the Grange.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown, state organizers of the Grange, were present and each gave interesting talks on the workings of the Grange and gave many ideas for the betterment of work here.

Following refreshments, all returned to the Grange Hall, and were led in games by Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

Next meeting will be July 7.

LOW Fiesta FARES

to CALIFORNIA

1931 is California's Fiesta Year. This summer scores of cities and towns will recall in gay fiesta California's Spanish heritage and the stirring days of '49.

No better time for a vacation in California. No more comfortable, carefree way to get than on a Southern Pacific train.

Low summer Fiesta round-trips, with 16-day return limit, are now in effect to California cities and resorts. These tickets are just right for a two weeks' vacation. Tickets with longer limits if desired.

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San Francisco	20.25
Del Monte	26.25
San Diego	45.75

Southern Pacific

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Markets

Portland Produce

PORTLAND, Ore., June 25.—(AP)—Live poultry, net buying prices. Heavy hens, colored, 4 1/2 lbs. up 17¢ 1/2; do 3 1/2 to 4 lbs., 12¢ 1/2; under 3 lbs., 10¢ 1/2; broilers, 15¢.

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INVESTMENT DEPARTMENT
MEDFORD, OREGON

The California Oregon Power Company

Notice to Landowners of TALENT IRRIGATION DISTRICT

There will be a meeting of landowners at the City Hall in Talent at 2:00 p.m. Friday, June 26th, for the purpose of discussing our financial situation.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
Talent Irrigation District.

DOLL UP ASHLAND FOR ELKS' COMING

Every Assumed Man taken on a gala appearance with street decorations of purple and white and red, white and blue, for the state Elks' association convention in that city, June 27 and July 1 and 2.

All entertainment arrangements have been completed for the 500 members of the Oregon Elks. Elks from all parts of the state.

Elks park has been turned over to the Elks for the convention by the park board of Ashland, and the ladies have turned over their dance pavilion and will operate

the dances and turn the net proceeds over to the entertaining delegation.

The Elks of Ashland and Medford will hold another "pop" breakfast to boost the convention, on Friday morning at 7 a. m. in the Lithia hotel, at which there will be a number of good entertainment features. All Elks are urged to attend.

Check Food Shipped From U. S. LONDON (UP)—Seven hundred and fifty tons of crushed oyster shells packed in 15,000 bags were brought here from the United States for chicken food.

She's Doll Surrender on Side KEDDS, Eng. (UP)—Miss Nora McKinney, a shop assistant, operates a doll hospital in her spare hours, repairing as many as a hundred dolls a week.