

MOON of DELIGHT

by Margaret Bell Houston

Chapter I STRANGE TREASURE

WHEN the two chests had been brought up the stairs and deposited in his room, Umberto gave Gabreau a four-bit piece. Gabreau snarled, turning his face away. He dared do little more. Umberto was broad and handsome. Gabreau was a dwarf, a scant four feet high, with large feet and hands, and deep-set eyes, wistful like a monkey's. But he was not content with a tossed coin for his labors, Umberto keeping the spoils. He took the same risks as Umberto. Tonight, if the customs officers had caught them, he as well as Umberto would have paid. More than that, it was slavery. Slavery for one of the blood of Napoleon. Often Gabreau, born by the New Orleans docks, slave of Umberto, said to himself, "I am the blood of Napoleon."

He had told his mother that he would demand more. "To be

it down. He backed away from the chest. In all his adventures as burglar, pickpocket, highwayman, he had never known the abject terror of this moment. To what crime had he fallen heir? . . . Gabreau would be witness that—Ahl Gabreau had wanted half. He would give the chest to Gabreau, let him have all.

But in the act of lowering the lid he halted. The silks were stirring, almost imperceptibly. The silk wrist lifted; a white hand moved to the hair, pushing it away. She sat up, a pale girl, gazing at the lid of the chest, beside her, then slowly her eyes moved about the room until they rested on Umberto. She sprang from the chest, staring at him from storm-dark eyes.

Umberto's relief was such that he felt faint. He stared at the girl who, to his recovering senses, seemed an apparition. She was perhaps not more than 20. Her evening dress—a jeweled slip with a rope half torn from the shoulder—was stained and crumpled. Her black hair fell about her. In their gold slippers her feet were the smallest he had ever seen.

Whether because she was dark enough to have been his countrywoman, or because in excitement he lapsed into his mother-tongue,

had been ailing for a month. Umberto knocked softly, feeling it well not to disturb her.

Silence, and presently without a sound, the opening of the door.

Jason Divitt looked like a little black ant. Umberto would have made three of him, but he rufed Umberto as effectively as Umberto rufed Gabreau. He had come to New Orleans from what was vaguely known as "the West." What lay back of him no one—not even Molly, perhaps—knew. But he had the manners of a dancing master and the diction of a pedagogue, except when he desired—which frequently happened—to lay them both aside. Silently his anti-like face enquired what Umberto wanted with his knock.

Umberto jerked his head toward the stair in an urgent gesture, and Divitt—in evening clothes—followed him upstairs and into the room. The girl stood by the window. In Umberto's absence she had fastened up her hair and thrust a high black comb into it. She confronted the men with no semblance of fear in her stormy eyes, yet the close observer might have seen the trembling of her clenched hands, the quick rise and fall of her breast. Divitt turned abruptly to Umberto,



course," she had answered. "You are two times as strong."

"Half," he mumbled now, "I want half."

"You got half," Umberto growled. "Half dollar."

He pushed Gabreau out—Gabreau who was stronger than he—shut and locked the door. He listened till he heard the flat tread recede down the balcony, then he closed the inside shutters of the window and lit the lamp.

A square room with a bare floor, a table, a cot, a chair, an old armchair of carved rosewood, a kerosene stove. Smoke from the stove had streaked the walls and dimmed the rich oil portraits, the long gilt-framed mirror.

Umberto set the lamp before the mirror that he might have a stronger light. He drew up the smaller chest. It was nailed, but it came open quickly. Opales—crystallized rainbows, sleek and cool.

He turned to the larger chest. Gabreau had grumbled at the load when they carried it stealthily from the Dolores to Umberto's boat. Not often he called on Gabreau to help him carry things. Gabreau was needed as a lookout. Tonight, however—it was a heavy chest and too beautiful to leave. He had abandoned a dozen smaller chests to take it.

Umberto examined the chest. Ebony, exquisitely carved in an open-work design, so that one saw through it something that gleamed. The lid fitted tightly, but as he jerked the handle it opened and Umberto looked on the thing that gleamed.

Silk, yellow, translucent, shot with little black gems. A rope of pearls, a bracelet set with emeralds—Umberto drew back, reached for the lamp, held it close.

The bracelet glowed on a wrist, slender, ivory-colored. Under the folds of silk a woman's form lay in the chest. Her dark, unbound hair covered her face, and there was no sign of breath.

The lamp shook so Umberto set

Umberto could not know, but he spoke to her in Italian—a voluble flow that rose to the heights of repressed wrath.

Her pallor grew deeper and she spread out a hand against the wall, closing her eyes. There was no water at hand, but there was wine—priceless wine that had been mourned by its owners. Umberto opened the old armchair, poured a glassful. She drank in gulps, steadied herself by the table, resumed her stormy gaze at him.

Apparently she had not understood the Italian. Umberto translated it into the only other tongue he knew.

"How you getta that way?" pointing to the chest. "I bringa you here and thinka you dead. I got 'nough troubles. What for you do thees?"

Her eyes moved to the door behind him.

"No, you don't go," stated Umberto. Spanish was probably her language and there were those in New Orleans who would understand her when she related the story of her removal from the Dolores. He might even be accused of kidnapping as well as theft. "Wait," he ordered. "I come back."

The room had one window that, like its one door, opened upon the balcony. Except at the front, there are no windows in the outer walls of the old French quarter of New Orleans. Umberto made certain that the window was fast—he had nailed it against Gabreau's prying some time before—then he went out, locking the door.

The balcony framed a flowered court, centered by a fountain and reached by a slender stair. Not far from the stair-foot was a door behind which the gambling rooms of Jason Divitt housed their activities till three o'clock in the morning. It was now four. Divitt would have counted his earnings and gone to his wife's room, the room directly beneath Umberto's with its great bed and Spanish lace curtains which Molly Divitt had picked up in the shops on Royal street. Molly

"What's this?" he demanded.

"Lady," Umberto informed him. "She in da chest." Umberto pointed. "I take it off da Dolores. Lady inside. I don't know how she getta that way. Stowaway maybe."

Divitt looked through the chest's contents. Laces, mantillas, a black cape which the girl watched anxiously as he pulled it out.

"Thees gotta me in trouble," complained Umberto. "I think she dead at first. I ask why she do such thing. She no understand Italian."

"Get Conchita," said Divitt. He threw the things back into the chest while Umberto went down the balcony to the last room on that side. Gabreau and Conchita, his mother, looked at him darkly. Umberto, returning Conchita's look, jerked his head toward his room. She rose heavily, a squat, swart, bulging figure, and waddled behind him, Gabreau following. Divitt was closing the chest.

"Talk to this lady in Spanish," he ordered Conchita.

Conchita, discovering the girl in the corner, sat down on the cot. During her three years over Divitt's place she had been called on to face many situations, but to behold unmoved what looked like a caged princess in Umberto's room—a princess who ten minutes before could not have been there—could she?—required something more of savoir faire than ever she possessed, especially when she had got herself all wrought up over Gabreau's four-bit piece.

"Speak to her," commanded Divitt. "There's no time to lose."

Conchita spoke abundantly, assuring the lady that the weather was fine for the month of February. "Try her with French," Divitt said to Gabreau.

"Mamselle—" he began.

The girl faced them abruptly. Her stormy eyes moved over the group.

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Wily Divitt. . . Tomorrow he probes into a runaway's reasons. Is she, too, outside the law?

PHOENIX

PHOENIX, Ore., Aug. 14.—(Sp.)—Neighbor of Woodcraft Circle met Wednesday and one new member was voted into the order. Because many members work in the fruit, there will be only the one meeting this month. Next meeting will be in September. Invitation to join in a picnic with Ashland Circle was accepted, and all members of Phoenix Circle are urged to attend the picnic August 28 at Ashland park.

Mr. and Mrs. B. O. Strain and Mrs. Walker Moore and two children, Ursula and Darlene of Philadelphia, Kansas, arrived here Tuesday to visit Mrs. W. S. Zoling and family.

JACKSONVILLE DANCE TO BUY FIRE TRUCK

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Aug. 14.—(Sp.)—Several citizens met at the city hall recently and organized a new city fire crew, with Ray Wilson as chief. Plans were also made to buy a new fire truck and other necessary equipment. It was decided to solicit all residents of Jacksonville to help pay for the truck, also to give a benefit dance Saturday night, August 15, for this purpose.

Music for the evening will also be partially donated. The city council has ordered 500 feet of new hose for the fire department.

ANDERSON CREEK

ANDERSON CREEK, Ore., Aug. 14.—(Sp.)—E. J. Center is working in Ashland this week.

Jas. Mays and family spent Sunday in Phoenix.

D. C. Hale and family were out to the valley Friday.

Clark MacDowell and wife spent Wednesday at Ralph Green's.

Mr. Myers and wife of Jacksonville were Sunday guests at Geo. McAnally's.

Mrs. Frank Marquess and children were out to the valley Wednesday.

Roy Bushnell called at the Mays home Monday.

Mrs. Jas. Mays was in Phoenix Tuesday on business.

COUNTY BRIEFS

RIVIERA

RIVIERA, Ore., Aug. 14.—(Special)—Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Miller, Phyllis and Junior Miller and Mr. and Mrs. George Lance spent last week at McAllister Springs. Mr. and Mrs. Cleo Gilchrist of Gold Hill, accompanied by Mrs. Gilchrist's twin sisters, Willetta and Loretta Sneed, came out and spent the week-end with them.

Leslie Cook of Portland is spending some time at the Bob Cook cabin on Foothills creek.

Mrs. L. R. Skeleton and children have returned from visiting in southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou Sargent shopped in Central Point this week.

Ed Boling of Applegate and Grant Matthews of Grants Pass, were on Foothills creek Tuesday.

Miss Beth Boosmister spent Tuesday in Grants Pass.

Mr. and Mrs. Grant Nealey and daughter, Gay, visited the Boomsters Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles Wahl is spending the week in Grants Pass as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Matthews.

John Biles has returned from a camping trip at Bend, where he spent some time hunting bees.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Buckley of Los Angeles called on Mr. and Mrs. George Laure and Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Miller recently. Mrs. Buckley was formerly Agnes Dettich and taught in the Gold Hill school several years.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruben Koester were in Rogue River Wednesday.

L. L. Smith is working in Rogue River for Phil Robinson.

Clyde Martin, accompanied by Mrs. Rucker and daughter, Blanch, were Medford visitors Tuesday.

Forest fires on Foothills Creek are under control now. There was no loss of property or livestock.

Mrs. Paul McQuat and son, Paul, are spending the week with Mrs. Effie Birdseye.

Harry Childers of Gold Hill is carrying the mail, while our regular mail carrier is on vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Claire Stumbo were Gold Hill shoppers this week.

JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Aug. 14.—(Special)—Mrs. E. S. Severance entertained the Home Economic club of Jacksonville Grange Wednesday afternoon. Lovely refreshments were served. Next meeting will be with Mrs. Ernest Langley August 26.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Tillman of Portland are spending their vacation with her sister, Mrs. Vivian Beach and family.

T. J. Reedy and family moved Monday to their recently purchased ranch east of town.

Mrs. Pay Hines and Mrs. Ruth Robbins of Portland were visiting old friends in Jacksonville Thursday. They also visited friends in Medford while in this vicinity.

Troop 35 of Jacksonville and Scoutmaster Eric White enjoyed a swimming party and wicker roast at the swimming hole near Applegate store Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lyons had as visitors at their home Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Rose of Medford. Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Sutherland of Medford called on Mrs. Ethel Olson Thursday.

Arthur Lewis who has been working for Copco at Prospect was here Wednesday, accompanied by his wife and son, Carol, en route to Kirk, Ore., where Mr. Lewis is now employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith and Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Coon and daughter, Maurine, spent Saturday at Crater lake.

Mrs. C. C. Chitwood left Sunday for Klamath Falls, called by the illness of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Elmer Applegate, who passed away Sunday. Elmer Applegate is a teacher of botany in Stanford university and he and wife were spending the summer at their ranch near Klamath Falls. Funeral services were held at Klamath Falls.

Mr. Gray and family, recently from southern California, and who have lived the past month at the ranch now owned by T. L. Reedy east of town, moved this week into the house owned by Tom Crump on North Third street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nee of Butte Falls moved this week into the house, which they have rented of George Little on South Third street. Mr. and Mrs. Nee will teach in Jacksonville school this year.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Derr and Mrs. Amanda Fehl of Medford called at the Leonard Lyons home Friday.

Lewis Buckley of Ruch and grandmother, Mrs. Alice Ulrich of this place, spent Friday at the Roy Ulrich home south of Ashland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pick and daughter Virginia of Jacksonville and Eddie Moore of Medford motored to Lake of the Woods Sunday, where they were joined by friends and enjoyed a picnic.

William Nauthery and son, George, of Sacramento, were week-end guests at the Chris Keegan home.

Luke Ryan and family of Crooked creek were in Jacksonville Tuesday.

High school Sunday school class of the Presbyterian church and their leader, Mrs. G. O. Sanden, motored to the Applegate Saturday and spent several hours swimming near the Miles Cantrell ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Coon and daughter, Maurine, of Santa Ana, Calif., are here visiting Mrs. Coon's sisters, Mrs. Roy Smith near Jacksonville and Miss Mary Hurst of Medford.

Mrs. Tom Kenney of Medford, accompanied by her grandchildren, Barbara and Tommy Kentner, of

BROWNSBORO

BROWNSBORO, Ore., Aug. 14.—(Sp.)—Rev. D. D. Randall of Medford was a welcome visitor at Sunday school last Sunday. Members of the Sunday school greatly appreciate the message Mr. Randall brings us from time to time. Much credit is due the children who have so faithfully attended during the hot weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bloomingcamp and children, of Hornbrook, Calif., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Rohrer and other relatives Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Henry and children of Imperial Valley, arrived Sunday for an extended visit with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henry and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Tucker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henry are enjoying a week's outing at Dead Indian Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stanley and son spent the evening August 8th at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wright, the occasion being Mrs. Wright's birthday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Poole of Talent were Sunday guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Louie Blass.

The Will Henry family were week-end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. O. Henry.

Santa Barbara, Calif., were recent visitors of Mr. and Mrs. Chris Kenney.

Lawrence Forsythe, who has been seriously ill the past week at the home of his parents on North Oregon street is improving.

Bruce Merrifield, employed at Prospect, called on friends here Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Dunford had as guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Jack Monroe of Medford.

Mrs. Lola Hildreth, Mr. and Mrs. George Miller and daughter, Ovie, also Mr. Mirrow, enjoyed a picnic dinner in Ashland park Sunday.

Mrs. J. G. Vale of Phoenix spent several days this week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. G. O. Sanden. J. A. Walker of California, moved Saturday into the G. N. Jenkins residence, which he has rented.

Mrs. H. M. Neuber of Portland is spending the week at the home of her brother, Attorney H. K. Hanna.

Roy Martin, accompanied by members of his Sunday school class of the Presbyterian church enjoyed a swimming party on the Applegate one evening recently.

Attorney and Mrs. H. K. Hanna will have as guests over the weekend Mrs. H. L. Porter and daughter, Peggy, of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bowditch spent several days this week at Huckleberry mountain.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Lynam made a trip to Roseburg Sunday. Mr. Lynam is manager of the Whitlock store here.

Mrs. William Welsh and children of Klamath Falls are visiting her mother, Mrs. E. K. Ogle.

Miss Evelyn Applegate, who has been visiting for some time at the C. O. Chitwood home and with other relatives in this district, has returned to her home in San Francisco.

Mrs. H. K. Hanna of this place and Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Haney of Portland visited Mrs. James Buckley near Ruch and also friends on Williams creek Tuesday.

SALESMAN ONCE GRAYHAIRED LEA'S TONIC--LOOKS YOUNG

Marvelous Change Shown by Photos, Before and After Using a Famous Hair Tonic

THOUSANDS BANISH GRAY HAIR THIS WAY

"I started getting gray at twenty years of age and finally became so gray people often called me the gray haired chap, when they didn't know my name. It actually was a handicap as a salesman and made it hard to land a new job. Everybody said I looked ten or fifteen years older than my real age, but I swore I would never use a dye. Finally three years ago some friends of mine began using Lea's Hair Tonic and I was amazed the way it worked for them. They urged me to begin using it too which I did. Gradually day by day my hair began changing back to its youthful color. Just like magic it changed until folks who hadn't seen me for several months hardly could believe their eyes. I've since passed the good word along to scores of gray haired friends. It is safe and easy to use and gives a natural youthful appearance to the hair that is great. I'm sending a photo taken of me when I was real gray and one taken after using Lea's Tonic Co. Breads you can see for yourself," writes (for bottle return mail post)

W. W. Atkinson, Salesman S. Hoover St., Los Angeles

The results Mr. Atkinson gained can be equaled by way at home. Just a drop of finger tip, rubbed into here and there each evening stimulating the circulation by day notices a delightful. Once the scalp is rid of hair is growing vigorous gray is gone—just an application each week or the scalp and hair in beautiful condition, no matter how old be.

Made by the national Lea Tonic Co. It is sold by all druggists but every bottle on positive return money will be refunded after sixty days or not satisfactory. If your own hasn't Lea's Hair Tonic as photo taken of me when I was real gray and one taken after using Lea's Tonic Co. Breads you can see for yourself," writes (for bottle return mail post)

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There's no better place in Southern Oregon to spend a delightful week-end. And this is the best time of year at Lake o' the Woods.

Another Tribute to Tribune Advertising

Medford Mail Tribune, Medford, Oregon.

Gentlemen:

The attendance at our Goodyear theatre party Thursday evening far exceeded our anticipations. Since your publication was used exclusively for the advertising of this show, we take this opportunity to congratulate you upon the pulling power of your medium.

Will you please express to the readers of The Mail Tribune our appreciation for their generous attendance at our Holly theatre Goodyear show last night.

Very Truly Yours,
C. C. Furnas, Manager
MEDFORD SERVICE STATION.