

# Buying Barbara

By Julia Cleft-Adams & Author of "YOU CAN'T MARRY"

**SYNOPSIS**—With Lolla Lane helping from the background, Farrell Armitage persuades Barbara Quattrini to go to a dance with him a few hours after he accidentally meets her. Farrell has told Lolla, who had expected him to propose to her, that even though Barbara is engaged to marry the cruel and crippled Mark Lodley in two days, she will marry Farrell instead. Twenty years before Farrell's betrothal had been badly injured by the late Mrs. Armitage, Lolla and Cass; restoring it ruined the first and caused the death of Barbara's and Mark's father, although James' case was serious. All this is in the air as Mark shows Farrell some of his sketches, and Barbara dresses for the dance.

## Chapter 11

**HELPING MARK**

"YES," said Armitage. "This is good. That isn't, I mean, I don't care for it; its fault seems to me false. I'm not critical, of course, and my pitiful judgments will probably get me thrown out of your house; but, in the meantime, I'll buy what I like."

He had let the word fall with great negligence. "Buy!" His eyes rested on one of Mark's thin hands and he saw the muscles stiffen for a second. Then he passed to his next point.

"You must forgive my curiosity, but why in the world does one find you in Kings Mallard when there are Paris and London? Or Rome?"

"The thin hand, still a little unsteady, indicated the crutch propped against a wall.

"It's not forbidden to use a crutch in Paris or Rome or even in London," reasoned Armitage pleasantly, putting aside the three small landscapes on which his choice had fallen.

"Ah, but here in Kings Mallard we have a house to garage the crutch in," explained the artist. "In London, we shouldn't even have the traditional garret. Traditional garrets, in London, come very expensive."

"Alas," his fair head gleamed in the freight as he made one of his baffled movements—"I know pretty accurately how good I am; which is to say that I know how good I might have become if there had been money enough to take me and my crutch out of Kings Mallard. Those landscapes—" he touched Armitage's selection—"are quite nice, quite distinguished. But they don't even begin to represent my real work."

"Do you do any portraits?" Mark smiled.

"I've tried some portraits," Armitage, quietly opening his checkbook, was remembering Lolla's answer to the same query. "Portraits—yes. When he feels cruelly, there was, however, no cruelty for the moment visible in the curve of Mark's pale, rather pouting lips. He seemed, at the most, amused by his recollections. Armitage made out a check that was neither charitably large nor timidly small.

"What are you going to do with the landscapes?" asked Mark, accepting the check without examination. "You may be no critic, but you know enough not to bang them near your others."

"I'll take your advice on the matter."

"How can I give it when I haven't seen—"

"But, of course, I hoped you would come and see. If you and Mrs. Lodley would stay with me in town for a bit, I should be delighted. My house is in Brandish Place—I'm going back there tomorrow. Would next Thursday suit you?"

He rose, his purchase under his arm. His attitude was now at its most negligent, but he was immensely alert. Mark, so far as easily handled, might suddenly from some unaccountable instinct sense a purpose behind this friendliness. He held his breath. He wondered, belatedly, if outspokenness would, after all, have been better. "I want to take your girl from you—your Barbara. I warn you, I'm going to try." Something like that? He gazed steadily at the thin figure upon the couch.

"No," said Mark, sighing. "I'm afraid next Thursday isn't possible."

"Too bad! Well, we must fix up something else—some other time—"

Armitage became amiably vague. "I'm leaving the country for the winter months but no doubt we shall meet again." He looked at his watch. "I say, Miss Quattrini's been waiting four minutes already!"

"She won't mind if you tell her you've been buying my pictures," Mark's lids had fallen again and he was tearing a dingy thread from the rug that covered him. "She has

the business—and I the family. As a matter of fact, next Thursday—"

He paused for so long that Armitage was on the verge of some saving commonplace.

"As a matter of fact," insisted Mark, suddenly and violently throwing aside the rug. "I can come up on Thursday, if you're still kind enough to ask me. God knows when I shall ever get the chance of a holiday from Toxeter, once I'm there! ... It's most extraordinarily decent of you to be willing to put up with me."

Armitage took a deep breath. He drew away from the fire, which seemed to be making the room far too hot and took another breath, even deeper. It meant such a lot, this postponement of Thursday's ceremony! It meant, among other things, that one need never, whatever happened, feel any compunction towards Mark Lodley.

"I'll send a car down, then," he said cheerfully. "You'll prefer to travel by road; less fatiguing. By the way, what do you consider your 'real work'?"

"Caricature," answered Mark. He had drawn himself up to a sitting position and pitched the rug to the floor. His pale eyes glittered, his hair straggled over his forehead, his shoulders twitched. He looked, Armitage thought, as though he had been hurled earthwards from some distant star and had fallen crumpled, but defiant still.

"Caricature," he repeated. "I suppose it'll stick you, but I'm good at satirizing people. I like it, it's meat and drink to me. There's something in my psychology—"

"Then you must meet McLoughlin," suggested Armitage, dodging discussion of the artistic psyche. "You know his work, of course. I'm fortunate in possessing two of his most slashing efforts at myself; also, his friendship. ... We must arrange something."

"Till Thursday, then."

Making his way gingerly down the ill-lit, cluttered staircase, Armitage began to lose his sense of success. Barbara's smile, the smile she had given Mark was before his eyes. It shut him out completely. Of what significance was it to cause the marriage to be postponed, so long as Mark alone could call that sweetness to her eyes and lips? ... He turned the last corner and saw Barbara below him in the hall.

She was standing with a hand raised to her breast in a curious gesture of pride and pleading, her head a little bent, her eyes upon the open sitting-room door. It was evident that Mrs. Lodley was within, for her hoarse drawl came up to Armitage as he hesitated upon the stairs.

"It's appalling waste, that's what it is and I'd like to box his ears for it. As for your keepin' it, you'll be out of your mind if you do, my dear gel. All very nice, feelin' the better part of three hundred pounds swingin' round your neck but you were sayin' yourself only an hour ago—"

Armitage continued to descend the stairs and the voice stopped. Barbara, turning gravely—all her movements seemed slow and grave—looked up at him as he approached her. She said nothing but he had the impression that, in a businesslike way, she presented herself for his approval.

Armitage possessed an eye for women's clothes and he saw at once that her dress was of very beautiful material, very wonderfully cut. It was silk, he thought, opaque and heavy and what he believed was called "watered." At least, there were wide ripples of light and shadow sprayed across its supple surface and yet it was all white; pearl-white, not fringed in any way save that at neck and hem there were uneven stitches of silver.

Above this gleam of sheer whiteness her pointed child face and her grave eyes waited; her glided hair leaped into flames as her head tilted up towards him. She looked like a little girl who has been told to run and find a clean trick and hopes she is now tidy enough. "This is she. ... This is she."

Then her hand fell away from her breast and Armitage saw an emerald swinging on the slenderest possible chain and cunningly set in web-fine platinum.

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed.

But Barbara and Farrell decide not to dance after all, tomorrow.

# Foots Creek Mine District Leading Entire County In Production of Gold

(By A. E. Kellogg.)

Not since the general business depression in the early '90s have conditions been so propitious as now for intensive prospecting and development of gold-mining properties in Jackson county—for the production of the yellow metal on an increasing scale. Commodity prices are low. Labor is abundant. Highly efficient mining equipment is to be had at short notice and at a reasonable cost. However, there is a local drought of finances for this mine development.

The Foots creek district now leads in the production of gold in Jackson county with its gold-dredge, hydraulic placer mines and quartz vein projects underway. The history of gold mining on the creek dates back to the early '90s when the pioneer placer on the stream produced many millions of dollars in virgin gold. In recent years many more millions in gold have been produced by two dredge companies, the hydraulic placers, the quartz mines, and the numerous small placer and quartz diggings and the district is billed to produce many millions more before these diggings are exhausted. The creek boasts of a mining camp of more than 2,000 inhabitants in the late '90s and early '00s, on the slope

of the hill between the famous Black Channel placers and the Bertha quartz property. The old mining town (Draper), like historic Jacksonville, was underlain with gold and its former site, including several hundred acres of deep soil adjoining has since been stripped to bedrock and the old camp site is now monumented with huge piles of boulders overgrown with timber and brush.

The big gold producer on the stream at present is the Rogue River Gold Co. Inc., which has been operating a big-capacity electrically driven gold dredge for a number of years. They succeeded the Champlin Dredge company which operated two different dredges on the ground a number of years in the '10s of this century. The dredge company owns about 2,000 acres of rich dredge ground on the two forks of Foots creek, and it will take them a number of years to exhaust this diggings. The Black Channel placer diggings, a holding of about 1,500 acres, on the left-hand fork of the creek, is now owned and operated by L. A. Banks of Medford, Dr. P. G. Swendenberg of Ashland and A. H. Clements, mining engineer of Central Point. This property controls most of the hydraulic placer water on this fork of the creek

which feeds several hydraulic pipes by two high-line ditches. Extensive steam-shovel dredge equipment has just been installed on these diggings, which will handle a large yardage of gravel throughout the year with a limited amount of water for washing.

This property is also developed with prospect tunnel more than a half mile in length on the rich bedrock of an ancient channel independent of the old-time diggings on the present stream bed. This development on one of several ancient channels awaits a large production of gold when active mining begins on these ancient waterways. The Black Channel placers have produced many millions since the early '90s and the production is limited to winter snows and rains for water supply.

The water on the right-hand fork of the creek, devoted to hydraulic mining, is controlled by the famous Lance placers, consisting of several hundred acres of rich diggings on the head of the stream, owned and operated by the Lance brothers, G. W. and Marion, of the Gold Hill district. The Lance family formerly owned the 1200-acre Champlin tract at the mouth of the creek and part of the present dredge company's holdings. Below the Lance placers there were quite a number of smaller placer diggings, old-time producers, now controlled by the dredge company, and will be dredged as the dredge plant ascends the stream bed.

On the right-hand fork are a number of small quartz properties, equipped with small mills and under operation the past two years. The Highland, owned by R. E. Cook of Gold Hill and J. L. Row of Sams Valley, is mill-equipped and a producer more

than 30 years ago. It was in 1916 in the Highland diggings that platinum was found in quartz, which revolutionized the world's theory on the origin and occurrence of platinum. Other producers under development on the right-hand fork are the Red Ribbon group and the Coe and Cotton claim.

On the left-hand fork of the stream are about a score of old-timers, produced under development the last two years and several under production, as well as a number of small placer diggings operated during the winter rains.

Two important quartz properties on the left fork which have produced large sums of gold and closed for more than 30 years, were reopened last year and now ready for operation as soon as milling is provided. One is the famous "Big Buck" or "Hicks" mine, now owned by Ed Prefountain, who also owns and operates the old-time "Chip Carr" placers on the creek, as well as the "Red Ochre" quartz property near the P. C. mine, under lease to Young & Sons of Medford. The other is the Bertha quartz property, owned by Kellogg brothers of Medford, now under lease to H. C. Galey of Ashland. The Bertha was discovered in the '90s by the late Alex Orme, ex-sheriff of Jackson county, and was owned and under operation by Ed Schafflin of Tombstone fame, at the time of his sudden death on a prospecting trip on the headwaters of Cow creek in the Umpqua country.

The Bertha adjoins the Black Channel placers, and is situated on the hill between the two forks of the creek. The extension of the Bertha vein on the north is owned and op-

# CLASS IN MUSIC DEMONSTRATED

At the regular monthly meeting of the Jackson County Primary Teachers' Association held at the court house Saturday, Miss Eunice Hager, primary teacher at Bellview, presented a demonstration class in music to the first and third grades. The following children from Bellview gave the demonstration: Albert Newby, Kenneth Thompson, Lois Bell, Josephine Peachey, Katherine Peachey, Betty Dunn, Fern Beers and Alberta Russell.

Unison and two-part singing were given and one new song taught, Miss Dorothy Baughman read a paper on the old carols of the Nativity. This association, under the leadership of the young professional women of the county schools is doing some excellent work this year. The January meeting will be directed by Mrs. Marcella Erickson who will take as her subject "character education," basing the discussion on the recent report made by Mrs. Nina Carlson of the Medford schools and her committee.

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James Earl Ladd, evangelist and lecturer, will speak at the First Christian church Wednesday evening. The subject of his lecture will be "Evolution." Mr. Ladd has made a very extensive study of this subject. He has given this lecture in many schools and colleges. A few weeks ago he gave it before a large group of the Los Angeles ministers. Those who heard it pronounced it the finest lecture they had heard on that subject. Mr. Ladd is a dynamic speaker and the people of Medford are fortunate in having the opportunity of hearing him.

The lecture will begin at 8 o'clock. No admission will be charged but a free-will offering will be taken. All high school students are especially urged to be present.

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# TAILSPIN TOMMY—Memory Or No Memory—Here's A Girl!



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# THE NEBBS—On The Brink



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By George McManus

# QUICK DELIVERIES ON GIANT POWDER

Following closely upon the news of the appointment of Timber Products company as distributor for the Giant Powder company supplies in Jackson, Josephine and Douglas counties, this old established Medford firm announces a new fast service that should be of interest to all extensive users.

The Timber Products company has leased new sites adjacent to Medford, Honeburg and Grants Pass for the storage of powder, and other blasting supplies. These new storage sites are located with one mile of the towns named so it will be possible for the distributor and dealers to fill orders within twenty minutes, if desired, from the time the orders are placed.

A fleet of fast delivery trucks will

# GOLD BEACH HOUNDS POISONED BY SALMON

CORVALLIS, Ore., Dec. 27.—(AP) Salmon poisoning, rather than a malicious dog poisoner, was responsible for the death of 12 valuable hounds owned by the B. W. Purdy kennels at Gold Beach, it was said today by Dr. D. T. Sims, head of the veterinary department. Two of the dead animals were received here for examination after the Gold Beach man determined to find the cause of the death of the valuable animals.