

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman

SYNOPSIS: Anne Farnsworth has decided to go to Astoria to see her old nurse, Lucinda Scott, and find out whether the woman knows anything about her history. Anne has learned a lot about her "relative" Luke and Lucinda Farnsworth; she has learned that her "relative" plan to drive her out of her home. Most cruel of all, her fiance, Rob Crocker, has deserted her. Anne is giving final instructions to her maid.

Chapter 15

CHARLOTTE'S FURY

AND Yvonne, it might be well to keep the doors locked while you are packing. Call Judge Kellogg if you have any trouble. Goodbye, my dear."

She bent and kissed the little maid, who had crumpled into a chair, and picking up the two bags, walked out of the room without a backward glance.

Buttons, from the hall, saw her appear on the balcony, and hastened to relieve her of the bags, then to gather they went down to the servants' quarters where Anne repeated her little ceremony, the others protesting at accepting anything from her.

"And now, if you'll bring my car around, Carl," she said to the ruddy-cheeked chauffeur. "I'll be on my way."

A few moments later she heard the purr of the motor. With the servants clustered about her she started for the door.

"Just where do you think you're going, young lady?" came a sharp voice from the inner door, and Charlotte Farnsworth appeared. "Sneaking out the back way, were you? What have you got in those bags?"

Anne turned and gave the woman a straight-forward glance which, had she known it, contained all the elements of the look John Neuman had given Rob Crocker.

"You don't leave this house until I search those bags," declared Mrs. Farnsworth, positively.

Anne looked at her bags, at the servants, waiting only a word from her, and then at Mrs. Farnsworth. "Oh, Aunt Charlotte," she began in exasperation.

"Don't you Aunt Charlotte me," snapped the woman, "I'm not your aunt."

Anne's clear laugh rang out, much to her own surprise. "I knew I'd find something to be grateful for," she replied.

"You feel that way about us, do you Anne?" came in quiet tones from the door.

Anne looked back and saw Lee Farnsworth standing there. "Do you blame me?" she asked.

"I'll take care of this affair, Lee Farnsworth," interposed his wife.

"I think you've taken care of enough," he answered wearily and, coming forward, he placed an arm around Anne. "Are we driving you away, girl?" he asked.

"I'd rather go than cause trouble, Uncle Lee," she answered, "I'm going to friends. I'll be all right."

"There was a message from Rob I was to give you."

"I know, I overheard it. That's all right too."

He looked at her anxiously, then picked up the bags and preceded her towards the door.

"Wait," Anne said, "I'd like you to look through those bags for your own protection, Uncle Lee."

"There is no reason for anyone to look through them," he replied and moved on, Anne, following. Charlotte was stricken immobile at the sudden revolt of her husband.

Lee stood by the car until Anne had settled behind the wheel. "I don't know what Luke had in mind," he ventured, uneasily, "but I know he never intended you to suffer this way. I'll do my best for you, Anne, girl. Goodbye."

He leaned forward and kissed her, and Anne, who had faced each cruel issue of the day with bravery, felt her eyes flood with tears at this little gesture of tenderness. She called a determinedly cheerful goodbye to the servants and drove away.

ONCE away from the home grounds she parked the car and looked back on the big house, half hidden by shrubbery, the lights flickering from each familiar window. From her own rooms came a flood of light, and occasionally the shadow of Yvonne hurried past a window.

Blindly she reached for the ignition key, turned it, blindly her foot reached for the starter, and the other pressed in the clutch.

To get away quickly, as long as she must go. She looked back once. All three windows, the conservatory, Luke's and Lucinda's were dark. To get away! She sent the car rushing down the steep grade, whirling about the sharp curves, then blinded by stinging tears, slowed the motor.

Carefully she threaded traffic to the arterial highway. Could one leave memories behind; memories which whirled like the wheels of the car? She turned the car into the highway which wound down the western side of the Willamette, and later, the Columbia, and soon the hum of tires on the wet pavement, the gleaming black road, the burst of lights as towns appeared and disappeared, wore a lethargic strain beneath the ache of reality.

Nine o'clock, ten o'clock. She passed through Rainier, driving slowly. Soon she would come to Clatsop, then Westport, and then that fatal grade which curved like interlinked horseshoes over the ridge between the inner valleys and the bay that opened to the sea.

The lights of Westport blurred to the right as she started on this trying lap of her journey. She looked at the gas gauge. The gas was low and there were no stations other than the one at the foot of the grade, the one from where news of the fatal wreck had been telephoned.

Its lights cut a bright swath in the surrounding darkness as she drove in, intensifying the gaudy orange and black of a touring car standing there.

Anne noticed the orange pennants painted against the black hood. A nondescript youth in slacks and sweat shirt was bending over the opened hood, the doe-deek boots of a second man protruded from beneath the car.

ANNE drew up before the tank and turned off her motor, just in time to hear the muffled voice of the man below the car about the gas bending over the engine: "If you'll quit monkeying with that carburetor, we'll stand a better chance of getting home, tonight."

"Some gas, lady?" inquired a jovial looking little woman, who came from the store behind the tanks.

"Fill it up, please," answered Anne, absently.

There was the clank of the nozzle hitting the tank, and then the youth in the black and orange car, responding to orders from beneath, "tried it." The motor coughed, stopped. Coughed, and responded with a hum.

"That be all, how's your oil?" "All right," answered Anne, and handed the woman the money.

"Going over the grade tonight?" chattered pursued the woman.

Anne stared at her blankly. As there was but one road, and no cross roads, where else would she be going?

"Yes," she answered, politely.

"Well then, take it easy. Want to watch yourself up there. That third sharp turn there, that's where them rich fishery folk went over. Maybe you'd like to stop and look, crowds had been down doing that. The brush is all flattened out, a little fir broken off. Y'know, I don't reckon I'll ever get over hearing that man."

"Please!" Anne, who had been frantically starting her motor, didn't realize she had screamed until she saw the figure beneath the touring car scramble out.

"Good heavens!" came a voice from the oil stained countenance.

Anne jammed her gears, wrenched them back into low, into second, into high. She shot out of the station, careened onto the highway and roared away from the woman who stood, mouth agape, staring after her.

From behind the car Anne heard shouts, but she couldn't stop. She had to go on. Did the woman mean Dad had screamed, or shouted, or was it the car? What was it she would never forget?

"I can't go on," Anne's foot slid back from the gas feed as the hill loomed ahead.

A car honked demanding. Anne looked at the road; she was as near the edge as it was safe to be.

She started again. If she had to cross that grade she'd do it.

The other car ran alongside and in the gleam of lights, Anne saw that the man in the seat beside the driver was holding something in his hand which glittered. The cap to her gas tank.

"I'll put it on for you," offered the man.

Anne stopped her car. "If you will, please," she said in reply.

A moment later he stepped up to the side of the coupe. "It's all right now," he ventured.

"Thank you," Anne murmured. "At once!" came the cheerful rejoinder.

"Mr. Newman!" Anne couldn't say for the moment whether she was glad or sorry to see the young fisherman.

Anne takes the first step in her quest, tomorrow.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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One of the strangest battles of the Revolutionary War was the all-night fight between a French man-of-war and a barren, defenseless island in the West Indies. The island, called Sail Rock, is strikingly similar in appearance to a full-rigged sailing ship.



Queen Anne of England offered the first prizes for horse races when, in 1703, she donated a silver plate worth \$20 for the Doncaster race winner. This continued, with prizes of increasing value, until 1714 the queen put up a gold cup and insisted that every owner who entered a horse put up ten guineas (\$50) winner take all. This was the first race for money on this basis—and the queen's horse, "Star," won the race.

Under a new Michigan state law, sponsored by Auditor General John J. Ohara, you have to pay for your own keep when you are in a state prison.

Court action may be taken against any property owned by a prisoner to enforce this collection. The law has been tested in circuit court already and found constitutional and collections under it have been made.

Tomorrow: Upside Down Pouring.

Birthday Celebration Fatal

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 6.—(AP)—Joel Curtis, seaman on the steamer Admiral Halstead, would have been 35 years old today. This morning they recovered his body from a float between the ship and a dock. He had slipped from the gangplank. Other crew members said he started out yesterday afternoon to celebrate his birthday.

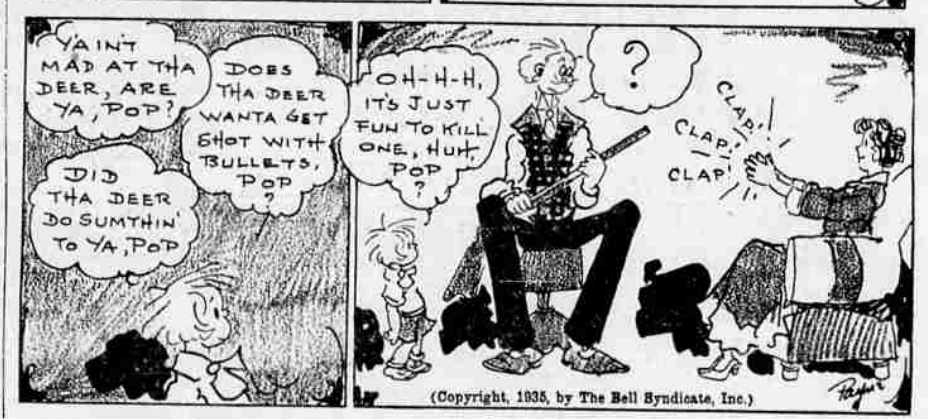
INOPPORTUNE MOMENT

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



'SMATTER POP-

By C. M. PAYNE



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By HAL FORREST



By EDWIN ALGER



By SOL HESS



BOARD PUTS OFF RESERVOIR ACTION

Only routine matters were considered by the Medford board of water commissioners at the regular meeting Monday at the city hall. No new plans were laid for the construction of an additional reservoir, a bond issue for which was voted down at a special election October 26. It had been the board's intention to proceed with construction of a reservoir after 1938 when bonds of the old Fish Lake line are to be retired, but the program was brought before the public recently by a federal grant toward the cost of construction. It was indicated that no further steps would be taken until after 1938.

MADMAN PULLS ENGINE THROTTLE

BALTIMORE, Nov. 6.—(AP)—A locomotive and six empty passenger cars were sent upon a brief wild run today by a man who suddenly boarded the engine, shifted the engine and jerked the throttle wide open. The heavy locomotive and the six cars ran off the end of the track at the Hillen station of the Western Maryland railroad, plunged through a gate and plowed into a shed at the rear of the station. As the roof of the shed tumbled down about the locomotive, Leut. John E. Zang and other railroad employees rushed to the cabin to catch the man.

THE NEBBS—Bad News

