

HIGH COURAGE

by Jeanne Bowman.

Chapter 42
NEUMAN AGAIN

BOOS greeted Farley's foolish charge against Anne, shouts of "string him up," "the coward," "Let's the girl take the fall for him." There was a mad clamor, unheeded rapping of the bailiff's gavel, the shouts of deputies.

And then Judge Kellogg turned and held up his hand. There was instant silence.

"Your Honor," he said, "under the circumstances, I beg that the charge of murder against Anne Farnsworth be dismissed."

"If Your Honor please," the district attorney joined him before the bar, "I join in this plea for dismissal."

There was no doubt of the audience's feeling. The district attorney's statement was followed by applause which the bailiffs struggled manfully to put down. They only succeeded in adding to the din.

At last Judge Benson's gavel could be heard, thumping lustily over the noise. Quiet descended, and the Judge formally dismissed the case. It was a short proceeding, much shorter than Anne imagined possible.

Suddenly there was a loud crash, and a chair fell over, Tom Farley had risen blindly, and was making for the nearest door.

"Stop him!" shouted Kellogg, but the warning was not necessary. Kellogg's insistence that every door be covered by an officer had been proved correct. Farley ran into the arms of a tall, uniformed man, and in a moment he was secured—with handcuffs.

Strangely, Farley said nothing at all. But as he was returned to his chair the fire seemed to die within him. He looked once at Anne, not with appeal in his eyes, but hatred. He was hurriedly searched for weapons, and as Judge Benson adjourned court, two officers hurried Anne's worst enemy through the door which led to the cells.

There was a change in Charlotte, although Anne had no time to observe it. Charlotte's fury when Kellogg took charge had maintained itself at white heat through all that followed.

But when she realized that at last the game was off, when her fellow plotter was led away, her sneer was replaced by a curiously sour smile. She rose, as if to press through the crowd to Anne. But the crush was too great, and perhaps she had not yet fully determined upon her course.

She left the room with the air of one hurriedly casting up her resources, anxious to change her plan, and not quite sure what to do at the moment.

She was a grim and an unlovely picture as she disappeared through the big double doors which led to the corridor. Sharlee followed—alone. Sharlee had watched events with bewilderment and when at last the Judge dismissed the charge against Anne, allowed her face to fall into an expression of ludicrous puzzlement.

SHE said something to Rob. He did not answer. She snuggled against him, trying to win the protection of his arm. He ignored her. Sharlee represented the second unsuccessful attempt on his part to control the Farnsworth fortune. She represented nothing more.

Only Anne seemed calm, poised. She was that because she wasn't quite sure what had happened.

"You're free, my dear, and I'm so happy." The matron bent over her and patted her on the shoulder, and Anne, reaching up, pressed the hand.

"You're been so good to me," she whispered, "I know I owe my life to your quick thought, that night."

Anne looked back towards the courtroom. John and Tecla stood at the railing, waiting a sign for them to enter. She smiled at them and they came in, Tecla, shyly, John with queer uncertainty.

"Thank you, John." She caught his hand in both of hers, "I'm so anxious to know how it all happened. All I do know right now, is that you found the evidence, somehow."

Tecla was eying her, bewildered. "Nikki," she asked, "you do not mind that I tell what I tell? That you are of us?"

"Tecla," she cried in reproach. "Aunt Tecla, I'm proud to be . . . of you. Half Finnish, like John. And I have a name, John, two names—"

"Two names," he repeated, then, "here comes Judge Kellogg; you have a lot to thank him for."

Anne turned to Ansel Kellogg. "You folks want to come into the D.A.'s office and listen to how we found what we found?" he asked.

"Of course," she agreed, and as Tecla started to back away, she caught her arm. "Remember Tecla, you're all the mother I have now."

There were apologies from the State's prosecutor which Anne quickly stilled. "You were doing your duty," she said.

And then, seated, she listened to John tell his part.

"I thought from the beginning," he said, "that the will was queer. It didn't sound like Luke Farnsworth. He was a good judge of human nature. I couldn't understand his placing such trust in Crocker and Farley. Yet, every bit of evidence seemed to point out that he had."

"Shortly before I left for the Alaskan trip, Miss Anne gave me an idea of what had caused the change in the will. She said that Luke Farnsworth had hurried down here without letting Crocker know what he was doing, or where he was going, then upon finding Crocker here, he had hurried back to Portland, first making sure that Crocker would stay."

"And then, while in Alaska, by pure coincidence, I ran into a sailor who had happened to overhear part of the will as Farnsworth was dictating it to the Westport attorney."

"It happened this way, I," he related, and his face burned to a rich mahogany hue. "I carried a newspaper picture of Miss Farnsworth in my wallet."

"I happened to have it out one evening, the wind whisked it out of my hand and this sailor caught it for me."

"He looked at it before returning it, then instead of kidding me, he became confidential; asked me if I knew Miss Farnsworth well, and said he knew something he felt he should tell, but hadn't told because he was afraid of getting into trouble."

"He had shipped on a lumber boat, which tied up at Westport. They'd been at sea quite a while and upon getting into port he'd gone out with his crowd for liquid cheer."

"He got too drunk to get back aboard so his companions had decided to dip him in that stream which runs along underneath the houses built off the main street of Westport."

"He'd half way sobered, enough to break away from his friends, and while wandering along under the pilings of these buildings, had come to some stairs."

"He went up these, found a landing where it was warm, and lay down and went to sleep."

"He was awakened by stomping feet. He stood up and peered through the glass-topped door, into the inner room of what he found was a doctor's office. He saw a crowd of men who were carrying an injured man in."

"They laid him on the table and went out leaving the doctor and his wife, a trained nurse, there."

John stopped and smiled.

"This is only a summary of what the man told me," he said. "This whole thing made a tremendous impression on him, sort of his big moment."

"But from his manner and appearance I felt sure that what he was saying was true, even though he talked around and around the bush, and insisted on telling how he felt, and what he felt, and all that sort of thing."

"He was evidently an honest man, and one to be believed. And he seemed very glad to be able to tell the whole story to someone." John blushed again. "I guess he could tell that I was pretty much interested from the way I acted, and from the fact that I had the picture—and everything."

"I'm sure he could," Judge Kellogg interjected. "But I suppose you'd better get along with the story. It's a pretty long one. But interesting."

Tecla was eying her, bewildered. "Nikki," she asked, "you do not mind that I tell what I tell? That you are of us?"

Tomorrow, John gets to the crux of the sailor's story.

ASHLAND PIONEER PASSES IN IDAHO

ASHLAND, Dec. 9.—(Sp.)—Word has been received of the death of Miss Florence Kilgore, 74, in Bailey, Idaho, October 29. Miss Kilgore was the daughter of pioneers and a resident

of Jackson county some 30 to 60 years. Her father, James D. Kilgore, crossed the plains to Oregon by ox team in 1854. He settled on a donation claim near Jacksonville. Later he was awarded the first contract for carrying the mail from Ashland to Linkville, as Klamath Falls was then called. He then sold his farm and moved with his family to Linkville, where they were practically the only white people. They passed through the horrors of the Modoc war in 1874 and

1875, which was near where Klamath Falls now is. Giving up the mail contract the family moved to Ashland, purchasing what is known as the old Eber Emery place. The Boulevard, where it now leaves Main street crosses where his orchard and garden was. Mr. Kilgore later sold this farm and moved his family to the old A. G. Rockefeller farm near the old "wild-cat diggings," below the Billings farm. Miss Kilgore leaves one relative in Ashland, George R. Hargadine.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The origin and forebears of the Pekingese dog are lost in the mystery of ancient China, where since remote times, this breed of dog was considered sacred. Strange as it seems, the Pekingese of old China was never seen outside the palaces of the rulers—and death was the punishment for anyone who attempted to take one of the sacred dogs beyond the palace walls. Not until 1860 had the world ever seen the Pekingese. In that year when the summer palace at Peking was looted during the Boxer uprising, five of the toy dogs were smuggled out of the country to England. One of them was given to Queen Victoria, and the popularity of Pekingese dogs soon became widespread. Most Pekingese today are descended from these dogs that were smuggled out of the palace. The dog is of the spaniel type, and is probably remotely akin to the familiar hunting spaniels of other countries. Tuxedo, as applied to evening dress, took its name from Tuxedo Park, New York, where the particular style was originated. But the name of the town comes from one or more Algonquin words, meaning "tough."

FLIGHT COMMANDER RALPH WOOD, ABOARD THE S.S. SARATOGA, HAS JUST RECEIVED THE SOS RADIO FROM TOMMY AND SKEETER, REPORTING DIRIGIBLE 42 DOWN AT SEA DURING A STORM! BUT THE BOYS WERE UNABLE TO CHECK ITS POSITION.

BRIGGS, YOU WILL TAKE OFF EAST BY 30 - FARNSWORTH, YOU FLY DEAD EAST, BERGER, SOUTH BY EAST - WARD, NORTH WEST - WIDEN YOUR CIRCLE AT ONE HUNDRED MILES AND--

AVE, AVE, SIR!

YOU UNDERSTAND, GENTLEMEN, THAT THE ENTIRE NAVY APPRECIATES YOUR ACTION IN VOLUNTEERING TO SEARCH FOR DIRIGIBLE 42 IN THIS STORM!

WE'LL DO OUR BEST TO FIND IT, SIR!

GOD BE WITH YOU, I SALUTE-- TO YOUR COURAGE!

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip Injured?

LITTLE CRIP GHUSHED BRIAR TO SAFETY, STARTED TO SCRAMBLE TOWARD THE RAIL HIMSELF BUT WENT DOWN IN A CLOUD OF DUST BEFORE THE THUNDERING HORSES!

OH, GOSH! CRIP'S BEEN RUN DOWN! BRIAR, TOO, MAYBE!

GET A DOCTOR!

WE-WE-WE WON, DIDN'T WE, BEN?

THE NEBBS—Look Out Ahead

EMMA HAS BOUGHT A CAR AT LAST AND IS NOW TAKING INSTRUCTIONS ON HOW TO RUN IT—HERE IS HOPING SHE DOES WELL

NOW LET THE CLUTCH OUT SLOWLY AND DON'T TRY TO MAKE HARD WORK OF IT—IT'S AS EASY TO RUN AS A BABY CARRIAGE

OOH! I FEEL SKITTISH LIKE—IT GIVES ME SOOPE PIMPLES

TAKE IT EASY, MISS GRUNTLY JUST TAP IT WITH YOUR TOE—DON'T KICK IT—IT'S A WILLING CAR

I AIN'T TRYIN' TO DO THIS—THERE'S SO MANY THINGS TO DO AT ONCE I GET FUSSLED!

NOW YOU'RE DOIN' BETTER—YOU'VE MISSED EVERYTHING—YOU'D BETTER LET ME TAKE IT NOW UNTIL YOU GET INSURANCE!

YES, IF I'D HIT THAT EFFIE NANCE, HIS FOLKS WOULD WANT AT LEAST \$500, AND EF AIN'T NEVER BROUGHT HOME AN' THIN' BUT HIS APPETITE SINCE HE GOT 'EM BOON!

WINDOW REGULATION

By GUYAS WILLIAMS

MOTHER TUCKS HIM UP, OPENS WINDOW, KISSES HIM GOOD-NIGHT, AND GOES OUT

BEGINS TO GET DROWSY

MOTHER TIP-TOES IN TO MAKE SURE IT ISN'T TOO BREEZY, AND AFTER SOME INDECISION, LOWERS WINDOW 1/32" OF AN INCH

HOPES THAT THAT'S FINAL AND SETTLES FOR SLEEP

GRANDMA TIP-TOES IN TO CHECK ON THE AIR SITUATION, AND LOWERS WINDOW TO WITHIN TWO INCHES OF SILL

FATHER TIP-TOES IN AND FLINGS WINDOW WIDE OPEN

FEELS THAT IF ANYONE ELSE WAKES HIM AGAIN JUST AS HE IS DROPPING HE'S GOING TO GIVE THEM A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED CRY

FORTUNATELY IS SO SOUND A-SLEEP HE DOESN'T HEAR—MOTHER COME IN AND PUT WINDOW WHERE IT WAS IN FIRST PLACE

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S'MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

RUNNING AWAY?

YES, HE HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS MAW AGAIN!

WELL, I COULD DONATE A COMPASS FOR YOUR TRAVELS. YOU KNOW IT ALWAYS POINTS NORTH

NORTH?

IT WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD FER ME!

I'M GOIN' WEST!

WELL, NOW! ISN'T THAT PROVOKING!

WELL, I'LL BE SEEN YA SOMETIME!

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TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Salute—To the Brave!

By HAL FORREST

3264

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—Crip Injured?

By EDWIN ALGER

THE NEBBS—Look Out Ahead

By SOL HESS

Essay Contest To Aid History Study

PORTLAND.—(Sp.)—In order to promote the reading and study of Oregon history as well as that of the country as a whole, the Oregon Historical Society has selected as the

JACKSONVILLE H-E TO MEET ON WEDNESDAY

JACKSONVILLE, Dec. 9.—(Sp.)—Jacksonville Home Economics committee will meet Wednesday, Dec. 11, at the home of Mrs. H. E. Conger. A covered dish luncheon will be served at 1 o'clock. Every member is requested to bring a small gift for the Christmas tree.

WRIGLEY'S QUALITY TAKES THE CAKE.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT THE PERFECT GUM

THE FLAVOR LASTS