

# The Boxwood Barrier

By BLANCHE SMITH FERGUSON

The St. ... Sa ... in love with ...  
 ... Gary ... Judith ...  
 ... Reuben ...  
 ... Gary ...  
 ... Judith ...  
 ... Gary ...  
 ... Judith ...  
 ... Gary ...  
 ... Judith ...

### Chapter 31

#### 'Cruel To Do That!'

BACK at Plot 16 Reuben ripped off his necktie, rolled up his sleeves and fell to work as though pursued by a million demons. If he had labored all day he worked with frenzy now. He drove staples. Put up the ridge pole. Unaided, spread the canvas. Tied it down. Have to take out that stake—



He was driven by rage, pursued by a million demons.

Then he sat outside the tent and stared unseeing into the darkness. Every bleat of the saxophones, every throb of the drums added to his rage. Judith was down there dancing—dancing with Gary. His mind went back to the day in Maryland he had asked her to marry him. She loved Gary—she had told him so that day. She still loved Gary—once he had been sure he was the better man!

The dance at the pavilion differed from any dance Judith had ever attended. It was as cosmopolitan as though it were on the edge of the Suez instead of the edge of an American forest. There were the usual number of men in white flannel trousers and dark coats. The usual number of women in new or not too new gowns. There were girls carefully waved, powdered, rouged, with vivid lips and finger nails. Girls whose slinky frocks clung like skin to their figures. There were demure little school ma'ams in comfortable cottons or prim, serviceable silks. There were cow girls and boys from neighboring dude ranches. There were stars and extras from Hollywood. There were Swedes, Germans and French. There was a young Jap connected with the Embassy bent on enjoying America while seeing it.

The orchestra played a tango. Judith moved gracefully through it. She felt herself coming alive, as a wilted flower freshens after a brief summer shower. Just to dance again! It mattered not with whom. To feel young, free, untroubled. Yesterday, the day before, all the days—with their dull cold and searing heat, were forgotten. It was a fragrant September night. The music was good. She was not quite 23. She wanted this hour—just this hour to go on forever—

#### Arm In Arm

NOT until the last note of the last dance had been played did Judith think of going home. "I factually forgot my children," Judith sighed repentantly. "I needed this night. Gary. I feel re-born—as though I'm about to start life all over and make a better job of it." She felt courageous, ready to meet and conquer anything. Was it only this morning she had been discouraged, defeated?

"We'll ride tomorrow, Judy. Today really."

"Today!" aghast, "What time is it?"  
 "About twenty of two."  
 "Mercy! I haven't been out after nine-thirty for years."  
 "Careful!"  
 "It's true—don't give me any credit for it though. There isn't any place to go in Fordney's Gulch except to movies so old the films are torn. They start at seven, so unless one stopped at Lacy's for ginger pop, one was home and in bed by nine-thirty. I don't like ginger pop."

They were walking arm in arm, sometimes losing the path in the darkness. Slipping and tripping over loosened stones and tangled undergrowth. Finding the path again. Laughing at their blundering—laughing at nothing.

Pine drenched with dew made the night spiky. Above their heads a star shot. An adventurous cottontail crossed the road ahead of them in panicky haste. The woods whispered.

"Judy," Gary said struck by a sudden thought, "Remember the night we rode to Reisterstown hunting watermelons?"  
 "And got caught in a terrible storm and you lost your pocket-book!"  
 "With \$2 in it, tragedy!"  
 "Good old days, Gary!"  
 They did not speak again until

## STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

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



**REWARD!**

**AN OFFER OF \$2250 FOR ANNOUNCING THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO THE KING AND QUEEN OF SPAIN, SET ADRIPT BY CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS IN A WATER-TIGHT CASK IN 1493-- HAS BEEN UNCLAIMED FOR 445 YEARS!**

**THE CASK HAS NEVER BEEN FOUND...**

**A LOGIST SWARM, GOLDILY COVERING 7000 SQUARE MILES, BLEW OVER THE RED SEA IN 1889... THE WHOLE SKY WAS BLACKENED**

**THE BACKTRACK SPECIAL! TRAINS HAD TO BACK UP ALL THE WAY FROM SEATTLE TO TACOMA, WASH., IN 1884-- THERE WAS NO TURNABLE AT SEATTLE...**

**BASE RUNNERS WERE NOT REQUIRED TO TOUCH EACH BASE PRIOR TO 1864...**

**Unpaid Reward.**  
 There stands today, strange as it seems, an offer of \$2250 for anybody who will convey the important information to the King and Queen of Spain that America actually exists!  
 Christopher Columbus signed and sealed the offer 445 years ago, but nobody, it seems, has been able to find the document of discovery and deliver it.  
 While returning to Spain on February 13 or 14, 1493, after his memorable first voyage to the New World, he concocted the odd plan to insure delivery of news of his work to the Spanish royal household.  
 Bored by violent winds, Columbus realized there was a danger that his caravel might founder and carry to oblivion all the important data he had collected. He also was apprehensive that the "Pinta" had already gone down.  
 Columbus set to work, drafting two accounts of his discoveries, which he sealed hermetically in wax. To them he added an offer of 1000 ducats to anybody who might find and deliver the message intact to Spain's rulers.  
 He placed the documents in two barrels, one of which he set on the deck. The other he threw overboard, trusting that, some day, some unknown person might find the message on some lonely coast and carry out his instructions.  
 Strange as it seems, history has no record of the cask ever having been found. Of course, Columbus did reach his destination and was able personally to convey his amazing story to Ferdinand and Isabella.  
 Yet somewhere, today, lies Columbus' offer—possibly still intact and sealed in wax in a barrel. Its fate in all probability will forever remain a mystery.

McClatchy Syndicate, Inc. 5-10-38

**Oregon Forests To Close Sunday**  
 SALEM, May 10.—(AP)—The closed season in Oregon's forests will begin next Sunday, when permits must be obtained by persons who intend to burn on property in or near forest lands. J. W. Ferguson, state forester, said today.

**Sleep Walker Falls**  
 PORTLAND, May 10. (AP)—Charles Bell, 15, tumbled down 13 steps at his home Saturday and was taken to the Multnomah county hospital. Sunday he fell 20 feet from a window on the first floor of the hospital and injured his back again. Attendants said he was walking in his sleep.

Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### TAILSPIN TOMMY—A Book-Trained Pilot!



Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—'Plenty Reasons'



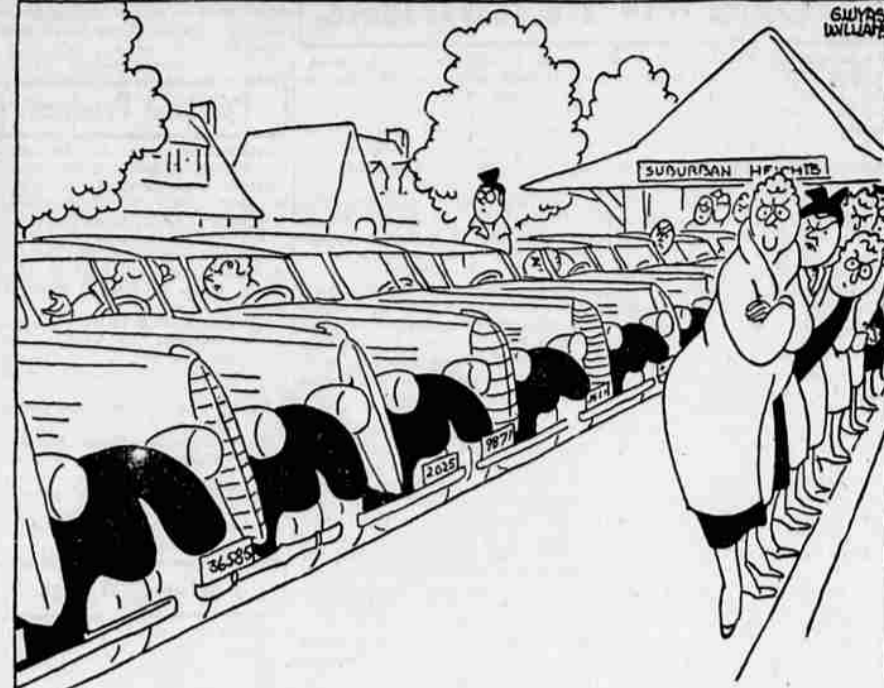
Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### THE NEBBS—Back Home



Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### SUBURBAN HEIGHTS By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



THERE WERE SOME STORMY DOMESTIC SCENES WHEN THE MEN ARRIVED ON THE 6:20 AFTER THEIR WIVES HAD MET THE 5:15 AND HAD WAITED FOR EVERY TRAIN SINCE— AND ALL BECAUSE FRED PERLEY HAD FORGOTTEN TO SPREAD THE WORD BY TELEPHONE, AS HE HAD PROMISED TO DO, THAT THE MEN WERE GOING TO A BALL GAME AND WOULD BE LATE

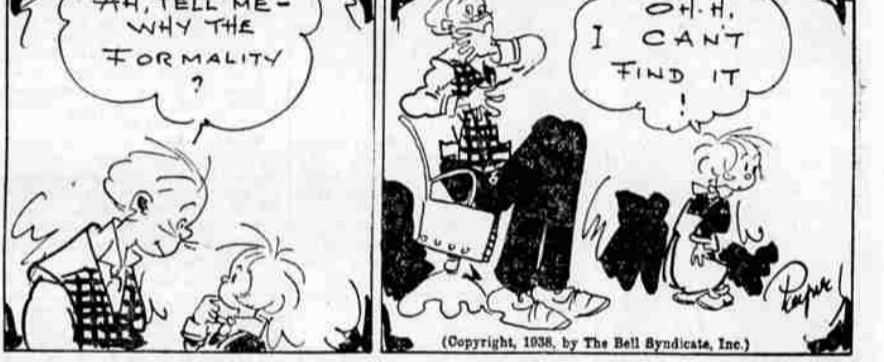
(Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

5-10

### S'MATTER POI By O M PAYNE



Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.



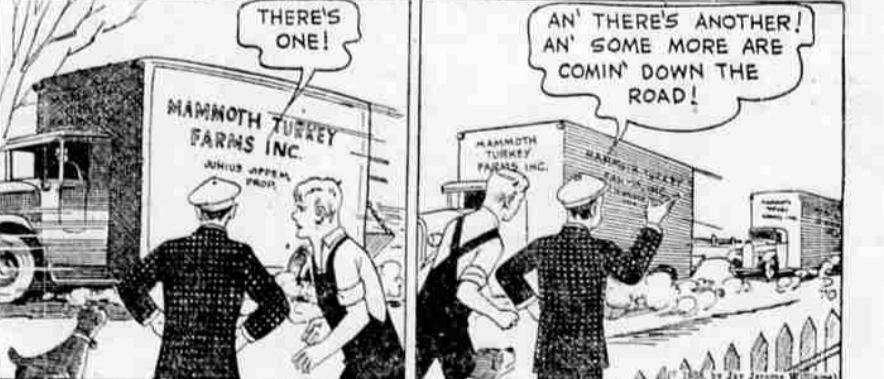
Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### By HAL FORREST



Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### By EDWIN ALGER



Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### By SOL HESS



Copyright, 1938, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### Judge Barnard Of Lane County Dies

EUGENE, May 10.—(AP)—Judge Charles P. Barnard, 78, former county judge of Lane county and recognized for his work for good roads in this section, died Sunday at his home, following an extended illness. Death came exactly one year from the death of Mrs. Barnard.

Judge Barnard had been a resident in Eugene since 1903, being for several years associated with early stage lines in this section. He operated stages between Eugene and Florence and Eugene and the upper McKenzie region, and often said it was this experience that "held" him on the necessity for good roads.

### Will Seek Opening Of McKenzie Pass

BEND, May 10.—(AP)—Eugene and Bend representatives, informed of favorable snow conditions between Sisters and the summit of the Cascade mountains, decided today to ask the state highway department for two rotary plows to remove drifts from the McKenzie pass.

Robert Jenkins of Sisters said there were only 14 feet of snow in the main portion of the pass east of the lava beds. Jenkins said to the summit in a heavy week-end rain-storm.

At Grange, the perfume city of the Mediterranean, the scent industry uses 4,000,000 pounds of orange blossoms and 3,000,000 pounds of rose leaves every year.

Use Mail Tribune Want Ads.