

**THE SHERIFF'S SWEETHEART**

By T. R. GIBSON

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"Aren't satisfied with me? Why not? Did I ask to be elected sheriff? Didn't the town come to me and say they'd decided to nominate me?" asked Dick Farley.

He looked straight into the puckered eyes of old Jim Brant, who lowered his own unsteadily.

"You understand me, Dick. I only come to you as a friend," said the old man. "I thought there was something gone wrong between Doris and you, and I thought maybe she'd heard of what folks are saying."

"What are they saying?" demanded Dick.

"Why, that they guess you're taking your time about tackling Sancho," responded Brant.

Dick flushed angrily. He had been sheriff six months, and the notorious outlaw was still at liberty. Somewhere in the hills beyond the desert Sancho had his headquarters. He had descended on a ranch the week before and lifted a pure-blooded stallion. It had been Dick's business to arrest him; but how could he hunt him single-handed among the hills the other side of a blazing desert in mid-summer?

Dick had not been idle. He had laid his plans through Lina, the dancer, Sancho's friend; and through her he knew the outlaw would some day fall into his clutches. He realized that public feeling had grown chilly; the people wanted something to be done, and done by him at once, alone.

Doris and he had been as good as engaged two months before. Dick had noticed the change in the girl, but he had not ascribed it to public gossip. Stung by old Brant's insinuation, he went straight to the house. Doris looked up from the porch and nodded.

"What's the matter, Doris?" Dick blurted out, coming close to her.

"The matter?" parried the girl.

"You've changed," said Dick hotly. "You are different from what you used to be."

"Did I ever give you the right to speak to me like that?"

"I hoped for it," said Dick, twisting his hat nervously. "It's because of what people are saying, isn't it?"

"What are they saying?"

"That I'm afraid to tackle Sancho. You pay heed to that sort of gossip, do you, Doris?"

"I am not answerable to you," Doris retorted. "You can go away now and do not come back till you are feeling better."

"If I go I shall not come back till you send for me."

"Please yourself," she replied, with affected indifference.

Dick turned without a word and swung into the road that led downtown. He could not see the flood of tears that followed his departure. Nor could he know that it was his friendship with Lina, retailed by the town gossips, that was the cause of the change in Doris' attitude toward him.

Lina had taunted Dick of late. Why didn't he go for Sancho? she had asked him. Dick bore it patiently. Some time she would give him his clue, and then—well, Ausha would know what sort of man the sheriff was.

He had his reward sooner than he expected. For, as the girl ended her song that night, and came tripping through the audience, she stopped an instant at Dick's side.

"Sancho will be at my cabin tonight at half-past ten. Kill him if you can, Senor Farley. If you can't, take him away. I never want to see his face again, the traitor!" she said.

II

The cabin came into sight, perched on an elevation among the palms. A little stream of water ran beside it. The long ride across the desert was nearly ended. Dick's pony, scenting the water, pricked up his ears and broke into a canter. Dick dismounted in a thorn clump near the cabin and crept cautiously forward to where a candle shone in a window.

He crawled toward an angle of the shack, his revolver in his hand. Suddenly the door was flung open, and a bullet hummed past Dick's ear as the rifle in the doorway rang.

Dick's rush was too quick for the bandit. In an instant the sheriff had disarmed him. Sancho looked up into Dick's revolver.

His hands went up automatically. He scowled at his captor.

"Keep them up and walk through that doorway," said Dick. "If you let them down I'll drill five holes through you."

Sancho moved, cursing, toward the door. Dick followed him. Suddenly he felt Lina's arms tighten upon his neck from behind. At the same instant Sancho turned and dashed the weapon from his hand. As Dick struggled in vain a coil of rope tightened about his body, pinioning him. The outlaw rolled him to the floor and secured his legs with the end of the coil.

Sancho picked the sheriff up in his arms and carried him to the edge of the stream. He left him there, went away, and returned shortly with a mallet and some long iron pegs. Very deliberately he hammered them fast into the sun-baked earth. Then he fastened Dick's arms and legs to the pegs.

"Good-by till tomorrow," said San-

cho, turning, gazing into Dick's upturned face.

III

He came back when the first streaks of red were in the sky.

"It will be warmer soon," he said, and ripped the shirt from the sheriff's back. He stooped beside the stream and, dipping up a hatful of water, poured it over Dick's chest. Dick shivered; the water was icy cold.

"Warmer soon," said Sancho, and went away. The sun appeared. Slowly it climbed above the horizon. Dick began to grow thirsty. The sweat streamed down his face and bare chest. About ten Sancho reappeared.

"Warmer?" he jeered, and held his water bottle to Dick's lips. He withdrew it the next moment and emptied it over his chest. "The desert's warmer than Ausha," he said, and kicked him savagely.

Dick groaned involuntarily. Blisters were forming where the icy water had wetted him. Beneath him he saw the cool waters of the stream. He writhed in his bonds as he tried to reach it. He opened his parched and crackling lips toward it.

Once, awakening from a stupor, he saw Lina running toward him with a pitcher of water. Then Sancho sprang up from somewhere in the shade and struck it from her hand.

"It is my fault, Sancho. I did not mean his death. Set him free," begged the girl.

With a curse Sancho drove her back into the shack. And then the sun climbed. Dick was no longer able to struggle; he was hardly conscious of his body, and it felt as if this tormented covering of his soul were something exterior to him.

When he opened his eyes again he saw Sancho with Lina beside the horses. The girl was pleading with the outlaw.

"Release him, and I go with thee," he heard Lina say.

The outlaw looked at her—then nodded.

"I shall give him water and set him free," said Lina, and went down by the water side with her pitcher, while Sancho strolled meditatively toward Dick.

"Warm?" he queried, tauntingly, gloating over his victim. Then, seeing that Dick was beyond his malice, he raised his revolver slowly.

Lina, coming up from the stream, saw him aim at Dick's head. With a scream she flew at him.

Sancho laughed, and, with his free hand, held hers down. And Dick saw the deadly revolver muzzle begin to cover his head again.

Sancho waited. He was in no hurry, and he wanted his enemy to taste death in all its fullness. But the girl was becoming a nuisance. He flung her from him, and, as she fell flat in the sand he aimed again.

At that moment Dick's attention was directed toward a singular gleam of light among the sandhills. There was nothing strange about that. The sun might be playing upon a stone. But, again, the light looked somehow like the glint of a rifle barrel.

Dick saw the outlaw's finger close on the trigger, saw Lina raise herself and stretch out her clasped hands toward Sancho in moaning appeal. Then the sharp crack of a rifle sounded among the rocks. The trigger finger stiffened. But Sancho's bullet plowed through the sand a yard from Dick's head, and Sancho stiffened, toppled, and pitched forward.

With a cry Lina flung herself upon her lover's body. And that was the last that Dick knew until he awoke to find himself propped up in Doris' arms, with the taste of cool water in his throat and the walls of the hut about him.

"Dick, forgive me, forgive me!" she was saying. "I knew that you had come here, and I was afraid for you, and I followed you to tell you that I love you."

Interesting to Note

**Origin of Surnames**

It was not until after the Norman conquest that surnames were adopted. They were first given as nicknames to suit particular individuals. Today we rarely find any appropriateness in the names we bear. The greatest hero of the day may easily carry the name of Coward, while Mr. Fox may be anything but sly. Yet it is probable that the first man to bear the name of Fox was pre-eminent in cunning, just as the first Parrott, or Parratt, was most likely a great talker.

Many people were named by reason of their possession of some quality which was associated with a particular animal. Hart, for instance, was no doubt a great runner, and Nightingale could sing. As for the Red-docks (robin redbreast) and Wood-alls (woodwale, a woodpecker), they probably received their names from the signs they favored outside their doors.

The most interesting names are those which plainly originated through the occupation of those who held them. There is no doubt about Shepherd, Hedger, Herd, or Hoard. Ackerman was the man who drove the plow over the acres; Swinnart tended swine; and Calvert looked after the calves; while Wethered was a wether-herd, and Goddard a goat-herd.—London Answers.

**Bizet Died a "Failure"**

Bizet, the composer of "Carmen," probably the most successful of all classic operas so far as the scope of its popularity is concerned, died at thirty-seven, and it is said he was broken-hearted over the apparent failure of the opera on its first presentation.—Washington Star.

**Win Basket Ball Game With Fundamentals**

"Give me a team that knows how to catch, pass and shoot, and I think I can beat the team that knows every trick play and every bit of court strategy in the books, but is faulty in fundamentals."

It's Dan Meenan speaking, Coach Dan Meenan of Columbia university's 1926 eastern intercollegiate basketball champions. He's summing up the basketball philosophy that made him all-eastern forward in 1912 and 1914, he captained the Columbia team the latter year) and won last winter's Columbia squad the eastern title.

The keynote of Columbia's championship system, explains Coach Meenan in the January issue of the American Boy Magazine, is simplicity. He uses no trick plays—no chart or "set" formation. He depends first upon having his men in topnotch shape, so that they can play the full game at a driving speed. Second, he sees to it that they know a little more than their opponents do about the mechanics of the game.

**Starts Training on Track**

Coach Meenan starts his season in November, on the running track. In December comes drill in running the floor and passing. Columbia uses just one pass—a shoulder high throw propelled by the right hand. She uses only two shots for the She uses only two shots for the graceful executed, and a variation of it, delivered with one hand, when near the basket. "English," snap passes, other fancy tactics are unknown to the Columbia champions.

Coach Meenan's system of play depends upon three primary rules of offense and defense:

"On defense, always keep between your man and the basket, forcing him toward the sidelines.

"On offense, never catch a ball standing still; keep your opponent from intercepting it by going to meet it.

"After you have completed a pass, get ready to receive the ball again."

**Disapproves of Dribble**

Coach Meenan doesn't like the dribble because it momentarily ties up the other four men on the team. "Never dribble," he advises, "unless you are coming up to the basket for a shot and there's no one in front of you. In a fast, passing game the opponent has a hard time keeping track of the ball. In a dribbling game, on the other hand, every opponent knows exactly where the ball is."

These rules of play gave last season's Columbia squad the reputation of being a speed machine that took the ball under the basket in as few passes as possible, for short, sure shots. To combat this style of play, Princeton—then the eastern champion—placed guards right under the hoop. Columbia met this maneuver by loosing a barrage of medium-length shots from a point squarely in front of the basket.

When a few of these dropped through the net, the Princeton guards came out and permitted Columbia to make short shots again.

"Always keep the area under your basket clear," Meenan advises. "Stay away from it until somebody is ready to cut in for a shot."

**Win 18 of 20 Games**

Last season, with her swift, unorthodox style of play, Columbia won 18 out of 20 games. One of the most spectacular contests was won by the Navy, 30 to 29. In this game, the Navy was leading at the half time, 12 to 11. In the second half, Columbia hit her stride and took the lead 29 to 13, scoring 18 points while the midshipmen made one. With a minute and a quarter left to play, Columbia was still ahead 29 to 19. In just 27 seconds the Navy scored 11 points and won the game.

"You can't win every game," Meenan comments, philosophically, "but if you drill your men in a simple and speedy style of play and get them into prime condition you'll win most of them."—Longview News.

**Logging Industry Is Increasing**

Portland, Jan. 5, (Special)—Although logging and lumber manufacturing in the fir districts of the west coast are gradually getting under way after the holidays, the resumption of cutting at saw-mills has not been nearly so general as recently published reports would indicate, according to the 4L employment letter issued here today. A survey by the 4L offices shows that many major operations are still closed and that many now in operation plan to shut down during the latter part of January. Logging has been resumed in

some of the fir districts, the latter said, but in others, including the Columbia river district, there is at present little activity.

Sawmill work in the Inland Empire and in southern Idaho is at the season's low point. In the other pine producing districts of eastern and central Oregon, mills are cutting, but with reduced crews.

From every large city in the Pacific Northwest it is reported that there are hundreds of temporarily unemployed men. A few jobs for farm hands and cordwood cutters have been offered but, generally speaking, there is no new employment to be had at the present time, the 4L letter said.

**T. B. Declines**

Coincident with the decline of tuberculosis among cattle and hogs is an official report of a decreasing human death rate from the disease, says the United States department of agriculture. The low mortality of children under four years may be attributed in part to the aggressive campaign for

testing tuberculosis cattle and disposing of animals affected with the disease.

**Triplets Born at Goble.**

Columbia county population was increased last night without the aid of land settlement activities or new industries when triplets were born to Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carter of near Goble. The new arrivals are two boys and a girl the boys weighed five pounds each and the girl seven pounds. All are healthy and should live to be numbered among the county's best citizens, according to Dr. J. F. Ditto, of Rainier, who was attending physician.—Mist.

Knappton and Westport companies buy 2,000,000 feet Nehalem timber, and will build 11-mile railroad line for logging use, at Astoria.

Oregon's assessed valuation of \$1,084,537,618 is \$25,656,882 above last year.

Hides are now tanned by electricity in Germany in half the time formerly required.

T. W. LARAWAY  
Physician and Surgeon  
Vernonia Oregon

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