

COPYRIGHT IN THE U.S.

called Sam, clapped him on

back in approval, "Dandy," he cried. "And that

rock prevents anyone seeing us from the village." Sam bent over the unconscious form and neatly

knock-out within five minutes. He could see from the brightly pol-ished brasswork and mahogany that he was in a yacht's launch. He knew that the hum of the mo-

tor would make any call for help useless. He had been neatly knocked out and was now to be

expeditiously shanghated. It was incredible. Then the real meaning of the thing flashed on him. He

or the thing hashed on him. He was mistaken for Jonathan Gbbs. He was rowing Gibbs' boat and wearing Gibbs' clothes. With a two days' growth of beard and a face

burned with the sun, he might easily pass for the fisherman.

"This is all a mistake," he said, addressing himself to Sam. "You think I'm Jonathan Gibbs."

think I'm Jonathan Gibbs."
"I know d—n well you're not,"
said Sam, without animus.
The thing was inexplicable. They
knew him for himself, and knowing it, they were earrying him off,
bound with ropes, to the open sea.
There was seemingly no sort of
personal gradge in this high-handed matter. The three men were
carrying out orders.

carrying out orders.
"Listen, bo." said Sam, "we've got orders not to say a thing to you

got orders not to say a thing to you till the Boss sees you. It won't do you no good asking why we did it, or who we are. We had to get you alive and unharmed, and we did the best we knew how."

It was dark when the lights of Par Harber came in sight. Bet.

Bar Harbor came in sight. Bet-tington was carried up the gang-way, across a deck and then placed

in a small cabin lighted with a single porthole.
Sam unfled the knots and

dicaps that men in danger she

Sam waddled out. Bettington was still puzzled by his apparent

sked. "I can't escape." Sam shook his head.

"Who is the Boss? The cap-

"The captain?" There was scorn

in Sam's tone. "Him! H-I, no."
"You mean the owner?"

Sam's scorn of the owner was just as emphatic.

"He may think he's the boss and Capt'n Hallet may think he is, but they don't know—yet." Sam rose to go. "Just one bit of advice, bo, don't make a noise. If you do

don't make a noise. If you do you'll go to Noo York gagged."

allowing the stranger to cross bay. Almost certain death

Gibbs went to his shack with an uneasy mind. The whole episode spelled publicity to him, but he cheered himself with the hope that

dred dollars. There were no let-ters. But there was a reference on

a memorandum of repairs to the skylight of a studio at a given address and a receipt for the rental of it to the end of the current year.

And there was a bunch of keys.

For almost an hour Gibbs sat mo-tionless. Then he rose to his feet, put a kettle on the oil stove and

presently shaved himself carefully

rents as these,

He stopped suddenly. His spare form tautened. Weariness had given place to sudden, bewildering fear. He retreated stealthily, noiselessly.

At the side of a rowboat, he paused. His blanched face took on something of its normal color. The instinct to flee was conquered. There came yet more strongly to him the desire to know by what he was menaced. But his progress. he was menaced. But his progression to a woodshed showed no abatement of his caution. From

shotgun, into whose twin barrels
the put No. 4 cartridges.
He opened the door of his living
room so softly that Bettington did
not hear him. It was the cold gust
that made the patents look round. not hear him. It was the cold gust that made the painter look round. He saw a tall, keen-eyed man at whose shoulder was the butt of a 'Don't move," said the fisher-

man.
Gibbs advanced slowly into the room. He had never, to his knowledge, set eyes on this stranger, But he looked so searchingly and with such obvious menace that Betting-

ton broke the silence.
"I ought to apologize for this, I
suppose," he said, "but surely, on
a night like this a man may seek shelter without being threatened with a scattergun."
"Who were the two men you

were with in the post office yester-day?" Gibbs demanded.

day?" Gibbs demanded.
"I was not in any post office yesterday," said Bettington stiffly, "I have not been in company with any two men for a fortnight."
Gibbs lowered his gut. He tried to assume a look of amiability, but there was still anxiety written until Bettington watching noted. plainly. Bettington, watching, noted that the gun was still in such a position as to constitute a threat.

"What are you?" said G'bbs. Bettington related his misadvencrossed the room, took down from a shelf a pencil and a piece of pa-per. These he handed to the other.

"Prove it," he commanded. "Draw something."

Bettington hesitated for a moment. He was not a man who went the better for being driven. But it occurred to him that here was a solitary who was mentally unbal-anced. He sketched in a few skill-ful strokes a portrait of the man standing there, his gun balanced in

the crook of his arm.

Jonathan Gibbs looked at it in "It is good," he said deliberately.

"Whatever else you may be you are a draftsman."

Why should I be anything than

irritably, "and I shall pass a con-tented existence if I never see you again. What sort of a Maine fisherman are you to behave like this?"
Gibbs put down his gun and assumed a more friendly air.
"I've been threatened," he said rather vaguely. "I've made enenles hereabout. I have to be care

"You certainly startled me," said the other. "I hoped to be able to pass the night here and dry my clothes." "You surely can," said Jonathan

Gibbs. "I'll boil the water and make you some coffee. I guess you're hungry."

It was after the meal that Bettington asked him, "Why should anyone threaten you here?" "Jeafousy," said Gibbs, after a

pause. "I'm not a state of Maine man and I don't mix with anyone They don't understand Plainly the man had something

to conceal. After all, Bettington told himself, it was none of his business. He had often met queer, ingrown characters. He could not out into the black night, now made doubly impassable by the del-uge of rain. Gibbs made up the fire by packing a huge armful of Bettington was awakened by the aroma of coffce. Gibbs was hold-

ing Bettington's shoes up,
"Dried stiff as boards," he announced. "They'll need to be greased before you can get into m, and your pants are torn pretty bad. I'll lend you an outfit, and you can get what you want down and you can row across the bay in

tington to a rich brown. In his aboots—the only ones Glbbs had lend—his faded blue sweater and khaki shirt, he looked the sort of fishing type he had often

half an hour."

rowboat and set out to the village. He had gone, perhaps, half the distance, when a fast motor boat that one of the needle rocks must have done it. He blamed himself passed and then swung round There were two men in it. One would await any man dressed as Bettington had been, in such cur-

was a vastly brond-chested man with a trim sweater and white canvas trousers. He had the look of a yacht sailor. The other, who was steering the boat, had no physical peculiarities other than that gen-eral air of following the sea. "We've had an accident," said his guest might have been rescued. In that case he would soon be back In that case he would soon be back at the shack.

But by midnight Bettington did not return and Gibbs went carefully through the things which were in the torn coat. There was a gold watch with the initials H. B. on it. A wallet contained almost four hundred dollars. There were no lef-

the broad-chested man and pointed to something at the bottom of the

Bettington clung to the side of the delfting motor boat and stood up. There, on the bottom of the op. There, on the bottom of the other craft, was a man lying immobile. And as—the artist stooped over him, the recumbent sailor gave a tremendous half-arm jab which caught Bettington on the point of the jaw. The other two grabbed him as his head fell forward and hauled him on board where, unconscious, he took the place of his assallant, who rose

The broad-chested man, who was

and trimmed his hair. He rubbed the grease which Bettington had applied to his shoes so carefully in-to the leather that it became at iength flexible and he was able to put them on. Hasty repairs to the torn trousers and coat enabled him to wear them. With an iron which had been little used of late, he

Westfield. A sleepy ticket agent gave him a ticket to Portland and forgot the occurrence instantly.

In Portland he spent only a few hours, New York received him with a thousand others at the Grand Central and he walked eight blocks down to a brownstone house opposite an armory. Bettington's name was on a plate over a letter box

A key on the bunch fitted it and be the house. Then, after a moment's pause, be opened the studio door and found bimself in a haven so sethe unconscious form and neatly trussed it up with rope. "The Boss will be tickled to death over this. Stove in that rowboat, one of you."

A man with a boat hook smashed in some bottom boards and Jonathan Gibbs' dinghy slowly filled with water. Then the launch put out of the bay, past the buoys, and headed north for Bar Harbor.

Bettington had recovered from the knock-out within five minutes. He cure that he could hardly believe it had been attained so easily. His



Sam untied the knots and watched the victim stretch his stiff and cramped limbs.

"Your a word of warning," Sam and cramped limbs.

"Just a word of warning," Sam remarked. "You can't get out of that porthole and you can't get out of this cabin. If you did, it wouldn't help you. If you're wise you'll wait till the Boss sends for you."

Sam turned the keys in the door and left him prisoner. As he examined his dungeon he heard the throbbing of machinery. From the porthole he could see the boat was saving. He pulled off the heavy see boots of Jonathan Gibbs and flung himself on the berth. In many adventures Bettington had learned that feeting and fung were han. ot take upon themselves. Presently he fell asleep and was It was on the third evening of his occupancy that this occupancy awakened by Sam.
"You ain't worrying." said Sam,
grinning. "They tell me you alpleasurable optimism was swept away. He had gone to the subway entrance to buy an evening paper. As he stood on the steps before the front door feeling for his latchkey, ways had your nerve with you. You won't be able to see the Boss towon't be able to see the Boss tonight. He's hitting the pipe and
it's as much as a man's life is
worth to go in how. I haven't no
authority to let you out till he
gives the word, so I'll bring you a
bite to eat here." he was conscious that a policem across the street by the armory was looking at him. Although it was tainty that the officer looked at bim

unlighted rooms he had as mob-structed view. The officer was now speaking to a smaller man, who was still puzzled by his apparent friendliness. As a physical speci-men of humanity Sam did not awaken confidence. On his broad, flat face were written lust and brute courage. He would be a bad man to cross. But why should he regard Howard Bettington, painter seemed to be pointing directly at the windows through which Jonathan Gibbs gazed. The coincidence was food for somber thought. At though concerting some plot aimed of seascapes and man of integrity, with such an air of comradeship?
"Where are we bound for?" he asked of Sam, when a tray of food at Gibbs, the two slowly crossed the street. Then his bell rang three times. Gibbs opened the door to He heard the front door open and steps advance along the flagged passage. Then he heard the footwas brought in,
"Noo York," said Sam,
"Can't I go on deck?" Bettington "Not till the Boss gives the

steps begin the ascent.

Softly he locked the doer and stood a few feet back from it. To the knock he returned no answer. He looked about him wildly. "Trapped!" he groaned. "After all these years to be engine?

Fear roused him from inaction. Belong long they would buret in the door. The fire escape at the rear was his sole hope. It was pitch dark, but he dared risk no fight or make the descent slowly. He had gone but half a flight when he trod upon a flower pot placed there in upon a flower pot placed there in violation of all the city's fire ordi-

violation of all the city's fire ordinances. He clutched about him wildly and found only a piece of rotting rope. For a moraent it promised to stay his fall; then he felt the old strands giving.

The paved yard be which he crashed was fifty feet below. They Bettington had not been gone or his errand to Blackport a half hour, when Jonathan Gibbs in his motor dory went out to his lobster pots. He was returning when he saw s had not been wrong in Blackport who assumed that the man they smaller boat, its gunwales awash, almost across his bow. He knew it instantly for his own. Investigation called Jonathan Gibbs was dead. showed that some of the planking had been staved in. He supposed

CHAPTER IV An Amazing Adventure.

DURING the long hours Betting-ton spent a prisoner, he thought over, and rejected as im-practical, several schemes for es-

cape. When all was said and done, escape from his cabin to the larger prison of the ship at sea offered little betterment of his condition. He pondered over Sam's command that he should be quiet. This pre-supposed that there was some persupposed that there was some per-son, or group of persons, unaware of his detention. But whether a declaration of his presence would bring liberty was another matter. The hours passed slowly. It was dusk when they dropped anchor at the foot of East Twenty-fourth

When Sam came in with his eve-When Sam came in with his evening meal there was a safety raror outfit on the tray.

"Got to spruce up," said Sam. "Owner's coming aboard tomorrow morning. The boss says for you to look like ready money."

Bettington looked at Sam and wondered what made him so serene Roy Nelson Wins Sensational Bout In Portland Ring

Roy (Swede) Nelson, promin ent local welter weight, who last had been little used of late, he pressed them into something of their former shape.

Dawn was breaking when Jonathan Gibba, now a new man, hade farewell to the shack he had in habited for six years. None saw him as he made his way inland to week in the Portland card.

Nelson is gaining a good repweek won a sensational fight in less than two minutes in the first round of a preliminary ed to fight the semi-windup next week in the Portland card.

Nelson is gaining a good reputation in the ring throughout Oregon, and is being offered several good matches.

Dave Marshall, a member of

the Vernonia boxing commission, believes that smokers will not be held here until the first half of April, thus allowing the camps in this vicinity to be in

4-H Club Leaders' Conference March

eyes brightened when he saw that the former occupant had came of milk, soup and fish in abundance.

There were at least two pounds of tea. Further search revealed augar tea. Further search revealed augar tea. Further search revealed augar tea. The could live for a demonstration agent, for Saturand coffee. He could live for a demonstration agent, for Satur-week on what he found and never day, March 8, at St. Helens. H.

with this school. This is the first training school of its kind to be held in the county and all club leaders and prospective club leaders are invited to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Williquette and family, formerly of this city, motored over from Rainier Wednesday to visit friends.

Milton SI sentative of facturing colin vernonia in Vernonia in Vernonia in Vernonia in Vernonia.

Ostrich-size Eggs Layed by 10-Month-

slipped over a fast one on her visit in Oregon City. sisters by doing two days work in one, when she laid a monster white leghorn egg, weighing four ounces and measuring 7% by

61/2 inches. Williminea, the 10-month-old hen, now holds the record of upper Nehalem valley for the

some of his once steel muscles to at the Court House at St. Helin a physical combat, Bettington Date of last pub. Mar. 27, decided. Intellectually he was be low the normal. He was cleanly shaved and the shirt he wore was

wondering what I'm all dolled by for?" he demanded. "I'll tell you. We're going to have skirts aboard this trip. Metzger told me. There's a lady's maid, a secretary and the owner's wife. Metzger's seen her pictures in the paper. He's sealed bids will be received by the undersigned until the hour of two e'clock P. M. on the lat crazy over her." "Who's Metzger?"

do. Me," said Sam airly, rolling his red eyes, "I'm all for the chickens. This secretar

thing to do with you? How will you der at the rate of fifteen thou-have the chance to speak to the sand dollars (\$15,000) per anowner's guests? Don't be foolish, num on the first day of July

going to be. Well, you don't get ly, principal and interest paymothin' out of me." He laughed long and loud at what seemed to him his masterly discovery of the other's motives. Then he described his way of life and love. There was something nauseating in it. And and accompanied by a certified there was something hauseating in it. And and accompanied by a certified there was something rightnering. there was something frightening, too. How did Sam, who berthed and messed with the crew, come to imagine, without good grounds, that he would have the opportunity to come influently into contact with

There was another disquieting thought. Suppose that he was kept a prisoner here until the boat put out to sea again and so forced to be a party to indescribable scenes Escape was impossible. It was a steel-bullt boat: the porthole was safety rezor blade. (Continued next week)

the owner's guests?

Garden Pointers Broadcast

Listening in on telephone gossip about stasonal garden topics is one of the newly acquired Sundland's orchestra of Mist. privileges of KOAC's radio au- Previous dances sponsored by dience each Thursday afternoon the Three Links have proven at 3:30 o'clock. At least such very successful and large crowds

Clatskanie-Lower Columbia Cooperative Dairymen's Assoc- Corvallis - About 2,000,000 iation will construct plant here baby chicks will be shipped out at cost of between \$50,000 and from here within the next few months. \$60,000.

eek end in Forest Grove.

on returned home Sunday. New x-ray equipment is being installed this week at the office of Dr. Marvin Eby.

Mrs. V. Powell returned Friday from a visit of one week dard Oil company visited in Portland over the week end. Frank Hartwick, local manag-

er of the Gilby Motor company, was a Portland visitor Monday. Saturday, returning to this city

8 at St. Helens ter a vacation of two weeks.

Seymour, state club leader, Timmons motored to Portland of McMinnville were visitors in

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Willi- will be occupied by the Mac-

Tom Crawford motored to Portland today to bring back W. O. Porterfield, who has recovered sufficiently from his re-Old Hen Near Here cent illness of pneumonia to re-

this city, woke up the entire day after spending a week visit- iness sess

Percy Hewes spent the week The Pythian Sisters will spon-

sor a cooked food sale Saturday at Hoffman's store. Mrs. S. Nelson, mother of Dan Nelson, is visiting her son

for a short time. A. G. Greenburg of the Stan ; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Moe and

daughter were Portland visitors C. C. Clay, local manager f the Standard Oil company, re-turned to his duties Monday af-confined to her home with in-

fluenza for the past two weeks

and Miss Helen Cowgill, assistant state club leader, will be present at that time to assist owner of the building which

Milton Sliter, factory repre-sentative of the Meadows Manufacturing company, spent Friday in Vernonia consulting with the Hoffman Hardware company,

Dave Kramer attended the meeting and banquet at the Benson hotel Monday evening A Nehalem valley hen, owned by Frank Peterson, pioneer Mrs. O. D. Eby returned to managers and assistant managers of Miller Mercantile company. During the day a busneighborhood several days ago, ing at the home of her son and details of the Miller program with shrill cackles of mirth and family, Dr. Marvin Eby. Mrs. were discussed. Mrs. Kramer apon investigating Mr. Peterson Marvin Eby and daughter Lois visited friends in the city durfound that the proud hen had returned with Mrs. Eby for a ing the period Mr. Kramer atReithner's

NEW SHOES

Something New **Every Day**

Red Goose Shoes O'Donnell Shoes

A New Line of Children's

DRESSES **New Skirts and Blouses**

Silk and Cotton Blouses Just Opened a Beautiful

Line of Ladies Hats Quality Lingers Long After Price is forgotten

NEW DRESSES

Sam seuse he did not know. Other fishermen had fount his waterlogged for sale not called at the village store tested was made. His home was four money led his bedy switched by water was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money of the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four money than the search was made. His home was four the s

chest was fully forty-five inches of April, 1930, at the hour of in girth. A life of ease had turned 10 o'clock, A. M. of said day fat, but he was still enormously at the Court House at St. Helfat, but he was still enormously ens, in said County and State, has been appointed as the time mendous impact, conspired to make him repulsive. Essentially he was objections to said final account of the sea. There was the sailors and the settlement thereof. roll in his walk. A dangerous man Date of 1st pub. Feb. 27, 1930. Executor of the Estate of

William McMullen, deceased, "Wondering what I'm all dolled GORDON R. WATT, Attorney.

of two o'clock P. M. on the 1st "Who's Metzger?"

"The chief engineer. Lucky for him he don't like 'em as young as I do. Me," said Sam airlly, rolling his red eyes. "I'm all for the chicks, "I'm all for the chick-secretary is some skirt lumbia county, Oregon, at the I hear."

Washington school in the city of Bettington was incensed at the bestial glee of the recumbent man.
"Do you suppose," he said, looking at Sam with a disfavor that could be felt even by the saffor, that any fady, secretary to the owner of this boat, would have any the saffor, the saffor that the saffor the saffo Sam."

Sam looked at him a long time in each of the years 1931 to 1934 inclusive; said bonds to bear interest at the rate of not to exceed six per cent (6%) and out what sort of a trip this is per annum, payable semiannual-

check in the amount of \$1,500. The approving legal opinion o Messrs. Teal, Winfree, McCul-loch and Shuler will be furnished the successful bidder. The board reserves the right

to reject any and all bids. W. W. WOLFF, Clerk. Address: Vernonia, Oregon

Three Link Club To Give Dance

The Three Link club, comosed of members of the local I. O. O. F. lodge, will give a dance Saturday, March 8, at the Odd Fellows hall in this city. Vernonia, Oregon Music will be furnished by

have attended.

Professional and Business Directory

For your convenience the following business and professional people are listed on this page alphabetically. These men and women are known in Vernonia as reliable business and professional people.

BEAUTY SHOPS

ANNETTE BEAUTY SHOP Shampoo, Marcelling, Finger waving, Permanent Waving. Over Horseshoe Cafe. Phone 431

Electrotherapy, Physiotherapy DR. R. A. OLSON Chiropractor 1117 State Vernonia, Ore

CONTRACTORS

JOHN A. MILLER General Contractor Mason Work, Building

STRAND & BERG Contractors and Builders On all kinds of construcestimates given without charge. Box 157, Vernonia

DENTISTS

Vernonia, Oregon

M. D. COLE Dentist

DR. W. H. HURLEY Dentistry and X-Ray Hoffman Hdwe. Building

PASTIME CARDS AND LIGHT LUNCHES Lloyd Baker, Prop. Trucks for Local and Long Distance Hauling

OUICK SERVICE

Phone 221 Curly Buffmire TRANSFER

HOTEL

NEHALEM HOTEL Vernonia's Oldest and most up-to-date hotel. Mrs. Grace Scott, Manager

HOTEL HY-VAN Modern

Hot and cold water in all rooms.

Terminal Cafe The Right Place to Eat **Excellent Cooking**

P. HILL Justice of the Peace Notary Public

Office: 875 Second St.

LAWYERS

GORDON R. WATT Attorney-at-law

PHYSICIANS

Joy Theatre Building Vernonia, Oregon

Marvin R. Eby, M. D. Physician and Surgeon Phone Hospital 931 Town Office 891

Dr. J. A. Hughes Physician and Surgeon Office Phone 663 Vernonia, Res. Phone 664 .

Cason Transfer Local & long distance HAULING Phone 923 Office in Workingmen's Store

PLUMBING

Bafford Brothers General Plumbing Vernonia

RESTAURANT

Mary Kato

Chop Suey Restaurant You'll enjoy a bowl

of delicious Chop

SHINGLE MILL

Suey after the show.

Re-Roof With SHINGLES From

Johnston & McGraw Shingle Co. VERNONIA