tale Nellin had told him the night

Out of the morgue, and breath-

ing much easier, he put down a

ige of the Nellin offspring fitted

plendidly into his scheme. A year

ounger than Helen. No need to

And for unstely, from all he could

oarn. Cunningham was not in pos-

Brent settled this point in his

decided to see Helen as soon as pos-

that his plans were changed, to

start undoing the campaign he had

gen at pains to conduct in the

east-his campaign to win Helen to

inswerving allegiance to him and

He had been highly satisfied with

but he foresaw that it was going

o be a bit difficult to make his past

ittitude fit the one he must as-

ume for the present. But that,

gain, was a hazard that he must

cept. No game worth playing was

ithout risks and hazards, in

Helen, when he surprised her by

ming unannounced, welcomed him

er was just a shade more familiar

han before. But he said nothing her, then, of the story he meant

As that event loomed nearer lelen grew radiant with expectancy

nd happiness. Brent had, gradu-

lly, dropped all aloofness in ex-

hange for a manner that Helen be-

eved promised the fulfillment of

er dreams. She felt herself dis-

Together they would travel all

caning, that he loved her, she

She went through commencement

something of an emotional daza.

and when at last she was seated

Brent sensed that she was strug-

ould never be unhappy again.

o tell her when she graduated.

rent's opinion.

alind acceptance of his wishes.

It would be necessary, now

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Vegas Boulder Add, the girls at the boarding school tease her about giving up dancing Vegas Boulder Addition, has suardian, Leonard Brent, with whom thed the depth of 125 feet and they accuse her of being in love. And ere are good indications that an her recommate calls her a fool after mple flow of water will be on- they see him of the Ritz one day with another voman.

Realizing her school-girl infatu-ation for him. Breat exacts her promise to do anything he asks her o, and says he will tell her about her naroniage after she graduates

One day Bront spies a gold locket n a beggar who has fallen in an alley. He benus over to take the locket and hears mumbled words hich cause hi mto try to save the old man. But he dies before Brent an verify and dates or fa ets exept that his name is Charles Neln; that his wife is dead and that session of precise information conhe has hidden his daughter from her wealthy grandfather, Cyril K. year's difference in the age that it Cunningham, of Yonkers.

searching for story material, Brent tioned. But whatever risk there learns much about the history and was had to be taken. Helen's age habits of the eccentric old million- could not be changed without arousaire from the corner store gossip ing her suspicion or at least drawwho tens him that the daugnter ing forth questions from her. had eloped with Nellin and the father had disinferited her. He mind without hesitation and also had heard that the mother was dead but did not know where the child Evangeline was.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

Brent regarded the lodging house coprietor with avid interest.

"No?" he said, in response to the Owens, as he knew him, would not again frequent his sleeping place. has anything serious nappened?" "Oh not so very. The old fellow's better off. You'll find him

own at the morgue. Brent was not prepared for the his expression, but he thought fast ore speaking and his voice wa. Well, no doubt he was not th man I'm looking for and, after all s not of any great important Sorry to have troubled you."

"No trouble at all," the other as "So." Brent reflected on his war ack to his hotel. "Nellin was usin

is middle name, Owens. Luck He did not feel that it was neces my to go to the morgue and hav hought he decided it was better t

so rather than leave the matte. when he had viewed the bod and alley call doubt that Owen as indeed Charles Nellin he felt in is mind, felt that his plans were trengthened by the permanent reworld of romance ahead of her, she loval of Nellin. There was scarcea chance, now, that Cunningham felt unbidden tears stealing into her his attorney. Greaves, would eyes. But they were tears of joy.

There had been a few things gling to suppress her emotion. He Cunningham heiress and the hand and laid the other over hers musician. But he satisfied himself where they rested on her smart by refreshing his memory with the cord bag.

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"Happy?" he asked softly.

Happy?" he asked softly So happy I'm afraid," Helen an-

lacing all other interests in his swered. But my dear, if you only knew what your life really should be like ver the world, and whether or not I'm afraid you wouldn't be able to hat glorious day ever dawned out contain yourself. You have a right hich he would tell her, with new to a wonderful heritage, Helen."

Helen fixed her wide eyes upon him in silent interrogation. much of her life had been filled with mystery and she had been so peside Brent and on her way to thoroughly drilled not to ask ques-New York, out of school, with a tions that she did not think to take advantage of the change in the man who had been responsible for her training, and voice her questions.

"But first," Brent went on, "before I tell you about that, I must explain to you. Helen, that I've been thing about myself."

There was a solemn, of carrying her through. heavy note in Brent's voice that

rightened her. will to complete his confession, hastened to add: ouldn't bear to think that you understand, Helen," he said, making life, Helen, and I thought I could

all but speachless. "But, Leonara" she began, and stopped. Brent had cut her off. Besides, she was at a ly, loss for words.

Brent avowed. "In fact I haven't been thinking along those lines for half strong enough. some time. You've noticed a change in me, haven't you?" Helen nodded. "A great change,"

"But I can't go on with that."

she said softly. "There are two reasons for it, Brent told her. "First, there is my

promise to you to tell you about your mother and father when you graduated from school. "Frankly, I was struggling etern-

ally with the temptation not to tell grandfather living?" you at all and to let you believe that I was the only person you had to turn to when you left school. But that is impossible now, even had I decided to deceive you." paused, and managed to look forlorn and troubled.

"Leonard!" Helen cried. "There

isn't anyone but you!" Brent shook his head. before to lie to you. You see, I've met with bad luck on the market." Helen broke in with a cry of sympathy but Brent's confession flowed on. "Oh, I haven't lost everything," he exclaimed with a touch of weariness. "But I've not enough left to live as I had planned traveling about with you, keeping up the farce of being your guardian. while all the time-"

His voice seemed to choke with the poignancy of his feeling. He slumped a little in his seat and father was alone. resolutely set his face straight

Helen's heart ached with sym- claimed finally. pathy for him, but not so much that she could feel the happiness that a part of his confession caused to well Brent told her: forth from it.

He had never talked to her before said, half afraid that still some of like this, never intimated that he the story would be withheld from was desperately in love with her. "I'm sorry," she said breathlessly.

"I could not possibly make up to Page," He paused, to give weight you what you would lose if I kept to his next words. Helen remained you in ignorance of your birth silent. 'Leonard!" Helen protested, "you are talking in enigmas. Tell me cate him and your mother."

For a while Brent did not speak. Then he said very quietly: "Yes, I old tartar, my dear girl, and your awarded 1,127 degrees during 1929

CHAPTER IX

"You are," Brent said tensely, "an heiress. Helen."

"An heiress!" Helen was bewildered. If Brent had lost his money. -Suddenly she laughed. He had money for her, of course. Her own money in some way. And he had marriage with his daughter. He's lost much of his own fortune. A as proud as the old Nick, but that wave of gladness swept over her, was natural because Charles was filled her eyes with a shining light. Things hadn't changed for them after all. She would simply give her money to Leonard. She tried to to take his wife away from him. tell him this, in words that came

"You needn't have told me anything," she cried. "Everything could changed his name. It isn't so much have been just as it was. About what Cunningham did to him that the money, I mean. Of course I matters. He had small opportunity want to know about my parents, but | to act against him. Charles kept I've always hoped-" She stopped, out of his way the new experience of letting her an elopement.

And, too, it had come to her suddenly that she might be revealing "I've led you to believe that I too much of her feeling for her needed you," he said, and then, as guardian. He had not yet asked her he were compelled against for her love, she reminded herself. Brent did not let a silence fall "because I upon them. "I'm afraid you don't

might grow away from me. I guess an effort to be patient. "You will I wanted to be the only man in your not be able to obtain your money unless I tell you your story. Even do it by making your will subser- then you may not get it. Personally I rather hope you won't, be- for your sake, Helen, and it broke Helen continued to stare at him, cause I'd still like you to regard me as being necessary to you." "Necessary?" Helen said it blank-

> The accent secretly elated Brent, death He understood it perfectly, knew that Helen considered the word not moaned.

self that any other ideas I might have could come to anything. Helen smiled. "Then tell me," she never want to see him!" said, "the rest of the story. Whose Brent waited a mome

money will I inherit, my father's? My mother's? "Neither's," Brent answered very briefly. "Your grandfather's."

grandfather! Have I You surely have.

Helen caught his arm. didn't you tell me?" she pleaded. Prent was ready with his answer. "I'd not be telling you now," he said, "if I had not promised your were grown.

"Tell me about my father, and my mother," Helen urged. "I never knew your mother," closest friends. But I hadn't seen

pirth-not until I went down to Mexico at his dying request to take you under my care.' "And my mother?" Helen pressed Where was she?

"She had died a year before." "In Mexico?" Helen was thoughtful for a mo-

ment, thinking of that year her "I wonder why he didn't bring me back to the United States," she ca-

"For the same reason that he took your mother out of this country,' "Can you tell me that?" Helen

"I mean to tell you everything," your sake, Leonard, but we Brent declared. "Just listen, dear. don't have to go traveling to be Remember one night several wacks ago when I came up to see you at She smiled at him wistfully, ap- school and we dined at the inn? pealingly, but he did not turn to You said then that you weren't even sure that your name was Helen

right," he said sharply. "You may "Well," he said slowly. "It isn't, not be able to obtain it, and you You aren't Helen Page. Only your may not wish to have it, but I'd middle name is Helen. Your father never forgive myself if I deprived took the name of Page so that your you of the opportunity to seek it." grandfather-your mother's father -would find it more difficult to lo-

> 'Why?" Helen cried. Because your grandfather is an

father had incurred his wrath by as compared with 1,028 a year ago.

wasn't a wealthy man, poor Charles: luck always went against him. And your mother was the only child of very rich man."

Brent was sure of his last statement. Further investigation following his trip to Yonkers had revealed this to be true. He had no hesitation in declaring it. "Charles," Helen whispered. "That

is my father's name?" "Yes. Charles Nellin." He condered it wise to avoid mentioning over the cargo to observe its "1 the name Owens. There might be chance that Cunningham did not know that it was Nellin's. He didn't want Helen using it when she went

to her grandfather. "And the rest of it?" she demanded. "What is my name. Leon- to the Orient under laboratory com

"Your name is Evangeline Helen Cunningham. I have always called be carried out en route, will be the you Helen because I preferred it to determination of proper types Evangeline. You were named for your mother.'

told herself she had never heard a shipped for the first time. more beautiful word. "Evangeline, Evangeline."

name," she said to Brent.

He sighed. "You see," he said. "already-you will want to see her home, won't you?" "Oh yes," Helen answered, swift

in her understanding, "but that can't some between us in any way. "We shall see," Brent said gloom-"But I want you to remember that your grandfather was my

friend's enemy - your father's enemy. I can't enjoy the thought of giving you over to him." "You won't need to," Helen promised. "I don't want his money Leonard. How could I want it when he was unkind to my mother?"

"Well," Brent hedged, "he had his side of the case, I suppose. You see, I'm not an impartial judge. To me Charles Nellin was a real man, a true friend and my sympathy was entirely with him." "What did my grandfather do

"Nothing in a way. He refused to give his permission to Nellin's only a poor chap-a musician, in fact. But he got the idea in his head that Cunningham was trying

"I can't say whether he was justified or not, but he probably was. At any rate he left the country and Helen caught her breath in sud- thoughts run to words falling short Charles never saw your grandfather

"And my mother? Did she go

back?" "Never. But Charles feared that she might, and it was this fear that drove him to Mexico. Your grandfather is guilty of having ruined his life. He made a vagabond of him. But your mother had more cause for bitterness. Her father refused her one and only appeal for aid-refused it cruelly. It was made your mother's heart to know that you were to be left behind her in poverty. The letter she received from her father hastened her

"Oh, my poor mother," Helen

"That is why I have no kind feel-"Yes," he said. "I can't flatter my- ing for Cyril Cunningham," Brent elf that any other ideas I might commented acidly. "I hate him!" Helen exclaimed. "I

Brent waited a moment for her agitation to pass. "I'm afraid we can't either of us make that possible," he said earnestly, "unless we are to break a promise to your

father. "But I never promised," Helen protested.

"I promised for you," Brent explaine dto her, ("You see, dear, before your mother's death she begged Charles to take you back to America and appeal to her father once more to help you. I'm afraid father that I would do it when you she knew that poor Charles was scarcely the man to bring up a motherless girl and provide for her in a proper way. But Charles was too bitter to comply with her re-"I haven't even such right as I had Brent replied. "Your father, of quest. It preyed on his mind, howcourse you know, was one of my ever, and when he knew he was near death itself he sent for me and him for several years before your

asked me to fulfill her wish." "But you didn't," Helen interjected swiftly, "and I don't see why

we should do it now. "Your father gave me plenty of time," Brent, soothed her. "He wanted to put it off as long as possible, and my assurance that I would give you a fitting education eased his mind about not sending you to your grandfather while you were a baby. No doubt he feared that you would be brought up to think him a scoundrel and he couldn't endure that, for he loved

you very much, Helen.' "Poor daddy," Helen murmure

tenderly. "But I gave him my solemn prom ise that, if you lived until you were grown, I would tell you about your parents and see that you ful filled your mother's dying wish. You must not fail me, Helen.'

"Is that what you meant when you spake of the role I was being groomed for?" Helen asked him. "When you said that I must obey your wishes in preference to my

Her question was unexpected, b Leonard Brent was rarely caught off his guard. When he spoke it was with confidence in his ability to satisfy her and push his crooked scheme another foot ahead.

(To Be Continued)

The University of Nebraska ha.

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containers for butter, observation lettuce in various types of packing Helen breathed it after him. She and tests with avocadoes, now bein The results of the trip of the

going laboratory" may bring mil "How much nearer to me it lions of dollars to California grow brings my mother to know her ers and shippers in increased tradwith the Orient.

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Visiting brothers are month. EARL F. DAVISON, W. M. W. N. Schuyler, Secretary.

ATTENTION EAGLES! Las Vegas Aerie No. 1213 Fraternal Order of Eagles meets in regular session the Second and Fourth Tuesdays of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Levy's Hall. All Stray Eagles cordially invited.

E. P. O. E. Las Vegas Lodge No. 1468 Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30. Club rooms open from 11:00 a. m. to 12:00 p.m. Visiting brothers cordially we,

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CHARLESTON LODGE NO. 88 K. OF P. Regular ineetings first and

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Local members and visiting brothers are cordially invited. JOHN GORDON, C. C.

JULIUS AHLSTROM, K. R. C.

Artesia Lodge No. 43 L. O. O. P. Meets ist and 3rd Wednesdays of each month at 7:30 P. M. Levy's Hall, Fremont St., between First and Second.
Visiting brothers cordially wel-

R. H. SNYDER, Noble Grand DONALD BREMNER, Bec.

SOUTHGATE CHAPTER NO. Meeting second and fourth Monday of each month at 7:30 p. m. 18, Order of the Eastern Star at Masonic Hall. All visiting members cordially welcome. MRS. EARL DAVISON, W. M.

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