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EVAPORATED

"there's cream in every drop"

GOOD NEWS

Doctor: Madam, your husband never will be able to work again. Missus: I'll go on 'till 'im. It will cheer 'im up.—Sydney Bulletin.

STRIKING HINT

Guest (at one o'clock in the morning): That's a fine clock you have. Waitress: We don't think much of it. We call it "the guest."

ATTENTION I. O. O. F.

Regular meeting Friday evening. Work in Initiatory degree. By order of Noble Grand.

Guest: How come? Waitress: Because it never goes.—Kasper, Stockholm.

HE READ THE ADS

"What are you turning around for, John?"

"I've just discovered that we've come 510 miles since morning. We'll have to turn back to the 500-mile mark and change the oil."

When you want bargains in beds, springs, mattresses. See us first and save money. Powell Furniture

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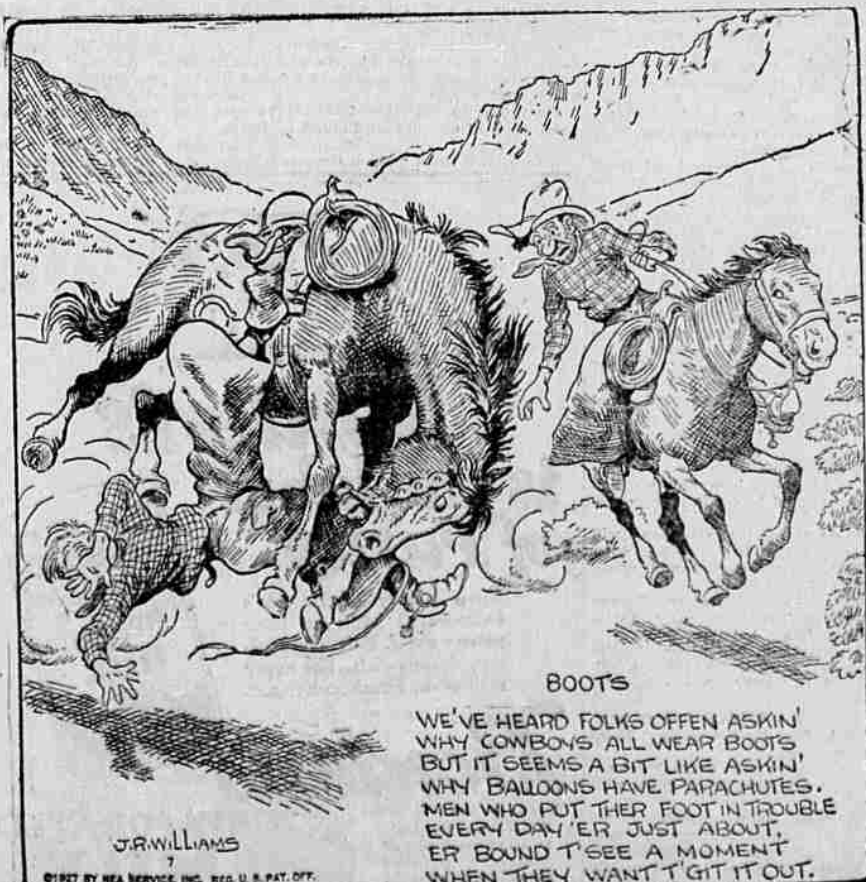
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Investigate our monthly savings plan. An account may be started with a deposit of one dollar.

OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



BOOTS

WE'VE HEARD FOLKS OFFEN ASKIN' WHY COWBOYS ALL WEAR BOOTS BUT IT SEEMS A BIT LIKE ASKIN' WHY BALLOONS HAVE PARACHUTES. MEN WHO PUT THEIR FOOT IN TROUBLE EVERY DAY 'ER JUST ABOUT, 'ER BOUND T' SEE A MOMENT WHEN THEY WANT T' GET IT OUT.

Daughters of Midas

by Anne Austin

THIS HAS HAPPENED

From the ranks of his big department store, T. Q. Curtis selects three girls—Billy Wells, Nyda Lomax and Winnie Shelton—to come into his home for one year as his wards because he wants to help them further ambitions each has expressed. Billy Wells, anxious to be a concert violinist, is the only one that is sincere. The other two lie to enjoy his generosity.

Billy becomes infatuated with Dal Romaine, nephew of Mrs. Meadows, the hostess.

Billy loses interest in her music. T. Q. observes this and also that Nyda, who professed an ambition to be a kindergarten teacher, is not interested in her work. T. Q. discovers someone on the "inside" has robbed his safe. Suspicion seems to point to Billy and she asks Clay Curtis, son of her benefactor, to help her. Clay has disinherited himself and is living at the Wells home, working in a factory by day and writing music at night. He is steadily winning recognition for his compositions.

Clay forces a confession of the robbery from Nyda and Eddie Manning, who also admit having been married during the entire year. Winnie sees a paper on T. Q.'s desk saying Billy is to be adopted. She has T. Q. come to her room and there tricks him into a proposal of marriage. Viola, the maid, whom Winnie bribed to witness the situation, gives Winnie away.

T. Q. calls Billy and Mrs. Meadows to the library and tells them the whole story. When Billy is left alone with his she confesses that the girls have known all along he intended adopting one of them and leaves the house, going to Romaine's apartment. There she asks him to marry her, but he begs her to return to T. Q. and to wait until the year is up. Billy is puzzled and wonders if he could know of T. Q.'s plan. He at last agrees that they shall be married immediately and while he is packing his bag, Clara, the Curtis parlor maid, comes with a note from Winnie. Romaine tells her there is no answer and he and Billy drive away.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER LVIII It was a few minutes after eight when a wild-eyed, white-faced young man sprang from a shivering silver before it had completely stopped and ran fleetly up the long path to the front of the Curtis mansion.

"Where's my father, Sawyers?" Clay Curtis demanded, panting for breath. "In the library, Mr. Clay. He hasn't had any dinner, sir. I wish you would try to persuade him to eat something."

But Clay pushed past him without an answer, almost running through the music room to the library. "Dad! Where's Billy? What's happened to her?" he demanded. "Why, Clay, son, I'm glad to see you!" T. Q. Curtis rose and held out his hand to his son.

"Where's Billy, Dad?" What have you done to her? Clay ignored his father's greeting. "She's left the house, son. How did you know that anything had happened to her? She's perfectly well, she left of her own accord, over my appeal to her to stay—to stay always."

"Then what did Winnie Shelton mean by telephoning me that Billy was in great danger and that I was to come here at once?" Clay demanded hotly.

"I think you'd better sit down a moment, son, and let me tell you what has happened here today. I'll be as brief as possible, but I insist upon your listening to me."

Clay did not sit down, but stood leaning against the desk, his hands gripping the edge of it. While his father rapidly sketched the events of the day, not glossing over his own folly, Clay's hot, angry young eyes never left T. Q.'s face.

"So Billy turned you down?" Clay cried out excitedly when his father had finished. "Thank God for that! But what did Winnie Shelton mean by that message of hers—that Billy is in danger?"

"Didn't Billy go home to her mother?" T. Q.'s voice betrayed his alarm. "No. I've been at home since six. I think we'd better put a few questions to Miss Winnie Shelton," Clay decided grimly. "Just to be on the safe side where that hard-boiled baby is concerned, you'd better ask Mrs. Meadows to go to her room with us. You've still got her under lock and key?"

"I thought it best to have her keep to her room until tomorrow," T. Q. pressed a button on his desk and almost immediately Sawyers answered. "Please ask Mrs. Meadows to join me at once in Miss Shelton's room, Sawyers."

As T. Q. fitted the key into the lock of Winnie's door, Mrs. Meadows came hurrying from her own room, summoned by Sawyers on the house telephone.

Winnie was pacing up and down the room. Her small white teeth were biting savagely at the knuckles of one clenched fist, and her beautiful little pink and white face was distorted with fury.

"I thought that message would bring you on the run!" She whirled upon Clay, ignoring T. Q. and Mrs. Meadows.

"What did you mean?" Clay seized her arm and shook her. "Where's Billy?" "Less than 45 minutes ago she was in Dal Romaine's apartment, helping him to pack his suitcase to elope with him."

"Where is Romaine's apartment?" "You don't think they'll be there now, do you?" Winnie asked sarcastically.

"So that's what she meant when she said she had other plans for her life," T. Q. said bitterly. "My God! If she'd only confided in me—"

"You forget, Mr. Curtis, that Dal Romaine is my nephew!" Mrs. Meadows interrupted haughtily.

"I'm forgetting nothing Mrs. Meadows," T. Q. caught her up sternly. "I never trusted the foreign-looking devil, and now the girl who is dearer to me than any other person in the world except my son is running away with him to marry him—"

"Marry him!" Winnie's ugly laugh barked. "If I knew that bird he won't marry her until she's legally adopted by T. Q. Curtis, the multi-millionaire!"

"What do you mean, Winnie Shelton?" Clay's grip on her arm tightened.

"Let me go, or I'll die before I'll tell you how to get on their trail," she snarled. "Now! I'll tell you all I know about this dark-skinned bird with the kypsy blood in his veins," she taunted them and herself bitterly. "But you've got to listen while I'm in the humor to talk. His fine lady-aunt here—"

and her finger pointed dramatically at Mrs. Meadows, who went deathly pale—"sent for her grand little nephew as soon as she settled down in the lap of luxury and got the lay of the land."

"Mr. Curtis, I protest! I will not stay and be insulted—" Mrs. Meadows began majestically.

"You would pull that line, wouldn't you?" Winnie flicked her whip of scorn at the trembling woman. "No, you stay here or I'll shut up and let precious little Billy be ruined by the man she's run after so hard for a year."

"Go on, Winnie!" T. Q. commanded her sternly.

"I'm trying to, ain't I? Soon as this dark-skinned bird blew into town I sized him up, but I fell for him, too. But he didn't have me fooled for one little minute! I called his bluff inside of two weeks after we came to live here. He admitted to me that he was a penniless adventurer, that his aunt was staking him to an apartment and a car, and paying his laundry bills, while he sponged off you, T. Q., for most of his meals. His aunt told him you were going to come to pick out a daughter as soon as you'd made up your mind which of the three of us you liked best, and Handsome Harry decided to play the game three ways to win. He got himself engaged to both Billy and me, but she, poor sap, thought she was the only frog in the puddle. I knew I didn't have a chance if I didn't win the contest."

Clay loosened his grip on Winnie's arm and swung against his father. The old man put his arm about the boy, but his eyes did not leave Winnie's distorted face.

"And before he'd wasted too much effort on Nyda Lomax he found she'd been married all the time to Eddie Manning. His precious aunt helped him to swoon out that nice bit of scandal, and Eddie gave the word away himself at a dance at the Country Club. Oh, I knew him like my A-B-C's all the time, but I was crazy in love with him, just the same! I even helped him in some of his other little side grafts. I steered trade to his modiste shop, that he run under the name of Madame Dubois. And I helped him get the dope on the high society muckety-mucks for his Hindu fakir, Namir Sadi—"

"So Romaine was Sadha's accomplice!" T. Q. groaned. "Tramman was right, but for Mrs. Meadows' sake I wouldn't let myself believe him!"

"This is all an infamous lie, and I'll sue for slander!" Mrs. Meadows panted.

"You'll be lucky if you get out of this thing with a shred of reputation left!" Winnie spat at her viciously.

"About a man you say you love?" Clay demanded.

"Why? Why? Because I'd rather see him dead than married to anyone else!" Winnie screamed. "When Clara brought up my dinner, I bribed her to take a note to Dal. I wrote him that I needed his help, begged him to get me out of this, to take me away from Colfax, and he sent me back word that there was no answer. 'No answer!' she shrieked. 'I'd kill him if I could! No answer—after all I've meant to Dal Romaine. Why, she went on, reckless in her fury, 'I've spent two week-ends with him at his cabin in the country and a week with him in Chicago, when Billy didn't even know where he was! I'd put off my right hand for him, crook though I knew him to be—and then he won't even lift a finger to help me when I'm"

down and out!" Her fury spent itself suddenly and she began to sob.

In spite of his disgust and rage, Clay's face softened a bit at sight of her tears. "Where is Billy? Where will he take her?"

"I won't tell!" Then—"Yes, I will! He shan't have her! He thinks he can compromise her and then force T. Q. to let him marry her, after the adoption goes through. Oh, I know him! I told you I'd spent two week-ends with him at his cabin in the country. He'll take her there. It's eleven miles from here, out past Clifton. Turn off the main road about three miles from Clifton—it's a left turn, dirt road. The log cabin is about a quarter of a mile from the main road. You can't miss it. And I hope you kill him!"

Clay did not give her his promise in words, but his face, as he turned upon his father, was terrible to see.

"I'm going after them, Dad, and I'll bring Billy back—but not to you! I'm going to take her to her mother, and I'll marry her if she'll have me. God knows I love her enough to marry her no matter what that brown-skinned devil has done to her. As for you, Dad, I hope you realize what your selfish folly has done—made a thief of Nyda Lomax, turned this poor, unfortun-

little hypocrite—his eyes seared Winnie Shelton with hatred and contempt—"into a cheap crook, stripped her of her virtue and thrown her back upon the world, a menace to decent people. As for Billy, you've undermined her character with luxury and made her easy prey for the first black-hearted adventurer that came along. Three girls ruined. All for your own selfish pleasure, because you were lonely! And you did it in the name of philanthropy! Philanthropy! My God!"

He flung out of the room, his furious young face contorted with an effort to keep back tears. T. Q. Curtis, whose head had bowed low under the indictment of his son, did not look up when Mrs. Meadows rushed out of the room, banging the door behind her.

Oddly enough it was Winnie who tried to comfort the broken old man. She touched his diffidently on the shoulder, spoke the sincerest words she had uttered to him during the whole year: "I'm sorry, Mr. Curtis. You're a good man and I don't blame you for hating me. I hate myself."

(To be continued.)

Dal Romaine reveals his intentions to Billy, and she recognizes him, too late, for the man he is.

CALL FOR SCHOOL WARRANTS

School Dist. No. 96, Douglas Co., Oregon, calls for all warrants, up to and including No. 208. Interest ceases after this date, June 10, 1927.

VIDA TEAGUE, Clerk.

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ARGO STARCH—"Argo," Gloss or Corn, 3 pkgs.	23c
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WASHING POWDER—"White King," 2 for	89c	RAISINS—"Thompson's Seedless," lb. pkg.	10c
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CLOROX—2 for	35c	CERTO—For Jams and Jelly, 2 bottles	49c
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JELLO—Any flavor, an excellent hot weather, dessert—3 for	25c	BUTTER—Best Creamery, 2 lbs.	85c
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SHRIMP—"American Beauty," 3 cans	43c	SUGAR—Cloth Bag, 10 lbs.	69c
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CORN FLAKES—Post Toasties, 3 pkgs.	25c	COFFEE—Stone's Bulk, absolutely guaranteed—lb. 45c; 3 lbs.	\$1.29
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BACON—Medium, lb.	33c	COTTAGES—All lean, lb.	30c
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