

DOG TEAM ON WAY TO HELP EIELSON, MISSING AIRMAN

(Associated Press Local Wire) NOME, Alaska, Nov. 21.—Mod- eration of the weather, com- bined with the statement from the Nankai, rebound at North Cape, Siberia, that a dog team sent out from the ship should reach the vicinity today where Pilot Orel Eielson was seen flying recently by natives, revived hope that the missing pilot would be found soon. Eielson was about 60 miles from

North Cape when last sighted. Pilot Frank Burbank, who with Eielson is attempting to transport passengers and furs from the Nankai and passengers from the Russian ship Staryygod, im- proved in the ice near the fur trading ship, to Nome, arrived here yesterday afternoon from Teller, Alaska. The two pilots were forced down by storm at Teller when they were attempting a second trip to the Nankai, having brought six passengers and a quantity of furs out on their first trip. Burbank returned here to repair his plane.

Ladies of the Christian Church will hold a bazaar, cooked food and tamales sale, Saturday, Nov. 23rd, at Mc-Kean, Parry & Baldwin's.

TWO DAMS ACROSS COLUMBIA URGED

CAMAS, Wash., Nov. 21.—Washougal and Camas business men adopted a resolution urging the Oregon delegation in congress to present a bill appropriating \$90,000,000 for the construction of two huge dams across the Columbia river at Bonneville, Ore., and The Dalles, Ore.

STARVATION CURE FATAL TO SUFFERER

NOVATO, Calif., Nov. 21.—Thomas Proevich, 45, lumber mill worker, was declared by friends to have starved himself to death. His body was found on a nearby ranch. Friends reported Proevich had refrained from eating for the past 19 days because of a stomach ailment.

with his wish to rent the place." "Of course he isn't married," put to Sloan. "Certainly not," replied Nath- lie. "He would not require a hos- tesse if he were." "Especially a masked one," urged Sloan. "That is singular on both sides, isn't it?" agreed Nathalie. "But till we see him let's suspend judg- ment. If I don't like him or you don't like him there won't be any bargain. Somehow, though, I feel that I'm going to take his offer." They drove to an inn two miles away and had dinner there and by half past eight were back at The Firs. While they waited Nathalie produced her half mask from her bag and put it on and Sloan, go- ing to the back of his car, re- turned to her side presently wear- ing his chauffeur's cap and jacket. "And I have a revolver where I can reach it quickly, too," he told her. "I don't expect I shall need it but it should cheer you to know I have it." "And I have this to say, further- more," he added, as he produced his cigarette case and his hand shook slightly as he struck a match. "You may as well know it— I'm in love with you. Perma- nently in love with you—there will never be anybody else. I don't ask you to make any answer to that— at a moment like this you're hard- ly yourself and it wouldn't be fair. But keep it in mind, please, and if ever—"

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been, by an order of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County, ap- pointed administrator of the will annexed of the estate of John San- ders, deceased.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County. In the matter of the estate of Coriune C. Alley, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of Jennie E. Clements, de- ceased, has filed in the county court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County his final account as such ad- ministratrix and that Saturday, the 14th day of December, 1929, at ten o'clock a. m., and the court room of the said court have been fixed as the time and place for hearing ob- jections to said account and the settlement thereof.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County. In the matter of the estate of C. L. Burnett, deceased.

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The Masked Hostess by BLAIR STEVENSON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Nathalie Van Stack, summoned from Europe by the death of her father, "Happy Jack" Van Stack, wealthy sportsman and society leader, learns from her lawyers that the fortune has been wiped out. Only \$25 and an old, aban- doned estate, "The Firs," have been left to her. John Sloan, young attorney, is assigned to handle her affairs. Nathalie, with only youth, beauty and social position, is fur- ther discouraged when her wealthy aunt, Mrs. Pemberton Swayne, coldly turns her away from her regal Southampton mansion. Nathalie, in desperation, cashes a check for \$500 at the Waldorf hotel, where her family name is still accepted as the symbol of untold millions. Sloan, unknown to Nath- alie, makes good this false check. On a second trip to Southampton, Nathalie is startled when a strange swarthy man calls her, bearing the police, she flees the house. After boarding a train she leaves it hastily at a small station when she learns the mysterious man is abroad. Finding herself in Brook- ville, she visits Treadwell Pound, bank president, who holds the mortgage on "The Firs." Pound secretly desires the estate, know- ing the new state road will en- hance its value considerably. He proposes that she act as hostess to a rich South American who wishes to take over "The Firs" and entertain his wealthy friends. In need of money, Nathalie agrees on one condition, that her identity must be hidden by a mask. "Let she will wear. After telephoning, Pound tells her the condition is accepted. She then calls John Sloan. At dinner with Sloan, who is fast falling in love with the beautiful Nathalie, she informs him of the strange position she will take. He does not mention the check.

HOW GO ON WITH THE STORY CHAPTER X.

Sloan's eyes had begun to shimmer. "Great!" he explained. "I begin to think you're going to go over big. Now, next thing, I'm your lawyer and so it's in order for me to be beside you tomorrow night when you meet your mys- terious employer-tenant at the gar- den gate. I insist, in fact, on go- ing." "And I want you to," Nathalie agreed at once. "That is particu- larly what I came here to ask. Without you I think I'd be the least bit afraid." "Fine," said Sloan, and they fell into a discussion of details. They arranged that she should devote the next day to her shopping and that in the late afternoon they drive to her country place in his runabout and after inspecting it dine at an inn and return to The Firs by nine at night. "And in the meantime," said Sloan, as the waiter brought the

bill, "unless you have made some other arrangement for the night, I would like to suggest that you spend it with a married sister of mine who lives here in town. I have spoken to her and I think you will like her." "I know I will," Nathalie answered. Instantly and blushed crimson as she added: "If she's even the least like you."

In the middle of the following afternoon Sloan sat smoking in his roomer which he had parked at a club on Fifth Avenue near the Plaza entrance to Central park.

He had arrived fifteen minutes to advance of the time at which he had agreed to meet Nathalie and was staring lily at the procession of well turned out people who al- ways fill the avenue on bright af- ternoons in early autumn. Some were middle aged, some were young, a few were sedate, a num- ber of the young women were vi- sible. A girl of a distinct Latin type caught his eye. She wore a mod- est hat of dark orange and ex- tremely high heels and among the many sun-tanned and clear skinned girls about her she was outstanding for the pallor of her dead white complexion. Her hair, jet black and in soft waves over her ears, was surmounted by a small black hat with a Rhinestone dagger thrust through it. Her lips were deeply rouged and her dark eyes brooding and faintly insid- ing.

"Do you think I will do?" Sloan, bewildered, asked in turn. "I'm afraid I don't fully understand you."

"Do you think Nathalie Van Stack as a Spanish senorita will do?" Sloan asked the girl. "Do ever- ing, as you said last night? You're talking her to dinner, aren't you?" "I'll say I am," gasped Sloan as she sprang out and helped her into the car. "By Jove," and he gazed at her in admiration. "You look like the Grant took Richmond. How did you do it—in addition to the black hair?"

"How powder and rouge and a little intelligence and, recollect- ing," explained Nathalie, "and by wearing my heels a little too high so that even my walk is disguised by the change of balance. Then you must remember besides that I have dark eyes and brows natu- rally. When I match them with false hair the illusion is perfect." As they drove north along Fifth avenue and turned east to Queens- bury bridge, Sloan was conscious of the stare Nathalie drew as she sat languorously beside him holding her Spanish pose and keeping in character. But she

dropped her pretending after they were over the bridge and on Long Island and began to talk animated- ly of the purchasing she had done during the day.

"I had to do it skillfully for money goes such a very little way in New York but by searching in shop after shop I managed to pick up an inexpensive dress or two that will do exactly. After I have earned some money I will add to what I have. My mask I have along and will put it on just before I meet my mysterious em- ployer tonight."

"And I have a chauffeur's cap and uniform jacket in the back of the car," supplemented Sloan. "They'll do for my disguise. If I keep in the dust and with a liver- red chauffeur driving you can ask for more money."

But the excellent spirits they were in were lowered when, at the end of the afternoon, they drew up at the gate of The Firs and entered its neglected grounds on foot.

The place had been a handsome estate once with its great ram- bling house and ample stables. It had had a school for training hunt- ers and a polo field in its prime, but this was now overgrown and overplanted. The porches of the house sagged, shutters hung by one hinge here and there. The roof tree of one of the stables had fallen in and nearly all of the once smartly kept fencing had rotted and fallen. Its name, The Firs, had been given it from the shield of Scotch fir trees which originally had been planted to the north of it as a barrier against winter. But later firs, set down from the seed pods of the original ones, had grown up through the years of the estate's neglect till the house now stood almost enveloped by them. From the rarely used road which led past the place one had to look sharply to determine that there was a house at all.

"I wonder," said Sloan, "what your prospective employer wants to live here for—or, as they say on Broadway, 'what the racket is. I think I'll stick a bit closer when he talks to you tonight.'"

"I wonder myself," agreed Nathalie, "although the explana- tion Mr. Pound gave was simple enough. He said the man who has taken the place is a well-known sportsman from outside of Long Island who will bring a string of hunters here and wanted the house because it was large and he had a lot of entertaining to do by way of paying off his social debts to Long Island people who had been hospitable to him. The stables, Pound said, on account of their size, had had a lot to do

with his wish to rent the place." "Of course he isn't married," put to Sloan. "Certainly not," replied Nath- lie. "He would not require a hos- tesse if he were." "Especially a masked one," urged Sloan. "That is singular on both sides, isn't it?" agreed Nathalie. "But till we see him let's suspend judg- ment. If I don't like him or you don't like him there won't be any bargain. Somehow, though, I feel that I'm going to take his offer." They drove to an inn two miles away and had dinner there and by half past eight were back at The Firs. While they waited Nathalie produced her half mask from her bag and put it on and Sloan, go- ing to the back of his car, re- turned to her side presently wear- ing his chauffeur's cap and jacket. "And I have a revolver where I can reach it quickly, too," he told her. "I don't expect I shall need it but it should cheer you to know I have it." "And I have this to say, further- more," he added, as he produced his cigarette case and his hand shook slightly as he struck a match. "You may as well know it— I'm in love with you. Perma- nently in love with you—there will never be anybody else. I don't ask you to make any answer to that— at a moment like this you're hard- ly yourself and it wouldn't be fair. But keep it in mind, please, and if ever—"

He stopped as the twin lights of a motor car appeared far down the road. "Here's our man, I think," he said. "Now, then, be- fore he arrives can you think of any well-known sportsman from outside of Long Island who has been entertained by Long Island people and has so far remained unmarried?"

Nathalie only half heard him. But the part of her mind which was not whirling with the avowal of love he had just made turned back the pages of recent memory and she said a little mechanically: "The only one I can think of is Captain Ramon Stefano, the famous Argentine polo star. I met him at dinner at Aunt Olivia's the evening of the first day you and I met."

The car which had been coming toward them was close up now and stopped in the full glare of their headlights.

A man in evening clothes under a light overcoat emerged from it. It was Captain Ramon Stefano. (To be continued.)

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

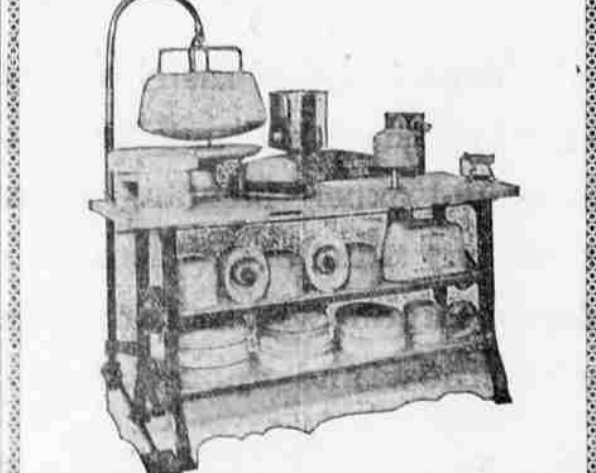
In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County. In the matter of the estate of John Dressel, deceased.

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NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the will and testament of Helen G. Smith, deceased, has filed in the county court of the State of Oregon for Douglas County his final ac- count as such executor and that Saturday, the 14th day of Decem- ber, 1929, at ten o'clock a. m., and the court room of the said court have been fixed as the time and place for hearing objections to said account and the settlement thereof.

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