

**Chester's BARBER SHOP**  
Now at Fifth and Division  
The same high-class work as  
always  
Children's haircutting specialty

**MATT GREENSLADE**  
Wagon Repairing  
Horseshoeing & Gen. Blacksmithing  
AUTO REPAIRING  
9327 Foster Road LENTS

**DR. P. J. O'DONNELL**  
EXODONTIA  
Phones—615-10 (office)  
618-18 (residence)  
Cor. 92d and Foster Road

**Y. AONO**  
Associated Gasoline All kinds of Oils  
Tires, Tubes and all Accessories,  
Northeast corner of 82d and Division  
streets.

Candies, Cigars, Tobaccos, Light  
Groceries.  
Fresh eggs from my own hens  
every day

**B. TABELL**  
8611 Foster Road

All kinds of Light Trucking  
Garbage Hauled  
**B. F. COOK**  
Auto. 614-48 10207 57th Ave. S. E.

**HOUSE'S RESTAURANT**  
128 Third st., bet. Washington  
and Alder sts.  
Just 1 1/2 blocks from "M-S" car.  
**MEALS AND LUNCHES**

**MT. SCOTT TRANSFER CO.**  
Auto. 646-21; Res. 4822 90th Street  
J. S. Miller, Prop.  
Daily trips to Mount Scott and  
Lenta. Stand, First and Taylor sts.,  
Portland.

**LAUER REALTY CO.**  
REAL ESTATE  
CITY PROPERTY and FARMS  
Phone 638-83  
5018 72nd Street FIRLAND STATION

DRESSMAKING  
LADIES' TAILORING  
**MRS. N. J. BRENNAN**  
4928 Ninety-seventh Street S. E.  
(Next door to the Callin's residence)

**Painter-Decorator**  
**D. H. LETCHER**  
8439 FOSTER ROAD  
Telephone Automatic 641-01

FOR SALE  
Two second-hand sewing machines.  
Furniture polish for sale. Monarch,  
the best.  
F. E. JIGGAR SR.  
6131 Ninetieth Street

**THE BENJAMIN STUDIO**  
MODERN PHOTOGRAPHY  
"Every Sitting a Study"  
View Work, Home Portraits, Kodak  
Finishing  
6435 FOSTER ROAD

**GRAYS CROSSING**  
**Sheet Metal Works**  
GET MY PRICE BEFORE  
LETTING THE JOB  
Automatic 640-75 6007 1/2 82nd St.

GO TO  
**A. G. Kaady's**  
FOR  
**Shoe Repairing**  
SHOES FOR  
Gentlemen, Ladies, Children  
Rubbers  
Shoe Shining Parlor  
6603 Foster Road, near Leach Drug  
Store. Ameen A. Farah is in Mr.  
Kaady's shop.

**M. L. NOBLE & SON**  
6254 FOSTER ROAD  
**Groceries and  
Fresh Meats**  
We grind our own hamburger and  
our own sausage

## Periwinkle House

By Opie Read

Illustrated by  
**R. H. Livingstone**

Copyright, The Bell Syndicate, Inc.

### SYNOPSIS

**CHAPTER I**—The time is the late '60s or early '70s and the scene a steamboat on the Mississippi river. All the types of the period are present and the flaring palace is distinguished by merriment, dancing and gallantry. There are the customary drinking and gambling ales. Virgil Drace, a young northern man, is on his way south on a mission of revenge. He meets an eccentric character in the person of one Liberty Shottle, who is constantly tempting the goddess of chance. They form a singular contrast.

**CHAPTER II**—Drace gets his mind off his mission by entering into deck sports in which he exhibits an unusual athletic prowess. Liberty Shottle is again unlucky at cards and attempts a financial negotiation with Drace. The latter, seeing an opportunity to use Shottle, consents to him that his mission is to find a certain ex-guerrilla, Stepho la Vitte, who had murdered Drace's father. It is his determination announced to his new chum, to hang La Vitte as high as Haman. Drace has become enamored of a mysterious beauty aboard the boat.

**CHAPTER III**—The steamer reaches New Orleans, at that time in the somewhat turbulent throes of carpetbag government. Shottle becomes possessed of two tickets for the French ball, a great society event, and proposes that Drace accompany him to the affair. The young man at once and Drace unexpectedly meets the girl who had fired his heart aboard the steamer. She is accompanied by one Boyce, whose proprietary interest indicates that he is her fiance. Through stratagem Shottle learns that the name of the girl is Nadine la Vitte and that her companion of the evening is the man who is seeking to marry her.

(Continued from last week.)

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars to find out her full name and where she lives. I'll give you a hundred if you'll find somebody who'll introduce me to her."

"It's a bet," said Shottle. "But I must warn you you're late. Boyce wants her to marry him, and he's got a hold on her father. But she stood him off."

"H'm—she stood him off? My offer stands, Lib. She couldn't possibly throw herself away on a low-looking fellow like that."

Shottle asked for the twenty-five in advance, was denied and took himself off, grumbling. He found Boyce and the girl called Nadine just leaving the little alcove, and stopped them, bowing low. "Sir," he said, addressing Boyce, "I have been directed to inform this lady that she has been awarded a prize as the best waltzer in the room. If you will be so good as to give me her name and address in order that it may be delivered to her?"

Boyce regarded Shottle suspiciously. "Well!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know they did that sort of thing here. What is the prize and who is giving it?"

"The prize," replied Shottle blandly, "is a—turkey. It is given by the—by a leading butcher of the town."

Boyce laughed, and the girl added her silver merriment. "I'm sure I'm flattered," she said. "The name is Nadine la Vitte, and the address—"

She broke off, and flushed a little. Shottle's jaw had dropped; then he gulped with an extraordinary contortion of his face in the endeavor to mask his astonishment. "And the address?" he pursued.

The girl and Boyce exchanged a troubled look. "I think," interposed Boyce, "it would be better to take the—the fowl home tonight. Perhaps you would be good enough to deliver it to our carriage. It is ordered for one o'clock—Number 297." Bowing with pellucid grace, Shottle departed, but he delayed some ten minutes in dark thought before he sought Drace again. For Shottle wanted the hundred dollars, and if he were to tell Drace that her name was La Vitte! Could it be possible that she was Stepho's daughter?

He presented himself before Drace at length. "Master," he announced, "her name is Nadine Brown and her address is Carriage Number 297."

"Carriage Number Two— But that is no address. And—"

"Listen, Master," went on Shottle hurriedly. "I have a scheme—a magnificent scheme. Not only shall you be introduced to this lady, but you shall be presented to her in the role of a protector and rescuer."

"How in the world will you manage that?"

"Very simple. At ten minutes past one, you are to be standing on Blank street just beyond the lamp at the corner of X street. Carriage 297 will drive past. From out the shadow of a garden wall two men will spring out and stop the carriage—attempt to rob this Boyce fellow and that girl. You will rush up with a cane—a cane, Virgil, no pistol—and drive off the robbers! You are a hero—the lady thanks you. Tableau!"

"But—but—"

"Leave it all to me—but give me that twenty-five dollars. I know fellows who'd hold up the devil himself for five."

At ten minutes past one o'clock Virgil Drace was standing in the shadow of a tree near the street-crossing decided upon, cursing himself for a half-

brained fool and Shottle for an addled roge. A rattle of wheels came to his ears, and a cab approached him. As it came under the lamp at the corner, Virgil was sure he recognized the flamingo neck of Liberty Shottle rising from the turned-up collar of the cabby on the box.

"Good Lord!" gasped Drace. "He's done it. Pray heaven Boyce carries no pistol."

The cab passed him. And then from the shadow of a wall a hundred yards or so distant two dark figures darted out. There came a hoarse command, a stifled scream, a cry for help. Drace ran forward and found Boyce, Nadine and the supposed cabbie standing with uplifted hands beside the vehicle while a masked desperado threatened them with a pistol and a second robber demanded their valuables.

Now Drace played his part right gallantly, rushing upon the robbers with uplifted cane. The fellow with the pistol fired once—then a blow on the wrist from Drace's stick sent the weapon flying. The pain of the blow enraged the fellow, however, and as Drace made at the second robber, the first one struck him heavily, momentarily dazing him. The two supposed robbers now took to their heels, pursued half-heartedly by Cabbie Shottle and energetically by Boyce, who had been robbed in good earnest. And to complete the melee, the poor cabbie, frightened by the pistol-shot, galloped off with the ramshackle vehicle lurching behind it.

Nadine turned to Drace, her face lighted with gratitude. She held forth her hand. With a grace that would not have mocked a Highlander who, schooled in France, had followed home the Queen of Scots, he bent over it and reverently touched it with his lips. Wild was her nature, this half-barbaric maid, and she snatched her

hand away, but repenting instantly, smiled and spoke.

"I thank you much. You are brave. You are like one on the stage, the hero."

Her words came freely, and with just enough of accent to convince that they were sweeter than if there were none. Drace asked her if she remembered him, and her black velvet eyes flashed dark in astonishment.

"How could I when never have I seen you? You must mistake me. No."

"I saw you on the boat, at the ball at the St. Louis," Drace said. "But come to think of it, I know that it would be vanity on my part to believe that you have seen me."

"No, it would not be vanity," pleasantly she contradicted him, shaking her head, her cloud of hair. "The brave do not be vain, but I did not see you. I am so sorry. You sorry, too, ha?"

She laughed, and Drace thought that never till that moment had he heard music in its sweetest purity. Then Boyce and Shottle returned, panting—Shottle to disappear again in pursuit of his vanished vehicle.

"Sir, I thank you most heartily for your assistance," said Boyce, grasping Drace's hand. "My name is Boyce—Rupert Boyce. May I—"

"Mine, sir, is Virgil Drace," responded that young man. "I am only too glad to have been of help. I'm afraid, however, you'll have to finish your journey on foot. May I have the pleasure of walking with you?"

This suggestion, however, Boyce declined. And although Drace insisted as far as the bounds of courtesy would permit, both Boyce and the girl evaded consent. And they left him standing thunderstruck on the street corner—for the girl had said, giving him her

hand again in parting: "I thank you once more for your help, M- Drace. I hope I may see you again some time. My name is Nadine la Vitte, and I am often in New Orleans."

Drace passed an uneasy night, his mind torn by his suspicion that Nadine la Vitte was the daughter of old Stepho. And when Liberty came to his room next morning, eager for praise and reward, the truth came out. Nadine was indeed the daughter of old Stepho; Liberty had overheard enough while disguised as the cabbie to confirm that. But where she lived in New Orleans, Liberty had failed to learn; he had planned to drive them home, but the runaway of the cab horse had sent that plan agley.

### CHAPTER IV

Now more than ever was Drace resolved to find where the girl lived, to find old Stepho, to— What would he do when he found them? He was bent on revenge upon his father's murderers, on solving the secret of that buried money; yet he was in love with that arch-scoondrel's daughter. Or was he? He must find her, make sure. And he said as much to Shottle.

"There are some things that can't be done by mere determination," said Shottle, his mind on filling a flush.

"No, but judgment ought to be the master and director of determination. I tell you what we'll do. This afternoon we'll take the French quarter by streets and knock at every door."

That afternoon, they set out on their quest. But the scheme of knocking at every door soon seemed foolish and impertinent. They decided to halt only in front of habitations that seemed to invite inquiry, consult their instincts; but as repeated failure blunted instinct dull, hope became a critic,

without creative adventure, and advised a return to the hotel. Then they thought that night would be a fitter time. They might catch sight of the girl or Boyce at the theater.

They went to one, and from a stage box gazed through rented glasses at every face. Not there. They went out, walked a short distance, talking not of disappointment but of hope, and turned into a narrow and dimly lighted street. Suddenly there broke the noise of a rising tumult, yells and



Some One Gave Him an Old Carbine and Another Gave Drace a Cavalry Saber.

gunshots. And over walls and from dark recesses came pouring excited men. Drace and Shottle found themselves in the midst of a mob, surging toward another mob rushing into an open space where torches discovered a hand of executioners hanging some poor wretch to the limb of a tree. Where there were no houses, the garden walls were too high to offer a means of escape, and as they could not fight their way back, Drace and Shottle were swept onward. Torches flared, and all sorts of weapons were revealed in the pitiful yellow light—old muskets, swords, pistols with brass barrels from ancient Spanish armories, clubs and pikes that might have served Cromwell. Some of the men looked respectable, others desperate; they were of many nationalities, all anger-smitten and excited.

"What's it all about?" Drace inquired of a bare-headed old man who panted beside him.

"The carpet-bag devils. They hang a citizen."

"We are on the right side, anyway," Shottle cried. "Give me a gun—give me something."

Some one gave him an old carbine, and another gave Drace a cavalry saber. The man from the North grasped it, feeling that he was to fight the scoondrel that cast discredit and reproach upon his native state.

At this time of man's madness nature could not restrain the introduction of her own grim humor. Dogs gathered in the open space between the bands of advancing rioters, and fought, howling, the victims of wounds without cause.

(Continued Next Week.)

Herald Ads will help bring Christmas buyers.



## Can You Refuse?

EVERYWHERE you see the ravages of Consumption. There were 1,000,000 cases and 100,000 deaths from this scourge last year. But if all that see these words will help,

### It can be stamped out

Buy the Tuberculosis Christmas Seals where you see them sold. (A picture of one is below.) The revenue from these sales is devoted to a great organized campaign against Tuberculosis. This campaign gives the service of doctors and nurses to millions of the stricken. It organizes local associations. It carries on educational work in schools and offices and factories.

You cannot help in a nobler work. Join it. Buy the seals.

Stamp Out Tuberculosis



with Christmas Seals

THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE UNITED STATES