

Your inspection invited at the
GEEEN HILL DAIRY
 74th and Foster Road
 Perfectly Pasteurized Milk, Cream,
 Whipping Cream and Buttermilk

Franklin Barber Shop
 WE SPECIALIZE IN
 HAIR CUTTING, FACIAL MASSAGING
 AND HAIR BOBBING
 1396 DIVISION St. Bet. 49th and 50th Sts.
 12 NEW BUILDING

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 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

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

MT. SCOTT TRANSFER CO.
 Auto. 646-21; Res. 4822 50th Street
 J. S. Miller, Prop.
 Daily trips to Mount Scott and
 Lents. 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

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

LADIES!
 Come to the Vogue for good, slight-
 ly-used clothing. Everything for every
 occasion. Suits from \$5 up. Shoes,
 hats, coats, dresses.
 A good line of children's coats.
ORDERS TAKEN
 Dressmaking Done Reasonable

THE VOGUE
 Fourth floor, 403 Alisky building,
 Third street, just north of Morrison
 street. Main 3132.

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

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 floating life is distinguished by merriment, dancing and gaiety. There are the customary drinking and gambling along with 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 compact.

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 and attempts a financial negotiation with Drace. The latter, seeing an opportunity to use Shottle, conspires to him the his mission is to find a certain ex-guerrilla, Stepha la Vitte, who had murdered Drace's father. It is his determination announced to his nephew, 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 the tickets for the French Mail, a great society event, and proposes that Drace accompany him to the affair. The young man agrees 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 fiancé. 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.

CHAPTER IV—Drace passes an uneasy night torn by the suspicion that Nadine is the daughter of old Stepha la Vitte, now an admitted outlaw. Now, more than ever, is he resolved to find where the girl lives and to find Stepha. Drace and Shottle begin a search of the city. In one of their nocturnal pilgrimages they come upon a house, the owner having a poor wretch from the limb of a tree. It is a typical carpetbag execution and aroused the resentment of an opposing mob of citizens. Drace takes a hand in the fight which starts and is instrumental in preventing the execution. From a window opposite the scene, he catches a glimpse of one he is sure is Nadine.

CHAPTER V—The escapade, the fight, the interference with the execution get Drace and Shottle into bad standing with the authorities, but instead of punishment are given until the next day to board a steamer bound north. Returning to the house where he thought he had glimpsed the girl, Drace finds the place abandoned. Through Colonel Josiah, an emissary employed at the suggestion of Shottle, he gets a faint clue in the discovery that a certain Frenchman, who is reported to be an intimate of Stepha la Vitte. There is only a short time before the departure of the steamer when Drace and Shottle go to call on the Frenchman. The latter is too keen to be lured into giving up any information, but Shottle, spying around among the cases and bottles, especially the address made up for shipment, makes an important discovery. So as not to arouse the suspicions of the Frenchman, Drace was addressed to Stepha la Vitte at Parmentier's Land, Mississippi. It is the next stop before the landing and Colonel Bethpage is Liberty Shottle's uncle.

CHAPTER VI—Drace and Shottle are received with genuine hospitality by Colonel Bethpage and find the plantation and its environs delightful. After a brief stay and a characteristic financial transaction with the colonel, Shottle goes away ostensibly on business trip to Vicksburg, but in reality to seek his favorite form of amusement. Drace makes a habit of staying in the quarters and from pieces of information gathered from various sources, becomes convinced that La Vitte has her haunt in a great wood of cypress and a tangle of salt cedar, a sort of everglades, a marsh with hundreds of small islands rising here and there among the bayous. A shrewd old negro had told him that the outlaw lived in a house built of periwinkle shells. Day after day Drace takes a canoe and goes farther and farther into the marsh, and at his feet lies a rope, one end of it a hangman's noose.

CHAPTER VII—Drace penetrates into the wilderness, discovers Periwinkle House and finds Nadine alone. She much alarmed and warns him her father will shoot him. He makes love to her and to get him to go she agrees to meet him again the following Thursday. On his way home Drace is accosted by three men who ask to be set across the river. They overpower him and bind him with ropes. Led by Tony they throw Drace into an old cabin. Tony taunts Drace and avows his love for Nadine, while the others collect fuel. Tony sets fire to the cabin and the three go off laughing. And then his bonds are cut and with Nadine's help he gets safely out. She tells him how she was led to come to his rescue.

(Continued from last week.)
 "Never would a man before talk like this to me. . . . But if you must come when I beg you no, let it be next Thursday. My father then will be in the hills to buy cattle."
 "This is Friday, and that will be a week, lacking one day. You have set doomsday for my return."
 "If you come before, you will not find me. And now it is the good-by."
 She drew back quickly through the door, and down into the fringe of tall cane he went, parting his way to the canoe that lay nosing the mossy bank. Only now that she was gone and night had come did he remember—remember that this girl who had bewitched the swift minutes with him was the daughter of his sworn enemy Stepha la Vitte.
 A voice called him as he was cursing himself for a traitor to his father's memory. On a point of land he saw three men standing. One of them beckoned him, and he turned in toward them. One of them spoke:
 "Would you be kind to set us across? The night he comes, and we would not be lost in the swamp. We will get to the river. Would you, please?"

the shadow of the trees. And then he spoke: "God bless you, Nadine!"
 He had held her hand, feeling her as they ran, but now in the shadowy safe from danger, she withdrew it from him, and when he reached again to take it, she shook her head.
 "No, it must not be. I told you to go quick, but you did not go quick enough. Then Tones he see your boat, and with the others, he wait for you. I run around and I watch him, with the knife to stab him if he hurt my brave friend. Then in dim light I see them carry the boat, and I think they have killed you; and I steal along to stab, but then I know you are in the boat. All I do then was to watch till they go, and then I go in. It was not hard to do. No."
 "You are an angel."
 She laughed, shaking her head.
 "Angels do not go into the fire. They do not belong there. . . . Now, I tell you. I show you the crooked way, through the woods and out to the river. The moon has come, and we can see. If you know the way, you are safe; but if you do not, you mire down and die in the ooze, and not in the flame. You would please follow me now."

He followed her, hoping that she might be slow, to prolong the joy of his being with her, but she was agile, walking swiftly. Sometimes she would turn slightly about to warn him of a dangerous place, and once she smiled, the moon full in her face. "Tell me," he inquired then: "What has passed tonight, I hope, does not change what was set for Thursday?"
 "The land was beginning to rise, and she was walking faster."
 "Thursday you may come."
 She halted in an open space and pointed toward the river.
 "The bird, I hear him sing now. The magnolia trees are over there. And now it was again good-night."
 She gave him no chance to detain her, for in an instant she was running; and he stood looking till in the deep shade her form was lost.

Old Stepha had not come home when the Creole girl reached the house in the swamp. She sat down to think and to listen to his footsteps. He did not come; and undressing, she lay down, mused a long time and slept. . . . A knocking on the door and Stepha's voice called her:
 "The sun he was high, but the leetle gel she sleep."
 Soon she came out, and he drew her to him and pressed his sandpaper cheek against the cool of her hair. They sat where the house threw its cool shade. Slowly she rocked in his big chair, looking up at the cane that hid his home.
 "This air, he good. He comes through salt marsh from the Gulf, with not the malaria. You bloom always like the flower."
 "But, Father, when do we leave here? It must not be that we are here to live all the time?"
 "Ha! The little bird wish to leave the nest, to try her wings? That is the way of birds and women. Soon, I suppose, you will wish to marry some fine man and leave your old father."
 "No—it is not that. I love you. . . . But it is lonely here, and—"
 "Mr. Boyce, he is a fine young man. If you marry him, you would not so much leave me. I see him often. He buy from me the mules and cattle which I bring down from the hills. Why you no wish to marry him?"
 "But I do not love him."
 "You would soon learn; he is a fine young man. I owe him much; and he know much about my business that he would keep quiet about if—if he was of the family. And he would take you often to the city and give you rich dresses and diamonds."
 "My dresses they are fine enough. I have the diamonds, too. But you must know that I get lonesome here. I cannot play with the book all the time. . . . You are going again to buy cattle in the hills, are you not?"
 "I will buy them, yes."
 "And you must on Thursday go to the hills?"
 "Yes, on the Thursday, I will go."
 He fell asleep, for he was tired; and when the sun came about, she drew his chair into the shade. He opened his eyes, patted her hand and slept again. She heard a slight sound, and looking, saw Tones coming through the cane. Swiftly she advanced toward him, with hand upraised, cautioning him.
 "You must make no noise. He is asleep."
 "But I have come to tell him that the carpetbagger spy he gone to come back not again."
 "Go away, and you can come back and tell him."
 "No, I stay and talk to you."
 Stepha's voice called out: "Tones, come. I am here."
 She did not wish to hear them talk. She looked at the Portuguese and mused as she walked away: "You do not know, you scorpion, how close you come to the stab. Your time will come, and I watch you."

CHAPTER VIII
 It was a long time before Drace found a boat to set him over to the opposite shore. It was so late when he reached the Bethpage place that he did not go up to his room. The house was so quiet, the hounds themselves asleep, that he stole into the garden to pass the remainder of the night on a couch in the summer house. The air was heavy with roses breathing in through the lattice, and as he straightened out, grateful for repose, this thought came to him:
 "Pale they call death, but to me it

will ever be red. And I have looked into its red countenance, and was not afraid. I think God that He gave me that strength. . . . But what a melodrama!"
 At the breakfast table, Tycie, with mother tenderness, upbraided Drace for sleeping out for fear of arousing the house. Afterward Drace and the General strolled out under the trees.
 "By the way," the General said presently, "I have an engagement to deliver an address before a teachers' meeting in Natchez, and I should much like to have you bear me company. We can leave this evening on the Black Hawk and reach there early in the morning."
 "I'd like very much to go," answered Drace. "But can we get back before Thursday?"
 "Easily by Wednesday morning. Anything important for Thursday?"
 "Oh, no. An old fellow down at the ferry wants me to go fishing with him Thursday, and I gave him my word that I'd be on hand. Most remarkable old man, full of fun; quite a character."
 "You must mean old Spence. But are you sure it is not that pretty daughter of his that attracts you? You'll have to be a little careful, my son. We may associate with men out of our social running, but not with women. . . . Ah, Tycie! Mr. Drace has just consented to give me his company to Natchez."

The Black Hawk's band played a welcome, and the captain came down the plank to conduct the General on board. From a quiet, lazy and almost deserted landing the place leaped into the full throes of life. Negroes and shiftless whites came from their hovels to gaze upon the magic splendor of this journeying palace, and the three-shell man stepped ashore to gather up dollars.
 Dinner was a state occasion, and after it, the ball. Then their "staterooms"—then morning and Natchez.
 The address was to be delivered in the afternoon, and when the time came the General led him over to the hall to hear the speech, imprisoned him without hall in a corner, and there he had to sit. The address was long, academic and dull, and the sufferer mused:
 "I don't see why Shottle ever called you a remarkable character."
 Everybody came about the General to take his hand. Young women told him that they had never been so thrilled. Drace lied to him, too, swore him an orator.
 "Let us walk off alone," said the General.
 Slowly they walked at first, but after a time the old gentleman struck a brisker pace, toward the River.
 "Now, my boy, as we've got through with those busters of dust out of old carpets, we'll have some fun. Old Colonel Pemberton wanted me to go home with him, and he has a delightful house, a gracious wife and handsome daughter, but I had to decline. I've stood about as much now as I can. We'll go down to old Tobe Mason's tavern, under the hill. Tobe is a gentle old fellow, never killed but three men. One of them shot Tobe's leg off and now he wears a peg; and I want to tell you that when he unstraps it and hops around in a fight, he's right meddlesome. At a trial in the courthouse here not long ago, the judge issued an order that all deadly weapons must be left with the deputy sheriffs at the door—and sir, they made old Tobe take off his wooden leg."
 The tavern was as tough a place as river men could make it. Built of logs, bricks, stone and clapboards, it looked like an architectural stargor, trying to climb the hill. In the main room was the bar. Herein Tobe gave his famous 'possum feasts and dances, when the spirit of liquor mounted high enough to swing its partner off the ground.
 "Well, I'll be knocked in the head for a steer!" old Tobe cried out, stumping toward the General. "I haven't seed you since the River tuck fire. Well, well! Thinkin' about you the other day. . . . Glad to shake your hand, Mr. Drace. Set right down."
 "Tobe, I'm glad to see you," said the General. "And fetch us about two quarts of that summer-grape wine. Let me tell you about it, Drace. We have a wild grape here that gets ripe along in August. It's much larger and is not sour like the fox-grape, and its vine likes to climb about a sassafras sapling. And then you see an umbrella of grapes. Now don't say a word till you've had a good taste of it. Tobe makes it himself, and he'll fetch us some that's at least twenty-five years old. Here we are."
 The wine was as red as blood, cool and yet warm. Its flavor was the ripened sweetness of the spirit of autumn. It was as mellow as the scent of the apple at harvest time.
 "What do you think of it, hey?"
 "Uncle Howard, are you sure that this was not made by Bacchus instead of Tobe?"
 "Good, my boy! Enjoying yourself?"
 "Yes, I'm doing fine, General. You see, I can't express myself as well as you can. I haven't as much to draw from. You've not only book-knowledge but experience, worth more socially than all the libraries in the world."
 "You hit it off well. But what is better than it all? Moral freedom. This table here is rough, with one rheumatic leg slightly drawn; these chairs we sit in, bottomed with strips of hickory bark, would be scorned at a sheriff's sale; but sir, Mark Antony, in his first triumph, his chariot drawn by lions, was not more regal than we are at this moment, enthroned and

scattered with moral freedom. Pour out, for as that same Antony said: "Scant not my cups."—Tobe, where's that old scoundrel who used to play "The Arkansas Traveler?"
 Tobe stumped his way over from the bar.
 "You mean old Slithers?"
 "That's the man. What's become of him?"
 "Nothin'. And I reckon he's playin' right now down at Cadman's joint, that ought to be wiped off the earth. Went him?"
 "Need him, Tobins. Send a boy after him."
 Old Slithers, bald and wrinkled, came with his home-made fiddle. The
 (Continued Next Week.)
 Patronize our advertisers.

Patronize Your Neighborhood Bank
 Open Saturday Evenings 6 to 8
MULTNOMAH STATE BANK
 Lents Station
 4% Paid on Savings Safety Boxes

He Was a Man Less than Sixty
 —yet he had to be led into our Optical department because his vision had failed. A pair of glasses properly fitted 20 years ago would have saved this man's eyesight.
 —Are you doing all you should for your eyes?
 —Have your eyes examined today.
STAPLES--The Jeweler--OPTOMETRISTS
 266 MORRISON STREET, BETWEEN THIRD AND FOURTH

**A Summer Clime —
 for your
 Winter Outing
 that's—
 California**
 Like many others at this season of the year you are thinking of a trip to a warmer clime.
 California is just the place for your winter outing. Here the days are flooded with bright, warm sunshine. You may enjoy all outdoor recreations or simply relax and rest in comfort under sunlit skies.
 There are noted golf courses, polo fields, tennis courts, miles of splendid highways and countless places of scenic and romantic charm.
 Go now and take advantage of Excellent Train Service and Through Sleeping Cars to San Francisco and Los Angeles.
LOW ROUND TRIP TICKETS
 NOW ON SALE
 For fares, train schedules, sleeping car reservations or descriptive folders, ask local railroad ticket agents, or write
JOHN M. SCOTT,
 General Passenger Agent
 Portland, Oregon

**Are You Prepared for
 the Christmas Business?**
 This year many buyers feel the necessity of economizing. The merchant who has heretofore just waited for his share of the business is going to experience a very dull season.
 If you are not one of the waiting class you will make sure immediately that your stationery and advertising matter are given the necessary attention.
 Good, sensible printed matter will be a big factor in making this a good season for many, and right now we are supplying trade-getting ammunition to some wideawake tradesmen.
 Our experience may be of wonderful help to you. A phone call will bring it to your service.
The COLUMBAN PRESS, Inc.
 Makers of Trade Getting Ammunition
 Automatic 622-28