

The Red Leather Chair

Cypher Revealed Hiding Place of Thief's Loot

By HOWARD FIELDING

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Edgar Hewitt was a fortunate young man in one respect, for he knew precisely what he wanted. He led the strenuous life of a journalist in a small, wide awake city, and his moments of rest were the fewer because, with one exception, everybody else connected with the paper was sound asleep. The property belonged to Hewitt's uncle, who had been a good newspaper man in his day, but had now run down like a clock.

It should be said in favor of Leonard Hewitt, the uncle, that he knew his own condition. He had lost interest in active business. A long buried love of travel had risen in his heart. It was the paper that held him. He had a pride in it. He would not let it die, nor would he sell it except to the right man. It was the ambition of Edgar Hewitt, the nephew, to buy it, and the terms had already been named. Ten



THE BAG WAS SNATCHED FROM BARDWELL'S HANDS.

thousand dollars cash and an equal sum annually for five years—that was the figure.

By saving and scheming Edgar had reached the point where he could raise about half of the sum required, but the other half looked a long way off, and it was a certainty that his uncle would sell out to somebody else unless the deal could be closed very soon.

A man named Bardwell, who owned two banks, was anxious to come in. He would have bought the paper for cash if the elder Hewitt would have sold it to him, but Bardwell was in politics for revenue only and desired the paper only as an adjunct to his schemes.

Upon a certain afternoon Bardwell saw reason to transfer \$150,000 in cash from one of his banks to the other. He put the money into a hand bag and started across with it himself. About midway between the banks some clever person knocked Bardwell's spectacles from his nose—which was equivalent to blinding him—snatched the bag from his hand and made a clean escape.

An hour or two later a man named Henry Sanderson was arrested on the street because he seemed to fit the description of the thief and was known to have done such things before.

Among those who investigated the case was Edgar Hewitt, and he formed a very gloomy opinion as to the banker's chance of seeing his money again and more especially of Edgar Hewitt's chance of finding the loot and securing the reward. Sanderson had arrived in the city on the previous evening and had taken a room at the hotel. This was his only known center of operations, and he had not visited it after Bardwell's mishap. He could not be traced to any possible place where he might have deposited his plunder.

Supposing that Sanderson was guilty, it seemed probable that he had passed the money to a confederate who had escaped from the city.

At this point in the case a ray of light illuminated the darkness. I have said that the staff of the paper included one other living and waking member besides Hewitt. This was a bright girl named Mabel Reed, who gathered the news which was of especial interest to women and made herself useful in various capacities. Her accomplishments included the expert use of the camera, and she supplied the paper with material for most of its illustrations.

Miss Reed's nature combined the romantic and the practical in admirable proportions. In her secret heart she was utterly devoted to Hewitt. His career was the subject of her dreams.

Among those who saw Mr. Sanderson in the early hours of his stay at police headquarters was Mabel Reed, and she "snapped" him with a little camera that looked like a purse. She developed the picture, which came out very well, and early the next day she took it into a section of the city which seemed to her to have been neglected.

Give Aid to Strikers

Sometimes liver, kidneys and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike-breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25c at Hontley Bros. Co., prescription druggists, Oregon City, Hubbard, Molalla.

Get your better wrappers at the Courier office and put your goods out in shape.

judging from Hewitt's story in the morning paper.

About noon, when Hewitt was on his way to headquarters, Miss Reed intercepted him. She was considerably excited.

"I have found a little girl on Vine street," said she, "who saw that man go into the house, No. 21."

"Sanderson?"

"Yes. It was about an hour after the robbery. The girl says he used a key, but the landlady does not know him. It's a house where they rent furnished rooms, quite nice and respectable and all that. The landlady is telling the truth, but I'm sure that the little girl is not mistaken."

"What do you make of that?" asked Hewitt.

"Why, the man must have used somebody else's key. He has a—what do you call it—a pal living there."

"You may be right," said Hewitt, more excited than she had ever seen him before. "We'll look this up. Wait for me in that drug store while I run into headquarters and ask Staley what he knows. Then I'll join you."

Staley was the chief of police, a creature of politics, but not an aggressively bad man. He was tricky, but not malicious; clever up to a certain level and utterly dense beyond it.

"Ha!" said he, drawing the word out into a sort of singing note when his eyes rested on Hewitt. "Here's the shrewdest boy of the bunch. You come right along with me," and he led the reporter into the innermost private room.

"Are you good at puzzles?" said he.

"Fair," said Hewitt. "What have you got?"

"A note from Sanderson to his pal," responded Staley, and Hewitt's heart sank.

"You see," continued the chief, "it's the money we want. We've got the man beyond a doubt—that is, we've got one of them. There's another on the outside, as I know from the beginning, and, of course, the fellow on the inside would like to communicate with him."

"Well, why not give him a chance?" says I. So I fixed up a scheme by which Sanderson was able to write a note in his cell last evening and pass it to a little, unimportant crook whom we were holding here on suspicion and were ready to let go. The note was passed all right, and one of my men shadowed the little crook, and what do you suppose he did? By jingo, he went home and went to bed!

"When I found that this was straight I had the fellow brought down here with Sanderson's note on him. I said, 'Where did he tell you to take this?' And the crook replied, 'Nowhere; just take it and run along.' What do you make of that?"

"I don't know," said Hewitt. "What was in the note?"

"That's what I want you to tell me," responded the chief. "Here it is."

He laid before Hewitt the following humorous message written on half a sheet of note paper:

R A C E T E D H A S Y N M H
I H R H A L E E T I L I O E T
111, 15, 12, 20, 14, 12, 21,
111, 25, 10, 12, 11, 111.

"This is too much for me," said Hewitt, "but I know somebody who can read it."

"Who?"

"Miss Reed of our paper."

"I believe you, my boy," said Staley, with enthusiasm. "She's the brightest girl in this town."

"She'll be here in two minutes," said Hewitt, and he made his word good.

After devoting five or ten minutes to a close study of the mystic scroll Miss Reed ventured to express this opinion: "The man knew that this would fall into your hands."

"What makes you think so?" asked Staley.

"I judge from what it says," she replied.

"Yes; it is quite simple. The figures refer to the letters. He might as well have set down the alphabet, but that would have been too plain. Now, take the first number, 111. It can't really be 111, because there are not so many letters as that. But suppose you read it one, eleven—that is, first row, eleventh letter. That's S. Similarly 15 is first row, fifth letter. That's T, and 12 is A. Twenty-six is second row, sixth letter. That's L."

"Seems to be my name," said Staley, poring over the document. "STALEY and 112 is Y. That's me. Twenty-one is I, and 111 is S—STALEY IS. Twenty-five is A, and 110 is N, and 12 is A."

"And 111 twice means SS," said Hewitt. "Staley is an ass." Well, upon my word!

The chief's face was purple, but he forced a laugh.

"Funny, eh?" said he. "Mr. Sanderson thought he'd be funny. Well, well. Let's see what happens to him. But—er—I wouldn't mention this outside. You're a good fellow, Hewitt. You understand that—er—a man in my position, you know— and Miss Reed will keep mum. That's understood, eh, between friends?"

And Staley took a hand of each with a great affection of cordiality. Hewitt promised to respect the chief's feelings on this delicate subject, and Miss Reed also gave her assurances, but in a very weak voice, which Hewitt attributed to the young lady's efforts not to laugh. But when they were upon the street and around the corner from headquarters she suddenly took his arm and leaned upon it heavily.

"I'm trembling so that I can hardly stand," she said. "Oh, I wonder if I've done anything very dreadful?"

"Why, what have you done?" he exclaimed, staring at her, amazed. "You're as pale as a marble angel. What is it, Mabel?"

"It must be understood," said she,

"that if anything comes of this—I find that money—the reward is yours."

"The money?" Hewitt gasped. "Do you know where it is?"

"Perhaps, I can't be sure. I should not have told you yet. Edgar, I knew you're working for this reward; I know what you would do with the money and how much good would come of it, to yourself and others—to the whole city. You must take this money if we win it."

"My dear girl," said he, with the tenderness that she had longed to hear in his voice, "it would be yours. I couldn't touch a penny of it. I've done nothing myself."

"Edgar," she cried, "if you don't promise me to take it I'll carry this bit of paper right back to Mr. Staley and tell him what it means."

He fairly gasped at the sight of Harry Sanderson's message in her hand.

"Good heavens," he exclaimed, "did you get away with that? I thought Staley threw it into the wastebasket."

"He did," she answered, "but here it is. Will you promise?"

He was silent for some seconds.

"Mabel," said he at last, "this reward from Bardwell would be the other half of what I need. By next week we could own the paper, you and I."

"We?"

"Partners," said he. "Shall we pool all we have and all we hope for, material and spiritual, just everything? Shall we?"

He extended his hand toward her and it trembled. She looked into his face.

"Done!" said she, and they struck hands. "And now to seek our fortune!"

"Where?"

"At 21 Vine street."

"But I don't understand," said he.

"Suppose that Mr. Sanderson had a pal who lived at 21 Vine street," said she. "Suppose they were planning some robbery together and Mr. Sanderson had a key of that house so that he could call upon his pal by night of day without ringing the bell. Sanderson gets a chance to snatch a bag full of money; he gets it and runs to shelter. Where? In the Vine street house of course. But his pal is not there. What shall he do? He knows that the alarm is out for him. He dare not go upon the street with the money in his pocket; he dare not delay longer lest every avenue out of the city shall be guarded. What would he do?"

"Hide it!" cried Hewitt.

"Precisely," said she. "Then he goes out and is immediately arrested. He is anxious about the money. He seizes upon the chance to communicate with his pal, although he knows that it is a trick. He never expected that note to be delivered; he expected the reporters to get hold of it and publish it for the sake of the joke on Staley. Then the pal would see it and read the real message."

"The real one?"

"Not another word," said she, "until we get to the house."

The landlady at No. 21 proved very obliging. After a whispered word of two with Mabel she led them to a room.

"The man's gone," she said. "He left this morning. And I'm sure he behaved like a gentleman while he was in my house. Who'd have thought he was a thief? My! It makes me faint to think of it. But he must be the one, for he's the only transient I had, and that's the old red leather chair in my house."

"Red leather chair?" echoed Hewitt. "The young lady wants to photo-

graph it," said the landlady. "Make yourselves at home. You're quite welcome, I'm sure," and she smilingly withdrew.

"Take your knife," said Mabel in a whisper, "and pull out the tacks that hold that leather to the wood."

He stared at her and then obeyed. From the stuffed seat of the chair he presently drew \$150,000 in bills.

"The paper is ours!" he cried. "But how?"

She held Sanderson's message before his eyes:

R A C E T E D H A S Y N M H
I H R H A L E E T I L I O E T
111, 15, 12, 20, 14, 12, 21,
111, 25, 10, 12, 11, 111.

FOR TRADE OR SALE—California property for farm or city property. 40 lots and 10 acres in California, all in cultivation. Handsome 8-room house, barn, windmill and a 2000 gal. water tank, 6 hydrants, lawn, palms, oranges, lemons, 3 acres grapes, 6 1/2 alfalfa, good garden, all under irrigation. Price \$5500. See Freytag & Miller, near S. P. depot.

After a heavy meal, take a couple of Doan's Sanguettes and give your stomach, liver and bowels the help they will need. Sanguettes bring easy, regular passages of the bowels.

FOR SALE—Fir and cedar rough lumber and shingles for sale and prices not in the combine. At the old Superior mill stand at Clarke, 13 miles southeast of Oregon City. Sager & Clark.

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Six Per Cent Semi-Annual Interest Coupon Bonds

The Clackamas Southern Railway Company is now offering to our home people its first mortgage 6 per cent semi-annual interest coupon bonds, and as the bonds are limited to ties, rails and equipment, and all other work, such as grading and bridges, are paid for by stock subscriptions, the bonds issued by this company are first class.

These bonds are issued in the following denominations, viz.: \$100, \$50, \$1000.

THE CLACKAMAS SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY offers the following reasons why these bonds should be sold in Oregon:

FIRST—It is an Oregon enterprise and owned by Oregon people.

SECOND—The country traversed by this line is thickly populated and has freight and passenger traffic in sight to make it the best paying road in Oregon for its length.

THIRD—The best business men and farmers in the county are stockholders in this road and authorized the issue of these bonds at the stockholders' meeting by unanimous vote.

FOURTH—These bonds draw 6 per cent interest and the holder gets his interest twice each year.

Call on or Address
Clackamas Southern Railway Co.
G. B. DIMICK, Secretary

MEN! COME TO PORTLAND AND BE CURED IN FIVE DAYS

I Treat and Cure From 25 to 40 Cases per Day of
VARIKOSE VEINS, BLOOD POISON, NERVOUS DEBILITY
I can and will cure you. I have the best equipped medical office on the Coast.

I invite you to come to my office. I will explain to you my treatment for Varicose Veins, Nervous Debility, Blood Poison, Piles, Fistula, Bladder, Kidney, Prostatic and all Men's Ailments and give you FREE a physical examination if necessary a microscopical and chemical analysis of secretions. You should take advantage of this opportunity to learn your true physical condition. A permanent Cure is what you want. A permanent Cure is what I give.

WRITING GUARANTEE—My written guarantee means a cure or no pay. I guarantee to cure or refund every dollar you have paid. My services cost you nothing unless I cure you. Terms are reasonable and no more than you are able and willing to pay for benefits.

Office Hours—9 a. m. to 5 p. m., Sundays, 10 a. m. to 1 p. m.

AGENTS FOR BLOOD POISON—I use Professor Ehrlich's wonderful new discovery, "606" in cases of Specific Blood Poison. It cures in One Treatment and is the greatest marvel of medical science. This new remedy has been successfully used in thousands of cases. Let me explain it to you.

DR. A. G. SMITH 234 MORRISON ST., COR. SECOND PORTLAND, OREGON

ONE CAR LOAD OF HEATING STOVES

displayed on our floors—From the tiny little OIL Heater to the most elaborate nickel ornamented parlor stove. Our prices run from \$1.00 to \$25.00

Ask for Trading Stamps **FRANK BUSCH** OREGON CITY OREGON

D. C. LATOURETTE, President F. J. MEYER, Cashier
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of OREGON CITY, OREGON
(Successor to Commercial Bank)
Transact a General Banking Business. Open from 9 a. m. to 3 p.

YOUNG MEN
Pabst's Okay Specific
Does the work. You all know it by reputation
PRICE \$3.00
For sale by
JONES DRUG COMPANY
(Incorporated)

Phone Farmers 47 R. F. D. No. 3, Oregon City, Oregon
LONE OAK FARM
F. M. BLUHM, Manager
Producer and dealer in all kinds of
FIRST CLASS FARM PRODUCTS AND FIR WOOD
Hay, Straw, Wheat, Oats and Potatoes always on hand. First class Butter and Eggs a specialty. All Orders Promptly Filled

Try the New Kind of BOSTON Bread AT SCHRADER'S BAKERY
MAIN STREET
Also their Fruit Cakes, Lady Fingers, Macarons, Angel Food Cakes, Etc. Etc FRESH EVERY DAY

Foley's Kidney Remedy vs. a Hopeless Case
Hon. Ark. J. E. Freeman says: "I had a severe case of kidney trouble and could not work and my case seemed hopeless. One large bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy cured me and I have never been bothered since. I always recommend it." Jones Drug Co.

Better Baking With Crescent Crescent Baking Powder A Better Baking Powder

Summons
In the Circuit Court of the state of Oregon for the County of Clackamas. Harry N. Briggs, Plaintiff, vs. To Fannie W. Briggs, Defendant.
In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the expiration of six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, to-wit: on or before the 31st day of October, 1911, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in his complaint on file here-in-to-wit: that the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved, and for such other and further relief in the premises as to the court seems equitable and just.

This summons is published by order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the Circuit Court for Clackamas County, Oregon, and said order was made and dated September 7th, 1911, and the date of the first publication of this summons is the 8th day of September, 1911, and the date of the last publication of this summons is the 30th day of October, 1911. S. T. JOHNSON, Attorney for Plaintiff, 622 Yeon Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

Notice.
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Clackamas County. Oscar J. Conner, Plaintiff, vs. Mary J. Conner, and others, Defendant.
By virtue of a decree and order of sale issued out of the above entitled court, in the above entitled cause, dated the 14th day of September, 1911, wherein I was directed and authorized to sell the property of the plaintiffs and defendants above named, and said order and decree directed to me to sell the hereinafter described property to the highest bidder for cash, at public auction, subject to the confirmation of the court. Said property being described as follows: Lots one, two, three, four, five, six, seven and eight in Section 22 in Township 3 South of Range 3 East of the Willamette Meridian containing 92.35 acres.

Also beginning at the Southeast corner of Donation Land Claim Number 56 in Township 3 South of Range 3 East of the Willamette meridian running thence North 25° 30' west 12.80 chains; thence North 70° west 12.70 chains; thence South 13° 30' east 23.20 chains; thence North 64° east 14.59 chains to the place of beginning, containing 22.95 acres.

Also part of Donation Land Claim Number 58 in Township 3 South of Range 3 East of the Willamette Meridian in Clackamas County, Oregon, beginning at the Northeast corner of said claim, being 2.60 chains North of the Southeast corner of Section 16 in said Township running thence South 11.16 chains on claim line; thence East 12.80 chains on claim line; thence South 68° West 31.50 chains; thence North 66° West 12.86 chains; thence North 10° 15' West 15.64 chains on County Road; thence East 19.90 chains on the South side of road to place of beginning, containing 38.85 acres.

Also beginning at the Northwest corner of Donation Land Claim No. 58 in Township 3 South of Range 3 East of the Willamette Meridian, running thence North 25° 30' West 6.45 chains on the East Boundary of claim 56; thence South 36° 15' East 8.90 chains on the road; thence South 10° 15' East 4.5 chains; thence West 4.43 chains to the place of beginning containing 1.35 acres, more or less, totaling 1.35 acres, more or less, all of said properties being in Clackamas County, Oregon.

Now therefore by virtue of said order and decree and in compliance therewith, I will on Monday, the 6th day of November, 1911, at 10 o'clock A. M. at the front door of the County Court house in Oregon City, Clackamas County, Oregon, sell the above described properties at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand subject to confirmation of the court.

Said property to be sold in two parcels, the first above described piece of property to be sold in one parcel and the other three in another parcel.

H. B. DICKINSON, Referee.
Dated this 28th day of September, 1911.
First issue Oct. 6, 1911.
Last issue Nov. 3, 1911.

Notice of Administrator's Sale.
Notice is hereby given that on and after the 16th day of October, 1911, the undersigned, administrator of the estate of Bessie M. Nehrbas, deceased, will accept bids for and sell at private sale, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said estate in and to the following described real estate, to-wit:

Beginning at the southwest corner of the Donation Land Claim numbered 55 in Tp. 2 S. R. 1 E. of the Willamette Meridian in Clackamas County, Oregon; running thence north 83° E. 20 chains; thence south 30° E. 5 chains; thence south 82° west 20 chains; thence south 20° west 5 chains to the place of beginning.

Also beginning at a point north 30° east 10 chains from the southwest corner of said claim No. 55; running thence north 83° E. 20 chains; thence north 30° E. 2 1/2 chains; thence south 30° west 10 chains; thence south 30° west 10 chains; thence south 20° west 17.50 chains to the place of beginning.

Dated at Oregon City, Oregon, Sept. 15th, 1911.
H. R. NEHRBAS, Administrator Aforesaid.

Quotations
"You don't use many quotations from Shakespeare."
"No," replied Senator Sorghum. "Quotations of that sort would command more respect nowadays if Shakespeare were listed on the Stock Exchange."—Washington Star.

Who gives alms sows one and reaps a thousand.

Considerate.
She—Why did you ask Belle to go with us? He—I saw she was going anyhow, and I didn't wish her to feel mean over it.—Smart Set.

A Fault Finder.
"You were always a fault finder," growled the wife.
"Yes, dear," responded the husband meekly: "I found you."

Signals of Distress

Oregon City People Should Know How to Read and Heed Them
Sick kidneys give signals of distress. The secretions are dark, contain a sediment. Passages are frequent, scanty, painful. Backache is constant day and night. Headaches and dizzy spells are frequent. The weakened kidneys need quick help. Don't delay! Use a special kidney remedy. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, backache and urinary disorders. Oregon City evidence proves this statement.

Mrs. L. B. Talley, 901 Eleventh St., Oregon City, Ore., says: "I am glad to say that Doan's Kidney Pills brought me prompt relief from a most annoying attack of kidney complaint and backache. Other members of my family have taken this remedy with the best of results." For sale by all dealers. Price 60 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Summons
In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Clackamas. Maggie Downie, Plaintiff, vs. William Downie, Defendant.
To William Downie, the above named defendant:
In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause on or before the 28th day of November, 1911, and if you fail so to answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in her complaint, to-wit: for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony between the plaintiff and defendant, and for such other relief as to the court may seem just and equitable.

This summons is served upon you by publication pursuant to an order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the said Court, made and entered on the 11th day of October, 1911.

The date of the first publication hereof is October 13th, 1911, and the last publication will be on November 24th, 1911.

DAVID E. LOFGREN, Attorney for Plaintiff, 617 Chamber of Commerce, Portland, Oregon.

MORPHINE
and other drug habits are successfully treated by HABITINA. For hypodermic or internal use. Sample sent to any drug habit by mail. Regular price \$2.00 per bottle, your druggist or by mail in plain wrapper. Sold by
Jones Drug Co., Incorporated, Oregon City, - - Oregon

A NEW WAY TO BOOST OREGON
The man on the ground is Oregon's best immigration agent, according to P. C. Leedy. And Leedy ought to know, because he is the General Immigration Agent of the Great Northern Railway, with headquarters at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Last spring, during the immigration period, President L. W. Hill instructed that a check be made of each train entering Oregon and information secured as to how the newcomers happened to go to Oregon to live. Seventy-five per cent responded that it was through the influence of friends already on the ground and prospering that the move was made.

OREGON
Every eastern man in Oregon after harvesting his first crop, becomes an enthusiastic booster. He wants his friends in the east to come west and share his good fortune.

Mr. Leedy has already sent out thousands of the Great Northern Railway's new bulletins on Oregon, and many new settlers have moved to Oregon on this account.

The Oregon bulletin shown above is a 30-page, handsomely illustrated book, with a four color state map and four color cover. It contains many letters from Oregon farmers and will be distributed throughout the east wherever we can find interested people. Send the names of your eastern friends to whom you would like this free booklet sent to E. C. Leedy, General Immigration Agent, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul.