

NEWS AROUND TOWN.

Mrs. R. M. C. Brown is ill at her home in Mountain View. Mr. Jack Barto has accepted a position with Everhart & Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ballard of Eldorado are visiting Oregon City relatives.

L. W. Robbins of Molalla was an Oregon City visitor Tuesday. O. H. Smead of Seattle was in this city on business, Wednesday.

HOW 'BOUT THIS?

Lower Freight and Passenger Rates Proposed.

A movement is under way through the Live Wires and business men to have a little competition in freight and passenger rates between Oregon City and Portland.

The Governor's Way.

If reports are true the state canal board snaked a quiet one over on Wednesday, when without any fuss or feathers, parades or cats they dropped in and had another look at the falls and lock proposition.

WRIGGLING SIGNS.

How the Movable Effect is Obtained in Electrical Designs. A great many electric signs are of the moving type. Walk down most any city street after dark and you will see many illuminated signs of novel and interesting design.

Helping the Coffee.

Some of the coffee sold roasted and ground causes complaint. Most of it can be improved a little. Trouble seems to be that it is not roasted enough and needs another touch of fire.

Didn't Hit Him.

John Wesley had a reputation for cheerfulness. In his journal he writes: "I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Dr. Sherlock was preaching concerning the day of judgment."

Nature's Protection For the Ear.

The membrane lining the canal of the ear contains a great number of little glands which secrete a waxy substance having an intensely bitter taste. The purpose of this is to prevent the entrance of insects and to keep the ear clean, as the layer of wax dries in scales, which rapidly fall away, thus removing with them any particles of dust or other foreign matters which may have found entrance to the ear.

Stolen.

Stolen, Sunday, Oct. 23, from my place, 2 Angora rabbits. We have found the names of parties that took them and advise immediate return to save further publicity and trouble.

School report cards, approved by the county superintendent, at this office.

GOLD, \$160 TO TON.



A Glimpse of Ogle Mine from where the Richest of Gold is being Mined.

THE RICHEST YET.

One of Wonderful Richness is Struck at Ogle Mine.

Recent developments in the Ogle Mountain country have created considerable stir in mining circles in this section of the state, and in fact the matter is much talked about over the western part of the United States.

The Richest Yet.

Edward Kendall, called "professor" because he taught physics and chemistry in the Allendale academy, was entertaining a guest on the veranda of his house, whereof he had been the architect and in great part the builder.



DO YOU MEAN TO INTIMATE THAT I'M NOT HONEST?

will all be printed in next month's International Scientist. Buy a copy for 25 cents and you'll be in a position to manufacture the battery.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Des Larzes, Music Teachers, violin and voice, Studio 410 High St. Telephone Main 3171.

acquaintance, and by imperceptible acts she forced an introduction. Half an hour later the unwelcome guest departed in the direction of the railway station.

"He was very interesting," answered she. "Do you suppose he really can do anything for me in the city?"

"You are better here," said Kendall. "You are an Eskimo thrive in the desert of Sahara?" she retorted, with spirit.

"You can live here," said the girl. "I can't, and I won't try."

"That's the trouble," he replied lightly. "You won't try."

Their discussion ended, as often before, with no gain on either side. She gave him the message which she had come from the academy to deliver and then left him.

Sylvia Allen was a descendant of the founder of Allendale. Her grandfather, a money maker, had established the academy. Her father, ambitious and imprudent, had gone down to ruin in the panic of '33 and had died of the strain.

Her desires were upon the surface. She made no attempt to conceal them. She had told Redfield that she had tried to get work in the city and that she was a thoroughly competent stenographer and typewriter.

Sylvia took this letter to Kendall, quite prepared to be dissuaded from accepting it. If the professor had abandoned for the moment his habitual calm and had declared his love with a vehemence of expression proportioned to the strength of his feeling, he would have won his suit.

"I don't believe in patents," interrupted Kendall, smiling. "They encourage a mercenary spirit. And I don't care much for stock companies of the kind that you would form. Certainly I won't be connected with one of them. The facts about my storage battery

will all be printed in next month's International Scientist. Buy a copy for 25 cents and you'll be in a position to manufacture the battery.

"But I couldn't control it. And—" "I don't want you to control it, Mr. Redfield," protested Kendall. "I don't want anybody to control it. I want it to be sold for a reasonable price so that the world can have the benefit, but I suppose some combination of sharks will eventually get hold of it. I can't help that, however. The best I can do is not to be a shark myself."

"Do you mean to intimate that I'm not honest?" demanded Redfield, flushing.

"You've just told me that you'd like to sell my battery to the public for four times what it costs," said Kendall. "Is that honest?"

"What do you say for the beefsteak that goes down your throat?" returned Redfield warmly. "Can you afford to sell on one system and buy on another? Do others as you will be done, my young friend. That's the moral law today."

The professor's rejoinder was checked by the advent of a young woman who came in by the gate and up to the steps of the veranda. She passed at the top, perceiving then that Redfield was a stranger.

Kendall had taken a strong dislike to Redfield and had no wish to introduce him to any one, least of all to this young woman. Yet he did it without knowing why. The reason lay in the mysterious depths of the feminine nature. Redfield's fine mien, his air of prosperity and power, the fact that he was different, a novelty, a visitor from the outer world, partly, no doubt, his way of looking at her as if she were in some sense an adversary, a habit of Redfield's—all combined to make Miss Allen desire his acquaintance.

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The time came at last. Redfield called her into his private room one afternoon and made her heart leap by asking her this question: "Can you go to New York on the 8 o'clock train this evening?" "Yes," she replied in a gasp.

"Well, don't say anything about it," said he. "This is a very private matter. Do you remember the lady who has been here quite often?" "Mrs. Evans? Yes, surely." "She is sailing for Europe day after tomorrow as my representative in very important affairs. She left for New York today, and I find that she neglected to take these documents."

He tapped a sealed packet on the table. "You must deliver them to her. She sails on the Corinthia. You must find her on that vessel at 10 o'clock day after tomorrow forenoon—that's Thursday. Can you do it?" "Yes."

"Not a word to any one," said he impressively, "not a whisper, not a hint. There are powerful influences at work to balk my game. I would send my nephew, but those people might stop him, even with violence."

He gave her further instructions looking toward secrecy. She remembered then that she had engaged to go out to Allendale on the following evening and that her failure to appear might excite question. She asked whether she might write a note to Professor Kendall explaining her absence. He could be depended upon for silence.

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