

served in a war and escaped its perils and that ise, excepting that fate had to execute grim and terrible purpose; the oirc um stances

Opie Read

an outlaw oper-ating under the-semi-sanction of guerrille warfare had raided your homand murdered your father, and then, hanging his body to a tree, had in-solently pinned a card to it bearing the outlaw's name! Would not you likely do as Virgil Drace did-swear solemn yow to find that outlaw, hang him as high as Hamun, and decorate his corpse with your own card? Then, while you were setting about to execute that yow, suppose you met a fascinating girl with whom you fell in love and had the satisfaction of finding your affection, sincerally reciprocated. your affection sincerely reciprocated. Then supposing it developed that the girl were the daughter of the man upon whom you had sworn to wreak vengeance. What would you do? Is it not a sattsfactory web upon which to weave an intensely interesting story of romance, especially when the inci-dents occurred in the South following the Civil war, the young man a north ern officer, the girl a beautiful, flery southerner, and all the other characters and episodes of the South and that turbulent period which marked the days of reconstruction? Would it not be more absorbing if, as in this case, the author were one of the greatest of American novelists? You will find this stirring romance worked

will find this stirring romance worked out in the most charming way in "Periwinkle House," by Opie Read.

No man in the United States has written as many stories as Opie Read, and no author has had a larger number of readers. He was born in a small town in Tennessee in 1883, followed newspaper work for awhile in Kentucky, and then moved to Little Rock, Ark., where he edited the Arkansas Gazette from 1878 to 1881. He kansas Gazette from 1878 to 1881. He was next on the staff of the Cleveland (O.) Leader and then returned to Lit-tle Rock, where he established the Arkansaw Traveler, a humorous paper which attracted the attention of the entire English-speaking world. Mr. Read furnished most of the material that went into the publication. He conducted it from 1832 to 1831 and then moved to Chicago, where he has since resided, engaged in literary work. It is doubtful if Opic Read himself could recall the titles of all the books

he has written, without referring to a list. One or more of them is in nearly every home where fiction is indulged in throughout the land. They form a conspicuous part of the fiction section of every public library, and are carstock by every book dealer. During late years he has been less prollife, due to the fact that he has not had the leisure for writing, for he has become one of the most sought after lecturers, and his time is practically filled with Chautauque, Lycaum and special platform engage-ments. In this work he has covered practically the entire nation and has visited some sections several times, for there always is a demand for

#### CHAPTER I

Out upon the sheen of the mighty river the pine-torch flames fell in rippling streams, and the full moon, peeping over the tall timber, made mouths at herself in the wrinkled mirror of flood. On the steamboat Leona the negro deck-hands were chanting the buoyant anthem of the June rise. In the gilt, enameled saloon, a sweet-stringed waltz, centuries removed from the melodic bellow of the black bucks below, swelled out upon a breeze that seemed eager to and gallantry bowed in the studied graces of a floating ballroom on the Mississippi. All ceremony was precise high, with the inherited observance of preand less refined dandy of the woods, having lingered too long at the bar. let liquor fly to his heels to cut a rebellious pigeon-wing.

Mississippi lay the great plantations of America. Except for the toll of the slaves, industrial life had been only a held many a thrilling charm, and with | fright." its libraries from Europe, intellectual life indulged the luxury of ceremonious romanticism. This atmosphere was still breathed on the big Mississip, ' steamboats, for fantasies which render ; etic the condition of us all linger on the water after having been driven from the land.

dress of the men and the women was variegated with the odd ends of dif-ferent periods of style. Old chests, "Sir, mod hidden during the Civil war, only a few years past, had been opened to give up the faintly scented fluffs and gourd-flowered vests of Andrew Jackson's day; and the brigadier in ruffled shirt poured gallantry's extravagant figures of speech upon the graceful

had adorned the form of her grandmother when in the village of Wash-

ington she waltzed with Lafayette. During a lull in the music-measured capering a fall, handsome young man, garbed in the fashion of the day, passed with long and careless strides from one end of the saloon and out toward the upper deck.

Admiring eyes were bent upon him; and one lady turned to her partner

"Oh, please, Colonel, tell me who he

The Colonel placed his right hand on the bosom of his ruffled shirt and bowed. "Miss Lucy," he said, "It would be one of the satisfactions of my life to gratify your more than natural curiosity, but that pleasure is denied me. I can't tell you who he is."

And then-because the Colonel had sighed his own sentimental distress in the presence of Miss Lucy and because her curiosity concerning the young stranger stirred a fealous qualm-he added: "He looks like a Yankee to

The young man was a Yankee. And because he was journeying to the South upon a grim and terrible mission, the gayeties of the ballroom had grated upon him and he had sought the solitude of the upper deck. Yet it was this moment that Fate chose to bring him face to face with one who was to change the whole course of his life.

For as he turned into a long passageway, aflame with light but deserted, there suddenly entered at the far end a girl thrilling in litheness and almost barbaric in dress. In swift unconsciousness of him she approached, a great handful of roses in red glare hiding her features. She lowered her hand: he caught full view of her face; and it seemed to him that his heart censed to beat, like a pendulum caught and halted, then thrown again into motion. She did not look at him as he slowly passed her. He gazed into her eyes as she bent them upon the roses held out in front of her; and then he wheeled about to follow her. She turned into a cross-passage, was gone; he ran to the entrance, but she had vanished.

In the young man's heart was a struggle to call her, but there was no appropriate word; and then sobered, the Yankee smiled at himself. But the smile did not balm his delicious wounds, and he continued his search into the ballroom. There were many handsome women, belles of proud villages, but to none did he give a second glance. Again he passed out toward the upper deck.

For a time he stood gazing down upon the never-solved mystery of night on the Mississippi. The fiddles were going again, and he heard slippered feet whispering over the floor, but it seemed to him that this scene of gayety was forced, like a melancholy laugh; it reminded him of a book of poems in tatters, of a love-letter in faded ink.

Built about one of the smokestacks was a shanty of boards called the "dog house." Turning a corner of the shanty, the young man stumbled against some one; a man growled in resentment.

"I beg your pardon!"

"I should say you do!" A young fellow of unusual height and of humorous slimness came forth out of the shadow. The boat was landing, and mingle with it, while sentiment smiled a turpentine-torch on the shore revealed him, pale and long of face, with collar cut low and chin standing

"Yes, sir," he added, "and although cedent, save when some hair-greased it may not be necessary on this occaslon, yet if you knew who I am, you would apologize some more."

"Ah, you don't say!" replied the Yankee, smiling. "And as you seem The boundless ranch of the West to be fond of the music of apology, was unknown, and along the lower will you please tell me who you are?" "I can do that easy enough, but I

don't wish to frighten you." "You are considerate. But the fact sort of happy indolence; but society is I rather enjoy the sensation of

> "Then tremble: I am Liberty Shot-"What, you don't mean that you are

really Liberty Shottle!" "I swear it." "Well, well! And now will you

please enlighten me as to who Liberty Shottle is? And why do you suppose In the ballroom of the Leona the that people who have heard of you, tremble in your presence? What have

"Sir, modesty puts a clamp on me. . . . And now would you mind telling me your name?" "Not at all. My name is Virgil

"You don't say? Well, well! But I never heard of you, either." Now they laughed, the joyous and unsuspicious young dame arrayed in the silk that mirth of youth. They stood looking

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down upon the deck-hands, loading freight, listening to the stream of the second mate's profanity, who swore his emotion by the stars, the moon, the river, the universe; and when the Leona was on her way again, the fiddles going, the muddy roustabouts singing, Liberty Shottle and Drace sented themselves on campstools, eagering toward swift acquaintance, the friendship of two natures far apart in aim and principle.

"If you've got two cigars, I'll join you in a smoke," said Shottle, "Thank you. You see, my people, what few of them are left, say that I don't exist. They haven't cast me off, or anything of that sort, but being of staid habits themselves, they swear that I am too unreal to exist. Lord, what is the world but queer? What's your game?".

"I haven't any-any game," parried the Northerner. "But what are you doing on this boat yourself?"

"I'm going down to New Orleans," replied Liberty, "to see how long I can stay there. I had a pretty fair job a couple of months ago teaching a school near Memphis. They liked me, too. I've got a sheep's hide from Chapel Hill university, North Caro-



1 Am Liberty Tremble: Shottle."

lina, with all the wool singed off and the board acknowledged my qualifica- her great horn and all the world tions, but they caught me shaking dice seemed to tremble. When the sound with the boys and told me that as had died, echoing miles away, the there were some branches of learning gambler coughed lightly and groaned. they didn't care to have instilled, I'd Drace wondered why he should be better get a professorship in some tickled over any one's misfortune, but higher institution. Have you been in he felt a merry tingling in his blood.

Liberty Shottle waved his hand; he remarked. and Drace, thinking he meant the ballroom, answered him:

"Only passed through. I've been rather worn with that sort of thing." "Oh, you think I meant the ball! I meant the poker-room."

"Yes, I sat in there for a time." "How did you come out?"

"Not very well. Lost two hundred." as lightly as if it were a matter of breath instead of blood. Would you mind holding my hand till you say it again? Two hundred! Why, you er vouchers, to me at my office, Room know a fellow would teach bullet. know, a fellow would teach bulletheads and sissles for two months for two hundred dollars . . . Now, let me first publication of this notice. tonight. I lost fifteen dollars, all I had, but I'd just got up to the point of winning when I lost my last dollar. Just one more ante, and it would have come my way. I saw it coming, but a blundering fool headed it off. Now, here's my scheme, and it's a good one: you want your two hundred back; you stake me to a hundred, and I'll-go in there and make a cleaning. Don't re- In fuse, now, until you have let your mind digest the situation. Most of the errors in this life come from snap fudgment." "Ah, you think you can win, because

you lost?" "My dear Virgil, there is, you might say, a psychology in everything. Who wins a fight? The man who believes STATE OF OREGON, he can't? No, the man who knows he can. And I know right now. Why, I'd County of Clackamas. stake my life on it. You give me the hundred and stay right here and wait. he died last week. No matter - I'd

"Liberty, a thing astonishing to me is for the sum of \$500.00, with interest going to happen. I'll stake you to the thereon at the rate of eight per cent hundred."

No superstitious devotee ever re-

Drace sat musing, and soon he be- State of Oregon, to-wit: gan to wonder why he had been so weak as to give \$100 to this peculiar the northwest quarter (NW1/4) of Sec. ject to redemption, to the highest bid- 19th, 1922. amused him. Made him laugh, and in this world there is more money spent for the promotion of laughter than for

the relief of tears, Presently Shottle returned. He sat down and though physically he was light, the camp stool groaned beneath him. Drace waited, The Leona blew "This boat's got a good bass voice,"

(Continued on page 10)

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Charles Griesbach, deceased, by the County Court of Clackamas County, Oregon. Any "You speak of losing two hundred and all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby required to present the same, duly verified as by law required, with prop-House, Oregon City, Oregon, on or before six months from the date of the Dated, October 19th, 1922.

W. L. MULVEY, Administrator of the Estate of Charles Griesbach, Deceased. Grant B. Dimick

Attorney for Administrator (19-19-5t)

the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas.

SHERIFF'S SALE

Plaintiff,

HANS P. ANDERSON and JANE Doe ANDERSON, his wife, Defendants.

By virtue of a judgment order, de-As for my honesty, I can give you ref-of and under the seal of the above enerences—the mayor of New Orleans titled court, in the above entitled cause, to me duly directed and dated jump into the river and let the paddle-judgment rendered and entered in said fore I'd deceive you. Liberty Shottle, in favor of A. H. Kraus, plaintiff, and against Hans P. Anderson, and Jane Druce leaned back and laughed. Doe Anderson, his wife, defendants, per annum from the 28th day of December, 1917, and the further sum of celved from the priest of the gods a \$50.00, as attorney's fee, and the furlibation with more of emotional strain ther sum of \$20.00, costs and disburse and in compliance with the commands than Liberty Shottle evinced when he ments, and the costs of and upon this of said writ, I will, on Saturday, the closed in tight clutch on Drace's ad- writ, commanding me to make sale of 18th day of November, 1922, at the venturous hundred. Then he bowed the following described real property, hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the front sifuate in the County of Clackamas,

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Now, Therefore, by virtue of said execution, judgment order and decree, the City of Oregon City, in said County The northwest quarter (NW1/4) of and State, sell at public auction, sub

tion Eight (8), Township Five (5) | der, for U. S. gold coin cash in hand, of them, had on the date of the mortgage herein or since had in or to the above described real property or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution, judgment order, decree, interest, costs

and all accruing costs W. J. WILSON, door of the County Court House, in Sheriff of Clackamas County, Oregon. By E. C. Hackett, Deputy. Dated, Oregon City, Ore., October

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Protect your rights which are being endangered-do not be misled by the name of this bill. Read the proposed bill carefully. Read the campaign literature. Find out the intent of the bill which is disguised by the title.

You will find that that they propose school monoply. A hidden attack upon freedom of education.

## Vote 315X NO on the School Monopoly Bill

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