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Periwinkle House By Opie Read Illustrated by R. H. Livingstone

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### SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER 1-The time is the late '89 or early '10s and the scase a steamboat on the Mississippi river. All the types ing palace is distinguished by merriment, ductors and gallantry. There are the customery drinking and gambling also. Virgil Drace, a young northern man, is on his way south on a mission of revenge the meets an eccentric character in the sconstantly tempting the goddess of chance. They form a singular compact.

#### CHAPTER II

Drace sat musing over the strange creature who had just left him, but soon his mind flowed down another channel, far different from a whim or an amusement-his mission in the South, secret, grim and desperate, But life on a river steamboat in that day left little time for brooding for, a few moments after Shottle left to risk his liberty and Drace's hundred, a roustabout thrust his head in at the door and announced that down on the deck there was to be a throwing and tying match. The big fireman of the Leona was about to encounter Vicksburg Joe for the championship of the River.

In an instant Drace was on his feet, all his instincts keen and ready to jump. He was something of a boxer and wrestler, but he had not been taught in this peculiar art of tying an adversary once one has thrown him. And there was that in his mind which made the acquisition of this knowledge seem to him desirable indeed.

As he joined a group of men making their way below, he overheard the Colonel, Miss Lucy's admirer, explaining the gentle pastime. "Tying a man once you have thrown him," the Colonel was saying, "is the climax of prowess. I naw Cal Bladgett throw and the Mick Payin at a barbecus at Mount Zios compground, and I have cause to remember it, for the young lady I went with deserted me for the hero, sir-actually stuck flowers into his hair. Here we are."

Two enormous fellows were struggling, while nearby lay a convenient rope. Finally Vicksburg Joe tled the fireman, and he lay helpless, unable to get up.

"I will give you five dollars if you can throw me and tie me that way," called Drace to the victor when the excitement had a little subsided.

"I thought you didn't believe in the natural thing! But all right; I grant your request. And now I suppose I'd better give you some pocket-change. It isn't well for even a slave to be broke.

The slave's face brightened with hope. "You couldn't make it as much as five dollars, could you?" "No, thirty cents."

Shottle took the money and sat drooping. Drace gave him a cigar, and they smoked for a time in silence. At last Shottle looked toward Drace, his face guiltless of the whimsical humor that had hitherto possessed it.

"Master," he said, "I don't want to be inquisitive, and if I'm prying into what's none of my business. I won't mind your saying so. But I want to be a faithful slave, and I can serve you best if I know what-what are my master's purposes in life. For example, was there any special reason for your learning to throw and tie that way? Is there anybody in particular I could help you to put the rope on?" Drace made no answer for a moment, but bent a searching eye upon his new servitor. Somehow the man's soul seemed to shine transparent in, his face; and through it Drace saw sincerity; moreover the longing of

youth for comradeship was strong within his lonely soul and won him from reticence. "Liberty," he said, "did you ever hear of a man named Stepho la Vitte?" Liberty nodded. "Yes, I've heard of him; they say he's an outlaw, a smug-

gler "And worse," said Drace, "He's the man who-Liberty, give me your word, your oath, that you'll keep this a sacred secret !"

Liberty gave his word and his oath with a certain quaint dignity, and Drage went on:

"Liberty, before the war my father, Alfred Drace, was manager of a line of steamhoats on the Ohio. In his employ was the creole Stepho la Vitte. After a time it came to my father's knowledge that Stepho was not only dishonest in ordinary dealings but had been guilty of piracy along the Guif coast. And so my father dismissed Stepho from a position which the creole's dishonesty had made lucrative and valuable to him.

"Just after that," Drace went on, the war broke out. La Vitte became a guerrilla-one of the men of Quantrell's stamp, who kept out of the army but who gathered in bands and lived by rapine along the border. I was only a little boy, Liberty, when La Vitte's band of guerrillas caessed the Ohio near Cincinnati and raided the little town where we lived. But the horror of that night still burns like a flame

in my brain, Liberty." Drace stopped, drew from a breast pocket a card and handed it to Shottle. On it was written in bold black characters: "Stepho la Vitte, with the compliments of Alfred Drace's son Virgil."

Shottle read the card, then looked inquiringly at Drace:

"Liberty," the young man explained, those guerrillas under La Vitte burned our little town and killed nearly every grown man in it. For word was brought of their coming, and the men-nearly all of them married men

to strike for my honor and my father's memory-to carry justice to that murderer.

With an awkward gesture Liberty stretched forth a hand, caught Drace's and wrung it warmly. "You're likelike Hamlet!" he exclaimed. "I'll do my best to help you, Hamlet. Let me

be your Horatio as well as your slave." Drace returned the fervent hand-"My Horatio!" he agreed. And clasp. then, solemn again, he added : "It's a worthy cause, Liberty. It's not alone my private vengeance, but the wrongs of a whole community that the ordinary machinery of justice can never right. Why, Liberty, dozens of men were murdered by those drunken flends; little children were trodden under the hoofs of their horses, and women- Near our house, Liberty, an

old couple live in poverty. At the time of Stepho's raid their son and his young wife lived next door to them; they were well-to-do and prosperous. The day of the raid the son had received ten thousand dollars from the sale of some lands. When rumor of the raiders came, he hurriedly hid the money somewhere in the neighborhood, scribbled on a piece of paper the location of that treasure and gave it

to his wife before he went out with the other men to fight. Next morning he had been shot; and the young wife had been carried of by those devilsher child with her, after the Indian custom, to keep her from sulcide. No one knows what became of her. Nor

has that money ever been found. Liberty, if I could find Stepho, get him in my power, I believe I could at least learn what became of that poor young woman-possibly find that paper and learn where to find the money those poor people so sorely need; for once, some years ago, a mysterious fellow was caught digging about their yard.

But I've talked enough, Liberty, Action! Do you know any more about La Vitte?" "Not much," replied Liberty. "I be lleve he is often seen up the River,

and sometimes down on the coast. He has his friends, and nearly everybody else is afraid of him. So you-wemust keep dark till we get our chance. And you mustn't show your feelings in your face. Remember, master, you're just a young man out to see the world. H'm-here comes Colonel Josh. Suppose we talk to him. He

was a mule-buyer in the war and may know something about Stepho." The door was darkened. In came Joshua Mortimer, the man whom Miss Lucy had plied with questions concerning Drace. He had dodged in for a smoke, he said, when Shottle had introduced him to his master, and it was evident that it was his aim to impress Drace with his military bearing. He had not been actually in the army, but had acquired the title of colonel from his adventurous work of buying mules for the Confederate government. The Colonel "took it" that Drace was

from the North. "Yes, but some of my people were from the South." ""Ah! I congratulate you, sir. I have

value of the community.

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a match, thank you. Drace had offered him a light. He filled his pipe with tobacco crumbs dug out of his breeches pocket, and, long

THE BANNER-COURIER, OREGON CITY, OREGON. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1922.

legs crossed, sat back to enjoy him-"Well, sir, Mr. Drace, the war has been ended some years; and if we forget an evil as easily as a virtue, sir, it will soon he only a dim memory. I had enough of it."

"But you were not really in the army, Colonel Josh," the slave spoke

The Colonel pulled at his pipe, stretched his neck and appeared to fish for something down in his collar. "Liberty, my duty was scouting and the incidental picking up of mules, as the records of the War Department will be pleased to exhibit, sir."

After a few minutes' more conversation the Colonel rose. "I will now go back to the ballroom," he declared himself. "Liberty, I came aboard tonight with your third cousin, Miss Lucy Sanders."

"That so? Come down, Marse Drace, and I'll introduce you to her."

"I think, sir, that she has retired," the Colonel was quick to interpose, realizing that he had thoughtlessly suggested an invasion of his own-territory.

"Not while there is a fiddle going," said Shottle. "Come on."

Into Virgil's heart flew the hope that the slave's cousin might be the barbaric girl with the roses; there could be no mistaking her, after meeting her, for in that brief gaze he had carried away a master's painting of her, easeled in his mind. So he was quick to hasten below with Shottle, the Colonel panting behind them.

Miss Lucy had just left off dancing. No, she was not the thrilling barbarian, but Drace swallowed his disappointment dry, like a swamp man taking quinine. Shottle might have reflected that never before had his kinswoman been so glad to see him. On his arm she hung as she cooed, but her eyes were on Drace, and he listened, not to her words, but to the music of her accent, soft as the notes of a dove. Like a frost-bitten Shanghai, the Colonel stood first on one foot and then on the other. Drace politely asked Miss Lucy to dance with him, and the Colonel dropped onto a chair.

Shottle sat beside him. "She takes to him like a duck to water," said the slave, looking after

his master and his third cousin. The Colonel sighed. "Liberty Shot-

tle," he said, "I am going to tell you something."

"Out with It."

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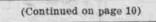
"It is not a matter to be spoken of so lightly, sir." "All right: go ahead."

"Liberty Shottle, it is this: I am deeply in love with your cousin, and before the dawn of another day I shall pop the question to her," "Pop the deuce! Lend me ten dol-

lars." "You shock me, sir."

Buy

At Home



## LEGAL NOTICES \*

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

In the Matter 10

The Guardianship of the Person and Estate of Oliver Sims, an Insane Person.

Notice is o an Order n the 5th o matter of t he unders ims, an In private sale said Court. day of Nov 10 o'clock, Portland, N all the right, title and interest of said

Oliver Sims, to the following describ- To C. H. Smith, the above named de- 1922. ed real property, to-wit: The Northeast acre of Lot Sixty-five

(65), Oak Grove, Clackamas County, The terms and conditions of such

garment

ARMY OVERCOATS, LIKE NEW

in the above entitled suit on or before sale is to be Three Hundred (\$300.00) December 7, 1922, that being six weeks Dollars cash paid; the assumption of

payment of \$1,300.00 Mortgage, and a from the date of the first publication Contract for payments of not less than of this summons thereof, and if you fail \$50.00 per month with interest at 7% to appear and answer for want there-per annum until the balance of \$400.00 of, the plaintiff will apply to the court with interest, as aforesaid, shall have for the relief prayed for in the complaint on file herein, to-wit:

That the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between plaintiff and defendant be dissolved and held for naught; that the plaintiff be granted a decree of absorute divorce; that defendant have, for the present time, the care, custody and control of minor chuldren-Dorothy, aged fifteen years; Clinton, aged fourteen years; Millicent, aged nine years, and Betty, aged four years- and for such other and further relief as to the court may seem meet and equitable.

.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof for six consecutive weeks in the Banner-Courier of Oregon City, Oregon, in pursuance of an order of the Honorable J. U. Campbell, Judge of the above entitled Court, which order is dated October 23rd.

First publication October 26, 1922. Last publication, December 6, 1922.

EDWARD J. SHINNERS, Attorney for Plaintiff, 214-215 Northwestern Bank Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

25c

40c



Oliver Sims, an Insane	Attorneys for Guardian,	
hereby given that pursuant duly made by said Court, lay of October, 1922, in the he aboven entitled Estate, igned, Guardian of Oliver nsame Person, will sell at , subject to confirmation by from and after the 10th ember, 1922, at the hour of A. M., at 407 Panama Bidg., fultnomah County, Oregon, t tille and interest of said	SUMMONS	
	LEGAL— \$ In the Circuit Court of the State Oregon, for the Counfy ot Clau amas. MARY R. SMITH, Plainiff, YS. C. H. SMITH,	

been paid.

Motter & Barrett,

fendant:

First publication October 12, 1922.

In the name of the State of Oregon,

you are hereby required to appear and

answer the complaint filed against you

Last publication November 9th, 1922.

MINNIE E. SIMS,

an Insane Person.

uit Court of the State of

for the County ot Clack-

Defendant.

Guardian of Oliver Sims,

Joe looked at Drace a moment. The be dangerous, but-five dollars was fend their houses. five dollars. He smiled, bowed, spread out the wrinkled rug and took Drace by the hand to lead him forth. To the astonishment of all, Drace the town for outrage, Liberty, but a threw Master Joe; but he could not tie the champion.

"Show me how it's done," said Virgil, "and I'll give you the money."

For a long time, and until the Colonel and Shottle were worn out with waiting, the two struggled; and so apt was the student that he succeeded finally in turning the master over and tying him. But it seemed that the burly champion was too willing, and Drace insisted on another fall. And now, though the struggle was genuine on Joe's part, Drace tied him. Still more, another five promised, and Virgil was willing to quit.

"Finest sport I ever had!" he said as he turned away to the upper deck again to avoid the questions and felicitations showered upon him. . .

Drace was musing-not, it must be confessed, upon the serious purposes which had brought him to the South. but upon that girl of the red roseswhen Shottle appeared again. Liberty stood in his presence, not with a droop but straight in the manly resolution to discharge the duties an adverse fate had thrust upon him. In the belief that it would make him look more like a slave, he now wore his coat turned wrong side out.

"Master, I salute you," he remarked. "All right," said Drace, "But turn your coat. I want my slave, the grinder of my mill, to appear respectably clad. You may sit down."

"I thank you, sir." "You didn't last long."

"No, master. The tangled-haired hag kicked me sidewise, like a cow.

In only two pots! But what can you expect of a man that has an ace-full beaten? How long can a man preserve his freedom at that rate? And a fellow with a spindle chin and a nose no bigger than the average wart beat me with four jacks. Crushed me! And he would have crushed Julius Caesar just the same. Well, after all, freedom has many responsibilities. As a slave I'll cultivate what virtues I can get hold of, and look toward old age and a cabin on the hillside. And now. as it is natural for every man to hide his degradation, will you nexult me to call you Virgil in the presence of oth-

er people?" Jones' Blacksmith Shop

Saws Filed -

or old-who had not gone to the way young man looked powerful enough to seized weapons and went out to de-"They were massacred almost to a

man. . . . And It was not plunder alone that led them to choose our litpassion for revenge. For next morning my father was found hanging to



And on His Breast Was Pinned II Gard That Read: "Alfred Drace, With the Compliments of Stepho La Vitte."

a tree. And on his breast was pinned a card that read: 'Alfred Drace, with the compliments of Stepho la Vitte." Liberty looked again at the card he held in his hand, then handed it back to Drace. "I reckon I understand now, master," he said. "You are huntin' this Stepho to-"

"To hang him as high as Haman and to pin that card on his breast," declared Drace passionately, "While my mother lived, Liberty, I could do nothing. You know how women are in such matters. But-she died this. spring, Liberty, after long years of grieving for the man that d-d outlaw foully murdered. Now I am free

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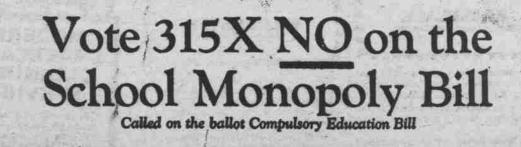
OUR forefathers fought for their rights. Many of them gave their lives that we might enjoy freedom.

In the Declaration of Independence they recorded those truths that have so safely guided our democracy.

They have written that men are endowed by their Creator with certain "unalienable" rights, and "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men."

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