

Periwinkle House

By Opie Read

Illustrated by R. H. Livingstone

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SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I—The time is the late '60s or early '70s and the scene a steambot on the Mississippi river. All the types of the period are present and the floating palace is distinguished by merriment, dancing and gallantry. There are the customary drinking and gambling also. Virgil Drace, 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 mission off by entering into deck sports in which he exhibits an unusual athletic prowess. Liberty Shottle is again unlucky at cards and attempts a financial negotiation with Drace. The latter sees an opportunity to use Shottle, confides to him his mission to find a certain ex-squerra, Stephen La Vitte, who had murdered Drace's father. It is his determination to announce to his new chum, to name it, Vitte as high as Haman. 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 two tickets for the French ball, a great society event, and proposes that Drace accompany him to the affair. The young men attend 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 fiance. 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.

He presented himself before Drace at length. "Master," he announced, "her name is Nadine Brown and her address is Carriage Number 297." "Carriage Number Two— But that is no address. And—" "Listen, Master," went on Shottle hurriedly. "I have a scheme—a magnificent scheme. Not only shall you be introduced to this lady, but you shall be presented to her in the role of a protector and rescuer."

"How in the world will you manage that?" "Very simple. At ten minutes past one, you are to be standing on Blank Street just beyond the lamp at the corner of X street. Carriage 297 will drive past. From out the shadow of a garden wall two men will spring out and stop the carriage—attempt to rob this Boyce fellow and that girl. You will rush up with a cane—a cane, Virgil, no pistol—and drive off the robbers! You are a hero—the lady thanks you. Tableau!"

"But—but—" "Leave it all to me—but give me that twenty-five dollars. I know fellows who'd hold up the devil himself for five."

At ten minutes past one o'clock Virgil Drace was standing in the shadow of a tree near the street-crossing decided upon, cursing himself for a half-brained fool and Shottle for an adulated rogue. A rattle of wheels came to his ears, and a cab approached him. As it came under the lamp at the corner, Virgil was sure he recognized the flamingo neck of Liberty Shottle rising from the turned-up collar of the caddy on the box.

"Good Lord!" gasped Drace. "He's done it. Pray heaven Boyce carries no pistol."

The cab passed him. And then from the shadow of a wall a hundred yards or so distant two dark figures darted out. There came a hoarse command, a stifled scream, a cry for help. Drace ran forward and found Boyce, Nadine and the supposed cabman standing with uplifted hands beside the vehicle while a masked desperado threatened them with a pistol and a second robber demanded their valuables.

Now Drace played his part right gallantly, rushing upon the robbers with uplifted cane. The fellow with the pistol fired once—then a blow on the wrist from Drace's stick sent the weapon flying. The pain of the blow enraged the fellow, however, and as Drace made at the second robber, the first one struck him heavily, momentarily dazing him. The two supposed robbers now took to their heels, pursued half-heartedly by Cabman Shottle and energetically by Boyce, who had been robbed in good earnest. And to complete the melee, the poor cabhorse, frightened by the pistol-shot, galloped off with the ramshackle vehicle lurching behind it.

Nadine turned to Drace, her face lighted with gratitude. She held forth her hand. With a grace that would not have mocked a Highlander who, schooled in France, had followed home the Queen of Scots, he bent over it and reverently touched it with his lips. Wild was her nature, this half-barbaric maid, and she snatched her hand away, but repenting instantly, smiled and spoke.

"I thank you much. You are brave. You are like one on the stage, the hero."

bered him, and her black velvet eyes flashed dark in astonishment. "How could I when never have I seen you? You must mistake me, No."

"I saw you on the boat, at the ball at the St. Louis," Drace said. "But come to think of it, I know that it would be vainly on my part to believe that you have seen me."

"No, it would not be vainly," pleasantly she contradicted him, shaking her head, her cloud of hair. "The brave do not lie, but I did not see you, I am so sorry. You sorry, too, ha?"

She laughed, and Drace thought that never till that moment had he heard music in its sweetest purity. Then Boyce and Shottle returned, panting—Shottle to disappear again in pursuit of his vanished vehicle.

"Sir, I thank you most heartily for your assistance," said Boyce, grasping Drace's hand. "My name is Boyce—Rupert Boyce. May I—" "Mine, sir, is Virgil Drace," responded that young man. "I am only too glad to have been of help. I'm afraid, however, you'll have to finish your journey on foot. May I have the pleasure of walking with you?"

This suggestion, however, Boyce declined. And although Drace insisted—as far as the bounds of courtesy would permit, both Boyce and the girl evaded consent. And they left him standing thunderstruck on the street corner—for the girl had said, giving him her hand again in parting: "I thank you once more for your help, Mr. Drace. I hope I may see you again some time. My name is Nadine La Vitte, and I am often in New Orleans."

Drace passed an uneasy night, his mind torn by his suspicion that Nadine La Vitte was the daughter of old Stephen. And when Liberty came to his room next morning, eager for praise and reward, the truth came out. Nadine was indeed the daughter of old Stephen; Liberty had overheard enough while disguised as the cabman to confirm that. But where she lived in New Orleans, Liberty had failed to learn; he had planned to drive them home, but the runaway of the cab horse had sent that plan a-gley.

CHAPTER IV

Now more than ever was Drace resolved to find where the girl lived, to find old Stephen, to—What would he do when he found them? He was bent on revenge upon his father's murderers, on solving the secret of that buried murder; yet he was in love with that arch-scoffed daughter. Or was he? He must find her, make sure. And he said as much to Shottle.

"There are some things that can't be done by mere determination," said Shottle, his mind on filling a flush. "No, but judgment ought to be the master and director of determination. I tell you what we'll do. This afternoon we'll take the French quarter by streets and knock at every door."

That afternoon they set out on their quest. But the scheme of knocking at every door soon seemed foolish and impertinent. They decided to halt only in front of habitations that seemed to invite inquiry, consult their instinct; but as repeated failure blunts instinct dull, hope became a critic, without creative adventure, and advised a return to the hotel. Then they thought that night would be a fitter time. They might catch sight of the girl or Boyce at the theater.

They went to one, and from a stage box gazed through rented glasses at every face. Not there. They went out, walked a short distance, talking not of disappointment but of hope, and turned into a narrow and dimly lighted street. Suddenly they broke the noise of a rising tumult, yells and

gunshots. And over walls and from dark recesses came pouring excited men. Drace and Shottle found themselves in the midst of a mob, surging toward another mob rushing into an open space where torches discovered a band of executioners hanging some poor wretch to the limb of a tree. Where there were no houses, the garden walls were too high to offer a means of escape, and as they could not fight their way back, Drace and Shottle were swept onward. Torches flared, and all sorts of weapons were

revealed in the pitiful yellow light—old muskets, swords, pistols with brass barrels from ancient Spanish armories, clubs and pikes that might have served Cromwell. Some of the men looked respectable, others desperate; they were of many nationalities, all anger-smitten and excited.

"What's it all about?" Drace inquired of a bare-headed old man who painted beside him. "The carpet-bag devils. They hang a citizen."

"We are on the right side, anyway," Shottle cried. "Give me a gun—give me something."

Some one gave him an old carbine, and another gave Drace a cavalry saber. The man from the North Boyce and Shottle returned, panting—Shottle to disappear again in pursuit of his vanished vehicle.

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Instantly he whirled and strove to fight his way to a gate which he saw in the wall before the house. But now came a new cry and a scramble for safety. A troop of United States cavalry came sweeping the thoroughfare from curb to curb, their drawn sabers flashing, the aroused anger of Uncle Sam rebuking a riot. Not to run was to be trampled to death, but Drace stood an instant to look about for Shottle. He could not find him, however, and he had to seek his own safety, for the cavalry were near, spreading out upon the sidewalk.

With divers others, he stood not upon the order of his going but ran back down the street and then hurried down a side street out of the path of the troopers. There he waited until the tumult had subsided—perhaps an hour. Then he made his way back to the scene of the riot.

The house at the window of which he thought he had glimpsed the face of Nadine La Vitte was now dark. But in spite of the curious glances of sundry loiterers, Drace took a careful survey of it and of the three oak trees in front—even felt their bark to familiarize himself with them. At the corner he sought the name of the street, on the lamp, but the glass had been broken, leaving only a red "L" and the fragments and "e." But no matter—he would know where to turn, would know the house when abreast of it.

Now Drace hastened toward the St. Charles. The streets were quiet. But a wagon rattled by, and he saw that it was filled with wounded men. He thought of Shottle and his spirit was oppressed with sorrow. Shottle's escape must have been impossible, and tomorrow they would take his body, throw it into some oozy hole and cover it with mud.

In the lobby of the St. Charles men stood in groups, talking of the fall in the price of cotton. The riot, which to Drace had meant so much, was not even known, so accustomed was the town to scenes of violence. Drace asked the clerk if Shottle had come in. No; his key was in the box. Then Drace thought that surely Liberty must be dead or wounded, hauled away to suffer. He went forth again, to the department of police, to the cavalry barracks, but nothing could he learn. Then in his room he sat sorrowing over his friend and yet thrilled with a selfish happiness, for he had found the barbaric rosemaid. He went to bed, tossed, slept, dreamed in a mingling of distress and gladness, and awoke. Shottle was standing in the room.

"Thank the Lord!" cried Drace, and spring out of bed. "That's what I say, friend Virgil. But you will please address me as Colonel Shottle. I am a free man. Here!"

He held forth an envelope; opening it, Drace took out a hundred-dollar banknote. "What does this mean, Lib?" "I am Colonel Shottle, sir, and not Lib."

CANBY

Dr. John Fuller

The Canby High school gave their first entertainment of the season at the High school hall, last Saturday evening. About three hundred were in attendance and were well entertained. All expressed appreciation of the talent shown and were well repaid for the small fee charged.

Mrs. Thille Barley of Indiana spent a few days this week with her aunt, Mrs. Anna Cantwell. She left Monday morning for Lyons, Oregon, where she will spend a few days with Mrs. Mabel Croten.

Clarence Eid and wife spent the weekend in Portland. J. H. Ballweg and J. H. Stroufe of Portland attended a special meeting of the city council, last Monday night. Mr. Ballweg is an electrical engineer and has under consideration a contract with the city council for a survey of the proposed new lighting system Canby has in view, and Mr. Stroufe is figuring on the construction phase of the work. The company is known as the Jaggar-Stroufe Co., of 103 West Park street, Portland.

L. A. Spagle of Hubbard has opened a new meat market in the store formerly used by F. L. Mathews. The room has been newly painted and has a clean, neat appearance.

Domestic Science To The Fore
Domestic science is coming to the front at Canby High school. Six new sewing machines have recently been installed in the sewing department. Miss Avis Dougherty, who is qualified, both by training and experience, has charge of this line of high school work, and we are looking forward to the coming of a more perfect day, when the present crop of high school girls will be well prepared to enter new homes of their own and comb out the warped dispositions of new husbands by sewing up rips, tacking on buttons and preparing meals that will digest.

John Kopper
John Kopper died at his home near Marks Prairie, Friday, October 20th, aged 49 years. He was born in Kankakee, Wis., April 13, 1873, and came to Clackamas county with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kopper, when 12 years of age. Eighteen years ago he settled at Marks Prairie, where he resided up to the time of his death. He married Miss Bertha Marks in 1905, who survives him.

Our Scribe Has Ear To The Ground
Putting my ear to the ground I hear a noise like the coming of a busy legislature, loaded with many important measures to be taken under consideration and acted upon by the candidates elected and sent to Salem for the coming session. That our state affairs may be properly looked after, we must have men of business ability, unselfish motives and of sound integrity. There are good men in all parties and some of our candidates enjoy public confidence to the extent that they are unopposed in this election. F. J. Toose of Oregon City, editor of the Banner-Courier, is one of these.

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Do It to Music
Soldiers march better to the measure of a band. You can finish dull tasks quicker to the tune of a catchy Brunswick record. The Brunswick has a place every hour in the day—you can work to it, rest to it, as well as amuse in leisure hours. You dance to it, sing with it and enjoy the world's great musical classics. Whatever you play—whatever make or type of record, Brunswick reproduction is perfect. Hear The Brunswick and hear Brunswick Super Feature Records—the sensation of the musical world.

Brunswick
Call and hear the latest Brunswick records played on a Brunswick Machine.
JONES DRUG CO.
Bridge Corner Oregon City

SHERIFF'S SALE

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Clackamas.
FLORA GALT SLOANE, Plaintiff,
vs.
GEORGE A. SMITH and LIZZIE M. SMITH, his wife, Defendants.
STATE OF OREGON,) ss.
County of Clackamas.)

By virtue of a judgment, order, decree and an execution, do issued out of and under the seal of the above entitled court, in the above entitled cause, to me duly directed and dated the 31st day of October 1922, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said court on the 25th day of October, 1922, in favor of Flora Galt Sloane, Plaintiff, and against George A. Smith and Lizzie M. Smith, husband and wife, Defendants, for the sum of \$852.13, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum from the 1st day of June, 1922, and the further sum of \$125.00 as attorney's fee, and the further sum of \$52.40, costs and disbursements, and the costs of and upon this writ, commanding me to make sale of the following described real property, situate in the county of Clackamas, state of Oregon, to-wit:

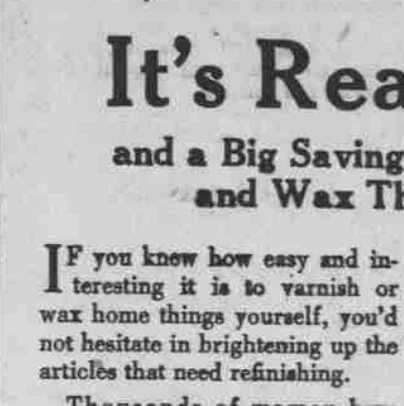
Lots numbered one (1), eighteen (18), nineteen (19), twenty (20), twenty-one (21) twenty-four (24), twenty-five (25), twenty-six (26), twenty-seven (27), twenty-eight (28), twenty-nine (29), thirty (30), thirty-one (31), thirty-two (32), thirty-three (33), thirty-four (34), thirty-five (35), thirty-six (36), thirty-seven (37), thirty-eight (38), thirty-nine (39), forty (40), forty-one (41), forty-two (42), forty-three (43), forty-four (44), forty-five (45), and forty-six (46) all of block numbered seventy-two (72). Also lots numbered one (1), two (2), three (3), four (4), five (5), six (6), seven (7), eight (8), nine (9), ten (10), eleven (11), twelve (12), thirteen (13), thirty-one (31), thirty-two (32), thirty-three (33), thirty-four (34), thirty-five (35), thirty-six (36), thirty-seven (37), thirty-eight (38), and thirty-nine (39), of block numbered seventy-three (73), and all of Minthorn addition to the City of Portland.

NOW, THEREFORE, by virtue of said execution, judgment order and decree, and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will, on Saturday, the 2nd day of December, 1922, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., at the front door of the County Court House in the City of Oregon City, in said County and State, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder, for U. S. gold coin cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which the within named defendants or either 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, costs and all accruing costs.

Dated, Oregon City, Ore., November 2nd, 1922.
W. J. WILSON,
Sheriff of Clackamas County, Oregon.
By E. C. Hackett, Deputy.
(11-2-54)

HOLCOMB SCHOOL PUPILS MAKE FINE RECORD

Pupils who were neither absent nor tardy during the first month at the Holcomb school district No. 51 Clackamas school district No. 51 Clackamas County, were as follows:
Ernest Strandholm La Vere Hawk, Arieta Sargent Mabel Wachtman, Gertrude Baldwin Agnes Strandholm, Ben nie Castle, Elmer Haskins, Rose Garret, Elbert Stanifer, Josephine Watchman, Marjorie Elliott, Ira Leach.



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look. Our experts will send you full instructions which you'll have no trouble in following.

Fuller's Free Advice and Fuller's Products will be a wonderful help to you in beautifying your home. Take advantage of them both at once. You'll enjoy the work and the new beauty of the things you refinish will be a worth-while reward.

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Fuller's Specification Floor Wax produces a smooth, polished surface on floors, woodwork and furniture. It is easy to use and restores and beautifies scratched and unattractive surfaces.

We also make Decorative Varnish Stains, Rubber-Cement Floor Paint, Silken White Enamel, Washable Wall Finish, Fifteen-for-Floor Varnish, Fuller's Wax Varnish, Auto Enamel, Fuller's Hot Water Wall Finish (alkaloidal), Porch and Step Paint, and PIONEER WHITE LEAD.

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- Huntley-Draper Drug Co.
- Jones Drug Co.
- Frank Busch & Son

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Rain Coats

Army Rain Coats, like new, \$2 up

Army Hats	75c
O. D. Slip-Ons	95c
Jersey Sweaters	95c
Army Wool Sweaters	\$2.00 up
Army Wool Underwear, reclaimed garment	80c
Moleskin Vests with Sleeves, Leather Lined, our price	\$7.50
Corduroy Vests, with Sleeves, Leather Lined, our price	\$7.50
Moleskin Coats, Sheepskin Lined, with High Collar, our price	\$9.50

SHIRTS

O. D. Wool Shirts, reclaimed	\$2.00
New O. D. Wool Army Shirts	\$2.85
White Linen Dress Shirts, new	25c
Hickory Shirts	\$1.10
Big Yank Shirts	\$1.00

OVERALLS

New Army Waist Overalls	95c
New Army Jumpers	75c
Army Jumpers and Overalls, reclaimed, per garment	25c

ARMY OVERCOATS, LIKE NEW

\$3.75 & Up

Army Wool, Two-Piece Underwear, per garment, new, only	\$1.00
Corduroy Breeches	\$3.95

BLANKETS

O. D. Wool Blankets	\$3.00 up
Gray Blankets, 70 x 84 inches, 4 lbs.	\$3.00

PANTS

Khaki Cotton Breeches, reclaimed	75c to \$1.25
O. D. Wool Breeches, reclaimed	\$1.25 to \$2.50

SHOES

Hermans Russet Army Shoes	\$4.75
Hermans Field Shoes	\$5.25
Chocolate Marching Shoes	\$3.95
Gold Seal Packs, Leather Tops	\$2.95
High Top Shoes	\$5.75 up
Short Rubber Boots	2.95
Hip Rubber Boots	3.95

MISCELLANEOUS ARMY GOODS

Leather Work Gloves	60c
Leather Faced Gloves	25c
Heavy Canvas Gloves, 2 pairs	25c
Army Steel Cots	\$2.50
Cotton Mattress, new	\$2.50
Web Belts, new	20c
Auto Packs, Heavy Canvas, new	\$1.75
Ceeks and Bakers Aprons, each	49c
Velvet Tobacco, 2 Cans	25c
Canteens with Covers, reclaimed	40c
Canteen Cups, new	10c
Mess Kits, each	15c
White Handkerchiefs, each	5c
Khaki Army Handkerchiefs, 2 for	15c
Canvas Leggins, per pair	45c
Wrap Leggins, new, per pair	\$4.00
Army Bacon, B Grade, 12-lb. Can	\$2.50
Army Roast Beef, 2-lb. Can	30c
Corned Beef, 1 1/2-lb. Can	30c
Pork and Beans	10c
Colgate's Shaving Soap, cake	5c

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