

WEEKLY PROGRAM OF THE BEST PICTURES

Thurs.—Fri. Nov. 14—15 Faith, it's a grand pitcher—"MY WILD IRISH ROSE" "PUPPY LOVE" Two-Part Comedy Pathe News Prices 10 and 25c

FROGPOND Mary Liesman

Literary was to have been held next Friday, November 17, but on account of the busy season it will be postponed until the third Friday in December.

A large delegation from this community attended the basket social at Stafford Friday night. The affair was a great success, the proceeds amounting to about fifty dollars.

Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Woods and daughter Audrey, and Mr. Wood's mother, spent Sunday visiting the Shars, Thompsons and Robbins.

Mrs. Anna Robbins had as dinner guests Sunday, Mrs. Emma Sharp, Howard Sharp, Harold Sharp and Willard Turner.

E. W. Born, who has been working at Phillipsburg, Wash., is visiting his sister, Mrs. Annie Robbins.

Frank Oldenstadt, Otto Oldenstadt, William Oldenstadt and Myrtle Aden visited at Smith Turner's, Wednesday night.

Mrs. Arlie Thompson had as dinner guests, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Woods, Audrey Woods and Mr. Wood's mother, Mrs. Woods, recently.

Mr. Messenger, Mr. McGlaren, Mrs. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Toedemeir, Chester, Laula, Wesley and Lloyd George Toedemeir, Wensel Stangel, George Stangel and Mrs. Minerva Mayes, spent Sunday at Alfred Sharp's.

Mr. and Mrs. Turner, Nola and Byrle Turner, spent Sunday afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Scherner, at Willamette.

Melba Aden spent Saturday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Loren Kruse. John Turner is going to have a shooting match at his place, Sunday, November 19.

Myrtle Aden, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Turner, Byrle Turner, Nola Turner, Norman Turner, Hugh Moulton, Teddy Woolener, Theodore Bruck, George Oldenstadt and Victor Bruck, were those attending recently the dance at Willamette. Next Saturday night a masquerade dance will be given at Leisman's hall in Willamette.

A masquerade dance will be given in the Grange hall of this vicinity Thanksgiving night. The following prizes will be given: Two dollars for the best lady's costume; one dollar for the most comical lady's costume; one dollar for the best couple. Everyone is invited. Lunch will be served during the evening.

George Oldenstadt was in Portland Friday. Those attending the shooting match at Schner's Park from this vicinity were: Mr. John Turner, Ervin Sharp,

Men! Here's an extraordinary Overcoat Offer

\$35 and \$40 Coats Slightly Shaded \$22.50

A well known manufacturer offered us a lot of high grade coats that had been slightly shaded in the making at a figure far below the regular price.

We are putting these overcoats on sale below the wholesale price. A big assortment of colors. These overcoats will go rapidly at this price so act quickly.

\$22.50

JOE SWARTZ OREGON CITY, OREGON



PERIWINKLE HOUSE

Through the Door and Out Beneath the Vine Came the Barbaric Rose-Maid, Nadine La Vitte.

the door and out beneath the vine came the barbaric rose-maid, Nadine la Vitte.

CHAPTER VII

She did not take fright when she saw him. She was startled, but did not run into the house; she stood dazed, her marvelous eyes in wide stare. Slowly he came forward, gazing, his hat in his hand. He dropped the hat, stooped, caught it up and now stood before her.

If she were agitated, he could not discover it. She stood where the red blooms brushed her brow. He held forth his hand, and slowly she shook her head.

"Monsieur, how foolish to come! If you do not go now, in a short time you will die. My father! He will shoot you. I should like it not to see you dead, you are so brave. My father, he will think you come for him."

"But I will tell him that I did not."

He moved nearer, but with her hand raised, palm toward him, she motioned him away.

"You do not know what you talk. Nothing could you tell him, for the gun fire, and you will be no more. Please go away now."

"Oh, it is because you want to get rid of me."

"No, no, no. It is not that. I like you much. You are so brave—and handsome. It is because I fear for you. My father would be angry to have me talk with a northern man. Go now, and for my sake, come no more."

"Mr. Boyce," said Drace then, "is not a northern man?"

She shot a sudden startled look at him. "Mr. Boyce—but he is my father's friend. My father expects me to marry Mr. Boyce. And if my father



should come back and find me here talking with you, he would—Please, Mr. Drace, go at once, before it is too late. See, the sun is almost set. The stars come soon, and then through the cane he came. Oh, won't you please be kind to me and go at once!"

"Kind to you? God bless you, I would die for you."

"Oh, you make love soon! But won't you please go now! Quick, I hear something."

"You hear my heart. Let me stay ten minutes, and then I go."

"Ah, but why would you give me ten minutes of fear?"

He saw that her anxiety was real, and his heart smote him for cruelty to this dazzling creature whose father he would hang with a rope brought from the North.

"Yes, I will go, I wanted to tell you something, but my regret at going is so deep that I forget what it was. But I must come again when the sun is not so low. No, tell me please, when that shall be?"

"Never would a man before talk like this to me. . . . But if you must come when I beg you no, let it be next Thursday. My father then will be in the hills to buy cattle."

"This is Friday, and that will be a week, lacking one day. You have set doomsday for my return."

"If you come before, you will not find me. And now it is the good-by."

She drew back quickly through the door, and down into the fringe of tall cane he went, parting his way to the canoe that lay nosing the mossy bank.

Only now that she was gone and night had come did he remember—remember that this girl who had bewitched the swift minutes with him was the daughter of his sworn enemy Stepho la Vitte.

A voice called him as he was cursing himself for a traitor to his father's memory. On a point of land he saw three men standing. One of them beckoned him, and he turned in toward them. One of them spoke:

"Would you be kind to set us across? The night he comes, and we would not be lost in the swamp. We will get to the river. Would you, please?"

"Yes, but I don't know that my canoe will hold four. We may get a ducking."

He pulled alongside and steadied the canoe while they got in. Now he paddled carefully. The man who had talked, and whom the other two addressed as Tonz, requested to be set on a bushy shore where the water was so shallow that the canoe was almost stuck in the ooze. With his paddle Drace propped his craft steady, for them to get out. Tonz got out—and with the quickness of a cat snatched a rope from beneath his coat and threw a noose about Drace's arms. Then the two men in the boat threw themselves upon him. There was a hard struggle in the canoe and then

out into the water, but they brought him ashore, wound about with the rope. Now they made haste to tie him securely. The canoe was dragged ashore; Drace stretched out in it, and now they took it on their shoulders and hastened through the tangled underbrush. He had fought hard, but had not cried out. But as he was carried along, he swore bitterly at himself for not looking at first with suspicion on the brutes who now had him in their power.

"Ah, you would steal about and spy," said Tonz. "But you steal about no more. The carpetbaggers, they say, 'You brave?' and you say, 'Yes, I am brave.' Then they say, 'You find old Stepho.' And you go to find him. He is not at home. But his men, they come just in time."

"You are liars. I was—" "Ah, you come with the joke. Tomorrow, we will laugh. Will you? No, you will not laugh."

Drace lay quietly tugging at the ropes that bound him. If he could spring out free, what a scattering he would make of them! They stopped, entering some sort of doorway, and rested the canoe on the ground. Tonz lighted a candle, and Drace saw that he was in an old cabin, almost ready to fall. They rolled him out on the floor, face down, and beneath his arms they passed the paddle of the canoe, so that he could not turn over. Then the others went out, leaving Tonz holding the candle.

"Does the kind gentleman know why they gone? They go to get the dry rushes and the dead bark. For why? To make the fire. It is not cold, no. But they will make the fire of the cabin, and when the morning come, there will be the ashes of the kind gentleman; and the people they will say: 'Ah, he lie down to sleep, and burn up.'"

Drace heard them piling their murderous fuel into a corner. Again he appealed to them, tried threats, told them that his friends would hang them; but they laughed, Tonz bending over him with the candle.

"In a few minutes I light the blaze and take the candle away. . . . You talk of Stepho's daughter. Remember she may love me some, too."

"You Spanish devil!"

"The kind gentleman he come close. I'm Portuguese. But no matter. When Stepho come, we tell him what we do, and he put us on the back and give us money. But the light would hurt the kind gentleman's eyes when he lie that way on his jaw. I will not stoop so low with the candle. . . . Oh, what a fine pile they get! It will make the blaze beautiful. All ready, yes? I will touch it off."

Drace could not see him, but he heard the first crackle of the dried rushes, saw the flame dim the candle light. Now he cried aloud, the men laughing, the mounting flame crackling louder. Tonz came back to him.

"We leave you now. You will not need this candle to light you to bed; so I blow it out, see? And I take it with me."

They hastened out, and he heard them laughing as they ran through the underbrush. With all his harnessed might he strove to break the paddle so that he might roll toward the door, but it was strong, and he broke only the tip of the blade. A louder crackling told him that the dry boards above were catching. Soon the roof would fall in; great sparks would fly upward, fall and hiss in the water.

Why should he lie there, seeing all this in his mind, he wondered. He had read that men approaching death sometimes speak foolish words, and here he lay, with his mind on trivial things. Soon he would write in a furnace. How all about him glared! He wondered how long it would be before a tongue of flame should lick him with its agony. . . .

And then something touched his hand, something cold and swift. A knife cut the ropes that bound him; and in his great and sudden joy Drace almost lost his reason. But he did not cry out; no word was spoken. Just one look, and then he screened her from the flames as they fled through the door, out through the light, into the shadow of the trees. And then he spoke: "God bless you, Nadine!"

He had held her hand, leading her as they ran, but now in the shadow safe from danger, she withdrew it from him, and when he reached again to take it, she shook her head.

"No, it must not be. I told you to go quick, but you did not go quick enough. Then Tonz he see your boat, and with the others, he wait for you. I run around and I watch him, with the knife to stab him if he hurt my brave friend. Then in dim light I see them carry the boat, and I think they have killed you; and I steal along to stab, but then I know you are in the boat. All I do then was to watch till they go, and then I go in. It was not hard to do. No."

"You are an angel."

She laughed, shaking her head. "Angels do not go into the fire. They do not belong there. . . . Now, I tell you. I show you the crooked way, through the woods and out to the river. The moon has come, and we can see. If you know the way, you are safe; but if you do not, you mire down and die in the ooze, and not in the flame. You would please follow me now."

He followed her, hoping that she might be slow, to prolong the joy of his being with her, but she was agile, walking swiftly. Sometimes she would turn slightly about to warn him of a dangerous place, and once she smiled, the moon full in her face. "Tell me," he inquired then: "What has passed tonight, I hope, does not change what was set for Thursday?"

The land was beginning to rise, and she was walking faster.

"Thursday you may come."

She halted in an open space and pointed toward the river.

"The bird, I hear him sing now. The magnolia trees are over there. And now it was again good-night."

She gave him no chance to detain her, for in an instant she was running; and he stood looking till in the deep shade her form was lost.

Old Stepho had not come home when the Creole girl reached the house in the swamp. She sat down to think and to listen to his footsteps. He did not come; and undressing, she lay down mused a long time and slept. . . . A knocking on the door and Stepho's voice called her:

"The sun he was high, but the loote gel she sleep."

Soon she came out, and he drew her to him and pressed his sandpaper cheek against the coil of her hair.

They sat where the house threw its cool shade. Slowly he rocked in his big chair, looking up at the cane that hid his home.

"This air, he good. He comes through salt mars' from the Gulf, with not the malaria. You bloom always like the flower."

"But, Father, when do we leave here? It must not be that we are here to live all the time?"

"Ha! The little bird wish to leave the nest, to try her wings? That is the way of birds and women. Soon, I suppose, you will wish to marry some fine man and leave your old father."

"No—it is not that. I love you. . . . But it is lonely here, and—"

"Mr. Boyce, he is a fine young man. If you marry him, you would not so much leave me. I see him often. He buy from me the mules and cattle which I bring down from the hills. Why you no wish to marry him?"

"But I do not love him."

"You would soon learn; he is a fine young man. I owe him much; and he know much about my business that he would keep quiet about it—if he was of the family. And he would take you often to the city and give you rich dresses and diamonds."

"My dresses they are fine enough. I have the diamonds, too. But you must know that I get lonesome here. I cannot play with the book all the time. . . . You are going again to buy cattle in the hills, are you not?"

"I will buy them, yes."

"And you must on Thursday go to the hills?"

"Yes, on the Thursday, I will go."

"He fell asleep, for he was tired; and when the sun came about, she drew his chair into the shade. He opened his eyes, patted her hand and slept again. She heard a slight sound, and looking, saw Tonz coming through the cane. Swiftly she advanced toward him, with hand upraised, cautioning him.

"You must make no noise. He is asleep."

"But I have come to tell him that the carpetbagger spy he gone to come back not again."

"Go away, and you can come back and tell him."

"No, I stay and talk to you."

Stepho's voice called out. "Tonz, come. I am here."

She did not wish to hear them talk. She looked at the Portuguese and mused as she walked away: "You do not know, you scorpion, how close you come to the stab. Your time will come, and I watch you."

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

In the Airy Days. We have always held that Charley Wooster broke the western record when he broke prairie one summer in the early '70s, togged out in blue denims, going barefooted and wearing a silk tie, but the Atchison Globe tells of a man named Paswell who in 1890 came into possession of a clawhammered suit sent in a "relief" box from Boston and wore it all summer for every day on the farm. He wore his overalls to church.—Nebraska State Journal.

Army Wool Underwear, \$1.00 per garment.—Army Store, Electric Hill Building.

NOTICE OF FINAL ACCOUNT. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, as administrator of the estate of Julien Joubert, deceased, has filed his final account in the office of the County Clerk of Clackamas County, Oregon, and that Saturday, the 23rd day of December, 1922, at the hour of 9:30 A. M., in the forenoon of said day, in the County Court Room of said Court, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for the hearing of objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

Dated and first published Nov. 16, 1922. Last publication Dec. 14, 1922. JAMES L. CONLEY, Administrator of the estate of Julien Joubert, deceased. Wil H. Masters, Attorney for Administrator. 11-16-22

ARMY OVERCOATS, like new, \$3.75 up.—Army Store, Electric Hill Building.

A PROCLAMATION. Whereas, at a Regular City election, held in Oregon City, Oregon, on the 7th day of November, 1922, and concurrently with the bi-annual State Election, there was submitted to the legal voters of the city two (2) proposed Ordinances by the City Council, to-wit: First: An ordinance to authorize and direct the Council to construct a City Hall with Fire Department quarters thereon upon the Northernly 33 feet of lot 6, Block 24, of Oregon City, Oregon.

Second: An ordinance to authorize and direct the Council to purchase a site for the location of the City Hall and Fire Department and to expend \$5,000.00 therefor and to construct a City Hall and Fire Department quarters thereon.

Third: Purpose.—To amend the Charter of Oregon City, Oregon, so as to authorize the Council to levy an annual tax not to exceed three mills, to pay the principal and interest of the \$15,000.00 of Fire Department Bonds and to maintain a paid Fire Department, instead of a two mills as is now provided for such purpose.

And, Whereas, at a special meeting of the Council, held in the Council Chamber in Oregon City, Oregon, on the 10th day of November, at the hour of 7:30 o'clock P. M., of said day, proceeded to and did canvass the official returns upon each of said measures, as made out and signed by the respective election boards in each of the election precincts in said city.

That the first measure received—

Second and Last Week of Our Thrift Sale

Lowest Prices in Years for Ready-to-Wear for Men, Women and Children, all Standard Merchandise.

VELOUR COATS

Rich new shades of medium and dark brown, in well-lined, heavy velour coats. The new sleeve and belt effects.

Every Coat in this lot sold from \$16.50 up. Our Special Thrift Price - \$11.95

Remarkable Values in LADIES DRESSES

Fall and winter modes in poiret twill and canton crepe; embodying the new beaded effects with buckles and ornamented girdles.

Every Dress in this lot sold for \$22.50 up. Our Special Thrift Price - \$14.95

MILLINERY SALE

A splendid selection of Sailor Hats, regular \$6.75 to \$8.75, offered below regular wholesale price during our Thrift Sale, at \$3.45

A small lot of Children's Beaver Hats regular \$5.00, at \$2.65

Every Hat Reduced in Our Comprehensive Millinery Stock.



Brady Mercantile Company

1110-1112 Main St., Oregon City, Oregon

Hay, Grain, Feed Poultry Supplies Vegetables in season Fruits, Nuts, Raisins, Groceries

"Meet Me at BRADY'S" PHONE 448

for 410 votes; against 1147 votes. That the second measure received— 786 votes; against 697 votes.

That the third measure received— 862 votes; against 665 votes. Being the total number of votes cast thereon for and against the said measures, and I declare the measures receiving a majority on the above measures approved and passed by the voters at said election.

Now, therefore, I, James Shannon, Mayor of Oregon City, Oregon, by virtue of the premises and in accordance with the Laws, do hereby proclaim and declare that the above measures receiving a majority of the votes have been duly passed and approved by the people voting at the said election and are hereby declared the law and a part of the Charter of Oregon City, Oregon, from and after the date of the publication of this proclamation.

Dated and published Nov. 16th, 1922. JAMES SHANNON, Mayor of Oregon City, Oregon. Attest: C. W. Kelly, Recorder of Oregon City, Oregon. (11-16-22)

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. On or before December 1, 1922, at 5 o'clock p. m., the City of Oregon City will receive bids for the improvement of John Adams St., from 7th St. to 9th St. Approximately the quantities are: 761 cu. yds. earth excu.; 343 cu. yds. solid rock; 41 cu. yds. loose rock; 249 cu. yds. embk.; 614 cu. yds. macadam; 1178 lineal ft. of 6-ft. concrete walk; 1116 ft. curb; 100 ft. 6-in. sewer pipe, and 4 catch basins.

Third St. from Madison St. to Jefferson St., the quantities are as follows: 76 cu. yds. earth excu.; 238 cu. yds. embk.; 420 ft. of 6-ft. walk; 420 ft. curb, and 160 cu. yds. macadam.

Third St. from Center St. to Washington St.; the quantities are: 226 cu. yds. excu.; 18 cu. yds. embk.; 420 lineal ft. 6-ft. concrete walk; 420 ft. curb; 190 cu. yds. macadam.

Contractor to furnish all material and labor and contract same according to the plans and specifications now on file with the City Recorder. The cost of such improvement shall be paid for by the property owners benefited thereby, according to the City Charter, and payment shall be made only from the improvement fund of said streets.

Bids must be accompanied by certified check of 10% of the amount bid. Oregon City reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

C. W. KELLY, City Recorder. (11-16-22)