

CASTRO ON WAY HOME TO MAKE LAST FIGHT

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—The cable dispatches announcing that Cipriano Castro, deposed president of Venezuela, under the alias of Ruiz, is a passenger on board the Touraine of the French Line, bound for New York, has caused a stir in the Venezuelan colony in this city.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 23.—Whether Cipriano Castro, former president of Venezuela, will be permitted to land in the United States is being considered by officials of the government. He has started from Paris to New York.

Making Cut Glass. The process of glass cutting requires great skill and care. A design is first lightly copied on the glass, and the cutters take it in hand.

FRANK BUSCH NAMED CLACKAMAS R.R. HEAD

After the stockholders' meeting of the Clackamas Southern Railway Company the new board of directors elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Frank Busch, President; O. D. Eby, Vice President; W. A. Huntley, Treasurer, and G. B. Dimick, Secretary.

Plans have been laid for much work during 1913, and with a portion of the track in operation before the end of this year, the road will begin to bring in considerable revenue while construction work is being carried on along the remainder of the line.

Very nearly everybody who is acquainted with the country and vast amount of freight and passenger traffic tributary to the road, admits that the Clackamas Southern will be a winner from the first day it is open to general traffic.

CITY XMAS BUSINESS MAKES NEW RECORD

Never in the history of Oregon City has the Christmas buying been so large and the apparent prosperity of the people been more encouraging. The merchants report that they have done a larger business than ever before, and it is believed the sales today will establish a new record for the day before Christmas.

3 Couples Get Licenses. Licenses to marry were issued Monday to J. Beck and Henry H. Clark; Mary Pierce and H. A. Avery and Annie Mumpower and Mark Sprague.

Her Hint. "Oh, Jim! Mother would be that wild if she was to see you a-kissin' me." "But I ain't a-kissin' you." "Oh, I thought you was just goin' to begin!"—Milwaukee Journal.

A LEGEND OF THE MISTLETOE BOUGH

It was an old legend now, a hundred years old at least. Generations had come and gone, and the weird of Barham Hall had never once given a sign of coming into fulfillment, so what need was there for fear? It was true that mistletoe was at last growing on the boughs of the old hawthorn in the Yote sward. But it was Christmas eve, and the bells of Barham church were ringing Christmas chimes.

More than 100 years ago Roger Lyndale had done that which perhaps was not an honorable thing. Roger had wooed a farmer's daughter, but had not married her, and she had died at his gates. Across the grass levels, now covered with snow, the old farmhouse could still be seen, mute with its history.

Not a soul of Druscilla Ives' time was alive in the old homestead. Strangers were under its roof paying tribute to Barham Hall, as Druscilla's father had done.

But the descendants of Roger Lyndale were still at the hall, with a link between them and the story of the old Yote farm.

For, strangely enough, Druscilla had died on Christmas eve, and the legend of Barham Hall had come from her lips: When mistletoe grows on the old Yote thorn...

When that saving grace was attached to the legend and when the weird had been worn out by the passing of a century what was there to fear?

"Good gracious! What is that?" exclaimed Lady Lyndale suddenly. "Not the choir again surely! They've been and gone."

A voice was singing: "When mistletoe grows on the old Yote thorn No child to a Lyndale will e'er be born. But he that would nobly this curse undo Must lowly maid wed and to her be true."

It was the weird, and it was being sung by a woman's voice to the refrain of "The Mistletoe Bough."

"It must be somebody," said Roland Lyndale when it became certain that the voice had finished. "I'll see who it is."

With the words he crossed the room, drew aside the curtains of one of the windows and looked out upon the snow.

"It's strange," murmured Roland, turning to his father, who still sat beside the hearth. "There's no one here, sir."

"No," replied Sir Geoffrey; "I did not expect there would be. It was some impertinent person from the village, that is evident."

"Leo and Dorothy should be almost here now," said Lady Lyndale presently. "I wonder whether it is the snow that's made them late."

The butler appeared and handed Lady Lyndale a telegram.

"Is it bad news, Geoffrey?" asked Lady Lyndale.

"Yes, Millicent," he replied in a dry tone. "Leo has been taken ill with pneumonia, a fearful thing at any time, and he's not strong. You can see," he added, handing the message to his wife. "Dorothy says she'll wire at once if it becomes critical."

The children still laughed and played, but the elders became grave.

"Poor old Lionel! I hope he will pull through it," Lyndale murmured in an uneasy voice.

Not many Lyndales were left. The stricken Lionel was Sir Geoffrey's only brother, and Roland was his only son.

Roland Lyndale had parted from his airy spirits. Ever since the incident of the voice he had been in a changed, subdued mood.

And when dinner was over he found an opportunity to steal out into the snowy night.

There were footprints there. Only the shrubs had prevented his seeing the strange visitor when he opened the window.

Which way had the singer gone? For some moments Roland stood gazing from spot to spot.

Over the face of the moon the snow clouds had now fitted, but Roland could see the old hawthorn standing alone on the white expanse of the Yote sward.

Fancy had not deceived him. Somebody was under the tree, and the somebody was a woman!

A strange trembling came to Roland as he stooped over the dark, drooped and almost sinking form leaning against the trunk.

Was she dead? Just then a kindly break in the clouds let through a gleam of moon-

light, and Roland laid his hand gently on the woman's shoulder.

Then she moved, rose to her feet and turned up to him vague eyes and a face so beautiful that he started. And the start set his strange trembling going afresh. But this time there was pity in the tremor, for he saw that the beautiful face was as white as death, sad, weary worn and so fragile that his instinctive thought of her was as of a white lily cast out in the snow.

"My dear young lady," Roland asked, wondering, "whatever brings you here like this? For you are off the road, and I see you are a stranger."

"My name," she answered faintly, "is Phyllis Egerton. My mother was the great-granddaughter of Druscilla Ives."

For a moment Roland was dumb. "Druscilla Ives!" he said presently.

"Yes," she replied again. "We have always kept the legend of her fate and her prophecy against Barham Hall in our family. And when I was quite a little thing I promised myself that some day, one Christmas eve, I would come and see Yote farm, where she lived, and the tree and perhaps the prophecy outside the hall where she should have lived."

Roland felt strangely uncomfortable and yet gently pitiful. It was curious that after the long passing of a century he should be the first to come into contact with a descendant of the fateful Ives.

"But why?" he asked again, impressed by the hand of fate in it all.

"I don't know," she returned weakly, her head leaning against the trunk of the tree, "unless it was because I felt I must. Druscilla died on Christmas eve. I wondered where she might have been buried under the snow as I passed the church. I looked at the farm first. Then I went up to the house and sang, and then I came here. But I did not think I should see the mistletoe."

"But, my dear young lady, what will you do?" Roland asked her, pained by her helplessness and by the mystery.

"And, oh," she went on brokenly, "when I came here I almost wished I could die too! I am the last of the race from Amos Ives, with nothing left to live for—noting! My father I lost eighteen months ago, and my mother died in June. So I've nothing. Six months I've struggled to live."

As she spoke she slipped from the trunk of the thorn and would have fallen backward in the snow, but with a quick step Roland caught and supported her with his arm round her waist.

As she lay against him rather than stood, with her face fallen on his shoulder, Roland felt her hands. They were icy cold.

"Poor girl," he said, feeling her misery in himself, "you must not stay here! I must take you to the hall."

Then quickly he lifted her in his arms and carried her into the hall, the first of the race of Ives, man or woman, to pass its threshold for a hundred years.

Sir Geoffrey was sitting in the wainscot room alone when Roland entered



"FATHER, THE SINGER," ROLAND SAID, with his burden, for the ladies and the children had gone to the nursery, and he looked up blankly.

"Father, the singer," Roland said gravely, "the last of the race of Druscilla Ives. I found her under the tree, a wanderer and friendless. You yourself can see how she is."

"Fetch your mother, and I'll ring for Mrs. Cox and Parkins," said Sir Geoffrey huskily.

Phyllis Egerton was carried to the bedroom in which a hundred years ago Roger Lyndale had slept, and a kindly Christmas was made for her, but four days passed before she could leave the chamber.

On New Year's day wondering eyes watched Phyllis and Roland going up through the village to old Barham church.

Phyllis and Roland went to a weather-crumbled gravestone which, tradition said, marked the grave in which Druscilla Ives had been buried, and, with hands clasped across the now flat grass, they knelt.

"A happy New Year, my lady. A happy New Year, sir," the village folks greeted as Phyllis and Roland returned to the hall.

It was the happiest year that Roland had known, and as he and Phyllis passed up the drive they looked and smiled at the thorn and the mistletoe bough.

The officers of the lodge are appointive and will be named by the newly-elected Worshipful Master, who, along with Senior and Junior Wardens, was advanced one step in Monday night's election.

Clackamas Chapter, Royal Arch Masons; Multnomah Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and Pioneer Chapter, Order of Eastern Star, will hold a joint installation on St. John's Day, Friday evening, December 27, commencing at 7:30 o'clock sharp. Elaborate preparations are being made for the ceremony, which will be followed by a banquet and dance.

CHAPMAN IS NAMED WORSHIPFUL MASTER

Multnomah Lodge No. 1, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons Monday night elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Eber A. Chapman, Worshipful Master; Henry O'Malley, Senior Warden; Don E. Meldrum, Junior Warden; M. D. Latourette, Secretary; John R. Humphrey, Treasurer.

Through the Christmas Rush!

Don't forget that the best present you can make yourself or your boy is a Moyer Suit. While this great sale goes merrily on you can buy two suits for nearly the ordinary price of one. Did you ever before see bargains like these?

Moyer's \$15 and \$18 Suits \$10.00

Most Stores Call Them \$20.00 Suits

Moyer's \$20.00 Suits \$12.50

You Pay \$25.00 at Other Stores

Boys' \$5 and \$6 suits \$3.50

Sturdy, Warm and Durable

Third and Oak

MOYER

Third and Oak

WHEN YOU SEE IT IN OUR AD, IT'S SO

Buy Your Christmas Presents Now at after Holiday Prices

All merchants are left with more or less of a stock of Christmas goods which they offer at from 25 to 50 per cent reduction after the holidays. We have decided to make our reductions now and give the public the chance of a lifetime to save money. Below we give a suggestive list:

MILITARY BRUSHES, TOILET SETS, MANICURING SETS, SHAVING SETS, AND BABY'S TOILETS IN EBONY, PARISIAN IVORY, FOX WOOD, INLAID AND SOLID SILVER THAT SELL FROM \$1.00 TO AS HIGH AS \$20.00 AT

25 per cent off Regular Price Leather Goods

Hand Bags, Wallets, Card Cases and Walking Bags in Real Leather, Genuine Seal and Goat Seal, without doubt one of the finest lines ever shown in Oregon City, regular prices range

From \$1.50 to \$15.00 All at just 1-3 off

A great variety of Hammered Brass—this is a class of present that is always welcomed by anyone, these pieces have all been selected with the greatest care for our very best trade. Among the pieces on display you will find Jardinieres, Smoking Sets, Umbrella Stands, Ash Trays, Fern Dishes and numerous other articles all at the great reduction

25 per cent off

All Framed Pictures that sell regularly at from 25c to \$5.00 at 25 per cent off

BRING THIS COUPON TO OUR STORE AND GET 10 TRADING STAMPS WITH EVERY 50c PURCHASE

Jones Drug Company

OLD-TIME REMEDY DARKENS THE HAIR

GIVES COLOR, LUSTRE TO FADED AND GRAY HAIR—DANDRUFF QUICKLY REMOVED

For generations Sage and Sulphur have been used for hair and scalp troubles. Almost everyone knows the value of such a combination for keeping the hair a good even color, for curing dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair, and for promoting the

growth of the hair. Years ago the only way to get a Hair Tonic of this kind was to make it in the home, which was troublesome and not always satisfactory. Nowadays, almost any up to date druggist can supply his patrons with a ready-to-use product, skillfully prepared in perfectly equipped laboratories.

An ideal preparation of this sort is Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy, in which Sage and Sulphur are combined with other valuable remedies for scalp troubles and thin, weak hair that is losing its color or coming out. After using this remedy for a few days, you will notice the scalp will feel better, the dandruff will soon be gone, and in less than a month's time there will be a wonderful difference in your hair.

Don't neglect your hair if it is full

GRUMBLING.

Grumbling is a potent cause of ill health. It keeps the sensitive nerves vibrating with discordant emotions and not only hurts the grumbler, but every one who hears it. It really prepares the system of the grumbler for an attack of any malady that happens to be prevalent.

Write Ideas For Moving Picture Plays!

YOU CAN WRITE PHOTO PLAYS AND EARN \$25.00 OR MORE WEEKLY We Will Show You How

If you have ideas—if you can THINK—we will show you the secrets of this fascinating new profession. Positively no experience or literary excellence necessary. No "flowery language" is wanted.

The demand for photoplays is practically unlimited. The big film manufacturers are "moving heaven and earth" in their attempts to get enough good plots to supply the ever increasing demand. They are offering \$100 and more, for single scenarios, or written ideas.

We have received many letters from the film manufacturers, such as VITAGRAPH, EDISON, ESSANAY, LUBIN, SOLAX, IMP, REX, RELIANCE, CHAMPION, GOMET, MELIES, ETC., urging us to send photoplays to them. We want more writers and we'll gladly teach you the secrets of success.

We are selling photoplays written by people who "never before wrote a line for publication."

Perhaps we can do the same for you. If you can think of only one good idea every week, and will write it as directed by us, and it sells for only \$25, a low figure, YOU WILL EARN \$100 MONTHLY FOR SPARE TIME WORK.

Free! SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AT ONCE FOR FREE COPY OF OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "MOVING PICTURE PLAYWRITING."

Don't hesitate. Don't argue. Write now and learn just what this new profession may mean for you and your future.

NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE 1543 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

Home to the Folks

FOR Christmas and New Year Holidays



Has authorized a low round trip fare from all points on its lines in Oregon; from points on the Corvallis & Eastern; Salem, Falls City and Western and the Pacific Railway & Navigation Co. of

ONE AND ONE-THIRD FARE

SALE DATES

December 21st, to 25th inclusive, and from December 28th to January 1st, inclusive, with final return limit January 2nd, 1913.

For specific fares from any station, train service, sale dates, limits, etc., call on nearest Agent, or write to

JOHN M. SCOTT, General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon.