

GRAND, ALL-DAY PICNIC

Saturday, July 4th

Falls City

POLK COUNTY, OREGON

Prominent Speakers will Address the People
Ball Games, Good Music
Sports of All Kinds and a general Good Time.

A Dance in the Evening
at the Wagner Hall

COMMITTEE:

W. R. Hinshaw
G. O. Clement
J. C. Talbot

Watch for Program Later

Sterling Furniture Company

The
BRILLIANT
SUCTION
CLEANER
\$19.50

Net

A Guaranteed Cleaner
at a Bed-Rock Price



Motor Built by the best motor builders in the U. S. High speed, reliable and fully guaranteed. Shoe The patent shoe is 12 inches long—giving a broad sweep on the carpet, thus saving time in cleaning. Fitted with a revolving brush, which picks up ravelings and lint. Gets into corners. Suction as great at the end of shoe as in the middle. Direct suction—no metal between carpet and fan. Fan Cast aluminum in one piece. Scientifically constructed to get the greatest suction. Cannot break. Bearings Composed of a special bearing bronze alloyed by experts after years of experimenting in high speed work. Their wearing qualities cannot be surpassed. Self-Oiling Grease cups, fitted with felt wicks held in place against the bearings with springs. Switch Attached to handle in convenient location for turning on or off the current without bending over. A quarter turn to the right starts or stops the motor. Bag Clamp The most convenient clamp on the market. No springs or hinges to get out of order and let dust escape from the bag. Dust Collector Made of a dust-proof fabric which can be laundered when soiled. Attached to the machine with air-tight connection. No spring. No string to tie. Handle Yoke Self-adjusting and easily attached. Easy Running The shoe of the Brilliant is fitted with four small wheels, which makes it so easily operated that that a child can use it. The Cord Each machine is fitted with 25 feet. The cord is exposed, making it easy to get at in case of trouble. Holders for the cord keep it in compact form when not in use. Height The Brilliant is the lowest built cleaner on the market. Stands only 6 inches high. Will go under furniture that others cannot. It gets to those out of the way places where dirt accumulates. Weight 8 pounds. Easily carried from room to room, upstairs or down. The Brilliant is the electrical sensation of the year. The first thoroughly efficient machine ever put on the market at a low price.

See them at the Sterling Furniture Company Store

CHILDREN'S CONTEST.

Lila Mitchell.....45
Pauline Miller.....50

Roy McMurphy, of Falls City, was in Dallas last week.

W. T. Grief, manager of the Falls City Lumber Company, passed through Dallas Monday.

Mrs. Jennie Thompson and Mrs. Martha Boyd, of Seattle, are here on account of the serious illness of their father, H. P. Shriver.

Glen Mitchell, of West Salem, came home Sunday.

Ray Mitchell came home from Mill Creek, where he was working.

Mrs. Hinch went to Portland to visit Mrs. Annie Hing.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dawson have moved to town and will run a boarding house.

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Adams and daughter, Mrs. Orla Kearns, drove to Salem Saturday to see the electric fire works and to take Mrs. Kearns home.

Mrs. Annie Robinson and children visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Watson, Sunday.

Mrs. Martin and daughter, of Greenwood, spent Sunday at Mrs. Van Skiles.

Mrs. Horatio Morrison returned the last of the week from a visit at Newberg.

Edith Allen is visiting her grandmother at Salem.

John Orr and wife, of Rickreall, were in town Monday.

Will White went to Salem Sunday.

Katie Fox, of Rickreall, was in Dallas last of the week.

Mrs. Stingley has been brought home from St. Vincent hospital at Portland.

Mrs. Fred Koser, of Rickreall, was in Dallas last of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Niese returned home from Portland, after spending a week there.

Mrs. Maria Holmes' daughter, Mrs. Belle Sneed, is home on a visit.

E. J. McDaniel, a former Dallas boy, now a resident of Japan, was visiting at Mr. and Mrs. John Brown's Sunday.

Mrs. Foster and children spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Palmer.

Mrs. Dave Grant's nieces, Misses Thelma and Dorothy Turner, of Airlie, spent several days with her.

Miss Ella Merhling, of Falls City, passed through Dallas Sunday on her way to summer school at Monmouth.

Mrs. Charles Westover is entertaining company from Portland this week.

Mr. Manston has a few men at work on the county bridge at Orchard avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Forrester visited friends in Salem Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook returned from Newberg to Jackson Mitchell's last week.

Mrs. James Mitchell is staying with her sister, Mrs. Anna Wright.

James E. Mitchell is working at Black Rock in Mr. Baldersee's camp.

Mrs. Happy, of Pioneer, was visiting friends in Dallas last week.

Richard Domaschovsky, of Portland, spent Sunday with his parents at Pioneer.

Miss Pearl Hayes is quite ill.

Mrs. Hathaway Digby is quite ill.

Rev. Clawson is holding meetings at the Baptist church this week.

Roy Bird and family, of Pioneer, visited Mr. and Mrs. Carl McBee this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Weaver are now residing on their 10-acre tract, recently purchased from George Brown.

Mrs. Reese, of Perrydale, attended the carnival here Saturday.

Adrian Owens, of Tillamook, is visiting his sister, Mrs. O. N. Harrington.

Mr. Wittenburg, of Portland, has been in Dallas on business.

Mrs. W. W. Miller went to Independence last week.

Bill Williams, of Airlie, attended the carnival.

Miss Elva Lucas left Sunday for a visit with her sister, Mrs. Nate Stowe, at Peden.

W. J. Mulkey, of Monmouth, was in Dallas, Saturday night.

Mr. Creedy, of Portland, was a business visitor in Dallas last week.

Mr. Pepper, of Portland, was in Dallas Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Rice were in Independence Sunday evening.

Miss Pauline Coad is on the sick list. Thomas Notson has returned from the G. A. R. encampment at Tillamook.

Chet Ellis is back from a visit at Oregon City.

Floyd Burson has had an attack of pneumonia.

A lady friend of Mrs. Ah Coe was over from Salem last week and made her a short visit.

Marie Holman has been helping make hay for the Guthrie dairy.

Mrs. F. H. Morrison went to Salem Tuesday morning to help on the State teachers' examining board.

Mr. Plaster is improving, after his accident.

Mrs. Hyerley and Grandma Miller returned Monday from a visit of several days in Independence.

At a union meeting at the armory Sunday night Mr. Sias gave a very interesting talk on the benefits of the Chautauqua.

The W. C. T. U. held their regular monthly social meeting at the library Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Linnie Garrett Carl, a state worker of the young people's department of the W. C. T. U., spoke at the Methodist church Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Nellie Hubbard returned from Silverton this week, after a visit with her daughter.

Mrs. N. Arnold has returned from Salem, where she has been visiting her son, who recently underwent an operation at the Salem hospital.

Mrs. Coe's mother came up from Portland Saturday to visit her.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Robinson, Jr., spent Sunday with her parents in Independence.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dempsey, of Rickreall, came to Dallas Tuesday evening to attend the carnival.

Roy Bowman, of Falls City, was in Dallas Saturday.

Prof. Parsons was a Portland visitor Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. McPherson and daughter and husband are here from Washington for a visit.

Ella Roy, of Portland, is visiting here.

Mr. Ray and his sister, Mrs. Morrison, went to Eugene Sunday to visit his daughter, Mrs. Elsie Pickett.

Walter Nichols and wife of Falls City, were in Dallas last week.

The children's day exercises were observed at the Christian church Sunday morning.

Miss Ruth Nunn is visiting her brother in Nehalem.

Velma Miller of Falls City, was in Dallas Friday.

Miss Claudia Brown is attending the summer normal school at Monmouth.

Miss Una Campbell was a Sunday visitor in Monmouth.

Dr. Starbuck Miss Edith Starbuck and their mother went to Kola Monday to gather blackberries.

Wilbur Lewis and wife, of Falls City, were in Dallas Friday.

Misses Buelah Baldersee and Arlene Bennett are attending the summer normal school at Monmouth.

"THE VALIANTS OF VIRGINIA"

By HALLIE ERMINE RIVES.
Copyright, 1912, The Hobbs-Merrill Co.
(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXI.

After the Storm.

Inky clouds were gathering over the sunlight when Shirley came from January Court, along the narrow wood-path under the hemlocks, and the way was striped with blue-black shadows and filled with sighing noises. She walked warily, halting often at some leafy rustle to catch a quick breath of dread. As she approached the tree-roots where the cape jessamines lay, she had to force her feet forward by sheer effort of will. At a little distance from them she broke a stick and with it managed to drag the bunch to her, turning her eyes with a shiver from the trampled spot near by. She picked up the flowers, and treading with caution, retraced her steps to the wider path.

She stepped into the Red Road at length in the teeth of a thunder storm, which had arisen almost without warning to break with the passionate intensity of electric storms in the South. The green-golden fields were now a gray seethe of rain and the farther peaks lifted like huge tumbled masses of onyx against a sky stippled with wan yellow and vicious violet. The wind leaped and roared and swished through the weeping foliage, lashing the dull Pompeian-red puddles swirling leaves and twigs from the hedges and seeming to be intent on dragging her very garments from her as she ran.

There was no shelter, but even had there been, she would not have sought it. The turbulence of nature around her matched, in a way, her overstrained feeling, and she welcomed the fierce bulge of the wind in the up-blowing whorls of her hair and the drenching wetness of the rain. At length, out of breath, she crouched down under a catalpa tree, watching the fangs of lightning knot themselves against the leafy gray-yellow dimness, making sudden flares of unbearable brightness against which twigs etched themselves with the unrelieved sharpness of black paper silhouettes.

She tried to fix her mind on near things, the bending grasses, the securing red runnels and flapping shrubbery, but her thoughts wilfully escaped the tether, turning again and again to the events of the last two hours. She pictured Uncle Jefferson's eyes rolling in ridiculous alarm, his winnowing arm lashing his indignant mule in his flight for the doctor.

At the mental picture she choked with hysterical laughter, then cried suddenly against the sopping bark. She saw again the doctor's gaze lifted from his first examination of the tiny punctures to send a swift, penetrant glance straight at her, before he bent his great body to carry the unconscious man to the house. Again a fit of shuddering swept over her. Then, all at once, tears came, streaming down that bent and awayward. It was the discharge of the Leyden jar, the loosening of the tense bow-string, and it brought relief.

After a time she grew quieter. He would perhaps still be lying on the couch in the dull-colored library, under the one-eyed portrait, his hair waving crisply against the white blanket, his hands moving restlessly, his lips muttering. Her imagination followed Aunt Daph shuffling to fetch this and that, nagged by the doctor's sharp admonitions.

He would do well! She thought that perhaps she had saved his life gave her a thrill that ran over her whole body. And until yesterday she had never seen him! She knelt in the blurred half-light, pushing her wet hair back from her forehead and smiling up in therain that still fell fast.

In a few moments she rose and went on. The lightning came now at longer and more irregular intervals and the thunder pealed less heavily. The wan yellow murk was lifting. Here and there a soaked sun-beam raked mist-veils, as though to smell the overcast fragrance of the wet jessamine in her arms.

At the gate of the Rosewood lane stood a mail box on a cedar post and she paused to post a card to a friend. The rain was now a drizzle, and she thrust it under her arm her eye caught a word of a head-line. With a flush she tore it from its wrapper and read: "Wetted fiber parting in her eager fingers, and resting her foot on the lower rail of the gate, spread it open on her knee."

She stood stock-still until she had read the whole. It was the story of John Vallant's sacrifice of his private fortune to save the ruin of the loved Corporation.

Its effect upon her was a shock. She felt her throat close and she knew she was chilled by the memory of what she had said to him: "What has he ever done except play polo and furnish spicy paragraphs for the society columns?"

"What a beast I was!" she said, addressing the wet hedge. He had just done the noblest thing. It was because of that that he was little better than a beggar and I said those horrible things! Again she bent her eyes, rereading the sentences: "Took his detractors by surprise. . . had just sustained a grilling at the hands of the State's examiner which might well have dried at their font the springs of sympathy."

She crushed up the paper in her hand and rested her forehead on the wet rail. Idiotically rich—a vandal—a useless pseudo-proud flaneur. She had called him all that! She could still see the paleness of his look as she had said it.

Shirley, over-excited as she still was, felt the sob returning. These, however, did not last long, and in a moment she found herself smiling again. Though she had hurt him, she had saved him, too! When she whispered this over to herself it still thrilled and startled her. She folded the paper and hastened on under the cherry trees.

Emmaline, the negro maid, was waiting anxiously on the porch. She was thin to sparseness, with a face as brown as a leopards' paw, restless black eyes and wool neatly pinned and set off by an amber comb.

"Honey," called Emmaline, "I've been fearin' fo' yo' wid all dat lightnin' 'rarin' aroun'. Do yo' remembah when yo' useter run up on jemp plumb down in th' middle of yore feddah-baid on covah up dat little go' hard, en I useter tell yo' th' noise was th' Good Man rollin' eroun' his rain-barri?" She laughed noiselessly, holding both hands to her thin cheeks. "Yo' grow'd up now so yo' ain' skeered o' nothin' th' side th' Bad Place! Yo' got th' jessamine? Give 'em to Emmaline! She'll fix 'em all nice, jes' how Miss Judith like."

"All right, Emmaline," replied Shirley. And I'll go and dress. Has mother miss'ed me? She ain' lef' hah room whole blessed day. Now yo' barth's

all ready—all 'cep'n th' hot watah, en I sen' Ranson with dat th' fus' thing. Yo' hurry en peel dem wet close off yo'self, or yo' have one o' dem digested childer, dat owns it!"

Her young mistress down and the hot water despatched, the negro woman spread a cloth on the floor and began to cut and dress, straining webs of the flowers. This done, she fetched bowls and vases, and set the pearly clumps here and there on the dining-room sideboard, the hall mantel and the desk of the living room—till the delicate fragrance filled the house, quite vanquishing the rose-scent from the arbor.

When all this was done, she stood in the doorway with arms akimbo, waiting about to survey her handiwork. "Miss Judith be pleas' with dat," she said, nodding her woolly head with vigor. "Wondah why she can't dem sprangly thing! All th' res' o' th' time roses, but 'bout once a year seems like she jes' got to have dem jessamines en nothin' else."

She swept up the scattered twigs and leaves, and going into the dining room, began to lay the table for dinner. This room was square and low, with a carved console and straight-backed chairs thinly cushioned in faded blue to match the china. The gray walls were brightened with the soft dull gold of an old mirror and picture frames from which dim faces looked placidly down. The crumbling floor was of worn mahogany, and the floor was of worn mahogany, and the floor was of worn mahogany.

They crossed the hall the dusky form bending to the fragile pressure of the fingers. "Now heah's yo' chah," Ranson e made up a little fish, jes' to take th' damp out, en th' big lamp's lit, Miss Shirley'll be down right quick."

A moment later, in fact Shirley descended the stair, in a filmy gown of India-mustine, with a narrow belting of gold, and whose flowing sleeves her bare arms showed with a flushed pinkness the hue of the pale coral beads about her neck. The damp newspaper was in her hand.

At her step her mother turned her head: she was listening intently to words that came from the garden—a child's shrill treble opposing Ranson's stentorian grumble.

"Listen, Shirley. What's that Rickey is tellin' Ranson?"

"Rog' yo' come heah wid yo' no-count play-actin'." Cyan' fool Ranson wid no such skeet-story, neidah. Ain' no moc'sin at Dam'ry Co'ot, en nebah was."

"There was, too!" insisted Rickey. "One bit him and Miss Shirley found him and sent Uncle Jefferson for Doc."

tor Southall and it saved his life! So there! Doctor Southall told Mrs. Mason. And he isn't a man who's just come to fix it up either; he's the real 'by truly man, that owns it!"

"Who on earth is that child talking about?"

Shirley put her arm around her mother and kissed her. Her heart was beating quickly. "The owner has come to Damory Court. He—"

The small book Mrs. Dandridge held fell to the floor. The owner? What owner?"

Mr. Vallant—Mr. John Vallant. The son of the man who abandoned it so long ago? As she picked up the fallen volume and put it into her mother's hands, Shirley was startled by the whiteness of her face.

"Dearest!" she cried. "You are ill. You shouldn't have come down."

"No, it's nothing. I've been shut up all day. Go and open the other window."

Shirley threw it wide. "Can I get your salts?" she asked anxiously. Her mother shook her head. "No, nothing whatever the matter with me. Only my nerves aren't what they used to be, I suppose, and snakes always do get on them. Now, give me the gist of it first. I can wait for the rest. There's a tenant at Damory Court, too? Is his name John—Vallant? And he was bitten by a moccasin. When?"

"This afternoon."

Mrs. Dandridge's voice shook. "Will he—will he recover?"

"Oh, yes."

"Beyond any question?"

"The doctor says so."

"And you found him, Shirley—"

"I was there when it happened." She had crouched down on the rug in her favorite posture, her coppery hair against her mother's knee, catching strange reddish over-tones like molten metal, from the shaded lamp. Mrs. Dandridge fingered her cane nervously. Then she dropped her hand on the girl's head.

"Now," she said, "tell me all about it."

(To be continued.)

SO DECEPTIVE.

Many Dallas People Fail to Realize the Seriousness.

Backache is so deceptive. It comes and goes—keeps you guessing. Learn the cause—then cure it. Possibly it's weak kidneys. That's why Doan's Kidney Pills are so effective.

They're especially for weak or disordered kidneys.

Here's a Dallas case: Mrs. A. Seiferth, 509 Washington St., Dallas, Oregon, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have proven to be a fine remedy in our home and I have recommended them many times. They have given me good relief from backache and kidney trouble on several occasions. They have also helped others of my family."

Price, 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Seiferth had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

Public Sale

I have rented my farm which is located 1 Mile South, 1 1/2 Miles West of Perrydale, and will sell at public auction on

SATURDAY, JUNE 27

Commencing at 1 o'clock P. M., the following property to-wit:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1 Cow, 7 yrs. old, fresh | 2 fine Mare colts, 1 yr. old |
| 1 " 3 " " and calf | 1 Clyde colt, 1 yr. old |
| 1 " 6 " " in July | 1 Mare and Colt 12 yrs. |
| 1 " 5 " " " Sept. | 1 Mare 7 yr. old wt. 1500 |
| 1 Heifer 2 yrs. " " July | 6 head of hogs |
| 1 " 2 " " " Aug. | 1 Pen full bl'd Shang. chickens |
| 1 " 1 " " " | 1 3/4 Bane Wagon |
| 1 " 6 months old | 1 No. 2 Clipper Fanning Mill |
| 1 " Calf 4 weeks | One Disk Plow |
| 3 Bull Calves 4 months | One Shovel Plow |
| 19 Sheep 2 yrs.-23 Spring lambs | One Buggy |
| 1 Mare, 7 yrs. old | |

TERMS OF SALE: All Sums of \$10 or less, cash. All over \$10 a credit of 6 months will be given purchaser giving a bankable note bearing 8 per cent interest. No property to be removed until settled for.

C. F. Brobst

M. F. WHITE, Auctioneer

J. A. BAXTER, Clerk

Kimbell CULTIVATORS

8 1/2 ft. \$20.00

6 ft. \$15.00

John Deere Steel Frame
Weeder with Seat

8 1/2 ft. \$23.50

6 ft. \$19.50

Corn Cultivators in Stock

Craven Hardware Co.

Dallas, - Oregon

New Books at Library.

The following new volumes of fiction have recently been received at the Dallas public library:

Barnabette—Helen R. Martin.

The Treasure—Kathleen Norris.

Dr. Ellen—Juliet W. Tompkins.

William and Bill—Grace Mac-

Gowan Cooke.

Martha By-the-Day—Julie M. Lippmann.

T. Tembarom—Frances Hodg-

son Burnett.

The Congress Woman—Isabel Gordon Curtis.

Itemizer for artistic job work.