

Clean up Sale of Used Pianos

We offer for sale every new and second-hand piano and piano player on our floor at almost unheard of prices. Never has there been offered as complete an assortment of used pianos. In this sale are included the following:

Chickering, Kimball, Ivers & Pond, Smith & Barnes, Schubert, Sterling, Huntington, Willard, Kohler & Campbell, Sohmer, Decker Bros., H. P. Nelson, Bradley and many others, and player pianos include the Genuine Autopiano, A. B. Chase, Weber Piano, Behning, Lester, Schaff Bros., Lagonda, French & Sons, Haines Ampico and Farrand Cecilia.

Save \$100 to \$500 on your purchase
Here are a few items to give you an idea.

KOHLER & CAMPBELL Piano in mahogany finish, in fine mechanical condition and dandy tone. Sells new at \$400.00 and up—Sale Price \$157.50

KELSO Piano, modern case, mahogany; medium size. This piano has been through our shop and is in fine condition. Sale Price is \$197.50.

GENUINE KIMBALL Piano in beautiful golden oak case; not a scratch on it; in fact it's in perfect condition. Priced new at \$500.00—Sale Price \$298.00

WILLARD Piano in fine mahogany case. Used but not abused. A dandy little home piano. Sale Price \$229.00.

SMITH & BARNES, large size mahogany case; case is checked slightly, but mechanically is in wonderful shape. Sale Price \$239.00

SCHUBERT Piano, oak case; large size, has patented steel back and is in every particular a fine instrument. Sale Price \$287.50

A. B. CHASE PLAYER Piano. Has Chase patented player action; in a most exquisite mahogany case. Value new \$950.00—Sale Price \$598.00

LAGONDA PLAYER PIANO. Been used only a short time. Has been through our shop and is in guaranteed condition. Sale Price \$398.00.

This is only a partial list of the wonderful bargains we offer at this sale.

Convenient terms can be arranged if you don't wish to pay cash. Out of town customers, study this list carefully, then write us. You can safely buy by mail. Our guarantee and one year exchange agreement goes with every instrument. Liberty Bonds will be accepted on any of these purchases at full face value.

Reed-French Piano Mfg. Co.
435 Washington St. Portland, Ore.

The Light in the Clearing

A Tale of the North
Country in the Time
of Silas Wright

By
IRVING BACHELLER
Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ni and I," "Daredevil of the Blessed Isles,"
"Keeping Up With Lissie," Etc., Etc.

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It was a lonely place with woods on three sides of the field and a road on the other. I kept laying down beds of wheat on the barn floor and beating them out with the flail until the sun was well in the roof, when I sat down to eat my luncheon. Then I swept up the grain and winnowed out the chaff and filled one of my sacks. That done, I covered the floor again and the thump of the flail eased my loneliness until in the middle of the afternoon two of my schoolmates came and asked me to go swimming with them. The river was not forty rods away and a good trail led to the swimming hole. It was a warm, bright day and I was hot and thirsty. The thought of cool waters and friendly companionship was too much for me. I went with them and stayed with them longer than I intended. I remember saying as I dressed that I should have to work late and go without my supper in order to finish my stint.

It was almost dark when I was putting the last sack of wheat into my cart, in the gloomy barn and getting ready to go.

A rustling in the straw where I stood stopped me suddenly. I heard stealthy footsteps in the darkness. I stood my ground and demanded: "Who's there?"

I saw a form approaching in the gloom with feet as noiseless as a cat's. I took a step backward and, seeing that it was a woman, stopped.

"It's Kate," came in a hoarse whisper as I recognized her form and staff.

"Run, boy—they have just come out of the woods. I saw them. They will take you away. Run."

She had picked up the flail, and now she put it in my hands and gave me a push toward the door. I ran, and none too quickly, for I had not gone fifty feet from the barn in the stubble when I heard them coming after me, whoever they were. I saw that they were gaining and turned quickly. I

me?" I asked.
"Oh, I reckon they'd 'a' took ye off, lad, and kep' ye for a year or so until Amos was out o' danger," said Mr. Hackett. "Maybe they'd drowned ye in the river down there an' left yer clothes on the bank to make it look like an honest drowning. The devil knows what they'd 'a' done with ye, 'addie back. We'll have to keep an eye on ye now, every day until the trial is over—sure we will. Come, we'll go up to the barn and see if Kate is there."

Just then we heard the receding wagon go roaring over the bridge on Little river. Mary shuddered with fright. The schoolmaster reassured us by saying:

"Don't be afraid. I brought my gun in case we'd meet a painter. But the danger is past."

He drew a long pistol from his coat pocket and held it in the light of the lantern.

The loaded cart stood in the middle of the barn floor, where I had left it, but old Kate had gone. We closed the barn, drawing the cart along with us. When we came into the edge of the village I began to reflect upon the strange peril out of which I had so luckily escaped. It gave me a heavy sense of responsibility and of the wickedness of men.

I thought of old Kate and her broken silence. For once I had heard her speak. I could feel my flesh tingle when I thought of her quick words and her hoarse, passionate whisper.

I knew, or thought I knew, why she took such care of me. She was in league with the gallows and could not bear to see it cheated of its prey. For some reason she hated the Grimshaw. I had seen the hate in her eyes the day she dogged along behind the old money lender through the streets of the village when her pointing finger had seemed to say to me: "There, there is the man who has brought me to this. He has put these rags upon my back, this fire in my heart, this wild look in my eyes. Wait and you will see what I will put upon him."

I knew that old Kate was not the irresponsible, witless creature that people thought her to be. I had begun to think of her with a kind of awe as one gifted above all others. One by one the things she had said of the future seemed to be coming true.

As we were going into the house the schoolmaster said:

"Now, Mary, you take this lantern and go across the street to the house of Deacon Binks, the constable. You'll find him asleep by the kitchen stove. Arrest his slumbers, but not rudely, and when he has come to, tell him that I have news of the devil."

Deacon Binks arrived, a fat man

with a big, round body and a very wise and serious countenance between side whiskers bending from his temple to his neck and suggesting parentheses of hair, as if his head and its accessories were in the nature of a slide issue. He and the schoolmaster went out of doors and must have talked together while I was eating a bowl of bread and milk which Mrs. Hackett had brought to me.

When I went to bed, by and by, I heard somebody snoring on the little porch under my window. The first sound that reached my ear at the break of dawn was the snoring of some sleeper. I dressed and went below and found the constable in his eonskin overcoat asleep on the porch with a long-barreled gun at his side. While I stood there the schoolmaster came around the corner of the house from the garden. He put his hand on the deacon's shoulder and gave him a little shake.

"Awake, ye limb o' the law," he de-

clared that may be necessary to maintain the law. I can be as severe as Napoleon, Bonaparte and as cunning as Satan, if I have to be."

While I was milking the deacon sat on a bucket in the doorway of the stable and snored until I had finished. He awoke when I looked the cow and the constable went back to the pasture with me, yawning with his hand over his mouth much of the way. The deacon leaned his elbow on the top of the pen and snored again, lightly, while I mixed the feed for the pigs.

Mr. Hackett met us at the kitchen door, where Deacon Binks said to him: "If you'll look after the boy today I'll go home and get a little rest."

"God bless yer soul, ye had a busy night," said the schoolmaster with a smile.

He added as he went into the house:

"I never knew a man to rest with more energy and perseverance. It was a perfect flood o' rest. It kept me awake until long after midnight."

Continued next week

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5.15 " "	" " 5.48 " "
10.00 a. m.	South Bound 10.34 a. m.
3.15 p. m.	" " 3.51 p. m.
6.30 " "	" " 7.12 " "

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"Awake, Ye Limb o' the Law."

manded. "Prayer is better than sleep."

The deacon arose and stretched himself and cleared his throat and assumed an air of alertness and said it was a fine morning, which it was not, the sky being overcast and the air dark and chilly. Mr. Hackett removed his greatcoat and threw it on the stoop saying:

"Deacon, you lay there. From now on I'm constable and ready for any act



I Had Time to Raise My Flail and Bring It Down Upon the Head of the Leader.

had time to raise my flail and bring it down upon the head of the leader, who fell as I had seen a beef fall under the ax. Another man stopped beyond the reach of my flail and, after a second's hesitation, turned and ran away in the darkness.

I could hear or see no other motion in the field. I turned and ran on down the slope toward the village. In a moment I saw someone coming out of the maple grove at the field's end, just ahead, with a lantern.

Then I heard the voice of the schoolmaster saying:

"Is it you, my lad?"

"Yes," I answered, as I came up to him and Mary, in a condition of breathless excitement.

I told them of the curious adventure I had had.

"Come quick," said the schoolmaster. "Let's go back and find the man in the stubble."

I remembered that I had struck the path in my flight just before stopping to swing the flail. The man must have fallen very near it. Soon we found where he had been lying and drops of fresh blood on the stubble.

"Hush," said the schoolmaster.

We listened and heard a wagon rattling at a wild pace down the road toward the river.

"There he goes," said Mr. Hackett. "His companions have carried him away. Ye'd be riding in that wagon now, yerself, my brave lad, if ye hadn't 'a' made a lucky hit with the flail—God bless ye!"

"What would they 'a' done with

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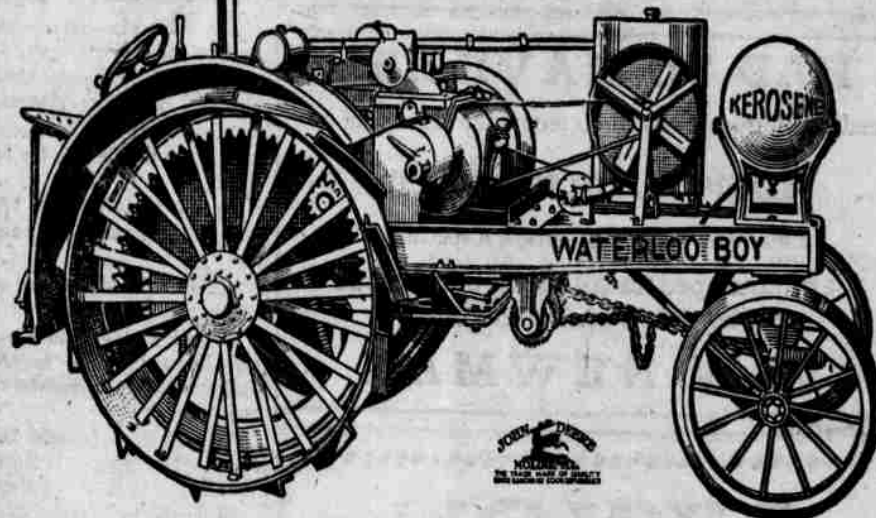


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