

Quality Groceries

3 cans Corn	-\$.25
3 " Tomatoes	-.25
3 " Milk	-.25
3 " Lye	-.25
3 " Old Dutch	-.25
3 packages Raisins	-.25
3 " Starch	-.25
3 " Mince Meat	-.25
10 lb. sack Pancake Flour	-.45
9 8-10 lb. sack Farina	-.45
9 lb. sack Rolled Oats	-.45
9 lb. " Corn Meal	-.35
10 lb. " Graham	-.35

1 pkg. cow brand Soda, 5c, 6 for .25
After Jan. 1st only two deliveries will be made each day at 10 a. m. and 4 p. m. Please place your orders in time for these. All Jewelry at 1/2 price.

Waterbury & Chapman

"The Quality Grocers"

Estacada, Oregon

We Wish You All

A Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year

We wish to thank all our Friends and Patrons, for your assistance and patronage during the past year, and hope by **Fair Dealings** and a **Low Margin of Profit**, to merit a continuance of your patronage during the coming year.

Everything in
Hardware Implements Harness

Bert H. Finch
Estacada, Oregon

Ask to see these and many others

Real mahogany, \$250. Uprights, \$98. Better kinds, \$325. values, \$118. to \$145. Three used Pianola Pianos, like new, with free music rolls, \$488, \$335, \$285. Three old-style Pianos, \$45. and \$35. Beautiful new design mahogany cabinet grands, \$335. Smaller \$500. sizes, \$255. New style \$500. Kimball Uprights, \$318. Genuine Autopiano Player Pianos in 17 different designs, \$12. a month. Bungalow Player Piano, biggest toned little player piano made, \$10. a month. Free music rolls with every player piano. R. M. Standish, — Estacada Agent. Eilers Music House, Broadway at Alder, Portland, Oregon.

A Lodging For The Night

and her cheeks had been heavily rouged that same afternoon. Her pockets were quite empty, but in her stocking underneath the garter Villon found two of the small coins that went by the name of whites. It was little enough, but it was always something, and the poet was moved with a deep sense of pathos that she should have died before she had spent her money.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind he was feeling half mechanically for his purse. Suddenly his heart stopped beating. A feeling of cold scales passed over the back of his legs and a cold blow seemed to fall upon his scalp. He stood petrified for a moment; then he felt again with one feverish movement; then his loss burst upon him. He cursed. He threw the two whites into the street. He shook his fist at heaven. He stamped and was not horrified to find himself trampling the poor corpse. Then he began rapidly to retrace his steps toward the house beside the cemetery. He had forgotten all fear of the patrol, which was long gone by at any rate, and had no idea but that of his lost purse. It was in vain that he looked right and left upon the snow. Nothing was to be seen. He had not dropped it in the streets. Had it fallen in the house? He would have liked dearly to go in and see, but the idea of the grisly occupant unmanned him, and he saw besides as he drew near that their efforts to put out the fire had been unsuccessful. On the contrary, it had broken into a blaze, and a changeable light played in the chinks of door and window and revived his terror for the authorities and Paris gibbet.

He returned to the hotel with the porch and groped about upon the snow for the money he had thrown away in his childish passion. But he could only find one white; the other had probably struck sideways and sunk deeply in. With a single white in his pocket all his projects for a rousing night in some wild tavern vanished utterly away. And it was not only pleasure that fled laughing from his grasp; positive discomfort, positive pain, attacked him as he stood ruefully before the porch. His perspiration had dried upon him, and although the wind had now fallen a binding frost was setting in stronger with every hour, and he felt benumbed and sick at heart. What was to be done? Late as was the hour, improbable as was success, he would try the house of his adopted father, the chaplain of St. Renault.

He ran there all the way and knocked timidly. There was no answer. He knocked again and again, taking heart with every stroke, and at last steps were heard approaching from within. A barred wicket fell open in the iron studded door and emitted a gush of yellow light.

"Hold up your face to the wicket," said the chaplain from within.

"It's only me," whimpered Villon.

"Oh, it's only you, is it?" returned the chaplain, and he cursed him with foul, unchristian oaths for disturbing him at such an hour and bade him be off to hell where he came from.

"My hands are blue to the wrist," pleaded Villon; "my feet are dead and full of twings; my nose aches with the sharp air; the cold lies at my heart. I may be dead before morning. Only this once, father, and, before God, I will never ask again!"

"You should have come earlier," said the ecclesiastic coolly. "Young men require a lesson now and then." He shut the wicket and retired deliberately into the interior of the house.

Villon was beside himself. He beat upon the door with his hands and feet and shouted hoarsely after the chaplain.

A door shut in the interior, faintly audible to the poet down long passages. He passed his hand over his mouth with an oath. And then the humor of the situation struck him, and he laughed and looked lightly up to

heaven, where the stars seemed to be winking over his discomfiture.

What was to be done? It looked very like a night in the frosty streets. The idea of the dead woman popped into his imagination and gave him a hearty fright; what had happened to her in the early night might very well happen to him before morning.

He passed all his chances under review, turning the white between his thumb and forefinger. Unfortunately he was on bad terms with some old friends who would once have taken pity on him in such a plight. He had lampooned them in verses; he had beaten and cheated them, and yet now, when he was in so close a pinch, he thought there was at least one who might perhaps relent. It was a chance. It was worth trying at least, and he would go and see.

He passed a corner where not so long before a woman and her child had been devoured by wolves. He remembered his mother telling him the story and pointing out the spot while he was yet a child. His mother! If he only knew where she lived he might make sure at least of shelter. He determined he would inquire upon the morrow-may, he would go and see her, too, poor old girl! So thinking, he arrived at his destination his last hope for the night.

The house was quite dark, like its neighbors, and yet after a few taps he heard a movement overhead, a door opening and a cautious voice asking who was there. The poet named himself in a loud whisper and waited, not without some trepidation, the result. Nor had he to wait long. A window was suddenly opened and a pallid of slops splashed down upon the doorstep. Villon had not been unprepared for something of the sort and had put himself as much in shelter as the nature of the porch admitted, but for all that he was deplorably drenched below the waist. His hose began to freeze almost at once. Death from cold and exposure stared him in the face. He remembered he was of phibiscian tendency, and began coughing tentatively. But the gravity of the danger steadied his nerves. He stopped a few hundred yards from the door where he had been so rudely used and reflected with his finger to his nose. He could see only one way of getting a lodging and that was to take it. He had noticed a house not far away which looked as if it might be easily broken into, and thither he betook himself promptly, entertaining himself on the way with the idea of a room still hot, with a table still loaded with the remains of supper, where he might pass the rest of the black hours and whence he should issue on the morrow with an armful of valuable plate. He even considered on what viands and what wines he should prefer, and as he was calling the roll of his favorite dainties roast fish presented itself to his mind with an odd mixture of amusement and horror.

"I shall never finish that ballad," he thought to himself, and then, with another shudder at the recollection, "Oh, d— his fat head!" he repeated fervently and spat upon the snow.

PART II.

THE house in question looked dark at first sight, but as Villon made a preliminary inspection in search of the handiest point of attack a little twinkle of light caught his eye from behind a curtained window.

"The devil!" he thought. "People awake! Some student or some saint, confound the crew! Can't they get drunk and lie in bed snoring like their neighbors? What's the good of curfew and poor devils of bell ringers jumping at a rope's end in bell towers? What's the use of day if people sit up all night? The gripes to them!" He grinned as he saw where his logic was leading him. "Every man to his busi-

ness after an," added he, "and if they're awake, by the Lord, I may come by a supper honestly for once and cheat the devil."

He went boldly to the door and knocked. The sound of his blows echoed through the house with thin, phantasmal reverberations, as though it were quite empty, but these had scarcely died away before a measured tread drew near, a couple of bolts were withdrawn, and one wing was opened broadly, as though no guile or fear of guile were known to those within. A tall figure of a man muscular and spare, but a little bent, confronted Villon. The head was massive, but finely sculptured; the nose blunt at the bottom, but turning upward to where it joined a pair of strong and honest eyebrows; the mouth and eyes surrounded with delicate markings, and the whole face based upon a thick white beard, boldly and squarely trimmed.

"You knock late, sir," said the old man in resonant, courteous tones.

Villon cringed and brought up many servile words of apology. At a crisis of this sort the beggar was uppermost in him, and the man of genius hid his head with confusion.

"You are cold," repeated the old man, "and hungry? Well, step in." And he ordered him into the house with a noble enough gesture.

"Some great seigneur," thought Villon, as his host, setting down the lamp on the flagged pavement of the entry, shot the bolts once more into their places.

"You will pardon me if I go in front," he said when this was done, and he preceded the poet upstairs into a large apartment, warmed with a pan of charcoal and lit by a great lamp hanging from the roof. It was very bare of furniture; only some gold plate on a sideboard, some folios and a stand of armor between the windows. Some smart tapestry hung upon the walls representing the crucifixion of our Lord in one piece and in another a scene of shepherds and shepherdesses by a running stream. Over the chimney was a shield of arms.

"Will you seat yourself," said the old man, "and forgive me if I leave you? I am alone in my house tonight, and if you are to eat I must forage for you myself."

No sooner was his host gone than Villon leaped from the chair on which he had just seated himself and began examining the room with the stealth and passion of a cat. Then he stood in the middle of the room, drew a long breath, and, retaining it with puffed cheeks, looked round and round him, turning on his heels, as if to impress every feature of the apartment on his memory.

"Seven pieces of plate," he said. "If there had been ten I would have risked it. A fine house and a fine old master, so help me all the saints!"

And just then, hearing the old man's tread returning along the corridor, he stole back to his chair and began humbly toasting his wet legs before the charcoal pan.

His entertainer had a plate of meat in one hand and a jug of wine in the other. He set down the plate upon the table, motioning Villon to draw in his chair and going to the sideboard, brought back two goblets, which he filled.

"I drink your better fortune," he said gravely, touching Villon's cup with his own.

"To our better acquaintance," said the poet, growing bold. A mere man of the people would have been awed by the courtesy of the old signor, but Villon was hardened in that matter; he had made mirth for great lords before now and found them as black rascals as himself. And so he devoted himself to the viands with a ravenous gusto, while the old man, leaning backward, watched him with steady, curious eyes.

"You have blood on your shoulder, my man," he said.

Montigny must have laid his wet right hand upon him as he left the house. He cursed Montigny in his heart.