

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

New Year's Greetings

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

"It was none of my shedding," he stammered.

"I had not supposed so," returned his host quietly. "A brawl?"

"Well, something of that sort," Villon admitted with a quaver.

"Perhaps a fellow murdered?"

"Oh, no, not murdered," said the poet, more and more confused. "It was all fair play—murdered by accident. I had no hand in it. God strike me dead!" he added fervently.

"One rogue the fewer, I dare say," observed the master of the house.

"You may dare to say that," agreed Villon, infinitely relieved. "As big a rogue as there is between here and Jerusalem. He turned up his toes like a lamb. But it was a nasty thing to look at. I dare say you've seen dead men in your time, my lord?" he added, glancing at the armor.

"Many," said the old man. "I have followed the wars, as you imagine. Have you any money?"

"I have one white," returned the poet, laughing. "I got it out of a dead Jew's stocking in a porch. She was as dead as Caesar, poor wench, and as cold as a church, with bits of ribbon sticking in her hair. This is a hard world in winter for wolves and wenchies and poor rogues like me."

"I," said the old man, "am Enguerand de la Feuillie, signor de Brisetout, baillie du Patatrac. Who and what may you be?"

Villon rose and made a suitable reverence. "I am called Francis Villon," he said, "a poor master of arts of this university. I know some Latin and a deal of vice. I can make chansons, ballads, lirs, virelais and roundels, and I am very fond of wine. I was born in a garret, and I shall not improbably die upon the gallows. I may add, my lord, that from this night forward I am your lordship's very obsequious servant to command."

"No servant of mine," said the knight. "My guest for this evening, and no more."

"A very grateful guest," said Villon politely, and he drank in dumb show to his entertainer.

"You are shrewd," began the old man, tapping his forehead, "very shrewd. You have learning. You are a clerk, and yet you take a small piece of money off a dead woman in the street. Is it not a kind of theft?"

"It is a kind of theft much practiced in the wars, my lord."

"The wars are the field of honor," returned the old man proudly. "There a man plays his life upon the cast. He fights in the name of his lord the king, his Lord God, and all their lordships the holy saints and angels."

"Put it," said Villon, "that I were really a thief, should I not play my life also and against heavier odds?"

"For gain, but not for honor."

"Gain?" repeated Villon, with a shrug. "Gain! The poor fellow wants supper and takes it. So does the soldier in a campaign. Why, what are all these requisitions we hear so much about?"

"These things are a necessity of war which the lowborn must endure with constancy. Look at us two," said his lordship. "I am old, strong and honored. If I were turned from my house tomorrow hundreds would be proud to shelter me. Poor people would go out and pass the night in the streets with their children if I merely hinted that I wished to be alone. And I find you up, wandering homeless and picking farthings off dead women by the wayside! I fear no man and nothing. I have seen you tremble and lose countenance at a word. I wait God's summons contentedly in my own house, or, if it please the king to call me out again, upon the field of battle. You look for the gallows—a rough, swift death, without hope or honor. Is there no difference between these two?"

"As far as to the moon," Villon acquiesced. "But if I had been born Lord of Brisetout and you had been

the poor scholar Francis, should not I have been the soldier and you the thief?"

"A thief?" cried the old man. "I a thief! If you understood your words you would repent them."

Villon turned out his hands with a gesture of inimitable impudence. "If your lordship had done me the honor to follow my argument," he said.

"I do you too much honor in submitting to your presence," said the knight. "Learn to curb your tongue when you speak with old and honorable men, or some one hushier than I may reprove you in a sharper fashion." And he rose and paced the lower end of the apartment, struggling with anger and antipathy. Villon surreptitiously refilled his cup and settled himself more comfortably in the chair, crossing his knees and leaning his head upon one hand and the elbow against the back of the chair. He was now repose and warm, and he was in nowise frightened for his host, having gauged him as justly as was possible between two such different characters. The night was far spent, and in a very comfortable fashion after all, and he felt morbidly certain of a safe departure on the morrow.

"Tell me one thing," said the old man, pausing in his walk. "Are you really a thief?"

"I claim the sacred rights of hospitality," returned the poet. "My lord, I am."

"You are very young," the knight continued.

"I should never have been so old," replied Villon, showing his fingers. "If I had not helped myself with these ten talents. They have been my nursing mothers and my nursing fathers."

"You may still repent and change."

"I repent daily," said the poet. "There are few people more given to repentance than poor Francis. As for change, let somebody change my circumstances. A man must continue to eat, if it were only that he may continue to repent."

"The change must begin in the heart," returned the old man solemnly.

"My dear lord," answered Villon, "do you really fancy that I steal for pleasure? I hate stealing like any other piece of work or of danger. My teeth chatter when I see a gallows. But I must eat, I must drink, I must mix in society of some sort. What the devil! Man is not a solitary animal—cul deus faminam tradit. Make me king's pantler, make me abbot of St. Denis, make me baillie of the Patatrac, and then I shall be changed indeed. But as long as you leave me the poor scholar Francis Villon, without a farthing, why, of course, I remain the same."

"The grace of God is all powerful."

"I should be a heretic to question it," said Francis. "It has made you lord of Brisetout and baillie of the Patatrac. It has given me nothing but the quick wits under my hat and these ten toes upon my hands. May I help myself to wine? I thank you respectfully. By God's grace, you have a very superior vintage."

The lord of Brisetout walked to and fro with his hands behind his back. Somehow he yearned to convert the young man to a better way of thinking and could not make up his mind to drive him forth again into the street.

"There is something more than I can understand in this," he said at length. "Your mouth is full of subtleties, and the devil has led you very far astray, but the devil is only a very weak spirit before God's truth, and all his subtleties vanish at a word of true honor, like darkness at morning. Listen to me once more. I learned long ago that a gentleman should live chivalrously and lovingly to God and the king and his lady, and, though I have seen many strange things done, I have still striven to command my ways upon that rule. It is not only written in all noble histories, but in every man's heart.

if he will take care to read. You speak of food and wine, and I know very well that hunger is a difficult trial to endure, but you do not speak of other wants. You have totally forgotten the great and only real ones, like a man who should be doctoring toothache on the judgment day, for such things as honor and love and faith are not only nobler than food and drink, but indeed I think we desire them more and suffer more sharply for their absence. I speak to you as I think you will most easily understand me. Are you not, while careful to fill your belly, disregarding another appetite in your heart, which spoils the pleasure of your life and keeps you continually wretched?"

Villon was sensibly nettled under all this sermonizing. "You think I have no sense of honor," he cried. "I'm poor enough, God knows! It's hard to see rich people with their gloves and you blowing in your hands. An empty belly is a bitter thing, although you speak so lightly of it. If you had had as many as I, perhaps you would change your tune. Anyway, I'm a thief—make the most of that—but I'm not a devil from hell, God strike me dead! I would have you to know I've an honor of my own as good as yours, though I don't prate about it all day long as if it was a God's miracle to have any. It seems quite natural to me. I keep it in its box till it's wanted. Why, now, look you here, how long have I been in this room with you? Did you not tell me you were alone in the house? Look at your gold plate! You're strong, if you like, but you're old and unarmed, and I have my knife. What did I want but a jerk of the elbow and here would have been you with the cold steel in your bowels, and there would have been me, linking in the streets, with an armful of golden cups! Did you suppose I hadn't wit enough to see that? And I scorned the action. There are your d—d goblets, as safe as in a church; there are you, with your heart ticking as good as new, and here am I, ready to go out again as poor as I came in, with my one white that you threw in my teeth! And you think I have no sense of honor—God strike me dead!"

The old man stretched out his right arm. "I will tell you what you are," he said. "You are a rogue, my man, an impudent and black-hearted rogue and vagabond. I have passed an hour with you. Oh, believe me, I feel myself disgraced! And you have eaten and drunk at my table. But now I am sick at your presence. The day has come and the night bird should be off to his roost. Will you go before or after?"

"Which you please," returned the poet rising. "I believe you to be strictly honorable." He thoughtfully emptied his cup. "I wish I could add you were intelligent," he went on, knocking on his head with his knuckles. "Age, age; the brains stiff and rheumatic!"

"God pity you," said the lord of Brisetout at the door.

"Goodby, papa," returned Villon, with a yawn. "Many thanks for the cold mutton."

The door closed behind him. The dawn was breaking over the white roofs. A chill, uncomfortable morning ushered in the day. Villon stood and heartily stretched himself in the middle of the road.

"A very dull old gentleman," he thought. "I wonder what his goblets may be worth?"

The end.

How's Your Sidewalk?

Take off a half hour some day next week and see if your sidewalk needs a few new boards or a few added nails. It is the sidewalks adjoining the vacant property that need repair the most. In the case of out of town property owners, the city should do the work and charge the owner.