

Baking Powder Week

We have a large supply of high-grade

Baking Powder
Prize Medal Brand

which we offer SPECIAL for this week
at 45c per can

A valuable prize of crockery or glass-ware goes with EVERY can, many of them worth nearly the price asked for the Baking Powder.

Every Can Guaranteed

"The Quality Grocers"

Waterbury & Chapman

Estacada, Oregon

Special on Rugs

They Are Going Fast

Body Brussels, 9x12 \$15.75 to 18.75

Brussels (all wool) 9x12 \$10.50 to 13.00

Half Wool 9x10 1/2 \$6.00 to 7.00

We also have a nice line of small rugs.

To Keep the Floor Clean

Rope Door Mats - 75c to \$1.25

Estacada Furniture Co.

Green Trading Stamps

Undertakers

\$2 a day

\$10 a week

The Hotel Estacada

MODERN CONVENIENCES

One of the most delightful
Resorts on the Coast

Local and Tourist Trade Solicited

Quality is Remembered

We are in business to sell Good Goods at Lowest Prices. The mail order houses neither buy your produce, help pay your taxes or support your schools. Trade At Home.

Estacada Pharmacy

A Municipal Report

poems that had made the editors sweat approvingly over their 1 o'clock lunch-
gon. So they had commissioned me to
round up said Adair and corner by
contract his or her output at 2 cents a
word before some other publisher of-
fered her 10 or 20.

At 3 o'clock the next morning, after
my chicken livers en brochette (try
them if you can find that hotel), I
strayed out into the drizzle, which was
still on for an unlimited run. At the
first corner I came upon Uncle Caesar.
He was a stalwart negro, older than
the pyramids, with gray wool and a
face that reminded me of Brutus and
a second afterward of the late King
Cetewayo. He wore the most remark-
able coat that I ever had seen or ex-
pect to see. It reached to his ankles
and had once been a Confederate gray
in colors. But rain and sun and age
had so variegated it that Joseph's coat
beside it would have faded to a pale
monochrome.

Once it must have been the military
coat of an officer. The cape of it had
vanished, but all adown its front it had
been frozzed and tasseled magnificently.
But now the frogs and tassels
were gone. In their stead had been
patiently stitched (I surmised by some
surviving "black mammy") new frogs
made of cunningly twisted common
hempen twine. This twine was frayed
and disheveled. It must have been
added to the coat as a substitute for
vanished splendors, with tasteless but
painstaking devotion, for it followed
faithfully the curves of the long miss-
ing frogs. And to complete the comedy
and pathos of the garment all its but-
tons were gone save one. The second
button from the top alone remained.
The coat was fastened by other twine
strings tied through the buttonholes
and other holes rudely pierced in the
opposite side. There was never such a
weird garment so fantastically bedecked
and of so many mottled hues. The lone
button was the size of a half dollar,
made of yellow horn and sewed on
with coarse twine.

This negro stood by a carriage so old
that Ham himself might have started
a hack line with it after he left the ark
with the two animals hitched to it.
As I approached he threw open the
door, drew out a feather duster, waved
it without using it and said in deep,
rumbling tones:

"Step right in, suh; ahn't a speck of
dust in it—jus' got back from a fu-
neral, suh."

"I want to go to 861 Jessamine
street," I said and was about to step
into the hack. But for an instant the
thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old
negro barred me. On his massive and
saturated face a look of sudden sus-
picion and enmity flashed for a mo-
ment. Then, with quickly returning
conviction, he asked blandly:
"What are you gwine there for, boss?"

"What is that to you?" I asked, a lit-
tle sharply.

"Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's
a lonesome kind of part of town, and
few folks ever has business out there.
Step right in. The seats is clean—jes'
got back from a funeral, suh."

A mile and a half it must have been
to our journey's end. I could hear
nothing but the fearful rattle of the
ancient hack over the uneven brick
paving; I could smell nothing but the
drizzle, now further flavored with coal
smoke and something like a mixture
of tar and oleander blossoms. All I
could see through the streaming win-
dows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of ten square
miles, 181 miles of streets, of which 137
miles are paved; a system of waterworks
that cost \$2,000,000, with seventy-seven
miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine street was
a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back
from the street it stood, outmerged in
a splendid grove of trees and untrun-
ned shrubbery. A row of box bushes
overflowed and almost hid the paling
fence from sight; the gate was kept
closed by a rope noose that encircled

the gate post and the first paling of
the gate. But when you got inside you
saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a
ghost of former grandeur and excel-
lence. But in the story I have not yet
got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rat-
tling and the weary quadrupeds came
to a rest I handed my Jehu his 50 cents
with an additional quarter, feeling a
glow of conscious generosity as I did
so. He refused it.

"It's \$2, suh," he said.
"How's that?" I asked. "I plainly
heard you call out at the hotel, 'Fifty
cents to any part of the town'—"

"It's \$2, suh," he repeated obstinate-
ly. "It's a long ways from the hotel."

"It is within the city limits and well
within them," I argued. "Don't think
that you have picked up a greenhorn
Yankee. Do you see those hills over
there?" I went on, pointing toward the
east (I could not see them myself for
the drizzle). "Well, I was born and
raised on their other side. You old foo-
nigger, can't you tell people from other
people when you see em?"

The grim face of King Cetewayo
softened. "Is you from the south, suh?
I reckon it was them shoes of yourn
fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in
the toes for a southern gen'tman to
wear."

"Then the charge is 50 cents, I sup-
pose?" said I inexorably.

"Boss," he said, "50 cents is right,
but I needs \$2, suh. I'm obliged to
have \$2. I ahn't demandin' it now,
suh, after I knows whar you's from.
I'm jus' sayin' that I has to have \$2
tonight, and business is mighty po'."

Peace and confidence settled upon his
heavy features. He had been luckier
than he had hoped. Instead of having
picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of
rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

"You confounded old rascal," I said,
reaching down into my pocket, "you
ought to be turned over to the police."

For the first time I saw him smile.
He knew, he knew, HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As
I handed them over I noticed that one
of them had seen parlous times. Its
upper right hand corner was missing,
and it had been torn through in the
middle, but joined again. A strip of
blue tissue paper pasted over the split
preserved its negotiability.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A
paint brush had not touched it in
twenty years. I could not see why a
strong wind should not have bowled it
over like a house of cards until I looked
again at the trees that hugged it
close—the trees that saw the battle of
Nashville and still drew their protect-
ing branches around it against storm
and enemy and cold.

PART II.

AZALEA ADAIR, fifty years old,
white haired, a descendant of
the cavaliers, as thin and frail
as the house she lived in, robed
in the cheapest and cleanest dress I
ever saw, with an air as simple as a
queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile
square, because there was nothing in
it except some rows of books, on un-
painted white pine bookshelves, a
cracked marble top table, a rag rug, a
hairless horsehair sofa and two or
three chairs. Yes, there was a picture
on the wall, a colored crayon drawing
of a cluster of pansies. I looked
around for the portrait of Andrew
Jackson and the pine cone hanging
basket, but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation,
a little of which will be repeated to
you. She was a product of the old
south, gently nurtured in the sheltered
life. Her learning was not broad, but
was deep and of splendid originality in
its somewhat narrow scope. She had
been educated at home and her knowl-
edge of the world was derived from in-
ference and by inspiration. Of such is

the precious, small group of essayists
made. While she talked to me I kept
brushing my fingers, trying uncon-
sciously to rid them guiltily of the ab-
sent dust from the half calf backs of
Lamb, Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aure-
lius, Montaigne and Hood. She was ex-
quisite, she was a valuable discovery.
Nearly everybody nowadays knows too
much—oh, so much too much of real
life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea
Adair was very poor. A house and a
dress she had, not much else, I fancied.
So, divided between my duty to the
magazine and my loyalty to the poets
and essayists who fought Thomas in
the valley of the Cumberland, I atten-
ded to her voice, which was like a harp-
sichord's, and found I could not speak
of contracts. In the presence of the
nine muses and the three graces one
hesitated to lower the topic to 2
cents. There would have to be another
colloquy after I had regained my
commercialism. But I spoke of my
mission and 3 o'clock of the next after-
noon was set for the discussion of the
business proposition.

"Your town," I said, as I began to
make ready to depart (which is the
time for smooth generalities, "seems
to be a quiet, sedate place. A home
town, I should say, where few things
out of the ordinary ever happen."

It carries on an extensive trade in
stoves and hollow ware with the west
and south, and its flouring mills have a daily
capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

"I have never thought of it that
way," she said, with a kind of sincere
intensity that seemed to belong to her.
"Isn't it in the still, quiet places that
things do happen? I fancy that when
God began to create the earth on the
first Monday morning one could have
leaned out one's window and heard the
drops of mud splashing from his trowel
as he built up the everlasting hills.
What did the noblest project in the
world—I mean the building of the tow-
er of Babel—result in finally? A page
and a half of Esperanto in the North
American Review."

"Of course," said I placidly, "hu-
man nature is the same every-
where, but there is more color—er—
more drama and movement and—er—
romance in some cities than in others."

"On the surface," said Azalea Adair,
"I have traveled many times around
the world in a golden airship wafted
on two wings—print and dreams. I
have seen (on one of my imaginary
tours) the sultan of Turkey bowstringing
with his own hands one of his wives
who had uncovered her face in public.
I have seen a man in Nashville tear up
his theater tickets because his wife
was going out with her face covered
—with rice powder. In San Francis-
co's Chinatown I saw the slave girl
Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch,
in boiling almond oil to make her
swear she would never see her Ameri-
can lover again. She gave in when
the boiling oil had reached three inches
above her knee. At a euchre party in
East Nashville the other night I saw
Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her
schoolmates and lifelong friends be-
cause she had married a house painter.
The boiling oil was sizzling as high as
her heart, but I wish you could have
seen the fine little smile that she car-
ried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is
a humdrum town, just a few miles of
red brick houses and mud and stores
and lumber yards."

Some one knocked hollowly at the
back of the house. Azalea Adair
breathed a soft apology and went to
investigate the sound. She came back
in three minutes with brightened eye,
a faint flush on her cheeks and ten
years lifted from her shoulders.

"You must have a cup of tea before
you go," she said, "and a sugar cake."

She reached and shook a little iron
bell. In shuffled a small negro girl
about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy,
glowering at me with thumb in mouth
and bulging eyes.

To be continued