

## 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

## Wall Paper

**Clean Up Sale**

28 rolls Muray ceiling paper roll	20c
9 " Oiled kitchen ceiling "	50c
45 " Kitchen papers "	12c to 20c
63 " Flowered papers "	20c to 30c
71 " Fancy bed room papers	15c to 20c

New Matting Rugs Just Received

Ask to be shown our furniture bargains.

**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

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical negro—there was no doubt of it.

"Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy," she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, "and get a quarter of a pound of tea—the kind he always sends me—and 10 cents' worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted," she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch a wild shriek—I was sure it was hers—filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice, then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

"This is a roomy house," she said, "and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps tomorrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me."

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But tomorrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph and to be an accomplice—after the fact, if that is the correct legal term—to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpariel coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flitted his feather duster and began his ritual: "Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean—jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any—"

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. "Sense me, boss; you is de gen'tman what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh."

"I am going out to 861 again tomorrow afternoon at 3," said I, "and if you will be here I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?" I continued, thinking of my dollar bill.

"I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh," he replied.

"I judge that she is pretty poor," I said. "She hasn't much money to speak of, has she?"

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Coteway, and then he changed back to an extortionate old negro hack driver.

"She ain't gwine to starve, suh," he said slowly. "She has res'ces, suh; she has res'ces."

"I shall pay you 50 cents for the trip," said I.

"Dat is puffedly correct, suh," he answered humbly. "I jus' had to have dat \$2 dis mawnin', boss."

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: "A. Adair holds out for 8 cents a word."

The answer that came back was, "Give it to her quick, you duffer."

Just before dinner Major Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me. Therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping thereby

to escape another, but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless southern town had made me tired and listless.

King Coteway was at his post the next day and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at 8 cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horse-hair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee colored pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him he abandoned his team and struck off up the street atoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, gray haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words worth much less than 8 cents each I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding and turned to the old negro.

"Uncle Caesar," he said calmly, "run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive—run. I want you to get back some time this week."

The doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

"It is only a case of insufficient nutrition," he said—"in other words, the result of poverty, pride and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old negro, Uncle Caesar, who was once owned by her family."

"Mrs. Caswell?" said I in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it "Azalea Adair Caswell."

"I thought she was Miss Adair," I said.

"Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir," said the doctor. "It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support."

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

"By the way," he said, "perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Caesar's grandfather was a king in Kongo. Caesar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed."

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Caesar's voice inside, "Did he git bofe of dem \$2 from you, Mis' Azalea?"

"Yes, Caesar," I heard Azalea Adair

answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing \$50, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Caesar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about 6 o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Caesar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: "Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city. Hack's puffedly clean, suh. Jus' got back from a funeral!"

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button—the button of yellow horn—was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Caesar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna, so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and envious citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle—the details showed that—loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One kind looking man said after much thought, "When Cas was about fourteen he was one of the best spellers in school."

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of "the man that was," which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

"In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no account niggers for his money. He had \$50 this afternoon, which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person."

I left the city the next morning at 9, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland river I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!  
The end.

**Sheep to Test Various Feeds.**  
Three hundred lambs, averaging fifty-five pounds each and costing \$6.80 per 100, or about \$4 each, will be used by the animal husbandry department of the Kansas Agricultural college this winter in an attempt to answer these questions:  
What is the comparative feeding value of alfalfa and cowpea hay?  
What is the difference between corn and kafir for fattening purposes?  
How does silage compare with dry feed?  
What is the difference in feeding value between ground and whole feed?