

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 Tracing 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

World's Greatest Short Stories

No. IV.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

By Edgar Allan Poe



EDGAR ALLAN
POE

Twenty-four famous authors were asked recently to name the best short story in the English language. The choice of Gouverneur Morris was "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe, who won world renown as a short story writer.



GOVERNEUR
MORRIS

PART I.

DURING the whole of a dull, dark and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country, and at length found myself, as the shades of evening grew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eyelike windows, upon a few rank sedges and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees, with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium, the bitter lapse into every day life, the hideous dropping of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unreasoned dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down, but with a shudder even more thrilling than before, upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge and the ghastly tree stems and the vacant and eyelike windows.

Nevertheless in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood, but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country—a letter from him—which, in its wildly importunate nature, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The manuscript gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental disorder which oppressed him and of an earnest desire to see me as his best and, indeed, his only personal friend, with a view of attempting by the cheerfulness of my society some alleviation of his malady.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself through long ages in many works of exalted art and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, per-

haps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch—in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the "House of Usher"—an appellation which seemed to include in the minds of the peasantry who used it both the family and the mansion.

When I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool there grew in my mind a strange fancy. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity—an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees and the gray wall and the silent tarn—a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible and leaden hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what must have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled webwork from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet of stealthy step thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master.

On a staircase I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The win-

dows were long, narrow and pointed and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the ennuye man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down, and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered in so brief a period as had Roderick Usher. It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the one being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely molded chin, speaking in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than weblike softness and tenuity—these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. The now ghastly pallor of the skin and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things, startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face I could not, even with effort, connect its Arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence—an inconsistency, and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy—an excessive nervous agitation.

His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic decision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried and hollow sounding enunciation; that leaden, self balanced and perfectly modulated guttural utterance, which may be observed in the lost drunkard or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light, and there were but peculiar sounds and these from stringed instruments which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he, "I must perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have indeed no abhorrence of danger except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved, in this pitiable condi-