

**Why not trade with a Store
that can fill ALL your order**

We carry a full line of staple and fancy
Groceries

We are headquarters for
Fresh Fruits and Vegetables
Fruit Jars Jar Tops Jar Rubbers
Jelly Glasses

Look over our
Dry Goods Department
consisting of Dress Goods, Shoes, Sox
Shirts, Overalls, Underwear, Mus-
lin, Sheeting, Thread, Hand-
kerchiefs and Notions.

Feed Department
Wheat Oats Corn Chick-food Bran
Scratch-food Shorts Flour Grits
Oyster-shell and Ground-bone

Waterbury & Chapman
"The Quality Grocers"

Rug Specials

\$7. to \$18.75 9x12 Rugs **Now \$6. to \$17.**

A good assortment to choose from.

9x12 Matting Rugs **\$3.25**
9x9 " " **3.00**

A good line of Summer Furniture.

Call and look them over.

A full line of Glassware
still on display.

Economy Jars pints 80c
" " quarts 95c
" " half-gal. \$1.25
Assortment of Extra Caps
Jelly Glasses, of all sorts

Stamp book premiums will have to be
arranged for in Portland.

Estacada Furniture Co.
UNDERTAKERS

\$2. a day. \$10. a week

Hotel Estacada
Modern Conveniences

One of the most delightful Resorts
on the Coast
Local and Tourist Trade Solicited

The reputation of 7000 Druggists
is back of all REXALL prepara-
tions. That is why people have
faith in them.

A Guarantee on each and every article.

Estacada Pharmacy

THE REXALL STORE

Free Demonstration

F. F. Haradon & Sons

Crackers, Fancy Cakes and Cookies

with **M. J. B. Coffee**

Monday, July 5th

All are cordially invited to attend the formal
opening of the East Clackamas Supply Co.
and to join us in a refreshing cup of coffee,
served with Haradon & Sons Fancy Cakes.

Free Samples for All

**The Case of
Jennie Brice**

By
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Copyright, 1913, by the Bobbs-
Merrill Company

Continued from last issue

"I was born in Pittsburgh," I evaded.
"I went away for a long time, but I
always longed for the hurry and activity
of the old home town. So here I am again."

Fortunately, like all the young, her
own affairs engrossed her. She was
flushed with the prospect of meeting
her lover, tremulous over what the
evening might bring. The middle aged
woman who had come back to the
hurry of the old town, and who, pushed
back into an eddy of the flood district,
could only watch the activity and
the life from behind a "Rooms to Let"
sign, did not concern her much. Nor
should she have.

Mr. Howell came soon after. He
asked for her, and, going back to the
dining room, kissed her quietly. He
had an air of resolve, a sort of grim
determination, that was a relief from
the half frantic look he had worn be-
fore. He asked to have Mr. Holcombe
brought down, and so behold us all,
four of us, sitting around the table—
Mr. Holcombe with his notebook, I
with my mending and the boy with
one of Lida's hands frankly under his
on the red tablecloth.

"I want to tell all of you the whole
story," he began. "Tomorrow I shall
go to the district attorney and con-
fess, but—I want you all to have it

first. I can't sleep again until I get
it off my chest. Mrs. Pitman has suf-
fered through me, and Mr. Holcombe
here has spent money and time."

Lida did not speak, but she drew her
chair closer and put her other hand
over his.

"I want to get it straight, if I can.
Let me see. It was on Sunday, the
4th, that the river came up, wasn't it?
Yes. Well, on the Thursday before
that I met you, Mr. Holcombe, in a
restaurant in Pittsburgh. Do you re-
member?"

Mr. Holcombe nodded.
"We were talking of crime, and I
said no man should be hanged on pure-
ly circumstantial evidence. You af-
firmed that a well linked chain of cir-
cumstantial evidence could properly
hang a man. We had a long argument,
in which I was worsted. There was a
third man at the table—Bronson, the
business manager of the Liberty the-
ater."

"Who sided with you," put in Mr.
Holcombe, "and whose views I refused
to entertain because an publicity man
for a theater he dealt in fiction rather
than in fact."

"Precisely. You may recall, Mr. Hol-
combe, that you offered to hang any
man we would name given a proper
chain of circumstantial evidence
against him?"

"Yes."
"After you left Bronson spoke to me.
He said business at the theater was
bad and complained of the way the
papers used, or would not use, his stuff.
He said the Liberty theater had not
had a proper deal and that he was
tempted to go over and hang one of
the company on the head, and so get
a little free advertising."

"I said he ought to be able to fake
a good story, but he maintained that a
newspaper could smell a faked story a
mile away, and that, anyhow, all the
good stunts had been pulled off. I
agreed with him. I remember saying
that nothing but a railroad wreck or
a murder hit the public very hard these
days and that I didn't feel like wreck-
ing the Pennsylvania limited,

"He leaned over the table and looked
at me. 'Well, how about a murder,
then?' he said. 'You get the story for
your paper and I get some advertising
for the theater. We need it, that's
sure.'"

"I laughed it off, and we separated.
But at 2 o'clock Bronson called me up
again. I met him in his office at the
theater, and he told me that Jennie
Brice, who was out of the cast that
week, had asked for a week's vacation.
She had heard of a farm at a town
called Horner, and she wanted to go
there to rest."

"Now the idea is this," he said.
"She's living with her husband, and
he has threatened her life more than
once. It would be easy enough to
frame up something to look as if he'd
made away with her. We'd get a
week of excitement, more advertising
than we'd ordinarily get in a year.
You get a corking news story and find
Jennie Brice at the end, getting the
credit for that. Jennie gets \$100 and
a rest, and Ladley, her husband, gets,
say, \$200."

"Mr. Bronson offered to put up the
money, and I agreed. The flood came
just then and was considerable help.
It made a good setting. I went to my
city editor and got an assignment to
interview Ladley about this play of
his. Then Bronson and I went togeth-
er to see the Ladleys on Sunday morn-
ing, and as they needed money they
agreed. But Ladley insisted on \$50 a
week extra if he had to go to jail. We
promised it, but we did not intend to
let things go so far as that."

"In the Ladleys' room that Sunday
morning we worked it all out. The
hardest thing was to get Jennie Brice's
consent, but she agreed finally. We
arranged a list of clues to be left
around, and Ladley was to go out in
the night and to be heard coming back.
I told him to quarrel with his wife
that afternoon, although I don't be-
lieve they needed to be asked to do it
—and I suggested also the shoe or slip-
per to be found floating around."

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