

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

W. A. Heylman Wm. W. Smith ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW We will take care of any legal business you may have Insurance, Loans and Collections DR. W. W. RHODES OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office in Lichthorn Bldg. Estacada

DR. CHAS. P. JOHNSON DENTIST Office Hours: 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Evenings by Appointment Phone: Office, 311 Hamilton, 5051 ESTACADA, OREGON

S. E. WOOSTER Real Estate, Loans, Insurance Rentals Farm Loans a Specialty Telephone Estacada, Oregon

C. D., D. C. and E. C. Latourette ATTORNEYS Practice in all Courts First National Bank Oregon City, Oregon

O. D. EBY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW General Practice, Confidential Adviser Oregon City, Oregon

DR. G. F. MIDFORD PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON X-Ray Equipment, Glasses Fitted, Office and Residence Second and Main Streets, Estacada, Oregon Telephone Connections

GATES FUNERAL HOME Greham 2471 ED LINN AT LINN'S INN AGENT Estacada, Oregon Phone 543 J. E. GATES

Superior Quality MILK and Milk Products Buttermilk Cream Butter Cheese Geo. Lawrence & Son. Phone 37-3

PLUMBING

Pipes and Fittings Get our prices before you buy Dryer Pipes Made to Order For Sheet Iron Work, repairs, Soldering and plumbing, call at the

AMES SHOP MAIN STREET

HALOWAT

Guaranteed RADIOS

MADE IN OREGON

Let me demonstrate this western-built Radio in your own home

See me for A and B Batteries

Clyde Schock

Phone 69-7



CUTS MORE SLICES TO THE LOAF

An ideal slice-size for toasting, sandwiches and children's between meal snacks.

ECONOMICAL FOR LARGE FAMILIES

The same Holsum quality that won the Harry M. Freer Trophy the second time in two years. The same price as the regular large loaf.

Sold at Your Favorite Grocery and Restaurants in Estacada and Vicinity. HOLSUM LONGLOAF Newest member of the Holsum family



Give Him One of Your Cards, Bob!

Two men in a sedan and a farmer and his boy in a smaller car had stopped on a country road for a short discussion of business in general. The farmer and one of the men from town were old friends. The other was unknown to him.

"Give Mr. Hartley one of your cards, Bob," suggested the farmer's friend. "You ought to do some business with him before long."

Now, if Bob had presented his card to Mr. Hartley, there would be little of interest to us in the transaction. But Bob did not have a card to give him!

Whatever your business or profession may be, you can't afford to be without a supply of personal cards. Your business is built by making yourself known favorably to a lot of people. When folks need, or consider, something in your line, you want them to think of you. If they have your card the chances are in your favor.

There is no better place in this community to get personal cards—for business, social or campaign use—than right at this newspaper office. Our prices will please you just as much as the cards. Let us prove it. You need them NOW!

The Leading Lady



By GERALDINE BONNER

WNU Service (Copyright by The Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

CHAPTER XIV—Continued

So Joe had died, a body clad in gala dress swirling out on currents that would never bring him back. Anne said nothing. She did not feel any special grief, or feeling of any kind. Too much had happened, she was benumbed. She had a vague sense that in some future time, when she had recovered from her dulled and battered state, she might be sorry, cry perhaps. Her eyes fell on her hand with Sybil's clasped around it and the sight of the linked fingers roused her. She lifted her head and looked at the face beside her:

"But—but—why did you do all this? Hide, not say anything, let them think you were dead?"

"I wanted to get away." "Get away! What for—where?" "To Jim Dallas. I know where he is."

"You've known?" "For a month. I've written him telling him I'd come if I could, if I ever could. Oh, but it's been hopeless. I was spied on, dogged, followed—" Her voice rose on a hoarse note, stopped, and after a seared listening hush, went on whispering: "I want to stay dead, never come to life here again. It's my chance—the only chance I'll ever have. You've found me now and I'll tell you everything." And she told Anne the story—the story that no one else has ever heard.

Since she had received his address the longing to join her lover had possessed her. She had written she would come, she knew he was waiting for her, but the watch kept upon her made any move impossible. Whatever her anguish, she could not risk betraying his whereabouts; if it had been only herself she would have dared anything. In this position, growing daily more unbearable, had suddenly come the means of escape. Tragedy, swift and terrible as a bolt from the blue, had been her opportunity, and she had desperately seized it.

From her window, after the interview with Stokes, she had seen Joe, in his Sebastian dress, pass below. She had known it was he because of the costume and was astonished, supposing him already gone. Stokes came into view following him and the disturbing idea seized her that he had mistaken the boy for herself. She had run to the door to go down and end the misapprehension, and then stopped—at close quarters Stokes would see who it was, and to let Joe—evil-tongued and hostile—discovered their rendezvous, was the last thing she wanted. She went back to the window to watch the outcome and saw neither of them. This frightened her—the only place they could have disappeared to was the summer house. Stokes might say too much before he discovered his mistake, and panic-stricken, she was about to rush out, when Joe ran from the doorway and the shot followed.

For a space—she had no idea how long—she was paralyzed, not believing her senses. She remembered moving back into the room and from there she saw Stokes issue from the summer house and flee to the shelter of the pine wood that told her what she had seen was real, a murder had been committed under her eyes, and she went to the door to go down. Holding it open she paused on the threshold, heard the voices below, heard Stokes' entering words and had made a forward step to run down and denounce him, when a sound from outside stopped her, Flora's cry that Sybil was killed.

It was that wild screaming voice that gave her the idea, sent it through her brain like a zigzag of lightning. While the people below made their clamorous rush from the house, she stood in the doorway, motionless in contemplation of the possibilities that opened before her. The excitement that had shaken her a few minutes earlier died, her mind steadied and cleared, she felt herself uplifted by an invincible daring and courage. There was no danger of a recovery of the body for she had heard from Gabriel and Miss Pinkney that bodies carried out on the tide were never found.

Alone on the second floor with little fear of interruption she had gone about her preparations at once. She had taken nothing from her own room but money from her purse (leaving a small amount to avert suspicion) the sundries from the box on the table, a few crackers she had brought up the night before from supper, and a pair of scissors. Then going to Joe's room she had gathered the clothes he had discarded, lying ready to her hand on the bed—everything from the shoes to the cap—and stolen out and upward to the top floor. Here she had put on the clothes and cut off her hair—she showed Anne the ends of the yellow

curls in her jacket pocket—hiding her own clothes in a box in the storeroom.

The next day she had been a prey to a rising tide of alarm. From behind a curtain she had watched the search of the island and realized a hunt through the top floor must follow. Every sign of her presence was obliterated and she studied her surroundings for a hiding place. The windows, opened half way to air the cache outside. Climbing up the wall and extending to the roof was the great wisteria vine, its outspread branches twisted into ropes and covered with a mantle of dense foliage. The main trunk passed close to the window of the room that faced the stair-head, the place where she sat waiting for ascending footsteps. When Anne had made her visit, she had heard the first creak of the stairs and crawled out under the raised window. With a foothold on the gutter she had slipped behind the curtain of the vine, her hands gripped round its limbs. Even from the garden below she thought it would have been impossible to detect her. Of Anne's whispered pleadings she had heard nothing; she had supposed the intruder one of the men. When they came up she had had plenty of time to hide for she had heard their footsteps when they came along the hall.

After the visit of Rawson and Williams she knew the danger of detection increased with every hour. Also the necessity for food could not be denied much longer. The one chance left her was to get away that night, make what she felt would be a last attempt to gain the freedom that meant life to her. The darkness was in her favor and she resolved to slip from the house and cross the bed of the channel below the causeway.

At the foot of the stairs she had hesitated, undecided whether to go by the living room or the kitchen. Finally she chose the way she knew best, where she was familiar with the disposition of the furniture. As the flashlight burst she had made a noiseless rush for the stairs, was in the upper passage when the women's doors flew open and Rawson came running along



It Stood Out in Sharp Silhouette.

the hall below. The darkness and noise had covered her flight, but in her eye on the top floor she had crouched at the head of the stairs sick with uncertainty and dread. The concerted shrieks of the women had come eerily to her—cries of her own name. She guessed then a picture had been taken, they had seen it, and she waited, not knowing what was coming. She had stayed there a long time, listening with every sense alert, heard silence gathering over the house and then gone back to her place by the window:

"I hadn't given up, I had the spirit to fight still. But it was so awful not knowing anything, what they were doing, if they'd found out I was alive. And what was I to do—stay here, get out on the island? I couldn't tell, I was all in the dark, and I felt my nerve weaken for the first time. And then I heard your voice, Anne, 'I'm coming to help you,' it said." She drew back and looked with solemn meaning into the other's face. "You meant it? You will help me?" "Sybil, you know it."

"There's only one way you can." "Any way." "Let me go."

"Never tell—that you were here—that it wasn't you?" "Yes, let me stay dead. Everybody believes it, let them go on believing. It was death, my life since that night when Jim disappeared. It wasn't worth going on with. Now I can go to him, be with him, there'll be no one watching Sybil Saunders any more. Even if I looked like myself it would be only the chance resemblance to a murdered woman. And do I look like myself?"

She turned her face to the light, bright now with the coming of the sun. Below the smooth sweep of hair across her forehead it was so changed in its pallor and thinness, so bereft of its rounded curves and delicate freshness that it was only a dim reflection of Sybil's—the face of a way-worn lad in whom the same blood ran.

The havoc worked by the suffering that had so transmuted it drove like a knife to Anne's heart. She felt the prick of tears under her eyelids and lowered her head—Sybil gripping at her happiness with the fierce courage of despair, and now Sybil going, breaking all ties, going forever. For a mo-

ment she could not speak and the other, thinking her silence meant reluctance to agree, caught at her hands, pleading, with breathless urgency:

"They've accepted everything—it's all explained and ended. Joe has gone, dropped out of sight. Boys of his kind do that, do something they're ashamed of and disappear. What good would it do Stokes or Bassett or the police to know it was Joe who was killed? It's not lies, it's not being false to anyone, it's only to keep silent and let me go. Oh, Anne, we've been real friends, we've loved each other—Love me enough to let me be happy."

The rim of the sun slipped above the distant sea line and sent a ray of brilliant light through the window. It touched their seated figures and lay rosy on Anne's face as she raised it.

"Go," she said softly. "Go. I'll never tell—I'll keep that promise as long as I live."

She could stay no longer, the house would be waking soon. There was a rapid interchange of last injunctions, information for Sybil's safety. Tonight at low tide she would cross on the causeway. Every evidence of her occupation would be removed and with this in mind she took her Viola dress from its hiding place and gave it to Anne. No one, ransacking the top floor at Gull Island would ever find a trace of her.

That night was cloudy—great black banks passing across the heavens. At times they broke and through serene open spaces the moon rode, silencing the sea, turning the pools and streamlets of the channel bed to a shining tracery. A boy's figure that had started across the causeway in the dark, was caught in one of these transitory gleams, a flitting shadow on the straight bright path. It stood out in sharp silhouette, running on the slippery stones, then clouds swept across the moon and in the darkness it gained the shore and in the sheltering trees,

Dogs scented its passage and broke out barking; the sound following its progress till the houses were passed and the road stretched on between quiet fields to the railway.

Some people heard the dogs—light-sleeping villagers who turned and wondered if a tramp was about and lapsed into comfortable slumber. In the stillness of the room where Stokes lay unconscious, drawing toward the hour of deliverance, the barking sounded loud and insistent. The nurse was disturbed by it and went to the window and looked out, but Flora never heard it. Anne did and sat up in bed following it along the edge of the village till it died on the outskirts.

EPILOGUE

Three years later Bassett and Anne had a friend at dinner. He was a writer who had just returned from a successful lecture tour in Australia. On his way back he had ranged through the pleasant reaches of the South seas and had fallen under their spell—a little more money in his pocket and for him it would be a plantation on some Isle of enchantment. Not the accessible places, they were already spoiled, steamers had come, jazz music, and tourists in pith helmets with red guidebooks were under your feet. It was the remoter islands, still out of the line of travel, where a trading schooner was the sole link with the world.

He had made a point of visiting some of these—hired an old tub with a native crew and gone battling about and had a glimpse of the real thing that Stevenson saw. And he enlarged on a particular island, the endmost of a scattered group, where he had found an American and his wife running a copra plantation. Delightful people called Whittier, he'd stayed several days with them in a long bamboo house on the edge of a lagoon—you couldn't imagine anything more beautiful.

After dinner, moving about in the sitting room, the guest had stopped before a photograph standing on a side table, picked it up and asked whose it was. Bassett had answered—a friend of his wife, now dead. But he would remember—it was Sybil Saunders who had met with such a tragic death some years ago. The guest nodded; of course he remembered, a horrible affair. Then after a last look at the photograph he turned to Anne:

"It's like that Mrs. Whittier I was telling you about. Just the same eyes—quite remarkably like, only she's a bit stouter and more mature. It might have been her picture when she was a girl."

When the evening was over Bassett escorted the guest to the door. On his way back to the sitting room he thought he would suggest to Anne that she put away the photograph—people noticed it and the subject kept coming up. It was evidently unbearably painful to her for she rarely spoke of it; that dark chapter in her life was a thing closed and sealed. He had the words on his lips as he entered the room and then saw that she held the picture in her hands and was looking intently at it, softly smiling, her expression tranquil, even happy. That was good—the wound had healed—so he said nothing.

[THE END.]

Etiquette Constant Problem

Proper manners are set by the leaders of every age in history, and yet "high society" is hardly less guilty than the lower social orders at times. The situation became so bad during the reign of Louis XIV in France, who had poor eating manners, that books of instruction were issued then as now. At one time the fork was held "indecent."

IN DAYS OF OUR FOREFATHERS

Women Prepared Their Own Medicines

The wise pioneer women learned to gather, in woods and fields, the remedies the Indians used. From the rafters of colonial houses, hung great bunches of dried roots and herbs. From these, in times of sickness, the busy mother brewed simple and powerful remedies. From roots and herbs, Lydia E. Pinkham, a descendant of these sturdy pioneers, made her Vegetable Compound. The beneficial effects of this dependable medicine are vouched for by hundreds of women. Mrs. Wm. Kraft of 2828 Vinewood Ave., Detroit, Mich., saw a Pinkham advertisement in the "News" one day and made up her mind that she would give the Compound a trial. At that time she was very weak. "After the first bottle," she writes, "I began to feel better and like a new woman after taking six bottles. I recommend it to others and always keep a bottle in the house."

Mrs. Gust Green of 401 Lincoln Park Boulevard, Rockford, Illinois, found herself in a condition similar to that of Mrs. Kraft. "I was weak and run-down," she writes, "but the Vegetable Compound has helped me and I feel better now. I recommend it to all women who need more strength."

Another Infant Prodigy

Catherine Clekka of Waukegan, Illinois, has unusual linguistic ability for a child of only five years of age. The little girl speaks fluently Hungarian, German, French, and, of course, English.

Takes Out all pain instantly



CORNS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop all pain quicker than any other known method. Takes but a minute to quiet the worst corn. Healing starts at once. When the corn is gone it never comes back. If new shoes make the spot "bucky" again, a Zino-pad stops it instantly. That's because Zino-pads remove the cause—pressing and rubbing of shoes.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are medicated, antiseptic, protective. At all druggists' and shoe dealer's—35c.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

CUTS and SCRATCHES

Stop the smarting and hasten the healing by prompt application of Resinol

Deafness—Head Noises

RELIEVED BY LEONARD EAR OIL "Rub Back of Head" INSERT IN NOSTRILS At All Druggists, Price 21 Folder about "DEAFNESS" on request. A. G. LEONARD, INC., 20 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.

FOR OVER 200 YEARS

hairlem oil has been a world-wide remedy for kidney, liver and bladder disorders, rheumatism, lumbago and uric acid conditions.

GOLD MEDAL CAPSULE OIL

correct internal troubles, stimulate vital organs. Three sizes. All druggists. Insist on the original genuine GOLD MEDAL.

Cat's Golden Opportunity

With the enforcing of a new quarantine law on dogs at Burlington, Vt., one pussy there, whose life used to be made miserable by said dogs, now exacts sweet revenge on any canine that may happen to pass with his fighting weapons securely muzzled. One young lady, with Fido on a leash, found her pet suddenly attacked and had to call for aid from bystanders to make the cat desist.—Boston Globe.

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 6 BELLANS Hot water Sure Relief BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25c and 75c Paks. Sold Everywhere