

BUCK DEER SEASON OPENS TOMORROW

PROTECTION OFF CHINESE PHEASANTS MONTH OF OCTOBER

Summary of Oregon Game Laws, Both Hunting and Fishing

Oregon, is divided into districts. Counties West of the Cascade Mountains comprise district number one for which the game laws are as follows.

Open season:—Buck deer, August 1 to October 31; silver grey squirrel, October 1 to 31; water fowl, November 1 to February 15, except in Multnomah, Clatsop, Columbia, Tillamook and Coos counties, Sept. 15 to Dec. 31; male Chinese pheasants, quail and grouse, October 1 to October 31; doves and wild pigeons, September 1 to October 31.

Bag Limit

Pheasants and grouse, 5 in one day, 10 in one week. Doves and wild pigeons, 10 in one day 20 in one week. Water fowl, 30 in one week. Quail, 10 in one day, 20 in one week. Silver grey squirrels, 5 in one week. Deer, 3 males during season.

It is Always Unlawful

To kill mountain sheep, antelope, female Chinese pheasants, Reeve's elk, beaver, female deer, spotted fawn, pheasants, Hungarian partridges, prairie chickens, bobwhite, quail, swan and all non game birds except predatory birds.

To hunt without hunting license on person.

To hunt at night.

To disguise sex or kind of any game.

To hunt deer with dogs.

To sell game of any kind.

To shoot game from public highways.

To waste game.

For aliens to hunt without special gun license.

To shoot from any power, sink, or sneak boat.

To hunt on enclosed lands without permission of owner.

To trap without license.

Fish Laws of 1913.

Open season for trout over six inches, April 1 to October 31.

Bag limit, 75 fish or 50 pounds in one day.

Open season for trout over ten inches in length, all year.

Bag limit, 50 trout or 50 pounds in one day.

Not on the Chart

A Lighthouse Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The rain fell in long, slanting sheets and drummed against Joel Webster's oilskins with a noise that muffled the throbbing of his engine. The motorboat rose on the crest of big waves and then dove down into pitchy blackness, for it was night. He had lost his bearings an hour ago, when he had left Hadden harbor for the short trip down the coast after a cutboat which had gone adrift, and now he was trying to find the harbor's mouth once more.

He tried to discern the familiar light that would set him on the right course, but the lighthouse seemed blotted out in the storm.

"I ought to be somewhere near the harbor's mouth by this time," he panted after he had recovered from a drenching wave. He bent forward and peered ahead as if to pierce the blackness with his keen eyes.

"Seems as if I ought to see the ledge light unless—unless something's happened to Peter Langdon." He inclined his ear, and close at hand he heard the roar of waves breaking on ragged rocks. "Good Lord, if it isn't the ledge, and no light!"

The wheel spun around in his strong hands, and the motorboat put about until she was headed straight for the booming waves. If Joel Webster had not known the ledge like a book he might have gone straight to destruction on the bristling rocks that encircled the lighthouse. But his ear was trained to the voice of the sea, and at just the right moment he swung his little craft around into the narrow opening that gave upon comparatively quiet water.

It was a matter of considerable skill to make a landing in the storm, but at last he moored the boat safely and crawled along the platform until he came to the narrow iron stairway that led to a door above the highest water mark.

His repeated battering brought quick light steps across the floor and the sound of a frightened voice from within.

"Oh, is anybody there?" called the girl. "Yes!" he shouted back, but the wind tore the words away, and he had to repeat his cry again and again before she understood that his voice was not the cry of frightened gulls or the scream of the raging wind.

The door opened outward, and he staggered within the warm, cozy shelter of the sitting room. The girl was busy locking the door and so she did not look at him until he had removed his dripping sou'wester and pushed back the tangled hair from his wet forehead.

"Oh, it's you, Joel!" she faltered, with a little backward step of alarm. "Yes, it's me," said Joel Webster crisply. "I was out in the storm, and I noticed the lamp wasn't lighted. What's the matter?"

"It's none of your business what's the matter!" called an angry voice from the adjoining room. "Dora, is that fresh Webster boy in there?"

"Yes, it's me," repeated Joel for the second time. He drew near the communicating door and looked in on the recumbent form of a large, old man, who appeared to be suffering great pain. "What's the matter—hurt yourself?" asked Joel bluntly.

"Broke my leg," growled Peter Langdon ungraciously.

"Where's Marshall?"

"Went ashore this morning and hasn't come back. Drunk as a lord, I reckon!" groaned the lighthouse keeper. "Dora here tried to get the lamp going, but she couldn't, bless her heart!"

"I'm going to light the lamp for you, and when it's going good I'll come back and make you comfortable," announced Joel in a matter of fact tone.

Peter Langdon half raised himself in bed, and shook his fist at the young man. "Don't you dare touch my lamp, Joel Webster! Didn't I warn you off these here premises a week ago? Didn't I say I wouldn't have you around here?"

Joel folded his arms and looked the irate keeper in the eye. "Yes, you told me all that, Mr. Langdon, but that hasn't got anything to do with lighting the lamp tonight."

"It hasn't, eh? Why not?"

"Because what you said to me then has got to do with Dora. The only reason I came tonight was because I saw the light was out and I thought you were in trouble." Joel spoke firmly and without one backward glance at the girl who stood behind him.

"You leave that lamp alone!" commanded Peter wrathfully. "You needn't try to play the good Samaritan with me."

"You mean you're going to turn me out in this storm again?" asked Joel quietly.

"If you could get here you can get away," growled the keeper.

"Oh, father," cried the girl, "please don't speak like that!"

"You must hate me a lot, Mr. Langdon," said Joel slowly. "If I knew the reason why I'd be better satisfied."

He turned abruptly away and opened the door that led to the spiral stairway. "I'm going to light the lamp," he said over his shoulder, and, without waiting for Peter Langdon's snarling remonstrance, he closed the door and ascended to the lamp room. In a few moments the four burners were sending long red rays through the driving storm. A fog horn blared dully from the distance. It was very cold and very lonely up there, and Joel longed to go down to the cheery warmth of the room below, but he hesitated.

Peter Langdon needed him sorely. Some one must relieve the injured man of the agonizing pain of his broken limb. Joel thrust prejudice aside and returned to the lower room and approached the bedroom door.

"You won't be blamed because your light's not burning," he announced cheerfully. "Now, Mr. Langdon, if you'll let me, I think I can fix that leg of yours so you'll be comfortable till a doctor gets out here in the morning. You know I've been quite handy about helping set broken limbs, and—"

"Get along with you!" ordered Peter fiercely. "I don't want you to come near me."

"Then I'll go ashore and fetch a doctor tonight," and Joel picked up his hat and shrugged into his oilskins. In an instant he had opened and closed the outer door and was gone into the stormy night.

Dora Langdon sank down beside the bed and hid her face in the blankets. "Oh, father," she cried, "why did you let him go? Perhaps he will be drowned!"

"What if he is?" demanded the man fiercely. "Would you care?"

There was a little silence while the girl's shoulders heaved with emotion. "Of course I'd care," she said in a muffled tone.

A look of pain wrinkled Peter's harsh features. "Then—then you must like him a lot," he said hoarsely.

"I do, father," she sobbed.

"I thought—maybe you'd be satisfied with just me," he said in a low tone. "I lost your mother when you were born, and I set store by you, Dora, thinking maybe you'd care enough about me to stay with me, but I've got to give you up to him. I hate the young jackanapes!"

"Oh, father, dear, don't think I shall love you any less!" cried Dora, throwing her arms around his neck. "Don't you understand how anybody can care for more than one person at a time? When you loved my mother, couldn't you love your own mother too?"

Peter Langdon swallowed a lump in his throat and muttered under his breath. Dora could not hear what he said, but she felt that his mood was softening. "Don't worry about Joel, father," she pleaded. "You know he said the other day that he would never marry me without your consent, so you see you can keep me a prisoner here in your tower all my life if you wish."

"Would you be happy and contented to stay with me alone?" asked her father.

"I might not be entirely happy, father, but I would try to be contented," she said sturdily.

There was silence between the two after that which lasted well into the night. The waves roared on the rocks at the base of the tower, and the wind screamed wildly as it chased the flying rain. Father and daughter were thinking of the brave young form with face set toward Hadden harbor. The older man's fierce jealousy had driven Joel forth into the wildest storm of the season. Would he reach the shore alive?

If he did not, how could Peter Langdon make up the loss to his daughter? He asked himself this question over and over as the long hours passed. Dora arose after awhile, and with white, set face she attended to little household duties that she might not be distracted by the acuteness of her anxiety. Now and then she administered a cordial to the suffering man on the bed, but after awhile he lay very quiet with closed eyes, and she thought he was asleep.

The sitting room clock was chiming when there came a beating at the

outer door. Dora flew to open it with trembling fingers, and two storm swept men entered the room. The girl ran to and fro, helping the doctor and Joel Webster to shed their oilskins and bringing them steaming bowls of ginger tea.

"Sensible little girl," approved Dr. Brown as he set the bowl on the table. "Now for your father, Dora."

Joel sat in the background, white and worn with the strain of his night's work. At least he could keep out of Peter Langdon's way until that man of wrath had been made comfortable. Perhaps then there might be a spare bed. Joel nodded gently off to sleep sitting bolt upright on his chair.

"I want Joel to help," said Peter Langdon in a mild voice as the doctor made his careful examination, and it was a very happy Dora who gently shook Joel into wakefulness and whispered her father's request.

As the three busied themselves over the broken leg Peter Langdon, quite unmindful of pain, uttered his thoughts aloud. "As soon as the sea goes down, doctor, I wish you'd bring the minister over. We're going to have a wedding here."

"O-ho!" smiled the physician. "So that's the way the wind blows, eh? Going to like a life ashore, Dora?"

Joel had found the hand of Dora's father and was gripping it gratefully. Before the girl could frame an answer to the doctor's question Joel spoke with the little authoritative air that Peter Langdon secretly liked.

"We're going to live right here with Mr. Langdon, if he'll let us. I'm going to get Marshall's job if I can—that is, if—"

"Father-in-law," supplied Peter with a grim smile. "If father-in-law will consent," smiled Joel.

"You'll get it," said Peter hurriedly. "Why, this light was off the chart to-night till Joel came and fixed her up."

"And I was off your chart until to-night, too," grinned Joel.

Ordinance No. 241.

An Ordinance to prohibit the running at large of fierce, vicious, dangerous or mad dogs in the City of Forest Grove, Oregon; to require owners to muzzle the same; to provide for killing such dogs and to provide a penalty for violation of this Ordinance, declaring an emergency and repealing all Ordinances and parts of Ordinances in conflict herewith.

THE CITY OF FOREST GROVE, OREGON, DOES ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

Section 1. No dog or pup, either male or female, shall be permitted to run at large in the city of Forest Grove, during the months of July, August and September of each year unless said dog or pup shall be muzzled with a wire or basket muzzle of an approved pattern and such as will prevent the biting or abrasion by mad, vicious or dangerous dogs.

Section 2. Any person or persons owning, controlling, having in charge or harboring any dog or pup, either male or female, and permitting same to run at large without being muzzled as provided in Section One, shall, on conviction thereof in any Court of competent jurisdiction, be punished by a fine in any sum not to exceed \$50.00, and in default of the payment of such fine may be imprisoned in the City or County Jail one day for each \$2.00 of such fine, or may be both fined and imprisoned not to exceed the sum of \$50.00 and 25 days in jail in the discretion of the Court and shall also pay the costs of prosecution.

Section 3. It shall be the duty of the Police Department of the City of Forest Grove to catch and impound all dogs or pups, both male and female, found running at large in the City of Forest Grove, Oregon, during the months of July, August and September of each year, without being muzzled as provided in Section One, of this Ordinance, and impound the same, and after such dog or pup has been impounded for twenty-four hours and no one has claimed and paid the expenses of catching and impounding such dog, he shall cause the same to be killed or disposed of in any manner that he may see fit.

Section 4. All persons claiming dogs caught or impounded by the Police Department of this city shall pay the sum of \$1.00 for catching or impounding the same and such other reasonable charges as the Police Department may require for caring for such dog during the time the same is impounded.

Section 5. WHEREAS, the immediate preservation of the peace, health and safety of the people of the City of Forest Grove demands that this Ordinance go into effect at once upon its passage, an emergency is hereby declared to exist and this Ordinance shall go into effect immediately upon the same being signed by the Mayor and attested by the City Recorder.

Section 6. All Ordinances and parts of Ordinances in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

Passed the City Council of the City of Forest Grove, Oregon, this 29th day of July, 1913.

[SEAL] M. R. MARKHAM, City Recorder.

Approved by the Mayor this 29th day of July, 1913.

O. M. SANFORD, Mayor, State of Oregon, Washington County, City of Forest Grove.

I, M. R. Markham, duly elected, qualified and acting recorder of the City of Forest Grove, Washington County, Oregon, hereby certify that I have compared the foregoing transcript of Ordinance No. 241, of which I am a custodian, with the original ordinance now on file in my office and that the same is a full, true and correct copy of said original ordinance.

In witness hereof, I have hereunto affixed my hand and the seal of the city of Forest Grove, this 29th day of July, 1913.

[SEAL] M. R. MARKHAM.

Notice of Contest. (For Publication.) DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Portland, Oregon, July 30th, 1913. To Anna K. Starr, of Gales Creek, Oregon, Contestee:

You are hereby notified that Marie Staehr who

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Have you anything for sale, or to exchange? Do you wish anything and do not know where to get it? Have you lost or found anything? The solution of these and many other problems is a classified advertisement in The Press.

To EXCHANGE—Old spuds for one-half amount returned this fall. E. L. Naylor, City. 36tf

FOR SALE—Young 5-year-old horse, weighs about 1200 lbs., kind, gentle and true. Price \$150 J. H. Humphreys, Gaston, R. 2. 3713

WOOD WANTED—The PRESS desires to secure several cords of both Oak and Fir wood to apply on subscription, advertising, or job work.

WM. WEITZEL
Tinning and Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work and Repair Shop.

North First Avenue, between Main and "A" Streets; phone 863.

SURVEYOR

All kinds of surveying and mapping. Subdivisions a specialty. H. B. GLAISYER, Hoffman & Allen Bld'g Phone 806 Forest Grove, Ore.

Wanted a couple of young calves, either sex. Phone 0185, Edw. L. Navlor. 27tf

WANTED—Young pigs, phone 1047, Marv R. Sorber, 36tf

WANTED—The PRESS desires to secure a live correspondent in every community in Washington county. Send in your application at once.



If you are sick and need Medicine you should get the best. We dispense only the purest drugs and chemicals. We do it right—At right prices. PACIFIC DRUG CO. FRANK MERESS, Manager

Begin Now!

to plan for that College Course.

There is considerable discussion about Education but there is no doubt that a good general college course taken right is in the long run the practical thing in Education.

A school well equipped to do first class general college work is

Pacific University

Forest Grove, Ore.

This school begins its 60th year of successful work in such general college lines September 17th, 1913. Terms reasonable. Record and equipment good. Come and help us help you.

Come in and talk the matter over or address for Catalogue and further information

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY, Forest Grove, Ore.

BLACKBERRY

A Good Old Remedy

We want just three minutes of your time when you are again troubled with Cholera, Diarrhoea or any bowel complaint.

Nyal's Blackberry Carmine

Is the quickest and surest relief for bowel disorders we know of

Alays irritation—cleanses the bowels before they are checked and acts as an antiseptic. It is moderate in action—being only slightly astringent it does not go to extremes—it acts just right in every way

You can give it to the little ones with perfect safety—it is all good and good for you all and it should be in your home.

Two sizes—25 and 50 cents

Any doctor will tell you that when we compound a prescription it's done right. Bring us your prescriptions.

Littler's Pharmacy

THE PRESCRIPTION SPECIALIST

Phone 901

FASHION REACTION PREDICTED.



—Robinson in New York Tribune.