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Advance work on construction of the Southern Pacific company's 97-mile line between Klamath Falls and Alturas, Cal., will begin early this week with the arrival of construction engineers.

Additions to Christian churches in Oregon during the year totaled 3653, C. F. Swander, state secretary of the denomination, reported at the Oregon Christian missionary convention now in session at Turner.

The statement of condition made by the banks of Forest Grove at the call of the controller of currency show a substantial increase. The combined resources of the two banks on June 30 totaled \$1,807,949.

The Mulkey school district, No. 90, near Coquille, will hold school in the winter time rather than during the summer months as heretofore, according to unanimous vote of the taxpayers of that district.

Since Oregon began cooperating with the federal government under the maternity and infancy act six years ago, the mortality rate for the state has dropped from 82.8 per 10,000 births to 59 per cent, according to statistics prepared by the children's bureau of the department of labor.

Deposits in Albany's three banks, as shown in the June 30 statement, are 10 per cent greater than at the corresponding call in 1927. The combined deposits now are \$3,459,000, or \$334,000 greater than last year at this time.

Three hundred eighty infants and children of pre-school age were weighed and measured in the county-wide baby clinic just completed in Union county. Clinics were held in La Grande, Elgin, Cove, Medical Springs and North Powder.

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**OREGON STATE NEWS
OF GENERAL INTEREST**

**Brief Resume of Happenings of
the Week Collected for
Our Readers.**

Disbursements made to run the Albany schools during the year 1927-28 aggregated \$134,578.77. Receipts during the year were \$123,891.85.

The Oregon Cattle and Horse Raisers' association convened in Enterprise with a large crowd of stockmen present from all parts of the state.

The new airport at Elgin, sponsored by the American Legion, was formally dedicated last week during the first day of a three-day celebration.

The construction of a 500-foot tunnel on the O-W. R. & N. at Weatherby, 15 miles north of Huntington, will be commenced in the next few days.

A forest fire, believed to have been caused by sparks from an engine, has been discovered along the Sumpter Valley railroad, half a mile north of Austin.

According to word from Salem, Warrenton's city water supply is first class in quality. The latest tests give a rating of "Class A," the highest mark possible.

The Clatsop County bank, recently organized at Seaside, has been made a depository for postal saving funds. Deposits must be covered by acceptable collateral.

The Gold Beach Packing company last week sent 600 cases of canned salmon to Brookings for loading on the steamer Martha Buehner for delivery at Astoria.

Robbers last week robbed the Mitchell State bank at Mitchell of about \$100 in cash. The robbers used tools stolen from the high school building to batter open the vault.

Sheriff Floyd Huntley of Curry county, a member of the Gold Beach baseball team, suffered a broken jaw last week in a game between Gold Beach and Smith River.

Bids were received at Roseburg last week for the construction of a new courthouse for Douglas county. The county expects to spend about \$275,000 on the construction.

Remarkable and continued improvement in the dairy industry in the Coos bay district is disclosed by the annual reports for the two Coquille cow testing associations.

Evangeline, the 11-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Millard, suffered two broken arms, cuts and bruises, when she fell from a merry-go-round at Hazelgreen park in Salem.

An apple tree on the Clarence Badger farm near Dayton, with almost fully developed apples on it, is blooming abundantly for the second time this season. It is of the snow variety.

A throng of 20,000 people enjoyed Vale's eleventh annual Fourth of July celebration. The three-day program, which closed at dawn Thursday, was the most varied and successful ever held.

The Bank of Oregon City celebrated its 47th anniversary July 1. This is the oldest bank in Clackamas county and was founded in 1851 by Thomas Charman, E. L. Eastman, and J. T. Apperson.

The Colfax Bookplate
By
AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
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him in Darrow's on Monday morning. I thought perhaps, however, if I could talk with you, knowing you were there at the time, that you might help me recall part of what I fail to remember."

"That's a good idea," said I, looking at her keenly, and remembering what Peter had said to Mr. Almy about his impression that Julia Grosvenor had lost track of her surroundings when he encountered her in the aisle. "I suppose," I hazarded, "the shock you suffered robbed you temporarily of your memory to some slight extent. Nothing unusual about that."

"I shouldn't wonder," she agreed. "Well, to begin at the beginning, you know my grandfather collected literature about Virginia? He had a big collection, gathered just in the last few years, too. Last Sunday we saw in the paper that Darrow's had bought a number of Virginia books from Judge Leavitt's famous library, and I planned at once to see if any of these would interest my grandfather. So on Monday I went to Darrow's. As I am not familiar with the shop, I spent a good deal of time, perhaps more than I realized, searching for the books in those many alcoves. Finally I found some of the Leavitt books in the history section, and I followed the shelf on which they stood, around into the next alcove, and—"

She broke off a minute, her lips trembling.

"And there in front of me," she finally continued, "lying on the floor,



"And There in Front of Me, Lying on the Floor, I Saw My Grandfather."

I saw my grandfather! His right wrist was cut, blood was spurting out of it. I remember turning, running into the aisle, and stumbling, and then, they say, I screamed for help. I don't remember doing so, or anything else, except that one instant I saw you, until I found myself in the hospital. Mr. Almy thought maybe you could help me fill up some of the gaps.

They were certainly numerous enough. Miss Grosvenor had given no definite idea of how she had occupied her time in Darrow's; she had made no allusion to the difference she had had with her grandfather. And I frankly doubted that she was telling the truth when she intimated she had no recollection whatever of seeing Peter, as of course, her narrative implied. I resolved to find out.

"I'll go on from the point where you called for help, then," said I. "I saw you enter the shop, but not again until you ran up the aisle. I was talking to Mr. Burton, who travels for us. We heard your scream; then you came running up the aisle as Mr. Burton rushed down it. You stopped short." I continued carefully, "then you stumbled—" I glanced away, for the poor girl was paler than ever and beginning to breathe hard—"and you called out, just as you faltered: 'Keep it for me! Don't you remember that?' She controlled herself, and nodded. "I do now," she said quite frankly. "but you have recalled it. It was completely obliterated from my memory, no doubt by shock. It's a shock to recollect it, too."

"I'm so sorry to upset you."

"Anything's better than a gap in your memory. What . . . what did . . . people think I meant?"

She had remembered Peter, then, when she saw him in the shop, and, since Monday, had been conscious that something had happened which might

menace her, yet had been quite unable to recollect what! Evidently, after all, some shock, whatever form it had taken, had affected her memory in this particular. On that point she had told the truth. I answered quickly:

"Why, nobody could tell, Miss Grosvenor, what was meant by an involuntary, half-conscious exclamation like that, and you said nothing further."

She smiled for the first time, I thought with an air of relief, and rejoined:

"I'm ever so much obliged to you for helping me to piece that recollection out. You have no idea how foolish it made me feel, being unable to remember what had happened when I was still conscious! I do appreciate your taking the time to come here to help me, when you must be so busy. I understand from Mr. Almy your work is with the rare books Darrow's is so famous for. I suppose you no sooner buy such things at Darrow's than they are all snapped right up by collectors?"

"They go pretty quickly," said I. "For instance, a few of the modern books from Judge Leavitt's have been sold already."

As Julia Grosvenor had listened to this reply with much more than mere polite interest, I risked another feeler:

"All the old books from such a collection, however, are likely to be held in reserve for special advertising, and not to go on sale for a few weeks. In this case, for instance, we should want to offer the best books to customers who we know have a special interest in Virginia—literature relating to Virginia."

"I see. My grandfather's interest in that line was partly due to the fact that his father was a Virginian, and partly to his own acquaintance with the state."

"I saw it was time for me to go; for I had given Julia Grosvenor the information she desired: first, if I had noticed her strange footgear in the shop that Monday; secondly, if she had in any way given herself away before she entirely lost consciousness; and thirdly, if Clarithew's 'Notes' had yet been sold. I was pleased to have satisfied her, there was evidently so very little that could win the confidence of such a reticent nature. I would call it a day. I rose, and so did she.

"I do hope, Miss Fuller," she said sweetly, "that we may meet again in happier circumstances."

I left the solitary girl in the darkening shadows of the curious, brightly colored old drawing room. Her strange story was to remain uppermost in my thoughts, whatever my occupations in the next hours.

By Thursday afternoon I had actually got the rare-book catalogue under way. I had made a report to Mr. Almy about my Normandy terrace visit, and since then he had not called on me for anything. So I had spent Thursday morning assembling the books to be advertised, and I was now ready to write an elegant literary introduction to the catalogue.

"I shall begin," I decided, "with our parallel in the annals of collectors' opportunities," and reached across the desk for one of a row of eight newly sharpened pencils. Instead, I picked up the telephone receiver. "What is it?" I inquired, answering the summons without too much enthusiasm.

A refined accent far off in the distance announced itself as Mr. Darrow. "About that . . . ah . . . catalogue, Miss Fuller?"

"Yes, Mr. Darrow?"

"You know what I mean?"

"The new rare-book catalogue?"

"Ah . . . I was thinking about Clarithew's 'Notes' . . . You know what I mean?"

"In connection with the catalogue?"

"Ah . . . possibly you might include it."

"I will do so."

"In the interest of culture we might favor the private collector above the trade."

"Yes, Mr. Darrow."

"Then about that . . . ah . . . order I sent you. . . . You know what I mean?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Certainly you must remember! It had to do with the bookplate in that book."

"To remove it and advertise it for sale?"

"Have you not done so? Why not?"

"Because the copy for the trade journal advertisements doesn't go out until Friday afternoon."

The rest was silence for about thirty seconds. Mr. Darrow was so anxious to be cross to somebody, disliking, as he did, to have murders in his shop, that it was simply cruel not to give him a chance. But I was obdurate; and when the thirty-first second had ticked off my wrist-watch, he remarked graciously:

"Suppose you remove it promptly, and include it in the rare-book catalogue. I believe—Captain Ashland is my authority; I am not his equal as a judge—that that bookplate has rather more than common interest. . . . You know what I mean? Make sure that you advertise it as an extraordinary curiosity, a faked masterpiece of supreme historic and artistic interest and value. Thank you. . . . You have my entire confidence, Miss Fuller!"

I smiled enthusiastically and made a fluttering ejaculation, for in nine years' association with Mr. Darrow I had mastered the art.

"Not a wholly bad idea, in itself," I reflected, hanging up.

So first of all I sent for the book from Mr. Roberts' safe. When it arrived, I got out my apparatus for re-

moving bookplates from old books, an operation I frequently performed, since a worthless book that had belonged to some interesting person might bear his valuable plate. This apparatus consisted of a small shining aluminum saucer, which I filled with expensive bottled drinking water conveniently on tap near by; a hot-point device; and a beautiful new white sheet of blotting paper.

Having dropped the hot-point into the water, I sat contemplating the worn leather cover of Clarithew's "Notes." I somehow, at the moment, did not exactly like the idea of separating book and bookplate; they seemed to be mysteriously united in a common purpose. I could not, however, define the purpose, nor could I well suggest to Mr. Darrow to think again. I thought about Peter, whom I had not seen since Tuesday, as he was constantly out on business; I thought about Julia Grosvenor, and still rather shook my head over her. Everything seemed dismal—No! Here was something entirely heartening outside the window . . . inside the shop, Captain Ashland, rosy and cheery, slammed the door in the face of the gale, shook his beautiful dripping tweed coat and hat, and made for my desk with a keen glance that took in every detail of my occupation, and a smile like sunrise.

"I say, isn't this jolly!" cried the captain. "Tea!"

"If it only were!" I groaned, ruefully regarding the steaming pot of water and the fair white blotter, which certainly created the mirage of a tray oasis in an afternoon desert of gloom. "What I am really supposed to be doing is to be soaking off this ewegasting bookplate with this hot water."

"Orders, eh?" said the captain, affably. "Oh, you should be having tea. Why not? There's plenty more water outside."

"Yes, we have no drought—of water," I countered, realizing that my foreign visitor to these shores was cheated if deprived of a sample of typical native humor relating to our characteristic civilization. My double-barreled effort, which I admit would not go over big with the Theater guild, delighted the simple-minded islander.

"You certainly should have tea," he observed. "You Americans take your business so seriously! Now, over in my shop we think we ought to know something about books, and all that—we've been going along somehow since seventeen-seventy—and yet we always knock off every afternoon for tea. Don't you think you ought to have tea?"

I felt my powers of resistance gradually leaving me; the captain was extremely purposeful, despite his mildness. I wondered dimly how the Revolution and all that had really ever held out against the British mentality.

"It never occurred to me in the light of a duty," I began, and then suddenly it did. Captain Ashland, who plainly wanted tea, with a passion incomprehensible to those reared at soda fountains, was making a visit possibly to a certain great importance to the house," and Mr. Darrow's confidence in me would become more entire, no doubt, if I pleased his nephew. "But now you put my duty out to me." I finished, "I see it clearly. As you suggest, it is of a patriotic character. Our Constitution forbids cruel and unusual punishments. You shall not go without your tea." Mentally I added, "And I shall delay removing that bookplate!"

"I say, am I putting you out horribly?" beamed the delighted captain. "One never drinks tea in a shop in America, does one?"

"There's precedent for it here; sixty years ago this room was a dining room." The captain looked relieved. "The water's nearly boiling. Won't you sit down, like King Alfred the Great, and watch it so it doesn't burn while I get the tea things?"

The captain informed me earnestly that King Alfred watched cakes, and that water wouldn't burn; and mounted guard while I withdrew. But at the end of the aisle I was halted by Mr. Case, in the act of bounding out of his office.

"Miss Fuller! How much of that catalogue is done?"

"All the notes. I'm just beginning to write it."

"It must be finished by noon tomorrow."

I stared, then glared.

"What kind of notice is this? I can't be done! You know I've lost the whole of this week—"

"Yes, yes—"

"And Mr. Darrow has just dumped still more work on me—"

"What's that?"

"To include and feature that book the Legal Federation won't buy—"

"Clarithew's 'Notes'?"

Exasperated by the new orders and interruptions, I snapped:

"Yes. You know about it, do you, Mr. Case? Then I needn't waste time explaining," when, even in the dim light filtering into the aisle between the two rear alcoves, I perceived the sudden change of expression on his face, from worry to angry amazement. I had been too abrupt. "Of course," I said, "I added hastily and rudely to my best." I added hastily and rudely. And if he didn't interrupt me again, most generously!

"I'm afraid I don't break but give well! My excuse must be that it was as much of a surprise to me as to yourself. But I didn't know about your extra work."

"I shall have to think of something exciting to say about that particularly dull book; and to get rid of a bookplate."

(To be Continued)