

TIGARD.

A strange pigeon has been making friends with the local business men this week. It is very tame and evidently some one's pet.

Fire chief Ariss received a letter from the National association of fire fighters inviting him to attend the national convention at Los Angeles next month. He says he would like to see Tigard represented and would go if he was furnished with transportation by the local board.

The funeral of little John Weiss, aged three years, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Weiss of Tigard was held Saturday, August 11, at St. Anthony's church with interment in Tigard Catholic cemetery, arrangements in charge of Miller & Tracey.

Darrel Frewing, Nathan Kurth and Edward Finley drove to Corvallis Saturday to make arrangements about entering O. S. C. this fall.

Another funny thing is, so many dyed-in-the-wool Democrats raise cotton.

Auguste Lesser and brother Gerhart of Desler, Mich., spent a few days with their sister, Mrs. E. Heilman last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Low drove to Dayton Sunday to visit friends. Several of their friends surprised Mrs. Low with beautiful gifts for her birthday.

Mrs. Wineman, who has been seriously ill for several days, is improving.

Miss Alice Lonergran of Seattle, Wash., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. William Kruger and family.

Grade school will open the first Tuesday after Labor day with the same teachers as last year.

Mr. and Mrs. Garvin of Corvallis are visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. G. Biederman and family.

Mrs. A. Johnson and family, Mrs. John Rankin, George and John Jr., and Lester Gray left Thursday for a few days vacation at Rockaway, away.

Mr. and Mrs. James McGrath of Butte, Mont., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. William Kruger and family.

A dead body was found lying on the sidewalk in front of Dr. Bissett's office shortly before noon by a passerby and with the help of the doctor was carried into his office. Restoratives were applied, but to no avail for although the body was still warm the spirit had fled. Carefully and reverently a small grave was dug in the roadway and little red robbin laid to rest.

A Schubring returned home Saturday much improved in health.

J. H. Litton is recovering rapidly from a strained shoulder.

Dr. Bissett and family drove to De Lake Sunday where his family will spend a two weeks vacation. The doctor returned home Sunday evening.

Pheasant Lane is being graded and rocked this week.

C. W. Noyes insured Frank Malimonck's new Chevrolet truck and F. Swanson's new Ford this week.

Mrs. Ernie Borthwick and children returned this week from eastern Washington where they had been visiting her mother.

J. A. Crabtree is the proud owner of a new Star car.

Messrs. R. L. Sackett, V. Low, John Rankin and C. W. Noyes enjoyed a theatre party and supper Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. V. Low and C. W. Noyes drove to Huber Sunday to visit Mr. Noyes' mother, Mrs. Josephine Soller, but she had left the day before for California for a two weeks' trip.

Mrs. Ed Kinnaman has moved from her home to the addition built on her store near the high school.

Professor Fowler will occupy the old Kinnaman house.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Erickson August 4, a son.

Miss Hilda Binkle returned home Sunday after a two weeks vacation at Willola lake in eastern Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Zweiner returned last week from a two weeks' vacation at the beaches.

Mrs. Eva Williamson, Mrs. W. G. Gillespie and Mrs. A. W. Palin were guests of Mrs. C. Sanden at Scappoose Friday.

Mrs. A. W. Palin of Great Falls, Mont., is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. G. Gillespie.

John Seida of Tigard and Lena Elligen of Stafford were married in the rectory of St. Anthony's on Wednesday, August 8, 10 a. m., in the presence of H. H. Duncan and Christine Elligen by the Rev. Timothy Watson, O. F. M.

Practically all of the concrete pouring on the Washington county court house at Hillsboro has been completed and workmen commenced laying face brick this week. Masons have been laying the partitions and carpenters are busy putting in the window frames. County officials hope to be able to move in by October 1.

Floyd Bailey and Katherine Crabtree left this morning for a two weeks vacation at Newport.

The Colfax Bookplate

By AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
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door which, unknown to her, I had entered two days previously. The long room, with its bright ceiling and rose-wood furniture, over which lamplight now shed a softening glow, made her eyes dance with delight; but she introduced me demurely enough to Julia Grosvenor, who made no reference to having received me before, though she was cordially itself.

Yet soon I felt sure I should never pass an evening more consummately dull. Julia did not mention even the matter of the vanished bonds had not made her even more secretive than before. I grew wearier and wearier after the sleepless vigil of the night before, and felt increasingly peevish over the wasted evening.

"I fear, Nancy, we've already kept Miss Grosvenor up too late."

"Oh, you don't want to go yet!" protested Julia.

"We don't want to go at all," Nancy assured her; "not from this lovely room! I've never seen so much nice furniture; and I know quite a lot about furniture, for one so young. My father has stacks of mahogany four-posters and applewood corner cupboards and banjo clocks. How he would love that enchanting little sewing table!" She indicated the miniature table I had noticed on my first visit. "We've nothing like that, though I've seen some in antique shops."

"That's something special, though," returned Julia; "it's just a dummy, a cabinet-maker's model. It's not useful



Next Second a Man Sprang Through It

for anything but ornament. My grandfather frequently had such objects made, when he was in the lumber trade, to show off samples of wood. But if you'd like to see something really quaint, I'll show you my pet candle stand inlaid in five shades of green, that gave me quite a nice idea once for a big lampshade they liked at the studio. Wait just a minute!"

She went off through the door at the rear of the long room, leaving Nancy rapturously beginning another puzzle, and me highly impatient. It was late. Somewhere I had heard a clock striking eleven, not long before. The silence in Normandy terrace, profound all evening, was now becoming unearthly, particularly for a spot on the block from Broadway. Even Nancy sat perfectly quiet, her eyes on her book, as if the night chill had frozen her. And suddenly that strange chill in the air was a cold wind, blowing across the room.

I glanced at the door through which Julia had disappeared. It was shut. I turned swiftly to the French window behind my chair. Slowly, cautiously it was opening.

Next second, a man sprang through it, from the balcony into the shadow between the windows. From beneath his visored cap, his eyes swept the room. I leaped up, so did Nancy, her eyes glittering like chips from a blue glacier. The intruder rushed forward headlong, knocking over the chair from which I had retreated. The rear door burst open, a strange loud click sounded somewhere; but there was no time to shriek a warning before Julia Grosvenor, collapsing against a distant bookcase, cried out in a mingled astonishment and anguish that rallied me to her support against all misgivings:

"Charles! You . . . again!"

Having one. Still, this is the only practical way I could get here. Other people, you see, are trying the ordinary ones. Dear me, have I already frightened away one of your guests? Sorry!"

Nancy had indeed disappeared. I had not noticed her departure until that moment. But I had no intention of following her, however clear the visitor's hint to that effect might be, for Julia cried out in a desperate voice:

"Don't go, Miss Fuller! Please don't leave me!" She was in an almost uncontrollable state of terror. I was frightened, myself, especially by the creaking of that revolver the minute before. But it would not have been like Nancy to run from danger, and Julia made no motion to leave the room.

"But why, my dear Julia," interposed the visitor, smoothly, "do you ask this lady, with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, to stay. I shall be gone within five minutes; all I wish to see you about is one of those family matters which are such a bore to one's friends."

"I won't see you alone!" flared Julia with unprecedented vigor. "If my friend will stay, you can say what you have to say before her, or else not at all. What do you suppose she, or anyone else, would think of your breaking in here this way, at this time of night? You'd better say something first to explain that!"

The young man bowed obediently. "My excuse must be," he observed to me, "that this is my own house. My name is Charles MacIvor, and I have the honor to be Miss Grosvenor's cousin."

I may have succeeded in conveying my opinion of him without speaking. He turned abruptly to Julia.

"You know what I've come for," he said. "Have you got it? I'll make a most liberal settlement with you. You can stay here as long as you like. Haven't I explained that to you over and over again? Think about it. You owe me something."

"I haven't got what you want," said Julia shortly. "Do you think I'm not telling the truth? When have I had a chance to get it?"

"Where is it?"

"Charles! It's always been!"

Where MacIvor swore under his breath. My attention was fixed on him. His face was unfamiliar; yet its bold charm was arresting, and there was something vaguely familiar about him as he stood there gazing menacingly at his young cousin. Yes, it was that cap, more unmistakably that rapid, determined gaze. I had seen Mr. MacIvor, with that cap on his head, stand up from beneath my desk the previous night at a quarter past ten, and walk with that same headlong stride past Mr. Case and out of Darrow's front door!

And I had seen him on the stairs in this house last Monday noon when I was in the restaurant with Nancy, posing before the hall mirror, and hurrying down the hall. And I knew now the reason why at that moment he had seemed vaguely familiar: because I had seen him dash down the aisle of the shop that same Monday morning, with his brief-case! So this was Charles MacIvor, Julia's cousin. And was he in pursuit of the object regarding which Julia had cried out to Peter, an hour or two after Charles MacIvor had dashed down the aisle. "Keep it for me?"

At last Julia spoke, in a tone of fresh alarm:

"Charles, what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to keep right after it; get that, will you?" snapped her cousin, defiantly. "And I'll see Balford if I get a chance, too! Watch out! Maybe you can make yourself useful, after all."

Julia stared.

"I haven't an idea what you're talking about."

Conciliation and expectancy forsook MacIvor's face.

"See here, are you trying to double-cross me?" he demanded threateningly. "Do you realize what can happen to you if you don't explain this, and whatever else I ask you to explain?"

The girl was frightened beyond the power of speech, so savagely did MacIvor address her, but his menacing had the exact opposite effect on me.

"See here," I intervened crossly, "stop that!"

"I beg your pardon?" demanded Charles MacIvor, white with fury.

"What I mean is," I explained carefully, "that you are to stop frightening Miss Grosvenor. Do you see?"

"Who are you? What are you doing here?" he burst out. "No, don't wait to explain! I order you out of this house!"

"I know it's yours," I assured him pleasantly; "you said so, you know. But as your cousin has asked me not to leave her, I shall take her with me, and go, as you request. Miss Grosvenor, I hope you will refuse to transact any more business tonight, and come with me to Miss Burton's apartment."

I took her arm, and she let me, but MacIvor seized her by the other arm, and stopped our progress toward the door. He looked at me, however, first sharply, then fiercely. Then he flung her arm violently from him, and set on me.

"You're that red-headed clerk at Darrow's!" he gasped hoarsely.

"You're in this, too, are you? We'll see about that!"

gushed it; in the darkness he saw the French window open. But the next second he was back from the balcony. A second knock told on the door, and a woman's voice whispered clearly: "Signorina! Signorina!"

"It's only Ernesto's wife," breathed Julia, relieved. "Si, si subito, signorina! Turn the light on, Charles."

He did so, snatched his cap from the table, and withdrew into the room, closing the door, and in walking and opened the door, and in walking— I heard his voice in utter amazement—Mr. Almy!

"Sorry to disturb you at this hour," Miss Grosvenor, he said; "but your cousin is here, and he must come with us. Don't make any trouble, please. Where is he?"

But although resistance was plainly quite useless, Julia declined to betray her cousin in any way. She snatched



"You're That Red-Headed Clerk at Darrow's," He Gasped Hoarsely

her teeth shut, glaring defiantly at Mr. Almy without a word. He dashed straight at the door in the rear of the long room. At the instant he reached it at full impetus, it burst open so suddenly that he nearly lost his balance as Charles MacIvor stepped out on the threshold of the adjoining kitchen quite cheerfully.

"You're Charles MacIvor," said Mr. Almy, "and I have a warrant for your arrest."

"I was expecting you," said MacIvor, impudently. "I passed your room down in the street, you know. What's the charge? Murder, or course?"

"Unfortunately," returned Mr. Almy curtly, "it's larceny. What did you do with those bonds?"

MacIvor's eyes opened wide, his face turned scarlet with rage. He turned himself toward Julia and shouted:

"So you've double-crossed me twice! Don't expect me to save you again!"

There was a brief moment of confusion: Julia gave a choked scream and sank into a chair, hiding her face; two policemen rushed in and MacIvor vanished with them. Mr. Almy was up to Julia and spoke soothingly to her; she did not answer him or move. Next moment I found myself out in the hall with him.

I explained in a sentence how I came to be there. Then he murmured:

"I'll see you tomorrow; Miss Grosvenor needn't be disturbed further tonight," and hurried downstairs. So turned upstairs, since there was nothing more I could do for Julia then, and my mind reverted to Nancy. Why and where had she disappeared so suddenly?

Having no key, I knocked on the front door several times. There was no response. As forlorn hope, I tried the handle, and it turned. Some one had slipped the catch. I entered the living room, the lamp on the table was lighted. Both bedroom doors were shut. On Nancy's I knocked, twice, three times. Again there was no response. In considerable alarm I made bold to try that handle, too, and it also turned. And there, in her little room, in her little bed, lay Nancy in the first correct sleeping position.

a charming picture from the Land of Dreams.

But her unconscious mind functioned well; next instant an arm shot out and on went the electric lamp beside her.

"That you, Constance?" she inquired calmly. "I know it's not manners, but got to bed before the company goes, but the poor working girl needs sleep. What kept you?"

"Don't you remember that man who came into Miss Grosvenor's apartment from the balcony?" I gasped.

Nancy sat up in bed, blinzed, and appeared to reflect.

"Oh, yes, I remember him," she observed finally. "When I saw you, I knew there was no danger. Yes, I heard the revolver. Constance, he did not have it. He put up one hand to take off his cap, the other was empty. I saw as well as that before I cleared out because wasn't wanted. Whoever had it, it didn't, so there was no danger for me or Julia. Do tell me what happened."

"That man was Charles MacIvor," I said. "Miss Grosvenor's cousin. He stayed because she asked, but he was evidently afraid of him. He talked at some length concerning

(To be continued)

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