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TIGARD.

Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Sarazin and family of Nyssa are visiting at the Nedry home this week. Dr. Sarazin is chairman of the board of directors of the Awyhee Irrigation company where the U. S. government is building a large irrigation system. Mrs. Sarazin and Mrs. Nedry are sisters.

A community gathering will be held at the Grange hall Sunday, August 26. Mesdames Bailey, Nunnencamp and Leedy have charge of arrangements.

Miss Carlotta E. Gilbert spent several days last week with the H. M. Stiles family in Portland.

George E. Hosking sang at both morning and evening services at the Sellwood Methodist church Sunday, August 12.

Temporary repairs were made to the bridge over Fanno creek this week.

William Kruger has leased his shop to A. Davies of California.

A. P. Talent of Multnomah has rented the Butler house on the highway and will move in this week.

Esther Strom returned from the coast Sunday.

C. Berg and wife were at Reckonway Sunday visiting with their family who have been there part of the summer.

J. O. Butler is at Hillsboro this week relieving one of the men at the O. E. station.

H. M. Salmon had charge of the Tigard pharmacy Sunday while Mr. Sackett was at the coast.

C. W. Noyes was a business visitor in Hillsboro Monday.

Sophy Krowki of Garden Home is recovering from a severe sore throat. It was thought at first that she had diphtheria but cultures taken of her throat did not show any signs of this disease.

While at the coast last Sunday a young man of Tigard was eating a sandwich when his teeth hit something hard. Upon investigation he found that the inlay on one of his teeth had become loose and was imbedded in the tough meat.

A. J. Noyes visited his son, C. W. Noyes Monday. He says his son, W. I. Noyes has gained eight pounds and feels much better. He is on his way to New Mexico.

The Fivesomes enjoyed a chicken dinner at the coast Sunday but returned home early Sunday evening.

ALOHA NEWS

Mrs. Woodfire and daughter, Mrs. Charles Land and son Charles Jr. spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Eisenbeis.

The Florence, Snyder, Brown, Johnson, Anderson and Van Kleek families held a family reunion at Oswego lake Sunday.

Mrs. C. Florence visited Mrs. N. P. Scraggs Friday in Portland.

Miss S. Emmerson and Mrs. M. Weikene, with Miss McCarthy of Portland spent the week-end at Neskowin hotel at Neskowin.

V. Roberts and family left Wednesday for Tillamook where they will remain until the fall rains commence.

Mr. and Mrs. N. Hill drove to Prosser, Wash., Sunday, with their daughter, Mrs. J. E. Hall and family, returning Sunday evening.

The Sunday school of the Aloha Community church will hold a picnic Saturday in Mrs. Kruegers woods at 11 a. m. Bring a well filled lunch basket.

Wednesday morning Mrs. V. Roberts of Aloha had the misfortune to step on a rusty nail which penetrated the arch of her right foot. It took all her strength to remove the nail from her foot. She had been packing the family household goods preparatory to going camping in the Tillamook country and did not see the nail at all. It was a painful wound.

C. J. Skee has been confined to his home for several days with a severe attack of quincy. He was able to be at his office in Beaverton for a few hours Thursday.

H. E. Prink of Aloha has purchased an electric pump of Dewey the plumber.

A. F. Doughty of Huber attended the seventh annual reunion of the Second Oregon association at Laurelhurst park, Portland, last week. Thirty-five of the original company of 103 were in attendance.

Charles Macy of Wheeler avenue is slowly improving at the Sellwood hospital in Portland. He was injured in a logging camp some time ago.

Mrs. Aldermate of Albany is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. A. Morrison.

J. T. Turner and family spent Sunday in Hillsboro with Mrs. W. J. Stansell.

C. M. Powell of Hillsboro was an Aloha visitor at the home of J. T. Turner Sunday evening.

Florence, Laura and Elizabeth Ewer of Huber are brave little girls. They are triplets and only 6 years old, but they had their tonsils removed by Dr. Mason Monday. They told him to be sure and put the tonsils in a bottle so they could look at them afterwards.

Mrs. J. E. Tuttle and family are spending the week with the Newman family at McMinnville.

Miss Alice Rasmussen, daughter of Ross Rasmussen, has accepted a position at the Aloha Mercantile company.

Mrs. H. E. Turner of Beaverton spent Wednesday at the J. T. Turner home.

Miss Ruth Clark is now employed at the Aloha Mercantile store in place of her sister who has not been well for some time.

Mrs. George G. Kellogg of Hoquiam, Wash., spent Thursday and Friday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Smith.

Evelyn, the 3 1/2 year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fuegy of Aloha made a record last Sunday. She walked five miles from Government Camp to timber line at Mount Hood. Among those that went were Mr. and Mrs. David Dopp and family, Mr. and Mrs. Christ Burn and family, John Dornier and children, Margaret and M. Waefler Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fuegy and children of Aloha. All report a good time.

Mrs. Percy Smith spent Tuesday in Portland with Mrs. Charles K. Bliss of Seattle, Wash. Mr. Bliss is at the head of the Lakeside school for boys in Seattle.

Miss Mary Orselli will spend her birthday in Tacoma next Saturday. Her parents will make the trip in their new Chandler.

H. A. Ekstrom and wife have returned from a pleasant trip East visiting old acquaintances.

Mrs. Della C. Fisher visited with her daughter, Mrs. W. L. Burke, at Varley on the O-E. last Sunday.

The Colfax Bookplate

By
AGNES MILLER

WNU Service
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thing he wanted to get that was not here. What finally happened was that the police, who had traced Charles MacIvor here, arrived and arrested him. He is charged with theft.

"Of what?"
"Securities."

"Well, if that's all, it's not important."

"What are you talking about?" I demanded, agape.

"A poor fish," replied Nancy sweetly, "named, as you prefer, Charles MacIvor or Brandon Tower. And now I will show you what he wanted."

With one bound she was on the floor, with one swoop she had turned back blankets, sheets, mattress. On the spring lay a small flat object neatly wrapped in an embroidered hand towel. She unwrapped the hand towel, and presented me with a worn brown calfskin volume, entitled "Notes on Medical Statutes in the Virginia Code."

"Take care of it next time, Constance dear," she warned me; "somebody might steal it."

"But, Nancy! But how... where... why...?" I stammered, gazing wild-eyed at the returned wanderer. But the bound and the swoop had occurred in reverse order, as Nancy's red, red mouth slowly expanded to its full vertical measurement. The arm shot out again, the light was snapped off.

"I'll call you tomorrow after I make the coffee," said Nancy. "Cheer up, tomorrow will be another day. If you sleep in that faith you will prevail, I always do. Good night."

The coffee was not made until a quarter past eight. The ensuing scramble to get off to Darrow's gave no time for inquiries until we were en route up Normandy terrace. Then I demanded information instantly about the fleching of the law book. I learned that Nancy had taken it from my lowest left-hand drawer the sole time during the previous morning that my back had been turned on my desk; namely, just before she went out to luncheon with Mr. Dibdin.

"But, Nancy, what right had you to steal it?"

"No right—nobody ever has a right to steal, don't you know that?—but a duty. Wilkey wanted it. It was my duty to keep her from getting it, because I wanted it for Peter, and she wanted it only for a distant relative, her cousin."

"You are sure of that, are you?"

"Surely. I told her you kept it in your lowest left-hand drawer; and then I nabbed it myself."

"But, Nancy, why?"

"Well, Constance, I'll tell you why," announced Nancy, suddenly serious an instant. "You know I told you how that moron of a Brandon Tower—I mean Charles MacIvor, of course; why he worked as a shorthand teacher in a business college, and changed his proud name, is still hidden from me, though I'm going to find it out yet—I told you how he changed the suitcases that time we went to Philadelphia?"

"I thought and thought about how he tried to get rid of me, until I began to wonder why he did it. Then I remembered that every time he did it, he grabbed that suitcase. Before we left the house, you know, he changed mine for Peter's, evidently I came downstairs too fast for him to get out of the door with it. He was going to try to leave the train at Trenton, I believe; if I hadn't come back from the full diner, he'd have succeeded. And he tried to clear out of the Board Street station. He even waited there until I was going, you know, not aware that Peter had come for me, and doubtless hoping for some last chance to grab the suitcase again. I wasn't the attraction, I'm convinced now."

"Then I wondered what there was in that bag he wanted. Not Peter's clothes, Brandon... or Charles... or what have you?... has stacks of awful ones, himself. But, knowing him, I knew his purpose in wanting it must be bad. And when he popped in through that window last night, and Julia addressed him as 'Charles'—and he saw me, dear one, he saw me, if I did do a disappearing act—I knew he was her cousin who had been after Peter's book, and had tricked me, and gone around under a assumed name. And I felt sure he was after it then and there. So I hopped upstairs and took care of it. Now, do you see why, as you say?"

Even Nancy finally paused, breathless. I said:

"I don't see why you took the book out of my desk. You didn't know at noon yesterday that Charles MacIvor was Brandon Tower, or that he wanted the book at all—"

"I knew Brandon Tower would be

able to come after that book any time, though," interrupted Nancy, implacably. "Before Peter went to Raynes Forestide, he told me that handsome polite young man had come into the shop on Monday, and slid out again when he found him there! Peter wanted to warn me, you see, especially since he was to be away."

"And you didn't think I should be equal to taking care of the book?"

"Not when Wilkey was after it, too... and maybe other people."

"Other people? Were after the book? To whom do you allude, Nancy?"

"Maybe other people," she said. "Maybe Mr. Case."

"Mr. Case?" I repeated feebly. "Why Mr. Case? He's been with the firm for years and years... he's a gentleman... he is absolutely excellent and entirely commonplace... why should you think he had designs on that book?"

"Because," insisted Nancy, stubbornly, "he was hanging round all the time you and I were working together on that catalogue late Thursday afternoon, when everybody else had left the building."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him. You said you were going to put the books which had been listed back on the shelves. He took that in. So, when I took my new work, I snatched that book up with the rest. He was looking in the law book section to see if it had been replaced there, by any chance."

"What time did you see him doing that?" I asked thoughtfully.

"Shortly before I left at six o'clock."

"Then," I thought to myself, "Mr. Case explored those law-book shelves at a time he thought himself alone; and not finding what he wanted there, made an attempt on my desk later! He couldn't have known which drawer it was in, of course. He must have just started to search the largest one when Charles MacIvor made his appearance. What was he doing there? Looking for the book, of course."

"So you see, Constance," concluded Nancy, accepting my silence as a personal tribute, "I saw you really had too much to do, with that catalogue and everything, so I took charge of the book temporarily to help you. And, of course, I had to help Peter."

But exegesis of this obscure remark, as well as satisfactory conclusions for my own wonderings, had to be postponed. We had reached Darrow's.

I hastened forth to my desk, to find it already occupied, by Captain Ashland.

"You said I could bother you any time!" he greeted me.

"I always mean what I say. So you've come down from Westchester to learn more about the index?"

"Gracious! business during the week-end? I've come on pleasure. You know that bookplate we were talking about the other day?"

I did not associate the Colfax bookplate with pleasure, but I nodded—intelligently, I trusted.

"You know that forged rather took hold of me," confided the captain. "I wondered if I could find an original for the counterfeit."

"Oh!" said I (an expression I disapprove of, but I was struck all of a heap by the suddenness of the idea). "Why?"

"Because Colfax might have drawn a pictorial bookplate, even if he seldom did so, and I think the manner of execution of that drawing you showed me indicates that it must have been copied from a model. The conception of the design is masterly, but the copying is just a faint shade too careful; and whoever made the drawing was not quite craftsman enough to avoid that small slip in the signature. So I've decided to amuse myself trying to discover an original. You'll help me, won't you?" begged the captain. "Don't say you will if you can."

"I will because I can, then."

"Good! I spent yesterday unpacking. I brought nineteen boxes of books with me. My reference library, you know. Now, the reason I unpacked them was... that bookplate! I say you haven't it around anywhere, I suppose?"

I plucked it out of the law book in such a way as not to reveal the key, for Captain Ashland was, of course, not interested in the Grosvenor mystery—indeed, disliked it, I felt sure.

"I'll tell you what I've done so far," he said, "though it's not much. I believe my library has as good works about English engravers as can be found; yet I can't discover much about Colfax himself. But I found the exact date of his birth and death, 1760 and 1831. Then I found a descriptive list of all his engravings, and tried to identify this drawing with any one described, but he had drawn only a couple of pictorial plates, both floral, for ladies libraries—no scientific instruments or warships—so that attempt was a fuke."

"Warships? Oh, yes, that vessel is a frigate," I assented, noting again the characteristic three masts and broadside armament clearly shown in the fine drawing.

"And English-built," declared the captain, "early Nineteenth century, when British warships were built very wide through the beam, like this one."

"I hasn't any flag, though," I pointed out.

"I noted that; it's odd," agreed the captain. "Nevertheless, it's a British vessel, and Colfax had a personal connection with the British navy."

"That's a good thing to know!" I exclaimed, encouraged. "How did you find it out?"

"I cabled to England for some information; in fact, I cabled to

day, the day after you first showed me the bookplate." He drew from his pocket a blue half-sheet of paper, and handed it to me. "Just to make a beginning," he went on, "I assumed, from the medical bookplate, and from the frigate, that Colfax might have had some customer who had dealings with ships or doctors. So I cabled my secretary to find out what he could for me; that's his answer."

I read the cablegram:

"Made thorough Colfax investigation stop family died out eighteen sixty-nine stop last member Richard Colfax son of Hugh eighteen hundred eighteen sixty-nine stop served Chief Dardanelles Crimea stop no medical connection among family or distant."

"History's always to be taken into account in studying bookplates, of course," I agreed. "I am aware there was a Crimean war; I have even heard of the British fleet passing the Dardanelles in 1848. But I must not betray my ignorance as to when Great Britain was at war with Chile."

The captain most politely refused the opportunity presented to him to smile.

"She never was," he rejoined, "I believe, though, that a British fleet went to the aid of Chile when that country revolted from Spain."

"Then," said I, a little surer of my ground, but not quite ready to quote exact dates, "since those South American countries revolted in the early part of the Nineteenth century, that was just about the time, too, when Richard Colfax was beginning his naval career, if he entered the service in 1818. Suppose he served in that fleet you mention, suppose he made some sort of connection in this hemisphere; what about some general in that event, for there being an original American Colfax bookplate?"

"That's just what I surmised; I wanted to see if you'd confirm it," cried the captain, delighted. "Even if it's South American and not North the point's worth looking into, and I'll do that at once."

A rapid search through reference catalogues revealed that Claribee's "Notes" had been issued in an edition of three hundred numbered copies. The number of our copy, which appeared on the title page, was 230. But so far as I could get back in sales reports, a thorough search brought to trace whatever of Number 230.

However, this fact proved one thing, at least: Number 230 had very seldom changed hands. It had belonged to Judge Leavitt. Then why were the Grosvenor family so resolved to get possession of it? For the key? Was that connected with Charles MacIvor's offer of a "liberal settlement," the night before? Did he know of some treasure hidden under lock and key to which he alluded? But why should a key belonging to the Grosvenor connection be concealed in a law book? There were no lawyers in that family.

No, there were not. And then I reread its title for perhaps the five hundredth time in the last six days. I suddenly got an idea. This title was: "Notes on Medical Statutes in the Virginia Code." And Mr. Grosvenor's father had been a doctor; a Virginian; he had practiced at a time when he would need just such a professional reference book; and the bookplate, real or counterfeit, was a physician's bookplate!

I nearly shot out of my chair at the address—the meeting—customers—brokers, clerks, collectors, all: "There you are, folks! Just give me time, don't need eternity, after all." And suddenly my joyful emotions were one and all stricken with paralysis. For Mr. Case, who had hardly appeared in the shop all morning, though usually on Saturdays he was nowhere else, was just going past out of the front door.

His pace was so quiet that he seemed almost stealthy. He passed within a yard of me, and did not see me; I never had seen any one so terribly distraught as his was in the world had happened to him now? Or what had he done now? I felt more upset, actually than when I had seen him at my desk Thursday night; for now it would have been impossible not to pity him, and ever one's suspicions.

CHAPTER X

Shocks, Assorted.

I dispatched Captain Ashland's note as the clock began to strike noon. It finished, in walked Mr. Amy, looking even more alive than ever. Before he had shut the door, the telephone rang.

"Yes, Mr. Roberts," said I. "That is correct. It has turned up. It is here. Yes, details will be available when I see you. Wh-h-hat? Oh, certainly. Wait, Mr. Amy, please! I understand; I will do so. What earthly difference could it make to me? All right."

I hung up.

"Mr. Roberts has just inquired if you have arrived," I said to Mr. Amy with outward calm, inwardly I was madder than a hornet, and dressing flat, owing to a mirthful message transmitted by Mr. Roberts. "I would like to see you at once in my Case's office—"

"I'll ask him if we may have a word," "You needn't bother; he has just gone out."

"Gone out?"

"Yes, just a few minutes ago. If you so desire, Mr. Roberts suggests my joining the two of you there later."

"Very well. We may have quite a

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