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INSTRUCTIONS

FIVE CENTS a line per issue. Count five words to the line. Then count your profits. Cash should accompany the order. When a statement is required the charge is 10c per line, minimum 50c.

These Classified Ads appear in six newspapers: Beaverton Enterprise, Tigard Sentinel, Multnomah Press, Aloha News, Yamhill Journal and Gaston Herald.

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PERSONAL

ANY GIRL in need of a friend, write Elsie H. Allemann, the Salvation Army White Shield House, 545 Mayfair Avenue, Portland.

MISCELLANEOUS

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PRINTED SIGNS FOR SALE—10c each. For Rent, For Sale, Rooms for Rent, etc. Pioneer Printing and Stationery Co. 407-8 Dekum Bldg., Third and Washington St., Portland, Oregon.

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Nine thousand Pullman cars, each bearing a different name, are in use on the railroads of the United States.

MICKIE SAYS—

WHEN A FELLER COMES IN WITH AN AD JEST WHEN WE ARE ALL SET TO GO TO PRESS, OUR WISE OLD OFFICE CAT DASHES OUT THE DOOR—HE KNOWS TROUBLE WHEN HE SEES IT COMING—YEP!



MY STRANGE MISSION

A WEEKLY SHORT STORY

Even as a boy, I always had an insatiable longing to travel; not along the regular defined routes, but in out-of-the-way places. It seemed to have passed my father by, as he was a well-to-do dealer in builders' supplies, and I was expected to follow in his steps, but I had begged to be allowed to take up mining engineering, and finally my father gave in.

It was during my final year at college, one lovely June morning, when it seemed that nothing could be wrong in the world, that I received a wire from mother, "Come at once, father seriously ill."

I lost no time in getting home and a few hours after I arrived, dad passed away. He had placed nearly all his money in a trust company and its smash with the loss of practically all he owned had been responsible for the stroke that caused his death.

There was sufficient saved from the wreck to keep mother in comparative comfort, and I asked nothing better of life than to be able to satisfy my desire to wander in the odd corners of the earth.

This explains how I happened to be riding across an arid expanse of desert in Arizona. I was hunting for traces of a rich lode, supposed to have been discovered in the hills around there, and then lost again.

A speck in the cloudless blue sky drew my attention; immediately I saw it, I knew it was a buzzard; one of those grim scavengers of the desert that seem to scent death from miles away. After going about half a mile the bird swooped over my head, and then rose high above me, soaring in a circle. I saw a dark object on the sand, and on coming closer, it proved to be a man, or the remains of one, a Mexican.

I climbed down and approached the still form. A slight movement told me that he still lived, and his hollow eyes, and the swollen tongue protruding from his mouth, told the tale of another victim of the desert. I hastily fetched my canteen and with a piece of cloth moistened his tongue, and let a few drops of water trickle into his mouth. When the agony was somewhat lessened, by the treatment which I had given him, I made a camp and watched by him all night, giving him water at intervals.

STRANGE ADVENTURE

It was just beginning to get light when he rolled over and tried to speak. He pulled open his shirt and hanging by a strap around his neck was a leather pouch, which he motioned me to take. With an great effort he managed to speak.

"I am go queer, Senor," he gasped. "Dis package a senorita in Tampico, she trow from ze window, say 'You go! Take dis to Senor Pablo—Pablo!'"

With a strangled gasp, he fell back and lay still. When I arrived at my destination I put my horses in a peon's corral arranged for feed for them, and went to a questionable looking dive which was the only hotel there. I went to the bar and ordered a drink in English and informed the inquisitive looking proprietor that I was a prospector. As I possessed a fairly thorough knowledge of their language, I made myself inconspicuous in a corner, and listened. There were two villainous looking individuals sitting at a table near me, and finally, one of them turned to me, and speaking in Spanish, asked, "Have you the time senor?"

I gazed at him with a blank stare and answered "What?"

He then repeated the question in English, and I pulled out my watch and told him. Apparently satisfied that I was ignorant of their language they resumed their conversation.

Finally one of them said, "I wonder what become of Leon. It is seven days since he was seen. El Mastro is suspicious as he vanished just before the senorita—"

"Hold your tongue, fool, you know not who hears you," hissed his companion, and shortly afterward, they finished their drinks and left.

I ordered some more wine, and asked the lad who served me who the two men were who had just left.

"They are vaqueros of Senor Miguel Cortez," he replied. "His rancho is ten miles out, but he was at his hacienda in town last night."

He told me where the hacienda was, and after a while I wandered in that direction, and looked it over. I had absorbed the contents of the letter given me, while on my way to Tampico, and translated it read something like this:

My Pablo.

I do not know how long we rode, we traveled mostly at night; but part of the days, too, were spent on our weary trip. Finally one night they bound my scarf around my face so that I was unable to cry out, and soon we rode through a village and into the patio of a large house.

They lifted me from my horse, carried me in and put me in a small room, after which they removed my bonds and the scarf and an old woman brought me food and wine.

After some time had passed, a big man, Senor Cortez they called him, entered the room and looked through the door. He then walked over toward me. I managed to evade him for a time, and when he did get his hand on me I bit him.

Finally he caught me, and though I struggled, he held me in his arms and kissed my lips. Oh, the shame of it! I who had allowed no man to touch my lips. He let me go then, and I laughed as I covered my face with my hands.

"You will come to me gladly—soon," he said. He then went out and locked the door.

The next morning, as I looked from the barred window of my room I saw a young vaquero whom I had seen at my rancho. I called to him, and, looking up, he recognized me.

"I return, senorita," he said and walked on.

I then hurried to write this, as among the other things in my room

are writing materials. I suppose my captor feels confident that escape is impossible and that none will cross him to side me. I will give this and my ring to the vaquero tell him to ride to you and he will be greatly rewarded. Then I will try to escape, or hold them off till you come. He is coming back, so I must hurry. Whatever happens, I am yours to eternity.

All my love,

AMELITA

This was the letter, and the reason I came to Tampico.

Now—how to enter the house?

When it grew dark, I returned to the house and rapped on the door, then drew back into the shadow of the wall. My plan worked! The old Mexican woman came out. I waited till her back was turned, and then stole into the dimly lighted hall and up the stairs.

SENOR CORTEZ

Soon I heard a door slam and the muttering of the woman as she went back to the kitchen.

I then commenced trying the rooms some of which were unlocked. I searched the rooms but found nothing—all were empty, except one room where I discovered indications of a woman's recent presence.

There was a faint perfume of roses in the air, and on the shelf were a few books, and some writing materials, the paper being the same as that used in the letter, but no other trace of the girl could I find.

The sound of horses approaching and men's voices broke my reverie. A loud hail and again the door opened. I heard the tramp of feet below and somebody ordered the old woman to bring food.

Slipping off my shoes, I crept downstairs and along the hall. Suddenly sensing something behind me, I turned, only to receive a crashing blow on the head. I saw a myriad of stars, then sank into soft darkness.

When I came to my head was throbbing. I was seated in a chair with my arms securely tied. A big Mexican stood in front of me, and there was no one else in the room. He wore a heavy automatic at his hip.

"Welcome to my poor home Senor," he smiled, but the smile made me shiver. "And what might be the purpose of this visit and why were you leaving in such haste?"

"In the first place," I commenced. "I have sent a letter to the American Consul, also one to the Chief of Rurales, announcing my intention of coming here, and if I do not appear they will make inquiries which may be unpleasant."

"I am looking for a young lady who is known to be here. Perhaps you can tell me where she has gone and explain a letter she wrote, which came into my hands and is in a safe place."

He looked at me without speaking for a few moments, then said, "The letters you sent, Senor, I have in my pocket," and he produced them. "The other that you speak of, I will explain."

"My niece, who has been staying with me for some time, was subject to spells when she was out of her mind. It was during one of these that she wrote the letter you received. Just now, I know not. I have sent the poor girl away now to a good home, where she will recover. Now I am sure you are glad that I acted as I did, as you would have appeared both interfering and foolish had you been permitted to proceed."

He then untied my hands and turning to the table, poured me another glass of wine, and one for himself.

"After drinking this with me, I trust you will accept my hospitality for the night," he said.

I accepted, feeling it was best to

conceal my suspicions, and there was the possibility of discovering something further if I appeared to accept his explanation, but I reckoned without my host.

I drank the wine, and almost immediately my head began to swim. I tried to rise, but my legs wouldn't move. I saw him through a haze and there was a triumphant smile on his face. Then everything went black.

I awoke to find myself in the hospital nearly two months later. They told me I had been brought in by a couple of herders who had found me wandering in the desert quite out of my head, and suffering from thirst and fever.

Had Cortez spoken the truth? Was it all the result of the workings of a poor girl's distorted brain? I do not know; perhaps I shall never know. But something, I cannot understand just what, has made me write this story.

Housekeeping Duties Need not Interfere with Club Activities

That club and business activities need not interfere with good housekeeping particularly with reference to the culinary arts is being emphasized through the interest being displayed by club, business and civic women leaders throughout the Pacific Coast.

Many of the most prominent women in their field have declared that club work need not take time from the home. The general opinion seems to be that women who systematize their work and utilize all the spare moments, can be excellent cooks and housekeepers, and at the same time, carry on extensive outside interests.

Miss Ida M. Reed, California State President of the Business and Professional Women's club, has substantiated her opinion with her favorite recipe—a complete meal in the oven—as follows:

Pork tenderloin in casserole
Mashed sweet potatoes
Apple ring cover
Stuffed tomatoes
Bran muffins with berry jam
Peach tapioca
Coffee.

"Cut the tenderloin in two pieces and flatten. Place in greased casserole, and dust with salt and paprika. Add just enough water to cover bottom of dish. Cover with thick slices of cored apple. Place cover on casserole. When ready to serve, garnish with candied cherries."

"Mash and season sweet potatoes, pile in buttered pie plate and cover the top with split marshmallows. Stuff tomatoes brush with melted butter, sprinkle with salt and sugar.

Four boiling water over minute tapioca. Half fill buttered custard cups with sliced peaches. Add butter and brown sugar, cover with tapioca.

Bake all dishes except tomatoes 20 to 35 minutes in hot oven of your gas range—400 degrees F. Bake tomatoes the last 20 minutes."

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