

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

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List Your Wants, Rentals, Articles for Sale or Trade and Miscellaneous Wants, in These Columns

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Complete Eastern Washington County and Western Multnomah County Coverage.

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WILSON'S Auction House. Auction sales every Monday Wednesday, Friday, 10 a. m. 721-729 2nd ave, near Morrison

AUTO INSURANCE

FARMERS AUTOMOBILE Inter-INSURANCE Exchange

Country Rates on Fords, Chevys, and all cars in the same price class. For Public Liability (10-20) Property Damage (5000) and Fire and Theft \$17.50 the first six months; \$7.50 each six months thereafter.

C. A. BENNETT
Local Agent, Mapewood, Ore.
Broadway 2706

OLIPHANT & BATES INS. AGENCY
233 S. W. Taylor St., Portland, Oregon
Broadway 5553

AUTOMOBILES WANTED

WE BUY OR SELL USED CARS—Agency for Nash, Hudson, Willis 77, and Terraplane cars. Used Car Exchange, Phone Hillsboro 2641.

AUTOMOTIVE LOANS

Any Make or Model Car SPECIAL RATES ON LOANS OF \$25 to \$100

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MENS Suits, Overcoats, cleaned and pressed. Felt hats cleaned and blocked. Cash and Carry Chicago Cleaners, 3d & Jefferson AT. 0526

35c

DAIRY

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ROSE CITY VETERINARY HOSPITAL will gladly answer questions concerning your pets. HUTHMAN'S Veterinary Hospital 2137 S. E. 7th Ave., EA. 3165.

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EQUIPMENT RENTALS—Fransen's Shop rents Floor Sanders, Floor Polishers, Spray Guns, White Wax Sprayers, Extension Ladders, Swing Stages, Jack-screws, and other items res. rates. Send for price circular. 2209 N. W. Thurman St., Portland, Oregon. BR. 1974, BR. 0716.

FEMINE HYGIENE

X-TEX SPECIAL—Never before sold under \$5.95, for limited time complete \$3.45, for feminine hygiene. Best by test. X-TEX PORTLAND DISTRIBUTORS, 429 Lumberman's Bldg., AT. 0377, GA. 2781

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WE HAVE FOR SALE—Over 200 tracts of 1-5 to 10 acres on terms of \$5, \$10 to \$15 a month. Comp & Kohlman Co., 601 Guardian Bldg. Alder and 3d Ave.

NEW DOORS, LUMBER

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COAL-BRIQUETS-PRES-TO-LOGS

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W. R. KARN PUMP SERVICE, 619 S. W. 19th ave. BRoadway 1322. Installation and repairing. Also used equipment.

HIDES, WOOL, CASCARA BARK

HIDES & WOOL, CASCARA—A specialty. LEE BROS., 431 S. W. Front Ave., ATwater 5334.

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MISCELLANEOUS

WILL BUY PELTS of 2 Foxes escaped Tuesday from Scholls Fox Farm, Scholls 9855.

MOTOR REPAIR

USED MOTORCYCLE PARTS—Every part for All Makes; largest stock in northwest, H. W. WARRENS CO., 1118 West Burnside, BRoadway 2327.

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ACCORDIANS—Learn the most popular instrument, the Piano Accordion, at the foremost Accordion School of the West. The only complete Accordion School. We sell the high grade ITALIAN PIANO ACCORDIANS. J. Enzler's Accordion School, 1131 SW Morrison St., Portland, Oregon.

VISIT DISTRIBUTOR PIANO EMPORIUM

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RENT A PIANO OR RADIO

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MUSIC TEACHERS—VOCAL

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DR. DELA B. HOWARD, 1618 S. W. 14th ave. BEacon 5391 Refractionists Cataract a specialty.

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eliminate swelling and pain in ankles feet and legs. Office 731 S. W. 11th BE. 3846.

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Piano, Piano Accordion Teacher

TRADES WANTED

UNDER PRESENT CONDITIONS one may trade to a better advantage. We have many interesting trades listed here. List your property with us, non-exclusively for quick action. CLAUDE E. HENDERSON, 503 Guardian Bldg., AT. 6733.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED TO BUY—Home with small acreage, at bargain price. John Porter, 113 3rd at Beaverton.

DON'T THROW THAT OLD FURNITURE AWAY

When you move. We buy furniture, stoves or what have you? TR. 7712, 2137 N. E. Alberta

WANTED TO BUY—Cheap horses

for fox feed. Babout Silver Fox Farm, Aloha. Phone Beaverton 9725.

WINDOW, PLATE, MIRROR GLASS

J. A. CLINE Glass and Glazing, Plate, Windows and Auto Glass—Mirrors Resilvered 1338 S. W. 3rd. ATwater 6788

POULTRY

POULTRY & TURKEYS WANTED—Cash buyers. We call EAst 5879 or write 322 S. E. Oak St., Portland.

ALL KINDS OF POULTRY WANTED

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WEST COAST BULL, SOLD AND installed under personal supervision of Mr. Bruce, guaranteed to give entire satisfaction in every way. See them, day or night at 2019 E. Burnside. EA. 9698.

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BARBERING TAUGHT—Two schools

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SKATING RINKS—ROLLER

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Come to Stove Headquarters For any kind of Range, Wood, Gas, Electric, or combination, new or used, Priced Right.

Lang Stove Co.

1017 S. W. 6th Ave. Phone AT. 2070

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ALL MAKES Repairs, Sales, Exchanges, Rentals New and Rebuilt Cleaners and Parts STARK'S 512 E. Burnside St. At Grand Ave. EA. 1069, Portland, Or

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ROBBERS' ROOST

by Zane Grey

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"Well! What do you want, Jim?" she inquired, with a woman's sweet tantalizing mystery. "However, never mind that now. Listen. Bernie hired all the riders available to hunt for me. Also he found where Hays sold our cattle, and he forced the buyers to sell back every head, at the price they paid. He threatened to take the case to Salt Lake City."

"That's sure good news. It might have a tendency to end rustling, at least in wholesale bunches. Did you hear how badly your brother was hurt?"

"She did not mention that. Anyway it couldn't have been much, for Bernie has been here. . . Aren't you going to eat any supper? Oh, I shall not sleep much tonight. . . And what shall I tell Bernie?"

The query was arresting to Jim and he hastened to direct her mind into other channels, trying to make her feel concerned that they had still fifty miles to cover.

Every moment of that ride next day was a joy and a pang. It seemed as short as the preceding one had been long. Helen was gay, sad, thoughtful, and talkative by turns, but she did not infringe on the one subject that crucified Jim.

It chanced that as they surmounted the pass that led down into Star ranch valley the sun was setting out of a glorious cloud pageant over Wild Horse Mesa and the canyon brakes of the Dirty Devil. Jim judged of its beauty and profundity by the sudden silence it enjoined upon his companion.

She never spoke another word until Jim halted the team in front of the ranch-house porch. "Home!" she whispered as if she had never expected to see it again.

At Jim's halloo Herrick came out on the porch. "By Jove—here you are!" was his greeting, as cool and unemotional as if they were returning from a day's visit to the village.

"Yes, Bernie, here I am—thanks to my escort," replied Helen.

Jim helped her out, while some cowboys came running.

"I'll take the team down," Jim said, hurriedly.

"You come in," returned Herrick, as he gripped Jim's hand and gave him a searching glance. He kissed Helen and led her in, with his arm around her. Jim purposely lingered at the task of collecting Helen's worn and muddy luggage, and carried it in. Brother and sister stood with arms locked, and their gaze was hard to meet.

"Jim, you will have supper with us," she said, "I'll leave you and Bernie. . . Oh, what will a tub and a change feel like!"

She gathered up her things and ran out of the living room.

"Helen hadn't time to tell me much," Herrick said. "Hays kidnaped her for ransom. Took her to a hellhole down in the brakes. Robbers' Roost, she called it. Held her there captive. They fought among themselves—gambling with my money. Heeseman's crew found them. There was a battle. In the end you killed Hays and brought Helen back. . . That's the gist of her story. But I want it in detail."

"I have all the money, almost to a dollar, Herrick," replied Jim.

The Englishman regarded that as of little consequence and urged Jim to a recital of the whole affair.

Presently Herrick spoke with something of gravity: "Helen told me that I was to keep you at Star ranch. I hope you won't let this Hays debacle drive you away."

"It'll be impossible for me to stay," rejoined Jim, briefly. "But thanks for your kindness."

"I'll have you manage the ranch—give you an interest. Anything—"

"Please don't embarrass me further. I can't stay. . . It's hard to confess—but I have had the gall, the absurd luck, to fall in love with your sister. I couldn't help it. I want

you to know, however, that it has turned me from that old outlaw life. I'll go away and begin life over again."

"By Jove! So that's your trouble. Does Helen know?"

"Yes. I told her. It was after she asked me to come and stay at Star ranch. She said she would never feel safe again unless I came. So I had to tell her."

"Declare I don't blame her. I'd feel a little safer myself. That devil Hays left his trade-mark on me. Look here. . . By thunder, Wall, it's a blooming mix. I understand you, and think you're a man to respect and like. Can't we get around the trouble somehow?"

"There is no way, Herrick."

"Helen has her own sweet will about everything. If she wants you to stay, you'll stay, that I can assure you. Is there any honorable reason why you ought not stay—outside of this unfortunate attachment to Helen?"

"I leave you to be judge of that," replied Jim, and briefly related the story of his life.

"I like your West. I like you westerners!" Herrick exploded. "Whatever Helen wants is quite right with me. . . I can't conceive of her insisting on your staying here—unless there is hope for you."

"That is wild, Herrick. I can't conceive of such a thing. It wouldn't be fair to take her seriously—after the horror she's been through—and her intense gratefulness."

Helen came in to breakfast next morning attired in the riding habit she had worn on that never-to-be-forgotten day of their ride.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Herrick. "If I were you, I'd never want to ride again!"

After greeting her, Jim could only look his admiration and wonder.

"I am taking up my ranch life where it left off—with reservations from sad experience," replied Helen, as she took her seat. "Bernie, we had to trade Jim's horse, Bay. What can he ride today?"

"He may take his choice. There are any number of good beasts."

"By the way, Jim, I told Tasker to follow us at once with our horses. I shall treasure that horse, Gray. A robber's horse! . . . Tasker ought to be here soon, maybe tomorrow."

Jim felt the solid earth slipping from under his feet.

"I expected to leave today," he said, casually. "But I'll wait until tomorrow. Bay is a horse I hated to part with."

"So soon!" exclaimed Helen, with dark, inscrutable eyes on him.

"You are home. All is well with you."

"Bernie, could you not induce Jim to stay?" she queried.

Herrick waved a deprecatory hand. "Bernie has consented to let me share his ranching enterprise," she said. "I'd like to see it pay—a reasonable interest, at least. And I have rather conceived the idea that it'd be difficult, if not impossible, without you."

"Not at all," replied Jim, constrainedly.

Presently she arose: "Come, let us ride. We can discuss it better in the saddle."

Jim could not find his tongue. He was vastly concerned with this ride. After it, would he be as strong as he was now? To be near her. . .

Barnes led the onslaught of ranch hands upon Helen, and the welcome she received could not have been anything but gratifying.

Jim got on the horse Barnes saddled for him and followed Helen who to his surprise took the road back up to the ranch house. Perhaps she had forgotten something. But when he turned the bend she was mounting the trail that led up the ridge. If there had been giants on huge steeds pulling Jim back, he still would have kept on. When they got up to the level ridge, among the pines, he trotted to catch up with her. But she kept a little

His thoughts locked around the astounding fact—this was the trail they had ridden down, after that encounter when he had kissed her. Sight and hearing, his sense of all around him, seemed strangely intensified. The pines whispered, the rocks had a secret voice, the sky turned blue, the white clouds sailed, the black Henrys loomed above and the purple-gray valley deepened its colors below.

Helen halted her horse under the very pine where they had stopped to listen to the hounds and cowboys racing up the ridge after the deer.

"My sense of direction seems to be all right," said Helen.

"Helen, I fear it's better than your sense-of-kindness, let me say. . . Why did you bring me here?"

"Please look at my cinch," she replied, coolly.

Jim dismounted, more unsure of himself than ever in any of the many crucial moments of his career. He did not understand a woman. He could only take Helen literally.

Her saddle cinch was all right, and he rather curtly told her so.

"Then—maybe it's my stirrup," she went on, lightly, as she removed her boot and spurred foot.

"Well, I can't see anything wrong with that, either. . . Helen."

Something thudded on the ground. Her gloves and her sombrero. But they surely had not fallen. She had flung them! A wave as irresistible as the force of the sea burst over him. But he looked up, outwardly cool. And as he did her gloved hand went to his shoulder.

"Nothing—the matter with—your stirrup," he said huskily.

"No. After all, it's not my cinch—nor my stirrup. . . Jim, could any of your western girls have done better than this?"

"Than what?"

"Than fetching you here—to this place—where it happened."

"Yes, they would have been more merciful."

"But since I love you—"