

### THE BUZZY WAGON

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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THIS flivvering across country is not as joyful as it sounds, growled Mr. Bellamy, as he munched a dried beef sandwich.

"Don't call my Rolway a 'flivver,'" objected Jack Bellamy. "What is that behind us?" Jack asked.

"A very disreputable car—probably bandits."

It was an ambitious little closed car, much the worse for wear. Suddenly there was a loud report and the Rolway listed a little. Jack stopped the car at the side of the road.

"Tire, front—flat," explained Jack as he got out and removed his coat. Mr. Bellamy growled inarticulately as he, too, scrambled out. But he paused, petrified, as the shabby little flivver came up and stopped in front of them. A girl's charming face looked out at them. She sat at the wheel. She was wearing knickers and soft white blouse, with a round hat on her misty dark hair. Beside her sat another girl, fair and blue-eyed, in the same attire.

Mr. Bellamy, at heart a kindly man, beamed upon them and asked huskily: "Haven't any water on board, have you?"

"I am sorry—we have drinking water, not enough for—"

"Don't want it for the car—dying of thirst," explained Mr. Bellamy.

"The poor thing!" exclaimed the other girl. "I will get it Dorothy."

At the sound of Dorothy's name the head of Jack Bellamy emerged turtle-wise from beneath the car, besmeared with grease and sand, his expectant eyes seeking the dark-haired girl. She saw him at the same moment and paled. His head vanished instantly to reappear at its proper height beside his father.

"Oh, see the pretty man," breathed Helen as she passed Dorothy with a thermos bottle in her hand.

"Idiot," groaned Dorothy, wondering what adverse fate had brought her to the same trail with Jack Bellamy, whose erratic father had refused to allow his son to marry a poor, unknown girl. The girl herself, an ambitious art student, was too proud to enter a hostile family, so she had sent Jack away. They had lost sight of each other, and now she and Nina Gray, jogging along in their beloved "buzzy wagon," journeyed from town to town and sketching by the way, had found themselves trailing a gorgeous car that blocked the narrowing road. And it had proved to be the car of Jack's objectionable and objecting parent.

Mr. Bellamy drank deeply from the silver cup again and again. It was a shining cup—Dorothy's christening cup—and bore her name. The horn-rimmed spectacles of Mr. Bellamy peered closely at the inscription.

"Dorothy Meares—Meares—that your name?" he asked sharply.

"Yes," admitted Dorothy, regaining her lost color.

"I knew a Meares. Old friend of mine. We used to hunt in Canada together, long ago. What was your father's name?"

"Nathaniel," she said reluctantly.

Bellamy looked disturbed, and his face softened. "He was my friend, and he has passed away, my dear?"

"Two years ago, at Seattle," she answered sadly.

He nodded. "I heard that. A brave man and a thoroughly honest friend. I am very glad to meet his daughter. My name is Bellamy, Angus Bellamy."

"Thank you, Mr. Bellamy. My father always kept your picture in his study, the one in which you were landing a monster trout."

"Right! Jack, come here and meet the daughter of an old friend of mine. Miss Meares, this is—"

Dorothy's slim form stiffened. "I have met your son, Mr. Bellamy."

"Jack, you never told me, sir." He frowned on Jack.

"Miss Meares is the young lady I wish to marry, dad," he said at last.

"What?" bristled Mr. Bellamy, trying to collect all the astounding facts before him and fit them into the puzzle of the undesirable girl Jack had wanted to marry. "What? What?"

"One of Dorothy's pies," irrelevantly broke in Helen Gray, as she came toward them with a huge flaky apple pie in her hands. "I am starved, and it is twenty miles to the next town—who will have a slice of pie?" She put her things on the running board of the Rolway. She flashed a silver knife and passed pieces of delicious pie around on paper plates.

Mr. Bellamy ate, and mutely passed his plate for more. "Anyone who can make a pie like this . . . the daughter of my best friend . . . Dorothy, my dear, go and make it up with Jack!"

Dorothy led Jack to the shabby, happy little car that she and Helen owned together. She bent, and swept a kiss at the open door.

"The dear old buzzy-wagon . . . it brought us right to you!"

"I want to kiss it myself," grinned Jack, "only it's a pity to waste 'em!"

#### Back at Work

E. C. Trapp, popular conductor on the Southern Pacific lines, is back at work on the train running between Albany and Oakridge, according to his friends in the city. He will be on the mixed train after several months spent elsewhere on the division.

### Personals

Luke Morehouse was in Springfield on business Monday from his home in Fallcreek.

Frank Campbell was in from Thurston Saturday.

Dan Winfrey of Pleasant Hill was a business visitor in Springfield Sunday.

Otto Rice returned home to Mapleton Monday.

J. C. Stapleton, Alvadore merchant, was in this city Monday on business.

T. E. Williams was here from his home near Springfield to transact business on Monday.

A carload of poles arrived from Carlyle, Washington, on Monday to be treated at the Carbolineum wood-preserving plant.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION  
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR  
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, December 5, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that Grant J. Gray, of Eugene, Oregon, who, on May 14, 1920, made Homestead entry, Serial No. 012726, for the Lot 4 of Section 5, Township 17 S., Range 3 W., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final

Three-Year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before E. O. Immel, U. S. Commissioner, at his office at Eugene, Oregon, on the

17th day of January, 1924.  
Claimant names as witnesses: C. B. Swango, of Coburg, Oregon; John Reinger, of Coburg, Oregon;

Thomas Green, of Coburg, Oregon; T. L. Barber, of Coburg, Oregon.  
W. H. CANNON, Register.  
D1 13, 20, 27, J3



## The New Store of the Green Merrell Co.

Located at 825 Willamette street is now open.

New merchandise, especially desirable as gifts are displayed in wondrous array.

...

We especially invite you to visit our new store in our new location and make this your store when in Eugene.

## Green Merrell Co.

"One of Eugene's Leading Stores"



Don't forget that Christmas only comes once each year and that the Kiddies expect to get all the candies, nuts, oranges and other good things that they can eat and remember that we carry a large assortment of those things. Our prices are right and quality of the best. Help the kiddies have a good time at Christmas.

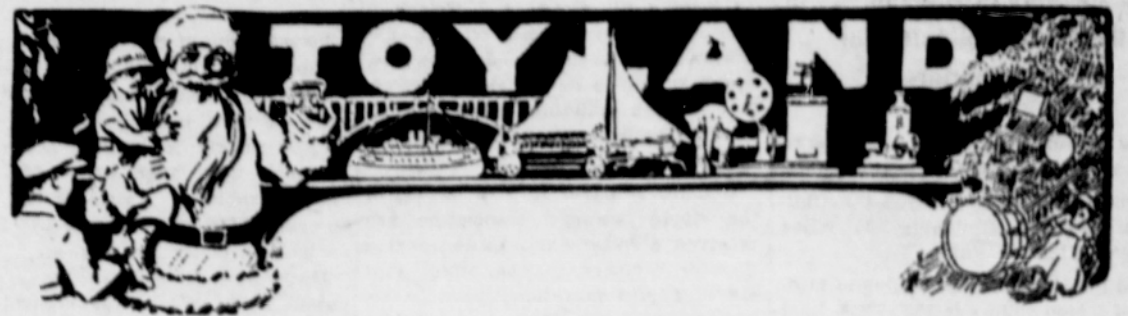
### Dry Goods

We have lots of good presents in our Dry Goods department at a nominal price for holiday presents.

### Feeds

Be sure to get an extra sack of feed for the old hen and cow for a Christmas present.

## A. R. Sneed Dept Store



## We Save You Money on TOYS and CANDY

Our Candy is fresh from the factory and the price is right. All kinds of nuts, plain or mixed. Special Xmas prices.

Fancy Work Stationery 42 PIECE DINNER SET \$10.00

A wonderful assortment. We can give you the very best various designs and styles, of value in this line of gifts. This is an exceptional offer Stamped goods, most any- You'll save money on this if —one you will readily take thing you want. you compare quality. advantage of.

## Wilson's Variety Store

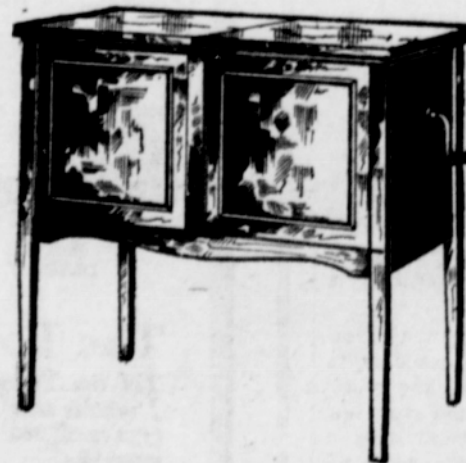
Located at 336 Main Street

# Phonograph SALE

HERE'S MUSIC FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS

This beautiful new style Console Phonograph, which plays all makes of records, at practically half price—

# \$97.50



10 Double 75c Records Free With Each Instrument

FOR THREE DAYS ONLY

PAY ONLY \$7.50 DOWN AND \$2.00 PER WEEK

Why not take advantage of this offer and have one of these models set aside for Christmas delivery?

## Laraway Music Stores

Stores in Eugene and Corvallis