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 For reliable Cleaning and Dyeing service send parcels to us. We pay return postage. Information and prices given upon request.
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North Portland Horse & Mule Co. will hold weekly auction sales at the Union Stockyards, North Portland, each Wednesday at one o'clock. If you have anything to sell in horses, mules or mules, cows, or harness and wagons, we would be glad to solicit your business, as we are always in touch with buyers.

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 Gives smooth, Gliding finish to hard or soft-wood floors.
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Hen Charged With Theft of Gem Freed by Judge
 Boston.—A hen cannot steal, and Lady Camille is beyond the clutches of the law, it was ruled in the Chelsea district court by Judge Blossom. So the blue Orpington hen which plucked a diamond from a ring on the finger of George A. Hennessey and was arrested for larceny was restored to her coop at a chicken show here. Hennessey had no redress against John Strom, owner of Lady Camille.

Body is Sliced in Two.
 Neenah, Wis.—Rudolph Diedrickson, twenty-four years old, of Neenah was sawed completely in two when he accidentally fell on a buzz saw.

STATE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Salem.—More than \$20,000 will be spent in remodeling and enlarging the power plant of the Oregon Pulp & Paper company, it was announced Saturday. The improvements will start at once.

Cove.—Baxter brothers, Robert Z. and Roy Baxter, have purchased the M. Borgren sawmill, planer and timber and will take possession at once. They will continue to operate a lumber yard and supply fruit boxes.

Salem.—John H. Race of the Oregon Growers' Co-operative association, upon his return here Saturday from northern points, reported that the Chinese walnut is to enter into keen competition with the Oregon product.

Salem.—Veterans of Foreign Wars, Oregon department, held a meeting here Saturday and went on record as favoring some kind of a national bonus for ex-service men. More equitable pensions for Spanish-American war veterans also was favored by the convention.

Lebanon.—The First Presbyterian church of Lebanon was damaged by fire early Sunday afternoon to the extent of between \$2000 and \$3000. The fire started in the furnace room in the basement of the church and was confined largely to the furnace room, kitchen and dining room.

Eugene.—Peter Verigin, advance representative of a Doukhobor colony that proposes to locate in Lane county, announced Saturday that arrangements had been made to buy the old Friendly farm of 800 acres, eight miles southwest of Eugene on the Crow road. He said that a number of families are expected to arrive from Canada this year.

Salem.—With the practical exhaustion of the state highway bond funds, the state highway programme has now reached a point where it is dependent on its current income for a continuation of the work. The estimated income for 1924 is approximately \$12,740,000, and a large part of this money already has been obligated through contracts awarded during the year 1923.

Pendleton.—The general indebtedness of the city of Pendleton was reduced by \$24,000 during 1923, according to the annual report of Thomas Fitzgerald, city recorder, to the city council. A saving of \$1200 annually in interest charges is effected by the retirement of the bonds. All departments of the city kept their expenditures under the budget allowance, the report stated.

Salem.—The total bonded indebtedness of the state of Oregon on December 31, 1923, was \$60,246,830, according to the annual report of O. P. Hoff, state treasurer, completed here Friday. Highway bonds top the list with obligations aggregating \$38,395,250. World war veterans' state aid bonds total \$20,000,000, district interest bonds \$1,401,580, and rural credit bonds \$450,000.

Hood River.—Crews are being assembled at Dee, where work will be started soon on construction of a new concrete dam by the Oregon Lumber company. The dam, replacing an old wooden structure, will be utilized in backing up the waters of the east fork of Hood river for a log pond and to furnish water power for a hydro-electric system furnishing energy for the company's big sawmill.

Salem.—Within the next week all necessary forms for making state income tax returns will be ready for distribution. Approximately 85,000 blanks will be mailed. Of this number 73,000 will be sent to individuals and 12,000 to corporations, partnerships and fiduciaries. Each enclosure will contain a form for the state return, sheet of instructions, blank for furnishing a copy of return to the government and a return envelope.

Albany.—A gigantic undertaking to provide pure mountain water for all of the valley towns in this section with an outlay of approximately \$7,000,000 was started Saturday at a meeting of about a dozen influential business men of Albany. A temporary organization to carry on the negotiations with the other valley towns for the purpose of putting the project through was completed at the meeting under the name of the Pure Water Development league.

St. Helens.—The ruling of the Oregon supreme court that the tax conservation commission act was void had little effect in Columbia county except to make it necessary to call a meeting of the county court and the budget advisory committee, which was held Saturday morning. The county tax commission had lopped off some \$40,000 from the budget as prepared by the county court and the advisory committee. Its recommendation was adopted and the county assessor proceeded to extend the tax roll on this basis.

Why Mr. Minch Smiled

By CLARISSA MACKIE
 (© 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Mr. Minch!" whispered a still, small voice at the tall floorwalker's elbow. "Mr. Minch!"

As the big blonde man did not recognize this "still, small voice" as the voice of his conscience, he bent his head down to observe Lottie Miller, a diminutive bundle wrapper, who was registering great secrecy. "Kin I speak a word to you?"

Bachelor though he was, Donald Minch knew that when a woman asks to say one word she means a score or more, so he led the girl aside to a quiet spot.

"What's the matter, Lottie? Anything been stolen?"

"Nothing like that, Mr. Minch. It's about the picnic."

"Aha!"

Mr. Minch, as chairman of the entertainment committee of the annual picnic and merry-making of the Smith Stores, Inc., to be held at Holiday Beach next Saturday, listened attentively.

"You know that new girl on the gloves?"

"Which one?"

Lottie sniffed. "Only one worth noticing, Mr. Minch. Name's Mary Smith—I bet that don't tell you anything."

"Don't be sassy, little girl!" warned the floorman sternly. "There is another girl, blue eyes, curly hair and little freckles on her nose. A pretty—"

"And he never noticed her!" murmured Lottie, unafraid.

"What about her?"

"Mary Smith's been crying off and on all day. She isn't going to the picnic!"

"Why isn't she going?"

"She won't tell; just wants to go and can't. It's just tragic!" sniffed Lottie, who loved the "movies."

Mr. Minch looked disturbed. "Send her to me, Lottie. I will wait here."

Lottie sped away on her errand, and Donald Minch looked wistfully out of the corners of his blue eyes in the direction of the distant glove counter. Presently the dainty form of Mary Smith came toward him. There was a timid appeal in her soft glance and a scared look as of one summoned before high justice.

"You sent for me, Mr. Minch?"

He nodded kindly and took a notebook from his pocket and poised a silver pencil. "Let me see, Miss Smith, you are in department 39?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; gloves."

"How long have you been with us?"

"Four weeks."

He looked at the open page of his notebook. "You know I am chairman of the entertainment committee of the picnic next Saturday?"

"Yes, sir, in an awed tone."

"I am checking the names of those who are going. All employees are expected to attend if able. Your name is not checked. Why?"

"I'm afraid that I cannot go, sir."

"Er—domestic objection or trouble?" he asked kindly.

Mary Smith smiled sadly and her smile was beautiful. It startled him.

"No home trouble, Mr. Minch. I have no home—my people are all dead. I am quite alone. I would love to come to the picnic, but I am a perfect stranger here and I have no friends, so I thought I would stay at home."

He shook his handsome head. "That will not do at all, Miss Smith. It will do you good to come and get acquainted with the other workers. This is a get-together party, arranged by Harrison Smith—what is the matter? Are you ill?"

Mary Smith was leaning against a pillar, looking white and strained.

"Oh, no. You were saying something about Harrison Smith—it is a common name enough, but I had an uncle by that name."

"Indeed? Where is he?"

"We do not know—we never knew. He and my father became separated when they were quite young men and lost sight of each other entirely. Dad always said he was sure that his brother was dead—he traveled all over the world."

"That is very interesting indeed, and now, Miss Smith, I shall expect to see you at the picnic bright and early Saturday morning. Busses will be at the store to run you out to the park. Be here at nine o'clock."

"Thank you, Mr. Minch. You are very kind indeed," she murmured, her pale cheeks glowing pink under his admiring gaze. If Mr. Minch had known that his eyes were betraying him he would have closed them swiftly, for he was a young man who appreciated the responsibility of his position with Harrison Smith, Inc., and a remote manner toward the young women of the company was a noticeable characteristic.

"If you are not there, you will be docked," he told Mary Smith.

So Mary Smith went back to her counter, observed by all her fellow workers.

"You certainly struck twelve with Minch!" remarked Ella Brady, also at the glove counter.

"How absurd!" blushed Mary again, whereupon Ella Brady sent a wink across the aisle to Lottie Miller, whose kindly intervention had changed the world for one girl—and for one man.

What a wonderful Saturday that was. To begin with, it was a perfectly beautiful day. Holiday park had been reserved exclusively for the Smith picnic, and with the fresh green of the trees and grass and the blue of

the surrounding water, there was nothing more to be desired for a playground.

As chairman of the entertainment committee, Mr. Donald Minch was here, there and everywhere, directing games, leading the dancing in the pavilion, always finding time to help some one else have a good time; making introductions, seeking out the lonely and the unpopular ones, making everybody happy. Neither did he neglect his own pleasure, for did he not dance repeatedly with pretty Mary Smith until her cheeks were as pink as her frock? For his part, Mr. Minch quite made up his mind that a bachelor's life was dull indeed. Whereupon he sought out Mary and invited her to attend the theater with him one night the following week.

At this particular moment along came Mr. Harrison Smith, a breezy, opulent gentleman, who shook hands with Mr. Minch and looked inquiringly at Mary.

"A strange face to me, Mr. Minch. This is one of our flock, I suppose?" he asked genially.

"Miss Mary Smith of the glove counter—has been with us a month. She says she has an uncle somewhere in the world who bears the same name as yours," said Mr. Minch, as he presented Mr. Harrison Smith.

"Run away, Minch, while I question Miss Smith—I may be her long-lost uncle, although I have no strawberry mark on my left arm," said Mr. Smith.

"Ah, my uncle Harrison didn't have one either, but he did have one on his left thumb," laughed Mary.

Mr. Harrison Smith calmly held out his left thumb. "What's that?" he asked.

"Oh!" cried Mary frightened.

"Are you my brother's daughter?" calmly asked the successful merchant.

"My father was Hobart Henry Smith."

"Where is he now—don't answer, my dear. I see it in your face. I did not know what had become of any of his family. I have spent much time and money—His genial face was overcast with sorrow."

"We are alone—we two," he said after a while. "You must come and be my daughter."

Just then Mr. Minch came along and heard the whole story. "Get all the folks together, Minch. I want to tell them about my adopted daughter." And as Mr. Minch, looking depressed enough over the shattering of his plans for a wife named Mary, Mr. Smith drew him aside with a little slap on the shoulder. "There'll be no objection on my part if she wants to marry a likely young man in my store, say the general manager, eh Minch?"

And Mr. Minch smiled.

NEW AIRSHIP LINE PLANNED

Luxurious Zeppelins to Fly Between Spain and South America in Near Future.

Plans for an airship line between Spain and South America have been completed.

The king of Spain is largely responsible for its inception, and the Zeppelin company is reported to have received a commission to construct airships with a capacity of 4,500,000 cubic feet, a length of 825 feet, capable of carrying forty passengers, mails and goods, and having a cruising speed of nearly seventy miles per hour, for this service.

The details of these vessels, which are given in the English scientific journal, Discovery, show a luxurious cabin with a social hall and ten four-berth sections somewhat similar to those of a Pullman car. The work of construction is expected to take two years, and the service will probably be inaugurated in 1925.

It is anticipated that the journey from Spain to Argentina will require a little over three days, and the return journey something over four days, the longer time on the eastward course being due to prevailing head winds, says the Living Age.

Seville will be the European terminal and Cordoba the Argentine terminal. Buenos Aires is an unsatisfactory landing point on account of its variable winds.

Everything had gone well with the newly married couple. Directly after their honeymoon they had taken rooms in a hotel and so they had no housekeeping worries to mar their happiness.

Disillusionment came when they took a furnished house at a seaside town, sweet young Angelica undertaking to look after the cooking. It was far from being a success. The pastry was always as hard as a brick and the puddings—well!

One day they had a picnic on the seashore and were sitting watching the waves, when Angelica exclaimed dramatically:

"How the sea moans!"

"No wonder," replied her husband pessimistically. "I have just thrown some of your cake into it."

He Knew.
 Halfway through the second act the heroine, after having been left starving with a bunch of children, and generally having been "put through it," got tired of this sort of treatment and shot the villain dead.

"What have I done?" she cried in impassioned tones. "What have I done?"

"Shot the best bloomin' actor in the show, miss," came the reply from the gallery.

What He Needed.
 Sampson—He's bashful. Why don't you give him a little encouragement?
 Deliah—Encouragement? He needs a cheering section.—Punch Bowl.

Mrs. E. L. Henson



The Appealing Charm of Health!

Portland, Oreg.—"I can speak in terms of highest praise of all of Pierce's remedies, especially the Favorite Prescription for woman's ailments and as a tonic and nerve, and the Pleasant Laxative for stomach and liver ills. While bringing up my family, whenever I have been in a run-down weakened or nervous condition, I have always been strengthened and helped by the use of the 'Favorite Prescription.' And in later years when my stomach has become disordered, and my food seems to disagree with me, then Dr. Pierce's Tablets give me immediate relief."—Mrs. E. L. Henson, 768 E. 6th St., North.

Start at once with the "Prescription" and see how quickly you pick up—feel stronger and better. Write Dr. Pierce, President Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., for free advice, or send 10c for trial pkg. tablets.

Signs That Command Attention.

"Drive safely. A fatal accident occurred here." A number of signs bearing this inscription have been posted on a Massachusetts highway near Boston, at points where persons have been killed by automobiles.

Book of Human Life.

As we live each of us writes a chapter in the book of human life. We write either in characters of good or in letters of evil. Some of us are using both. Pity it is some do not realize what they're doing.—Grit.

Knife Handles 30,000 Years Old.

About 500 tons of ivory are used every year for knife handles and decorative work. It is obtained from the walrus, the elephant and the mastodon. The handles of your table knives may easily be 30,000 years old.

Practical Joke Ended Love.

My first love affair ended when the boy of my dreams attached a fluffy lamb's tail to a piece of wire and fastened it in my sweater. I, unaware, paraded down the main streets of the town.—Exchange.

"Pig Iron."

Pig iron is so called because the molten metal is run into a long mass with shorter pieces attached to it at right angles. The long pieces are called the sow and the shorter are called the pigs.

Bees Have Hip Pockets.

In the bee's legs are pockets for holding pollen, each pocket being closed by rows of bristles which interlock in the most wonderful manner, so preventing the pollen from falling out.

Use of Mind's "Windows."

Our minds are full of windows. Some of us are too busy to look out. Some look out occasionally. Some think they "see it all." Yet none of us uses those windows as we should, else we'd have broader vision.

"Adam's Apple."

"Adam's apple" received its name from the belief of the ancients that a piece of apple given to Adam by Eve stuck in his throat.

When Electric Globes Pop.

The strength of the glass prevents an electric light bulb from bursting. When a bulb is broken with a blow, the "pop" is the result of the fact that the interior was not filled with air.

Might Be Useful Some Times.

"I see you always carry a spare tire," remarked Brown. "Yes," replied Black, "and when my wife is driving I wish I could carry a spare neck, too."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sea Life Under Great Pressure.

Life has been found in the sea at depths of more than 24,000 feet, although at such depths any object is under a pressure of 10,000 pounds to the square inch.

Helpmeet Imperative.

No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife.—Nichter.

Red Cross BALL BLUE

used for baby's clothes, will keep them sweet and snowy-white until worn out. Try Red Cross for yourself. At grocers.