

**The Barker Luck**

By A. W. PEACH

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Rose Barker faced the same bravely as she had faced other difficult problems in days past. Without any particular ability except willingness to work hard, she had won her way into the good will of the great real estate firm, and was about to enter on the new duties of the position, when the grave but kindly faced physician had told her the cause of the harassing pain in her side, and ended with a statement that involved the word "operation."

On the evening that the recidivist had been given, her faithful and unobtrusive lover, Elmer Horton, who had worked in her old office came to see her; and before she realized what he was doing, in his quiet way he had drawn from her some of her fears and doubts. The steadfast love in his eyes—and they were not handsome eyes—may have been the answer.

"It's the Barker luck, Elmer," she said, smiling bravely. "Alone in this big world—"

"You forget me," he broke in, his steady eyes twinkling.

She choked an instinctive desire to hug him. "You old dear, how faithful and kind you have been to me; and you know I never can love you."

"Perhaps," he answered, smiling at her mood.

"Ah, I wonder!" Then her smile twisted a bit. "Well, I must have it done; but the money end of it—I'm poor as Job's turkey—was it Job's turkey? Hold on!" Her chin was quivering, but her eyes were smiling. "I have one thousand dollars after all. Did you know that?"

He professed great astonishment. "Some one did love me enough to give me one thousand dollars." She hunted through an old wallet that evidently contained cherished treasures, and drew out a crumpled check. "You remember old Mr. Pruitt?"

"Do I? He used to sit and ramble on by the hour with you while I was only asking for five minutes to make love to you."

She shook her head warningly. "None of that. Well, I did try to be good to him. He was a little out of his head, you know. Just before his last sickness he came in and gave me this check with a great flourish. You know he always talked of having money. I'm glad he thought he had. Poor old tender-hearted man, the landlady told me the city had to bury him at its own expense." Her eyes shadowed.

He took the check quickly. The writing was so erratic that it hardly made sense. Clearly enough, it was the vagary of an unbalanced mind, yet it did represent a pleasant memory; and Horton sought to divert her mind from the last thought she had spoken. She sensed his effort, however, and smiled back. "Elmer, it's the Barker luck; and I'm going to face it in the way father and mother did. Tomorrow I go to the hospital. I am going to let them do as they want to with me; and afterward—why, afterward—"

She looked at him with stricken eyes. She knew that weeks must pass after the operation before she would be strong enough to take up work once more; and where was the money coming from to enable her to live as she should and grow strong during those weeks?

He took up the check in desperate fingers, stirred by the look in her eyes. "Say, Rose Bee, endorse this check; and I'll try to get it through. Perhaps the old chap did have this money!"

Elmer looked at Rose Bee, and Rose Bee looked at Elmer, in the immortal speech of heart to heart; and then, as she kissed him, she announced, smiling through the mist in her eyes:

"Dear, the Barker luck has busted!"

In the Mesa Verde Region. The Mesa Verde region, writes Arthur Chapman, has many attractions besides its ruins. It is a land of weird beauty. The canons which seem the mesa, and all of which lead toward the distant Mancos river, are, in many cases, replicas of the Grand Canon of the Colorado. While the summer days are warm, the nights are cool, and the visitor should bring plenty of wraps besides the clothing and shoes necessary for the work of climbing around among the trails. Little horse-back riding can be done.

It is a country of active foot work, just as it was in the days of cliff dwellers themselves. But, when one has spent a few days among the cedars and jack pines of the Mesa Verde, well named "Green Table" by the Spaniards of early days, he becomes an enthusiast.

Talk in the Rhineland. The confusion of tongues that the war has caused is hit off in the following conversation reported in an exchange: "When two Americans meet on the street of any Rhineland town this dialogue results: 'Bon jour, buddy; where were you yesternight?' 'Last evening? Why, I was schlafen.' 'Schlafen nix? I hope to step in your mess kit if I wasn't schlafen. Where were you?' 'S-h-o-l-a-b-l-a-d-e party and so-me-tim-e take it from me. Three fraulins—swell lanes—beaucoeur cognac, and piano-spielen. Krank head dies morgen.'"—Outlook.

note which I was told must be given you just as soon as possible. Would you like it now?"

Her blurred eyes read: "Dear Rose Bee—Your luck has turned. I took the check to a bank; they put it through for me; and the money came back! Old Pruitt must have known his time was short, and thinking of your kindness to him in an unkind world, gave you all he had. He loved you. So do I, Elmer." And in a smaller envelope she found bills that totaled \$500, and a note: "The rest you can have when you want it. I kept it in the bank."

The notes of her rambling world had slipped into place. It was the old man's gift, and there was nothing to do but accept it. It meant weeks in the country, strength regained, a new desire to live.

She secured a private room, special care, and spent two weeks in the hospital. Just once, Elmer came to see her. She found his quiet, whimsical ways very restful and enjoyable; and she asked him to come again. He failed to appear, sending a brief note that he could not get away from his work again; and then she remembered how pale and tired he looked. The thought worried her, his failure to come annoyed her, and in both failure and annoyance she made a new discovery of how much the awkward, big-hearted friend meant to her.

She went back to a village in the hills, and there began to regain rapidly the strength she needed for her work. Only one thing marred the happy days—the money he had sent her was about gone—surgeon's, nurse's, and the hospital bills had mounted up more rapidly than she thought, she reasoned; so she wrote him.

Mr. Stafford, in whose family she was staying, happened to be going to the city, and he volunteered to take the note in to Elmer.

Her first surprise came in the evening, when she was called into the front room of the house and found Elmer waiting. She went to him gladly, instinctively, and then paused, the thrill in her heart dying. She wanted to put her arms around his neck and tell him just how much he had been to her, but the look on his face arrested her. The same old hungry look of love was in his eyes, but his haggard face was lined and changed.

"Rose Bee, I have come to make a confession," he said tensely. "I didn't—er—there is no money—"

"What—what—what do you mean?" "There isn't any more money," he repeated desperately. "I knew the check was no good; I didn't have the courage to take it to the bank. I borrowed from the firm—and—and I worked night and day to raise the rest and pay back some I borrowed. I knew you wouldn't take it—so I thought of this scheme of making believe the check was good. I—I—had to tell you. I couldn't get hold of any money to send you. Do you—hate me for it?"

From astonishment, amazement, to tender understanding she wept as she listened. At his last boyish question she laid her face against his shoulder and drew his arm about her. "Hate you, my dear, great-hearted boy," she said gently; "why, let me tell you what I have been learning these weeks—I love you!"

"Rose Bee!"

A hoarse cough broke the spell. Mr. Stafford stood in the doorway. "Say, if you young folks will forgive me, I want to tell you something. I talked with Horton, and he told me the story of the check. I'm a curious old cuss, and just for the fun of it, 'cause I could understand how Pruitt loved this girl—I guess you do, too, Horton—I had my bankers telephone to that country bank the check was on, while I was in the city; and I just got home and I had to give you the news—that check just covers the balance old Pruitt had in his country bank! Elmer should have tried to cash it, but I guess everything is all right now!"

Elmer looked at Rose Bee, and Rose Bee looked at Elmer, in the immortal speech of heart to heart; and then, as she kissed him, she announced, smiling through the mist in her eyes:

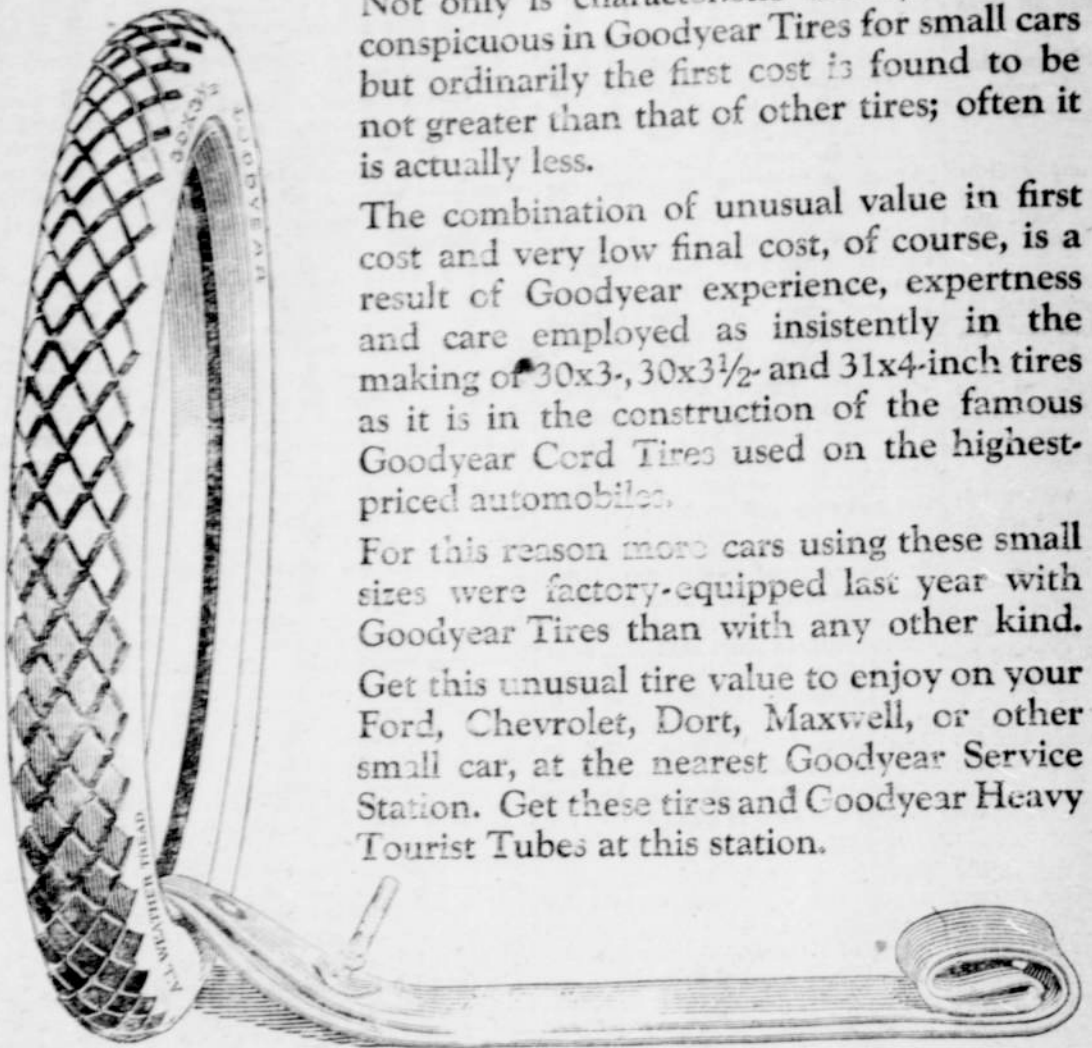
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**Unusual Value—In Tires for Small Cars**



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For this reason more cars using these small sizes were factory-equipped last year with Goodyear Tires than with any other kind.

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**GOOD YEAR**

**Notice of Hearing Administrator's Final Account.**

Notice is hereby given that Otto Klien, administrator in the estate of F. P. Klien, deceased, late of Tillamook County, Oregon, has filed in the County Court of said County, his final account, Notice is further given that the said Court has set Monday, the 9th day of February, 1920, at 10 o'clock a.m., as the time and the office of the County Judge of said County, as the place for the hearing of said final account. All persons having any objections to the said account are hereby notified to appear at said time and place and show cause if any there be, why the said account should not be approved and the administrator discharged.

Otto Klien, Administrator of the Estate of F. P. Klien, deceased.

Attorneys: Johnson & Handley, Tillamook, Oregon.

**Notice of Sale of Real Estate.**

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook. In the matter of the estate of Nicholas Job, deceased, commonly known as Nick Job.

Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern that the undersigned Administrator of the estate of Nicholas Job, deceased, by virtue of an order of the Honorable A. M. Hare, Judge of the County Court for the County of Tillamook, State of Oregon, in the matter of the above entitled estate, duly made and entered in the Journal of said court, on the 31st day of December, 1919, will from and after the 5th day of February, 1920, at the office of John Leland Henderson, at 206 East 3rd Street, in Tillamook City, Oregon, offer for sale, and proceed to sell the real estate hereinafter described, at private sale, to the highest and best bidder for cash, in one parcel, subject to confirmation by said court, the following real estate situate in the corporate limits of the City of Tillamook City, in the County of Tillamook and State of Oregon, to-wit: Lots one (1) and Two (2) in Block forty-six (46) of Hayer's Fifth Addition to the Town (now City) of Tillamook as per the recorded plat thereof.

First publication Jan. 8, 1920. Last publication February 5, 1920.

Dated at Tillamook, Oregon, January 7th, 1920, and posted January 8th, 1920.

John Leland Henderson, Administrator of the estate of Nicholas Job, deceased.

**Administrator's Sale of Real Property**

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Tillamook. In the matter of the estate of Fritz Buhrow, late of Tillamook County, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, by virtue of an order of the above named court, made and entered in the above named proceeding on the sixth day of January, 1920, will, from and after the Ninth day of February, 1920, proceed to sell, at private sale, at the office of the sheriff of Tillamook County, Oregon, the following described real property, situate, lying and being in the county of Tillamook and State of Oregon, namely:

The Southwest Quarter of Section Seven Township Three South Range Nine West of the Willamette Meridian, less Tracts 1264, 814, 1283, 589, 592 and 588, described in Tract Book in the office of County Assessor of Tillamook County, Oregon, on pages 335, 334, 333, 334 and 333, respectively, of said Tract Book; containing 110.5 acres, more or less.

Subject to the easements for county roads now running over and upon said premises.

The terms of sale are as follows: For cash in hand—ten percent of the amount of the offer to be paid at the time of the acceptance of such offer, and the balance at the time of the delivery of the deed, which will be made subject to the approval of the County Court of the State of Oregon for Tillamook County. If the Court should refuse to confirm the sale the amount of the deposit will be refunded.

Dated January 8, 1920.

W. L. Campbell, Administrator of the estate of Fritz Buhrow, late of the County of Tillamook, deceased.

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<b>MINK</b>					
Fine, Dark	25.00 to 20.00	18.00 to 15.00	14.00 to 12.00	10.00 to 8.00	10.00 to 5.00
Usual Color	18.00 to 14.00	12.00 to 10.00	9.00 to 7.50	7.00 to 6.00	7.00 to 3.50
Coast	12.00 to 10.00	9.00 to 7.50	7.00 to 6.00	5.50 to 4.50	5.50 to 3.00

	NYI EXTRA LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	NYI LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	NYI MEDIUM EXTRA TO AVERAGE	NYI SMALL EXTRA TO AVERAGE	GOOD UNPAID AS TO FUR VALUE
<b>MUSKRAT</b>					
Winter	6.00 to 5.00	4.75 to 3.75	3.50 to 2.75	2.50 to 1.75	2.50 to 1.50
Fall	4.50 to 3.75	3.50 to 2.75	2.50 to 2.00	1.75 to 1.50	1.75 to 1.25

	NYI EXTRA LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	NYI LARGE EXTRA TO AVERAGE	NYI MEDIUM EXTRA TO AVERAGE	NYI SMALL EXTRA TO AVERAGE	GOOD UNPAID AS TO FUR VALUE
<b>SKUNK</b>					
BLACK	15.00 to 12.00	11.00 to 9.00	8.50 to 8.00	7.50 to 7.00	7.00 to 3.50
SHORT	10.00 to 9.00	8.50 to 7.50	7.25 to 6.75	6.50 to 5.50	6.00 to 3.00
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BROAD	5.00 to 4.00	3.50 to 3.00	2.75 to 2.25	2.00 to 1.50	1.50 to .75

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