

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon For the County of Columbia

Alma Urie, (Plaintiff),  
SUMMONS.

vs.  
Charles H. Urie, Defendant.  
To Charles H. Urie:  
In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled suit on or before the 12th day of March, 1927, and if you fail to answer or otherwise appear, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint, to-wit: for the dissolution of the bonds of matrimony between plaintiff and defendant, and for such other and further relief as to the Court may seem just and meet.

Service of this summons is made upon you by publication thereof in pursuance of an order of the Honorable J. A. Eakin, Judge of the above entitled Court, made, dated and entered on the 25th day of January, 1927, ordering such publication in the Vernonia Eagle once each week for six successive weeks, the first publication thereof being on the 27th day of January, 1927, and the last publication on the 10th day of March, 1927.

J. Mason Dillard, Attorney for plaintiff—Postoffice address 404 Failing Bldg., Portland, Oregon. J27M10

**Classified Advertisement**

FOR SALE—Overland six sid. sedan practically new. Driven 5000 miles, A-1 condition, 1927 model. Will sell for \$250 and take up payments. For full particulars inquire at Eagle office.

FOR SALE—Ford touring in good condition, good tires. Will sell for \$150. cash. Can be seen at the Square Deal Garage, or inquire at Eagle office.

LOST—3 x6 truck tire and rim on Vernonia road between Pittsburg and Houlton. Reward, Leave at J. W. Allen's office, St. Helens or phone 177. 252

PIANO MUST BE SOLD—Will sacrifice fine piano in storage near here for immediate sale. Will give easy terms to an established home. For full particulars and where it may be seen, address Portland Music Co., 227-6th St. Portland, Oregon. 254

NASH CAR FOR SALE.—Inquire Frank Keith, Riverview grocery. tf.

FOR SALE—1923 Ford, in A-1 shape, ready to drive off. Inquire at Hotel Vista. 247f

60-GALLON oil barrels, suitable for garbage or rubbish cans for sale at Gilby Motor Co., \$1 each. 244

2 ACRES on river road, 3 miles north of Vernonia, 2 room house, spring water; \$300. A. L. Parker. 243\*

LOST—Black and tan hound with some white on chest. Finder please notify Geo. Boerner, Vernonia; box 827; tel. 7F25. 242\*

TAKEN UP—About January 1; 1 Hereford heifer, white face and a white line over shoulder; one white ring around each hind leg and white spot on left front leg; white spot on the end of tail. Owner may have animal by paying costs of advertising and board. W. M. Brown. 242\*

**The Majestic**

Gilda Gray, the American theatre's most picturesque figure, who some months ago signed a contract to star in Paramount features, has just finished her first film. It was adapted from "Aloma of the South Seas," a play which enjoyed great popularity on Broadway. The picture comes to the Majestic, Saturday night and Sunday matinee. Feb. 5 and 6.

Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall scored a decided screen hit in their latest feature vehicle for First National, "Just Another

Blonde," which opened yesterday at the Majestic theatre Sunday.

Two of the most famous animals in motion pictures will be seen on the screen at the Majestic theatre, Monday, when the latest Universal-Blue Streak Western, starring Jack Hoxie, is shown. They are "Scout," the famous horse and "Bunk," the almost human dog, both owned by Hoxie. In support of the star will be seen such celebrities as Ena Gregory, Jack Pratt, Wm. Steele, Monte Montague, Clark Comstock Marin Sais and Bert De-Marc.

In the days when the pirates sailed the Spanish Main ancestors of William Austin, who plays Wimbledon in "The Flaming Forest," a Cosmopolitan production now being shown at the Majestic theatre Tuesday and Wednesday.

"Stepping Along," the latest First National Picture starring Johnny Hines, which comes to the Majestic theatre Thursday and Friday, makes the eleventh feature comedy that Charles Hines has directed for his brother, Johnny, and as Director Hines swears by eleven as his lucky number, "Stepping Along" should prove the funniest vehicle to date for Comedian Hines.

**THE GAME OF A TRAITRESS**

By SCOTT NEWBURY

(Copyright by W. G. Chapman.)

BASEL is a little green oasis amid the awful deserts of the war. The little, neat Swiss town was always overflowing with those engaged in reconstructing what they can out of the chaos of suffering and desolation. It was packed with Red Cross nurses and ambulances, and parties of French and German soldiers who were to be exchanged.

My officer friend and I enjoyed the sunlight together every morning, but he spent his afternoons lying down upstairs in his bedroom, shielded from the light by the green shutters. He was still far from strong. Hence he was not present late that afternoon when the Red Cross nurse made her confession to me.

We had noticed each other from the beginning, I believe. There was something striking and arresting in her appearance. She was a Russian, I discovered afterward, and, like all Russians who are not peasants, was of noble affiliations. I had performed some trifling service for her, and somehow she came to tell me this—you know how often we make confessions to comparative strangers.

"I am a spy, the daughter of a spy. I say 'am,' although I have not pled my trade for a long time, because once a spy always a spy. My father was a general in the army; he sold his country's secrets. Not for himself, but for the benefit of the nihilistic fraternity, to which he belonged. That was his sense of patriotism—perverted but not wholly base.

"He was discovered, as in the end he was bound to be, and put to death. He left me penniless. I was then a girl of nineteen. I spied too—for a living. It had been suggested to me that, with my advantages, I was capable of extracting secrets from Russian army officers, always suspicious. The proposal came from the foreign country which my father had secretly served. I accepted it, and it put me in possession of a comfortable income.

"For years I went up and down through Russia, gathering information, until I had covered the land with a network of intrigue. I had agents under me; I was trusted absolutely by the foreign country I served. And then the war broke out, and all this devil's sowing came to the ripening.

"Colonel Repovitch was in charge of the arsenal at Krujevat. The arsenal contained models of the new 25-centimeter gun which was to be used by the Serbian and Russian forces. If I could procure a model of this gun, or even the 'key' to the breech mechanism, I was to receive a hundred thousand rubles.

"It was sport to me, this jesting with men's lives and nations' safety; and if I thought about it seriously at all I only thought of my father, shot

by the Russian government, and of my duty to avenge him. The Russian government had not the least suspicion of my activities.

"I went to the garrison town of Krujevat, and there, posing as a Russian countess, engaged in hospital work. I had no difficulty in scraping acquaintance with Colonel Repovitch, whom it was my mission to fascinate. We became friends. Before I had wormed out of him the secret—and he trusted me implicitly and believed me to be a countrywoman of his—I realized that I loved him, as he loved me. I had never loved before. I had been too hard, too selfish and too much engrossed in my sordid occupation.

"I spent a terrible hour when I found myself face to face with my destiny. At last, summoning all my pride to my assistance, I won. I thought of my martyred father and—of the hundred thousand rubles then waiting for me in the pocket of the military spy, Count N—.

"I knew where Colonel Repovitch kept his keys. I took them, opened his safe, and extracted the model of the gun. Colonel Repovitch was on duty for a week in a distant town. When he came back the model reposed safely in his safe again, and the hundred thousand rubles were in my own pocket.

"The news soon leaked out. Colonel Repovitch was placed on trial. Even then nobody suspected me, except the colonel. He knew—and he would not betray me. Instead, he simply sent me a message by a trusted orderly, to leave the country.

"I went to Vienna, where I learned he had been condemned to death as a spy and was to be shot as soon as the czar confirmed the sentence. Why did I place my head within the lion's jaws again?

"I went back to Serbia because I loved him, and I felt that this treachery, which had taken a man's life away, had awakened something that had slumbered within me against my knowledge. I went back to confess—but first I must see Colonel Repovitch. I reached Krujevat—you know how these journeys can be arranged even in time of war. The colonel had not been put to death, but the czar's order was expected hourly. By means of my influence—for he had not denounced me—I managed to secure an interview with him in his cell.

"When he saw me his face seemed to light up. In that hour of imminent death the husk of the man had fallen away, revealing only the goodness of the spirit. He took my hands in his and bade me sit down.

"Tell me how you came to do it," he said, as if he had been a father speaking to a child.

"I burst into tears. Something hard in me melted also, and I confessed everything. I told him of my father's occupation and his death; how I had come to take up the work of espionage; there was nothing that I did not reveal. When I had ended speaking he said, gently:

"At least my death will not have been in vain if I have saved Russia the services of one of her enemies' most trusted agents."

"Then he spoke solemnly, because the time was very short and the warden was growing impatient.

"I told you that I loved you, Vera," he said. "I had no suspicion of your occupation. When I discovered that you had forced the safe I felt that death would have been preferable to the knowledge of the dishonor of the one woman whom I had loved and believed in. You took away my faith. Can you give it back to me?"

"Yes, I would if it were possible," I answered, weeping.

"It is possible, Vera," he answered.

"How?" I asked.

"By telling me that you did love me and were not playing a part," said Colonel Repovitch.

"I fell upon my knees and told him that I had been sincere. I had loved him indeed, and it had been the love of a good man and the knowledge of my hideous perfidy that had awakened my soul. He listened till I had done.

"I prayed for that," he said. "Now I can die happily, Vera. And you will—?"

"I shall devote the rest of my life to trying to atone for my past life," I answered.

"He kissed me, and then, as the guard was growing very impatient, I departed. I never saw him again. The enemy entered the town on the second day, and I have no doubt that he had already been shot in the citadel."

It would be impossible to exaggerate the horror on the face of the Red Cross nurse as she finished speaking. Then I took up the tale.

"You cannot be sure that he died," I answered. "Suppose, for instance,

that the order of the czar had not arrived before the storming of Krujevat, and that he escaped."

"He would give himself up," she answered with conviction.

"Well, then," I resumed, "let us suppose that the order had not arrived. Imagine that the prison was thrown open in the face of the enemy, and that he took a rifle and fought like a common soldier, distinguishing himself so greatly that afterward the case was reopened. Suppose—just for a possibility, which can do no harm—that the truth came out. Suppose he was pardoned and restored to his rank in the army."

She looked at me with wide eyes. "What do you mean? What do you know?" she cried.

"Suppose," I continued, "that he fought through the rest of that campaign until he received a crippling wound, which was the cause of his retirement, on half-pay, and that he left the service full of honors and warmly appreciated by his royal master."

She grasped me by the hand. "You have heard something; you are concealing something. Do not keep me in suspense!" she cried. "If you know anything of Colonel Repovitch, if indeed he does not lie beneath the sod in the arsenal of Krujevat, tell me, for pity's sake!"

At that moment my officer friend, having finished his sleaze, came down the steps of the hotel, looking for me. When he was a hundred paces away,

halting on his cane, and stretching himself in the warm sunshine, I called to him.

"Repovitch!" I cried. "Come here! Here is a lady who wants to make your acquaintance."

The Red Cross nurse stood still as if turned to ice.

"Where is the lady who wants to meet an old cripple?" asked Repovitch, hobbling gaily toward us.

I took the nurse by the hand and led her toward him. I could feel the blood throbbing fiercely in her veins. "Here," I answered. Thus I left them.

**Machines Employed in Composition of Knots**

Successful machines for tying knots in cords, threads and the like have been introduced in considerable number. Knotting and tying devices for self-binder harvesting machines were brought into extensive and successful use a good many years ago. Machines for tying a species of knot in the manufacture of fish nets have long been used. The girls in the cotton mills who tend spoolers and other kinds of machines which operate upon yarns and threads wear upon one wrist, like a wrist watch, a little machine called a hand-knotter, which they use in tying together, "piecing," as it is called, the ends of yarns or threads which break in being operated upon. There is a rather large machine employed in the weaving industry, called a

tying-in machine, which automatically selects a pair of individual threads from two sheets of warp-threads, ties them together, selects and ties together another pair, and so on until the thousand or more threads composing one warp which has been woven up nearly to the end thereof in a loom have been united singly to those of a second warp, preparatory to proceeding with the weaving operations with the second warp.

**Real Cause for Respect**

Never respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philanthropy; we do not value the sun for its height, but for its use.—Bailly.

**CHRISTIAN CHURCH**

Large bible attendance last Sunday and great interest is manifest in the bible school. We are looking for a greater attendance next Sunday. The pastor will preach at 11 o'clock on the "Baptism of Jesus." The young peoples endeavor meet every Shnday night at 7:30. Great interest is shown in the work.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Kaphammer left here Monday for east Portland, where he is employed until June when he is planning on returning here to resume his former job, hauling gravel.

Mr. Wm. Aspland is in Portland on business for a few days.

**SKAGGS SAFEWAY STORES**  
*Distribution Without Waste*

**Friday and Saturday Features**

FLOUR—Big K hard wheat	\$1.89	BUTTER—	50c
per sack		per pound	
Per Bbl.	\$7.55	2 lbs. for	99c
Sugar, Pure Cane	63c	Cheese, full cream	25c
10 lbs. for		per lb.	
Soap 10 bars white wonder	33c	Matches, 6 boxes	20c
for		for	
Tomatoes, large tins good	25c	Apples wrapped yellow New-	99c
quality 2 tins for		towns per box	
Per dozen	\$1.48	Beans, Small white 3 lbs.	25c
		for	

**In Our Meat Department Offers You These Prices For Friday and Saturday.**

**We have 500 pounds of bacon squares to sell at 21c per pound.**

**200 pounds Pork Roasts, shoulder, 22c per lb.**

**100 pounds Swifts choice frank furters 19c lb.**

**100 pounds Hogs Liver, 2 pounds for, 25c**

**1000 pounds best shortening, Swifts 3 lbs. 50c**

**Store No. 225**

**Vernonia, Oregon**

**FINNEY OF THE FORCE**



By F. O. Alexander

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