

Daring Hold-Up of Chili Shop Nets Robbers \$35

Thirty-five dollars were taken on Monday morning by two men who entered "Turk's" Chili shop on the highway in West St. Helens about 5:35, and producing a revolver demanded that Mrs. Mary Deahn open the cash register and give them the contents.

According to M. E. Turkington, the proprietor, he had left the shop about an hour before as is his custom, leaving Mrs. Deahn alone in the place. The two men, both fairly young and not wearing masks, came in and stood near the front of the room near the cash register.

An Oregonian carrier went by the restaurant as the hold-up was being staged but thought that the men were paying a bill. Later he stated he saw the two men walking up the highway near the golf links. No clue has yet been found as to their identity, although their boldness indicates that they were not known in town.—St. Helens Sentinel.

Turkington will be remembered here as the proprietor of Turk's Sandwich shop. He moved to St. Helens about three months ago.

NOTICE OF SETTLEMENT OF FINAL ACCOUNT In the County Court of the State of Oregon for Columbia County. IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF DAVID DUBENDORF, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the estate of David Dubendorf, deceased, has filed his Final Account in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Columbia County, and that Monday, the first day of December, 1930, at the hour of 2 o'clock P. M. of said day, and the court room of said court, has been appointed by said Court as the time and place for hearing objections thereto and the settlement thereof.

NOTICE OF DISTRICT ROAD MEETING ROAD DISTRICT NO. 9 COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON NOTICE is hereby given, that in pursuance of a petition duly signed by 46 freeholders, resident taxpayers and legal voters of Road District No. 9 of Columbia County, Oregon, and presented to the County Court of Columbia County, Oregon, a District Road Meeting of the LEGAL VOTERS, of said Road District, Number 9 will be held in the S. V. Malmsten Barn, 2 miles North of Vernonia on the Nehalem Highway on the 15th day of November, 1930, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock A. M. of said day, said meeting to be for the purpose of voting a SPECIAL ROAD TAX in said Road District, of not to exceed ten mills on the dollar, on all taxable property in said Road District.

NOTICE OF DISTRICT ROAD MEETING ROAD DISTRICT NO. 16 COLUMBIA COUNTY, OREGON NOTICE is hereby given, that in pursuance of a petition duly signed by 16 freeholders, resident taxpayers and legal voters of Road District No. 16 of Columbia County, Oregon, and presented to the County Court of Columbia County, Oregon, a District Road Meeting of the LEGAL VOTERS, of said Road District, Number 16 will be held in the City Hall in Vernonia, Oregon, on the 15th day of November, 1930, at the hour of 2:30 o'clock P. M. of said day, said meeting to be for the purpose of voting a SPECIAL ROAD TAX in said Road District, of not to exceed ten mills on the dollar, on all taxable property in said Road District.

NOTICE OF CALL OF BONDS Notice is hereby given to the holders of the following bond of the city of Vernonia, Columbia County, Oregon; Bond No. 5 of improvement district No. 4, dated December 1, 1925, said bond being in denomination of \$500.00; the above bond being redeemable at the option of said city on December 1, 1930. That pursuant to said option, said bond will be redeemed with 30 days from the date of this notice, to-wit: On the First day of December, 1930.

upon presentation to the fiscal agency of Oregon, in New York City, to-wit: The Chase National Bank.

In case the holders of said bond fail to present same at the time and place mentioned herein for the redemption thereof, then the interest thereon shall cease and the agency aforesaid will thereafter pay only the amount of such bond and the interest accrued thereon up to the said first day of December 1930.

Dated at Vernonia, Oregon, on this 1st day of November, 1930. J. C. Lindley, Treasurer. City of Vernonia, Ore.

The Girl in the Narrow Trail

By LEETE STONE

IT WAS George Lane's second summer in the bluer regions of the southern mountains. He had gone first to recuperate from severe strain suffered during the successful supervision of a difficult undertaking. Utterly charmed with the picturesque environment, George returned a second season to secure from the state a section of land in a lovely mountain valley. He pictured a summer home; a spacious lodge structure of logs, with a tremendous fireplace and all that harmonizes with solid comfort for men.

The site was perfect—a rounded, plateau-like inset that the agent had chiseled in a gradual ascent of pine woods, rising from the shore of a charming lake about an acre in expanse. As far as George could see there was just one eyecore in the perspective from what he hoped would soon be the wide veranda of his friendly lodge—a mountaineer's cabin. Ugly and unkempt, its fringe littered with a border of rusty tin cans, it stood in an open, grassy swale just below the dam. Easy enough, he reasoned. Pay the mountaineer, whom he rarely glimpsed, a sufficient sum of money to move.

On a rare day when the hill air was as zesty as wine, George sprang on his powerful black saddle, Rob Roy, and rode the ten miles to the tiny settlement which boasted the nearest post office. There, at last, he found favorable word from the state regarding his purchase. A steep price was named for wild land, but George was glad to pay it. In his mind's eye always was the picture of a deep, wide lodge living room with massive inviting leather chairs; his many books; and a slow-burning hearth fire. Then there came to him the feeling that this home in the hills should have a mistress as well as a master. But the thought was speedily relinquished because women had not figured actively in George's busy life.

Soon after acquiring title to his land George was surprised, while riding Rob Roy over a narrow ledge, to see his neighbor who lived in the ugly cabin below the dam step out as if from nowhere directly in his path. A lean Winchester nestled in the crook of the native's arm.

"Stranguh; I hain't tryin' to scare yuh. None at all. Jest wantin' to fohm yuh 'twon't be healthy fer yuh tuh build one o' them fancy places an' bring yer foreign friends down inter our woods. They's more'n one o' us round 'ere, and we means it. Jest tellin' yuh, that's all!" The speaker's dingy leather sandals made no sound as he turned abruptly into the thick underbrush, disdaining to wait for a reply. Another mile and George was very near his own land, when another and vitally different vision materialized in the narrow trail directly ahead. Very different in-

A synonym of slim girlhood in clean starched gingham with the hint of young romance and more than a hint of solitude in eyes that were wide, dark-lashed and a heavenly blue.

Black Rob Roy reared his head in equine consternation, and George of a sudden saw the index finger of Fate pointing to his feminine Destiny. A slim, brown hand reached aloft and caressed Rob Roy's silken nose. The girl breathed with difficulty and spoke with earnestness:

"Listen, please. I saw Father stop yuh. I heard what he said; and please, oh please, be careful. Dad's one of the old-time mountaineers—fend and fight men, I call them. He thinks your land is his. You see, I live with my aunt over in Somers—go to high school there; but he lives alone fishing and hunting the land you've bought. Do you see?"

"I see and I'll heed," George answered. The old story: love at first glimpse. For a month there were stolen meetings in green, secluded vistas of the great forest until a sacred troth was plighted. George Lane sought the mountaineer father with generous offers. Refusals and sterner warnings were the answer. Twice a bullet singled the green leaves that brushed George's hat as he rode the lonely trails.

Then the unforgettable night; the night George Lane left his sweetheart at her gate and roared Rob Roy home in the face of a driving rain; the night he awakened to find her ghost-white and shaking beside his army cot in his lonely cabin.

"It's a cloudburst, Jiggs," so she called him, "and Dad—Dad's on the roof of his cabin with the water rising round him. It's a hundred feet right now in that spot—and he can't swim!"

"Come on!" Lane shouted above the fury of the downpour outside. "Leave it to old Rob Roy."

It's all a sequel or another story—the dash of George Lane and his mountain sweetheart to the edge of the roaring torrent, the bold plunge of Rob Roy, his gallant struggle to the center of the maelstrom where the drenched mountaineer clung, teeth gritting, while the girl watched from high on the hillside.

All that matters is the rescued mountaineer's reply to George's request on the way back to his shack above the roaring waters:

"Take 'er if yuh want 'er, but ah can't see why yuh do. She's full o' book learnin' and she's forger how to make a corn-pone."

(Copyright.)

Sent to Coventry The citizens of Coventry, England, at one time had so great a dislike to soldiers that a woman seen speaking to one was instantly tabooed. No intercourse was allowed between garrison and town, hence when a soldier was sent to Coventry, he was cut off from all the pleasures of social intercourse.

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Citizenship in Athens Looked Upon Seriously

In modern days the affairs of cities and states and nations are discussed and acted upon, not by all the citizens, but by a few representatives of these citizens, elected by them or chosen by a higher authority. These comparatively few legislators assemble at the designated place and act for the people they represent. But in ancient Athens it was somewhat different. All citizens were invited to join in the debates in the assembly halls, and all citizens so invited had a right to vote directly for or against the laws that were discussed. And they listened to the great men as they talked about the measures up for a vote of the populace, such great ones as Themistocles, Pericles and Demosthenes, among the greatest orators the world has ever seen, and then they voted.

The Pnyx, as this place of assembly was called, is partly in ruins now, but some of it is still to be seen on the hill across from the Acropolis of Athens. The speaker's platform, with its three steps, is immediately in the foreground of the picture. The listening Athenian citizens sat on the ground now sloping away to the left, but at that time it was probably level. The ground they occupied was inclosed by a circular wall. This was an open-air "congress," and a lively place at times, particularly when some important question was up for debate.

Two other famous buildings, the Acropolis and the Parthenon, are just to the left of the Pnyx, across a slight depression and on the neighboring hill overlooking the modern city of Athens.

You're Hired

The great comic magician was in need of an assistant to aid him in performing his mirth-provoking tricks, and was interviewing a young man who had applied for the job in answer to the advertisement the magician had placed in the newspaper.

"I need a man to help me who can keep a straight face all through my performance; who will under no circumstance allow a smile on his face no matter what silly things I might do or say. Now, what are your qualifications for that position?"

"Well," said the young man, "I used to be a page boy in the house of representatives."

Queer Things in Showers

Many reliable records can be found of showers of larvae, lichens, leaves, hay, worms, toads, frogs, fish, muskels, birds, wheat, oranges, pebbles, salt and so on. In one case an alligator two feet long came down with a rain in Charleston, S. C. In general, it may be said that these objects are first carried into the sky by a tornado. They are usually carried a considerable distance, so that their source remains a complete mystery. Colored rains and snows are also fairly common. These are usually due to dust, pollen, small water life, and so on. Fish as much as ten inches long have been found far inland.

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Rewards amounting to \$85,121.20 were made to the 12,335 Oregon club members in 1929 besides participation in fairs, clubs and summer school.

For full information, consult your county club agent or write H. C. Seymour, state club leader, O.S.A.C., Corvallis.

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Skat, a card game now known throughout the world, originated in Altenberg, Germany, in 1821, writes George P. Hembrecht in the Wisconsin State Journal. Up to 1817 the Italian game of tarock held full sway over the card-playing public in their clubs and societies in Germany, but in that year tarock began to be replaced by schafkopf, which became the nucleus of the modern skat.

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FINNEY OF THE FORCE By F. O. Alexander

