By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, Creator of "Wallingford," and CHARLES W. GODDARD Copyright, 1915, by the Star Company. All Foreign Rights Reserved

PROLOGUE.

ful and full of the spice of modern went away. life than our serial story entitled The faces of the girls changed in stantly, as they saw the stationery, of deft and not overscrupulous adventurers, Wallingford and Blackie Daw, are still engaged in their fa- let, and two quick her eyes. "Is the" vorite occupation of separating peobut added interest is given to it because of the fact that you can not paper, but you can also see moving pictures illustrating it posed by fa- out of \$5,000,000" And he went on:

> CHAPTER I. The Restitution Fund.

ROANS and ahrieks unspeakaole issued from the closed ors of the Pullman drawing room, and the two girls, who were the only occupants of the car, tooked at each other in concern.

Some one is ill!" said the younger and more vivacious. She was very handsome and about twenty.

The other girl, who was about twen ty-two and more sedate, though there was the twinkle of humor in her brown eyes, touched the bell at her side, and the two, apparently sisters, from their likeness of feature and from the neat half mourning, walted for the porter. "I can't stand it any longer, Fannie!" and the younger of the two girls jump

Her sister hesitated, then followed to the door of the drawing room, outside of which they stood for a moment, while those terror inspiring sounds rose above the loud rattle of the train.

It was Fannie who at last knocked. No one came; only the groam and shricks responded. The girls looked at each other in frightened pallor.
"Just turn the knob, Violet, and we'll

peep in," finally advised Fannie.

An extra kud shrick seemed to ani

mate Violet's hand, for it turned the knob, and the girls peeped timidly through the crack. They stopped, numbed by the unexpected sight which snot their eyes, and a lurch of the krain jerked the door from Violet's hand and swung it wide.

"Welcome, ladies," greeted the lean, lank mustclan, with a flourish of his saxophone and another flourish with unoccupied hand, "Won't you come in and listen to the concert?"

The two girls emerged from their stupor and begun to turn pink with

"So serry," apologized Fannie, but

she explained, thought some one was dying in here,'



Violet and Fannie.

and the broad chested man with the buge diamond in his cravat, who was the other occupant of the drawing goom, chuckled, his wide shoulders beaving and his eyes half closing.

"What is your favorite musical se "Tell him 'The Wearin' o' the Green. Miss Violet," broke in a rich voice, and a red faced conductor stood there, his

Both the girls laughed, and the giftod amateur turned to the conductor with a well assumed expression of

"This is rough on real art," he com

plained. "If you won't come in, ladies, tony I entertain you outside?" They had just turned laughingly to go back to their seats, when a glisten-

ing haired little Jap with a preterna-You have never come across through the car, and banded the conductor a note. The conductor read it. anything more rollicking, more joy- said graffly, "No answer," and the Jap

"The New Adventures of J. Rufus with its shadow-like imprint of a flying Wallingford." That precious pair "The Swallow," and Fannie's low

voice filled with sadness. "Oh, Mr. O'Connell!" exclaimed Violet, and two quick tears sprang into

"Yes, Miss Violet!" and Conductor ple from their money. This story O'Conneil frowned as he punched the tickets. "It used to belong to these is not only brim full of snap and go, young ladies. Their father built it for them-Warden, owner of this road. When he died old E, H, Falls somehow or other got the road, and Miss Violet only read the story in this news- and Miss Fannie that I've hauled since they were babies baven't a cent. Old Falls skinned 'em, that's what he did.

"Say, Jim," said the black mustached musician, "did you hear that outrage?" "Yes," replied the big man, frowning as he lit a thick black eigar.

Blackle gazed out of the door to where the beautiful golden head of Violet Warden rested upon the shoulder of her dark haired sister. Suddenly he slammed his saxonhone in its case and hurried straight out to the girls and eaned over the seat in front of them.

"Beg your pardon," he began, his black eyes snapping. "I'm Horace G. Daw, and you might as well call me Blackie; everybody else does. My part-ner is J. Rufus Wallingford, and he's the slickest little financial manipulator in the United States, bar none. Why. Jim Wallingford can go into a town where the entire floating capital consists of three copper pennies and a plugged dime and come away with enough money to start a branch mint. Now, we've just heard that old E. H. Falls skinned you out of five million, and we're going to get it back for you. Give me the details."

Three minutes later J. Rufus Wallingford, coming to the door of the drawing room, saw Blackle and the two girls bent together in friendly and

"Come here, Jim," called Blackle. "Say, there was a whole gang in this deal, a clique headed by Falls! We're

going to get that money!"
"Fine," chuckled Wallingford. "Getting money either backward or forward is my main reason for living."

Just then the train stopped with an abrupt jerk, which threw big J. Rufus Wallingford off his feet and tossed Viclet Warden forward into the arms of Blackle Daw. Five young men picked themselves

from the floor of the magnificent private car Swallow after that rude stop of the train and viewed the devastation with extreme annoyance. The whist cards lay scattered everywhere; a beautiful pasteboard model of a portable bungalow had been jerked from the

"How very aggravating!" sald young Benssy Falls as he rang for Shamasuka, but his dimples returned immedi-

"Some one shall have a good ragging for this. Sammy, you've been a vexing long time in coming."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the Jap in his college English, "but 1 thought you might like to know the cause of the delay, and I hurried out to investigate." "Very well, you may tell us," Mr.

Falls graciously consented.

"Thank you, sir," responded Shamaanka. "There is a heavy rock slide on the track just ahead of us. The engineer made a very good stop, but unfortunately snapped a driving rod in dolng so.

"You will tell the conductor," said Mr. Falls in the voice of authority, "to repair the driving rod, clear the track and proceed immediately. Walt; he shall have written instructions."

Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford was outside discussing ways and means with the conductor when Shamasuka came

with the message. Would you listen to this?" flared O'Connell, "Mr. Falls directs me to repair the driving rod, clear the track and proceed immediately!" He turned amasuka red in the face. "You tell Mr. Falls that I directed him to go

to the devil!" he roared. Wallingford turned to the conductor in perplexity. "You must be tired of your job," he suggested.

"Me? I love it," responded O'Connell, But you don't think I'm sending that aswer to President Falls, do you? It's his saphead son back there, and he's seen giving me fool orders ever since we picked up his souse car at the june-If the Jap only curries him my little speech, and the cub only reports it to his old man, I'm in line for pro-

notion, if that's worth while." A savage dissertation upon the road in general was presently interrupted by the arrival of Benssy Falls, attend-ed by his quartet of friends.

"I demand an apology," he said, his dimples interfering saidy with his se-verity. "You will either apologize or I shall be compelled to ask you to fight," declared young Mr. Falls very

ter," he stated. "But even if you were they saved in nesting for shipment. your own father, Mr. Falls, I'll bet h There was a general chorus of polite month's pay I'd defend myself if exclamations. struck-If struck!"

To the surprise of all, young Mr. red countenance of Conductor O'Connell. Then Mr. Falls hit the ground! Blg Jim Wallingford bent over the pros



Wallingford Bent Over the Prostrate Benssy.

ful stranger. He was a big man and ing in the new quarters. a cheerful man, and his round face "You see, fellows," declared Rickey ery, though striking, was correct and Join us in an absinth puff?' up to the minute, and there was no dispoting the fact that he employed a eral manager. "I came in to discuss tailor who was an artist. Also he ap- stern business and to lay before you a openings, he spied it on the floor, and ized our company. I now have the

expressed his interest.

"And so you're building a wind proof, still groping.

"Also heat and cold proof," added Bickey. "You see, we couldn't find a good portable house, so we invented one. Stunning, the amount of brains we found in the crowd! Benssy invented the bollow walls air mace and that sort of thing, you know, and the rest of us made suggestions.

"Clever scheme," declared Walling-

ford, studying the model, "There's a fortune in it. Your marvelous portable house should be your gift to your fellow sportsman at about 25 per cent dividends, and I, who am strictly a business man, am so favorably impressed that I should be delight ed to take \$25,000 or \$50,000 worth of the stock myself."

"Thank you," said Benssy gratefully. "I consider that a great compliment. I'm sure." Reggie Haugh had been dapping his

thick lower lip with his thick forefinger in deep thought. "Only trouble is," he objected, "that all the rest of us have had a share in the inventing, which makes it a sort of family affair, don't you think?"

Wallingford was instantly ready for that emergency. "So far as that is concerned," be observed in smilling conidence. "I invented inventing, though I am far too modest a man so to state, and he laughed jovially, closing his eyes and shaking his big shoulders to show them that this was a joke. "Even lingford. while we have been talking, I have discovered a radical defect in the construction of your portable cottage, and lingford's proposition," said Bensay. have invented a way to overcome it. "Rippin'l" shouted Rickey, jumping You are making your hollow walls in up. "Three cheers and a tiger for

"That's what I call sportin'," and wide cracks. What we must do is to O'Connell looked over the shoulders and he deftly and ruthlessly cut open and arms of the athletic young Mr. upon alternate edges one of Benssy's Falls appreciatively, and a twinkle sections, telescoping the two parts came into his eye. "Far be it from me to commit assault, battery or may the plan of overlapping, and then rehem upon the son of my bread and but-

"That surely makes Mr. Wallingford one of the family Reggle," declared Falls dashed his fist angrily into the Rickey, "I vote him in, fellows. Now, one, two three"-

"Ayel" courteously shouted his friends in perfect unisc

"I thank you," said Wallingford, ris-ing and bowing gravely. "I've only a minute, and then I must go back to my partners," announced the chuckling Wallingford as he step-

ped into the Pullman drawing room, where he explained the matter. "Can Fannie and I help?" offered Violet eagerly. She and Blackle had

J. Rufus blinked, and then he chuck-

"It will give Blackie and me great pleasure," he assured her. "Would you mind, Miss Faunie, if I gave you a little detective work to the office of the Speckled Bass Portable Bungalow company? Miss Violet, you'll have to help Blackle be in three towns at once Blackle, you are to be Mr. Bezazzum of Bezunk, Mich.; Mr. Cazizua of Cazak, Ont., and Mr. Penawpus of Penap

The grand opening of the factory of the Speckled Bass Hollow Walled Portable Bungalow company was a function long to be remembered. Fully onethird of the factory was given over to offices befitting such a distinguished set of officers. Entering a spacious vestibule in Dutch tiling, one saw surrounding him a number of beautiful glass doors, leading into the office of President Haugh, in mahogany and ebony; of Second Vice President Humperdink in rosewood and silver birch; of Secretary Saunders in walnut and cedar; of Treasurer Cash, in redwood and birdseye maple, and of Manager Wallingford in plain oak.

Besides these there were a buffet stocked with more varieties of liquids than a dye shop, and a small boy, proud trate Bensay solicitously. Now he in many gold buttons. Also there was raised that limp young man and sup- a very neat find retiring private sec ported the son of old Falls back to the retary for Manager Wallingford. Behind the offices was the factory, with He was a friend and a comforter in workmen, grinning fooishly when un need was J. Rufus Wallingford and observed, in snow white uniforms, and one who knew well how to administer the very cleanest of clean shavings restoratives and take some blusself, scattered everywhere. The board of The boys liked the impressive and help directors held their first regular meet

bore the color which could only come Saunders, "it's not only sportin, but from years of fastidiously selected food and drink. Moreover, his haberdash done. Oh, come in Mr. Wallingford.

reclated the pretty little pasteboard synopsis of our progress during the nouse, when, in his active groping for two months and a half since we organ pleasure of presenting the most prom "Rippin' fine thing it is," Rickey Ising of the replies I have had from Saunders boasted. "Benssy's the arch- our advertising. The first one of these itect and builder because he is such a fequesting us to make a price on 300 clever chap with his fingers, but we're of the portable bungalows, is from a all in on the inventin'."

"It's for a fishin' trip we contemerate to house his pickers right plate," young Fails modestly ex. where the picking is good. The next one, from Ontario, wishes prices on a hundred and twenty-five, and this one dust proof, rain proof and snow proof from Arkansas, asks for a quotation on portable house?" suggested J. Rufus, a hundred of the portable bungalows."

"Hear! Hear!" shouted Rickey Saun ders, and the others clapped their hands

Wallingford laid down the letters and took up two other packages. "I have furthermore to report," he went on "that we have received our joint patent from the government at Washington. granting us the exclusive right to man ufacture our article in the United States."

He held up the document in question. exhibiting its gaudy ribbon and seal. "Also I have to report," he continued, this time with solemn impressive ness, "the procuring of six patents in my own name for six more or less trivtal improvements in portable houses or bungalows. These are, of course, my own invention and my own property, but it is only my decent duty to offer them to the Speckled Bass Portable Bungalow company at the nomina price of \$125,000, cash! Here are the ples, gentlemen, and I shall retire without recommendation of any sort."

And he retired. Beems to me this Wallingford chan's too good a business man for us. You see, it's like this," said Ringgold Cash. "To begin with, the fellow has no right to invent portable house improveats after we have perfected the ar-

"That's it! It isn't sportin'l" de ed Rickey, much disappointed in Wal-

that we table Official Manager Wal-

You are making your hollow walls in straight sections which merely abut three!" Three cheers and a tiger for traight sections which merely abut three!" Now, fellows, one, two. upon each other. Warpage and shrink age will draw them crooked and leave "A gentleman from Besunk, Mich., a

Mr. Bezazzum, visited the factory quite opportunely one day while a spe-cial called directors' meeting was in session. With him was a beautiful a spirit of fairness, however, we will daughter whom he called Violet and do this much. We will pay the freight who in Wallingford's private office rushed into the arms of the private secretary and giggled for a solid five

Pete Bezazzum of Bezunk was in truth a wondrous creature in felt ing. "That's a sportin offer, Mr. Beboots, corduroy trousers, a canvas coat, a sweater of gorgeous hues and wonrous pattern and a broad brimmed felt hat. As for his countenance, it was lean and bony, with the most absurdly sprawled black mustache imaginable and a little tuft of chin whiskers which began neatly to be a roatee and ended in all directions as if it had suddenly become intoxicated. His eyebrows were equally black, and beneath them glowed a pair of black eyes which alternately twinkled with mischlef and flashed with hawkilke Toad Jessup, the gold buttoned small

boy, after one good look at him, went out into the stock room, where he leaned over a barrel of nails and laugh-

ed until he had the stomach ache.
"Well, yuh see, gents," said Mr. Be zazzum in objection to the company's product, "I'm a-willin' tub pay thub opnotch buh danged price fur thuh very best buh gosh part-table houses what can be coaxed together, and I gut I don't notice from your catalogue enough newfangled doodads, dingueses and bickeys tub seem tub chahm thub dollars out'n these co'duroys."

The members of the board looked around.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Bezazzum," reurned Mr. Wallingford, "but I am sure that our catalogues do not do full justice to the Speckled Bass Portable bungalow. You must come out into our factory and inspect one which is complete and ready for shipment. You have not seen the improvements upon the Speckled Bass bungalow."

Deftly and quickly the manager displayed the wonderful attachments protected by the six Wallingford patents. "Yuh can jes' book mah ohdab faw 300 bollowed walled bungalows with all of them there improvements, and I slip you 10 per cent of thuh entire bill in cash right now. Yo' all can ship the balance C. O. D., and you can write or telegraph anybody in Bezunk, Mich., about the credit of ole Pete Bezazzum.

On the day the shipments of Mr. Sezazzum of Bezunk, Mr. Cazizua of Cazak and Mr. Penawpus of Penap were to reach their destination Mr. Wallingford's private secretary called on a certain lawyer, who immediately telephoned a certain other lawyer. On that day the National Hollow Walled Portable House company, which was a real concern doing a real business, filed a suit against the Speckled Bass concern for infringement of patents and damages. An injunction was also

Here was a pretty how do you do! Manager Wallingford immediately called a board of directors' meeting, an imperative one, and three most important social engagements were broken. This thing of being in trade had be-

Four days after the suit was filed



"I'm ag'in you; see?"

Mr. Bezazzum that an injunction had been served upon him, forbidding him to pay for and remove the portable ingalows consigned to him. On the cond day after that, again, Mr. Besazzum himself came into the factory. both himself and his daughter, clad in the most violent slik sweaters procur

"Hey!" shricked Mr. Bezazzum. "Ol'! have the law on yez, begob! You prom ed me 300 bungalows, and Oi bev m min engaged and no houses to put them in. I could have got thim shantles elsewhere; but, by cheminy, I blace my confidence een diss skinner con cern, and they turn me down. I'm ag'in you! See? Tomorrow, by beck. Ill stack you up in front of a \$200,000 damage suit, so help mel And that

"My dear Mr. Bezazzum, you must realize that, so far as intent goes, we tre entirely innocent in this affair. In both ways, take back the 300 portable houses and repay your 10 per cent ad

vance deposit in cash. "Hear, hear!" cried Rickey Saunders, in a tone which tried to be exhibarat-

zazzum. Mr. Bezazzum's answer to that sport ing offer was immediate, picturesqu and violent. He intended to press his claim in the highest courts in the land, so help him Moses, and there was no possible compromise. Hold on, though!

There might-that is, it was just barely possible that there might—be a way out. It might be barely possible that if the Speckled Bass company were to linguish the goods free, in settlement of Mr. Bezazzum's claim-well, gentlemen, there you were! The dense silence was broken by

Humperdink. "Did I understand the gentleman to say that he offered a compromise?" he queried in tones of tense thought.

Mr. Wallingford, apparently hopeless and despairing, put the compromise into intelligible terms.

"At last there's somethin' fairly portin'!" Rickey plucked up his spirits enough to announce. "Is it correct, guv'nor, that this gentleman will just back home to Bezap, or Bezibber, or wherever it is, and never-er-never molest us again?"

Mr. Bezazzum. ening, "I vote, fellows, that we accept the bloomin' compromise and thank

the gentleman from Bezam for having made his rippin' good sportin' offer." "Just a moment, gentlemen," warn-ed Wallingford solemnly. "We are setting a dangerous precedent. We have customers in Ontario and in Arkansas

"Move we let 'em all have the erms." returned Rickey promptly. "Move we let 'em all have 'em. That's sportin', ch. fellows? Somebody sec-

They had barely made that resolution then the attorney for the National ompany just managed to happen in pon them. The attorney for the National company was very severe. He would give the Speckled Bass company a few minutes in which to buy for \$125,000 Wallingford's patents, which had been infringed, and to quit busi-

ness entirely and forever. It took the board of directors just forty-three seconds to accept the proposition, and immediately thereafter it departed in a body, declining even to take a parting drink in the hideous narts of trade

Violet and Fannie Warden started ervously as the door of Manager Wallingford's private office opened, but they brightened as Mr. Wallingford and Pete Bezazzum entered with a distinct and concerted swagger. "Everybody's discharged," announced

J. Rufus jovially. "The Speckled Bass ompany has gone out of business."
"Forever!" Mr. Bezazzum pulled off

his whiskers and threw them on the desk and became Blackie Daw. "We

"A little better, I think." Wallingford threw open the safe and drew out
a bundle, which he tossed on the desk.
"There's a hundred and twenty-five places and if not claimed within a There's a hundred and twenty-five thousand eash, which I wouldn't touch until we had every possible comeback

"That's the idea." Blackle turned in "That's the idea." Blackle turned in explanation to the mystified girls. "In any person who shall place, or any con deal it's easy enough to get expose for sale, any vegetables, furniany con deal it's easy enough to get expose for sale, any vegetables, furni-hold of the money, but to make it safe ture, boxes, fowls, goods, wares, mermoney requires both skill and pa-

Violet laughed, but Fannie still look-

"I don't quite understand how you got this money, Mr. Wallingford,"
"By strictly legitimate business methods in use every day from Portland, Me., to Portlard, Ore.," immediately claimed Wallingford, quite anxlous to convince Fannie that it was

"That isn't what I meant," Fannie went on. "However you got it, the money is

for patents you sold the companyyour inventions."

"Bunk!" grinned Blackie. "Jim invents like he cats his dinner, five or six courses at a time. The fact you have to consider is that we got this \$125,000 for the beirs of the Warden estate out of the beirs of some of the

"They're at good distributing points, and they should bring a couple of bundred thousand dollars, but the National Portable Bungalow company offers us a hundred thousand net, and"-

"Put away the pencil and paper, Jim," ordered Blackie, for Wallingford had begun to figure. "We'll take that hundred thousand and know where we're at. How about it, girls?" "But we can't accept all that moey!" protested Fannie. The girls had clasped hands again. "Wo"-

"That'll do," said Wallingford gruffly. "You'll take what we get for you of we won't play."

"Let 'em pay your expenses, Jim," Blackie had detected a tear trembling on Violet's lashes, and Fannie's tips were quivering. "Expenses consist of whatever any of us four blowed in and I move that we lock up this office and throw the key away, hire an eighty horsepower car and go some place for a celebration dinner—on the expense

(Continued next Saturday.)

SOME OF THE LAWS OF "AULD LANG SYNE"

As Early As 1867 the City Council Took Coznizance of the Salem Hog

In the good old days of 48 years ago, the city marshal was allowed the sum of \$1 for attending the meetings of the city council, according to the city laws published in a directory issued in 1871. This directory of 44 years ago is in the possession of David A. Johnson, who prizes the book from the fact that he are right here at the time, doing business on Commercial street, between ness on Commercial street, between

State and Ferry.

The city fathers in those days were not backward about providing an income for the city, as the city laws provided that a menageric or circus should be assessed \$25 a day, bowling alloys paid \$50 per annum and the saloons got this: "For keeping a bar room or drinking shop where spirituous or mals liquors are sold in quantities of less than one quart, \$200 per annum." These laws were in force and passed by the council May 22, 1867.

The foundation for taxing automo-

thun buh jing money"—and here he suy'nor, that this gentleman will just The foundation for taxing automo-slapped his pocket meaningly—"bu-u-ut take the 300 portable houses and go biles and taxi-cabs was laid by the city fathers 48 years ago when they as-sessed a one horse dray \$10 per annum, "That is his only term," vociferated if the man lucky enough to possess a two horse truck paid \$15. Auctioneers were set back \$50 a year and if a peddler whished to peddle goods other than products of the state, the dam-

age to him was \$10 a quarter. Saloon keepers were supposed to keep a "decent and respectable house." A fine of \$50 was assessed against the person who forgot his parlor language and was guilty of "rude, indecent or disorderly conduct."

Speeding was an unknown quantity in those days, yet the way was pre-pared for the fast ones of the present who will be claiming the very same day, as the 1867 ordinance provided that a fine of \$10 was about right for he offender who might "ride or drive through the streets of the city at a pace liable to endanger life or prop-

Drawing a dirk knife was an expensive sport, as an offering of \$100 to the city treasury was the required amount in case of conviction.

Five pounds of gunpowder for private use was the limit for one person, and business houses were limited to 25

pounds of gunpowder in cans and 25 pounds of blasting powder.

Sheep must have been rather plentiful in those days, as the marshal was allowed only 50 cents a head for tak-

ing up stray sheep, while a horse, mule or cow stood him good for \$2. Running to a fire incurred some responsibilities in the early days of the 70's. A section of the ordinance pro-vides that, "if any person shall wil-fully fail or refuse to aid in extinguish-ing a fire or in saving or protecting property exposed to danger, when ordered to do so by the chief or assistant engineer, such officer may cause his arrest and on conviction, shall be fined

not less than \$10." As early as 1867, the people of the city preferred to do their own digging around their flower beds and in their gardens as one section reads: "No swine shall go at large in any of the there came an agonized telegram from of a million for the Warden restitution fund, Jim."

"A little better I think" Walley.

week, sold to the highest bidder. That the city fathers had advanced That the city latters goods to be dischandise of any description, or other obstructions, which shall frontage of over 12 inches (from the adjacent building) on or over the side-walk, shall upon conviction before the recorder, be fined not less than \$10."

WEST STAYTON NEWS

The Misses Adie and Osa Condit returned from the San Francisco fair last Tuesday.

Mrs. Briggs, Harry and his wife, vis-

ited in Scio Friday, returning

day.

Blacksmith Giggy made a flying trip to Silverton Wednesday.

The Busy B's held their weekly meeting at the home of Mrs. Cones on Wednesday afternoon.

The W. V. I. company had a party of Hollanders looking over the lands of the project on Tucsday and Wednesday of last week and it is reported that the following sales were made, though the following sales were made, though the estate out of the heirs of some of the crooks who robbed it. And there's hollow walled, very portable bungations. What are they worth, Jim?"

"Can't say exactly." Wallingford had a deep frown on his brow. They're at good distributing points, buyer of the last named factory. It is plates starting a cheese factory. It is also reported that the Woodward place would very likely be sold though to deal was not yet closed. West Stay-ton feels quite sanguine as settlers on the lands of this project is all that is needed to make this a very prosperous little burg.—Stayton Standard.

PERN RIDGE NOTES

Miss Caroline Siegmund visited in Happy Hollow the past week, the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. M. English. Mr. Winslow, of Mehuma, was a Ridge visitor one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Becker have re-turned from their trip to the exposi-

on. Mr. and Mrs. Burdick, of Mehama,

apent Wodnesday afternoon at the Ja-cob Etzel home.

Messrs. John Apple, Jr., and Algie Moss, of Howell, spent Sunday on the

Adolph Tietze was a Mehama visitor

Priday evening.
Henry Hobson, of Salem, was on the Ridge last Tuesday looking for beef est-tle.—Stayton Standard,