#### \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* THE NEW ADVENTURES OF

## J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, Creator of "Wallingford," CHARLES W. GODDARD

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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# A Stony Deal

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HE chinless lout with the goggle eyes and the flop trimmed straw but at last recovered from his astonishment enough to yell, "Whoal" Innsmuch as the spotted gray mule upon which he was sented had been standing stock still for a solid two minutes, it naturally resented this insulting order and turn ed squarely around, whereupon its rider promptly dismounted and kicked it la the ribs. Both the man and the anfuni seemed much refreshed by this operation and restored to normality, for the mule contentedly cropped a bunch of sweet wayside grass, and the man sidled up beside the tall gentleman who was eating a leg of chicken and gazing interestedly down at a pair of stout legs which protruded from beneath a motorear so large and so elaborately furnished as to be better termed a motor house.

"Broke down?" asked the mule rider after listening appreciatively to the vigorous mechanical and vocal sounds from beneath the car.

"No," replied the tall gentleman, thoughtfully wiping his jet black mustache; "we merely paused by the wayside to crochet a few pink buttonholes to you crimson sunset. What is the name of your mule, please, and is he

a family pet?" "He's not," the man stated, and he gaped, for from inside the car two handsome young ladies and a handsome elderly lady had appeared, and they all giggled. The mule driver finished his speech mechanically. "He's

ies' a mule. "Jes" a mule, ch? Simple name, handy, sensible and easily remember-Do you mind if I look mule squarely in the eye and see if he'll do?" Blackle Daw was engaged in this test when there was an extra strong clank of metal from beneath the car, a snapping sound, and an extra strong expletive, and then the owner of the legs slowly and painfully wriggled into view. He was a man blg of girth and broad of chest and wide of shoulders. and his round pink face, usually jovial. was just now dripping with perspira-

tion and grimed with oil. Broke," he said, embellishing that bit of information with polite thorns of speech, and the ladies laughed.

"Never mind, J. Rufus," soothed the tall gentleman. "We'll not spend the night hi the cold, cold world, for I've secured you a new motor." And he waved his hand toward the grazing beast of burden.

J. Rufus Wallingford looked at the noimal and then at the car in hoge discontent. "It might be a wise move to trade the car for the mule," he suggested scornfully.

"It hain't my mule, though," bastily protested the goggle eyed one, whose ountenance was further embellished with protruding teeth.

"Why didn't you tell us that in the first place?" demanded the thin gentle

"I never said I owned the mule," protested the other, aggrieved. "I'd 'a tole you right away if you'd 'a' asked me that it's Jone Squibble's mule. He owns nigh everything aroun' Squibbleville yonder-this mule and these flei's an' the gris'mill an' the grain elevator you see stickin' up above the town.'

"Squibble's mule!" The blue eyed young lady seemed suddenly interested in that fact, "Squibble's mule, Fanny.

The brown eyed young lady had been leading through a small note-She turned the page now and revenled a list of names. Ten had been scratched out. The eleventh name was "Jonas Squibble," and opposite the name was set the sum of \$12,000.

The mule driver said be was Henry Hant, and although he protested some, Blackle Daw impressed the mule into service, and the party started back

Jonns Squibble sat upon the steps of "the store" and viewed the approaching procession with mild curtosity.

Tond Jessup, however, an urchin so thick with freckles that he looked like a shrimp omelet, came running from far up the road with a deadly blow to Mr. Squibble's tranquillity. "Hey!" be gasped, tugging at his one gingham suspender strap to draw his breath together, "They're a-usin' your mule!"

It was in front of the Auditorium hotel that Wallingford first emerged from the car, clean shaven, brushed, spoken. He picked up a piece of the

ins tinen duster laid uside and his aumobile cap replaced by a soft gray felt hat. The village drew an admiring breath as he stepped down and in a careless tone inquired the amount of the damages. Jonas Squibble had with ome labor worked up the sum total of his bill to \$13.00, but the moment he saw Wallingford he stopped figuring

"Twenty dollars, haulin'. Hen Hant's ime, two fence rolls, wear and tear an' lastin' damage to the mule, an' the rent of my field that your contraption's a-standin' on now."

The "villagers" heard this itemized

statement with awe and admiration, which was increased to amazement when Wallingford, without "dickering," calmly abstracted and paid over twenty dollar bill from an obese roll. Having tried to eat a "supper" at the Auditorium hotel, Wallingford and Blackie decided not to risk the rooms at that hostelry, but sadly purchased a pair of fowl and, returning to their car, poked themselves a square meal.

A visitor came upon them as they were enjoying their coffee and cigars-Hen Hunt.

"Jone Squibble," he said impressively, "is a stingy ole cuss!"

"What! Did he only give you half of that twenty?" exclaimed Biackle in aptrently pained surprise. "Half!" gasped Hen. "He wouldn't

en gi' me a red copper. "He's the stinglest man in the world," ontinued Hen. "He's the man that ande the county build a poorhouse s ie could send his mother to it. Ain't that stingy, hey? You remember how e charged you for them fence rails? Well, last spring a tall feller with nose spectacles picked up a little piece of due rock from this very field and took t away with him, and Jone Squibble made him pay a nickel for it. Think o that! Jes' crumbly blue rock, that ain't even fit to drown cats with! An' there's four acres of it here! Squibble's stone farm, they call it. Firs' off, Jone thought mebbe it might be with some thin', 'cause the feller said somethin' about lithograft stone bein' almost with its weight in money, but nothin' ever come of it. Funny lookin' man, this feller was, with a red beard that growed out bere an' there in little curly

natches." Blackie nodded his head wisely. 'Williams," he said to Wallingford, in venting a name upon the spot for the anknown man, "Careful chap, dams; one of the best we have, I

"Was he workin' for you?" Hen agerly wanted to know.

"Well, we wouldn't care to have it miked about," replied Blackle with a reat air of mystery, "so we'll just conlder the subject as dropped. Your riend Squibble is about the richest nan in the country, I suppose?

"He's got cash money buried an' hid ill over his house, an' his barn, an' his gris'mill, I reckon. He mus' have, because he don't trust no banks; an' ary dollar that he chases down an ketches says goodby to this vain world."

. "I don't like anything I have to," Wallingford stated savagely, after Hant had left. "I think I'll wind up Jonas in a hurry."

"Go right to it," invited Blackle. I'll admire to see you fall down for



once in your life. I bet you my jade fob pendant, which you want, against that scarab cravat pin, which you won't give up, that you break your inger nails and don't loosen anything mless it's all on the level. Understand, Jimmy, I expect to win or I wouldn't offer the bet. Here's one lick that you can't skin for amuse

nent, practice or \$1,000." "I'll take the bet," agreed Walling-"The blggest cinches in the world are the village misers. Gold brick factories are entirely supported

by tightwada." Wallingford was up early the next norning and made a careful inspecion of the field upon which his car stood. It was almost void of verdure except for a few tufts of scattered rock grass, and everywhere, especially in a steep bank about fifty feet back, there were outcroppings of the shale bluestone of which Henry Hant bad

rock and scraped it with his pocketknife. It was surprisingly soft, and it cut as smoothly as butter. Well pleased, he walked back to the car to find Toad Jessup waiting patiently for Blackie Daw. Wallingford immediately drew a quarter from his pocket and gave it to the boy.

"Son, can you find me a spade?" he inquired and found himself looking at the spot where "Toad" had stood.

The boy, who knew by item and history the contents of every garden, barn and alley of the village, was back with a rusty spade before Wallingford had picked out a favorable spot for his operations, and with him he brought an equally rusty pickax, which had one point broken.

"If you want to dig," "Toad" help-fully informed bim, "I reckon you'll



'Here's your \$225," said Wallingford, producing a fat wallet.

need this here pick. Le' me dig some will you, mister? I'm a good digger." "Come right on, Speckles," Walling ford invited heartily. "We'll dig together." And, taking the pick, he beon with a will.

Wallingford, however, being cather neavy for this sort of work and some what short of breath, was very much elieved when Jonas Squibble came at ast and gazed into the incident direhwith wrinkles of cupidity corrugating ils nese and almost closing his eyes. "What are you digging?" he de

"A hole," returned Wallingford calmy, splitting on his hands and taking a fresh grip on the pickax. "I'll have to have damages for that,"

manded.

fonas quickly decided, "I'll not pay for it," declared Walincluded in the \$20 I gave you."

"That didn't include injuria' my property," Jonas severely told him. You'll have to pay damages, or else [1] sue you.

and be Jiggered!" answered ened up in an apparent thash of anger, 'What'll you take for your old field?" to asked.

"Well, I been holdin' that site back up to it," Jonns declared. The wooden plank with your name

it will be rotted down among the

ford sourly retorted. "I'll give you thrust a folded paper into Walling-\$200 for the field." Jonas almost had palpitation of the eart. Except for use as a building

argain. "I'd ort to have \$225," he defat wallet he produced the money and the aforesaid suit." brust it upon the astounded Squibble, upon Wallingford another document

ale, pending a deed." "Just one moment, gentlemen." begutstretched palm. where you are and enjoy the fresh air and beautiful mountain scenery while engross the legalest bill of sale that ver fooled a jury."

Flushed with pride in his achieve nent, Blackle called in the parties of he first and second parts and made hem listen to his gem of composition nd showed them where to sign it. fter which himself and "Tond" Jessun | tense. flixed their names in the proper places s witnesses; and Blackle, after a vali enslaught on Jonas, compelled Walingford to pay him 50 cents in real nets of tine enough mesh.

Just then the girls came along, and new bill of sale he had drawn up.

"An' now," said Jonas triumphantly, atting his leather money pouch in his ocket to make sure that it was still afe, "you may go ahead an' dig all

he holes you want to." "Thanks," returned Wallingford, vith equal triumph. "I don't care to ig a hole now. By the way, Mr. Squib are you going over past the post

"I might," replied Jonas cautiously. Then kindly mall this letter for me cill you?" and Wallingford handed traw and all the men in town who decently dressed stranger."

have crowbars, pickaxes and spales and who are willing to work for \$2 a

"Yessir," said "Toad," and immedi-

ately became a cloud of dust. Jonas turned away with Wallingford's letter, and of course he read the inscription. It was addressed to the International Lithograph Stone company. Jonas, in deep thought, which was rapidly becoming painful, slowly walked halfway across to the store, which was also the postoffice, then turned and came back.

"Lookit here," he charged in a sudden panie, "you dug that hole on a purose to make me think you was a-buying that property Jes' because you was

"How dare you suspect me?" said Wallingford, smilling.

"You come here a-purpose to buy my tone field!" Jonns further charged, with a sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach.

"I'll make no admissions," stated Wallingford, stiffening.

"What do you want o' my field, anyhow?" Jonas demanded, now sure that he had been swindled.

"That's my affair, sir," announced Wallingford crisply, "Moreover, I can't waste time talking about it. I've got a great deal of work to do in Squibbleville, and very little time in which to do it. I'll take that letter if you please," and, receiving it from Jonas' nerveless fingers, he walked across to the postoffice and mailed his request for a catalogue.

"Jimmy," said Blackle, watching the retreating legs of Tond with vast admiration, "if you don't make that kid foreman of the works at regular foreman's pay I'll never draw up another legal document for you."

Before noon Squibbleville was the busiest town on the map. The black smith, the cooper and even the proprietor of the Auditorium hotel, to say nothing of pale eved and pale haired and red faced Ben Jessup and all the other idlers in the village, quit their respective occupations in a hurry, even to the ancient and honorable one of loafing, to secure that unprecedented \$2 a day. Even Hen Hant appeared with his crowbar and pick and spade. but it transpired that Jonas Squibble was merely subletting him and making \$6 a week profit from his labor, a fact which completed the dire work of making a thorough anarchist of Hen. He would have spent most of his time in expounding his reactionary views to his fellow workmen had it not been for he activity of the foreman. "Tond" Jessup was on the job from the first stroke of the pick in the morning until the echo of the last clank of the crow bar had died away at night, and he was continuously at the side of every individual man of the near a score em ployed, giving his slow moving and istless paw the same attention as any other careless workman who needed driving.

Wallingford, inspecting the new part which had come that day to replace the broken one of his machine, felt the such of a friendly hand upon his shoulder and looked up to find Blackle pointing gloomity up the road.

Shall we run, bluff or fight?" asked

Wallingford, following the direction of the pointing hand, saw Jonas riding down the road in his buckboard, and with him was a gaunt man who were Wallingford, turning vigorously to his a dark blue suit and a dark blue soft work again; then he suddenly straight. hat with a cord and tassel. hat with a cord and tassel.

Wallingford arose with a most cheerful smile. "None of the three Blackle," he returned placidly. "This isn't a pinch; it's a compromise, only it's about for a town hall when the town grows | two days later that I expected. Here's where I win that jade fob pendant."

Turning from Blackle, he assumed an attitude of great dignity as Jonas weeds before that happens," Wailing and the county sheriff, without a word,

ford's hands. "Now I've served it necording the law in such cases made an' provided dte, which was the most remote of fur," declared the gaunt one in a bass chances, the four acres were absolute | voice so surprisingly deep that it seemy worthless. Still, a bargain was a ed to make the ground tremble. "That there's an injunction restrainin' you clared, in much seeming reluctance. from diggin' any more of this here "All right," agreed Wallingford, so bluestone or removin' any more of it pulckly that Jonas was almost reluc- from this here field until the case of ant in good earnest. "Have it your Squibble against Wallingford, now own way. I'm willing to pay any price | pending in the Squawmus county court, o do as I please, if it's only to dig a is settled, dismissed and the costs paid, nole. Here's your \$225," and from a an' this here other paper's a notice o' Here be thrus Now come on in and sign a bill of and, his official mission concluded, he mopped his brow with a flaming yellow handkerchief which gave an extra red Blackle, holding them off with his jaundice to his already squashlike com-"Please remain plexion, and became his own agreeable self again by adding, "Fine growin

weather we're havin', ain't it?" "It grows splendidiv," admitted Wallingford. "What's this suit about, any-

"About a doggone swindle!" inter-Jected Jonas, unable longer to remain affent under his wrongs. "Bought my lithograph stone mine under false pre

"I never said it was lithograph stone, and I'm not saying so now," declared Wallingford, for whom the law had no

"No, you was too slick," returned "That's Jes' the point. You Jonna. Blackie insisted on reading to them the bought that land as jes' plain land, at a reg'lar land price. I got a lawyer over in Squawmus tells me be k'n make a case o' general swindlin' out o' that, especially before a good, honest farmer jury, me bela' a reg'lar citizen here an' you a blamed stranger, an' a slick lookin' one at that. So now you

see where you're at." "I may lose the suit," admitted Wallingford, with a wink at Blackle, "but will not be bullyragged. If he had ome at me with an offer of a compro mise I might have considered it; but now I shall fight. I don't believe the im a stamped, addressed and scaled farmers of Squawmus county love Jonvelope. "Now, sonny," he said to nas Squibble so well that they'd give Tond," "get me a carpenter, a load of him an unfair advantage, even of a

onus winced at that paintal truth. The gaunt stranger surveyed the imressive looking Wallingford with adniration and gauged correctly his heaven born ability to make friends where he chose, and the truth burst from him.

"You bet they don't," he agreed. They all got it in for Jone because he's so slick himself." Jonas winced

"Well, I'm willin' to hear what Mr. Wallingford has to offer," ventured Jonas, after waiting a slightly more than reasonable time for Wallingford o speak first.

"Oh, confound it," snapped Wallingford, as one driven against his will. "I uppose I'll be compelled in the end to let Mr. Squibble in on at least a porion of this enterprise, and I might as well do it now and have a little peace. Mr. Squibble, I'll resell you a half interest-mind you, only a half interest-in this field for -(he besitated just moment; this was the crucial point -how much would Jonas Squibble stand?)-"for \$7,000,"

"I'll go you," returned Squibble, so ulckly that Wallingford could scarcey repress an exclamation of triumph for Blackie's humiliation. "You're a witness to this, Lem Potter," went on Jonas. "It's a bargain that he sells me back a half interest in this four acre field and all that's in it, or under it, or on top of it, mind you, exceptin', course. Mr. Wallingford's automobile wagon, for \$7,000. Now don't you go away from here, Mr. Wallingford, an' I'll go right straight an' get you the cash money. Come on, Lem."

"I knew I was putting up an awful strong game, but I didn't believe I was enough of an artist to make this old penny squeezer fall so hard," exulted Wallingford to Blackle, "Now watch me work him to buy the other half."

What more might have been said was overed up in the hubbub which at that noment arose in the "mine," and walk ing out that way they discovered Tond Jessup directing an emergency movement with great vigor and decis

veness. "Tear some o' them planks out'n the fence back o' the store there!" be was ordering as they came up. "Never mind he damages. We kin afford to pay for a new fence ruther than have that soft mud all run down and gum up them stones. It's a goana rain inside o' ten minutes, I tell you. I been a-fishin' enough to know what that kind of a your shirt yet! stack cloud means."

The sheriff's voice, booming easily oth over and under a roll of thunder. at that moment called across the field duds." to Wallingford. Jonas Squibble was back with the money. "Go get it quick!" urged Blackle. "I

never believe money until I have it in His fears, if he really had any, were llayed as soon as they joined Jonas it the car, for Mr. Squibble thrust the

money into Wallingford's hands as soon as he was near enough, "Count it!" ordered Jonas in a voice



Blackie Insisted on Reading His Bill of Sale to the Girls.

You'll find it all there. Some of it's a little tore, an' some of it's a little musty an' moldy, mebbe, but it's good money. I got some more of it right here too. I got another seven thousand just like it that I'll give you. solid spot cash, right this minute, for he other half o' that field!"

Wallingford felt his heart thump up n his throat and was conscious of Blackie patting him encouragingly upon the back, but there was somehing about the nervous eagerness of Jonns, who was exceptionally lacking n self control for so shrewd an old bargainer, which made Wallingford pause and stiffen.

"Make it eight thousand and I'll go you," he offered. "That's my last word. Take it or leave it."

To his immense surprise Jonas imnediately produced the money, "Here it is," he said. "Now gi' me back my bill o' sale an' we don't need any more

Then Squibble signed a receipt for the transfer, using Blackle's allk bat After all the preliminaries were ar-

anged and Toad Jessup was told that they were going to leave he plead ed with Blackie to be taken along as :

"We don't need a foreman, Toad. for a foreman costs too much money,'

said Bineste. ager at about \$4 a week, board, clothe and smoking tobacco, so just go get your Sunday clothes and be ready to pull right out with us."

"Don't fool the boy that way. Blackle," remonstrated Wallingford His father never would let him go." "He wouldn't, ch?" retorted "Tond," and, opening the door of the car, he

shrilled out into the rain, "Here, you, Paw, come heref" This time the tone was peremptory. The elder Jessup hesitated a mement and then came plodding stolldly across

the rain. "Whadghe want?" he inquired, wit his hend protruding forward and utterly oblivious of the thin streams of water which were running down the back of his neck.

"I'm a-goin' away with Mr. Wallingford and Blackle. I got a Job beln'



Squibble Used Blackie's Silk Hat as Desk.

manager for 'em. Mebbe we'll pull our freight tonight yet." "Well," said the elder Jessup reflectively, "it had orter be a good job, and I reckon you'll do well at it. I guess if your maw was alive she'd be plumb tickled you got it. She'd be mighty sorry to see you go, though, and I am too. By Jinks, we sin't washed out

"I'll take it the way it is," decided "Toad" promptly. "Come on; we'll go right over to the house an' git my

"Well, we got him," declared Blackle, almost embarrassed by the suddenness with which "Tond" had attached bim self permanently to them. "He's ours, my Jeans and the padlock clamped and now I suppose we'll have to take care of him."

"He's more likely to take care of us," laughed Wallingford. "I'm glad you signed him on. This town's been good o me. And, by the way, Blackie, while think of it, I'll bother you for that lade fob pendant."

Blackie silently unfastened his pet bit of jewelry from his fob and passed t over. "You win," he confessed, "and you win running easy, ahead by seven lengths of daylight. But, Jimmy, if I had it to do over again I'd still bet my life against 3 cents' worth of tripe that nobody could skin Jonus Squibble out of \$5, let alone \$15,000. Let's see; deducting the \$12,000 we get back for the pretty Warden orphans, we have \$3,000 left for the expense fund. Pretty good for a long shot."

"You'll go broke picking long shots some day," commented Wallingford dryly, changing his coat for a mackintosh and hunting out his "slicker" hat. The rain's slackening up, cheerful ooser, and if this car isn't standing in three or four feet of water I'm going to screw this attachment in place and we'll like right on to that good town they tell us about, where there's a real

They smoked a contemplative cigar while they waited for the rain to die down. Before it had quite ceased Jonas Squibble was out on the field again, and with him, besides his friend, the sheriff, was a tall man in gum boots and yellow cravenette.

"This is Mr. Wallingford, Mr. Dickerson." introduced Jonas, rubbing his hands together and grinning a grin of pure delight. "Mr. Dickerson, Mr. Daw. Mr. Dickerson is from the International Lithograph Stone company. He was here last spring lookin' at my stone, nn' na soon as I seen the ad-Iress on that letter you gi' me to mail wrote to 'im, an' Mr. Dickerson ome right on. I had him hid in the hotel ever since last night." "I couldn't see why Mr. Squibble

wouldn't let me come out," laughed Mr. Dickerson, who wore queer little tufts of curly red beard, "but now inderstand it. I want to compliment you on the care you've taken in mining and packing the rock, Mr. Wallingford. Of course this isn't high grade fithograph stone, but it's the best I ould find in the three months' trip which I have just ended, and it's a very good sort for a variety of commoner work. I should judge the deposit to be worth in the neighborhood of \$50,000."

"Let me shake you by the hand again, Mr. Dickerson," said Blackle with gurgling enthusiasm. "Let me chake you by both hands. You're a pleasant stranger and a welcome stranger! You must come in and have a pipe and a glass of great with me. while my friend, Jimmy, sits on the wet step and mourns J Rufus, I'll rouble you for my jade fob pendant again and also for my scarab scarfpin.'

articles of adornment and passed them over to Blackle with a sigh. "That's what I get for being a piker." he said [Another adventure next week.]

Wallingford slowly unfastened those

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#### DEATH OF AMANDA JOHNSON

Mrs. Amanda B. Melvin Johnson

Mrs. Amanda B. Melvin Johnson died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. James C. Zaneker, Portland, Tuesday, January 11, aged 74 years.

Deceased crossed the plains in 1851 with her parents and took up land near Woodburn, the donation land claim having later been purchased by the present occupant, P. L. Kenady. Her husband, A. F. Johnson, who died several years age, was at one time county judge of Baker county. He was a great musician taught singing was a great musician, taught singing school all over this section and he also organized bands. He was a brother of the late Mrs. B. F. Hall, of this city the late Mrs. B. F. Hall, of this city, and Mrs. Johnson was an aunt of E. N. Hall and J. J. Hall, of Woodburn, The late Andrew Melvin, of Woodburn, was her brother, Mrs. Johnson married A. F. Johnson in 1858. She was a member of the Presbyterian church and of the We-man's Relief Corps. For the last 15

years she resided in Portland. The remains have been brought to Woodburn and the funeral service will be held at the M. E. church this afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. L. C. Poor officiating. Interment will be in the family plot at Belle Passi cometery. Woodburn Independent

#### LAND BRINGS \$400 AN ACRE

Deeds to two tracts of land selling respectively for \$245 and \$400 per acre were recorded Saturday with County Recorder Brooks. One tract of 10 acres was sold by Thomas A. Lindsay and Effic M. Lindsay to Ja-cob Troudt for \$2,450, and a tract of six acres was sold by J. D. Mishler to A. G. Kauffman for \$2,400. Both tracts near Hubbard .- Woodburn Inde-

#### WILL OPEN NEW STORE

Elias Kilen, who on Saturday disposed of all the odds and ends of the Binkley bankrupt stock to D. Samuel of Salem, will open up a new store in the Guiss building in about 30 days, car-rying a new and clean stock of dry goods, notions and ladies' furnishings. —Woodburn Independent.

Rear Admiral Fullman complains that four out of five Americans can't sing the national air, and as might have said that the one who can ought to take music lessons.

# Skin Muddy?

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