THE BLACK PIGEON

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THIS HAS HAPPENED

Ruth Lester, beautiful secretary to "Handsome Harry" Borden, suspects her employer of shady stock dealings and would resign but for a romance that springs up between her and Jack Hayward, whose office is just across the narrow airshaft from Borden's. On a Saturday morning in January she informs Benny Smith, office boy, of her engagement to Jack.

When Borden comes in, Ruth hands him an orchid-tinted envelope which he impatiently thrusts into his pocket and greets with an oath her information that the "woman with the beautiful contralto voice" called him. Ruth gets $500 from the bank and two tickets with drawing-room for Winter Haven for Borden.

Rita Dubois, night club dancer, who is to accompany Borden to the resort, calls during the morning. Another caller is Mrs. Borden, the promoter's wife and mother of his two children. Borden forces her to ask him for her monthly alimony on a certain date. Learning Borden is busy, the wife agrees to return about 1:30, but before she leaves she glimpses a pistol in Ruth's desk.

When Rita leaves Borden waves good-bye with the torn half of a bank note, reminding her of a certain bargain. While Ruth is taking Borden's dictation he makes a playful pass at her and she screams. Jack in the opposite office hears her and becomes violently angry at Borden. She meets Jack for luncheon but forgets her bank book and rushes back to the office where she bruises her lip. She has a difficult time convincing Jack that Borden did not hurt her. While they are lunching, Jack discovers he has left the theater tickets on his desk and he returns to get them.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER VI

Jack made an impatient gesture toward the waiter who had hurried to the table, order pad in hand. "No dessert. But you can bring the check. . . . What do you mean—Borden?" he demanded of Ruth, in an odd, constrained voice, as the waiter was removing Ruth's dish of melted ice cream.

"You—you look so queer that I thought you might have had a quarrel with Borden," Ruth quivered, oblivious of the waiter's presence. "Oh, Jack, what is the matter? Did you see him?"

Jack frowned, then poured himself a cup of coffee with a hand that trembled slightly. "Why should I see him? Watching Borden isn't my favorite indoor sport!"

He must have realized then how violent his voice was, for he softened it suddenly. "There's nothing the matter, honey. I—just thought I'd gather up some work to do over the week-end," and he pointed to the well-filled brief case he had propper against the wall.

"You're—going to work tomorrow?" Ruth asked slowly.

Jack smiled at her, with oddly pale, taut lips. "Just during the day. We'll have our evening together. Sorry to have kept you waiting, sweetheart."

She tried gallantly to play up, though her heart felt like a stone in her breast. "Poor Letty! She's like a ghost, isn't she, dear? A drab, gray, old ghost, haunting a scrub pail and a mop. But I'll never forget Letty. You know, darling, it was your sweetness to old Letty that made me first realize that I loved you."

His smile became more natural, eager. "Yes? I thought you said last night you'd loved me since the first time you saw me, when you were feeding the pigeons."

"Of course!" she nodded, almost happy again. "But I didn't realize until the other day—Tuesday, wasn't it? How long ago it seems now!—when you were showing me your offices so proudly. Remember? You'd sent Miss Hester out for a quart of hot chocolate, and you made poor old Letty have some, too."

* * *

"Oh, Letty and I are pals," Jack laughed. "Ever since her first day in the building, when I noticed that she was new, and told her I was glad to meet her, she's thought your precious Jack a 'really remarkable fellow.'"

"And he is!" Ruth cried, completely happy again. "Oh, Jack!" She caught her breath sharply on that beloved name. Then she laughed softly, her blue eyes limpid with love. "Darling, I'll never forget how comical you looked last night when I came back into the room without my spectacles, with my curls turned loose and that awful yellowish powder scrubbed off my face—"

"That was a mean trick to play on a man!" Jack chided her tenderly. "Let him get himself engaged to one girl and then find himself saddled with an entirely different one!"

"Are you sorry, darling?" she teased, the dimple tugging at the corner of her beautiful little mouth.

"I suppose I'll have to make the best of you," Jack retorted. Then, to the waiter. "The check? Oh, yes."

Ruth, watching his face because she loved it so, saw a frown pass quickly over it as his eyes scanned the check. And again joy fled from her heart. . . . She tried to grasp its flying wings: "Oh, no! Jack isn't stingy! Why, he's the soul of generosity. I've seen him tip Letty and the elevator boys—"

She turned away her eyes, lest she see that the tip was small. . . . She could not have borne that—not today!

Jack accepted the heavy bag with muttered thanks and Ruth thought he looked at it with distaste—disgust even. "The poor dear doesn't want to work, but feels that he has to, now that he's an engaged man, planning to get married!" she deduced, trying to recapture joy. "Of course! That's why the bill dismayed him. He wants to save for our home—now."

At the theater Jack refused the singsong offer "Check your hat and coat and bag, sir. Check your hat and—" with a curt "No!" And he nursed the heavy bag on his knees during the entire performance of the play.

The show they had chosen so happily the night before, when making their plans, proved a disappointment. It was a murder mystery, with the action taking place in a courtroom. Ruth had wanted to see it because of her familiarity with the law and with trial procedure, but unfortunately the district attorney looked something like her father, who had lost his life in a courtroom, and during the second act she burst into tears and cried so hard that people around them looked at her with impatient disapproval.

"I think we'd better duck the rest of this," Jack urged, his mouth tight and grim. "I never realized—I'm not enjoying it any better than you are, darling. I've already guessed who the murderer is anyway—pretty obvious, and it's rather a sordid way to spend our big afternoon."

"No, let's stay," Ruth choked. "I—I want you to get your money's worth."

When she had said it she could have bitten out her tongue. Her only excuse was that by this time she was so nervous and ill—she must be taking a dreadful cold!—that she hardly knew what she was saying.

* * *

They sat through the third act, their hands touching only once. And she had dreamed all morning of that glorious opportunity for holding hands!

"Let's go to the savings bank first, then on to my apartment for dinner," Ruth suggested, almost timidly, when they left the theater. "I want to cook for you—to get into practice."

"That's the spirit!" Jack applauded, but the smile on his lips scarcely touched his eyes. What—oh, what had happened? Ruth wondered desperately.

But in the bank, open Saturday afternoons for savings bank depositors, he seemed more himself again, teasing her about her thriftiness, and gallantly relieving her of her handbag while she made out her deposit slip and endorsed her salary check.

"Peeking to see what kind of lipstick I use?" she laughed at him, when she left the teller's window. Jack closed her little brown leather handbag and flushed as if he had been caught in the act of stealing. "Just curious to see what a girl stuffs into a handbag," he grinned at her. "I never saw one that didn't look ready to burst. I noticed that the little inside mirror broke when you dropped your bag in the hotel dining room. Are you superstitious?"

Ruth shivered. "Seven years of bad luck, you mean? Pooh! You can't scare me! I've just entered on seven years' divine luck—and seven more and seven more—and seven more—" she chanted.

Jack's mobile, sensitive face went grave again, almost shadowed. "Please God you're right, dear."

And do what she would that evening and the next, Ruth Lester could not keep the shadow of trouble, even fear, out of her lover's eyes. True, he ate the dinner that she cooked for him, and praised her culinary art extravagantly. But after the dishes were washed and restored to the tiny cupboard in the miniature kitchenette, he slumped into gloom again, forgetting to kiss her for as long as half an hour at a time. She spent most of Sunday in bed, but contrary to her fears, an actual cold did not develop. There was just that odd shiver that ran along her nerves at the most unexpected moment.

* * *

Sunday evening they ate dinner in the little restaurant to which Ruth had taken Jack the first time they had ever eaten together, in obedience to his whimsical request that she show him where she got such potent crumbs that the black pigeon would eat out of her hand.

"Oh, Jack, the poor pigeons!" Ruth remembered the birds contritely. "I was so happy yesterday that I forgot to buy peanuts to feed them before I left for the week-end. I meant to do it when I was out getting Mr. Borden's money and tickets. Poor Satan! Do you think he'll starve to death before Monday? I'll take a lot of crumbs with me in the morning—"

"I don't like that black pigeon!" Jack surprised Ruth by saying the absurd words grimly. "He looks too much like his namesake, 'Handsome Harry.'"

"Darling!" Ruth laughed. "I do believe you're jealous of the black pigeon! He's a greedy scamp. But have you noticed how the little pigeon adores him? She's never far from his side, although she's too timid to eat out of my hand yet. I wonder if most of the pigeons aren't ladies who are in love with Black Satan. He struts about as if he were the lord of creation. . . . I wonder, too," she mused, "how Rita Dubois is enjoying the week-end. I know she doesn't really care for Harry Borden—"

"Let's not talk about that man again!" Jack interrupted vehemently. Then as Ruth's delicate little face flushed and quivered, "Sorry, darling! I'm all on edge. . . . Keyed up, I suppose, to my new responsibilities. Shall we go out to Grandbury with Cowan next Sunday and look at the lots? Oh, Ruth! I do love you so! Forgive me for being so difficult last night and tonight. I—lots on my mind. Got to plan a future for Mr. and Mrs. John Carrington Hayward. Love me? Say it, Ruth!"

It was not until she was dressing to go to the office Monday morning that Ruth realized Jack had not reminded her of her promise to resign her position as Harry Borden's secretary. "But—why should he remind me?" she reasoned. "He knows I'll keep my promise, and I can understand his not wanting to talk about it."

She arrived at the office at 9:15, though Borden never required her presence until half past. And his train was not due from Winter Haven until 12:10. There was a great pile of letters on the floor, beneath the slot in the door, but there was something Ruth had to do before she opened, read and sorted the mail. She had not forgotten the pigeons this time. Benny Smith had not arrived, although he was supposed to open the offices a nine o'clock sharp. Of course he was taking advantage of Borden's absence.

Ruth took the dried sponge out of the little glass dish on her desk, then emptied into it an envelope of peanuts and a larger package of crumbs. Satan and his harem should have a feast and not have to wait until noon for it, either!

Smiling, she opened the door between her office and Borden's private office and, with the glass dish in her hand, stepped across the threshold.

The ghastly spectacle that met her eyes robbed her of all power of motion for the moment, and the pigeons of their meal. The glass dish fell to the floor, the peanuts and crumbs scattering upon the thick velvet rug. . . . But Ruth did not see them, for her eyes were fixed in a trance of horror upon the thing that lay near the window on the floor.

(To Be Continued)

A murder in Harry Borden's office. And the victim—but read the next chapter.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE IS REORGANIZED BY MYRTLE CREEK MEN

The Myrtle Creek chamber of commerce has been reorganized. At a meeting at the town hall Wednesday a new set of by-laws was adopted and the organization more fully perfected by the addition of a membership committee and the selection of a board of directors, says the Myrtle Creek Mail.

Officials of the new chamber are: J. M. Ledgerwood, president; A. E. Elliott, vice-president; J. R. Bruce, secretary; G. R. Bates, treasurer.

Board of directors: C. A. Stelzier, Chas. W. Rice, H. P. Rice, R. W. Reynolds, H. M. Shirtcliff.

Membership committee: A. E. Elliott, C. A. Stelzier, Chas. W. Rice, C. M. Griffith, C. A. Stelzier.

The first Wednesday evening of each month was chosen as the meeting date.

As in the former chamber, the annual dues were fixed at $3 per year.

MYRTLE CREEK GOLD MINES YIELDING ORE

Ore from the recent strike in the Continental Mine on South Myrtle shows values of $327 per ton in gold and silver, says the Myrtle Creek Mail. In ounces the two metals prevail in about equal quantities—15.50 ounces of silver and 16.92 ounces of gold, per ton.

Of course this high-grade value does not maintain throughout the vein width, yet all of the ore is of sufficient value to pay to ship.

We understand that Mr. Bates is preparing a shipment of this valuable ore which will be forwarded to the smelter at Tacoma within a short time now.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCHES

"Man" was the subject of the Lesson-Sermon in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, March 10.

The Golden Text was, "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Micah 6:8).

Among the citations which comprised the Lesson-Sermon was the following from the Bible: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visittest him? Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet" (Ps. 8:4, 6).

The Lesson-Sermon also included the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "The human mind will sometime rise above all material and physical sense, exchanging it for spiritual perception, and exchanging human concepts for the divine consciousness. Then man will recognize his God-given dominion and being" (p. 581).

SEE PAT

Houses moved, built and repaired; chimney and building blocks. Cement work of all kinds. F. F. Patterson.

Used furniture for sale. Bed, spring, mattress, round table, library table, dresser, couch, oil stove, heater, range cook stove, fine Axminster rug, garden cultivator (one wheel). Army cot, sewing machine, baby cart. Compare these in price and you will find them good buys. Powell Furniture Company, 115 Sheridan.

Real Estate Loans

Monthly installment loans on Roseburg residence or business property. Reduce the principal of your loan each month with but little greater monthly outlay than rent. Prompt action on application. We are Roseburg representatives for the Equitable Savings & Loan Association. Come in and talk with us. Friendly advice gladly given.

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VETO APPLIED BY GOV. PATTERSON TO FOUR MORE BILLS

Special Appropriations for Baby Home, County Fairs and Pilot Board Pay Meet Opposition.

Proposal to Extend Fishing Season in Nehalem River Also Turned Down; Bills Signed.

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Mar. 11.—Governor Patterson has vetoed the Waverly baby home bill, the county fair bill, the Nehalem river fishing bill and also has vetoed an item of $2400 providing for payment of salaries of the commissioners and the secretary of the state board of pilot commissioners.

These four vetoes and the approval of a long list of bills Saturday afternoon completed the governor's deliberations upon measures passed by the 1929 legislature.

The Waverly baby home bill asked for an appropriation of $80,000 but the ways and means committee reduced this to $40,000. In his veto message the governor says he believes it bad policy to appropriate money to erect buildings on grounds not owned by the state.

The county fair bill, vetoed Saturday, provided appropriations totaling about $50,000. The governor states in his veto message that he believed other legislative acts will furnish sufficient money for the purpose.

The Nehalem river bill would have opened that river to commercial fishing a greater portion of the year than at present. The governor believes the bill would impair the run of fish in the river and be detrimental to the fishing industry.

Relative to the veto of the pilot commissioner salary bill the governor says:

"Senate bill No. 48, passed by both houses of the 35th legislative assembly and approved by me, increases the fees of pilots and makes the commission self-supporting. There are funds now in the hands of the state treasurer sufficient to defray the expenses of the pilot commission until senate bill No. 48 becomes effective."

Measures Approved

Measures signed by the governor Saturday afternoon were:

House bill 274, appropriating $50,000 to be matched by private subscription for the construction of an infirmary at the University of Oregon.

House bill 368, appropriating $10,000 for eastern Oregon livestock show.

House bill 374, appropriation for street improvement in Corvallis adjacent to college campus.

House bill 380, appropriation for investigation of undiagnosed livestock disease.

House bill 411, appropriating $25,000 for agricultural development by state chamber of commerce.

House bill 600, providing for payment of expenses for survey of higher educational institutions.

House bill 602, to provide for payment of mileage and per diem of presidential electors.

House bill 191, providing for recorder's fees in counties of less than 100,000 people.

House bill 198, centering control of assessments throughout state in state tax commission.

House bill 199, providing for an appointive state tax commission.

House bill 258, defining requirements of insurance companies seeking to operate in Oregon.

House bill 375, fixing five years as the tenure of office of Americanization commissioners.

House bill 438, adopting standards and grades for potatoes.

House bill 450, limiting the taking of salmon from any river except the Columbia to three a day.

House bill 453, providing for the appointment of special deputy constables.

House bill 478, making steelhead trout a game fish in all the waters of the state.

House bill 525, by Lockwood, changing the boundaries of the Wallowa game refuge in Wallowa county and the white tail deer refuge in Douglas county.

House bill 587, permitting a bank to carry all of the required reserve on savings deposits with any bank or trust company approved by the superintendent of banks, and providing that half of such reserve may be in government bonds carried at the actual market value.

House bill 592, authorizing a special election in June, 1929, in event the referendum is evoked on state revenue measures excepting the income tax act.

Senate bill 133, to prevent theft of livestock by licensing meat dealers and regulating transactions in meat.

Senate bill 230, excepting cow testers from certain requirements imposed upon veterinarians.

ARMY MAN SLAYS MOTHER-IN-LAW IN FAMILY QUARREL

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SANTA ROSA, Cal., Mar. 11.—Jerome Merwin, 47, of San Francisco, has been charged with first degree murder for the alleged slaying of his mother-in-law, Mrs. E. H. Carlton, 70, during a family quarrel in the latter's home here last Friday.

Awakening from a coma, superinduced by a beating he received following the shooting, Merwin asked:

"Did I hurt anyone?"

Police said Merwin, San Francisco, an army warrant officer, forced his way into the woman's home, shot her in the heart, and then attempted to kill his sister-in-law, Mrs. Mildred Meserve. She knocked the gun from his hand and then her husband and their 18-year-old son beat him so severely that he lay unconscious for hours.

M. W. Meserve said Mervin committed the deed to end a long-standing argument over disposition of the estate of Merwin's late wife, Helen.

District Attorney Carl Barnard of Sonoma county placed a guard on Merwin in the Santa Rosa hospital as soon as he awoke.

Barnard's action was taken when a note was found in Merwin's pocket, which, according to the prosecutor, showed the murder was premeditated.

The note, without an address, read as follows:

"I do not wish to take the lives of innocent people, but what should I do? Leave them to the mercy of cold, cruel world? God will give me the answer when the time of need is met.

"P. S. Just as aftermath for the educated lawyers. Do you not consider yourselves murderers to advocate conditions which make justice is meted out you will come justice is meted out you will come in for your share."

IRRIGATION SYSTEM TO BE BUILT BY FARMERS ON SOUTH MYRTLE CREEK

A group of South Myrtle farmers are completing an irrigation ditch this spring that will put 160 acres of their farm lands under water, says the Myrtle Creek Mail.

This group are A. V. Ady, with 40 acres; C. A. Stelzier and G. C. Richardson, with 40 acres, and W. L. Fisher, with 40 acres.

The water will come out of South Myrtle and it will require a ditch close to two miles in length to convey the water to the farthest land to be covered.

BORN

ROCKWELL.—To Mr. and Mrs. Alupon W. Rockwell of Garden Valley, Friday, March 8, 1929, a daughter.

E. M. Owens of Iowa City, who has been visiting his cousin, S. J. Jones, in this city, left yesterday for his home.

PNEUMONIA
Call a physician. Then begin "emergency" treatment with
VICKS VAPORUB
Over 21 Million Jars Used Yearly

Bills Signed By Patterson

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

SALEM, Ore., Mar. 11.—Governor Patterson last Saturday signed the following bills passed by the legislature:

H. B. 248—New real estate code, giving real estate commissioner more authority to correct abuses.

H. B. 253—Relative to fire prevention in dry cleaning establishments.

H. B. 469—Providing for investment of surplus funds of school districts and municipalities.

H. B. 482—Licensing and regulating commission merchants.

H. B. 510—Changing commercial fishing season on certain streams and closing some streams entirely.

H. B. 542—Providing for dog control districts.

H. B. 543—Declaring certain dogs public nuisances.

H. B. 544—Increasing license fees on dogs.

H. B. 415—Providing that it shall not be compulsory for counties to match state market road fund in order to receive its benefits.

H. B. 422—Prohibiting carrying dogs on running boards unless safeguarded.

H. B. 386—Relating to examination and registration of graduate nurses.

H. B. 539—Providing that a newspaper shall not lose its legality for publication of legal notices through flood, fire or action of the elements.

H. B. 451—Amending law relating to capital requirements of companies transacting miscellaneous insurance.

H. B. 456—Extending quarantine in the case of bovine tuberculosis and providing for quarantine districts.

H. B. 581—Providing for limitation of bond issues of any city or town to not more than 10 per cent of assessed valuation.

H. B. 583—Requiring cities and towns to provide sinking funds for payment of principal and interest on bonds.

S. B. 216—Apportioning cost of surveys among land owners requesting them.

S. B. 227—Authorizing board of control to bar undesirable persons from attendance at state blind school.

S. B. 232—Relating to tax on income of alien and foreign insurance companies.

S. B. 233—Authorizing county courts to fill vacancies in office of constable.

S. B. 135—To regulate and prescribe uniform fees to be required from parties litigant, and others, in circuit courts.

S. B. 161—Relating to registration of motor vehicles of non-resident owners.

S. B. 251—To provide for a refund of license or registration fees upon the accidental destruction of any motor vehicle or when such fees have been paid erroneously.

S. B. 256—Amending law limiting weight of loads on motor trucks.

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Arundel, piano tuner. Phone 189-L.

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Field Fence, Poultry Fence, Poultry Netting, Chick Wire.

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John Deere Plow Co.
Hoosier and Milwaukee Pumps

ACTRESS IS SUICIDE

(Associated Press Leased Wire)

LOS ANGELES, Mar. 9.—A young woman whom police believed to be "Patricia Pemberton," a San Francisco actress, was found shot to death in a garage here today. Police said she apparently had committed suicide.

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Mothers:

Are Your Children like "Our Gang"?

Healthy—husky—happy—but oh! so hard on shoes.
Huntington soles are the answer.
Outwear two pairs of leather soles.
Keep the feet dry and comfortable.
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COLDS MAY DEVELOP INTO PNEUMONIA

Coughs from colds may lead to serious trouble. You can stop them now with Creomulsion, an emulsified creosote that is pleasant to take. Creomulsion is a medical discovery with two-fold action; it soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and inhibits germ growth.

Of all known drugs creosote is recognized by high medical authorities as one of the greatest healing agencies for coughs from colds and bronchial irritations. Creomulsion contains, in addition to creosote, other healing elements which soothe and heal the inflamed membranes and stop the irritation, while the creosote goes on to the stomach, is absorbed into the blood, attacks the seat of the trouble and checks the growth of the germs.

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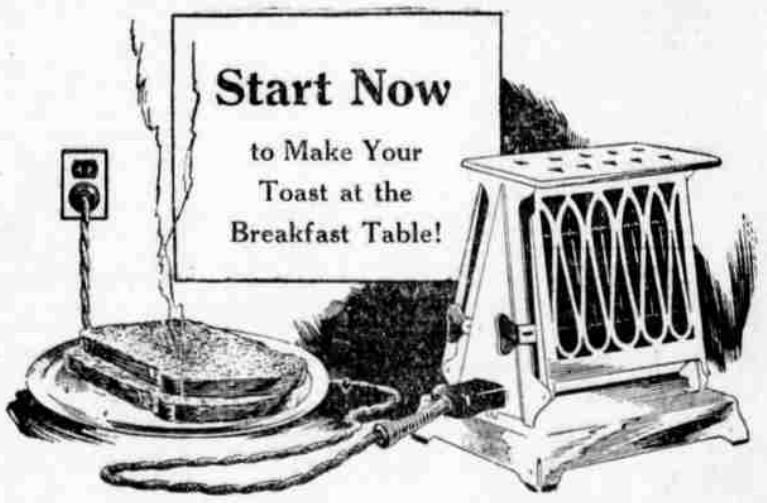
FOR THE COUGH FROM COLDS THAT HANG ON



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