

ADDITIONAL PERSONALS.

Earl Stoddard was an over Sunday visitor with his parents in this city, coming in from Baker Saturday.

Mrs. Geo. Parker went to Baker this morning for a few days' visit with Mrs. Jas. H. Graham.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Gamble went to Union this morning, Mr. Gamble being interested in a meat market at that place.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

These pretty days make us think of spring and of the need of a good camera, one that will take the picture of your friend just right, buy one of Silverthorn.—Adv. 2 1 6t

Mr. Edmund Breese, who will be seen at Sherry's today and tomorrow in Alfred Sutro's remarkable play the Walls of Jericho, is one of America's most intelligent character actors, and has had an enviable career on the stage. He will be remembered as John Bruckett Ryder in the Lion and the Mouse. 2 1 1t

All standard reprint novels, usually sell at 75c—You can buy them this week for 50c at Silverthorn's Family Drug Store.—Adv. 2 1 6t

By an expert have your films developed and your work enlarged at Silverthorn's Family Drug Store.—Adv. 2 1 6t.

THE MASTER KEY.

(Continued from Page 2.)

CHAPTER XII. Crossed Wires.

THUS it happened that just when Drake entered Sing Wah's unpretentious doorway the taxi with the hotel detective and John Dorr drew up in a side street and stopped.

"It was here they left me," said the chauffeur sulkily.

The detective and John got out and stared about them. They were in the lower part of Chinatown, a single tier of blocks that stretched beyond the bounds toward the bay—not in the quarter, but of it.

"Which way did they take the girl?" said the practical detective.

The driver led them around the corner and up an alleyway. He pointed to Sing Wah's door. "I think they went in there," he muttered.

"Ah!" said the detective thoughtfully. "When I was on the police force I used to know that Chinaman. He's the smoothest rascal in America, bar none."

John gritted his teeth in helpless rage. "And she's in that fiend's foul clutches," he groaned aloud.

At this moment a policeman came along and accosted John's companion familiarly. In a few words the case was explained to him.

"You won't find anything, of course," the officer remarked. "But just for satisfaction let's have a look-see and a chin-chin with Sing Wah."

They entered the shop just as a Chinese was closing a panel door after Drake, who had come to make his promised attempt to win Ruth's confidence. Sing Wah was nowhere to be seen.

After some futile parley with the Chinese, whose ignorance was complete in every detail, the two officers agreed that they were wasting time.

"Old Sing's the boy to see," said the house detective. "Let's wait awhile."

Now, Sing Wah had pondered the affair during the night, and the more he thought over having a lovely white girl in the cylindrical room the less he liked it. It was deadly dangerous.

Courts might be lenient with the smuggler and the go-between. Sing Wah knew that if even a suspicion got abroad that a young white woman was imprisoned in his quarters a ravening mob would tear his place stiek from stone and hang him without trial. He was determined to get the girl away immediately. So he was unfeignedly glad to see Drake.

Drake attempted to explain what Wilkerson wanted, but the Chinese cut him short.

"Harry is insane," he said quietly. "He is mad over that woman. I have done all I can. You must get her out of here."

"But how?" demanded Drake. "She doesn't know me very well, and she'll scream her head off, and I'll be arrested, and we'll all be in a mess."

Sing Wah nodded thoughtfully. Then he looked up and listened to the low words of one of his clerks. His missing him with a slouch grimace, he turned to Drake.

"There's not much time," he said softly. "They are on the trail already."

"Who?" "The police." He motioned Drake to a chair in the little alcove, where they took their seats. "Stay here a moment. I will see for myself."

He slipped on a lever, and the room swung round to the door was opposite him. With long slender fingers he slipped back the panel and vanished.

Ruth lay on a couch, open eyed and white faced. Beside her a richly dressed Chinese woman crouched, whisper-

men talking in excited tones. "You must come," said Sing Wah. "I will take you to a place of safety. All I ask of you is to follow me and be silent."

His earnestness was unmistakable, and Ruth yielded. A moment later they both stood on a small landing place above the cylindrical room. Sing Wah carefully drew up the ladder and coiled it again on the wooden trigger that had released it. Then he led the way down a dark passage to stairs lit by a mere glimmer of gas. Ruth drew back, but he indicated that she must go on. Even as she obeyed his imperious gesture there rang out the muffled clangor of revolver shots. Then again came the sound of doors yielding to violence and the shouts of wrathful men.

Sing Wah hurried her on, down steps, along shadowy passageways and



"You must come," said Sing Wah.

under low arches till she felt a sudden cool, salt breath on her face. At her feet she saw the glimmer of water and a boat riding to a long painter. Quickly and silently Sing Wah drew the little craft alongside and motioned to her to get in.

By this time the tumult had died down to a mere muttering of shots with an occasional yell, muffled by walls and the distance. She stared fearfully about her, at the great arches of dripping brick overhead, at the little landing under foot, at the dark vista of the tunnel through which the water streamed in a swishing tide. She drew back and let her voice out in one long, forlorn scream, the pent up agony of many hours, her final call for help against the dark powers that had seized upon her.

With swift strength Sing Wah reached out his snowy arms, raised her up and seated her in the stern of the boat. A moment later he had cast off the painter and slipped the oars. The boat slipped silently away on the current into the mark.

After some talk between the officers John Dorr was informed that if he liked they would enter Sing Wah's and make a thorough search.

"Not that I think we'll find anything or anybody," said one of the policemen, "but it never does any harm to take a look-see through Sing Wah's, and the lieutenant is coming down now to take charge."

A moment later that officer arrived, and John Dorr made his tale as convincing as possible. The lieutenant seemed dubious.

"It isn't like the old rascal to run his head into danger that way," he insisted. "I think you are on the wrong trail. Who did you say was the man who did all this?"

"Wilkerson—Harry Wilkerson," John answered bitterly.

"Wilkerson?" repeated the lieutenant. "That puts another color on the matter. Wilkerson and Sing Wah used to be pals. They'll bear looking into

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With wonderful quickness the officer disposed his men so that every known exit was guarded. Then he motioned to John to follow him and went boldly up to the shop door and entered.

Followed again a futile parley with a Chinese who professed to know no language but his own. The lieutenant's quick ear caught a sound of something moving directly behind the impassive clerk. Brushing him aside, he smashed in the door in the partition and strode into the hallway beyond. John Dorr was close at his heels.

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

MAPLE SYRUP IS RELEASED.

Log Cabin Product on Sale Again After Pure Food Investigation.

Saturday the entire stock of Towle's Log Cabin maple syrup, which has been tied up in this territory pending investigation and decision of the State Dairy and Food Commission, was released and now wholesalers and dealers are offering the syrup to the trade.

For some reason the commission suspected that the Towle product was misbranded and believed that it would not hold up true to its label. Immediately resting upon the power vested in it the commission issued an order that no Towle's goods be sold in the La Grande territory. For two weeks the investigation proceeded and now the goods are released for sale to the public, which would indicate the commission got off on the wrong foot in the matter.

Had the goods been found untare to name, and had the label stating the syrup contains 50 per cent of pure maple and 50 per cent of cane syrup covered goods which did not contain these proportions it is very likely the commission would not have released the large quantity of the syrup now on hand for sale.

One of the wholesale houses in La Grande had on hand about \$1500 worth of this syrup.

FILLIBUSTER CONTINUES.

Minority Succeeds in Holding the Fort Another Day.

Washington, Feb. 1.—The republican filibuster against the government ship purchase bill was resumed at 10 a. m., when the senate was called to order after being recessed from midnight Saturday. Both sides are confident of victory.

When the senate met today Senator

Smith of Michigan resumed his speech which interrupted by the recess at midnight Saturday, after Smith had been speaking for five hours.

BABY GIRL BURIED.

Remains of Pretty Little Girl Laid Away This Morning.

This morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. E. B. Fyke officiating, the remains of the eight-months old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Leslie, of South La Grande, were laid away by relatives and friends.

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms 1307 Penn. ave. Phone Red 3681. 2 1 4t.

Starkey Rancher Here.

Among those who come far and over difficult roads to attend court this week was Ralph Sullivan of Starkey. Mr. Sullivan's family has charge of the Starkey postoffice.

Read the advertisement, too

HELP—Wanted a good stout boy 18 or 19 years old who can handle horses and do general farm work—German preferred. Apply nine to 10 a. m. 1808 Second street. 2 1 2t.

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