

LEAGUE FORMS FOR AMATEURS

BAKER, UNION, ELGIN WITH LA GRANDE

Six-Club Affair May Yet be Formed.—Season Opens April 4th.

Baker, Union, La Grande and Elgin and perhaps Imbler and Cove, may play semi-professional ball this summer, opening their season the first Sunday in April, just two weeks away. In any event, there will be a four-club league known as the Eastern Oregon league, and Cove and Imbler have until Thursday to get in. Imbler is now ready to put up the \$100 bond for good faith, but Cove has not officially had the proposition put up to her to date.

The league was formed here yesterday morning with representatives in attendance from Baker, Elgin, La Grande and Imbler. After the preliminary organization, permanent officers were elected, and Attorney Thomas H. Crawford of this city was elected president. The vice president is J. L. Hindman of Elgin and Thomas Pexton, of Baker, is secretary-treasurer. Among those present to perfect the league's draft and adopt by-laws, were J. P. Jackson and C. Sullivan of Baker, W. R. Phillips of Union, Leonard Morelock and L. B. Tuttle, of Elgin, D. C. Wilson, of Imbler, and Hector McInnis, representing La Grande.

An economical regime is the purpose, and all plans were drafted for the very best ball at the least useless expense. Umpires will be chosen from the home town on each occasion without pay where possible; only two salaried players will be permitted on each club, and the season is comparatively short, avoiding the hot weather.

La Grande opens at home with her old time rival Elgin, April 4th and Union opens at Baker, April 11th. Temporary secretary L. B. Tuttle is today making a typewritten copy of all the minutes and by-laws and these will be distributed to team managers at once.

Lee Reynolds, of La Grande, captain of the O. A. C. track team, is being worked over and revamped to a miler, in addition to being the team's middle distance runner. Reynolds had remarkable success as a halfer last year, and his coach expects to see him travel the mile with equal success.

Late in April the state trapshoot will be held in Portland for the state championship, and several La Grande nimrods are grooming themselves for participation on that occasion.

The O-W team which plays with the Albina shops here Decoration day was out yesterday kicking the ball around, and convinced managers and fans that they are going to have a good team.

No Use to Try and Wear Out Your Cold, It Will Wear You Out Instead.

Thousands keep on suffering colds and coughs through neglect and delay. Why make yourself an easy prey to serious ailments and epidemics as the result of a neglected cold? Coughs and colds sap your strength and vitality unless checked in the early stages. Dr. King's New Discovery is what you need—the first dose helps. Your head clears up, you breathe freely and you feel so much better. Buy a bottle today and start taking at once.

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CAMERA CAUGHT SURF BELLE OFF GUARD.



MISS FLEISCHMANN

Here's an unconventional view of a very conventional young society woman, Miss Fleischmann, one of the belles of Coronado beach and the daughter of the yeast magnate, Julius Fleischmann of Cincinnati, O.

It looks like a summer scene, but the picture was taken a few days ago for every day is summer-like at the California winter resort.

SUNSHINE STIRS DEALERS

NEW CARS COME AND DEALS ARE CLOSED

The Jeffries Makes Its Debut In This Vicinity This Week.

Automobile news originated thick and fast today when Lott Snodgrass showed his new Saxon roadster which he has been expecting to arrive for some time. The little Saxon is larger than the last year's model and seems to breathe and act a great deal like its big brother automobiles.

The Studebaker agency announced the arrival of a carload of the new model Studebakers today and they will be unloaded at once and placed on the sales room floor.

L. C. Smith is in line in the days news with a car of the new model Fords which many prospective buyers have been waiting to see. The new Ford is a trifle different from the staple old car as it contains a number of new features including a torpedo shape, electric starter if you want it and several additions such as pressed fenders, etc.

That the automobile season is on in earnest in Union county there can be no question when one sees the number of people looking through the different garages.

Herman Segrist has purchased a Jeffries, the first of its kind in the county.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money

Cut out this advertisement, enclose 5 cents to Foley & Co., 2335 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing:

- (1) Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, the standard family remedy for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, tightness and soreness in chest, grippe and bronchial coughs.
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- (3) Foley's Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. Especially comforting to stout persons, and a purgative needed by everybody with sluggish bowels and torpid liver. You can try these three family remedies for only 5c.

For Sale at All Dealers.

THE MASTER KEY.

Shown at the Arcade Wednesdays and Thursdays.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Escape of Ruth.

AFTER his experience in rescuing John Dorr from the hands of the outraged priests of Bhalia, Sir Donald Faversham prepared to start the new day. He could not well realize just what had happened in the twenty-four hours that had just ended. It needed the commonplace details of a morning's toilet to make things seem actual. And what facts they were that changed his whole future!

Ruth had promised to marry him! Faversham belonged to that great class of Englishmen who unite the virtues of careful training with an adaptability to circumstance which has made Great Britain the colonizer of the world.

He was as formal in many ways as a clock. In others he could amaze the most impulsive and impressionable adventurer.

When he first met Ruth he had had not the faintest notion of wooing her. His admiration had been frank and unreserved, but without any underlying depth of feeling.

His volunteering to join John Dorr and Ruth in this wild search for the missing idol had been what he called a lark.

It was only long association with her, the constant view of her pretty innocence and an occasional glimpse of her profounder and womanly nature that had touched his heart and awakened in him feelings that he had refrained from confessing to himself.

Then came the moment when she had turned to him for help and he had been the single person in the world who could save John Dorr.

Sharp and brief as had been the struggle in his own mind, it had brought him to an acknowledgment of the fact that she was the only woman he wanted for his wife.

On the very tick of her hour of trouble he had ventured to ask his reward for service.

She had promised, and now he, baronet and retired officer of the British army, shook like a boy at the thought of the happiness that awaited him.

They met at breakfast, Dorr still showing the effects of his night's adventures. Ruth bright eyed from want of sleep and Sir Donald alone presenting the appearance of one who had been the day bright after a sound night's rest.

Their natural topic of conversation was of Dorr's attempt to capture the idol and Sir Donald's rescue of him.

John could give little satisfaction to Ruth's minute inquiries, and the Englishman confessed that he himself, though much more familiar with the native ways and native temples, had not much notion of exactly how it had all come about nor how he had found Dorr and extricated him.

"The only thing I gather from it all is this," he said amiably. "You had better take my advice in this country and not try to perform any of your western feats. India is a very old country, and they resent here anything that doesn't follow the good old lines."

"I suppose I was very foolish," John confessed ruefully. "But when I saw that image right within reach I simply couldn't resist the temptation to grab it and try to escape."

Sir Donald looked at Ruth meaningly. "I can't say that I'm a bit sorry, old chap," he told Dorr. "After all, as you say, it's an ill wind that blows no one any good."

Instantly Ruth caught his meaning, and her eyes fell. Yes, she had promised, and this brave gentleman who had risked his life for her sake should not be without his reward.

But she stared miserably at her plate until John called her and swore that he would yet get the plans.

"And here comes the fellow who will tell us what really did happen," Sir



"I suppose I was very foolish," John confessed ruefully.

Donald remarked, pointing to a much bedraggled native who had entered the compound and was evidently waiting for some one.

"That's my old servant," he continued. "If you will excuse me I'll go and hear what he has to tell us."

Ruth and John watched the two of them for some time, the tall, carefully dressed Englishman and the dirty native.

They could see that the latter was much excited, and toward the last Sir

Donald himself seemed to lose a little of his aplomb.

Finally they saw him nod curtly to the native, who squatted down on the pavement. A moment later he had rejoined them. His usually placid face bore an expression of anxiety.

"What can be the matter?" demanded Ruth.

"Not anything for you to worry about," replied Faversham. "I'm sure I can arrange everything presently, but you certainly stirred up the priests, Dorr."

"Well, what do they intend to do?" inquired John, undisturbed, except that he did not understand a glance exchanged by Ruth and Sir Donald.

"It seems they have started a kind of holy war against us," the baronet answered grimly. "You desecrated their idols and they've excited a lot of the people against you and—"

"And what?" demanded John impatiently.

With a meaning look toward Ruth, Sir Donald faced Dorr. "This is not a place for Miss Gallon," he said formally.

"The truth of the matter is, we are known to be stopping here and the mob will undoubtedly visit us shortly."

"But the police?"

Sir Donald looked very uncomfortable indeed. "My dear fellow, don't you realize that what you and I did last night was purely and simply indefensible? We tried to rob a temple, to be frank about it."

"I tried to recover some papers belonging to us," he protested.

"We would have a stiff time trying to prove that to the officials here," was the reply. "As a matter of fact, I can't afford to bring this up. I'm still practically an officer and I should have a deuce of a time clearing myself. You can't afford to call in the police because you're an American, and you broke British law, and I very much fear killed a British subject or two."

"I see," Dorr assented thoughtfully. "But what are we to do?"

"Precisely, precisely the question," said Sir Donald. "You and I could slip away, but there is the young lady to consider."

"And the plans," said John doggedly.

Sir Donald flushed angrily. "I am considering the young lady in this matter."

"And I, as her guardian, have to think of her best interests," was the retort.

Faversham toggled at his mustache in perplexity. Then he said quietly, "I think Miss Gallon has really put her interests in my charge."

"What—what do you mean?" stammered Dorr.

At this moment there came from the street outside the sound of cries and yells and trampling feet. The two men looked at each other. With one accord they withdrew inside the hall-way.

"That's the mob coming!" Sir Donald said hoarsely. "Now for it!"

"We must save Ruth at all events!"

"Certainly," said Faversham coldly. "But I must plan quickly. Ah, here comes my faithful Achmet!"

The servant spoke rapidly in the vernacular, and Sir Donald answered in the same tongue. Then he turned to John.

"Bring Miss Gallon here quickly," he commanded. "Don't alarm her needlessly."

Ruth responded to the summons without a tremor, and when a few hurried words had informed her of what was afoot she turned to the Englishman and said simply, "What shall we do?"

"I am going to put you in charge of my old servant Achmet," he told her. "I trust him, and he will see you safe. Dorr and I shall have to go a separate way."

By this time the mob had filled the street without and was yelling for vengeance on the sacrilegious white men, punctuating its demands with an occasional stone against the wall.

Achmet bowed low before Ruth and with a gesture indicated that she was to follow him. She hesitated.

Sir Donald curtly said, "Hurry!"

She impulsively turned to John, and he saw her eyes filled with anxiety for him. That satisfied his wounded heart, and he urged her on.

When she had disappeared in the wake of the hastening servant Sir Donald glanced at Dorr and then said abruptly, "Come ahead! We'll try a back way out."

"We shan't interfere with Ruth, getting away, shall we?" John responded.

There was a glimmer of admiration in Faversham's eyes as he shook his head.

"No. Achmet will take her his own way. We go an entirely different one—if we escape the mob."

He had hardly spoken when the outer gate swung inward and there was a wild crush of struggling bodies between the high pillars. A stone struck the floor between the two entrances.

"Come with me," said Faversham, and drew Dorr around a corner and then inside a small entry. Another entry giving off this offered escape and they darted down it. An instant later they were in an empty courtyard.

"I know where I am now," Faversham said coolly and opened a gate in the opposite wall which led into a garden. Five minutes later the two men were strolling along a quiet lane out of sight and sound of the mob.

"They will destroy all our things," Dorr suggested.

"No. The hotelkeeper and the police will see to it that they don't. Ah, they wanted us, you and me. Failing to catch us, they will disperse."

"But where shall we find Ruth?" John went on eagerly.

"Achmet will take her to a camp of

beggars outside the city," he answered.

"But how? She won't be safe with only a native."

"Safer than with a regiment of soldiers," was the response. "I know where the place is. Let's go to it. I guarantee that we shall find Miss Gallon safe and sound. I know Achmet of old. He is specially trustworthy because he is a Mohammedan and he doesn't respect idols any more than you and I do."

They finally reached the camp up the bank of the river and Achmet welcomed them before them.

"Where is the maiden?" demanded Faversham.

The servant rose and took the covering off a large basket. Ruth smiled up at them.

"I heard your voices," she said, laughing. "Achmet thought I ought to get out right away, but I wanted to surprise you."

"And that is the way you got out of the hotel?" demanded John.

"Yes, Achmet tucked me into this basket and carried me right through all those terrible people."

"What is to be done now?" John demanded presently.

"I'll have Achmet get our belongings," said Faversham. "This gang here is his, he says. We can't do better than stick with them for awhile. I believe they are going up into the hills anyway. So much the better for us. Bhalia is no spot for you and me just now."

"But the idol and the plans?" protested John. "We know where it is today. Tomorrow it may be a hundred miles away or hidden past our ever finding it!"

"That is true," said Sir Donald. "But the safety of Miss Gallon is paramount. I will do what I can. Possibly I'll be able to do more than you think."

With this Dorr had to be content, but later when he and Ruth were alone he brought the subject up again.

To his amazement, Ruth seemed little interested and her manner was an odd mixture of reserve and timidity.

Gone was the old frankness and intimacy.

At last John said quietly, "I hope you don't think I was wholly careless of your safety last night. My only object was to get back your papers."

And Ruth, with Sir Donald's flushed face before her eyes and his voice in her ears, remembered her promise and was silent.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)



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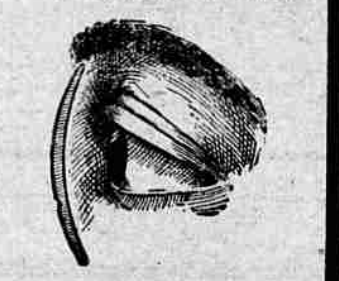
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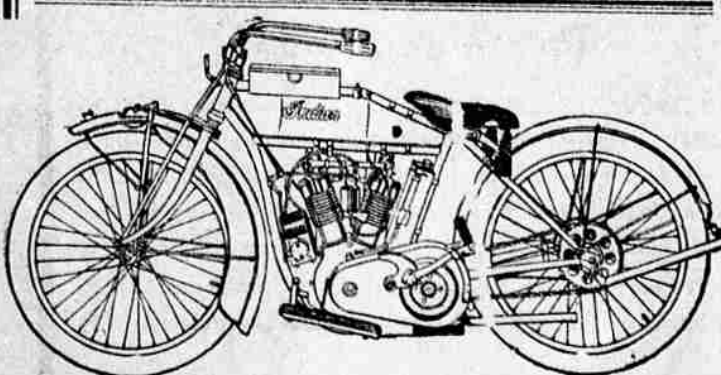
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