

## GAMES FAIL AT TWO ENDS

### BOTH DIAMONDS SCARE AWAY BALL TEAMS

Decision Had to be Made Early Sunday—Could Have Played

Because managers couldn't predict at 7 Sunday morning what the weather would be in the afternoon, the opening games of the Eastern Oregon League were cancelled, both Elgin and La Grande agreeing to the arrangement. Most of the Elgin team came too La Grande Saturday evening and wanted to go back on the Sunday morning train if there was to be no game. The prospects were sized up pro and con early yesterday and the possibility of a game looked extremely dubious. The Elgin team returned and about noon a delightful sunshine quickly dried the ground and the game could have been staged.

The O.-W. team, now members of the so-called Oregon State Amateur league, and the regulars, practiced out during the afternoon for mutual benefit. The regulars won 10-7 and Manager McInnis worked out some youngsters to get a line on future material. Price twirled for the shopmen and for seven innings went in fine shape but in the eighth the regulars found him for some bingles, scoring five runs. Garrick went the full nine innings for McInnis' team, and although somewhat wild, managed to hold the opponents in check.

The Regulars' lineup was Mc Kinstry c., Stacey cf., Budd lf., McInnis ss., Garrick p., Wood lb., Garrity 3b., Ab Johnson rf., Speed Humphreys 2b.

The Shopmen's lineup was Read lf., Childers, cf., Herr rf., Walden 3b., Pennwell ss., P. Price 2b., Geddes lb., Price p., Shelton c.

Baker, April 5.—Because of heavy rains in this section, converting the diamond at the local park into a veritable lake, the game scheduled for yesterday afternoon between Baker and Union, as the opening contest of the season in the four city league, was called off late Saturday afternoon by Manager Jackson of the local nine. An endeavor was made to stage the contest in Union, but it was found that the field in that city was also too heavy for action.

Perry defeated Haines yesterday in baseball, 9 to 6. Perry has been laying some good ball thus far this season.

## SECOND LEAGUE FORMED

### IMBLER AND COVE TO PUT TEAMS IN FIELD.

Union and La Grande Get Continuous Sunday Baseball.

Saturday evening a new amateur league was formed in this city, when Imbler, Cove, Union and La Grande organized a league to play alternate Sundays. Union and La Grande get continuous Sunday baseball by the arrangement. Imbler and Cove were in no league, and prevailed upon the shopmen of La Grande and a secondary team at Union to enter the field. The organization was perfected at this city with Jess Spencer, of Union, Al Daniels, of Cove, Prof. Wilson of Imbler, and Waldo Geddes of La Grande, in attendance as promoters.

The governing rules are simply such as are needed to conduct the business. A president and secretary were elected, and the schedule will be drafted so as to not conflict with the Eastern Oregon league. The promoters decided upon the pretentious title of Oregon State Amateur league. It is believed Imbler will open with the Shopmen in La Grande next Sunday. The managers elected A. W. Nelson, La Grande, president, and George Seibird, Union, secretary.

The winner of the league pennant

will challenge the winner of the Eastern Oregon league. Twelve games to be played.

### BOWLING NOTES.

By a decisive score the Conley Farmers won from Roesch's Farmers Saturday night at the Club alleys. The Conley team rolled a total of 2145, and Roesch's trojans piled up 2071. T. Conley, Roesch, Bloom and A. Conley made up one team and Daniels, Carter, Walum, N. Conley and B. Conley made up the other.

Following is the score of the West-Bankers' battle Friday night:

| WEST'S     |     |     |         |
|------------|-----|-----|---------|
| Bolton     | 138 | 170 | 122-430 |
| Haskell    | 184 | 102 | 158-454 |
| Seigrist   | 129 | 102 | 139-370 |
| West       | 138 | 140 | 149-427 |
| Sturdevant | 154 | 167 | 171-492 |

| BANKERS   |     |     |         |
|-----------|-----|-----|---------|
| Scroggins | 111 |     | —111    |
| Wenzel    | 103 | 105 | 159-387 |
| Larrison  | 119 | 128 | 141-388 |
| Dickerson | 140 | 186 | 130-456 |
| Foley     | 123 | 78  | 149-350 |
| Mason     |     | 89  | 108-197 |

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### BLUEROCK NOTES.

L. Rayburn, of this city, has won new bluerock honors. The following from a Portland paper, published in connection with a picture of the premier nimrod:

"L. Rayburn, former La Grande, trap-shooter, won the first leg of the Imperial diamond medal contest by defeating E. H. Keller in an exciting contest last Sunday at the Jenne station traps of the Portland Gun club. Rayburn will hold the medal until the gun club officials decide to hold another shoot for it.

### THE MASTER KEY.

(Continued from Page 3.)

confronted by a heard but unseen enemy.

He stole back to the hut and peered in. John was still bound in the chair, and Drake's body lay huddled on the floor.

He made his preparations quickly, pulling some dried grass and fine rubbish against one corner of the hut.

When the pile was once alight he jumped some powder on it and ran swiftly away, hiding a few hundred yards back.

The hut took fire slowly, but the glare accomplished his purpose. It slowly drew the watchers toward it.

Satisfied that no one would be spying on him now, but that all would have eyes only for the fire, he set forth quickly, careless of the fact that John Dorr must be burning alive.

In the darkness he passed Achmet and Ruth.

The blaze had almost entirely enveloped the hut when Ruth finally staggered in and with a sob of joy cut John's bonds and half dragged him through the swirling smoke into the open.

When she had done this she promptly fainted.

The smoldering embers were sending up blue spirals of smoke into the morning sky when Consul Reynolds and Sir Donald spurred their wearied horses up to where John and Achmet squatted with Ruth between them, still but dimly conscious.

Dorr briefly explained his experience and related how Ruth had suddenly appeared, just as he had given up hope.

Sir Donald, kneeling by Ruth's side, merely patted her hand.

The next morning Mrs. Reynolds laid down the law in set terms to the party assembled around the breakfast table.

"You must get this young lady back to America," she said, "papers or no papers!"

John and Sir Donald nodded without glancing at each other.

Thus it was that a couple of days later old Tom Kane at the "Master Key" mine received a cablegram reading:

Wilkerson Darnell aboard steamship Pacific; Frisco, 30th, with papers. We follow next steamer.

DORR.

Thus it was that the struggle be-

tween Wilkerson and John Dorr was again transformed to the valley in which lay the "Master Key" mine.

Wilkerson and Jean Darnell, with the precious papers in their possession, slipped away hurriedly, taking the first steamer that sailed.

He had told her about Drake's death, though unable to say how it had happened. Privately he had no regrets.

The young man had served his purpose, and it was by no means doubtful that Mrs. Darnell would have seen to it that he had his reward, for she liked him as much as it was in her nature to care for any man, he thought.

"He was an awfully good sort," she said to Wilkerson one night as they leaned over the rail and watched the long swells from the bow speed farwise into the infinity of the sea.

"Yes, the fellow had his good points," he admitted.

"I miss him," she said simply. Later she added thoughtfully, "I think he was in love with me."

Wilkerson laughed.

Mrs. Darnell glanced at him with an expression strange on her handsome face. "Yes, I am sure he loved me."

"In vain," he returned lightly.

"I don't know whether it might have been wholly in vain after all," she murmured. "Life has given me little love of that kind. It seems as if I had always been a woman who for mere self protection could not let any one love me or let myself love him."

"I should not have let you love him," was the quiet response. "I have struggled too hard and fought too long for you to allow any one else to have you."

"And what does your love amount to, after all, Harry?" she asked. "Tell me plainly. Has it done either of us any good? Will it ever do us any good?"

Wilkerson stared out at the dark sea, and his face grew slowly very cruel.

"Good?" he repeated. "All that I know is that I love you more than anything else in the universe. You love luxury and jewelry and gold and silk. Because I know what you love I am trying to get it for you, because I want you more than I want anything else. I—I think we are even."

"Even?" she said in a suddenly strained voice. "Yes, we are even—you the felon and the murderer, I the receiver of stolen goods, stolen happiness, stolen life, stolen gold!"

When they finally reached San Francisco Wilkerson found her oddly distraught. She did not know whether to go to the mine or to return to New York.

One moment she was in a tigerish rage; the next hour she was staring at the fog haunted hills with eyes that saw nothing.

He stormed and argued to no purpose. He reminded her constantly the fact that he had the deeds, the master key itself, the plans of the location of the mother lode.

She either listened listlessly or drove him away with furious upbraids. Yet in the end she accompanied him to Silent Valley.

It was a bitter moment for old Tom Kane when the stage drove up and Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell got out instead of John Dorr and Ruth.

He had hoped against hope, and now his dreams were in ashes, for Wilkerson instantly took charge, the men, as Tom put it to himself, followed the paymaster, and so far as outward appearance went the "Master Key" mine was firmly in Wilkerson's possession.

Mrs. Darnell here proved herself the shrewder mind. Though she was little seen, her influence was potent.

And more than anything else she worked on Wilkerson so that he did not use the plans and open up the rich vein.

"Wait," she told him "Don't be impatient. Our whole power here is in the fact that we have the secret. Once that is public we'll likely lose everything."

"But we ought to be at work before Dorr gets back," he would argue.

"Yes, and every court in the land will help him to regain this mine and its wealth. Don't you see? Compromise!"

"Compromise?" he repeated dully.

"Yes, you fool!"

"But how?"

"Wait—wait till John and Ruth get back. They'll be glad enough to buy those plans, Harry."

When John Dorr and Ruth arrived on the following steamer Everett met them at the pier and told them the news as he had gathered it from faithful Tom Kane, whom Jean Darnell had insisted should resume his duties as cook, sagely observing to Wilkerson that it would be well for them to have a witness whose veracity Dorr would not impugn.

Settled in the hotel, Dorr briefly related the experiences of the past months and then bluntly asked, "What are we to do?"

Everett was ready with his answer, "Compromise!"

The dull red flooded John's face, and he bit his lip. Had all his work gone for nothing?

Everett laid a friendly hand on his knee. "Now listen," he said gravely. "Here is Miss Ruth minus her key, practically ousted from possession of her property and, if we are not mistaken, unable to lay her hands on her most precious inheritance—the plans of the mother lode. They're in Wilkerson's possession."

"And he's digging the gold night and day!" John burst out.

With a swift glance to reassure Ruth, who sat in mournful silence, Everett went on:

"That is the shrewd part of Wilkerson's play. He knows that the law will give Miss Ruth here back her mine and all that it contains. It would take time, but as sure as we are sit-

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## E. E. KIRTLEY Ladies' Ready-to-Wear

ting here, and no one knows it better than he—justice would strip him of every ill gotten cent and send him to prison with his accomplice. So what does he do? Hastily improve the real prize? No. He conceals it still and merely works the original mine."

"But we can put him out of father's mine, can't we?" demanded Ruth.

"And when we do we shall still be no wiser as to the location of the real gold. All our trouble and expense will have gone for naught. Wilkerson will still hold the secret of the 'Master Key.'"

"And how are we going to get it from him?" demanded Dorr, clinching his fist.

Everett smiled. "By buying it from him."

"He will ask millions!"

The broker smiled again.

"Consider Wilkerson's position for a moment. He is liable to arrest, trial and long imprisonment on a dozen charges. Within twenty-four hours we can have him behind the bars. But we wouldn't be helping ourselves much, would we? Yet Wilkerson and Mrs. Darnell don't want to go to jail. We hold that club over them."

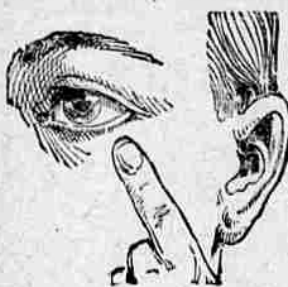
"They have the secret we must have and we can ruin their lives. Therefore we make a trade. We give them assurance that we will not prosecute them, that we will even enrich them. If need be, and they in return for this, hand us over the plans that Thomas Gallon made."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

### Bids Wanted.

The Camp Carson Mining & Power company will receive bids until next Tuesday, April 6, for hauling 100,000 feet of saw logs about three-quarters of a mile to its saw mill at Camp Carson. The haul is mostly down hill. It will also receive bids for hauling machinery and supplies from La Grande and Hilgard to the mines. All bids should be in sealed envelopes addressed to H. T. Harvey, and left at the Foley hotel.—Adv. 4-3-3t.

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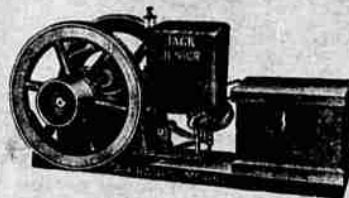
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