

The BLACK BOX

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Shown at the Arcade theatre on Wednesdays and Thursdays

SYNOPSIS.

Stanford Quest, master criminologist of the world finds that in bringing to Justice Macdougall, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just entered a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden hut in Professor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an anthropoid ape skeleton and a living inhuman creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In his rooms at intervals have appeared from nowhere two black boxes with sarcastic and threatening notes signed with a pair of armless, threatening hands, representing those which have already figured in a diamond robbery. With his secretary, Laura, and his assistant, Lenora, he follows the trail of Macdougall, who escaped on his way to prison, and finds Macdougall's dead body in a cave on a lonely hillside. After a thrilling escape from two thugs who try to kill him he returns to his rooms to find his valet, Ross Brown, and a Miss Quigg murdered, and Police Inspector French, investigating French, puzzled, half suspects Quest of the crime.

FIFTH INSTALLMENT

ON THE RACK.

CHAPTER XII.

For the moment a new element had been introduced into the horror of the little tableau. All eyes were fixed upon Quest, who listened to the inspector's subtle words with a supercilious smile upon his lips.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you would like to ask me a few questions?"

"Perhaps I may feel it my duty to do so," the inspector replied gravely. "In the first place, then, Mr. Quest, will you kindly explain the condition of your clothes?"

Quest shrugged his shoulders.

"Here you are, then," he replied. "This morning I decided to make an attempt to clear up the mystery of Macdougall's disappearance. I sent on my secretary, Miss Laura, to make friends with the section boss, and Lenora and I went out by automobile a little later. We instituted a search on a new principle, and before very long we found Macdougall's body. That's one up against you, I think, inspector."

"Very likely," the inspector observed. "Go on, please."

"I left the two young ladies, at Miss Lenora's wish, to superintend the removal of the body. I myself had an engagement to deliver over her jewels to Mrs. Rheinholdt here at midday. I returned to where my automobile was waiting, started for the city and was attacked by two thugs near the section house. I got away from them, ran to the tower house to try and stop the freight, was followed by the thugs, and jumped out on to the last car from the signal arm."

"Where is your automobile?"

"No idea," Quest replied. "I left it in the road. When I jumped from the freight car I took a taxicab to the professor's and called for him, as arranged."

The inspector nodded.

"I shall have to ask you to excuse me for a moment," he said, "while I ring up number ten signal tower. If Mr. Quest's story receives corroboration the matter is at an end."

The inspector left the room almost immediately.

When he returned he was looking graver than ever.

"Quest," he announced, "your alibi is useless—in fact, a little worse than useless. The operator at number ten has been found murdered at the back of the tower!"

Quest started.

"I ought not to have left him to those thugs," he murmured regretfully.

"There is no automobile of yours in the vicinity," the inspector continued, "nor any news of it. I think it will be as well now, Quest, for this matter to take its obvious course. Will you, first of all, hand over her jewels to Mrs. Rheinholdt?"

Quest drew the keys of the safe from his pocket, crossed the room and swung open the safe door. For a moment afterwards he stood transfixed. His arm, half outstretched, remained motionless. Then he turned slowly around.

"The jewels have been stolen," he announced with unnatural calm.

The inspector laid his hand heavily upon Quest's shoulder.

"You will kindly consider yourself under arrest, Quest. Ladies and gentlemen, will you clear the room now, if you please. The ambulance I telephoned for is outside."

The professor, who had been looking as though dazed, suddenly intervened.

"Mr. French," he said earnestly, "I am convinced that you are making a great mistake. In arresting and taking away Mr. Quest you are removing from us the one man who is likely to be able to clear up this mystery."

The inspector pushed him gently to one side.

"You will excuse me, professor," he said, "but this is no matter for argu-

ment if Mr. Quest can clear himself, no one will be more glad than I."

Quest shrugged his shoulders.

"The inspector will have his little joke," he observed dryly. "It's all right, girls. Keep cool," he went on, as he saw the tears in Lenora's eyes. "Come round and see me in the Tombs, one of you."

The ambulance men came and departed with their grim burden, the room on the ground floor was locked and sealed, and the house was soon empty except for the two girls. Toward three o'clock Lenora went out and returned with a newspaper. She opened it out upon the table and they both pored over it.

"Justice Thorpe has refused to consider ball!" He's a guy, that Justice Thorpe, and so's the idiot who wrote this stuff!" Laura exclaimed, thrusting the paper away from her. "I guess the professor was dead right when he told French he was locking up the one man who could clear up the whole show."

Lenora nodded thoughtfully.

"The professor spoke up like a man," she agreed, "but Laura, I want to ask you something. Did you notice his servant—that man Craig?"

"Can't say I did particularly," Laura admitted.

"Twice," Lenora continued, "I thought he was going to faint. I tell you he was scared the whole of the time."

"What are you getting at, kid?" Laura demanded.

"At Craig, if I can," Lenora replied, moving toward the telephone. "Please give me the phototelephone. I am going to talk to the professor."

Laura adjusted the mirror to the instrument and Lenora rang up. The professor himself answered the call.

"Have you seen the three o'clock edition, professor," Lenora asked.

"I never read newspapers, young lady," the professor replied.

"Let me tell you what they say about Mr. Quest!"

Lenora commenced a rambling account of what she had read in the newspaper. All the time the eyes of the two girls were fixed upon the mirror. They could see the professor seated in his chair with two huge volumes by his side, a pile of manuscript, and a pen in his hand. They could even catch the look of sympathy on his face as he listened attentively. Suddenly Lenora almost broke off. She gripped Laura by the arm. The door of the study had been opened slowly, and Craig, carrying a bundle, paused for a moment on the threshold. He glanced nervously toward the professor, who seemed unaware of his entrance. Then he moved stealthily toward the fireplace, stooped down and committed something to the flames. The relief on his face, as he stood up, was obvious.

"All I can do for Mr. Quest, young lady, I will," the professor promised.

He laid the receiver down and the

reflection on the mirror faded away. Lenora started up and hastily put on her coat and hat, which were still lying on the chair.

"I am going right down to the professor's," she announced.

"What do you think you can do there?" Laura asked.

"I am going to see if I can find out what that man burned," she replied. "I will be back in an hour."

Laura walked with her as far as the street car, and very soon afterward Lenora found herself knocking at the professor's front door. Craig admitted her almost at once. For a moment he seemed to shiver as he recognized her.

"Well, young lady," the professor said, "have you thought of something I can do?"

She took no notice of the chair to



"The Jewels Have Been Stolen!"

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which he pointed, and rested her hand upon his shoulder.

"Professor," she begged, "go and see Mr. Quest! He is in the Tombs prison. It would be the kindest thing anyone could possibly do."

The professor glanced regretfully at his manuscript, but he did not hesitate. He rose promptly to his feet.

"If you think he would appreciate it, I will go at once," he decided. Her face shone with gratitude.

"That is really kind of you, professor," she declared.

"I will send for my coat and we will go together, if you like," he suggested. She smiled.

"I am going the other way, back to Georgia square," she explained. "No, please don't ring. I can find my own way out."

She hurried from the room. Outside in the hall she paused for a moment, listening with beating heart. By the side wall was a hat rack with branching pegs, from which several coats were hanging. She slipped quietly behind their shelter.

A moment or two later she heard the professor leave the house. Very cautiously she stole out from her hiding place. The hall was empty. She crossed it with noiseless footsteps, slipped into the study and moved stealthily to the fireplace. There was a little heap of ashes in one distinct spot. She gathered them up in her handkerchief and secreted it in her dress and quietly left the house.

At Georgia square she found Laura waiting for her, and a few minutes afterward the two girls were examining the ashes with the aid of Quest's microscope. Among the little pile was one fragment at the sight of which they both exclaimed. It was distinctly a shred of charred muslin embroidery. Lenora pointed toward it triumphantly.

"Isn't that evidence?" she demanded. "Let's ring up Inspector French!"

Laura shook her head doubtfully.

"Not so fast," she advised. "French is a good sort in his way, but he's prejudiced just now against the boss. I'm not sure that this evidence would go far by itself."

"It's evidence enough for us to go to Craig, though! What we have got to do is to get a confession out of him, somehow!"

Laura studied her companion, for a moment, curiously.

"Taking some interest in Mr. Quest, kid, ain't you?"

Lenora looked up. Then her head suddenly sank into her hands. She knew quite well that her secret had escaped her. Laura patted her shoulder.

"That's all right, child," she said soothingly. "We'll see him through this, somehow or other."

"Laura," exclaimed Lenora, "we will save Mr. Quest and we will get hold of Craig! I have a plan. Listen!"

(To be Continued.)

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Union County.

Cap H. Tuttle, plaintiff, vs. James W. Edmunds, Ethel A. K. Edmunds, John F. Birney, Ethel M. Birney and Joseph Bjorn, defendants.

To the above named defendants James W. Edmunds, Ethel A. K. Edmunds, John F. Birney and Ethel M. Birney, his wife, and Joseph Bjorn, Greeting: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you and each of you are required to appear in the above entitled cause and court within six full weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons upon you, to-wit: on or before June 1, 1915; and if you fail so to appear and answer plaintiff's complaint, the plaintiff will take decree against you for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: for the sum of \$866.66 and interest since March 24, 1914 at 8 per cent per annum, less the sum of \$418.00 paid on April 23, 1914, and for \$80.00 attorney fee; and for the further sum of \$866.67 and interest at 8 per cent per annum since March 24, 1914 and \$100.00 attorney fee; and for the further sum of \$866.67 and interest thereon at 8 per cent per annum since March 24, 1914 and for \$100.00 attorney fee and for decree foreclosing plaintiff's mortgage on lots numbered sixteen (16), and seventeen (17) Bridges and Cleaver Orcards, and for the sale of said mortgaged premises to satisfy such decree, including costs and disbursements.

This summons is served by publication by order of the Honorable Frank Phy, County Judge of Union County, made and entered on April 17, 1915, which order required that the first

publication be had on April 19, 1915, in the La Grande Evening Observer.

TURNER OLIVER,
JOEL H. RICHARDSON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

D. Apr. 19-26 May. 3-10-17-24-31

A TONIC THAT TASTES GOOD AND DOES GOOD

In Meritol Wine of Cod Liver Oil you get all the remarkable tonic and strength-building properties of the oil with the bad taste and the digestive difficulties left out.

It builds up the tissues of the body, restores energy and cures chronic throat, lung and bronchial troubles. Very pleasant to take and helps almost from the first dose.

Price \$1.00—Newlin Drug Co.—Adv. 4-28-15

Estray Notice

Notice is hereby given that on the 1st day of May, 1915, that I have taken up the following described live stock, to-wit:—One Bay Horse, branded JO on the left hip; weight about 1050 pounds; lame in the left hind leg; no collar or saddle marks. The animal is in fair condition. That said animal is now held in the city Pound of La Grande, Oregon, according to Ordinance No. 4, of Series 1894.

The owner of said animal may reclaim same by paying the sum of \$1.00 pound fees and the expenses of keeping said animal, together with the cost, within ten days from the date of this notice. If not so re-claimed, the animal will be sold to the highest bidder for cash, according to the Ordinances of said City.

Dated this 1st day of May, 1915.
CHAS. B. ORAL,
Chief of Police.

—Adv.—5-5-10t.

Sheriff's Sale

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of an Attachment Execution, and Order of Sale, of hereafter attached real property hereinafter described issued out of and under the Seal of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Union, bearing date the 8th day of April, A. D. 1915, and to me directed and delivered upon a judgment duly rendered, entered of record and docketed in said Circuit Court, containing said order of sale, on the 9th day of June, 1914, in a suit wherein the La Grande Fruit Association, incorporation, was Plaintiff and J. W. Egan was Defendant, said judgment being in favor of said Plaintiff and against said defendant, for the sum of \$350.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from and since December 1st 1912, together with plaintiff's costs and disbursements taxed at \$18.00.

I will on Wednesday the 12th day of May, 1915, at the hour of 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House, in the City of La Grande, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said Plaintiff's judgment, interest, costs, disbursements and accruing costs, all the right, title and interest of the said defendant J. W. Egan, which he had at date of attachment or since acquired in and to the following described real property so attached, to-wit:

The W 1-2 of the NE 1-4 of the SE 1-4 of Section 33 Tp. 2 s. R. 38 E. W. M. in Union County, Oregon.

Dated at La Grande, Oregon, This 10th day of April, 1915.

Sheriff of Union County, Ore.
April 12-19-26 May 3-10

For Sale Five Acres. Notice to Bidders
Notice is hereby given, that the Commission of the City of La Grande, has put up for sale a five acre tract of land lying one mile south of the City of La Grande, between the Clark and Redhead properties, known as the old Pest House property. Sealed bids to be in and opened by the Commission May 12th, 1915, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Said bids to be accompanied by a certified check for 10% of the amount bid. The Commission reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated at La Grande, Oregon, this 1st day of May, 1915.

By order of the Commission of the City of La Grande.

LEE WARNICK
City Recorder
D-5-1-10t

E. RIESLAND,

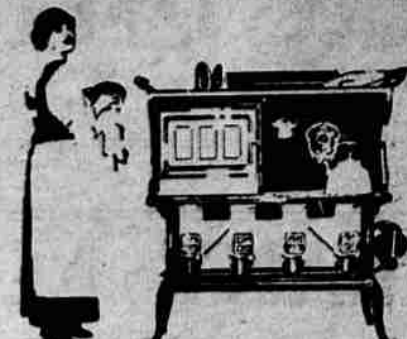
- Plasterer and Contractor.
- Cement work of all kinds, Foundations and Flue construction.
- Cement block a specialty. Call and see these blocks at E. C. Davis' Marble Shop. Phone Red 371.

When You Want Something Particular Nice—

You can always depend upon K C not to disappoint you. The double raise makes doubly certain—nothing is left to "luck." If the batter is a little thin, K C will raise it light and feathery and it will be all the better. Jarring the stove or turning the pan around makes no difference—K C sustains the raise until baked.

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Burns oil, the clean, cheap fuel. It roasts, toasts, broils, bakes—better than your kitchen range. No wood, coal or ashes to lug—no soot or dirt—no odor—does not taint the food. And your kitchen is always cool. Several sizes and styles. Ask your dealer. See Exhibit, Palace of Manufactures, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

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(California)
La Grande

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New - Telephone - Directory

As we are about to issue a new directory we must request all subscribers who wish any changes or corrections in their names or addresses to notify us of same, either in person or in writing at once.

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