

BAKER WINS A FINE GAME

TWO TO ONE GAME RESULTS
AT BAKER.

Best Game of the Season Seen by
Small Audience.

Baker, May 23.—By a bare margin of one tally, the locals defeated manager McKinstry's men annexing the long end of a 2-1 tally in the game played this afternoon on the Valley avenue grounds. Rain fell during the first four innings, and prevented the attendance of more than a handful at what was one of the best games of the season.

Kellum of La Grande scored in the first inning, when he reached first on Keller's wild throw to that sack, and continued to scamper until he had reached second. Oliver's sacrifice advanced him to third and he traveled home on Manary's drive. McKinstry flew out to Keller.

In the fourth, Bird, of Baker, took first on Garity's error, second, on Hogoboom's sacrifice, third on Liebe's strikeout, and home on a passed ball to catcher. In the seventh, Liebe was hit by a pitched ball, took second on Jackson's sacrifice, made third on a passed ball, and home when McKinstry booted West's grounder.

Baker was in danger in the eighth, when Budd singled, and went to third when Richter rattled the boards with a healthy bingle. Garity and Garick struck out, and McKinstry, pinch hitter for Galbraith, flew out to short. Fosbury and Garick, the rival pitchers, had 11 strikeouts apiece to their credit.

R. H. E.
Baker 2 0 4
La Grande 1 0 2
Batteries: Baker—Fosbury and Jackson; La Grande—Garick and Richter. Umpires: Horan, of La Grande; Mullen, of Baker.

Good Game at Elgin.
Elgin, May 24.—Union and Elgin fought to a finish here yesterday in a good game of the national pastime. Union won, however, three to one. The setto was exceptionally interesting, being by far the best game of the year, notwithstanding the weather was cold and disagreeable.

White, the big Indian, twirled for Union. Batteries: Union—White and Straub; Elgin—Bell of Imbler, and Thomas.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE—BY CONDO.



THE BLACK BOX

(Continued from Page 2.)

Quest's revolver covered him, but there was no necessity for its use. Craig, smothered with dust, his face white as a piece of marble, even his jaw shaking with fear, was wholly unarmed. He seemed, in fact, incapable of any form of resistance.

"Walk out of the room," Quest ordered, "in front of me—so! Now turn to the right and go down the stairs."

They all gave a little cry as they saw him appear, a trembling, pitiful creature, glancing around like a trapped animal. He commenced to descend the stairs, holding tightly to the banisters. Quest remained on the landing above, his revolver in his hand.

French waited in the hall below, also armed. Laura gripped Lenora's arm in excitement. "They've got him now!" she exclaimed. "Got him, sure!"

On the fourth or fifth stair Craig hesitated. He suddenly saw the professor standing below. He gripped the banisters with one hand. The other he flung out in a threatening gesture.

"You've given me away to these bloodhounds!" he cried—"you, for whom I have toiled and slaved, whom I have followed all over the world, whom I have served faithfully with the last breath of my body and the last drop of blood in my veins! You have brought them here—tracked me down! You!"

The professor shook his head sorrowfully. "Craig," he said, "you have been the best servant man ever had. If you are innocent of these crimes you can clear yourself. If you are guilty a dog's death is none too good for you."

Craig seemed to sway for a moment upon his feet. Only Lenora, from the hall, saw that he was fitting his right foot into what seemed to be a leather loop hanging from the banisters. Then a wild shout of surprise broke from the lips of all of them, followed by a moment of stupefied wonder. The whole staircase suddenly began to revolve. Craig, clinging to the banisters, disappeared. In a moment or two there was a fresh creak. Another set of stairs, identical to the first, had taken their place.

"The cellar!" Quest shouted, as he rushed down the stairs. "Quick!"

They wrenched open the wooden door and hurried down the dark steps into the gloomy, unlit cellar. The place was crowded with packing cases and two large wine barrels stood in the corner. At the farther end was a door. Quest rushed for it and stood guard. A moment later, however, he called to Laura and pressed his revolver into her hand.

"Stand there," he ordered. "Shoot him if he tries to run out. I'll search in the packing cases. He might be dangerous."

The professor, out of breath, was leaning against one of the pillars, his arm passed around it for support. Lenora, with Quest and French, searched hastily amongst the packing cases. Suddenly there was a loud crack, the sound of falling masonry, followed by a scream from Laura. French, with a roar of anger, rushed toward her. She was lying on her side, already half covered by falling bricks and masonry. He dragged her away, just in time.

"My God, she's fainted!" he exclaimed.

"I haven't," Laura faltered, trying to open her eyes, "and I'm not going to, but I think my arm's broken, and

my side hurts."

"The fellow's not down here, anyway," Quest declared. "Let's help her upstairs and get her out of this devil's house."

They supported her up the steps and found a chair for her in the hall. The inspector swung open the telephone cupboard and called for an ambulance. Then Quest, who had been examining the staircase, suddenly gave a little exclamation.

"He's done us!" he cried. "Look here, French, this is the original staircase. There's the leather loop. I know it because there was a crack on the fourth stair. When we rushed down the cellar after him, he swung the thing round again and simply walked out of the front door. Damn it, man, it's open!"

They hurried outside. French blew his whistle. One of the plain-clothes men came running up from the avenue. He was looking a little sheepish.

"What's wrong?" French demanded.

"He's gone off," was the unwilling reply. "I guess that chap's given us the slip."

"Speak up," French insisted.

"The only place," the man went on, "we hadn't our eyes glued on was the front door. He must have come out through that. There's been a motortruck with one or two queer-looking chaps in it at the corner of the avenue there for the last ten minutes. I'd just made up my mind to stroll round and see what it was up to when Jim, who was on the other side, shouted out. A man jumped up into it and they made off at once."

The inspector's rubicund countenance was white with fury. His head kept turning in the direction of Laura, to whom the professor was busy rendering first aid.

"If I never take another job on as long as I live," he declared. "I'll have that fellow before I'm through."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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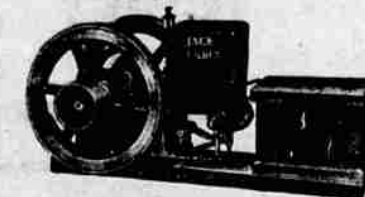
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