

THE BLACK BOX SUNDAY IS BACK IN OREGON

(Continued from Page 2.)

States," Lord Ashleigh reminded him, "so your criticism doesn't affect him. By the bye, Middleton, I heard this morning that you'd been airing your opinion down in the village. You seem to rather fancy yourself as a thief-catcher."

"I wouldn't go so far as that, my lord," the man replied, respectfully, "but still, I hope I may say that I've as much common sense as most people. You see, sir," he went on, turning to Quest, "the spots where he could emerge from the tract of country are pretty well guarded, and he'll be in a fine mess, when he does put in an appearance, to show himself upon a public road. Yet by this time I should say he must be nigh starved. Sooner or later he'll have to come out for food. I've a little scheme of my own, sir, I don't mind admitting," the man concluded, with a twinkle in his keen brown eyes. "I'm not giving it away. If I catch him for you, that's all that's wanted, I imagine, and we shan't be any the nearer to it for letting anyone into my little secret."

His master nodded.

"You shall have your rise out of the police, if you can, Middleton," he observed. "It seems queer, though, to believe that the fellow's still in hiding round here."

They made their way, single file, to the road and up to the house. Lord Ashleigh did his best to dispel a queer little sensation of uneasiness which seemed to have arisen in the minds of all of them.

"Come," he said, "we must put aside our disappointment for the present, and remember that after all the chances are that Craig will never make his escape alive. Let us forget him for a little while. . . . Mr. Quest," he added, a few minutes later, as they reached the hall, "Moreton here will show you your room and look after you. Please let me know if you will take an apéritif. I can recommend my sherry. We dine at eight o'clock. Edgar, you know your way. The blue room, of course. I am coming up with you myself. Her ladyship back yet, Moreton?"

"Not yet, my lord."

"Lady Ashleigh," her husband explained, "has gone to the other side of the county to open a bazaar. She is looking forward to the pleasure of welcoming you at dinner time."

Dinner, served, out of compliment to their transatlantic visitor, in the great banquet hall, was to Quest, especially, a most impressive meal. They sat at a small round table lit by shaded lights, in the center of an apartment which was large in reality, and which seemed vast by reason of the shadows which hovered around the unlit spaces. From the walls frowned down a long succession of family portraits—Ashleighs in the queer Tudor costume of Henry VII; Ashleighs in chain armor, sword in hand, a charger waiting, regardless of perspective, in the near distance; Ashleighs befrilled and bewigged; Ashleighs in the court dress of the Georges—judges, sailors, statesmen and soldiers. A collection of armor which would have gladdened the eye of many an antiquarian, was ranged along the black-paneled walls.

Everything was in harmony, even the grave precision of the solemn-faced butler and the powdered hair of the two footmen. Quest, perhaps for the first time in his life, felt almost lost, hopelessly out of touch with his surroundings, and a struggling figure. Nevertheless, he entertained the little party with many stories. He struggled all the time against that queer sense of anachronism which now and then became almost oppressive.

The professor's pleasure at finding himself once more amongst these familiar surroundings was obvious and intense. The conversation between him and his brother never flagged. There were tenants and neighbors to be asked after, matters concerning the estate on which he demanded information. Even the very servants' names he remembered.

"It was a queer turn of fate, George," he declared, as he held out before him a wonderfully chased glass filled with amber wine, "which sent you into the world a few seconds before me and made you lord of Ashleigh and me a struggling scientific man."

"The world has benefited by it," Lord Ashleigh remarked, with more than fraternal courtesy. "We hear

A FAMILIAR POSE OF BILLY SUNDAY, IN OREGON AGAIN.



Billy Sunday, revivalist, ex-big league ball player and friend of the La Grande chautauqua, passed through La Grande Saturday en route to Hood River where he will inspect the orchard properties. Billy, "Ma"

and Billy, junior, got out to air themselves while their train waited in La Grande. Last year Mr. Sunday made a substantial monetary gift to the Chautauqua association while on his way through La Grande.

great things of you over here, Edgar. We hear that you have been on the point of proving most unpleasant things with regard to our origin."

"Oh! there is no doubt about that," the professor observed. "Where we came from and where we are going to are questions which no longer afford room for the slightest doubt to the really scientific mind. What sometimes does elude us is the nature of our tendencies while we are here on earth."

There was a brief silence. The port had been placed upon the table and coffee served. The servants, according to the custom of the house, had departed. The great apartment was empty. Even Quest was impressed by some peculiar significance in the long-drawn-out silence. He looked around him uneasily. The growing regard of that long line of painted warriors seemed somehow to be full of menace. There was something grim, too, in the sight of those empty suits of armor.

"I may be superstitious," Lord Ashleigh said, "but there are times, especially just lately, when I seem to find a new and hateful quality in silence. What is it, I wonder? I ask you, but I think I know. It is the conviction that there is some alien presence, something disturbing, lurking close at hand."

He suddenly rose to his feet, pushed his chair back and walked to the window, which opened level with the ground. He threw it up and listened. The others came over and joined him. There was nothing to be heard but the distant hooting of an owl, and farther away the barking of some farmhouse dog. Lord Ashleigh stood there with straining eyes, gazing out across the park.

"There was something here," he muttered; "something which has gone. What's that? Quest, your eyes are younger than mine. Can you see anything underneath that tree?"

Quest peered out into the gray darkness.

"I fancied I saw something moving in the shadow of that oak," he muttered. "Wait."

He crossed the terrace, swung down on to the path, across the lawn, over a wire fence and into the park itself. All the time he kept his eyes fixed on a certain spot. When at last he reached the tree there was nothing there. He looked all around him. He stood and listened for several moments. A more utterly peaceful night or more utter peace it would be hard to imagine. Slowly he made his way back to the house.

"I imagine we are all a little nervy tonight," he remarked. "There's nothing doing out there."

They strolled about for a hour or more, looking into different rooms, showing their guest the finest pictures, even taking him down into the wonderful cellars. They parted early, but Quest stood, for a few moments before retiring, gazing about him with an air almost of awe. His great room, as large as an Italian palace, was lit by a dozen wax candles in silver candlesticks. His four-poster was supported by pillars of black oak, carved into strange forms, and surmounted by the Ashleigh coronet and coat-of-arms. He threw his windows open wide and stood for a moment looking out across the park, more clearly visible now by the light of the slowly rising moon. There was scarcely a breeze stirring, scarcely a sound even from the animal world. Nevertheless, Quest, too, as reluctantly he made his preparations for retiring for the night, was conscious of that queer sensation of unimagined and impalpable danger.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Showing the Guest Through Hamblin House.

PORTLANDERS GIVE ATTENTION

MOTORACE BOOSTERS GET RECOGNITION.

Fancy Purses Attracting Attention from Portland Men.

The following letter from Harley Richardson who in company with Chas. Roberts, is acting as delegate to the F. A. M. Convention in Portland has been received here:

"Mr. Roberts and myself have been boosting every minute since landing in Portland. We received the glad hand at the F. A. M. banquet and took in the Rose City races Sunday. The F. A. M. convention here was quite an affair this year, but I am inclined to think that we are going to have a much bigger time in La Grande on June 17th. As for big prize money, Portland is not in it at all, and they realize the fact, for I have had this question put to me a good many times, 'How does it come that you fellows have so much spirit and can raise so much prize money over there in Eastern Oregon?' And we just tell them that the La Grande people are a live bunch of boosters, and that we are going to give them something to remember La Grande by hereafter."

"Portland had some big riders in their races this year, and we are going to get the greater majority of them up there, and also a lot that they did not get. From the outlook here I would say that we are in line for a much bigger meet than the Convention with a much larger lineup of riders."

Baker Riders Here.

Two Baker racers made a run to La Grande yesterday and although the track was not in fit condition for a test of their machines, both were well pleased and will return again next Sunday to observe the results of the coming week during which time the track will be dragged and rolled if weather permits. Among the Baker racers will be Joe Rinard, Fred Yeager and Bill Hottelley.

The Walla Walla Bulletin says in a recent issue:

"For the purpose of advertising the La Grande classic, a 200-mile motorcycle race, which is to be run June 17 for a purse of \$1000, George Young, an official of the La Grande Motorcycle Club, and B. R. Smith of Pendleton were in Walla Walla yesterday. They announced that drivers from all of the larger cities of the Northwest are entered for the speed event which is to be run on the seven-mile course near La Grande. Visitors from Walla Walla, Pendleton, Baker and other towns of the section are expected, and Mr. Young extends a general invitation to residents of Walla Walla."

"The La Grande race course has a large grand stand in the center, from which the riders may be seen at any point on the track. It is probable Walla Walla lodge, No. 287, B. P. O. E. will have a large delegation in La Grande for the race, as the La Grande Elks will dedicate their new temple the day previous and have extended the local lodge an invitation to be present and participate."

Two Quarts of Whiskey and 24 Quarts Beer May Be Lawful Purchase.

Portland, May 27.—Attorney differ in opinion as to what the prohibition law means.

Sunday it looked like those two quarts of whiskey and 24 quarts of beer that a lawabiding citizen might import in a period of four weeks could be consumed only as a sacrament.

Today it looks like those same two and 24 quarts may be lawfully pur-

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SHERRY'S THEATRE
To-day and To-morrow

chased and imbibed for the pure joy they impart. Of course all this appertains to any time after January 1 1916, when the prohibition amendment and law go into effect.

Attorney Robert F. Maguire, law partner of Judge E. V. Littlefield, who was chairman of the house committee on alcoholic traffic in the last legislature, says the point raised Sunday is a quibble and should not be taken seriously. That point was that the affidavit, which every purchaser of liquor must sign before he or she can obtain the delivery of the package from the railroad company or other common carrier, must contain the declaration "that the liquor is for sacramental purposes only."

This declaration is contained in the affidavit form set forth in the statute in the same paragraph and section which prescribes the two and 24 quart limit, the law says: "Provided, however, that all consignees shall be required to subscribe to the affidavit hereinbefore set out before the delivery of such intoxicating liquor to them."

Judge Littlefield, who had much to do with the framing of the prohibition bill, has been out of the city, but Attorney Maguire said today that he and Littlefield had discussed this feature of the law and they are satisfied no court would hold that the affidavit form was mandatory to the extent of circumventing the apparent intention of the legislature in passing the law.

He points out that the first paragraph of section 12, which section contains the affidavit form, prescribes what the affidavit shall contain. It does not mention anything regarding liquor purchased for sacramental purposes. He further points out that another paragraph in section 12 says "that it shall be lawful for any priest minister, or commanding officer of any fraternal organization in which wine is used in administering the sacrament, to receive from any common carrier such quantity of wine as may be necessary for sacramental purposes only."

He says there is no limit to the amount of wine that may be imported for sacramental purposes, and that is why the affidavit form contains the sacramental clause. He says persons buying liquor for other purposes may merely ignore the sacramental clause and make affidavit as to quantity of liquor received during the month, their age, that they are not an habitual drunkard, etc.

He says the state will not be nearly so arid as some people might wish.

SALE DRAWS MANY.

Two Hundred and Fifty Horses Taken Out of Walla Walla County.

Walla Walla, Ore., May 31.—The big horse sale was quite a success, and about 250 horses were sold. The prices averaged a little better than \$100 per head, for, though some of them went as low as \$60, many of them brought as much as \$150 and more. The total amount of money expended for the horses was about \$30,000. About 450 head were offered, so that little more than half were sold. The outside buyers state that the sale was much better and

that there was a larger variety to choose from, than any sale they had attended in the last few months.

On the 29th and 30th of June, Mr. Hall will hold another big sale at his corral.

Joe Barnett died Wednesday evening at the Walla Walla hospital of bronchial pneumonia. Mr. Barnett was 42 years old, and was born in Virginia. He leaves a wife, child, sister and brother to mourn his loss. The funeral was held Friday afternoon from the Christian church. Interment in the city cemetery.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Britton, Miss Ella Britton and Mr. Jesse Farmer were united in the bonds of holy matrimony Saturday evening by the Rev. Mr. Thow of the Presbyterian church. The wedding was a home one, there being only the immediate relatives of the families present to witness the ceremony.

T. E. Mitchell was granted a per-



Watch for her in the next issue of this paper.

mit by the city council to build a 20x26 addition on to his blacksmith shop. Mr. Mitchell is putting in equipment to do general repair work on automobiles and gasoline engines. He has associated with him F. W. Shogren of Portland, who will have charge of the auto department. Mr. Shogren has had fifteen years' experience in auto and gasoline engine repair work and is capable of fixing all repairs that may be brought to him.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This is a remedy that every family should be provided with, and especially during the summer months. Think of the pain and suffering that must be endured when medicine must be sent for or before relief can be obtained. This remedy is thoroughly reliable. Ask anyone who has used it. Obtainable everywhere.—Adv.

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You don't need to suffer those agonizing nerve pains in the face, head, arm, shoulders, chest and back. Just apply a few drops of soothing Sloan's Liniment; lie quietly a few minutes. You will get such relief and comfort! Life and the world will look brighter. Get a bottle today. 3 ounces for 25c at all druggists. Penetrates without rubbing.—Adv.

CLIMATIC DATA

Climatic data, based on readings for 24 hours ending last night at 6 o'clock:
Maximum, 71; Minimum, 41
Temperature at 12:30 today, 76



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