

BOLD THEFT WINS GAME

SNAPPY CONTEST DECIDED BY
STEAL

Three-Two Score Yesterday Here and
Union Beats Baker

LA GRANDE TIED WITH
BAKER

Because of Union's victory
over Baker, La Grande tied up
yesterday's game with Elgin,
and hadn't kept on running like a
scared nigger until he had circled the
bases, La Grande would not have won
yesterday's game without going into
extra innings, and that is dangerous
always. The thievery of all the bases
was abetted by some wild heaves and
bum stops by Elgins, but that doesn't
detract from the virtue of the feat.
Keys ought to be in prison for the
rest of his life commencing with
a goose step after the first train out.
It was a grand stunt. The final score
was three to two and the contest was
one of the season's very best. The
opening was woody and it appeared
Jeff Bell had left his cunning in Im-
ler. Keys singled, in the first inning,
Galbreath advanced him and Murchi-
son scored him with a single.

In the second inning La Grande
scored two runs without a hit. Keys
home run was one of them and Gar-
rick was tallied in by Hector McIn-
nis' sacrifice after a steal that put
the runner on third when Thomas
threw wild. After that, Elgin settled
down and so did Bell, for Garrick,
in the seventh, was the only La
Grander who hit safe from the se-
cond inning on.

Elgin scored her two runs in the
second. Bell started the rally, in fact
Jeff smashed the ball with vicious
steam every time he came up. Tay-
lor's drive to the infield was kicked
and Patten scored both men ahead of
him with a husky single, but tried to
stretch it to a double and got tagged.
At various occasions Morelock's men
had McInnis pitching his best to get
out of holes. Galbreath, in center,
Budd in left and Keys at second went
long ways toward helping to stem
the Elgin onslaught, the first two by
registering circus catches when hits
meant runs, and the latter by stopping
up eight assists without a baulk.
McKinstry's grab of a hard hit
grounder in the sixth was also a head
letter act.

As for Elgin, her team is not to be
sneezed at now and hadn't she got
away to such a bad start she wouldn't
be in the cellar now. Among Elgin's
hitting heroes yesterday, Patton, a
landmark of first who still shows his
cunning, and Bell, were the lime-
lighters. Anyway the game was a
good one and we don't blame Elgin
for begrudging the loss of it but even
at that she has nothing to be ashamed
of. The score:

La Grande	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Keys 2b	3	2	1	0	8	0	
Galbreath cf	3	0	0	2	1	0	
Murchison rf	4	0	1	0	0	0	
Richter c	3	0	0	7	0	0	
McKinstry 3b	3	0	1	0	2	1	
Budd lf	3	0	0	1	0	0	
Garly 1b	3	0	0	16	1	1	
Garick ss	3	1	1	2	1		
McInnis p	2	0	0	0	4	0	

Elgin	AB	R	H	P	O	A	E
Bickle 2b	4	0	0	0	2	0	
Mason lf	4	0	0	0	0	0	
Smith 3b	4	0	0	1	2	2	
Bell p	4	1	2	0	2	0	
Taylor rf	4	1	1	2	0	0	
Patten 1b	3	0	2	12	0	0	
Barry cf	3	0	0	0	0	0	
Thomas c	4	0	1	9	0	2	
Graham ss	4	0	0	0	4	0	

Sacrifice hits, Galbreath, McInnis,
Patten, Barry. Stolen bases, Keys 3,
Garrick, Taylor, Barry, Thomas.
First on balls—off Bell, one; off Mc-
Innis one. Struck out—by Bell, nine;
by McInnis, six. Umpire, Horan.

Union is Victor

Baker Jun 14. (Special)—Wet
grounds, and the ability of the Union-
ites to hit at will, proved the undo-
ing of Manager Jackson's men in the
Eastern Oregon league game played
here yesterday afternoon. In the first
of the first, with the ground so slimy
as to prevent anything more than an
attempt at infelding, Union batted
round, and with six hits and the as-
sistance of two errors from Baker,
made four out of the total of five
tallies. In the ninth, Goodbroad hit,
took second on error of Crosby in the
right garden, third on West's error
on first, and came home on Skiff's
bingle.

Baker's only score came in the sec-
ond frame when Crosby, the first man
up, lined one over the fence for four
sacks.

Each side was credited with a
double play. For Union, Skiff threw
to Goodbroad, catching Hogaboom,
and L. C. Union shortstop passed the
pill to Macmillan on first, nabbing
Liebe. Bird caught White's fly in the
ninth, and threw to first, catching
Strach.

Big Chief White had 16 strikeouts
to his credit. Fosbury of Baker whif-
fing butts even.

R. H. E.
Baker 1 7 8
Union 5 16 1
Batteries—Union, White and Hess;
Baker, Rosbury and Jackson.

THE BLACK BOX

(Continued from Page 2.)

sound of angry voices.
"What is it, Laura?" Lenora cried.
She swung round upon them.
"Craig!" she cried. "Craig! I
saw his face as I sat in my chair
there, talking to the captain. I saw
a man's white face—nothing else. He
must have been leaning over the rail.
He heard me call out and he disap-
peared."

The captain came slowly out of the
shadows, limping a little, and fol-
lowed by his steward, who was mur-
muring profuse apologies.

"Did you find him?" Laura deman-
ded eagerly.

"I did not," the captain replied, a
little tersely. "I ran into Brown here
and we both had a shake-up."

"But he was there—a second ago!"
Laura cried out.

"I beg your pardon, miss," Brown
ventured, "but the deck's closed at
the end, as you can see, with sail-
cloth, and I was leaning over the
rail myself when you shrieked. There
wasn't anyone else near me, and no
one can possibly have passed round
the deck, as you can see for your-
self."

"Very well, then," she said, "you
people had better get a strait-waist-
coat ready for me. If I didn't see
Craig there, I'm going off my head."

Quest had disappeared some sec-
onds ago. He came thoughtfully back,
a little later.

"Captain," he asked, "what shall
you say if I tell you that I have proof
that Craig is on board?"

The captain glanced at Laura and
restrained himself.

"I should probably say a great many
things which I should regret after-
wards," he replied, grimly.

"Sit down and we'll tell you what
has happened in my room," Quest con-
tinued.

He told the story, calmly and with-
out remark. The captain held his
head.

"The ship shall be searched," the
captain declared, "once more. We'll
look into every crack and every cup-
board."

Lenora turned away with a little
shiver. It was one of her rare mo-
ments of weakness.

"You won't find him! You won't
find him!" she murmured. "And I
am afraid!"

Lenora grasped the rails of the
steamer and glanced downwards at
the great barge full of Arab sailors
and merchandise. In the near back-
ground were the docks of Port Said.
It was their first glimpse of eastern
atmosphere and color.

"I can't tell you how happy I am,"
she declared to Quest, "to think that
this voyage is over. Every night I
have gone to bed terrified."

He smiled grimly.

"Coming on shore, any of you?"
Harris inquired.

"We may when the boat moves up,"
Quest replied. "The professor went
off on the first barge. Here he is,
coming back."

A little boat had shot out from the
docks, manned by a couple of Arabs.
They could see the professor seated
in the stern. He was poring over a
small document which he held in his
hand. He waved to them excitedly.

"He's got news!" Quest muttered.

He came straight to Quest and Len-
ora and gripped the former by the
arm.

"Look!" he cried. "Look!"

He held out a card. Quest read it
aloud:

"There is not one amongst you with
the wit of a Mongar child. Good-by!
The Hands!"

"Where did you get it?" Quest de-
manded.

"That's the point—the whole point!"
the professor exclaimed excitedly.

"He's done us! He's landed! That
paper was pushed into my hand by a
tall Arab, who mumbled something

and hurried off across the docks. On
the landing stage, mind!"

The captain came and put his head
out of the door.

"Mr. Quest," he said, "can you spare
me a moment? You can all come, if
you like."

They moved up towards him. The
captain closed the door of his cabin.
He pointed to a carpet-sweeper which
lay against the wall.

"Look at that," he invited.

They lifted the top. Inside were sev-
eral sandwiches and a small can of
tea.

"What on earth is this?" Quest de-
manded.

The captain, without a word, led
them into his inner room. A huge
lounge stood in one corner. He lifted
the valance. Underneath were some
crumbs.

"You see," he pointed out, "there's
room there for a man to have hidden,
especially if he could crawl out on
deck at night. I couldn't make out
why the dickens Brown was always
sweeping out my room, and I took up
this thing a little time ago and looked
at it. This is what I found."

"Where's Brown?" Quest asked,
quickly.

"I rang down for the chief steward,"
the captain continued, "and ordered
Brown to be sent up at once. The
chief steward came himself instead.
It seems Brown went off without his
wages, but with a huge parcel of bed-
ding, on the first barge this morn-
ing, before anyone was about."

Quest groaned as he turned away.

"Captain," he declared, "I am
ashamed. He has been here all the
time and we've let him slip through

our fingers. Girls," he went on brisk-
ly, turning towards Laura, who had
just come up. "India's off. We'll
catch this barge, if there's time. Our
luggage can be put on shore when the
boat docks."

The captain walked gloomily with
them to the gangway.

"Professor," Quest asked, "how long
would it take us to get to this Mongar
village you spoke about?"

"Two or three days, if we can get
camels," the other replied. "I see you
agree with me, then, as to Craig's
probable destination?"

Quest nodded.

"What sort of fellows are they, any-
way?" he asked. "Will it be safe
for us to push on alone?"

"With me," the professor assured
him, "you will be safe, anywhere. I
speak a little of their language. I
have lived with them. They are far
more civilized than some of the in-
terior tribes."

They disembarked and were driven
to the hotel, still discussing their
project. The professor had disap-
peared for some time, but rejoined
them later.

"It is all arranged," he announced.
"I found a dragoman whom I knew.
We shall have four of the best camels
and a small escort ready to start to-
morrow morning. Furthermore, I
have news. An Englishman, whose
description precisely tallies with
Craig's, started off only an hour ago
in the same direction. This time,
at any rate, Craig cannot escape us."

They made their way back to the
hotel, dined in a cool, bare room, and
sauntered out again into the streets.
The professor led the way to a little
building, outside which a man was vol-
ubly inviting all to enter.

"You shall see one of the sights of
Port Said," he promised. "This is a
real Egyptian dancing girl."

A girl, who seemed to be dressed in
little more than a winding veil, glided
on to the stage, swaying and moving
slowly to the rhythm of the monoto-
nous music. She danced a measure
which none of them except the pro-
fessor had ever seen before, coming
now and then so close that they could
almost feel her hot breath, and Lenora
felt somewhat vaguely disturbed by
the glitter of her eyes.

Suddenly Laura leaned forward.

"Look at the professor," she whis-
pered.

They all turned their heads. A queer
change seemed to have come into the
professor's face. His teeth were
gleaming between his parted lips, his
head was thrust forward a little, his
eyes were filled with a strange, hard
light. He was a transformed being,
unrecognizable, perturbing. Even
while they watched, the girl floated
close to where he sat and leaned to-
wards him with a queer, mocking
smile. His hand suddenly descended
upon her foot. She laughed still more.
There was a little exclamation from
Lenora. The professor's whole frame
quivered. He snatched the anklet
from the girl's ankle and bent over it.

She leaned towards him, a torrent of
words streaming from her lips. The
professor answered her in her own lan-
guage. She listened to him in amaz-
ement. The anger passed. She held out
both her hands. The professor still
argued. She shook her head. Finally
he placed some gold in her palms. She
patted him on the cheek, laughed into
his eyes, pointed behind and resumed
her dance. The anklet remained in the
professor's hand.

"Say, we'll get out of this," Quest
said. "The girls have had enough."

The professor made no objection.

"Congratulations," he said. "I have
been a collector of Egyptian gold orna-
ments all my life. This is the one
anklet I needed to complete my collec-
tion. It has the double mark of the
Pharaohs. I recognized it at once.
There are a thousand like it, you
would think, in the bazaars there. In
reality there may be, perhaps, a dozen
more in all Egypt which are genuine."

They all looked at one another.
Their relief had grown too poignant
for words.

"Early start tomorrow," Quest re-
minded them.

Lenora, a few nights later, looked
down from the star-strewn sky which
seemed suddenly to have dropped so
much nearer to them, to the shadows
thrown across the desert by the dan-
cing flames of their fire.

Laura rose to her feet.

"Say, I'm going to get a drink," she
announced.

The dragoman who had been hover-
ing around, bowed gravely and pointed
towards the water bottles.

She took the horn cup from the
dragoman.

"Have some yourself, if you want
to, Hassan," she invited.

Hassan bowed gravely, filled a cup
and drank it off. He stood for a mo-
ment perfectly still, as though some-
thing were coming over him which he
failed to understand. Then his lips
parted, his eyes for a moment seemed
to shoot from out of his dusky skin.
He threw up his arms and fell over on
his side. Laura, who had only sipped
her cup, threw it from her. She, too,
reeled for a moment. The professor
and Quest came running up, attracted
by Lenora's shriek.

"They're poisoned!" she cried.

"The Veedemzoot!" Quest shouted.

"My God! Pull yourself together,
Laura. Hold up for a minute."

He dashed back to their little en-
campment and reappeared almost im-
mediately. He threw Laura's head
back and forced some liquid down her
throat.

"It's camphor!" he cried. "You'll be
all right, Laura. Hold on to yourself."

He swung round to where the drago-
man was lying, forced his mouth open,

but it was too late—the man was dead.
He returned to Laura. She stumbled
to her feet. She was pale, and drops
of perspiration were standing on her
forehead. She was able to rise to her
feet, however, without assistance.

"I am all right now," she declared.

Quest felt her pulse and her fore-
head. They moved back to the fire.

"We are within a dozen miles or so
of the Mongar village," Quest said
grimly. "Do you suppose that fellow
could have been watching?"

They all talked together for a time
in low voices. The professor was in-
clined to scout the theory of Craig hav-
ing approached them.

"You must remember," he pointed
out, "that the Mongars hate these fel-
lows. It was part of my arrangement
with Hassan that they should leave us
when we got in sight of the Mongar
encampment. It may have been meant
for Hassan. The Mongars hate the
dragomen who bring tourists in this
direction at all."

They talked a little while longer and
finally stole away to their tents to
sleep. Outside, the camel drivers
talked still, chattering away, walking
now and then around Hassan's body in
solemn procession. Finally, one of
them who seemed to have taken the
lead, broke into an impassioned stream
of words. Soon they stole away—a
long, ghostly procession—into the
night.

"Those fellows seem to have left off
their infernal chattering all of a sud-
den," Quest remarked, lazily, from in-
side the tent.

The professor made no answer. He
was asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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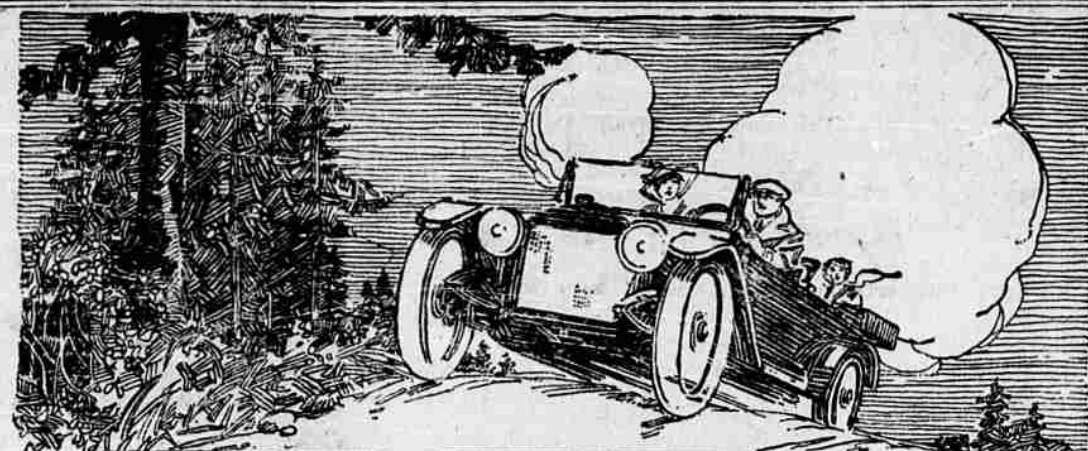
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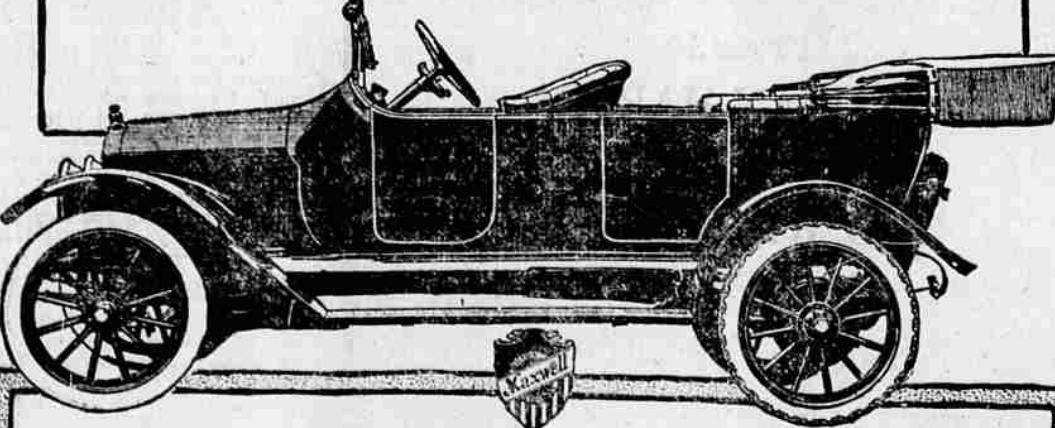
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