

The RAILROAD RAIDERS

by Frank H. Spearman

Adapted From the Motion Picture Version
Produced by Signal Film Corporation and
Featuring Huie Holmes

SYNOPSIS.

Arnold, discharged station agent, forms a band of robbers and by the use of a double cross the Deer Head station. The father of Helen Holmes is convicted of the theft. With Webb, the investigator, she fights against the band of robbers. Masters, her father's double, leads the raiders in their crimes. Wilson, the railroad magnate, is a victim of the gang. His son, Roy, does not know that his father conspires with his crooked henchmen to lower the standard of the road's organization. Wilson meets his death in a wreck.

SEVENTH EPISODE

Mistaken Identity.

When Helen reached the station with Webb her plan was very simple. She believed that if the Raiders were at work she could trap them with even so small a thing as the suitcase and this, before secreting herself with Webb inside the station, she left on a bench on the platform.

Unhappy over the clothing they had already stolen, Marshall and Masters returning to the station spied Helen's suitcase and sat down beside it to see whether anyone would appear as claimant.

"The taller of those men," whispered Helen to Webb, watching them, "looks like Buck Masters. But Masters wears a mustache."

Helen had not long to wait. Marshall presently picked up the suitcase and the two thieves started away. Helen and Webb ran after them, Helen going one way around the station, Webb the other. The thieves, making for the yards, gave Webb the slip. But Helen held them in view and gained until, turning suddenly on her, they realized she was their most dangerous enemy and resolved to make way then and there with her.

Stunning her with a heavy blow the two men carried her to the end of a car soon to be set into a train; and strapping her head close against the coupling joint, left her helpless.

Webb, in the meantime, hunted everywhere for Helen. To his consternation he at last caught sight of her just as a train was backing down for a coupling that would crush her. Signaling frantically, Webb ran to his plucky assistant. To free her from the death trap was the work of an instant and by the utmost exertion Webb was able to fling her to the ground between the rails just as the two couplers crashed together. The switching crew, hearing his outcry, now ran up, but Helen, losing no time, hastened with Webb toward the office. On their way, an agent handed her a newspaper with an account of Buck Masters' escape.

"It's hard, Helen," said Webb. "But never mind! We'll get him again."

It was following this incident that Desmond received a wire from headquarters:

Guests for Melrose Fete tonight will travel Special Mountain Springs to Melrose Estate. Provide operatives to accompany.

The dispatch bore the general manager's initials. "Detail some men for this," said Desmond to Burke, handing him the message.

"We ought to send a woman," suggested Burke, "but we have no woman operatives."

Desmond looked at Helen. "Detail Miss Holmes," he directed curtly; and Helen went home to get ready.

Masters and Marshall reached their room aware that Helen had escaped: "Just the same," exclaimed Masters with an oath, "we've got to get rid of her."

Burke knocked at their door as he spoke. They told him quickly what had happened.

"She is going up with the Melrose party tonight," he remarked. "Why don't you get up there and carry her off?"

The plan, discussed, was agreed to; but before starting, Masters and Marshall went to Chinatown to play fan tan. While gambling, scraps of conversation from an inner room attracted their attention. "That Chinaman in Pedro," muttered one voice, "would give a thousand dollars for a wife."

"I don't know any girl that would marry him," was the rejoinder.

To Marshall the remark supplied an idea: "That's our chance to get rid of Helen," he whispered to his companion.

"We can talk with those fellows, anyway," returned Masters. The two waited. When the party in the inner room emerged, Marshall tackled the leader. But few words passed before an understanding was reached and Marshall with Masters left the place in a machine.

At the station the guests for the Melrose party were boarding the train. Helen, Burke and Roy Wilson accompanied them. At Melrose estate the party was received by Lord and Lady Melrose and more than one of the guests spoke of the striking resemblance of Helen to Lady Melrose herself. Greetings over, the guests spread about the grounds, which were en fête for the occasion. Hidden outside, Masters and Marshall from behind the thick hedge surrounding the garden,

waited for a chance to act—Masters carrying a blanket. The chance came—or at least the conspirators thought it had come—when peering cautiously through the shrubbery they caught a glimpse of Lady Melrose sitting near the fountain. The striking resemblance of the hostess and Helen completely deceived them.

"There's our bird," muttered Masters in an undertone. "Now; how we going to get her?"

"The first thing," replied Marshall, "is to get rid of the garden lights. I'll hunt up the switch. It must be near the house. When I throw it, dash in and grab her."

Slinking away, Marshall locating the switch, lost no time in throwing it and ran quickly back to his companion. Dashing into the garden they dropped the blanket over Lady Melrose, caught her up and despite her struggles and screams, made off with their frightened captive into the outer darkness. All was done so quickly that a servant hurrying to turn the lights on again was too late to prevent the crime.

Guests who had been in the vicinity of the fountain now looked for Lady Melrose. She was not to be seen. An alarm was sounded and running to Lord Melrose they told him of his wife's disappearance. Frantic with anxiety, Melrose ordered a hurried search. Nowhere could any trace of his missing wife be found; panic overspread the fete.

The search was continued. No corner of the house or the grounds was overlooked. Rumors flew about thick and fast and the woman guests themselves shivered with alarm and apprehension.

Helen, when the lights went off, stood near Roy Wilson. While the confusion was at its height she glanced toward the main drive just as a car, whirling from it, dashed out into the highway. Helen caught a glimpse of the number plate on the back of the machine: "Take that number, Roy," she cried quickly, "52478. Let's follow it."

Roy scratched the figures down on his cuff and running with Helen to the nearest motorcar, he called to Lord Melrose, who joined them.

The three climbed hurriedly into the car but the guests, eager to help, crowding around, delayed their start: "Keep them away—clear the road," cried Helen to the servants. "You are holding us," she exclaimed to those nearest. "Keep back!"

The car started. The pursuers whirled down the driveway and out on the highway at top speed, but too much time had been lost. The abductors already had a good lead and in spite of all Helen's driver could do, were soon lost to view.

"Drive to the nearest police station," she directed, when the chase became hopeless, and reaching it, an alarm was dashed thence to all stations, to stop a touring car bearing license tag 52478.

Masters and Marshall had safely made the rendezvous in Chinatown and were delivering their captive. Both men were highly excited: "Get her out of here quick," exclaimed Masters to the Chinaman. "They're hot after us."

Their unfortunate captive was beginning to recover consciousness. Without scruple they dragged her almost into a cataleptic state and hunting up a trunk, laid her within it and started for the station to put her aboard a train for Pedro.

Helen had telephoned Webb and he hastened to the police station with a change of clothing for her. All waited, hoping to get word of the abductors through their license number.

Marshall and Masters got to the railroad station and were billing the trunk to Pedro when a passing policeman noticed the number on their car. Only recently warned to keep a lookout for that particular number, he walked toward the freight house and encountered the two criminals.

"Is that your car standing there at the platform?" he demanded of Masters.

"No," responded Buck promptly; he scented a trap.

"Thought it might be yours," returned the officer indifferently. "A man there just now was trying to drive off with it."

"What? Where?" demanded Marshall off his guard. "That's my car. He's a thief."

"Right you are," responded the officer, unruffled, "and so are you, I reckon. Anyway, you two fellows can drive to the station with me. You're under arrest."

Chagrined at being outwitted, the crestfallen thieves started with the policeman for the machine. But it was now two resourceful men against one and the officer was dealing with crooks who scrupled at nothing. As he stepped into the car his two prisoners dealt him a shower of terrific blows over the head, and he sank to the ground. Marshall turned over the engine and the pair sped away, leaving the policeman senseless.

The two knew, however, that they were still in great peril of capture and secreting the car at the first opportunity they slunk through the yards back to the station, which they reached in time to board the train for Pedro. Once there they meant to deliver the trunk and collect their money.

(END OF SEVENTH EPISODE.)

Similar.

"Herb tells me that he is very patriotic and has bought a war bond."

"That Herb's an awful kiddler. What he bought was a marriage license."

Half a million is a conservative estimate of the number of married in American industries every year.

MARKET NEWS

SUGAR—Cane or fruit, \$8.80.
FRUIT—Bananas, 35¢@40¢ per doz.; grapes, 10¢ per lb.; 2 lbs. for 25¢; apples, per lb., 4¢; lemons, 45¢ per doz.; oranges, 25¢@60¢ per doz.; pears, \$1.25 per box.

VEGETABLES—Beans, white, 15¢; beans, colored, 15¢; dry onions, 5¢ per lb.; celery (California), 15¢, 2 for 25¢; cabbage, 5¢ per lb.; cucumbers (hot-house, 15¢; fresh tomatoes, 15¢ per lb.; parsnips, 4¢ per lb.; green onions, 5¢, 3 for 10¢; lettuce, 10¢; potatoes, \$1.75, 2¢ per lb.; turnips, 3¢ per lb.; beets and carrots, 4¢ per lb.; sweet potatoes, 4 lbs. for 25¢; green peppers, 20¢ per lb.; squash, 3¢@2 1-2¢ per lb.; pumpkins, 3¢@2 1-2¢ per lb.; rutabaga, 4¢ per lb.

BUTTER—Fancy creamery, 60¢, \$1.15; ranch butter, 55¢, \$1.05.
EGGS—65¢ per doz.; storage, 50¢ per doz.

HONEY—20¢.
FLOUR AND FEED—Best of the Best (patent), \$2.85; Jersey Cream, \$2.80; Bluestem flour, \$2.85; Royal Patent, \$2.80; Invincible, \$2.90; Snow-drift, \$3.00; Upper Crust, \$3.00; None-to-Equal, \$2.85; Sea Foam, \$2.75; Best of the Best (straight grade), \$2.75; yellow corn meal, 75¢; rye, 80¢; 10-lb. oats, 75¢.

FLOUR IN 10-LB. SACKS—Germis, Graham, whole wheat and Royal Patent, 75¢.

CHICKENS AND FOWLS—Spring chicken, 18¢ per lb.; ducks, live, 10¢@12¢; turkeys, live, 18¢@20¢; geese, live, 10¢@12¢; hens, live, 14¢.

CATTLE—Best heavy beef cattle, \$6.00@7.00; ordinary to good cows, \$4.00@5.00; bull, \$4.00@5.00; best light beef steers, \$6.00@7.00; best beef cows, \$5.00@6.00; stock feeder steers, \$5.00@5.50; calves, \$5.00@6.00; beef heifers, \$5.00@6.00; stocker feeder cows, \$4.00@5.00.

HOGS—Heavy and choice packing, \$15.20; best light, \$14.20; rough heavy, \$13.30; stockers, \$12.00.

SHEEP—Best lambs, \$9.00@10.00; wethers, \$7.00@7.50; ewes, \$3.00@6.00; goats, \$3.25@3.50; spring lambs, \$11.00.

OBSERVER'S TOBACCO FUND.

Previously reported \$18.50
Mrs. C. E. Read,50
J. F. Baker,50
Earl Carpenter,25
Ida Carpenter,25
Joe Snodgrass,50
Mrs. Joe Snodgrass,50
\$21.00

Complaint Almost Gone.

"Foley's Honey and Tar is great," writes L. W. Day, 65 Campbell Ave., E. Detroit, Mich. "It relieves bronchitis quickly. My complaint has almost gone and I hope never to have it again." The experience of thousands proves there is no better remedy for coughs, colds or croup. The genuine costs no more than substitutes, and this old reliable family cough medicine should be in every home every winter. Insist on Foley's Honey and Tar—time tried and never failing. Ad. Sold Everywhere.

LEGAL NOTICES.

Call For City Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that all warrants issued on the General Fund of the City of La Grande, Oregon, and endorsed December 31, 1915, or prior thereto, are now called for payment, and interest on said warrants ceases from this date, November 16, 1917.

FLORENCE BACON,
Adv. 11-17-31. City Treasurer.



Preparedness

LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT CORSETS As We Are Learning the Truth About War.

Get Acquainted With
La Camille

the Front Lace Corset with the VENTIL Back and Front Shield. There's a La Camille Style That's Best For You.

All the Latest Models Now on Hand
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WAR TIME BALLAD OF BRITISH AIR SERVICE

(Un'ed Press.)

LONDON, Oct. 28.—(By Mail.)—Though Kipling has stopped writing "Barrack Room Ballads," the ballads themselves have not stopped. Here is one of the favorites of the British Air Service. Note the fine chance for "close harmony."

A handsome young airman lay dying
(Chorus: Lay dying),
And as on the er'drome he lay (he lay),
To the mechanics who round him came
sighing (came sighing)

These last dying words he did say
(he did say):
"Take the cylinder out of my kidneys
(of his kidneys),
"The connecting rod out of my brain
(of his brain),
"The cam box from under my back-
bone (his backbone),
"And assemble the engine again
(again)."

Try it over on the piano 'to the tune of "The Dying Lancer."

Better that "The Flame of the Yukon," "Ten of Diamonds," Star Thursday and Friday. 11-20-17.

"I Should Worry Now About Corns!"

They Peel Off With "Gets-It."

Two corns are no worse than one, and one is nothing at all—when you use "Gets-It," the one real corn-shrinker, corn loosener, peel-it-right-off corn-remover. That's because two drops of "Gets-It" eases your corn-pains at once, and you know that that old corn has been "nipped in the bud." "Gets-It" makes cutting and digging at a corn and fussing with bandages, salves or anything else entirely unnecessary. Remember "Gets-It" is safe.

You'll not have to take off your shoe or pumps under the table at the cafe to ease your aching soul. See that you get "Gets-It." Don't be misled by imitations. 25¢ is all you need pay at any drug store for "Gets-It," or it will be sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Sold in La Grande and recommended as world's best corn remedy by La Grande Pharmacy, Red Cross Drug Store and C. D. Putman.—Adv. 9-11-17.

One Corn Plus "Gets-It" Equals One Foot, Corn Free.

cause two drops of "Gets-It" eases your corn-pains at once, and you know that that old corn has been "nipped in the bud." "Gets-It" makes cutting and digging at a corn and fussing with bandages, salves or anything else entirely unnecessary. Remember "Gets-It" is safe.

Sold in La Grande and recommended as world's best corn remedy by La Grande Pharmacy, Red Cross Drug Store and C. D. Putman.—Adv. 9-11-17.

Cut This Out—It Is Worth Money.

DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose 5¢ and mail it to Foley & Co., 2835 Sheffield Ave., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for coughs, colds, and croup; Foley Kidney Pills, for pain in

sides and back, rheumatism, backache, kidney and bladder ailments; and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels. Adv. Sold Everywhere.

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For Thanksgiving

NEW RAISINS, FIGS, CUR-
RANTS, CITRON, ORANGE
AND LEMON PEEL
SWEET CIDER, BOILED
CIDER, APPLES, SPICES

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Fresh Oysters in Any Style

Hours

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FLORENCE MULKEY, Manager.



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In Mind When
Your Eyes
Bother You.



We invite you to visit our up-to-date Parlors and Shop where you will find everything obtainable in the latest scientific instruments and equipment to give you first-class service.

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Broken Lenses Duplicated—

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Registered Optometrist

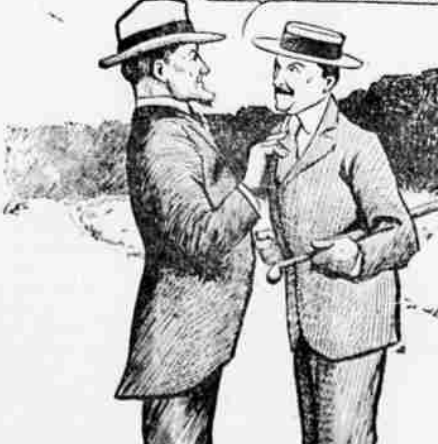
YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A YOUNGSTER, WHEN PEYTON GRAVELY MADE THE FIRST PLUG OF TOBACCO THAT EVER WAS MADE.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BACK OF A REPUTATION THAT LIVES AND LASTS LIKE THAT.

GRAVELY'S
CELEBRATED
Chewing Plug

BEFORE THE INVENTION OF OUR PATENT AIR-PROOF POUCH GRAVELY'S PLUS TOBACCO MADE STRICTLY FOR ITS CHEWING QUALITY WOULD NOT KEEP FRESH IN THIS SECTION. NOW THE PATENT POUCH KEEPS IT FRESH AND CLEAN AND GOOD. A LITTLE CHEW OF GRAVELY'S IS ENOUGH AND LASTS LONGER THAN A BIG CHEW OF ORDINARY PLUG.

J. B. Gravelly Tobacco Co. Danville, Va.



LOOK AT THE GOOD WORK BILL POSTER'S BILLBOARDS HAVE STARTED!

