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### LOCAL NEWS

Telephone Main 1621 and tell the news.

Prof. and Mrs. Waltman went to Newport Saturday for a few day's outing.

Monday's Oregonian: William Bloch is registered at the Oregon from Independence.

Martha Simpson of Airlie was an Independence visitor for several days last week.

Dr. C. J. Smith, candidate for governor, will be the Fourth of July orator at Monmouth.

President Ackerman of the State Normal, has declined to accept a raise of salary of \$400 a year.

Misses Jean and Beth Ketchum who have been attending the O. A. C. are home for the summer vacation.

F. H. Waldron and father from San Diego, Cal., visited with their relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Knapp last week.

Newport Signal: Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Brown of Independence, are spending several weeks at Nye Beach.

Mrs. J. D. Orr accompanied her husband to Independence last Friday night and attended the musicale.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Whitman of Klamath Falls were the guests of Mrs. Whitman's sister, Mrs. Dee Taylor, for several days.

For accosting a woman unknown to him on the streets of Albany, Fred Dennis, formerly of Independence, drew a fine of \$15.

Mrs. H. A Childs and daughters, Gladys and Dorothy, of Lenox, Iowa, are in Independence to spend the summer with Mrs. Childs' daughter, Mrs. W. J. Clark.

Guy Knapp returned last Thursday from an extended visit with relatives in Eugene. While there Mrs. Knapp resumed her vocal studies with prominent instructors.

Salem Capital-Journal: Mrs. E. Fowler, of Independence, is getting along nicely at the Salem hospital following a serious operation which was performed the early part of the week.

Lebanon Criterion: Miss Kora Browne returned home from Independence Monday where she closed her year's teaching Friday. Her sister Vivian, who has been visiting her, accompanied her home.

Dallas Observer: T. A. McLean, arrested in Independence on the charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, and who is now in the county jail, is wanted in Portland, according to information received here.

Monmouth News in Dallas Observer: Miss Bessie Graham, having finished a year's term of teaching school in Aleson Valley, is at home for the summer. She has been engaged to teach in Independence for next year.

Willie, son of Mr. and Mrs. William McDonald, living on the Wigrich ranch, visited in Portland during the rose festival. On his return he was made very happy when he found he had passed the seventh grade examination.

McMinnville Telephone-Register: A farmer from near Independence called at Charles Bynum's livery this week and claimed a horse he had loaned to a farm hand who drove the animal to this city during the meeting of the grand lodge of Odd Fellows, and left it here. After advertising and telephoning considerably, to ascertain the whereabouts of the animal, it was located at Mr. Bynum's stable.

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## THE NE'ER-DO-WELL

A Romance of the Panama Canal

BY REX BEACH

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"This little plot!" Edith cried in distraction. "And I suppose you wish me to give you back to her? But I won't help her. I'm not that sort. I'm a selfish woman. I've always been selfish. Let me go. Let me get away from here. But I have it in me to be generous."

"I'm sorry," he said. "You have suffered, I know. Don't trouble any more about me—please."

"Oh, I'd rather face the gallows as you face it than what is before me, and I'm not sure I could help you, after all. You are in Latin America now, remember, and your enemies are strong."

"I am Darwin K. Anthony's son," he protested. "He won't allow it."

"Bah! He is an American, and these are Spanish people. You have seen how they like us, and you have seen what Alvarez can do. He's rich, and he'll perjure more witnesses; he'll manipulate the court with his money. Yes, and I'd rather he succeeded than see you—no, not what am I saying? Let me go. Let me get away from here!" She broke down and went sobbing out into the corridor.

On the same afternoon Mr. Clifford, accompanied by Anson, the lawyer, took the 320 train for Colon. As soon as he arrived he called up Colonel Johnson to request that the commissioner's motorcar should, without fail, await him at 10 o'clock sharp on the next morning, with an open track ahead of it. Strangely enough, the colonel agreed very readily.

### CHAPTER XXV.

#### Darwin K. Anthony.

**A**BOUT noon on Monday Edith Cortlandt received a caller. The name she read on the card her maid handed her gave her a start of surprise and set her wits whirling in speculation.

She was greeted by a gigantic old man with a rumbling voice. He was pacing back and forth with the restlessness of a polar bear.

"How do you do, Mrs. Cortlandt?" he began at sight of her, his big voice flooding the room. "I'm sorry to disturb you under the circumstances. I knew your husband slightly, and I've heard about you. I extend my sympathy."

She bowed. "When did you arrive?"

"Just now. Came across in one of those blatted joy wagons—fifty miles an hour. I know everything, madam. What I didn't know before I landed I learned on the way across the Isthmus, so don't let's waste time. Deuce of a position for you to be in—I understand, and all that—and I'm sorry for you. Now, let's get down to business, for I must get back to New York."

It was impossible not to feel Darwin K. Anthony's force. It spoke in his every tone and action. It looked out from his harsh lined features and showed in his energetic movements. He was a great granite block of a man, powerful in physique, in mind and in determination.

"In what way may I be of service to you?" she inquired coldly.

"I want my boy," he said simply, and also began to see that underneath his cold and dominating exterior his heart was torn by a great distress.

"You know all the circumstances of course?"

"I do. That's why I came straight to you. I know you're the keystone of the whole affair, so I didn't waste time with these other people. Kirk's a blatted idiot and always has been. He isn't worth the powder to blow to—excuse me—I mean he's just a ne'er-do-well. But I suppose I'll have to do my duty by him. I just had to kick him out. Sorry I didn't do it sooner."

"If you have cut him off why do you care what becomes of him?"

Darwin K. Anthony's eyes dimmed, but his voice rose fiercely. "He's my boy, and I've a right to treat him any blatted way I please, but nobody else is going to abuse him! These Spaniards can't do it. I'll teach them to lay hands on my boy! I don't care what he's done. They've got to give him up. And he's going back with me. He's going home. I—I want him."

"Why have you come to me?" she queried.

"Because you must know the truth if anybody does, and I want your help." His voice softened suddenly, and he regarded her with a gentle kindness that was surprising. "I've heard all about you and Kirk. In fact, I've known what was going on all the time, for I've had a man on my track night and day. You may know him—Clifford? Well, he followed Kirk that night after the supper to your husband, but Anson didn't dare call him to the stand at the hearing for fear this Alvarez would perjure more of his black and tans."

"So Clifford is your man?"

"Yes. I took him off my system and sent him down here as soon as I got Kirk's hide, innocent Jeffrey. The old man began to sputter with indignation. "What do you think he wrote me, Mrs. Cortlandt? He had the impudence to turn down a good job I offered him because his wife might not like our climate." Thank God, he had

sense enough not to do that!"

"Then you don't know?"

"Know what?"

"That he is married."

"D—nation!" roared Anthony furiously.

She nodded. "A Miss Garavel. They were married a—week ago." She broke down miserably and hid her face in her hands. He strode to her with a light of understanding in his eyes. Laying a great hand upon her drooping head, he exclaimed with wonderful softness:

"My dear Mrs. Cortlandt, I'm very sorry for you, indeed I am. Now—now, try to face it squarely. All good women are brave, and you're a good woman. We both love him, and I know we can save him if we pull together."

"Yes, yes!" She raised her drawn, white face eagerly to his. "It will only take a word, but I have been like a mad woman. I couldn't bear to give him up, and when I learned the truth I thought I could let him—suffer. But I couldn't. He is the first and only man!"

"I know." He patted her in a way that said more than words.

"I couldn't have stood out much longer."

"Then you have proof?" His face was wild with eagerness.

"This. Take it quickly. I only found it last night. It had been mislaid in the confusion. I meant to give it up, I really did." With clumsy fingers she drew from the front of her dress an unsealed letter and handed it to him.

"Stephen was not a bad man, you see, and he had no intention of wronging an innocent person."

Darwin K. Anthony's pallor matched hers as he read the sheet; then he exclaimed weakly: "Thank God! Something told me to come straight to you. Something always tells me where to find the heart of things."

Kirk was considerably surprised that afternoon when a sergeant and two policemen came to his cell, signifying that he was to accompany them. He could not make out where they were taking him, and, despite their unusual politeness, they were dense to all inquiries. The coach drew up at last before a large, white building, and he was told to descend. Up a flight of stairs he was escorted, his pulses quickening with apprehension, down a long corridor and into a large room, where he saw Russell, Colonel Johnson, Anson, Clifford, a dozen or more Panamanian officials, and—he stopped in his tracks as his eyes fell upon a huge, white crowned figure that came to meet him.

A certain harsh yet tender voice pronounced his name. He felt his hands crushed in his father's palms, found the old man's arm about his shoulders and saw the deep set, steel blue eyes he loved so well wet and shiny. A sudden noise of security swept over him, banishing all his fears.

"My kid!" the old man said, shakingly. "I know how they treated you, Buster?"

"It was a nickname he had given his son when he was a sturdy, round faced urchin of eight."

"You came, didn't you?" Kirk said, in a voice not at all like his own.

"Of course I came, the instant Clifford cabled me that those idiots had arrested you. By—! They'll sweat me out."

Continued next week

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