

CHAMBER HAS EARNED
COMMUNITY SUPPORT

President Lists Activities That
Have Meant Much to
Cottage Grove.

A few of the things the chamber of commerce has accomplished to date, listed by President O. V. Brees, at the Tuesday noon luncheon of the organization.

Chief among these accomplishments listed by Brees was the promotional work for road in the Bohemia district. Much time and money were used in getting the interest of forestry officials, and many doubted whether the money was being wisely expended, but the roads asked will be completed this year, and except for the mining development that now seems certain, the city is to be richly rewarded for these efforts of the chamber that have extended over several years and had to be started several years ago to get the results of this year.

Among other things worth while that the president pointed out were that the chamber, through a medium through which county, state and federal officers and other persons may contact the community, promote of community fairs, organization of growers, many things done for agricultural interests, coordination of the efforts of the city of the community, sponsorship of stimulation days, sponsorship of an earwig poisoning week that has practically rid the city of that pest, presentation of interesting and of benefit to the community, sponsorship of many other things that have benefited the community, contributions to many worthy enterprises that have advertised the city such as contributing to the expense of a trip to the American Legion convention and creation of good fellowship among business men of the community.

FIRE IN WOODARD CAMP
TAKES LOGGING LINES

A loss of several thousand dollars was suffered by the W. A. Woodard Lumber company in a fire last week in its logging camp. The flames, believed to be of incendiary origin, started near a loader and spread to a large amount of cable and other equipment, but it was believed the donkey and some other equipment were not seriously injured. The flames were not under control within 24 hours after burning over about ten square miles. Loss to timber was negligible. The fire occurred during the hottest weather of the summer and only high humidity at night made it possible to bring the fire under control so quickly. A crew of upwards of 100 was employed.

MOTT AND JOE DUNNE
ENDORSED BY VETERANS

An executive committee meeting of the Veterans' Voters' league for the first congressional district, held here Saturday afternoon, unanimously endorsed James W. Mott for congress and unanimously instructed delegates to the state convention, to be held in Eugene September 6, to work for Joe Dunne for governor.

I. G. Shaw, department commander of the league, said that 70 per cent of the veterans had organized, and the state executive committee, in a meeting here Saturday evening, set up a promotional program to help the league effectively into every township of Oregon before the fall election.

CITY'S WATERSHED IS
ENDANGERED BY FIRE

The city's watershed on Layne creek was endangered by a forest fire Friday which burned over 52 acres northeast of Diston just outside of the city limits. Because the forest was endangered a crew of 120 men was employed by the forest service to bring the flames under control. Damage was negligible.

Logging Camps in Operation.

Logging camps of this vicinity, which shut down the latter part of last week on order of the state forester because of dangerous fire conditions, are again in operation, the weather having undergone a decided change.



The editor has Bobby Jones backed off the map.

Little German Band
Makes Big Hit

Cottage Grove's Little German band is reported to have made a big hit at the American Legion state convention, held last week at Astoria. The truck upon which the band travelled over the city bore Cottage Grove banners and there was always a big audience.

The same organization made a big hit a year ago. Members are Clint Spriggs, E. H. Luce, R. H. Veatch and Merville Veatch. The chamber of commerce contributed \$25 to defray part of the expense of the band.

Delegates to the convention reported having had a splendid time with Astoria as a most hospitable host. The pleasure of the trip was marred for Merville Veatch by reason of the fact that he was among a number who were robbed while they slept at one of the hotels.

Those who attended from here were: Mrs. George Matthews, district auxiliary president, Charles Fuhrer, Joe Smith, Alvin Wicks and Vinal Randall, legion delegates. Mrs. Vinal Randall, Mrs. Charles Hall and Mrs. Joe Smith, auxiliary delegates, Mrs. E. H. Luce, Mrs. Clint Spriggs, George Matthews, Mrs. Alvin Wicks and Mrs. Mary McCarger.

KANSAS CROPS REDUCED
TO 9 PER CENT NORMAL

Rev. Groves, Back From Trip,
Tells of Corn Stalks
Foot in Height.

No one who has not visited the drought-stricken areas of the north central states has any idea of what conditions there really are, according to Rev. M. A. Groves, who has just returned from a visit with his parents in Kansas, where the crop is estimated at 9 per cent of normal. An ordinary annual yield of 137 million bushels of corn has been reduced to 13 million bushels. Because of lack of water, a large number of corn plants have died. Groves saw fields of corn stalks not over a foot in height, which meant it was a waste of time to plant corn. Groves saw fields of corn stalks not over a foot in height, which meant it was a waste of time to plant corn.

Rev. Groves remembered a drought when he was a youngster, during which his father harvested 90 bushels of corn from 40 acres, but he said that was nothing compared to what farmers of Kansas have suffered this year.

Most of the farmers were found optimistic. They said they had always before made some way and they said this time. He heard a prediction that 90 per cent of the farmers of Kansas would be in relief rolls before spring, but he believed that estimate rather high.

Peter Zimmerman Is Coming.

Peter Zimmerman, independent candidate for governor, will be here next Tuesday and will address a public meeting to be held that evening in the armory.

Odd Fellows Hold Picnic.

The I. O. O. F. and Rebekahs lodges held their annual picnic at Layne's grove.

FAIRVIEW.

Aug. 27.—Mrs. W. W. Wroe of Reedport visited a few days last week with a niece, Mrs. Clifford Van Scholack.

The Hocker family arrived last Tuesday from Los Angeles and are visiting at the home of a daughter, Mrs. Luther Bettice.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Higgenbotham and Mr. and Mrs. Earl Higgenbotham Tuesday of last week.

Mr. Edwin Voss and Mrs. Fred Kelly attended a story shower given Mrs. Lon Henderson by Mrs. George Hastings and daughter, Mrs. Doris Morris, at their home on Mosby creek last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Hart and son Vernon visited friends in Lane Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kelly of Cottage Grove visited Thursday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Warren Kelly.

The Fred Overton family were all-day guests Friday of Mrs. Otha Van Scholack.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Mayben have been employed for several days picking prunes near Creswell.

A number of families attended a picnic, given by the Happy Circle Sewing club Sunday at the Peterson grove at Dorena.

Mrs. Mary McCarger returned Monday from spending a week at the Coast.

Mrs. Clifford Van Scholack and daughter Vivian accompanied her brother, Clarence Andrews, to Dr. Tuesday and visited relatives.

James McNeil arrived Friday from Guntersville to visit his son Hubert at the Noble Elliott home and son Clyde at the Warren Kelly home.

Mary June Burnett returned home Thursday after spending several weeks with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Curthbert Crites, at Culp Creek.

The Amil Thies and Magnusson families of Cottage Grove were dinner guests Sunday at the P. J. Bush home. They were celebrating Barbara's birthday anniversary.

The Darrel Garoutte family of Culp Creek visited Monday with Darrel's mother, Mrs. Ida Garoutte.

Mr. and Mrs. Bud Miller spent several days last week on a camping trip in the Bohemia district.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Kelly and Mrs. Ida Garoutte were dinner guests Saturday at the Frank Kelly home in Cottage Grove.

Ebony Waters

By Anna McClure Sholl. W N U Service

Haskell aimed a stinging blow at him; Balder dodged and waved a paw as a mosquito had come after him. Balder never got a chance to pay out of the neighborhood. That man knows what he wants and means to have it. They were the regular rural free delivery. Miss Hinchey sends her notes by Mr. Fleming; that old tree near the cross roads. You know her writing well—don't you? You've seen it often enough?

"Of course I know her writing." "Well! Can't you put two and two together?" "You talk more, say less than any human being I know. Get out of here."

"I can keep a secret," Balder vowed suddenly. "I am not sure of that."

The man shuffled off down the corridor. "There's only one way to get rid of that brute," Haskell muttered to himself. "Leave this great, rotten building, go out into the world! But I can't leave without her! I can't. She's all that keeps me sane."

That night Berenice and Janet discussed the future over the fire in Berenice's bedroom. They sat there, too conscious of the recent death in the other. They had looked out doors, even secured the windows.

"Do you blame me, Janet, for wanting to marry Wilton at once? After all, what could Mr. Haskell do? I marry without his consent?"

"What does the will say?" "Simply that I must have his consent. But Janet, I don't think my father ever knew or else he has changed terribly with the years. Mr. Haskell trusted him absolutely. In the other hand, my death he inherits everything."

"Ah, in the event of your death." "Why do you look at me like that, Janet?" "My dear, I want you to live."

"Of course! I have everything to live for. Do you feel danger here?"

"No premeditated, plotted danger, perhaps, but something sudden; the outbreak of a smoldering fire. I believe Gordon Haskell would stop at nothing to force you to marry him."

"It is not the day of marriage by capture. What I am fearing is that he will dismiss Mrs. Denver and you and Arthur suddenly as he did Wilton, and I shall be left here with him—and not even Mother Martha to protect me."

"Berenice, when that day comes you'll go with them. There's something savage in Gordon Haskell's nature. I can quite understand why your high-spirited brothers and sisters resented this man."

"Berenice laid a hand on Janet's arm. 'Listen—do you hear some one in the passage? I thought I heard some one breathing at the door.' Janet glanced fearfully toward it. 'The wind, probably—what is that bit of white?'

Against the dark sill was outlined a tiny white figure. Janet cautiously drew it from under the crack—a little three-cornered note without address. 'Berenice, it must be for you. You know our secret.'

She passed the note to Janet, who read: 'Is that Mr. Haskell's printing? I can't tell. It's either Balder's or Gordon Haskell's. But how foolish—and how detestable Janet, I'm sorry I tried for years to feel that Haskell was kind and generous and fine—but now I see he reached the point. Sometimes I almost reached it. Then he would say something to upbraid me. I'd say, 'I wish we could go at once—but it seems cowardly, too, to run away!'

'We won't go until the situation is clear.'

"No more notes! They've probably read everything—not that I care!"

"Oh, dear—why should you care? He's wrong—not you, you care?"

While this conversation was in progress, Arthur was at his desk in his own room, resigned at last to his fate. He was listening to the rustling of his papers. The rustling of his papers sounded very loud in the silence of the room, and he lit his pipe. "Poor old Wilton," he thought, "out there on the moors with Jerry, and psychology, and to glory. If he takes my advice he'll stave Berenice and run with his prize to Ontaga—the rest of us after him—wither the rest of popping! Lostland behind us like a nightmare! We might have station when we arrived at that thing was wrong. Hear that mouse! I wonder what Mrs. Denver is doing?"

He was in answer to his question there came a knock at the door. It was Mrs. Denver with a lamp in her hand. "He and Balder are quarreling again," she whispered. "I heard them. I couldn't tell what they said. I feel afraid."

He took the lamp from her hand. "Don't be frightened. We'll move down the corridor a bit, and if we hear anything, we can go up to protect the girls."

It was cold and draughty in the hall, and even the runner of carpet was lifted and moved by the intermittent drafts. Open doors and black bedrooms added to the gloom. They paused and listened. The faintest sound of a door opening, like a man plunging into the night with a jest, or into a cauldron with a quip.

"What is that shadow on the wall?" Mrs. Denver gasped breathlessly. "Just the high-backed chair! Listen! Keep very still!"

Again the laughter, which Arthur thought the most unpleasant thing he had ever heard—a black, dawning cadence of notes; lips leaping up and down and pulling faces at one another. Another sound from another quarter of the house—this time a pounding, a wild beating of flats upon a hard surface.

Then the laughter died away a door slammed. "I wouldn't go downstairs now for all the riches in all the banks. Suppose a hand reached out and dragged you—"

The pounding continued. "Maybe somebody is locked out," she ventured. "Or locked in. Go to your room, Mrs. Denver, and lock the door. I am going down to investigate."

"I'll go with you. I feel safer."

Arthur felt safer himself for her company, and they went cautiously down the main staircase. In the lower hall they paused.

"That pounding comes from the basement," Her voice was faint.

"Listen! Someone's calling—as if for help."

Muffled imploring sounds reached them. Once they thought they went on to the word "Balder."

"Oh, well, there's nothing for it but to go down to the basement."

"These sounds seem to come from where the figures are!"

She grew white. "Mr. Fleming—you don't think he's killed?"

A dead man couldn't make such a racket."

He moved toward the basement stairs and began to descend, his companion close beside him.

Some one was pounding on the inside of the door which guarded the figures. As they neared it the figures appeared to their eyes.

Gordon Haskell's face, over which the blood was running from a cut on his forehead, was framed in the circular inset of glass. His eyes, wild with fright, stared out at them for an instant. Then he shouted: "Let me out of here!"

"Where is the key?"

He called the directions. Arthur unlocked the door and opened the loose brick and the key. Mrs. Denver, was close at his heels, very pale, but she said nothing.

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That brute Haskell looked me in here for a practical joke, I suppose. I was looking for something I dropped here yesterday—and he slammed the door to. I couldn't get in. I only open it from inside—with the key. In my haste—I fell and cut myself. Fleming, will you bring that candle?"

Arthur went into the schoolroom. The candlestick stood on the old desk, imparting to the old place the appearance of a school in the morning. The desk kept too late. Mrs. Denver glanced at the figures apprehensively. The golden heads were bent. How terrible if they should look up, all of them! Haskell in slippers, had evidently hit his head against the iron leg of a desk, for there was blood on the floor close to the feet of the figures.

He had disappeared when they came out—and they heard his footsteps echoing off toward his room. Arthur and Mrs. Denver looked at each other with mutual inquiries as to the significance of this so-called practical joke.

"Why did Balder lock him up?" "To pay him off for something, I figure."

"Why is he so afraid of the figure?"

"Perhaps he didn't treat the Bracebridge children as he should. They certainly hated him. I think the night will be quiet from now on, Mrs. Denver."

CHAPTER IX

Wilton had not seen anyone for several days, and he was all the more anxious because the notes in the old tree had ceased. The end of a morning's impatience was the mile walk up to the tree through the slipping air.

"I am on a fruitless errand," he muttered. "If there's no note I'm going on to the academy. He couldn't do more than shoot me!"

But there was a note and he opened it greedily. It had neither bow nor arrow—only the few lines: "He's here."

"Meet me Thursday afternoon at three, just above the whirl—in the dangerous side. We're not going on to the academy. He's waiting back to tell Jerry that he would be gone all afternoon in case any of his pupils conceived the idea of shooting him."

Wilton glanced at his watch. He was half asleep over the fire, and he half viewed his lodger nervously and nodded again. Wilton went into his bedroom and made ready for a cold afternoon out of doors.

He had to make a long detour around the shores of the lake to reach the shore of the lake, and a cart road opened between the pines; and in the heavy silence of the winter landscape he trudged, brushing by evergreen boughs and shaking off the weight of snow in a powdery cloud. He saw the dark waters of the ravine creek between white snow-covered banks. He skirted the "dangerous side" without much difficulty. The wild, lonely gorge was magnificent, lonely hung from monstrous black rocks; the dark water seemed to be churning up ice-like cream. The air stung as if full of invisible frost needles.

More than once he paused to see if she were in sight; to see if she were following him up the dangerous path which at times measured its width by inches above the water. Here and there a fallen tree sent the foam high where the impetuous current broke against its bulk.

"Poor child," he thought, and then: "If there had been time to get a message to her I would have forbidden this. Dangerous—much too dangerous."

More than once he felt of ice and caught himself just in time to save him from going over the bank into the water of hurrying water. The path had become a mere thread at the bottom of a precipice. The great fall hung just ahead of him. At its foot the vortex was in full swing. The whirl was clenching at the square green of winter; even zero could not harness it.

He did not care to gaze at it too long. "What a place! She must never, never come here again."

Turning too quickly, he slipped, but instantly regained his balance by a violent lurch backward. In the same moment he felt the heavy impact of something against his shoulder—a glancing blow—and wheeled around to find his hands violently and instinctively clutching at the square green base that he knew very well indeed; the base to which was attached the old tree.

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