OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1914.

(Continued from page 4.)

lutely alone. Chance, the master of us all, delights in strange fresks. Now at this moment, when he felt hatred in his heart for his partner, when he knew that he had come on his final quest with a weakling to coddle along, Mistress Chance taid her quick finger on atm and whispered. "Here!"

He heard that light whisper and dropped his gaze to the ground. A moment later he was furiously hammer ing at the outcropping of rock that threw its sharp shadow down the hill. Wilkerson turned sluggishly in his

"I wonder where the old man is," he muttered to hicsself. "He's always prowling round o' nights."

What was that figure slinking around the bluff? Something in his partner's attitude as he stopped directly in the full sheen of the moonlight made him

"He's got something," be thought. "Why does he not come down to



at the Man.

camp? I think I'll see." So he wrapped himself in his blanket again, but his eyes were open and turned on his partner

camp, heavy footed, as if half asleep. fire to a blaze.

thought you might have left some cof. not fix his direction in his mind, for fee.

per?" asked Wilkerson.

hunch."

THE MASTER KEY "This will make you happy." That moment Gallon saw Wilkerson smilling at him. Smilles and tears, sorrow and laugh-

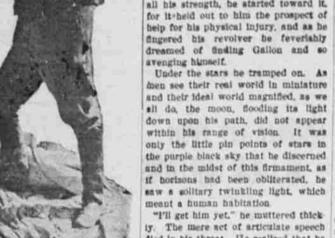
ter have made this world what it is, and the smile on the saturnine visage of Wilkerson stirred Gallon to his depths. Did Wilkerson know? Had Wilkerson seen? Was Ruth to lose the gold that he had found after all these years? Wilkerson had peered over his aboulder. Wilkerson! Wilkerson! Wilkerson! There must be no Wilkerson! He pulled out his revolver and fired at the man smilling at him from the

shadow. Wilkerson emptied his revolver at the old man. But Gallon's trained eye. backed up by his overmastering passion, had directed his weapon too sure-Wilkerson realized that his ene-

my's bullet had gone home. Still with the blood just in his heart. Gallon pulled out the picture of a little

giri and passionately kissed it. "You look like your mother, Ruth,"

be whispered. But while he was yielding to this queer tenderness his former partner was struggling to his feet-diasy with pain, absolutely cowed by the shock of finding himself physically heipless, yet driven by instinct to find other human beings. Where were they? There was no sound on the desert except the rustling of the dry leaves of the yuccas and the murmur of the cactua as it died of drought. He was really of two minds. One desire was to find the location of the gold. The other was to save his own life and assunge the bitter fast which he knew meant death. At last he stumbled to his feet and peered across the mist velled valley. Fur away he saw a light. Gathering all his strength, he started toward it. for it-held out to him the prospect of help for his physical injury, and as he fingered his revolver he feveriahly dreamed of finding Gallon and so avenging himself.



He Pulled Out His Revolver and Fired

"I can't make it." he thought to himself. "Gallon has got the best of me. He found that place and made the plan and fooled me." He painfully lifted his clinched hands toward

A few moments later Gallon came to beaven and cursed vehemently until dropped his hammer and kicked the his curses faded into a perfect delirium of mad dreams. Far away on the hill "If I had a proper partner there the coyotes barked dismaily.

would be coffee for me," he said in to No longer stealthily like a man obsessed, but with one desire, he strugtone loud enough to reach the sleeper. "What's the matter, old pai?" asked gled down the hill and out upon the Wilkerson, apparently drowsy. mesa. Yet there was still in his eyes "Ob, nothing," said Gallon. "I just all the innumerable stars, and he could

to his accentuated sight they all apgot lost.

Indiana did not give me the right in thirst which parched his throat ai- the stream.

to the end. would these men and by accident his gold? A moment later a curtain on the saloon across the street was lowered and the door opened. "What's the matter?" yelled a hair

drunken fellow, realing out. "Matias is out again!" cried the deputy. "Get the sheriff. They have got this fellow's partner." Then he turned to Gallon authoritatively and said, "How much did you have?"

"Nothing," said Gallon. "We did not strike anything, but they thought we bad."

But with a quick gesture the deputy grasped Gallon's wrist and opened his hand, discioning a sugget. "Where did you get this?" he asked.

The old man stared down stupidly at that warm bit of gold. He had carried



it clear across the mesa, emblem of his thirst, symbol of his undying desire. For the moment be did not know what to answer. Then he recovered himself and sold quietly, "I was going to"- He | was as he hoped to be. Berthed at paused a moment and looked straight the pier was a steamship, quartermasinto the eves of the man opposite him. 'I was going to save all I had."

"If that's all you had Matias did not p m." get much, and he is considered a pret-

sponse. "Here comes the sheriff " In the west their ordinary speech is "Fil get him yet," he muttered thickdeeds not words. Appeared other men and then the buiky figure of the sherdied in his throat. He realized that be This man wasted no time in pre-107 had no water, and the overpowering liminaries, but guickly roared, "Which WAY 7"

"At the foot of San Jacinto mountain, on the upper level," Gallon stammered. "Get your bornes, boys," ordered the

sheriff It was not but a few minutes until the posse, Gallon riding stolidly on an extra horse, was scampering through the streets toward the mountains, now absolutely dark, as the moon had set. Sheriff Hawkins was not aware that as they crossed a wash a panting. groaning man was crawling on his belly toward the solitary light which marked Valle Vista. Nor did Gallon, dumbly riding toward the darkness "Did not find anything, did you, part peared brillant and peculiar. Thus he which hid the scene of his crime, realize that Wilkerson was within ten "Nopey; nothing doing. Guess those At times, in moments when the dead- yards of him as they splashed through

lowed him to drink, he saw the one Then suddenly appeared in the sky a Wilkerson turned over as if once glimmering light, which marked the spot of white, which spread until the murk of the night had turned to dusk.

and bisarre shadows, the sheriff called a halt up the canyon. On one side of the gullay on which they were camped the aberiff's men had built a fire. It was against a rock, which case whitely under the moon. Gallon saw his chance. He worked his way to the fire and in spite of the pain held his hands out over the blaze

until he felt the strands of the rope weeken and finally part. A moment later he was making his way to where the bornes were tled. He lesped upon the nearest one and within a second was on his way down the hill into the mist which filled the valley.

But the noise of his borse's hoofs on the rough shale of the hillside awakaned the guard.

"I think I will have a cup of coffee." he said to himself sleepily and sluggishly stretched himself. A moment later he flung the ampty coffeepot into the darkness. "Sheriff," he cried, "he's gone!" The shertff lifted his lanky form as

if by a single movement. "Who's gone?" he yelled. "That man, Gallon," replied the

guard. "We must get him, boys?" the sheriff said. They rode to the edge of the hill

and looked down into an iridescent sea of mist, a mere pool of curdling moonwhite.

"He's got away from us, boys," said the sheriff "We'll never find him there."

Gallon rode quickly on, no longer seeking for a light, but for darkness, and yet as he felt the pony guiver under him he himself feit a strange tremor-Wilkerson was still alive-some where behind that well was his snemy and the man who knew the location of the richest mine in all golden Californta

Mission Street filer marks the point on the San Francisco water front where sooner or later every one in this world passes, and among the multitudes strange, subdued and unsubdued by the tremendous forces which make out civilization, Gallon found tilmself absolutely unobserved in this throng-he ters at the gangway, and a sign bung

on the rall saying. "We sail at 9:45 When he reached his cabin Gallon ty smart fellow," was the curt re- stealthily took out from his pocket a folded paper and looked at it. He laid it on the white covering of the bunk and once more dipped into his jacket. This time it was the picture of a giri "I will save it for you," he murmur ed to bluself. The bare room held but one movable article of furniturea chest of strange workmanship and redolent of allen lands. Gallon stoop-

ed over and pulled at the lid. It came open to his touch, and he saw then a strange conglomeration of articles. An

idoi iny there, inanimate, but important. He picked it up, and as he did so one of its corai eyes fell out.

Every day is the same. When can i J. E. LaCroy . find the secret of "The Master Key?" Louis Funk ... Thomas Gallon then picked up his Ed Miller Dist letter file and duity tooked over its J. W. Draper contents "Funny," be thought to himself, Henry Elliott "that that engineer that I wrote to G. F. Horton Drake about has not turned up." He fumbled the letter uncertainly, but the P. Hanson ... Same caught his eye-John Dorr. At that very moment the motor stage chugged slowly into camp, and a tall, I. L. Porter beavily built map swung down into Moreita Hickm the street, suit case in hand. He took | Bertha Davenp ed about him with a trained eye. He James Nichols saw the opening of a mine upon the 1. N. Tauzer . hill-the trestle crawitng toward the H. C. Green . dump, the pump boune-all the para- City of West 1 phernalis of an active mine, but he also perceived that the stamp mill was slient. "Where is Mr. Gallon ?" the reply. John Dorr straightened himself up and went quietly up the accilvity, until he finally arrived before a typical Callfurnis house. To his great astoniabment a slender, fair haired giri con-"The Master Key." new mining engineer." used to His clothes were good. He fairly breathed soup and water, and eyes in frank admiration. He realized that this was a moment he would always remember. (Continued Next Week.) COUNTY COURT (Continued from page 3.) To him it was a sinister omen, and Lawrence Mautz 3,00 A. Lambert ... he stared for a moment, clutching at G. F. Everhart 3.00 J. C. Spagle ... his breast. Then he gave way to the C. A. Nash 7.50 Chas. W. Kelly -take it." And into the open socket he thrust the paper that held the se G. F. Johnson 7.50 F. C. Burk ... 7.50 F. H. Cross heart evertook Gallon before the Santa A. J. Wilson 5.00 Alma Moore ...

R. F. McGinni "I'll bet they've lost the lodel" he M. Tauchman thought to himself. He turned to a H. D. Aden miner who was passing and asked, Cora Hasselbri Amelia Peters "Up there in that bungalow," was Geo. Aden ... Thomas: Johns J. C. Edwards Ed Gross Andy Promone D. W. Farmer fronted him, instead of the brunque, R. A. Junken rude miner he had been led to ex- Gertie Willson pect he would meet on his arrival at Jess W. Hyntt W. H. Criteson "I'm John Dorr," he said awkwardly Frank Capen "I came to see Mr. Gallon. i am the Frank G. Oliver W. L. Snidow Ruth looked at him critically. He Willamette Firwas nothing like the men she was W. W. Jesso . O. M. Aunvehis very apparent strength glowed be Ella Tull neath a clear, smooth skin and well R. W. Zimmer proportioned limbs Then she met his L. L. Irwin ... L. D. Parment "I'll call father," she said, but she | W. S. Tull still nesitated. That gentle pause Wrolstadt & Er brought the blood to John Dorr's face. S. O. Dillman S. O. Dillman C. I. Stafford G. N. Edwards A. C. Howland Chas. Vonderah E. F. Anderson A. Schram Jeppe Rasmussen 6.00 E. Woodward Elmer Dixon 6.00 H. M. Templeto Mrs. Claire Buchanan 3.00 Chas. W. Pope Clara was well to sea. He was awak- E. H. Cooper 6.00 Nan Chapman ened from it by the sound of an alter H. L. Hull 3.00 F. A. Olmsted Mary R. Caufield 6,00 John Lowry U. G. Kellogg 3.00 L. P. Horton . S. R. Green J. K. Morris Geo. H. Miller 3.00 Oregon City Enterprise 635.57 Pacific Telephone Co. 31.00 Will Shannon 6.00 B. F. Weddle 1.00 Home Telephone Co. 16.25 Elva Blanchard 6.00 G. A. Bergren 24.00 Oregon City Enterprise 15.00 J. L. Meldrum 3.00 Ona Renner 38.70 City of Oregon City 3.00 Iva M. Harrington 1.60 R. Seiler 3.00 E. J. Maple 2.30 D. E. Frost 8335 3.00 John R. Richie 6.00 A. F. Hagland Janett Scott Margaret Rugg E. A. Smith 3.00 F. H. Dungan 9.50 Carl Bartatrom 6.00 3.00 M. A. Mather 3.00 E. L. Davidson 5.00 Fred Wagner 9.00 W. F. Miller W. F. Young 13,00 E. A. M. Cone 9.00 H. F. Gibson 9.00 W. A. Heylman Elmer Todd 10.00 J. W. Smith J. A. Dewer 10.40 Percy A. Cross Wm. Morand 6.00 6.00 W. W. Jesse 3.00 C. W. Kelly James Bell 3.00 B. Ownbey C. H. Edwards 6.00 J. S. Owings 6.00 W. Knight 6.00 Wm. Grisenthwaite W. V. Rogers 3.00 J. C. Elliott 3.00 W. E. Kelso 9.00 F. H. King 3.00 P. D. Newell C. G. Vorhers 11.00 T. G. Jonsrud Clerk.
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 Paul Dunn
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R. P. Grady 9.00 Recorder

OVEMBER 27, 1914.		-	and the second s	
	Behool Dist. No. 41	3.00	2. O, Bitaata	-
Saming to destruction tay but on the	W. L. White			
bortson.	W. P. Prahl	6.00	Chas. Lakin	
137, 23 west; 81, 27 north.		6.00		
But how to remember them? How	and the second se	6,00		
to keep this precious information in his head. His groping fingers found		6.00		
the key. A moment later be was	J. H. Miley	6.00		
scratching the numbers on its soft sur	W. C. Kenyan	6.00		
face	School Dist. No. 60	3,00		
"This," he said through his sait	August Hubort	7.00		
parched tips, "is the master key." He	15 12 Clockarling	7.50		
stared up at the blue sky, and then	W. H. Brown	7.50		
bowed his head in utter weakness.	C. C. Miller	7.60		
"If Wilkerson is allve be knows.	A. M. Kirchem	9.70	THE REPORT OF THE PARTY OF THE	
Every day is the same. When can 1	J. E. LaCroy	7,50		
and the secret of "The Master Key?"	Louis Funk	7.50	I FR. I WE MATTER	1000
Thomas Gallon then picked up his	Ed Miller Dist. No. 14	2,50	The transmitter and the second second second	
letter file and dully looked over its		6.00	TT . Ph. Bourses and a bourse and a second	
contents	D. C. Howell	6.00	LAL NOT AN ADDRESS BARRIES AND ADDRESS AND ADDRESS	- 18
"Funny," he thought to himself, "that that engineer that I wrote to	Henry Elliott	6.00	Harry U. Myera	6.00
Drake about has not turned up." He	G. P. Horton	3.00	P. C. Burk	6.00
fumbled the letter uncertainly, but the	M. Klinger	3.00	Clarence H. Wilson	6.00
name caught his eye-John Dorr.	P. Hanson P. J. Winkle	9.00	W. F. Schooley	
At that very moment the motor stage	L. L. Porter	6.00	Chas. Bollinger	
chugged slowly into camp, and a tall,	Moreita Hickman	6.00	Harry Greaves	1000
heavily built man swung down into the street, suit case in hand. He took	Bertha Davenport	- 2221	E. D. Van Auken	1.22
ed about him with a trained eye. He	James Nichols	2.00	H. W. Kochler	24
saw the opening of a mine upon the	I. N. Tauter	3.00	Mrs. Moreland	24
hill-the trestle crawling toward the	H. C. Green	3.00	W. W. Myera	100
dump, the pump house-all the para-	City of West Linn	5.00	Mae H. Cardwell	Has
phernalis of an active mine, but he also perceived that the stamp mill was	Chas. P. Wagner	9.00	H. L. Chandler	1.
alian perceived that the stating data was	R. F. McGinnis	9.00	J. H. Clarke	4.10
"I'll bet they've lost the lodel" be	M. Tauchman	9.00	Henry Streibig	2.35
thought to himself. He turned to a	H. D. Aden	12.00	Frank Ervin	4.85
miner who was passing and asked,	Cora Hasselbrink	9.00	M. F. McCown	7.86
"Where is Mr. Gallon ?"	Amelia Peters	9.00	Opal Dowling	2.60
"Up there in that bungalow," was	Geo. Aden	11.00	Emma Gaff	2.50
the reply. John Dorr straightened himself up	Thomas Johnson	6.50	Roth Elkins	1,69
and went quietly up the acclivity, until	J. C. Edwards	6.00	Ethel Masney	
he dually arrived before a typical Call-	Ed Gross	1.00	W. Thompson	27.68
forms house. To his great astoniab-	D. W. Farmer		E. R. Leaf	5.60
ment a slender, fair haired girl con-	R. A. Junken and anticonstruction	9.00	Jacob Peters	10.00
fronted him, instead of the brunque, rude miner he had been led to ex-	Gertie Willson	6.00	John White	1.09
pect he would meet on his arrival at	Jess W. Hyatt	6.00	H. G. Starkweather	34.00
"The Master Key "	W. H. Critesor		H. A. Kruse	
"I'm John Dorr," he said awkwardly	Frank Capen		C. R. Livenay	
"I came to see Mr Gallon. i am the	Frank G. Oliver avoidance of		R. L. Greaves any reconciliants	
new mining engineer."	W. L. Snidow	3.00	W. H. Criteser	27.69
	Willamette Fire Dept	6.00	E. W. Smith	36.70
used to Illis clothes were good. He	W. W. Jenso		C. W. Owings	
fairly breathed soap and water, and	O. M. Ausve		L. P. Duffy	
state a set to be the state of the state of the set of	EUA Tull	THE R. LEWIS CO., NO. 4	Liste Gault	22.02
the state of the s	R. W. Zimmerman	12.00	Eugene Lewellen	7.40
	L. L. Irwin		Chas. Hattan	4.60
Tableton in a set of the set of the	L. D. Parmenter		S. F. Scripture	3.09
	W. S. Tull Wrolstadt & Erickson		F. E. Gault	2,20
have also blood to labo Passis from	S. O. Dillman		Robert Miller	9.00
He realized that this was a moment	S. O. Dillman		C. D. Dickerson	7.80
he would always remember.	C. I. Stafford	10000	J. C. Bradley	3.00
(Continued Next Week)	G. N. Edwards		Carl Howell	9.00
COLUMN COUNT	A. C. Howland	6.00	Fred Kamrath	4.60
COUNTY COURT	Chas. Vonderahe	6.00	T. E. Seltz	5.40
	E. F. Anderson		L. F. Churchill	4.00
	A. Schram	100000	B. A. Howard	4.00
Revenue and the second	E. Woodward		Henry Wilson	
	H. M. Templeton	- CO. C	Everett McKinney	1 1 March 10
	Chas. W. Pope	- COM :	Orin Adkins	
	A. Lambert	000001	Lillie A. Bawyer	1.20
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in the second	F. C. Burk		Ida Foster	4.80 -
	F. H. Cross		J. L. Robinson	4.80
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down some notes on a piece of paper.

"Did you say the Indians did not give you the right hunch?" Wilkerson asked suddenly "How often have I got to tell you we're partners. I believe if you got a strike you wouldn't tell me Are we partners or not?" "Yes: we're partners all right. I

haven't found anything "

"What was that stuff you had in your hand?" asked Wilkerson drow-"You're always britiging in a ally lot of dirt and weeking it over, but I notice you kind of keep that dirt in your hand

Wilkerson once more vielded to his physical desire for simply but was awakened by the furking of a corote on the hill. He suddenis mised him. self and let out a curse against the deatrovet of his sheet. Chell he awitth realized that Gallon was still awake sitting by the fireside writing with the same stub pencil

"That's my pencil," he thought dully Old Man Gallon walks off?"

He took out of his pocket a worn appetites

then all the morbid fire in his blood | father's honor. flamed toward his heart Love, life and happiness depended upon the possession of gold. Therefore, with this they grow, and it was with astonish fire in his heart, Wilkerson suddenly ment that Thomas Gallon suddenly got that absolute thirst for gold which found himself in the street of Valle traverses deserts, which has killed Vista. more people than the armies of Europe.

And in his sudden access of physical desire for gold in order to attain this woman he rose to his feet, and there came upon his face a swift expression. stealthy but determined.

He put the photograph away and, light which marked the sheriff's office. pantherlike, stole into the shadow un. In there he found an alert deputy. der the hill and toward the man who had been his partner, but whom he was resolved to kill. He crept along, taking all precautions against disturb- ly got me!" ing a single pebble, until he stood over Gallon, and in the full moonlight he a moment and seemed satisfied. An insaw that Gallon was drawing the plans stant later he was on his feet, buckling and marking the locations of a mine.

himself, "has the old man gone What past the old miner and was bawling guich is this? What place is this? He out into what apparently was a vacant has found the gold, and I'm going to

more going to sleep, but his eyes were place where he knew Gallon had gone. open, and he saw Gallon marking Miles and hours became to him as nothing, yet finally through his sharpened senses he smelled water, and as get your partner all right now." And the sun was rising over San Jacinto mountains he fell face downward into a stream. Some instinct told him that towns were built on bills: that consequently to find the town he should go upstream. So he struggled, stemming the current, dragging his feet, his left hand clinched into the folds of his shirt over the wound. In his heart

thirst burned in his very marrow

was still smoldering the fiame which in the fulness of his physical strength had been hatred of his partner. "I'll get him yet," be muttered.

CHAPTER IL.

F AR away on the same dimly lit ing the same light Thomas was a murderer. What would happen to Ruth if he were convicted of killing "There is not another pencil in this his partner? This was the thought desert. How can I write to Dolores if which drove him on-onward toward the little speck across the mesa. Careless of the cactus, of the sagebrush, ableather wallet and drew out the pic- solutely unmindful of the little gultures, unadorned by the photographer's tramped steadily onward, and as he art, were appealing to the man of his did so there was formulated in his mind a plan not only to save the gold He looked at this a moment, and for his daughter, but to save her

> It is true of lights and ideals that the farther you follow them the fainter

There is a lot of silent influence in the mere sight of closed doors. Gallon looked down the street, and every door

was closed except one. No hospitality. One single sign showed that law and order, always vigilant, held their sway. He staggered on toward the green

"Who are you?"

"I am Gallon." he said firmly. "The outlaws have got my partner and near-

The deputy looked at him shrewdly on his belt and revolver, and in a sec-"How far," he thought forcefully to ond instant he had brushed his way street. Gallon dimly heard his call.

"Well, thank God it's daylight," said the sheriff to Gallon. "I guess we can even as he spoke the dusk suddenly became enriched by the light of the sun rising in the east. The moment it struck the brass on his pony's bridle Gallon involuntarily reined in. Through his blistered lips he muttered: "Goldi

cation.

Inquiring eyes were turned on him. The sheriff shoved his horse over and asked, "What gold ?" At the same instant came the deputy

on the other side of him. "Say, chief, he says there was no

Ruth!

gold." A sinewy arm reached out and took Gallon's gun away from him. "I think I better keep this," said the sheriff, his dark countenance growing stern.

So this cavalcade made its way through the freah California dawn Gallon had realized that he until there was a sudden break in the mesa. The deputy threw out his band. "There are a hundred guiches in these mountains. Which one is it, pardner?" At the word "pardner" Gallon pulled himself together. The glitter of the brass on the horse's headstall and that word. Should be tell them the location ture of a woman, whose calm, cold fea- lies made by last year's rains, bp of that guich? The stroke of one horse's hoof might disclose the mother lode, and yet he had told them the outlaws had killed Wilkerson. His horse stumbled and threw him.

When he got up he gropingly pointed his hands toward the hills and mut tered, "That way, boys-that's where they got him."

Half an hour later the posse was grouped about the dead fire, and the sheriff was staring at a blood stained blanket.

"There has been trouble," he said abruptly. Then he turned on Gallon.

"Why is this coffee hot?" he said, lifting up the pot. The brusque tones of the sheriff cut the silence that followed.

"I don't see your man. I don't understand this. You are under arrest-for the murder of"- He looked at Gallon, and the old man involuntarily said, "Wilkerson."

All day the sheriff, with Gallon, his arms pinioned behind him, searched the guilles and guiches for the man whose blood stained blanket they had found. The old man, taciturn as ever, merely said, as if repeating by rote, "The outlaws got him."

When the full moon had risen and the night life of the desert had begun. have it!" He still, watched the nencti His one thought was to play his, part | grotesoue life, built of fleeting forma

You've got to put back to port, said a voice in an ugiy tone. There was a fusilade of shots, and then the deck beneath him tilted slowly. The chest slid down the deck toward shore. Gallon locked the chest, dragged it across the still and then looked back to see an enormous wall Coralie Amrine

of water. This wall crumpled, faded, A. F. Jack Geo, Randall John C. Bradley W. D. Andrews W. B. Howell A. E. Rugg Chas. E. Meeroy

> E. A. Smith B. J. Staats Glenn Mills C. T. Tooze Wm. Campbell Jessie M. Say G. F. Durst J. C. Iler Pearle O. Streeter

P. B. Gray C. S. Fisk "You are under arrest-for the murder

yet left him breathless. What was the W. E. Gunnert matter? Then he saw huge columns John Keisecker of smoke pouring out from the after Chas, Sharuke part of the ship it was not the in. Casper Junker exorable and avenging sea, but fire. He saw the boats go over the side. He Leo Rath saw two men struggling in the tops- P. E. Beckwith yet it was a dream. His consciousness Fred Proctor held but two facts-one the chest that A. E. Bell contained the secret of his mine, the City of Sandy other the key that had locked within G. M. Groshong that strange and allen depository the Scott Carter 6.00 J. E. Pomeroy 1.20 Q. Bowman picture of a little girl. Six hours later a heavy sea drove a Guy Dibble piece of wreckage up the crumbling beach beneath a cliff on the Oregon P. M. Boyles shore. On it was a man-brine drench Bert B. Bird 6.00 G. R. Miller ed. almost unconscious, but still able A. B. Hubbard 6.00 to crawl beyond the reach of the fin- F. W. McLaran 3.00 was Thomas Gallon.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23-Shroud- fog and the sea have exacted a ter- and started out in pursuit. The case Ed Closner 5.00 but no trace of the man could be Geo. W. Johnson 9.00

Edward Sharp 9.00

Klamath Falls Herald: A new way Sam Schleget 9.00

and the needlework turned out by William Koellermeier 9.00

A burglar in the yard of Guy Dwigdone by any woman. gins in Gladstone left post haste for

way through the surf with lines. Two hours have passed since then, the only Saturday night when Mr. Dwiggins. Astoria mud flats are t passengers managed to swim to safety. Information received indicates that the discovered the presence of the man by the dredge Columbia. Astoria mud flats are to be filled in

3.00 Henry C. Wirful 10.00 Miller-Parker Co. 6.00 E. T. Mass 51,50 Hogg Bros. 6.75 3.00 L. C. Hubbard 6.00 H. S. Anderson 3.10 3.00 Huntley Bros. Co. 22.97 W. W. Mattoon 40.00 1.00 3.00 E. T. Quinn 3.60 Wm. Gardner 2.00 3.09 Frank Ott 2.98 Oregon City Ice Works 5.19 Justice of the Peace 3.00 E. W. Bartlett 3.60 C. W. Lee \$ 1.8 .70 John N. Seivera 67.59 .30 J. E. Miller 5.00 3.00 C. E. Warren 9.90 N. M. Tracy 6.00 3.00 L. W. Andrews 54.00 Carl Bartatrom 71.90 3.60 E. M. Kellogg 14.45 10.70 J. E. Pomeroy 9.75 3.00 C. D. Purcell 5.00 F. L. Mack 1.00 Fred Proctor 1.00 6.90 Martin Mickelson 1.00 30 E. Burnett 1.00 1.20 Carl Shetterly 1.00 9.00 A. J. Ware 5.50 R. E. Eason 1.00 9.00 Joe J. Thornton 2.10 T. D. Phelps 2.10 ,60 A. J. Morrison 50 John St. Clair 1.90 6.40 Edward Wolf 1.80 2.80 James DeShazer 2.00 3.40 A. Updegrave30 M. Weist 2,60 3.75 P. T. Shelley 1.00 3.00 J. C. Marquam 2.40 N. O. Say 6.40 .70 A. A. Wood 6.90 8.74 E. L. Davidson 16.35 .70 Jno. C. Haines, Jr. 6.90 2.20 Le Roy Fox 170 .60 Arthur J. Moore 2.50 2.10 1.90 L. C. Hubbard 5.70 6.00 C. W. Devore 11.10 W. P. Herman 1.80 .60 Maud Wold 6.00 D. F. LeFever 1.00 City of Oregon City 2.75 Coroner 8.00 Wm. J. Wilson\$ 27.25 Roy F. Hahn 1.70 Geo. A. Rutherford 1.20 John J. Wallace 1.20 C. T. Seivers 11.50 Thomas Dunn 14.00 Ed Reckner 6.80 Treasurer 5.00 these prisoners is as good as that Henry A. Baker 9.00 Adding Machine Co. \$ 1.00 Miss Swales 5,00 J. W. Norris Assessor Julius Iderhof\$ 10.50 Huntley Bros. Co.\$ 5,00 .80 Guy Mount R. DeNein 9,90 J. E. Jack 3.00 (Continued on page 7.)



SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 23 .- Five sengers and crew. members of a crew of livesavers try-

ed in the milky white fog which lured rible toll. the little steamer Hanalei, of the In- Off the fringe of the outer reef, undependent Steamship company, to de able to lend assistance because of the found. struction on the jagged teeth of Dux- nasty swell, three steamers-the revbury Reef, "the graveyard of the Pa- enue cutter Rainbow and the oil tankcific," is the fate of the more than ers Richmond and El Segundo-are two score people making up her pas-The Hanalei, bound here from Eu-

ing to reach the steam schooner Ha-and a ship's company of 30 hands, nalej were drowned early tonight. Two drove into the rock-studded shoals, of the Hanalei's crew were drowned nine miles north of the Golden Gate, late today while trying to make their this morning, and, although many the tall timber east of the town late

waiting for the impenetrable mist to lift and reveal the tragedy.

DWIGGINS CHASES BURGLAR