"THE MASTER KEY"

By John Fleming Wilson

CHAPTER V. The Night Rider.

HE light in the bungalow on the bill across the valley winked as some one passed beneath it and the window. "I can see clearly enough," said Wil-

kerson, "that there is a girl mixed up in this affair. Tom Gallon never walked like that"

He rode slowly down the steep hill till be reached the pumping engine. Bill Tubbs, the bulky, sodden faced engineer, came to the doorway.

"Is this "The Master Key?" demanded Wilkerson. "It certainly is." was the response.

"And-old Tom Gallon runs RT" Wilkerson pulled out a flask, divining Bill Tubbs' ruling vice, and the engineer, after a long drink, wiped his mouth with the back of his olly hands. inlly.

"So you are looking for Thomas Galion, are you? Well, he owns this mine. but it's mostly run by a young girl there in that bungalow on the hill. You see, Tom sin't up to what he used to be. The ere is getting worse every day and the old man's sick up there in

"I'm going up to see him now," said Wilkerson. He rode on a few yards and surveyed the snug houses, stamp mill and all the apparatus of the growing mine and sparled: "So this is what be wanted for himself."

The man be was seeking lay propped up in bed. To Ruth he gave everything-silks and down and all the soft things of this life. Himself he still slept on a hard cot with a straw pillow under his head-that is, he had slept. It seemed to him that sleep had forever fied, and he was now looking up into Ruth's face almost pleadingly, trying to keep his grim old lips from asking sympathy. There was reason in his mind that he should accept so tender ministration from the sacrifice must be complete; so when his daughter bent over him and asked him if he felt all right he mustered a

"There's nothing the matter with me, Ruth," he was saying, and his glance sought that of John Dorr, who stood at the foot of the bed. The eyes of the two men met, and Dorr imperceptibly nodded his bead in token that be would not tell. Not that he yet knew the secret of "The Master Key," but he recognized the fact that sooner or later he was to know.

Ruth stooped over and said:

"Papa, I don't believe you do feel well. I'm going to make you some thing bot to drink. I'll bring you a toddy." And she went into the kitchen and shut the door.

When she was gone John podded a pleasant "Good night," and also left. Then old Thomas Gallon rose and went to his worn desk and got his well

thumbed diary. "I am haunted." be wrote slowly, "al ways haunted. Am I to die without

knowing whether Wilkerson is alive and that Ruth is safe?" At that moment he glanced up and thought he saw the sinister face of his

former partner at the window. By the strongest effort of will be managed to control himself and went on writing: "Wilkerson still alive by night!

When will be come out into the day? He shall never have the key that would unjock the secret to my little girl's happiness. I will trust John." Fancy to yourself scenes that must have fled like swift films before the

old man's eyes as be put the diary away. The desert and its mortal thirst: Wilkerson, ever drinking greedfly of precious water; gold; murder; his escape with the plans, their loss in the chest when the vessel went down in a caldron of flame; the image of his dying wife; the picture of the babe be had lifted from her chill breast -Ruth, for whom he had suffered. He bowed his head on his folded arms. Such is the bitterness that the night brings upon those who are alone.

When Ruth came in with the steaming glass of toddy she quietly set the glass down and went out on the porch to look at the light across the gulch which marked John Dorr's window. Youth was calling to youth.

It was no apparition shat Gallon had seen at the window this time. It was really Wilkerson, who, after one satis-

fied glance, rode swiftly away. It was midnight when he rapped at the door of the Valle Vista railroad station and called the sleepy agent. "I want to get a telegram through right away," he said brusquely. "There

is an extra dollar in your pocket if you can rush it." The slender boy who represented the Rocky Mountain Southern ratiroad si-

lently led the way in, turned up the wick of the lamp and shoved blanks and pencil across the counter. "You look half asleep to me," Wilkersop growled as he picked up the pen-

The boy scanned the stranger quietly and opened the drawer of his telegraph desk and faced his visitor

again. Wilkerson caught the glint of the steel barrel of a revolver in that drawer.

"You must have some money in the safe," he snaried. The boy looked at him with steely

bine eyes and stated in a perfectly matter of fact tone. "I merely wanted to show you that I am awake." Their glances met. It was Wilkerson's eyes

He grasped the pencil and wrote on the yellow blank:

Valle Vista, Cal., March 17. Jean Darnell, Astor House, New York City, N. Y.: Have found Gallon at last. Address "Master Key" mine tomorrow

WILKERSON. He shoved the paper across to the operator and said roughly: "Now, earn that extra dollar!" He banged two sll-

ver coins on the counter. The operator scanned the message, took another look at his customer and shoved one of the coins back.

"The charge to New York is \$1," be said mildly.

Wilkerson scowled, "Well, rush that anyway!" He strode out of the little office and mounted his horse. The weary animal tried to turn in toward its accustomed corral, but its rider reined it sharply back into the road toward "The Master Key" mine. "I think Gailon will recognize me. be muttered to himself.

Tom Kane, who since the beginning of the camp had been the open handed but close mouthed cook, sounded his triangle.

Immediately poured out from the quarters of the unmarried men a strenm of miners. As he had done for many years. Thomas Gallon went to the window to watch this morning ceremony. He saw that the men greeted John Dorr respectfully, yet gen-

"It was a lucky day when John Dorr came," he muttered to blinself. Then his eye caught the figure of a horseman riding leisurely down the street. apparently careless of the scowis from the men against whom he brushed roughly.

The old man rubbed his eves feebly and looked again. Yes, it was true. He could never mistake that figure or that saturnine visage. God! Why had his bullet not gone through that face? He reached for his gun with somewhat of the vigor of youth; he was safe now. One shot out of that window and that figure that had haunted him for years would tumble and fall and forever disappear from his life. He could do it.

He put the gun down quietly and dropped his chin on his breast. He realized that his years of struggle had broken down the indomitable spirit of his youth and his pride. He was an old man; he could not keep Wilkerson from

Harry Wilkerson saw that face at the window, and his smile hardened. lovely girl who stood beside him. His He thought he would take Gallon by surprise possibly, but before he rapped



"Still partners in 'The Master Key.'

on the redwood door Gallon had had time to clutch the key-"The Master Key" to the riches in San Jacinto mine-and hurriedly thrust it into a drawer in the desk and shut it from sight. As the door swung open the two men

looked at each other. Then the younger man said softly, "Pardner!"

"Pardner!" said Gallon, as if incredglous. He called to his aid all his frail physical strength to face the final catastrophe.

"Still partners," said Wilkerson, stepping on in and closing the door; "still partners in 'The Master Key!'

Involuntarily Gallon clutched at his thront, where that golden key bung so long. Could be live to fight this thing through? The agony in his chest was unbearable. "What do you want?"

Wilkerson flung his riding quirt on the table and pulled off his gantlets. "Well," he drawled, "partner, I guess there are several things 1 want." He fixed his dark eyes on the old man "And there's one thing I'm going to have, and that's my share of "The Master Ker."

"Your share?" parried Gallon. "My share?" said Wilkerson, realizing that he controlled the situation. "I have returned for my just due!

Now, listen, partner, I am going to stand no nonsense."

"What have you been doing all these years?" the old man asked dully 'Why haven't you been here before?" "None of your business," snarled Wilkerson. "All I've got to say is that I managed to get to New York. Now I'm back after finding out that you made a strike, the find you made when we

here? Gallon looked at his enemy with the simplicity of an old man telling a proved truth. "They were all my

were partners. How did you get back

friends," he said. 'Friends?" said Wilkerson in a suddealy changed voice, and, thrusting his contorted face close to Gallon's, don't care about your friends, but you better care about the enemy you made."

For one instant the mine owner's of the mine. He used to be my partface grew stern and pitiless. But he ner. It won't interfere with your work heard a step on the outside porch, and any." He paused for breath. "In fact, his face softened.

"My God, Harry; I did it for the

The evil soni of Wilkerson flared behind those cold eyes of his, and for the first time in his life he told the left. truth of his inmost heart, "And I must have my share of 'The Master Key' to charge right away.' He picked up a panned out pretty good for awhile, but buy a woman."

"What woman?"

Vista five years ago-that woman you rapidly: thought your little daughter too good to speak to? It was you who drove her out of camp, and now"-be smiled fatultunaly-"she's rich and in New York, and she hates you?"

Gailen bowed his head. "What is it you want, Harry?" be whispered buskily.

The other man pulled a paper out of his pocket and threw it on the ta-"There's a contract for you to atam.

At this moment the door opened, and Ruth entered. She stared a moment at the visitor and then looked anxiously at her father, who said: "This is an old partner of mine.

Ruthy-Harry Wilkerson." Ruth shyly looked at the tall stranger and then shook hands with him. He held her gentle fingers a second too long. Her face flushed, and she retired without a backward glance.

Without paying any more attention to the old man, who had now subsided into a chair by the table, Wilkerson walked to the window and watched the slim, girlish figure of the young girl tripping down the hill. Then he swung on the old man harshly: "Well, I need a job. You need a new superintendent, don't you? I guess I'll take

He stepped quickly to the window once more. This time he saw Ruth, of the real lode was unknown and with Tom Kane, the old cook, and another, in front of the cook house. "Come here, Tom. Who is that talk-

ing to that girl of yours?" he said. Gallon got up heavily from his chair the golden key which held his secret. and walked over to the window, and he could not repress an expression of

relief. "Oh, that's the mining engineer of 'The Master Key,' John Dorr," With a quick swing Wilkerson was this? back, leaning over the table. He picked up the paper. "Sign bere!" he said insolently.

Wilkerson picked up a pen, dipped it and put it in the old man's hand. "Slim!"

Gallon made a last faint protest: "I

ean't do it?"

Just as the last letter of that signature, which had so long stood for respectability, was blotted at the foot of

the paper Ruth entered. "Your father has just made me superintendent of this mine. I'm his old

partner, you know!" Ruth looked at her father with consternation "Why - why - I thought

Thomas Gallon looked up and wiped his lips. "Yes." he said dully, "I have made my old-my old-partner superintendent of 'The Master Key.' " "I expect we'll see a good deal of each other from now on." Wilkerson

said silkily, and with those slim, white ward and stooped over. fingers of his he reached out and pinched Ruth's cheek, Ruth did not draw back. She clinch

ad her firm little hand and Wilkerson he whisnered received a blow in the mouth that made him stagger back. At the moment that he received that read it aloud:

stinging blow he heard a movement to one side of him, and, with the old instinctive fear of Thomas Gallon, he gun at his hip. He met the flaring happy." could not hope to master-would be firm hand the further words: love for the girl whom he had just in

He made a daring apology, the apology of the coward and the llar. "I beg your pardon, Ruth, but you used to sit

She merely glanced at him and went out of the bungalow. She did not see key in Ruth's iap. her father rise to his full height and



"I can't do it!"

straighten his bent shoulders to say, "I killed you once for her sake, and n you, I'll kill you again, old as I

"Come on." Wilkerson said roughly, "don't get excited. Now take me down and introduce me to the boys." Gailon sighed heavily as he obeyed

and took him to where John Dorr was now starting his day's work. "John." he said heavily, "this is Harry Wilkerson, the new superintendent

your shoulders." John looked at Wilkerson. His heart was filled with bitterness, but he simply said, "All right, Mr. Gallon," and

"Well," said Wilkerson, "Pli take fips bissed hate as be returned: "Do Thomas Gallon stepped feebly away.

you remember that woman to Valle. When he was gone Wilkerson wasts fog at all unless she takes the advice

"Master Key Mina" via Stiant Valley, March 18, 19-Jean Darsell, Aster House, New York

Jean Durset, Ast City, N. Y.; I have just been appointed superintend-ent of this side; tell George; letter fol-EARRY. He stared down at his own signature with a strange feeling that it was new

letters instead of figures! He winced as he seemed to hear her say: "I'll never marry you until you are rich. Get the money and you shall have Jean The new superintendent gritted his

teeth, folded up the telegram and called roughly to a boy lounging outside on the perch:

"Here, take this to the telegraph station, and be quick about it?" Then be addressed himself to an examination of the reports and time sheets and various papers that explained the working of the mine. His soft, white flugers caressed receipts that spoke of gold extracted from the earth.

CHAPTER VI.

The Golden Key. FTER he had left his former partner in the office Thomas Gallon slowly went up to the bungalow. There was a glimmer of satisfaction in his dim eyes as he thought of the fact that the location that the plans that might reveal it were far beneath the waters of the Pacific. He went inside to the deak and picked out of the locker drawer

He stared at it and read the num bers that marked the position of the lost vessel, and the chest that held the Whom could be trust with He looked out of the window and called to John Dorr.

"John!" he quavered. "I've stready told you a little about my finding this mine and about my old partner." "Wilkerson?"

"Yes. Wilkerson; but there is another secret. I lost the location of the mother lode in a wreck at sea. The chest slipped overboard; but find the wreck and somewhere near it is that old carved chest, and when you open the chest"- The old man suddenly staggered forward into Dorr's arms.

"I killed him once," he muttered feebly, and then the silence which presages the wordlessness of eternity overcame him. John gently laid him down on the bed and called Ruth.

"Father!" she called softly as she knelt by the bedside.

Thomas Gallen stood on the great divide, but he turned back a moment to gather his strength. Then he motioned with his gnarled hand for John. The young man stepped quietly for-

"My will, John! I leave Ruth The Master Key.' In my desk-bring it?" When the desired paper was brought

"Rend it!" John Dorr opened the document and

daughter, Ruth, to come into her full possession on her eighteenth birthday. I

from his seat, and understood that un- lifted himself still farther up and calltil life left that decrepit frame its mas- ed for a pen and ink. Then, mustertering passion-the passion which he ing his falling powers, he wrote in a I direct that my daughter keep Harry Wilkerson as superintendent until she is

alghteen. I appoint as executor of this. The pen fell from his fingers, and he

and tore at the string that held the golden key. It broke, and he put the "That is the secret." he muttered

"John knows-and Wilkerson. Trust John." Again he opened his eyes and motioned toward the desk. "The letter!" he cronked. Ruth's quick intuition led her to the desk again, and she found in the same

drawer that had held the will a sealed envelope addressed:

be opened on Ruth's eighteenth birthday. Sooner if her welfare is threat-Gallon turned his dimming eyes to

Ruth, who took both his chilling hands

"Child! "The Master Key' keep atways near you. Some day"-he choked -"it will bring you riches, happiness and love."

When he first heard that Gation was dead Wilkerson was appalled. He thought of the woman in New York and regained his courage. This was a case where he must win by brute force. He must immediately show his authority. He who struck first would win, be thought; yet in the back of his consciousness was the realization that he did not know what disposition Gallon had made of the property. And where was that rich vein of gold that would buy him Jean Darnell, with her velvet ways and ber dark eyes of topaz?

Perhaps because for several years he had not handled other men, but been himself a mere cog in a great machine Wilkerson mistook the spirit of the miners. He did not understand that something, made an ugly picture. they had a profound respect for Thomas Gallon

"I must get these people in hand." thought Wilkerson, "and do it quick." He spent the afternoon in making a schedule for a sweeping reduction in it will take a lot of extra details off wages. Then he sent for Bill Tubbs, the engineer. When he had come, gross, flquor sodden and half insolent, the superintendent inughed at him. "Tubbs, what do you know about

"Well." Tubbs answered, "the ore telegraph blank and sat down at the they lost the mother lode. There ain't desk with a new assurance. As if he a carload worth a dollar come out of Wilkerson leaned forward, and his had been dismissed by his superior, here in three months, and that little girl up on the hill won't have noth-

of some of us old timers and fires that young squirt of an engineer, John

Wilkerson Jenned over and his face suddenly grew white in its intensity of "I'm the superintendent of this mine

Now gul Tubbs looked autonished at the tone. but obeyed. Wilkerson smiled to bimself. One

man, and he one of the most important in the camp, was his absolute tool and slave. He took his pen and rapidly wrote out an order; "After this day all wages in this mine will be reduced 25 per cent."

He called one of the bookkeepers and curtly ordered him to post it on the wall of the office outside. A surprise awaited him, however, in the attitude of the miners. They paid no attention to the notice he had posted on the office wall, nor did they seem to recognize the presence of the new superintend-He questioned Ed Mayer, the

loading boss. "Miss Ruth is running "The Master Key!" Mayer replied.

After the passing of Thomas Gallon things at the mine went very quietly for a few weeks. John Dorr had accepted the subordinate position under Wilkerson and was faithfully de-



He Jerked Wilkerson to His Feet.

voting himself to the intervals of his duties to soothing Ruth's grief. The girl had really been enormously dependent upon her father. She was only a child, but now in her solitariness she turned to John and old Tom Kane with impulsive trust and affection. She tried hard to be brave, but the days were long and the nights longer. The cook house bloomed with fresh roses every day, an excuse for her go, ing down to talk with old Tom, and in the evening, when the shadows fell across the guich, John and she would water the flowers together, and he would tell her of his life in college and In New York.

"I'd love to see New York!" she said a dozen times, and on each occasion John would smile at her and say, "You

Neither of them realized that circumstances would shortly take them both, though separately, to New York, for there was plling up in a secret drawer in Wilkerson's desk letters written in a woman's script. Some of them in scented envelopes on embossed paper. Each one of them was signed "Jean Darnell." When the seventh letter on my knee when you were a little lifted his trembling hand to his throat came the superintendent reread 14

many times: Autor House, New York, May 15 19-Dear Harry-From what you say and from what I learn from George, I think that I would be willing to put up money to buy control of your "Ma mine, but you must be sure about this. I know that old Gallon made me out of it, but I'm also sure that he needing something, as you think. Make the mine worth while and-well. I remen Georga Everett will handle the venge. stock end of it vary quietly when you say the word. Don't let your ugly temper get away from you and look out for Dorr.
JEAN DARNELL.

"Now," thought Wilkerson exultantty, "I can put the screws on Dorr. I'll

fire him." At this moment the man be was thinking so bitterly of appeared, and Wilkerson, while his courage was still fresh, said insolently: "I see you are spending a good deal of time out of your office. The mine can't afford such extravagance. I guess we'll have to have a new mining engineer. I've sent for one, so you better pack."

For the moment John did not speak. They confronted each other for a moment; then Dorr turned on his heel and walked off. As he did so he brushed into old Tom Kane. "The miners won't stand any more of Wilkerson, and they are going to

comes off," Tom cronked. "Lots of them are packing their duds now to get out. D-n him; he has ruined little Ruthle's property!" John looked out of the window and realized that the various groups of

"I'm afraid it's up to them, Tom," he said, a little huskily, "I have been discharged, and I am leaving myself tonight."

miners, tired, sullen, as if waiting for

He was perfectly amazed at the effect of his words. Dropping the coffeepot with a crash on the top of the range, Tom Kane dashed out of the door and into the pearest group of miners, gesticulating and laughing bysterically. He said two words and then Sercely.

"That saves the mine for Ruthle, John," he gasped. "The miners were just going to quit quietlike. Now they will make Wilkerson take you back. and you can make him straightes menters out with them." He peered anxiously up into the

young man's face. "You won't desert her, will you, John?"

With an inarticulate growt John swung out into the sunshine and elbowed his way through the streaming throng of miners just coming off shift. Ahead of him he saw Wilkerson talking to an old miner, who seemed to be arguing earnestly. He saw the superintendent and the miner re-enter the office, and a moment later Ruth appeared.

As John came to the office door be heard the sound of a scuffle within. He kicked open the frail barrier and stood inside just in time to see Wilkerson draw a gup on the old miner.

"Drop that gun, you dog!" he bellowed, and with one leap was at Wilkerson's throat.

Wilkerson was no pigmy to strength and as agile as a panther. He managed to land two stinging blows on John's eve before Dorr drove him on against the wall, iaid his powerful bands on him and thrust bim to the floor in absolute helplessness. His fist was lifted to give the final finishing blow when he caught sight of Ruth's white face. He jerked Wilkerson to his feet, flung him into the corner and strede silently out.

"John, John! What is the matter?" demanded Ruth. "That bound in there discharged mel

I am going to leave tonight." Her eyes slowly filled with tears. You are not going to leave 'The Master Key' mine, are you, John? Andand"- Before he could answer her appeal in words there was a wild roar down the street and the tramp of boot-

"Get the dynamite and blow the fellow up!" bawled a couple of hoarse

"Get a rope and bang him to the holst?" yelled another. Then a full chorus of angry cries rose into the evening air and filled the valley with Quickly John drew Ruth aside in the

shelter of one of the cottages and said hurriedly: "This must be stopped, Roth. I'll get out there and stop them!" Ruth's property was in peril. John's stentorian voice rang out across the throng: "Stop, men! Stop!" But be

out of hand. He perceived three or

four of the tunnel men racing down the hill to join in the fracas. One of them, he was sure, had been to the powder house. He gritted his teeth and made his last appeal. "Ruth-Ruth Gallon!" he called. Doubtless none of the miners had noticed her presence, and when her siender figure emerged from a doorway. boldly yet modestly out toward the

silence was portentous. In it was de cided the fate of "The Master Key." It was broken by wild and tumultuous cheers as John tifted Ruth on the box, and she held out her slender arms in girlish entresty to the men she

man who was trying to hold them in

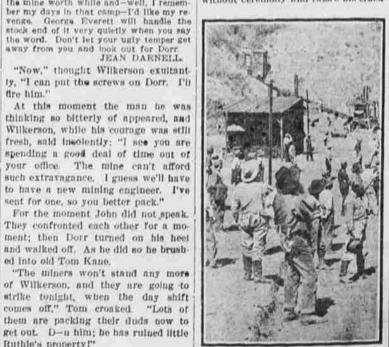
check, there was a dead ellence. That

knew so well. Cowed, yet as ever alert to snatch at any opening. Wilkerson now came boldly on the scene. Just as be had bluffed his way many a time before, he now made a play on which he knew his own safety depended. He mounted on the box beside Ruth. "Miss Gallon has asked me to restore the former rate of wages!" he shouted.

"It has been done." What meant that ominous slience? What more must be say to those faces upturned to his? "And I have reappointed John Dorr to run this mine," he muttered. Possibly he hoped that those low,

attentive ears caught them up and knew their meaning. Old Tom Kane came through the crowd, thrust Wilkerson off the box without ceremony and raised his crack-

hoarse tones would not earry far, but



"Stop, men, stop!"

ed voice in a yell that brought a perfeet thunder of cheers from the miners Without waiting to listen for more Wilkerson went away with as much bravado as he could muster to the

On his way he picked up his gun. which John had flung through the window, and thrust it in the bosom of his shirt, with a meaning giance backward at John Dorr, who was now belping Ruth through the crowds toward the bungaiow, followed by a yelling, rushed back, his bright eyes gleaming tramping, laughing, bellowing column

Once Inside the office Wilkerson went to his deak and unlocked the drawer which held that seventh letter. "Some time"- he muttered meaningly."



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MEMORIAL SERVICES SUN.

DAY AFTERNOON

Quartette Consisting of T. A. Burks. H. A. Swafford, H. Hollowell and V. C. Gault Furnishes

The hall of Oregon City lodge, Na 1189, of the Henevolent and Protective Order of Elks was well filled Suning afternoon with members of the loan and others to attend the annual Hemorial services. The following pro-

soon saw that the crowd was getting gram was rendered: Opening ceremonies, by the lodge nembers, William R. Logus, exaltsf ruler; opening ode, by the lodge members; invocation, Rev. P. K. Hammond; "What Is Late," (Aller), by male quartette, T. A. Burke, H. A. Swafford, H. Hollowell, V. C. Gault; memorial address, R. R. Butler, Heppner lodge, No. 358; vocal solo, "la Heavenly Love Abiding," (Robarts), Mrs. John F. Risley, Miss Sue Kenny, accompanist; eulogy, Joseph E. Hed-Roses Bloom," (Reichardt), Mrs. John F. Risley; closing ceremonies, the lodge members; "We are Going Don! the Valley," (Fillmore), male que-

tette; benediction, Rev. P. K. Hanmond. The Oregon City lodge has lost the following members since it was insttuted: Ralph C. Dimick, October II. 1911; W. E. Carll, P. E. R., November 29, 1911; O. Tonkin, Jr., April 21, 1913; E. T. Fields, February 18, 1913; W. A. Shewman, April 21, 1913; M. J. Lazelle, October 10, 1913; G. W. Bingham, 0c tober 30, 1913; E. S. Follansbee, No. vember 29, 1913; Fred H. Rice, Octo-

The memorial day committee was Roy O. Young, J. J. Tobin and Gerga E. Swafford. The ushers were C.L. Bollinger, E. K. Stanton, W. L. Mulver. F. F. Parrish and H. L. Martin.

SELLING'S ELECTION AS SPEAKER IS SURE

ENOUGH VOTES ARE ALREADY

PLEDGED TO INSURE CHOICE

OF PORTLANDER PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 3.—Ben Selling of Portland doubtless will be speak er of the house at the next session of

the legislature.

It is probable that Mr. Selling will have more than 40 votes on the first ballot when the legislature organizes. The only opponent of Mr. Selling remaining in the field is Allen H. Eston, of Eugene, who according to mouthen ticated reports, has a maximum of 15

pledged votes. The Portland man will have the support not only of the solid Multnomab delegations of 12 members, but of nearly all the representatives from eastern Oregon, most of whom were waiting for action by the Multnomah caucus. He also will have five or six votes from western Oregon representatives, some of whom heretofore considered the advisability of supporting Mr. Enton.

"I am confident that I'll be elected speaker," said Mr. Selling tonight. "I have more than enough votes to elect me pledged already. Several representatives in the outlying districts of the state, who I am sure will support me, have yet to be heard from The will increase my majority, I'll be elected. There's no question about

Portland gave a tocal firm of contractors the big Shattucg school contract over a lower bidder in Montana-

Merz & Lather are going to give Forent Grove a creamery and ice cream

(Continued Next Weak.)

One