

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

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THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

CHAPTER XIX.

A Message From the Grave.

WILKERSON'S fall from the trestle had not been unnoticed by his outlaws, and before any one in the camp could make sure that the man was dead a couple of the Mexicans had quickly slipped down the hill to him.

It was not long before Wilkerson revived. He was terribly bruised and almost insane from physical pain and wild rage at his defeat.

"They have beaten us so far, senator," he said quietly, "and you are very sick. Tomorrow we shall see."

The next morning's sun had scarcely touched the peaks of the mountains when Wilkerson stretched his stiff, sore limbs and began a fresh campaign.

"It won't be long before the news of this fighting gets out and the authorities take a hand," he said. "But if we can just get back into our possession in the next three days I can hire you and your men as peacable workmen and swear that Dorr and his gang are trying to take my property away by force."

Wilkerson covertly studied the desperado's impassive visage. Jose Vigna bore a renowned name on the border for daring, shrewdness and wickedness.

"Very well," agreed the Mexican after thoughtfully considering the matter. "We can get back into Mexico in twenty-four hours from here. So long as you pay us and let us do what we call it—loot, my men are with you."

Wilkerson twisted his wiry mustaches. "And then?"

The men looked each other in the eye. That evil glance was sufficient. John Dorr and Tom Kane, meanwhile, had been in constant consultation.

"Ruth oughtn't to be here," John would say dimly. "If it weren't for her we could quickly settle these outlaws, for that's all they are."

"I reckon nobody would cry at the inquest," the cook returned. "If we did get a few of them. But, as you say, the girl is here, and that puts fighting out of the question. Unless they start it," he added cautiously.

"Wilkerson is bound to make some kind of a move mighty soon," said Dorr. "He can't satisfy those fellows of his for long."

Yet when Wilkerson appeared at the entrance to the camp one morning with a motley train of followers Dorr was at a loss to know what to do.

His boldness had almost carried him through when the ignorance and cowardly of one of Vigna's men gave John and Kane the surety wished for opening.

The Mexican peered into the window of one of the cabins and saw a gold watch on the table. Instantly he broke the glass with the butt of his carbine and reached in for his booty.

Dorr and Kane had warned the miners at the first appearance of Wilkerson that there might be trouble brewing, but that the first blow must come from the other side.

"Boys," said the old cook, "you know the sheriff. He's listened to both sides, and he don't rightly know which is the one to take. But one thing is certain—he's got to keep order and protect human life and our property. If those fellows make a wrong move we've got the sheriff on our side."

They had seen the point, with many mutterings. They had quietly prepared themselves for just the occasion which the Mexican's net now gave. As the bandit pulled his arm back with the watch in his hand a revolver cracked, and the arm fell shattered to his side.

"But you want it all," the sheriff said dubiously. "Sure; it's all mine," persisted the other. "Didn't Gallon use all the money he got out of it while I was away? And when we came to a settlement he found that the mine wouldn't pay half he owed me."

"I'm simply a peace officer," the sheriff said finally. "I don't know who's in the right. That's for the court to decide."

"Wasn't I in possession?" demanded Wilkerson. "Haven't I been driven out by force, me and my workmen?"

"From what I've seen of your workmen," was the curt response, "I don't like their looks. And there are tales going around that Vigna is for the court to decide."

"How can I help who's in the country?" demanded Wilkerson, much injured. "That's your lookout, not mine. All I'm asking for is protection."

The sheriff departed without giving him any satisfaction, and Wilkerson determined that he would act. The

he felt that a superior authority should handle so delicate a situation. The governor had agreed and ordered a troop of cavalry to the "Master Key" to preserve order. It was just when Wilkerson had seen his chance for a grand coup that the troopers arrived.

Ruth, with some of the women, had taken refuge in John's house on the hill, with old Tom Kane as their body-guard. Wilkerson knew that if he could capture Ruth he could make his own terms. He directed several of his men to make a detour around the hill and effect this. Meanwhile he set fire to a cabin below in order to distract the attention of Dorr and his men.

The ruse had nearly succeeded but for Kane's quickness. Though he had not used his gun for many years, he had lost none of his old-time skill, and when the marauders made their final dash on the porch of the house the cook, with a single glance over his shoulder, shot from the hip. His man tumbled dead at Ruth's feet, and his companions sneaked back.

At that instant the cavalry rushed in, and before five minutes were passed their commander had separated the combatants and proceeded to disarm them.

He then called Dorr and Wilkerson to him and curiously stated that his orders were to see that there was no trouble. "What your quarrel is I don't know," he said.

Wilkerson tried to argue, but neither the officer nor the sheriff, who now arrived, would listen to him. They also turned a deaf ear to John Dorr's statement of Wilkerson's crimes, including the kidnaping of Ruth in San Francisco.

"If you have anything against Wilkerson," the sheriff asserted, "swear out a warrant for him. I'll serve it quick enough."

With this John must perforce be satisfied, but after a conference with Kane it was agreed that the latter should go to the county seat and make formal complaint and procure a warrant for Wilkerson's arrest on the ground of forgery.

"You and I know those deeds he flourishes aren't genuine," John said earnestly. "Let's make it an issue and try it in court. At any rate, we'll be rid of him for awhile."

"I know you're right," the old cook assented heartily. "I'll be off today. With these troopers around the greasers won't dare do anything openly. But keep your eyes open, John! They will sneak something across if they can."

"Trust me for that," was the reassuring response. But when Kane had gone Dorr realized that he was in a nasty predicament. Wilkerson was desperately playing

ing so bold a game that it would take every resource at his disposal to meet him successfully. Ruth must be protected in her rights. The "Master Key" mine must remain in her possession undisturbed. That would be impossible until Wilkerson was eliminated. And that man was after great stakes; otherwise he would never have ventured so far.

As he debated this inwardly John went over in memory all the events of the brief period since old Thomas Gallon had died, leaving his daughter in his charge. Before his mind's eye ran the pictures of the last scenes and then—

Like a flash it came to him! What was it that letter the old man had so carefully cherished and handed him at the last? Had Gallon foreseen something like this and prepared for it? In his last days had his failing powers concentrated on his single aim and evolved a final safeguard for the "Master Key"?

With the sealed letter in his hand John Dorr stared at the superscription: Not to be opened until my daughter's eighteenth birthday or before then if her welfare is threatened.

Quickly he tore the envelope open. The inclosure fell out in two portions. He put them together, with a muttered ejaculation at his own carelessness and read the crabbied script:

Silent Valley, Cal., June 20. Little Girl—Read carefully what I write on this depends your future welfare.

The "Master Key" mine discovered by me five years ago contained a mother and an En Hing, Chinese hatchet men, were electrocuted in Sing Sing prison here today. It was the first time New York state had ever put a Chinese to death.

Frank M. Melville has sold his paper the Sherwood Journal, to L. A. Hammersley, who will take charge at once.

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lots of incalculable worth. The great location of the hole is written on a slip of paper, which I placed in the hand of an Indian lad in the old man's chest, which was sewn with the slip on which I was wrecked.

On the master key, the key to that chest, and which you wear on your back, is carved the location where the vessel went down. Find that slip of paper and the wealth is yours. Your devoted father, THOMAS GALLON.

(To be Continued.)

SENATE SECURES DELAY TO STUDY BILL THOROUGHLY

MOBER, OF MULTNOMAH, PROTESTS POSTPONEMENT UNFAIR TO SPORTSMEN

HOUSE TURNS DOWN BILL BY SCHUEBEL CONCERNING O. A. C.

Dimick's Memorial to Congress Favorably Reported by Committee—Oregon City Men at Capitol

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 8.—(Special)—The bill to close the Willamette river to net fishing with two bills relating to fishing in the Rogue river today was made special order for 2 o'clock next Monday afternoon.

Several senators asked for a postponement for time to make a thorough investigation.

Senator Dimick said he had no objection to a postponement, but Moser objected, saying it looked like an attempt was being made to put action off until the last of the session and kill the bill that way.

Dimick assured him that there was no such desire and that all the senators would be ready to act on the bill Monday.

Two reports were submitted by the senate committee on fisheries—one making the suspension bridge the deadline and the other that the bill do not pass.

The house today defeated Schuebel's bill providing that certain departments of the Agricultural college, now maintained by continuing appropriation, be maintained out of the annual millage tax.

The bill passed several days ago, repeals continuing appropriations. The friends of the school will now try to get appropriations through and failing will have to support departments out of the millage tax. The Schuebel bill made this compulsory.

Dimick's memorial to congress that it use the postal savings bank as a basis for rural credits system, was favorably reported on by the senate committee on resolutions. It provides for a limit on postal savings bank deposits to be removed and deposits not be deposited with national banks.

Dimick introduced a bill by request prohibiting the assignment of wages by husbands unless they have the written consent of their wives. The object of the bill is to protect them against professional money lenders.

Dimick made a fight on the bill providing that school tax levies in school districts of the third class shall be reviewed by the boundary boards consisting of the county judge, the county commissioners and the county school superintendent.

He said the bill was a scheme of the timber owners to escape paying their share of the taxes. Other members said the timber owners had been gouged and paid taxes not needed. The bill was passed.

Judge Grant B. Dimick, here on legal business today, was extended the courtesy of the senate.

Dr. Clyde Mount, a member of the state board of dental examiners, was here in opposition to bills inimical to the dental profession.

Constipation. When constive or troubled with constipation take Chamberlain's Tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Obtainable everywhere. (Adv.)

PROHIBITION BILL, UNAMENDED, PUT THROUGH HOUSE

TWO MULTNOMAH REPRESENTATIVES POLL ONLY VOTES AGAINST MEASURE

OTHERS, VOTING IN AFFIRMATIVE, DESIRE TOTAL PROHIBITION

Anderson, Who Drafted Act, Explains Plan in Short Speech—Cliffmas Comes With the Rollcall

SALEM, Ore., Feb. 5.—Opposition to the prohibition bill did not develop in the house today and the measure was passed as reported by the committee on alcoholic traffic without amendment and without discussion by a vote of 38 to 2.

Representatives Kuehn and Lewis, both of Multnomah county, voted against the bill. Each made an explanation of his vote. The general excuse of both was that the measure is not "dry" enough although neither one professes to be a prohibitionist.

Representatives Barrow, Handley, Huston and Jones, while voting "aye," protested that the people at the recent election declared for absolute prohibition but that the bill does not provide it.

The rollcall was the climax of an afternoon of dramatic incidents. Although the prohibition bill had been fixed as a special order of business at 2 o'clock, it was 3 o'clock when the clerk started on his third reading. The amendments to the printed bill were explained and the rules were suspended to preclude the necessity of reading the entire measure, which consisted of approximately 9400 words and covered 25 pages in printed form.

The only speech on the bill was that of Representative J. E. Anderson, of The Dalles, a member of the Committee of One Hundred, who took a prominent part in the "dry" campaign preceding the November election and introduced the house bill, No. 1, for which the bill passed today is a substitute.

He pointed out that under this proposed act the resident of the state is permitted to have in his or her possession at any time not more than 24 quarts of beer or two quarts of vinous or spirituous liquors at one time, and that no greater quantity than this can be shipped into the state by any individual more than once in a period of 28 days.

The common carriers delivering the liquor will be required to take a receipt from the customer receiving it. The receipt will constitute an affidavit declaring that the recipient is of legal age and not a common drunkard, and that the liquor received for will not give the person possession of more than the limited amount.

To encourage more immigration and not drive people from the city, Eugene asks less legislation.

THIS WOMAN'S SICKNESS

Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Bridgeton, N.J.—"I want to thank you a thousand times for the wonderful good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered very much from a female trouble. I had bearing down pains, was irregular and at times could hardly walk across the room. I was unable to do my housework or attend to my baby. I was so weak. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me a world of good, and now I am strong and healthy, can do my work and tend my baby. I advise all suffering women to take it and get well as I did."—Mrs. FANNIE COOPER, R.F.D., Bridgeton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass. seem to prove this fact.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacement, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (Confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

MUST BE CLIPPED NEATLY THE MORNING ENTERPRISE SHOWER OF GOLD CAMPAIGN GOOD FOR 10 VOTES FOR MRS. OR MISS. Vold after February 15th, 1915. Dist. No. DO NOT ROLL OR FOLD

WITHIN A FEW DAYS the blanks have been distributed for returns for income tax for the year 1915. A year ago at this time it would be difficult to exaggerate the annoyance felt by those liable to such tax.

Bank men and other authorities differed as to their interpretation. Some argued that a married couple would have to pay tax if their joint income was \$4000, while others declared that a joint income under \$6000, might be exempt.

One taxpayer known to the writer, being in doubt as to what exemption he might claim, left the exemption line in the return blank, thinking that the internal revenue officials would fill it out for him, but they failed to do so.

Last year some newspapers conducted columns of questions and answers on the income tax. Learned authorities offered answers surrounded by much legal verbiage, over which the perplexed taxpayer puzzled his head as best he might.

Last year's law was put through in haste, but this year the blank return is in much better shape, and seems clear enough in ordinary cases.

While many income taxpayers are not reconciled to this tax, and argue that it is unfair, this is a country where it pays to submit good naturedly to the will of the majority. The average man cannot get much excited about the sufferings of his neighbor on a \$10,000 income, who is taxed \$60 under the law.

LACKAMAS COUNTY this year will spend almost \$300,000 with no supervision to speak of.

The county will build many miles of roads with no one in charge of the work who is an adequate superintendent. County Judge Anderson, honest and capable but overworked already with other county business, probate and juvenile work, cannot handle all the details of road construction with the dispatch and accuracy the work demands.

Again, as in years past, much of the money raised by the taxpayers will be sunk in roads of mud and dust. Again, through lack of proper and expert supervision, a year will pass with little improvement in the county's roads.

And the people wonder why the taxes are high; they wonder why they raise great sums of money for roads and each year see no improvement. They wonder what becomes of the quarter of a million raised annually here for the last five years and why the roads are still clogged with dust in the summer and hub-deep with mud in the winter.

HE GOT THE JOB

A YOUNG MAN HAVING APPLIED TO A WHOLESALE HOUSE FOR A POSITION RECENTLY FOUND HIMSELF BEFORE THE MANAGER FOR EXAMINATION. "HAVE YOU A BANK ACCOUNT?" WAS HIS FIRST QUESTION. "I HAVE," WAS THE REPLY. "LET ME SEE YOUR BANK BOOK," WAS THE NEXT REQUEST. AFTER GLANCING OVER IT AND NOTING THE LONG LIST OF REGULAR, THOUGH SMALL DEPOSITS, HE SAID: "YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE ENGAGED, AND I WANT TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON YOUR SAVING ABILITY. I ALWAYS INSIST UPON EMPLOYING ONLY MEN WHO HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO SAVE THEIR MONEY." WE INVITE EVERY YOUNG MAN IN THIS COMMUNITY TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT AT THIS BANK.

The Bank of Oregon City OLDEST BANK IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY.



Ruth on the Porch of the Bungalow.

out interference from the authorities. There would be serious trouble and very likely bloodshed.

These pleas availed only partially. The sheriff made a trip into the mine, talked with John Dorr and Tom Kane and then sought out Wilkerson.

"It looks to me as if this was a case for the courts," he said slowly when he had examined Wilkerson's forged deeds. "I know old Gallon pretty well, and he thought a sight of that Ruth girl. Fact is, he told me he intended her to have the mine and left it to her in his will. Now you tiddle along with these papers and want to take it away from her?"

"Gallon and I were partners years ago," Wilkerson insisted. "We located this mine together, and when I came back he gave me over my share."

SALMANACA, N. Y., Feb. 5.—The bodies of Mrs. Lizzie Drake, Mrs. Irene Spencer, and the latter's daughter, Gertrude, with the heads beaten to a pulp were found today in bedrooms of the Drake home here. The murderer used a sledge hammer in his work, and frightfully mutilated the bodies of his victims.



"Ruth oughtn't to be here."

Mexicans were getting restless, and the ardent Vigna hinted sharply that he was impatient.

"All right," Wilkerson agreed. "We'll just go down to the road in the morning and then walk into the camp. Leave it to me. I'll simply say I've come back to take charge and you are my miners."

Vigna twisted his wiry mustaches. "And then?"

The men looked each other in the eye. That evil glance was sufficient. John Dorr and Tom Kane, meanwhile, had been in constant consultation. One thing was constantly in their thoughts.

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The Cook Shot From the Hip.

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