INDIANS AS WAR VESSEL DEPARTS

ADMIRAL HOWARD GOES TO AID AMERICANS IN TROUBLE IN MEXICO

MEXICANS WITHDRAWING MEN IN NORTHERN PART OF COUNTRY

formed themselves into bands, which have beencarrying their deprecations from 15 to 60 miles inland from the mountains where they have been tunk ing their rendezvous.

their loot.

Indians on a work train of the South Quest were left alone. ern Pacific railway near Mapoll, Sonora, last Saturday al the two tien were the former remarked, gloomily, killed and 11 were wounded, instead of one killed and three wounded, as said, slowly, "which may clear the They all read together: previously reported.

Two Americans were among the wounded W. E. Bath, water superint inquired. tendent of the railroad, and W. Smith, a brakeman. Five of the wounded were Mexican soldiers.

The 300 marines proceeding to the scene of Indian disturbances on board home," French suggested. "He was the Colorado will be landed at Guay- looking pretty sick all the time. Guess mas, Sonora, it was decided today, and it must have been a powerful shock will be sent by Admiral Howard in- for him, and he isn't so young as he land, if necessary, to aid Americans used to be." who wish to establish a place of safe-

It was reported today by wireless from Gusymas that the greater part of ment from his inner pocket, and Covernor Mayotorena's troops had Quest, stretching it out upon his knee, ben withdrawn. Settlers beating for read it word for word. ther attacks by the Indians, have prorested to Governor Mayotorov against the retirement of the troops.

SAN DIEGO, June 17.-Admiral a queer provision, that, French." Howard's flaship, the Colorado, which sailed from here today, had on board inspector admitted. 300 marines, with complete field service equipment, in addition to the regular complement of blue jackets, num- inspector, we'll be getting along." bering more than 800. Of these, it is estimated about 500 wil be available of the city almost in silence. The as a landing force if Admiral Howard professor's house seemed more than finds this action necessary for the rehef of the Americans besieged by Yr. front door. They entered without quis Indians

UNUSUAL SUIT FILED.

be the first case of its kind ever stepping quickly forward. "Come!" PORTLAND, Ore., June 23 .- Said to brought in the courts of Multnomah He threw open the door. The room county, a suit was filed by Mrs. Ber. was empty, yet both Quest and French sie Madden in the circuit court this were conscious of a curious convicafternoon against Dr. R. C. McDaniel, one of the chief surgeons of the S. P. in the last few seconds. & S. company, for \$10,000 alleging that the physician "cut, mutilated and someone," French muttered. dissected" the body of her dead husband at an autopsy performed Januperformed to determine the cause, shoulders. Mrs. Madden contends that inasmuch as no inquest was held over the body. Dr. McDaniel is liable for damages, ful. Come." She is represented by Attorney Oliver

all Pacific coast ports.

Billous Attacks

When you have a billous attack your liver fails to perform its functions, black box. You become constipated. The food you eat ferments in your stomach instead of digesting. This inflames the light, quick!" stomach and causes nausen, vomiting your liver, clean out your stomach and (Adv.) care:

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Joseph A. Strowbridge Estate Co.

to Oscar Bengtser, acreage in section quate. Quest's face darkened. He 22, 23, block 10, Ardenwald: \$100. William Hegeman to C. H. Dye. lots thur donation land claim; \$759.78.

Akerson, Gooch & Co. to Ernest

Real estate transfers filed with the

Henry C. Prudhomme Co. (by sheriff) to A. C. Thomas, 25 acres in sec- French, there's something in this mestion 1, township 2 south, range 4 east sage, after all." of the Willamette meridian; \$5280.

C. D. & D. C. Latourette, 80 acres in section 4, township 7 south, range 4 removed with a pair of scissors, east of the Willametre meridian: \$1.

Joseph A. Strowbridge Estate Co. to professor's been at work here!" Fred Moser, 121/2 acres in section 13, township 2 south, range 3 east of the another across the table. Strange searched it all backwards and for-Willamette meridian, Robert Arthur donation land claim; \$946.40.

James Wilock et ux to F. E. Good- south, range 1 east of the Wilamette meridian; \$2500. man, 5.20 acres in township 2 south, meridians; \$1. range 2 east of the Willamette meridian, Fendal C. Cason donation land et ux to Carl Grossmiller, 20 acres in Carl Schenk et ux to L. J. Little, ette meridian; \$1500. claim; \$1.

O. A. Palmer et ux to the Portland east of the Willamette meridian; \$19. claim, township 3 south, range 2 east county recorder Tuesday were as folacres in tract 4. Boring Junction, and C. D. & D. C.Latourette lot I, block Real estate transfers filed with the John F. Risley et ux to William Carl. Veelle et ux., 86 acres in section 14, county recorder Wednesday were as Railway, Light & Power Co., 3.415 Clackamas Abstract & Trust Co. to of the Willamette meridian; \$1.00. lows; .046 acres in section 1. township 2 11, Sunset City; \$1. south, range 3 east of the Willamette A. A. Darling to A. Jay Darling, lots lows: 9, 10, 11, 12, block 28, First Addition The Ladd & Tilton bank to B. F.

C. W. Klippel et ux to C. A. Taylor, to Estacada; \$1. 11 acres in the George Abernathy donation land claim; \$1.

G. A. Kinzer et ux to A. V. Rausdell, land claim section 20, township 3 Lodge; \$10. 80 acres in section 32, township 4 south, range 3 east of the Willamette | George F. Felts et ux to Carrie E. Acres; \$10.



SYNOPSIS.

Banford Quest, master criminalists of he world, finds that in bringing to bashes facebought, the murderer of Lord Ash-sigh's daughter, he has but just begun life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden but in Two Americans Are Among Those
Wounded to Attack on Work
Train in Sonora, in Which
Two Were Killed.

ON BOARD U. S. S. COLORADO, off
Emenada, Lower California, by radio to San Diezo. June 17.—Reports of Yaqual Indian activities received from Guaymas Sonora, today said that approximately 2000 armed raiders have formed themselves into bands, which

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXXV.

Part of the Indians, according to the The first shock was over. Craig's report, have left the Yaqui valley with body had been removed, and the girls tric lamp. had taken Mary, half stunned with As the result of the attack by Yaqui grief, to their room. French and

"That is some disappointment," "It is a disappointment," Quest

way to bigger things." "What's in your mind now?" French

Quest shook his head.

"A turmoil. First of all, where is the professor?"

'Must have scooted right away

"Give me that paper of Craig's again," Quest asked

The inspector produced the docu-

"Never to communicate or to have anything to do with anyone of the name of Ashleigh, ch?" he remarked, as he handed it back again. "Rather "I've been thinking that myself," the

Quest glanced at the clock "Well," he said. "If you're ready,

The two men drove to the outskirts ever deserted as they drew up at the ringing and crossed the hall towards the library. On the threshold Quest paused and held up his finger. "Someone is in there," he whispered,

tion that it had been occupied with-

"Queer, but it seemed to me I heard

"I was sure of it." Quest replied. They stood still for a moment and ary 23, 1915. Madden, who was em. listened. The silence in the empty ployed as a railroad engineer, died house was almost unnatural. Quest from heart failure and an autopsy was turned away with a shrug of the

"At any rate," he said, "Craig's dy ing thoughts must have been truth-

He led the way to the fireplace went down on his knees and passed his hands over the bricks. The third Coos Bay lumber sholments leading one he touched, shook. He tapped it-without a doubt it was hollow. With his penknife he loosened the mortar a little and drew it out easily. The back was open. Inside was the

"Craig's secret at last!" French muttered, hoarsely. "Bring it to the

They were unemotional men but the and a terrible headache. Take Cham- moment was supreme. The key to berlain's Tablets. They will tone up the mystery of these tragical weeks was there in their hands! Their eyes you will soon be as well as ever. They almost devoured those few hastily only cost a quarter. Obtainable every- scrawled words buried with so much

See Page 62, January Number, American Medical Journal, 1905. They looked at one another. They Real estate transfers filed with the repeated vaguely this most commoncounty recorder Friday were as fol- place of messages. As the final result of their strenuous enterprise, these cryptic words seemed pitifully inade-

crumpled the paper in his fingers. "There must be some meaning in 33, township 2 south, range 3 east of this," he muttered. "It can't be altothe Willamette meridian, Robert Ar- gether a fool's game we're on Walt." He moved towards a table which usually stood against the wall, but Hogland, lot 5, block 1, Willow Park; which had obviously been dragged out recently into the middle of the room. It was covered with bound county recorder Saturday were as Job volumes. Quest glanced at one and exclaimed softly:

"American Medical Journal, 1905!

He turned over the pages rapidly Clackamas Abstract & Trust Co. to Then he came to a stop. Page 61 asked. was there; page 62 had been neatly

"The professor!" he cried. "The The two men stood looking at one

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal - not one of them moved Out into the Film Manufacturing Company. clammy night air came the echoes of

the brains of both of them. Then was another surprise. Lenera and ing a small, black-bound volume.

quickly. "We just had to come. Look! chair where Craig was sitting You see what is written on it?-Diary of John Craig."

Quest took it in his hand. "Say, this ought to be interesting." his sight some hate/bl object.

he remarked. "Come along." They passed into the library. French lingered behind for a moment opening the book underneath the elec-

"See here what I've found?" he exclaimed. "It was just by the side of the wall there. Where's that magazine?

He spread out the piece of paper-it Quest found words. fitted exactly into the empty space.

Professor Ashleigh, after being bitten by the anthropold, rapidly developed hydrophobia of a serious nature. After treatment with a new serum the patient was relieved of the hydrophobic symptoms, but to my horror this mild-mannered, humane man seems possessed at times of all the characteristics of the brutal anthropoldcunning, thievery, brutality. I do not know what may come of this. I heaitate to put even these words on to paper. I am doubtful as to what course, in the interests of humanity, I ought to take.

(Signed) JAMES MERRILL, M. D. Editor's Note-Just as we go to press, a cable announces the terrible death of Doctor Merrill, the writer of the above notes. He was attacked by wild animals whilst alone in a South American jungle, and torn to pieces.

There was a queer little silence among the company. No one seemed calmly. inclined for speech. They looked at wrist forced the lock of the diary. eyes. over as he spread the book out be- back. fore him. Those first two sentences

ness, my reputation. This book, even though it be too late to help me, shall lear my reputation.

Quest closed the volume 'French," he decided, "we must find the professor. Will you have your men search the house and grounds im-

The inspector left the room like a dazed man. They could hear him giv-

ng orders outside. "The next page," Lenora begged. 'Just one page more!"

Quest hesitated for a moment. Then he turned it over. All three read

Ten years of horror, struggling all the while to keep him from that other self, that thing of bestiality, to keep his horrible secret from the world, to cover up his crimes, even though their shadow should rest upon me-Now Sanford Quest has come. Will this mean discovery?

"Another page," Quest said. "Don't you see where it is leading us? We have the truth here. Wait!"

He strode hastily to the door. French and one of the plain-clothes men were descending the stairs.

"Well?" Quest asked, breathlessly, "The professor is not in the house," French reported. "We are going to search the grounds."

Quest returned to the library. Lenora clung to his arm. The diary plied. lay still upon the table. Quest opened the volume slowly. Again they all read together:

The evil nature is growing stronger every day. He is developing a sort of feroclous cunning to help him in his crimes. He wanders about in the dark, wearing a black velvet suit with holes for his eyes, and leaving only his hands exposed. I have watched him come into a half-dark- lying!" ened room and one can see nothing but the hands and the eyes: sometimes if he closes his eyes, only the

hands. French entered.

"Beaten!" he exclaimed, tersely.

French shook his head. 'We've searched every room, every

50 acres in the Daniel Moser donation of the First addition to Jennings Herhert Gordon et ux to Ralph W.

Walter Emmott et ux to C. W. Smith. ris subdivision of lots 6, 9, 20, 22, 23, City; \$25.

B. F. Pond et ux and Joseph Pond et ux, lot 9, block 9, Gladstone; \$1159. 2 south, range 2 east of the William as follows:

county recorder Monday were as foll son et ux., part of block 5, Arista,

\$1000.

wards. There's no sign of the protes-

Quest pucketed the diary. "You're perfectly certain that he is not in this house or anywhere upon

the premises?" "Certain sura!" Preach replied. Quest shrugged his shoulders. "Well, we'd better got back," he

They were on the point of starting. the chauffeur with his hand upon the starting handle, i'reach with the steering wheel of the police car already in his hand. And then the little party seemed anddedly turned to stone. For a few breathless seconds clammy night air came the echoes of thoughts were framing themselves in a hideous, inhuma blood-curdling scream. Quest was the first to rethere came a startling and in its way cover himself. He lesped from his a dramatic interlude. Through the seat and rushed back across the empempty house came the ringing of the ty hall into the atudy, followed a litelectric bell from the front door, shrill the way behind by French and the and insistent. Without a moment's others. An unsuspected panel door hesitation. Quest hurried out and which led into the garden stood slight-Prench followed him. On the doorstep ly alar. The professor, with his hand on the back of a chair, was staring Laura were there, the former carry- at the fireplace, shalling as though with some horrible agus, his face dis-"Don't be cross," she begged, torted, his body curiously hunched up. He seemed suddenly to have We picked this up underneath the dropped his humanity, to have fallen It back into the world of some strange must have slipped from his porket, creatures. He heard their footsteps, but he did not turn his head. His hands were stretched out in front of him as though to keep away from

Take him Stop him!" he cried. away! It's Craig-bla spirit! He came to me in the garage, he followed and caught them up just as they were me through the grounds, he mocked at me when I hid to the tree, He's there now, kneeling before the fireplace. Why can't I kill him! is coming! Stop him, someone!"

No one spoke or moved; no one, indeed, had the power. Then at last

"There is no one in the room, professor," he said, "except us." The sound of a human voice seemed

to produce a stringe effect. The professor straightened himself, shook his head, his hands dropped to his side. chastly pale, but his smile was once more the smile of the amiable natu-"My friends," he said, forgive me.

I am very old, and the events of these last few hours have unnerved me. Forgive me." He groped for a moment and sank

into a chair. Quest fetched a decanter and a glass from the sideboard. poured out some wine and held it to his lips. The professor drank it eag-"My dear friend," he exclaimed, you have saved me. I have some-

thing to tell you, something I must tell you at once, but not here. I loathe this place. Let me come with you to your rooms."

"As you please," Quest answered,

He gripped Quest's arm. In silence one another in dumb, wondering hor- they passed from the room, fn silence ror. Then Quest drew a penknife they took their places once more from his pocket and with a turn of his in the automobiles, in silence they drove without a pause to Quest's They all watched him with fascinated rooms. The professor made his way It was something to escape at once to his favorite easy chair, from their thoughts. They leaned threw off his overcoat and leaned

"Quest," he pronounced, "you are were almost in the nature of a dedica- the best friend I have in my life! It is you who have rid me of my great For ten years I have protected my burden. Tell me-help me a little master, Prof. Edgar Ashleigh, at the with my story-have you read that cost of my peace of mind, my happi- page from the Medical Journal which



The Professor Sat There Like a Figure of Stone.

Craig has kept locked up all these years?

"It was forged," the professor declared, firmly, "forged by Craig. All hands steal out and encircle her

the years since he has blackmailed throat—and then more darkness, si-I have been his servant and his lence, obscurity. The mirror was me. tool. I have been afraid to speak. At empty once more, last I am free of him. Thank God!" 'Craig, after all," French muttered. Lenora stood a little apart with what next?"

faint frown upon her forehead. She touched Quest on the shoulder. "Mr. Quest," she murmured, "he is

Quest turned his head. His lips scarcely moved.

"He is lying!" Lenora insisted. "I "Mrs. Rheinholdt!" Quest muttered. tell you there's another creature The door was suddenly opened and there, something we don't understand. Let me bring the electro-thought giveness."

Quest nodded, Lenora hastened to cupboard, every scrap of the cellar the farther end of the room, snatched

Stratton, 11.0) acres in the Fendal C.



"He is Dead!" Quest Declared.

its coils and levers. The professor moment. The picture faded out. watched her. Slowly his face changed. which was almost a snari.

You believe me?" he cried, turnto try that horrible thing on me-Professor Lord Ashleigh? I am all broken up. I am not fit for it. Look at my hands, how they shake."

"Professor," Quest said, sternly, "we Lenora back. are surrounded by the shadow of some terrible deeds for which as yet there is no explanation. I do not say that feel it. Wait!" we mistrust you, but I ask you to submit to this test."

harshly.

refuse!" the professor replied, leigh house, the pictures upon the "And I Insist." Quest muttered. The professor drew a little breath. fessor come stealing down the stairs. He sat back in his chair. His face He was wearing the black velvet suit became still, his lips were drawn with the cowl in his hand. They closely together. Lenora wheeled up watched him pause before a certain the machine and with deft fingers ad- door, draw on the cowl and disappear. justed the fittings on one side. Quest Through the opening they could see himself connected it up on the other. Lord Ashleigh asleep in bed, the moon-The professor sat there like a figure light streaming through the open win of stone. The silence in the room dow across the counterpane. They was so intense that the ticking of saw the professor turn with a strange, the small clock upon the mantel piece horrible look in his face and close the was clearly audible. The very atmos- door. Lenora burst into sobs. phere seemed charged with the thrill and wonder of it. Never before had more, or I shall go mad!" Quest met with resistance so complete and immovable. Sternly be con-their victim. The whole atmosphere

centrated the whole of his will power of the place seemed immediately to upon his task. Almost at once there was a change. The professor fell sive breath and sank into a chair. The back in the chair. The tense self-control had passed from his features," all with the air of a man who has his lips twitched. Simultaneously, just awakened from a dream. the mirror for a moment was clouded -then slowly a picture upon it gath- asked. "Orered outline and substance. There was a jungle, strange, tall trees, and brushwood so thick that it reached to the waists of the two men who were slowly making their way through One was the professor, clearly

recognizable under his white sun helthem. Suddenly they stopped. The scientist. latter had crept a yard or so ahead, es fixed upon some possible object of pursuit. There was a sudden change in the professor. They saw whirl it above his head. He seemed suddenly to lose his whole identity. He crouched on his haunches, almost

like an animal, and sprang at the oth-

er's throat. They could almost hear

the snarl from his lips as the two men went down together into the undergrowth. The picture faded away. "Doctor Merrill!" Lenora faltered. Then it was not wild beasts which

killed him." Almost immediately figures again appeared in the mirror. There was a small passage which seemed to lead from the back entrance of a house; the professor, with a black mantle, fessor?" he inquired. Craig followed him pleading, expostufor a minute, and then blackness. The professor was leaning against a marble basin. There was nothing to be seen of him but his eyes and hands. They saw him listen for a moment then stretch out his hand and push Craig away. The picture glowed and me the things out."
faded and glowed again. Then they Quest opened the saw through the gloom the figure of

"Mrs. Rheinholdt's jewels!" Lenora her employer by the arm. cried. "What next? Oh! my God.

Their eyes ached with the strain, "What do you mean?" he whispered. professor. They saw him leave her, his face which they had seen in the transference apparatus; let us read hands were there, stretching and show that he was helpless and handed "You haven't found him?" Quest his mind. If I am wrong, I will go reaching, a paper-weight gripped in to Quest the paper upon which he had down on my knees and beg for for the right-hand fingers. They saw it been writing. raised above the secretary's head, they saw the other hand take the girl by he exclaimed. "Here is my last mesthe throat and push her towards the sage to you, Sanford Quest. Read itin the place," he announced. "We've the cloth from the instrument and table. A wild scream broke from read it aloud. Always remember that been into every corner of the grounds, wheeled down the little mirror with Lenora's lips. Quest wavered for a this was not your triumph, but mine."

Ellis H. Ridding et ux to Ole L.

"Oh, stop it!" Lenora begged.

The benevolence faded away, his teeth "Haven't we seen enough? We know for a moment showed in something the truth now. Stop it or I shall die!"

The criminologist made no reply. His eyes were still fixed upon the proing to Quest "You are not going fessor, who showed some signs of returning consciousness. He was gripping at his collar. He seemed to have difficulty with his breathing. Quest suddenly braced himself. He pushed

"One more," he muttered. "There's something growing in his mind. I can

Again they all turned towards the mirror. They saw the hallway of Ashwalls, they could almost feel the quiet silence of night. They saw the pro-

"No more!" she shricked. "No

Quest leaned forward and released change. Lenora drew a long, convulprofessor sat up and gazed at them

"Have I, by any chance, slept?" he

He never finished his sentence. His eyes fell upon the mirror, the metal band lying by his side. He read the truth in the faces still turned towards him. He rose to his feet. There was another and equally sudden change in his demeanor and tone. He carried met; the other a stranger to all of himself with the calm dignity of the

"The end of our struggle, I prehis gun raised to his shoulder, his sume?" he said to Quest, pointing to the metal band. "You will at least ad mit that I have shown you fine sport." No one answered him. Even Quest him seize his gun by the barrel and had barely yet recovered himself. The

professor shrugged his shoulders. "I recognize, of course," he said. gravely, "that this is the end. A person in extremis has privileges. Will you allow me to write just a matter of

twenty lines at your desk?" Silently Quest assented. The professor seated himself in the swing chair, drew a sheet of paper towards him, dipped the pen in the ink and began to write. Then he turned around and reached for his own small black bag which lay upon the table. Quest caught him by the wrist.

"What do you want out of that, pro-

"Merely my own pen and ink," the lating. They saw the conservatory professor expostulated. "If there is anything I detest in the world, it is violet ink. And your pen, too, is execrable. As they are to be the last words I shall leave to a sorrowing world, I should like to write them in or two in cold, unresponsive silence, my own fashion. Open the bag for yourself, if you will. You can pass

Quest opened the bag, took out a pen and a small glass bottle of ink, a woman approach, a diamond neck- He handed them to the professor, who lace around her neck. They saw the started at once more to write. Quest watched him for a moment and then turned away to French. The profes sor looked over his shoulder and suddenly bared his wrist. Lenora seized

"Look!" she cried. "What is he go-

ing to do?" Quest swung around, but he was too but there was not one of them who late. The professor had dug the pen could even glance away from the mir- into his arm. He sat in his chair and ror. It was Quest's study which slow- laughed as they all hurried towards ly appeared then. The Salvation him. Then suddenly he sprang to his Army girl was there, talking to the feet. Again the change came into they saw him look back from the mirror. French dashed forward todoor, a strange, evil glance. Then the wards him. The professor snarled. secretary entered and spoke to her. seemed about to spring, then suddenly tince more the door opened. The once more stretched out his hands to

"You have nothing to fear from me,"

Quest held up the paper. They all read. The professor's letters were carefully formed, his handwriting perfectly legible:

You have been a clever opponent, Banford Quest, but even now you are to be cheated. The wisdom of the ages outreaches yours, outreaches it and

Quest looked up quickly. "What the devil does he mean?" he

muttered. The professor's arms shot suddenly above his head. Again that strange antmal look convulsed his features. He burst into a loud, unnatural laugh. Mean, you fool?" he cried, holding

out his wrist, which was slowly turn-

ing black "Poisoned! That is what It means!" They all stared at him. seized the ink bottle, revealed the false top and laid it down again with a little exclamation. Then, before they could realize it the and came. The professor lay, a crumpled-up

heap, upon the floor. Quest swung round in his chair as French entered the room and held out his left hand.

"Glad to see you, French. Help yourself to a cigar."

"I don't know as I want to smoke this morning just at present, thank you." French replied. "Nothing wrong, ch?"

"The fact of it is," French explained, "I should like a few words with Miss Laura: Quest laughed shortly.

Why on earth couldn't you say so?" he observed. "Never knew you hashful before, inspector. Hhe's up in the laboratory. I'll ring for someone to show you the way." Quest touched the bell and his new

secretary entered almost at once "Take Inspector French up into the laboratory," Quest directed. See you later, French."

Yes-perhaps-I hope so," the inspector replied nervously. Quest watched him disappear with a puzzled smile. Then he sat down at his desk, drew a sheet of paper towards him and began to write:

My Dear Inspector:

I am taking this opportunity of letting you know that out of deference to the wishes of the woman I hope soon to marry, I am abandoning the hazardous and nerve-racking profession of criminology for a safer and happier career. You will have, therefore, to find help elsewhere in the future. With best wishes. Yours, SANFORD QUEST.

He left the sheet of paper upon the desk and, ringing the bell, sent for Lenora. She appeared in a few moments and came over to his side. "What is it, Mr. Quest?" she asked. He gave her the letter without re-

She read it through and, turning slowly around, looked at him expectantly. "How's that seem to you?" be asked, reaching out his hand for a

cigar. "Very sensible, indeed," she replied. "It's no sort of life, this, for a married man." Quest declared. "You



The Sound of a Human Voice Seemed to Produce a Strange Effect.

agree with me there, don't you, Lenora?

'Yes!" she admitted, a little faintly. The secretary entered the room, helped Quest on with his coat and handed him his hat. "If you are quite ready, Lenora."

"Ready!" she exclaimed. "Where are we going?" Quest sighed.

"Fancy having to explain all these things!" he said, taking her arm. "I just want you to understand Lenora, that I've waited-quite long enough. Parkins," he added, turning to his secretary, "if anyone calls, just say that my wife and I will be back early in the afternoon. And you'd better step upstairs to the laboratory and give my compliments to Inspector French, and say that I hope he and Miss Laura will join us at Delmonico's for luncheon at one o'clock."

'Very good, str," the man replied. Lenora's face was suddenly transformed. She passed her arm through Quest's. He stooped and kissed her as he led her towards the door.

"You understand now, don't you?" he whispered, smiling down at her. "I think so," she admitted, with a little sigh of content. THE END.

Real estate transfers were filed with and 5, block 2, in Morris subdivision park addition; \$370.

Leon E. Juston to Alice D. Juston, lot 3, block "G" Clackamas Heights; William J. Cummings to Nacy

Real estate transfers filed with the township 2 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian, Hezekiah Johnson donation land claim: \$1. Empire Investment Co. to Alex C.

> Crest Acres; \$10. Nina V. Johnson et vir. to H. S. Mount, tract 8, Fielding tract, township

William L. Roll et ux to Hugh Platt Cason donation land claim, township County Recorder Dedman yesterday of lots 6, 9, 00, 22, 23 in the first addi-Amos E. Ketch to C. W. Couthout. H. M. Courtwright et ux, to Ray M. section 18, township 4 south, range 3 5 acres in the S. S. Whte donation land Real estate transfers filed with the et ux., tracts 4, 5, and 6, block "A," Matson and George D. Peters, 1.75

Willamette meridian; and 42 acres in The Oregon Bond & Mortgage Co. to

C. T. Tooze et ux, to the Cazadero section 14, township 5 south, range 1 the Pacific Land Co., N. E. 14 of the Hinkle, lots 10 and 11, block 2, Alder Deter et ux., lots 9, 12, block 3, Mor. Real Estate Co., block 13, Oregon east of Willamette meridian in Henry S. E. % of section 30, township 2 south Sampson donation land claim; \$4000. range 6 east of the Willamette me-

Grace Evangelical Church of Jen- ridian; \$10. Hoyt, tracts 8, 9, 10 and 11. Webster nings Lodge, to the First Congregation- E. D. Briggs et ux. to Clyde Serven 2 south, range 1 east of the Williamal Church of Oregon City, lots 1, 4 et ux., lots 5 and 6, block 3, Milwaukie ette meridian; \$1.

Cummings, tract of land in section 22,