

RAIDING OF YAQUIS INDIANS AS WAR VESSEL DEPARTS

ADMIRAL HOWARD GOES TO AID AMERICANS IN TROUBLE IN MEXICO.

MEXICANS WITHDRAWING MEN IN NORTHERN PART OF COUNTRY

Two Americans Are Among Those Wounded in Attack on Work Train in Sonora, in Which Two Were Killed.

ON BOARD U. S. S. COLORADO, off Ensenada, Lower California, by radio to San Diego, June 17.—Reports of Yaqui Indian activities received from Guaymas, Sonora, today said that approximately 3000 armed raiders have formed themselves into bands, which have been carrying their depredations from 15 to 60 miles inland from the mountains where they have been making their rendezvous.

Part of the Indians, according to the report, have left the Yaqui valley with their loot. As the result of the attack by Yaqui Indians on a work train of the Southern Pacific railway near Manali, Sonora, last Saturday night, two men were killed and 11 were wounded, instead of one killed and three wounded, as previously reported.

Two Americans were among the wounded. W. E. Bach, water superintendent of the railroad, and W. P. Smith, a brakeman. Five of the wounded were Mexican soldiers. The 200 marines proceeding to the scene of Indian disturbances on board the Colorado will be landed at Guaymas, Sonora, it was decided today, and will be sent by Admiral Howard inland, if necessary, to aid Americans who wish to establish a place of safety.

It was reported today by wireless from Guaymas that the greater part of Governor Mayorena's troops had been withdrawn. Settlers, fearful for their attacks by the Indians, have petitioned Governor Mayorena against the retirement of the troops.

SAN DIEGO, June 17.—Admiral Howard's flagship, the Colorado, which sailed from here today, had on board 200 marines, with complete field service equipment, in addition to the regular complement of blue-jackets, numbering more than 800. Of these it is estimated about 500 will be available as a landing force, if Admiral Howard finds this action necessary for the relief of the Americans besieged by Yaqui Indians.

UNUSUAL SUIT FILED.

PORTLAND, Ore., June 23.—Said to be the first case of its kind ever brought in the courts of Multnomah county, a suit was filed by Mrs. Beale Madden in the circuit court this afternoon against Dr. R. C. McDaniel, one of the chief surgeons of the S. P. & S. company, for \$10,000 alleging that the physician "cut, mutilated and dissected" the body of her dead husband at an autopsy performed January 23, 1915. Madden, who was employed as a railroad engineer, died from heart failure and an autopsy was performed to determine the cause. Mrs. Madden contends that inasmuch as no inquest was held over the body, Dr. McDaniel is liable for damages. She is represented by Attorney Oliver M. Hickey.

Coos Bay lumber shipments leading all Pacific coast ports.

Bilious Attacks

When you have a bilious attack your liver fails to perform its functions. You become constipated. The food you eat ferments in your stomach instead of digesting. This inflames the stomach and causes nausea, vomiting and a terrible headache. Take Chamberlain's Tablets. They will tone up your liver, clean out your stomach and you will soon be as well as ever. They only cost a quarter. Obtainable everywhere.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Friday were as follows:

Joseph A. Strowbridge Estate Co. to Oscar Bengtson, acreage in section 22, block 10, Ardenwald; \$100.

William Hegeman to C. H. Dye, lots 33, township 2 south, range 3 east of the Willamette meridian. Robert Arthur donation land claim; \$750.78.

Akerson, Gooch & Co. to Ernest Hoglund, lot 5, block 1, Willow Park; \$500.

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Saturday were as follows:

Henry C. Priddyhome Co. (by sheriff) to A. C. Thomas, 25 acres in section 11, township 2 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$523.00.

Clackamas Abstract & Trust Co. to C. D. & D. C. Latourette, 80 acres in section 4, township 7 south, range 4 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1.

Joseph A. Strowbridge Estate Co. to Fred Moser, 12½ acres in section 33, township 2 south, range 3 east of the Willamette meridian. Robert Arthur donation land claim; \$946.40.

James Wilcock et ux to F. E. Goodman, 5.20 acres in township 2 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian. Fendal C. Cason donation land claim; \$1.

O. A. Palmer et ux to the Portland Railway, Light & Power Co., 3.415 acres in tract 4, Boring Junction, and .646 acres in section 1, township 2 south, range 3 east of the Willamette meridian; \$550.

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

G. A. Kinzer et ux to A. V. Ramsdell, 80 acres in section 32, township 4

The BLACK BOX

by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Novelized from the Photo-Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of the world, finds that in bringing to justice Macdonald, the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has not just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal. In a hidden but in an open skeleton and a living creature, half monkey, half man, destroyed by fire, in his rooms have appeared black boxes containing notes, signed by a pair of armless hands. Laura and Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig, the professor's servant, of a double murder. The black boxes continue to appear in mysterious fashion. Craig, captured, escapes to Fort Bald. Quest and his party follow, and beyond into the desert. They are captured by Mongas, savage with Craig as their captive, and turn him over to Inspector French in San Francisco. He escapes in a train wreck, outwrestling his pursuers, and goes back to New York, where he dies while Quest is attempting to hypnotize him into confession.

FIFTEENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXXV.

The first shock was over. Craig's body had been removed, and the girls had taken Mary, half stunned with grief, to their room. French and Quest were left alone.

"That is some disappointment," the former remarked, gloomily.

"It is a disappointment," Quest said, slowly, "which may clear the way to bigger things."

"What's in your mind now?" French inquired.

"A quest," Quest said.

"A turn of mind, first of all, where is the professor?"

"Must have scouted right away home," French suggested. "He was looking pretty sick all the time. Guess it must have been a powerful shock for him, and he isn't so young as he used to be."

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

The inspector produced the document from his inner pocket, and Quest, stretching it out upon his knee, read it word for word.

"Never to communicate or to have anything to do with anyone of the name of Ashleigh, eh?" he remarked, as he handed it back again. "Rather a queer provision, that, French."

"I've been thinking that myself," the inspector admitted.

Quest glanced at the clock.

"Well," he said, "if you're ready, Inspector, we'll be getting along."

The two men drove to the outskirts of the city almost in silence. The professor's house seemed more than ever deserted as they drew up at the front door. They entered without ringing and crossed the hall towards the library. On the threshold Quest paused and held up his finger.

"Someone is in there," he whispered, stepping quickly forward. "Come!"

He threw open the door. The room was empty, yet both Quest and French were conscious of a curious conviction that it had been occupied within the last few seconds.

"Queer, but it seemed to me I heard someone," French muttered.

"I was sure of it," Quest replied.

They stood still for a moment and listened. The silence in the empty house was almost unnatural. Quest turned away with a shrug of the shoulders.

"At any rate," he said, "Craig's dirty thoughts must have been troubling him. Come."

He led the way to the fireplace, went down on his knees and passed his hands over the bricks. The third 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 black box.

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

They were unemotional men, but the moment was supreme. The key to the mystery of these tragical weeks was there in their hands! Their eyes almost devoured those few hastily scrawled words buried with so much care.

See Page 62, January Number, American Medical Journal, 1905.

They looked at one another. They repeated vaguely this most commonplace of messages. As the final result of their strenuous enterprise, these cryptic words seemed pitifully inadequate. Quest's face darkened. He crumpled the paper in his fingers.

"There must be some meaning in this," he muttered. "It can't be altogether a fool's game we're on. Wait."

He moved towards a table which usually stood against the wall, but which had obviously been dragged out recently into the middle of the room. It was covered with bound volumes. Quest glanced at one and exclaimed softly:

"American Medical Journal, 1905; French, there's something in this message, after all."

He turned over the pages rapidly. Then he came to a stop. Page 61 was there; page 62 had been neatly removed with a pair of scissors.

"The professor!" he cried. "The professor's been at work here!"

The two men stood looking at one another across the table. Strange

words. There's no sign of the professor.

Quest pocketed the diary.

"You're perfectly certain that he is not in this house or anywhere upon the premises?"

"Certain sure!" French replied.

Quest shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, we'd better get back," he said.

They were on the point of starting, the chauffeur with his hand upon the starting handle, French with the steering wheel of the police car already in his hand. And then the little party seemed suddenly turned to stone. For a few breathless seconds not one of them moved. Out into the clammy night air came the echoes of a hideous, inhuman, blood-curdling scream. Quest was the first to recover himself. He leaped from his seat and rushed back across the empty hall into the study, followed a little way behind by French and the others. An unsuspected panel door which led into the garden stood slightly ajar. The professor, with his hand on the back of a chair, was staring at the fireplace, shaking as though with some horrible agony, his face distorted, his body curiously hunched up. He seemed suddenly to have dropped his humanity, to have fallen back into the world of some strange creature. 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 his slight some hateful object.

"Stop him!" he cried. "Take him away! He's Craig—his spirit! He came to me in the garage, he followed me through the grounds, he mocked at me when I hid in the tree. He's there now, kneeling before the fireplace. Why can't I kill him! He is coming! Stop him, someone!"

No one spoke or moved, no one, indeed, had the power. Then at last Quest found words.

"There is no one in the room, professor," he said, "except us."

The sound of a human voice seemed to produce a strange effect. The professor straightened himself, shook his head, his hands dropped to his side, shabby pale, but his smile was once more the smile of the amiable naturalist.

"My friends," he said, "forgive me. I am very old, and the events of these last few hours have unerved 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 eagerly.

"My dear friend," he exclaimed, "you have saved me. I have something 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, calmly.

He gripped Quest's arm. In silence they passed from the room. In silence they took their places once more in the automobiles, in silence they drove without a pause to Quest's rooms. The professor made his way at once to his favorite easy chair, threw off his overcoat and leaned back.

"Quest," he pronounced, "you are the best friend I have in my life! It is you who have rid me of my great burden. Tell me—help me a little with my story—have you read that page from the Medical Journal which clear my reputation."

Quest closed the volume.

"French," he decided, "we must find the professor. Will you have your men search the house and grounds immediately?"

The inspector left the room like a dazed man. They could hear him giving orders outside.

"The next page," Lenora begged.

"Just one page more!" Quest hesitated for a moment. Then he turned it over. All three read again:

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 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 ferocious 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-darkened room and one can see nothing but the hands and the eyes; sometimes if he closes his eyes, only the hands.

"Mrs. Rheinholdt!" Quest muttered. The door was suddenly opened and French entered.

"Beaten!" he exclaimed, tersely.

"You haven't found him?" Quest asked.

French shook his head.

"We've searched every room, every cupboard, every scrap of the cellar in the place," he announced. "We've been into every corner of the grounds, searched it all backwards and for-



"He is Dead!" Quest Declared.

ward. There's no sign of the professor.

His coils and levers. The professor watched her. Slowly his face changed. The benevolence faded away, his teeth for a moment showed in something which was almost a snarl.

"You believe me?" he cried, turning to Quest.

"You are not going to 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 are surrounded by the shadow of some terrible deeds for which as yet there is no explanation. I do not say that we mistrust you, but I ask you to submit to this test."

"I refuse!" the professor replied, harshly.

"And I insist," Quest muttered.

The professor drew a little breath. He sat back in his chair. His face became still, his lips were drawn closely together. Lenora wheeled up the machine and with deft fingers adjusted the fittings on one side. Quest himself connected it up on the other. The professor sat there like a figure of stone. The silence in the room was so intense that the ticking of the small clock upon the mantel piece was clearly audible. The very atmosphere seemed charged with the thrill and wonder of it. Never before had Quest met with resistance so complete and immovable. Sternly he concentrated the whole of his will power upon his task. Almost at once there was a change. The professor fell back in the chair. The tense self-control had passed from his features; his lips twitched. Simultaneously, the mirror for a moment was clouded, then slowly a picture upon it gathered 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 it. One was the professor; clearly he was recognizable under his white sun helmet; the other a stranger to all of them. Suddenly they stopped. The latter had crept a yard or so ahead, his gun raised to his shoulder, his eyes fixed upon some possible object of pursuit. There was a sudden change in the professor. They saw him seize his gun by the barrel and 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 other'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, Craig followed him, pleading, expostulating. They saw the conservatory for a minute, and then blackness. The professor was leaning against a marble basin. There his eyes and hands. They saw him listen for a moment or two in cold, unresponsive silence, then stretch out his hand and push Craig away. The picture glowed and faded and glowed again. Then they saw through the gloom the figure of a woman approach, a diamond necklace around her neck. They saw the hands steal out and encircle her throat—and then more darkness, stillness, obscurity. The mirror was empty once more.

"Mrs. Rheinholdt's jewels!" Lenora cried. "What next? Oh! my God, what next?"

Their eyes ached with the strain, but there was not one of them who could even glance away from the mirror. It was Quest's study which slowly appeared then. The Salvation Army girl was there, talking to the professor. They saw him leave her, they saw him look back from the door, a strange evl glance. Then the secretary entered and spoke to her. Once more there, stretching and reaching, a paper-weight gripped in the right-hand fingers. They saw it raised above the secretary's head, they saw the other hand take the girl by the throat and push her towards the table. A wild scream broke from Lenora's lips. Quest wavered for a

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, Sanford Quest, but even now you are to be cheated. The wisdom of the ages outreaches yours, outreaches it and triumphs.

Quest looked up quickly.

"What the devil does he mean?" he muttered.

The professor's arms shot suddenly above his head. Again that strange animal look convulsed his features. He burst into a loud, unnatural laugh.

"Mean, you fool!" he cried, holding out his wrist, which was slowly turning black. "Poisoned! That is what it means!"

They all stared at him. Quest seized the ink bottle, revealed the false top and laid it down again with a little exclamation. Then, before they could realize it the end 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, eh?"

"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 bashful before, Inspector. She'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 remark. She read it through and, turning slowly around, looked at him expectantly.

"How's that seem to you?" he 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 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, sir," 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, don't you?" he whispered, smiling down at her. "I think so," she admitted, with a little sigh of content.

THE END.



The Professor Sat There Like a Figure of Stone.

Craig has kept locked up all these years?

"We have all read it," Quest replied.

"It was forged," the professor declared, firmly, "forged by Craig. All the years since he has blackmailed me. I have been his servant and his tool. I have been afraid to speak. At last I am free of him. Thank God!"

"Craig, after all," French muttered.

Lenora stood a little apart with a faint frown upon her forehead. She touched Quest on the shoulder.

"Mr. Quest," she murmured, "he is lying!"

Quest turned his head. His lips scarcely moved.

"What do you mean?" he whispered.

"He is lying!" Lenora insisted. "I tell you there's another creature there, something we don't understand. Let me bring the electro-thought transference apparatus; let us read his mind. If I am wrong, I will go down on my knees and beg for forgiveness."

Quest nodded. Lenora hastened to the farther end of the room, snatched the cloth from the instrument and wheeled down the little mirror with



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

agreed with me there, don't you, Lenora?"

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THE END.

Real estate transfers were filed with County Recorder Dedman yesterday as follows:

Amos E. Ketch to C. W. Outhout, et ux, tracts 4, 5, and 6, block "A," Woodburn Orchards Tracts; \$3000.

Ellis H. Ridding et ux to Ole L. Vuelle et ux, 86 acres in section 14, township 5 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian; and 42 acres in section 14, township 5 south, range 1 east of Willamette meridian in Henry Sampson donation land claim; \$4000.

George Evangelical Church of Jennings Lodge, to the First Congregational Church of Oregon City, lots 1, 4 and 5, block 2, in Morris subdivision of lots 6, 9, 00, 22, 23 in the first addition to Jennings Lodge; \$350.

H. M. Courtwright et ux to Ray M. Matson and George D. Peters, 1.75 acres in tract S. Glenmorrie; \$1.

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Wednesday were as follows:

The Oregon Bond & Mortgage Co. to the Pacific Land Co., N. E. ¼ of the S. E. ¼ of section 30, township 2 south, range 6 east of the Willamette meridian; \$10.

E. D. Briggs et ux to Clyde Serven et ux, lots 5 and 6, block 3, Milwaukie park addition; \$370.

Leon E. Juston to Alice D. Juston, lot 3, block "G" Clackamas Heights; \$1.

William J. Cummings to Nancy L. Cummings, tract of land in section 22, township 2 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian, Hezekiah Johnson donation land claim; \$1.

Empire Investment Co. to Alex C. Hinkle, lots 10 and 11, block 2, Alder Crest Acres; \$10.

Nina V. Johnson, et vir. to H. S. Mount, tract 8, Fielding tract, township 2 south, range 1 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1.

Stratton, 11.01 acres in the Fendal C. Cason donation land claim, township 2 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$1660.

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Tuesday were as follows:

John F. Riskey et ux to William Carlson et ux, part of block 5, Ariata; \$1000.

C. T. Toozie et ux to the Casadero Real Estate Co., block 13, Oregon City; \$25.

Herbert Gordon et ux to Ralph W. Hoyt, tracts 8, 9, 10 and 11, Webster Acres; \$10.

William L. Roll et ux to Hugh Platt et ux, lot 9, block 9, Gladstone; \$1150.

Carl Schenk et ux to L. J. Little, 5 acres in the S. S. White donation land claim, township 3 south, range 2 east of the Willamette meridian; \$100.

Real estate transfers filed with the county recorder Monday were as follows:

The Ladd & Tilton bank to B. F. Deter et ux, lots 9, 12, block 3, Morris subdivision of lots 6, 9, 20, 22, 23, of the first addition to Jennings Lodge; \$10.

George F. Felts et ux to Carrie E.