

EDGAR BRIEN DIES AT HIS HOME HERE

Edgar Brien died Tuesday afternoon at his home on Division street, aged 50 years and one month. He was a native of Wisconsin, and is survived by a widow and two children. He was a member of the Modern Woodmen of America.

MRS. M. F. B. LAWTON DIES AT HER HOME

Mrs. M. F. B. Lawton, mother of Ward H. Lawton, secretary of the Clatsop County Fair association, died at her home at Mountain View shortly before midnight Thursday. She had been ill for some time. Mr. Lawton was called to his mother's bedside from the County fair grounds Thursday afternoon.

PRIZES AWARDED IN CHILDREN'S FAIR

CITY SUPERINTENDENT ALDERMAN OF PORTLAND AT MILWAUKIE SCHOOL.

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 25.—(Special.)—The children's industrial fair, held in the schoolhouse last Saturday, proved one of the most successful and interesting events ever attempted in this city.

Prizes were awarded as follows: Sewing class, 12 years and over, combination sewing—Florence Gracie, work basket, first; Duicé Welcher, silver thimble, second. Sewing class, under 12 years, combination sewing—Bessie Sharrow, work basket, first; Rosie Shindler, silver thimble, second. Work baskets were donated by Olga, Wortman & King.

Doll clothes—Caroline Echerlie, \$1. Embroidery—Bessie Sharrow, \$1. First; Rosie Shindler, 75 cents, second. Faking, white and brown bread—Ione Hageman, \$2. First; Hortense Nichols, \$1. Second; Lucile Morgan, 50 cents, third.

Cake, layer and loaf—Hortense Nichols, \$1. First; Doris Nash, 50 cents, second; Bessie Sharrow, 25 cents, third.

Positry raising, best exhibit of two puddings and rooster—Mae Gracie, White Wyandotte, rooster and pullet from Skulason flock, first; Charlotte Nash, \$1, second.

Bird houses—George Burnell, \$1. First; Brooks Childs, 50 cents, second; Raymond Nash, blue ribbon, third. Open poultry contest—Herbert Brooks, blue ribbon.

Sewing hand made handkerchiefs with tating—Lily Koenig, blue ribbon. Baking cake; Mae Kiebaugh, blue ribbon.

Vegetables—Best 12 ears of corn, Fritz Fisher, \$1.50; best 12 potatoes, Ernest Fisher, \$1.50; first; Raymond Nash, 75 cents, second; best assorted vegetables, Ernest Fisher, \$1.50; first; Charlotte Nash, 75 cents, second; largest pumpkin, Althea Stucky, 50 cents, first; largest squash, Ernest Fisher, 50 cents, first and second; best pumpkin, Carl Nelson, blue ribbon.

Canning—Three jars canned fruit and vegetables, Florence Gracie, \$2. Three glasses jelly, Florence Gracie, \$1.50, first; Adrice Ingram, 75 cents, second.

Flowers—Best asters, Mae Gracie, 75 cents; sweet peas, Florence Gracie, 75 cents; balsam, Mae Gracie, 75c; assorted flowers, Mae Gracie, 75c; dahlias, Stella Phillips, blue ribbon, first and second.

Honorable mention—Mr. Phillips, for largest one-year-old squash. The judges were: Sewing, Miss Jefferies, Miss Frances Dayton and Mrs. R. O. Appleby; baking, Mrs. O. Wisinger, Mrs. G. Alexander and Mrs. Katherine Struts; vegetables, F. King, James Robbins; canning, Mrs. James Robbins and Miss Dayton.

A musical program was carried out, and an entertaining address was given by L. R. Alderman, city superintendent of the Portland schools.

DELEGATES NAMED FOR BIG CONFERENCE

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 25.—(Special.)—One of the chief matters attended to at the first meeting of the Milwaukee Parent-Teachers' association at its first meeting for the 1915-16, held Friday afternoon, was the election of delegates to attend the state convention to be held in Corvallis October 29 to 31. The delegates named by Mrs. B. G. Skulason, president, who presided at the meeting, were Mrs. John R. Nash, Mrs. Maggie Johnson, Mrs. R. Froman, Mrs. B. G. Skulason and Mrs. Margaret Roberts. Alternates were also named.

NEAL of the NAVY

By WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE Author of "Red Mouse," "Running Fight," "Catsup," "Blue Devils," etc. Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name Produced by the Pathé Exchange, Inc.

SYNOPSIS.

On the day of the eruption of Mount Pelee, John Hardin of the steamer Princess rescued three-year-old Annette Ilington from an open boat, but is forced to leave behind her father and his companions. Ilington is assaulted by Hernandez and Ponto in a vain attempt to get papers which Ilington has managed to send aboard the Princess with his daughter, papers proving his title to the last island of Cinnabar. Ilington's injury causes his mind to become a blank.

SECOND INSTALLMENT THE YELLOW PACKET

CHAPTER VI.

The Whiplash. Hernandez stepped out upon the porch of the low-roofed bungalow. He moved with lazy strides. He was prosperous apparently, his Portuguese, Hernandez. Here was no evidence of adversity nor of hard luck. Years before he had escaped from the eruption of Mount Pelee to Martinique.

Now it was the year 1915. It was January of that year. He was located in a comfortably established—on his own plantation in the southern waters. For months or years—who knows?—he had lived a life of ease upon this island just off the coast of Porto Rico. Hernandez strode to the table and tapped a bell.

"Inez," he cried sharply, "bring me drink." He was a Portuguese, this Hernandez, tall, slender, dark. The expression on his face was sterner, and across his face was an old-time scar, planted by a saber stroke. Within a woman had been humming—humming little snatches of familiar Spanish songs. At his command the humming ceased. There was an exclamation of rage—of feminine rage. Inez Castro stepped out upon the veranda.

"I am no servant," she exclaimed angrily, "to be summoned by a bell." "Drink," said Hernandez sharply, "give me drink." She poured it out for him and handed him the glass. "May I hope it chokes you," she exclaimed, stamping her foot.

"Stop your snarling there, you Spaniard cat," exclaimed Hernandez, "and listen to me. I have an order from Porto Rico that I must fill—and fill tonight." Inez was all attention in a moment. "How much do they want?" she asked.

"Fifty pounds of gum opium," said her lord and master, "and twenty pounds of fake cocaine." He strode into the bungalow and approached a rude fireplace at the farther end of the apartment. He stooped and threw back the corner of a many-colored rug that partially concealed the tiles. The tiles were loose—set. He removed a dozen of them—



"I Hope It Chokes You!" She Exclaimed.

then he threw back an opening—a trap door in the floor beneath. Inez watched him until he disappeared into this wide hole. Then she glided out to the veranda. She poured out a tiny drink and tossed it off. She lit a cigarette.

Before her lay a partially plowed field. She heard the jingle of an ox chain. She heard a quavering voice and then suddenly from the rear of the bungalow a strange trio entered the arena of events.

Ponto, a fat little Mexican—who boasted ever of his Aztec blood—crawled behind a primitive and ineffective plow. And the team! A strangely assorted team was this. On the right, with its head thrust through a wooden yoke, was an ox. On the left hand side, also with its head thrust through a wooden yoke and with his brawny shoulders tugging, ever tugging, at the plow, there was a man.

Ponto, cursing, raised his whip and brought down his lash time after time with strict impartiality upon the shoulders of the ox and upon the bare back of the man.

Hernandez just then appeared on the veranda bearing with him a large wicker cross-suit case.

Hernandez, slowly smoking a panatela, scanned the horizon. Suddenly his eyes narrowed. He strode swiftly into the living room and as swiftly back again and in his hands he bore a pair of up-to-date binoculars. He held them to his eyes and carefully adjusted them—keeping them trained upon a speck, a mere speck, that had appeared upon the surface of the sea.

With a bound he was off, circling the bungalow in the opposite direction from that which Ponto and his ill-assorted team had taken. He met him half way.

"Ponto," he exclaimed, "we shall have visitors. Unhitch the brute. Get pickaxes—get spades." Hernandez led the way to the foreground between the veranda end of the bungalow and the shore. He pointed to a well-plowed strip of ground.

"There," he cried, "at that spot. Dig—like the very devil." CHAPTER VII. The Clue.

Hernandez returned to the veranda and seized the glasses once again. He passed them to Inez. "Tell me what you see," he said.

The woman shuddered slightly. "Government vessel," she returned. With the woman at his side he strode into the huge living room. A moment later he reappeared tugging with him a small steamer trunk. With her aid he carried it to the veranda; then they went back for another—and another—and still another.

"Senior," exclaimed Ponto, from the inner edge of a small pit that he and the brute had finished digging, "behold, the task is now complete." "Come then," cried Hernandez sharply, "dump these in."

Half an hour later and half a mile from shore a revenue cutter stopped its engines and later dropped an anchor. Another half an hour and Hernandez and his dark-haired Inez sauntered shoreward and stood bowing on the crazy little wharf. They waited calmly, the woman smoking a cigarette and Hernandez enjoying his panatela, until the ship's gig drew up to the wharf.

Hernandez deftly caught the rope as it was thrown to him. "Mr. Hernandez," said the officer brusquely, "I've got a government search warrant."

"Do not produce it, sir," he said. "I take you at your word." "Mr. Hernandez," went on the officer, "a Porto Rican fisherman reported to us yesterday that his kicker had been hired three times by a notorious negro smuggler—that three times he had watched the departure of his boat and its return. Each time it had come in this direction—each time returned from this direction."

"The point is," went on the officer, "just this: This is the only point south of Porto Rico within a given distance. The kicker owned by our informant, when it left its owner, sailed direct toward you. Possibly I am on a fool's errand, but I've got to do my duty."

"Permit me to escort you, senior," said Hernandez. An hour later the officer was seated on the veranda waiting for his men. One by one they filed in and reported. "No, go, sir," they all said. "We've covered the whole place. There's not an ounce of gum nor a penny's worth of fake."

The officer shook his head and dismissed his men. "You were speaking," he remarked, slipping his glass of ice-cold vichy, "you were speaking of the Martinique eruption."

"Of that," assented Hernandez, "and of something else—the steamship Princess of New York." "Why," said the officer, "she was burned, that tramp—burned two days out from Martinique."

Hernandez's eyes narrowed. "How do you know, senior?" he queried. "I know," returned the officer, "because I was a seaman on the gunboat Eaglet—and the gunboat Eaglet rescued the survivors of the Princess." "Senior," said Hernandez gravely, "I would hear about this Princess of New York. She stood by, senior—I remember well, for I thought my last hour had come—she stood by to succor refugees and I with my man Ponto here—I was a refugee. I fled from the smoke and lava of Mount Pelee back in 1902."

"Were you on the steamer Princess?" asked the officer. "No," returned Hernandez, "they would not let us on; they beat us back. But a strange thing happened, senior. There were four of us, myself, my servant Ponto and an American named Ilington."

"Four of you?" queried the officer. "Ah," said Hernandez, "there was a fourth member of the party—we had put off in a leaky boat. She was a baby girl—a child. She was the daughter of this Ilington."

The officer leaned forward. His mind was at work. His memory traveled back over some thirteen years. He nodded. "Ilington," he repeated. "A child—a baby girl. I remember now."

"That baby girl, senior, boarded the ship—they took her out of all her party—her and her native woman servant."

The officer slapped his thigh. "I remember now," he said. "I remember all about it. Let me see. It was common talk aboard the Eaglet. This child came aboard with the wife of the Princess' captain. She had two boys with her and this little girl. I don't remember the girl, but she was young, say five years old. The captain's boy I remember well—he slept in my hammock the first night he came aboard. I remember him. But there was something about the girl—wait, I have it. A bag of gold—Spanish pieces most of them, I think—or maybe French. A bag of gold—and something else. Some note or package—some mystery at any rate, as I recall."

Hernandez knocked the ashes from his panatela. "You don't say so, senior," he replied, with a show of interest. "A bag of gold and a mystery—I know nothing of all that. I wonder what has become of Ilington. By the way, senior, what became of the survivors of the Princess?"

The officer nodded. "We landed them at Brooklyn navy yard. They were people from the North, New York or thereabouts. Curious about this little girl. I had almost forgot all about her. I will have to look her up somehow some day and see what her history is and what the mystery was."

Hernandez shrugged his shoulders. "Like looking for a needle in a haystack, officer," he suggested. "Oh, no," said the officer, "they've got the record in the Brooklyn navy yard. I can easily find out." He rose and held out his hand. "Sorry to trouble you, Mr. Hernandez. Duty is duty and the government is no respecter of persons."

CHAPTER VIII. The Flash Flare.

Neal Hardin of the United States life-saving service at Seaport, N. J., swung down the narrow lane toward the beach. Before he reached the intervening railroad tracks a train pulled in—a shore train from New York. Its last two cars blocked Neal's progress toward the beach—and he was forced to wait until the train pulled out again. Meantime, while the train was stationary, a stately passenger alighted—a smartly dressed young woman.

She stopped, once she had alighted—and glanced about her in uncertainty. She caught sight of Neal and started toward him.

"If you don't mind," said the young woman, in dulcet tones—and with just the trace of foreign accent in her voice—"if you do not mind, I should like to find the post office—if you have one here."

Neal nodded. "I go past there, it answered Neal. 'I'll take you to it. Come with me.' Neal liked her—but she didn't ring true.

"This is the post office," he exclaimed at length. He had not gone far when he heard a woman's scream. He looked back. In front of the post office a crumpled heap turned out to be the pretty woman.

"I slipped—I stumbled—something," she exclaimed, "and oh—the pain—the pain—"

"Where?" queried the postmaster. "My foot, my ankle," returned the young lady; "it is bad—bad." She fell back, half fainting, in Neal's arms. The postmaster nodded to Neal. "She was going to your mother's, Neal," he said.

"My mother's," gasped Neal, "does she know my mother?" The postmaster shook his head. "She wanted a quiet place—not a boarding house, nor nothing of the kind—a quiet place for her and her old father. I gave her your mother's name. I didn't know. I thought maybe your mother might take 'em in."

Neal clutched her in his strong arms and staggered to his feet. "I'll take you to my mother's," he said aloud, "that's where you were bound—I'm Mrs. Hardin's son."

Neal's mother, Mrs. Captain Hardin, had spent a good part of the last hour in the attic of her cozy little house. She was delving into the depths of an old leather trunk—and that meant that she was delving into the past.

At the very bottom of the trunk where she had placed them years ago was a newspaper package, carefully contents on the lid of the trunk. They consisted of the clothing—all the clothing—of a little girl—the dress and the linen articles had turned slightly yellow—even the thirteen years had left their mark upon them.

But this was not all—there was a bag of gold—the bag of gold that the little girl had brought aboard the Princess during that day of terror back at Martinique. And pinned to the tiny dress was still the note—hastily penciled by an unknown hand: I am Annette Ilington, heiress of the lost island of Cinnabar. I will be very rich some day. Save my clothes and the oleikn packet until my father comes for me, or until I am eighteen. I must look out for a man with a sabel cut upon his face. For God's sake, keep me safe.



"I Wonder What Has Become of Ilington?"

the contents of the newspaper package and shut and locked the trunk. When she reached the living room, she started back. A young woman, her skirt dusty with the dirt of the road, was lying full length upon the lounge. Her eyes were closed. Neal was standing at her head, placing a wet cloth upon her forehead. Annette removed her shoe.

"Ah, the pain—the pain—" groaned the sufferer. "Why, there's no swelling," said Annette. The girl on the lounge opened her eyes. "It is always that way," she replied; "that is not the first time. It is the injury to what you call the—the synovial membrane—the covering of the bones. It has happened twice before."

The girl signaled for her leather handbag which was on the table. Neal fetched it for her, and she took from it a card. She handed it to Annette. Annette passed it to Mrs. Hardin. This is what it said: Miss Irene Courtier, Nassau, The Bahama Isles.

"I—I must send a telegram," she added, shutting her bag and handing it back to Neal. The girl dictated and Neal wrote as follows: Napoleon Courtier, Esq., Hotel Bermuda, New York City; Sprained my ankle. Don't worry. Have found friends in Seaport.

IRENE. Over in the Hotel Bermuda in New York for Mr. Napoleon Courtier—a foreign-looking gentleman of distinguished appearance. He was a striking-looking figure and had many peculiarities and eccentricities of manner. The most striking thing about him, however, was a livid scar cut across his cheek—a deep, deep cut—a bad scar. It is probable, however, that Mr. Courtier attracted no more attention than his companions did—one of them a fat little Mexican of most villainous appearance; the other a huge giant clad in ill-fitting clothes, who followed Mr. Courtier about like a dog—a faithful dog.

Mr. Napoleon Courtier sat within his room. He was not alone. With him were the Mexican and the giant. With him also was another personage, ill favored, low browed, treacherous. This latter individual was a New York crook.

A telegraph boy entered with a telegram. Courtier signed for it with a gold pencil, gave the boy a quarter for a tip and opened the telegram. "Ponto," exclaimed Mr. Napoleon Courtier, for the moment totally ignoring the presence of the crook; "look, friend Ponto. Read."

And Ponto read. It was the telegram of Miss Irene Courtier. "At last—and after thirteen years," he said.

The crook once more seated himself and Mr. Courtier followed suit. He seized a piece of paper and wrote rapidly. He pushed the piece of paper toward the crook.

"Read that," he commanded; "it is intended for your principal." The crook read: Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare.

The crook nodded. "Right, bo," he commented. Half an hour later, on his way up Second avenue, New York, the crook was hoisterously hailed by a crowd of boon companions. These boon companions were lounging in the doorway of the "Slide Pocket."

"Come on, Shorty," cried one of them, catching the crook by the arm. "I'm just blowing. Come on in and have some steam." A few minutes after they entered the place, One-Eyed Mulvaney and his gang entered the saloon. Followed a fight and a raid by the police. When it was over Shorty lay in a corner with his skull cracked.

Something white protruded from the crook's coat pocket. The sergeant drew it out. It was a note. It read like this: Have 200 pounds best gum opium. Will land same tonight at Seaport, N. J. Be ready to receive it. Signal with flash flare. The sergeant read it twice. Then he signaled to one of his men.

design brushed violently against Annette and knocked her down. Neal raised her to her feet and then beside himself with anger dashed after this reckless individual up the road. "Look, look," cried Annette, "what is this thing coming here?"

"This thing, as Annette called it, came on by leaps and bounds, with hands that wildly waved about its body and above its head as it sped along. It was a figure, gigantic, fearful. Welcher shuddered.

The huge creature stopped short in his tracks and stared at Annette—stupefied and fascinated. The sharp crack of revolver shot brought him to himself. He looked behind him. Annette following his gaze saw figures rushing up the road way. The brute leaped up and with a huge bound rushed up the road and disappeared.

An officer followed by a handful of sailors from the launch followed the brute up the road. CHAPTER X. A General Jail Delivery.

Meantime Neal, incensed at the assault, either intended or accidental, upon Annette, was following his man across country. Hernandez was lean and agile and he kept well in the lead. At the railroad, obeying some sudden impulse, he turned and swung on down the tracks. Here he was at a disadvantage. Neal was accustomed to leaping railroad ties, two at a leap.

By this time, however, they had reached the bridge—a bridge over the inlet to the north of the town. Hernandez darted out upon it with Neal immediately behind him, but just as Neal was about to clutch him from behind, Hernandez twitched aside and leaped to the waters of the inlet far beneath.

Neal followed suit. Both men swam to shore and Hernandez, realizing for the first time that he was followed by one man and not two, now changed his tactics. He stood upon the shore and waited until Neal came up. Then with a sudden rush he darted forward and planted a murderous blow in the direction of Neal's chin.

When the blow was delivered Neal's chin was not there, nor was Neal, but he was not far away. He ducked and countered with his left, striking Hernandez full upon the throat. At that instant something small and dark and fat leaped out of the darkness, drew a ponard, and before Neal could even turn, had cut a gash—a deep gash—in Neal's shoulder.

This new assailant was Ponto. And then all three heard a sound upon the bridge. All three looked up. There in the moonlight, running full tilt toward them, was a squad of uniformed men.

Ponto and Hernandez took to their heels and ran, but Neal in that instant leaped upon them from behind, clutched each man with one hand. "Come on, boys," he yelled, panting. "I've got them. Come."

Meantime Mrs. Hardin had succeeded in getting Annette back into the cottage. Annette had been somewhat injured by the violence of her fall.



The Brute Man Releases Hernandez and Ponto From Prison.

but it was not that shock that affected her the most. "It was that big wild man," she kept exclaiming, with terror shining from her eyes. "It was his face—his face." She looked up suddenly. "His face," she kept repeating. "Where have I seen his face before?"

There was a tramp of feet without and in another instant a naval officer in uniform appeared in the doorway, removed his cap and entered. Neal, pale-faced, but with flashing eyes, stalked in at his side. Annette uttered a cry of dismay. Neal's white shirt was drenched with blood.

Ten minutes later Hernandez and Ponto were safely under lock and key—the only prisoners in the town jail. Three hours later, just as the moon went down, a huge figure cautiously crept up toward the barred window of the jail. It lifted its hands high above its head, grasped the bars and drew itself up until it could peer within.

"Break, brute," Hernandez commanded softly. "Tear them up by the roots. Get us out of this." Five minutes later these three ill-assorted figures crept noiselessly, stealthily into the shadows of the night and disappeared. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THIS STORY IS REPRODUCED IN FILM AT THE GRAND THEATRE EVERY WEDNESDAY

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE HAS LARGE INCREASE

MILWAUKIE, Sept. 25.—(Special.)—The Milwaukee schools, which opened two weeks ago, are showing an increased enrollment of over 20 per cent with 275 in attendance. In the high

many of whom have come from outside districts, some even from Washington state. The two manual training and domestic science departments are constantly increasing. The domestic science department finds two classes in sewing, one in cooking and two in millinery. This department is in charge of Miss Beatrice Jefferys, while S. S. Chambers is at the head of the manual department.

NEW TEACHER AT MOLALLA. The growth of the Molalla schools is shown by the fact that there were 43 registered during the first week, while last year at the same time there were but 29, and the year before only 22, in the high school. It has been

charge of the entire school, including the grade, now there are seven teachers two having been added this year. The following are the teaching force: R. W. Rose, principal; Miss Mildred Riddle and Miss Townsend, assistants in the high school; Mrs. E. M. Joy, Miss Myrtle Lay, Miss A. L. Ransby and Miss Odessa Ulen.

Rail laying on the Willamette-Pacific has begun south of Siuslaw river, Gresham; Masonic orders buy site

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