COMMITTEE OF 9 BEGINS TASK IN EARNEST MANNER

TWO MEMBERS TO VISIT COUN-CIL AND OTHERS WILL COL-LECT FACTS AND FIGURES

mittee of nine that was appointed by Mayor Jones to formulate a plan for the retirement of the city's warrant indebtedness and for a more efficient aystem of conducting municipal affairs was effected Monday night in the Commercial club, rooms by the efection of M. D. Latoureite temporary chairman and E. E. Brodie temporary secretary. Permanent organizatio, will be made next Friday night. Seven members of the committee were ward. He was seeing visions-always present and with Mayor Jones, discussed in a tentative way the several phases of the municipal situation.

E. G. Caufield and Livy Stipp were appointed to attend the council meet- tt-1 can't help it. It calls to me-the ing Wednesday night and ask the cooperation of the members of the counell in the work of the committee. T. W. Sullivan was asked to prepare tabulated statement for a form of serial bonds to retire city warrants and J. O. Staats was authorized to secure a "your father was a here of the seastatement of the city's financial condihe saved me-you saved me, Neal.

The scope of the work to be done by the committee of nine has not yet been determined, but it is probable that a new charter will be prepared for submission to the voters at the December election, and the council will be asked to submit the proposed charter to the people for their approval or rejection. It is altogether probable that this charter will provide for a business manager form of government, the installation of the budget system in the distribution and expenditure of the city's funds, and the election of a council of five members to be chosen from the city at large. Mayor Jones has been asked to meet with the committee and lend his aid in determining a definite plan for the future government of Oregon City.

TRADING STILL LIGHT IN PORTLAND YARDS

HOG PRICES STILL UNCHANGED BUT GENERAL MARKET CON-DITIONS ARE WEAK.

UNION STOCK YARDS, Portland, Oct. 2 -Trading was of small volume. this forenoon, and receipts were atso light. Hog prices remained at Annette and Neal were sitting in the \$6.35 but the market was considered

Receipts for the week were 1354 cattle, 34 calves, 6129 hogs and 9466 sheep. For today they were 19 cattle, 2 calves, 365 hogs and 3 sheep. Official livestock quotations in fect this morning were as follows: Cattle.

Steers-choice\$6.60 to 6.80 Good 6.25 to 6.50 Medium 4.00 to 6.25 Cows-choice Good 4.50 to 5.00 Medium 4.00 to 4.50 Heifers-choice 5.75 to 5.85 5,00 to 5,50 Good Hogs. Prime lights, 175-200 ... 6.30 to 6.35 Choice medium, 140-175 . 5.00 to 6.25 Pigs, 90-146 Ibs. 5.00 to 6.25 Sheep. Choice spring lambs 6.50 to 7.00 Common spring lambs , 5.50 to 6.00 Choice yearlings 5,50 to 6.00 Good yearlings 5.00 to 5,50 Old wethers 4.75 to 5.25

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS

Real estate transfers filed with County Recorder Dedman Thursday follows:

A. A. Laird and wife to Josie Ferrey east half of southeast one-half of southeast one-half of southeast onequarter of section 36, township 4, south, range 4, east of the Willamette meridian, containing five acres; \$10.

W. L. Jones to Josie Ferrey, west one-half of south one-half of southeast one-quarter of southeast one-quarter and west one-half of southeast onequarter of southeast one-quarter in section 30, township 4, south, range

BCres; \$500. W. W. Poster to Ellen Patterson, west one-half of southeast one-quarter of section 30, in township 3 south, of range five east of Willamette me-

ridian, 80 acres; \$10. J. V. Lehigh to Daniel F. Lehigh, land bounded on easterly side of blocks 75, 76 and 77 of Oregon City; on northerly side by McKinley donation land claim; on westerly side by Willamette river and on southerly side by land or Archibald McKinley;

Oregon Iron & Steel company to Louise Atchinson, lot 3, block 135 in 26, township 2 snorth, range 5 west; required.

half of southeast one-quarter of south- liam McLinn donation land claim. nail of southeast one-quarter of section 36, town- Multnomah county, lot 9, block 6, Oak- 1% acres of south half of block 47, County Recorder Dedman Tuesday fol strip a'ong northeast side of lot 8 tion 18, township 4 south, range 2 cas ship 4 south, range 4 east, containing hurst addition to Portland; lots 19 and Concord; \$25,

County Recorder Dedman Friday are ton park addition to Portland. Clack in George Crow donation land claim: \$10.

Pacific Land company to Cazadero southeast quarter of section 30, townas follows: Pacific Land company to Cazadero ship 2 south, range 6 east. Consider additional rights on 39-100 acres in View addition to Oregon City; \$50. Boege, 49.16 acres in section 18, town lund et ux., 129 acres in section 1. Real Estate company, washington to Green in section 1, low addition to Grace Loder, ship 4 south range 1 east of William M. Smith to Grace Loder, ship 4 south range 1 east of William M. Smith to Grace Loder, ship 4 south range 1 east of William M. Smith to Grace Loder, ship 4 south range 1 east of William M. Smith to Grace Loder, ship 4 south range 1 east of William M. Smith to Grace Loder, ship 4 south range 1 east of William M. Smith to Grace Loder, ship 4 south range 2 east of William M. county, lot 9, Borwick acre, northeast quarter of section, Eight dollars in revenue stanms was George J. Hall to John Riskey, lots lots 5 and 6, block 23 in Falls View ette meridian; \$7200.

OW WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE AUTHOR OF "RED MOUSE," NOVELIZED FROM

"BLUE BUCKLE" ETC. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY WILLIAM HAVILLTON COSBORINE

"RUNNING FIGHT," "CATSPAW,

THE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME PRODUCED BY THE PATHE EXCHANGE. INC.

SYNOPSIE

NEW CHARTER WILL PROBABLY

BE SUBMITTED IN DECEMBER

City Manager, Council of Five and installation of Budget System May

Be Features of Proposed Gorernment for Oregon City.

Temporary organization of the computation of nine that was appointed by militee of nine that was appointed by militee of nine that was appointed by

THIRD INSTALLMENT

THE FAILURE CHAPTER XI.

May the Best Man Win.

Neal Hardin, clad in his life-saving uniform, sat upon the gunwale of his lifeboat, gazing seaward-ever seavisions of the sea. He caught Annette's hand in his own. He turned to

"Annette," he cried, "I've got to do sea. It's in my blood."

The girl smiled-a bit sadly per-But her eyes glowed. She rehage. turned the pressure of Neal's hand with her warm, strong, girlish grasp. "It's in your blood," she repeated,

You've got to go.' You-want me to?" he saked. Yes, I want you to."

Th go," said Neal. The girl held in her right hand a newspaper-the current issue of the local Scaport weekly. 'I saved this just for you. Look. Read it, Neal, she said. She pointed to an item on the first page.

CONGRESSMAN PRIME NOUNCES PRELIMINARY AN-NAPOLIS EXAMINATIONS.

Congressman James J. Prime of Seaport announces that the preliminary examination for candidacy for Annapoffs finals will be held at the High School here on Thursday next at 9 a. .The congressman's privilege is limited to but one appointment. May the test man win.

"It's your chance, Neal," said the girl. She placed a hand upon his shoulder, and at her touch the blood ran through his veins like wine. whispered, "always the best man You're bound to win."

Congressman James J. Prime was a Seaport man-and the biggest man in that shore town. He had sprung from boatbuilding, seafaring ancestors; he knew scagoing folk; he liked them. And he liked the sea. And the pleasantest thing he did, he was wont to tell his friends, was to recommend clear-eyed, clean limbed young fellows for Annapolis. At the very time that lifeboat gazing seaward, the congress man was at the post office, surrounded by a circle of old cronies, holding forth upon the navy. As he talked he examined his mail, opening it with a clumsy forefinger. He had mail aplenty small envelopes and big ones, long and short. Three times he dropped a letter, once he dropped a check

somebody picked them up for him. Then, unknown to himself, and unseen of anyone about him, he accidentally dropped something else upon the floor-a long, folded printed paper. He didn't miss it; and when Congressman James J. Prime moved off in the direction of his home, a human being slouched over to that corner, placed a concealing foot upon the folded paper, struck a match and lit a cigarette, stooped suddenly and with nicotinestained fingers, picked up the document.

The concealing foot and the nicotine-stained fingers belonged to a young and sporty gentleman of the name of Joey Welcher.

He thrust the document into his pocket and then, he too, moved off to some less public place. reached a place less public, he examined his find. He was disappointed at first. He was prepared for anything of interest. But he was disgusted when he opened the document and read its

headlines: Questions and Correct Answers to be used in Preliminary Competitive Examination for Congressional Appointment - District of New Jersey, for Navy Academy, Annapolis.

Duplicate. It didn't interest him, but be glanced over its contents; then thrust it into 4. east of Willamette meridian; 15 his hip pocket and went his waysmoking a cigarette.

CHAPTER XII.

The Spider and the Fly. Back in the Hardin cottage by the sea, Miss Irene Courtier-known in other and less reputable circles by the name of Inex Castro-limped (not ungracefully) downstairs from the

room she had been occupying for some time, and entered the living

"Under your kind care," she said to Mrs. Hardin, her hostess-and in her tone was the slightest foreign accent -1 am so well again, that I must leave you.

She paused. Joe Welcher pushed open the door and slouched into the re m. Inex Castro glanced at him sedictively from under her long lashes and went on

"With the aid of Mr. Joey Welcher," she proceeded, "I have consulted timetables, and I find very good connections on the next train."

She opened her handbag, and took out bills: "And," she added, "I insist on paying board." Mrs. Hardin held up her hand. "Miss

Courtler," she returned, "I can't think of it. You have taken what we call per-luck with us. You have been Itiendly with us, and I hope we have been friendly with you. Inex smiled and shrugged her pretty

shoulders. She glanced cusually at Joe Welcher. She slightly raised her cycbrows-she watched Joey as a cal watches a mouse. And Joe-he was watching something, too-the cash that lnes was holding in her hand ince grouned suddenly and put out her hand

"Stupid," she said, "I have forgot. My cuter bandage. I must return She returned the money to ber handbag and laid it down upon the table Then she left the room and went up stairs. Mrs. Hardin, Welcher's foster mother, suiffed the gir.

"There's semething burning in the kitchen, Jucy," she exclaimed, "if Miss Courter comes down 111 be right back." She, too, disappeared. And Joey- easy money Joey Welcher, was left slone with the handbag and the bills. Joey listened for an instant. then tipteed forward, seized was handbog and drew forth the roll of bills. He needed money badly-he had to pay a debt of honor, which means a gambling debt. He opened the roll of bills and peeled off a few where their absence would least be noted, and then restored the balance of the bills to the handbag-thrusting his share into his pocket.

Inez Castro, seated haifway up time stairs, watching through an inch of open doorway, smiled to herself. Then she tripped a bit noistly, and irregularly-to show her limp-down the stairs and glided gracefully into the room. Joe lit a cigarette and watched He was nervous, but game. He watched her closely. She took up her You're the best man, Neal," she bag and once again took out the bills "My charming hostess," she ex-

claimed, "where should she be?" "She should be here," said Joey, evading her glance, "wait a bit, I'll

get her. He got her, and Inez resumed her former conversation-once more insisting upon payment for her board. Her offer was quite as insistently declined. She sighed prettily and clicked shut her bag. Welcher also sighedwith unmistakable relief. She turned

"The one-horse vehicle?" she asked. "Outside," said Welcher, offering his 'arm, "boy's ready-time that you were

off. Once at the station Inez bought a ticket for New York. But when the train-a local-drew up at Lonesors Cove, three miles north of Seaport, Inez dropped off the rear platform of the last car, and waited on the far side of the track until the train was out of sight. There was no station at Lonesome Cove-merely a shed. Swiftly Inez crossed the track and passed this station and then sped on down toward the shore. She reached a narrow strip of beach, stepped down to the vater's edge, and looked about her. Suddenly she saw what she was looking for-a bandanna handkerchief thrust above a clump of bushes. On the sea side of this clump of bushes was a rock. Inez raised her parasol and sauntered gracefully toward this rock, and composed herself -- also gracefully-in the shadow of the rock. Before doing so she peered into the bushes, noted the presence there of three shadowy figures, and nodded slightly, in recognition. A man with a foreign accent spoke.

"What progress?" he queried anx-

"Best in the world," she answered, "we have a new recruit."

She changed her position. A man thrust his head and face for a moment out of the bushes-a face across which was a saber cut; a livid scar. For a moment, with their heads, together, the two whispered. The man with a scowl of satisfaction, finally withdrew his head. Inex rose to her

feet and looked about her. "Where is this Lonesome Cave Inn then?" she queried.

"Half a mile farther up the beachfollow the shore line-turn in at the cove. Follow the water line-is takes you there. Good luck."

CHAPTER XIII.

The Honor Slip. A crowd of thirty-more or less-

school building in Beapart, N. J. Neat was there. Home of the thirty he knew and some he didn't. Neal started suddenly. A hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned.

faced him. Joey amiled.

you decide?"

boning hard."

Welcher, his foster brother,

"Neal," he said, "I think I'll take a

For a moment Neal was taken back

"liefore you did," replied Welcher,

Tve had this up my sleeve for a year

or so. I've been boning on the quiet-

It was quite true that he had been

boning hard-and also on the quiet.

He had been studying the examination

paper dropped accidentally by the con-

completely circled the room. The ex-

aminer had copied them from his

the congressman came in. The exam-

iner left his deak and met the con-

gressman half way. He whispered to

"How goes it?" asked the congress-

"I've only had the chance to look

They look good to me. They're well-

note-did I hand you two or one?"

There was a knock on the door and

printed list of questions.

man.

all through."

and a pen.

signed it as requested:

desk.

an instant.

exclaimed.

know what it is."

paper from him.

nigh perfect."

my honor-"

door.

nodded understandingly.

do solemnly declare on my henor

Neal Hardin, Candidate.

tained nor given aid of any kind dur-

He had no sooner finished signing

"Through, Joey?" queried Neal, "I'll

Welcher signed his own honor slip.

Neal waited-and while he waited, he

thrust his hand into his coat pocket.

There was something unfamiliar

there. Involuntarily he drew it out-

it was a crumpled printed paper. The

examiner's eagle eye was upon it in

"Haven't been cribbing, boy?" he

"No," stammered Neal, "I-1 don't

it however, for the thing it was. He

grabbed Neal's hand and snatched the

cate—questions and answers both. No

wonder Hardin's papers were well-

He turned to the congressman-who

"I don't know how it got there,"

stammered Neal, "I didn't put it there

-I never saw the thing before. On

"Pan," cried the congressman, his

eyes flashing, 'look at it-thumbed

and soiled-he's had it for a week-

Angrily he tore up the honor slip-

tore up Neal's answers and flung

them to the floor. He pointed to the

"Go," he exclaimed, "the navy's well

Once outside his pace slackened. He

didn't want to go home. And yet he

must go home -he'd have to tell them

nette-how much would they believe?

he's learned the thing by heart."

rid of sneaks like you."

"Oh!" he said, "the missing dupli-

The examiner knew

than Joe Welcher approached the

ing the course of this examination.

back at this Annapolis cram myself."

Then he recovered. "Gorry," he re-turned, "I'm glad of that. When did.

congregated about the steps of the

think I did this thing?"

Jon shrugged his shoulders. all right, old man," he said finally, "remember, no matter what has happened I'm your friend."

filde by side they entered the cottage. Annotte was there-so was Neal's mother-both waiting eagerly.

Neal strude to the table, and faced to the two women, the young one and the old. He started to speak. he slumped down into a chair and hid his face in his hands.

"I'm disgraced," he cried, "you-you tell 'em, Joe."

Welcher told them-with considerable unction, putting in fancy touches of his own.

Neal sprung to his feet-his face greesman in the local post office, and ablaze with anger and determination. he had mastered every answer by You bet your life I'm going "Never mind," he cried, "I can't get into Annapolis—but I can get into the Ten minutes later Neal and Welcher navy and I will. Mother-Annette-Joe-I've got to go-the navy calls for were seated side by side at deaks in me. I'm going to ealist. I've got to the old-fashioned little schoolroom. The examination questions had been written on the ample blackboards that

CHAPTER XIV. uningle-

Wind and Limb.

Dress suit case in hand Neal stopped in front of a cigar store in New York. Next to the cigar store was an entrance to a stairway that led to the entrance paced an officer in uniform "Recruiting station?" queried Neal, saluting.

"Nothing but," returned the man in over young Hardin's papers as they uniform, "you're as welcome as the came in-hg's been the first to finish. flowers in May. Ascend." He waved night perfect. There he is now. He's his hand invitingly. Neal ascended. Half an hour later he had regularly

enrolled be was an apprentice sea-"May the best man win," said the man in the navy. The United States congressman, "he looks the part at at its own expense shipped him with any rate." He glanced about the a squad of recruits to the naval trainroom; he seemed to be trying to reing school at Norfolk. momber; then he remembered. "Say, As the hours flew by, Neal's eyes. look a here," he said. "Beecher's letter

were opened. He loved the sea-had says he mailed me a duplicate of those questions and taswers and I'll swear always loved it. He plunged into the I saw a duplicate when I read his life of an apprentice scaman. He wrote his mother and Annette

"One," returned the examiner. He that afternoon after drill was over. "This is the life," he said to them. stepped back to his deak Neal handed "I've been fighting all the afternoonin his final paper. The examiner thrust in front of Neal a slip of paper aiming thirteen inch guas at hostile "Sign this, please," he battleships, handling a cutter; splicing

Again a friendly hand was placed , petitive examinations. Huddenly the window was raised swiftly but noiseepon his shoulder. Again it was Joe Welcher, He sighed with rollef, "Look lessly, and from without. here, Joe," he pleaded, "you don't

"11" 8

One of Joe's friends across the table rose, with terror written on his face. He pointed with his flager at the win-

"Look, look," he cried. They looked. A long thin, griatly brown arm with long clawlike fingers, thrust itself through the window and thrust a folded piece of paper into the breast pocket of Joe Welcher's coat. sprang to his feet, crouched terror stricken in the corner, shielding his face with his arm. His three cronics leaped to the window, and looked out. There was a moon. But there was no one to be seen. The owner of the hand and arm had disappeared. Welcher, coming to himself, clutched at the

note, and unfolded it and read. My Charming Friend: (it said) Once more I have returned from New York. I stay at Lonesome Cove Inn. Meet me there tomorrow afternoonperhaps I should say-this afternoon -at three. It is of importance. When you come, inquire for Inex Castro-1 have used that name in order that certain mutual friends might not hear As ever,

Irene Courtier. That afternoon at three Louesome Cove-three miles north of Beaportwas graced by the presence of Joe Welcher. Welcher made a bee line for the cafe and properly spleed up second floor above. In front of this his breath before proceeding to keep the rendezvous. Then he approached Mulligan, the ill favored proprietor.

"You got a certain party here of the name of Ines Costro," whispered

Welcher to Mulligan. "What's that to you," said Mulligan, Welcher produced his note-the note oduced an unusual effect upon Mulligan. He dropped his surliness, and with a wink beckoned to Welcher, leading him down a dim corridor. "Go up that there staircase," he commanded, "and knock at Number Seven." "I sent for you," Incr began, "that

you should do a favor for me-Weigher seized her hand. That was his undoing. In a moment she was in his arms, struggling. He kissed her full upon the lips.

"Ill go to hell and back for you," said. Struggling, she half screamed. Then something happened. Unknown o Welcher, the door of Room Seven opened noiselessly, and a well dressed ian, with a saber cut across his face, entered on tiptoe. He closed the door behind him, and stood there, watching the struggle, eilent, sinister.

Suddenly Inex screamed. She released herself from Welcher's armsand recled against the table, her eyes. wide with fright

"My-my husband," she gasped She held out her hands pleadingly toward the newcomer. Welcher cowered in ableet ferror.

"It was nothing-nothing," gasped lnes. "a bit of play-nothing else-be-

Hernandes smiled-a wicked smile. He never looked at Inez. He glared at loey Weicher. "So I see," he said, "a bit of play." He whistled. The door opened once

again. Two figures entered-the brute and Ponto. Hernandez gave a signand the brute picked Joe Welcher up. whirled him in the air, and brought him down seated at the table. This was the added finishing touch to make Joe realize his helplessness. Hernandes clapped his hands and the brute left the room. Ponto, the fat Mexican, curied himself up underneath the table. Hernandez seated himself.

'A bit of play," laughed Hernandez, harshly. Then his brow furrowed with wrinkles, his eyes became stern.

"Young, sir," he said, "your foster live in the same house with her. She has in her possession a small ofiskin packet-a yellow packet - possibly

you've seen it?" He waited for an answer. Joe mois-

tened his dry lips and nodded. "Well and good," went on Hernandez. "that packet is mine-it belongs to me. You shall steal it from hersteal it for me. You understand? Hernandez smiled. Then his face

froze. His hand darted forward and he clutched Welcher by the wrist. "My young friend," went on Hernandez. "you are a crook. I have watched ing room at the Hardin cottage, early you from first to last. Always I have watched you. I watched you while you made love to my young wife this day. I watched you when you stole her money from her a week or so

> BEO: "Give me a drink," cried Welcher. "go on. What do you want me to do?" "First," returned Hernandez, "say nothing to anyone-about me or my companions-nor about Inez herenothing. To you we are as a sealed Break silence and-well, my ancestors were of the Spanish inquisition, my young friend. Silence comes first. Next, get that packet. I care not by what means-and bring it to me at the time and place I shall here-

after designate. Now go. Tonight,

an admiral. Hitch your wagon to a That night, Welcher, fully dressed. and tossing in his restless bed, heard the tap-tap of pebbles on his window. oaught him in her arms. "Both my Startled, he rose and peered without. boys-Neal and Jos-in the navy," she The sky was cloudless and the moon three-quarters-by its rays he saw "Yes," returned Welcher, with a three crouching figures-shadows of sneer, "but there's a difference. I go the night. One of these figures held in as an officer-and Neal's nothing up a white hand. Welcher responded with a silent signal; and then drew Annette flushed, but gave no other back into his room. He drew from his pocket a pint flask and drank deep. He smoked a cigarette, taking quick, swift, strong puffs and inhaling deeply -he needed strength. He waited until the tingling of that first drink had entered his system; and then he took ing. Joe Welcher, seated at a round table in the Seaport house bar, still another and another. Then he refoiced, for he was reckless now, reckless as to consequences. He lit another cigarette, and tossed the lighted

the room. Hoftly and in his stocking. feet, he crept along the narrow second story hallway. At last he stood in front of Annette's door. The door was closed. Welcher turned the handle softly, noiselessly, and it yielded to his pressure. The door was not locked. Under his silent, steady pressure, it spened on a crack-inch wide-more. Then suddenly, from within he heard Annette's voice-a dream voice -"Neal-Neal." It startled him. He stood there si-

match far from him and he tiptoed from

lent for an instant. Then he realized that something had happened to himhe had become sober, too sober, to do the trick. He felt in his pocket for the flack. It was not there. He had left in in his room. Btealthily he groped his way back to his room, opened the door and reached for the bottle.

Then with a choking, inarticulate ery, he turned and darted down the stairs, out of the house and up the

His room was a living furnace of red fiames—the hastily tossed lighted match had done its work.

Outside, Ponto and Hernander wondering, gave chase. Welcher, with fear at his heels, sped on and on.

CHAPTER XVI.

Peril.

Annette woke, choking. Smoke poured into her room. She realized at once that the house was burning. She heard the nearby crackling of flamesshe saw the nearby glare of flame. Without the village fire gong clanged she heard the shouts of volunteers

coming down the road. She ran to Mrs. Hardin's room. The door was locked; smoke was creeping from underneath the door. "Mother-Mother Hardin," cried Annette. There was no response. In a frenzy Annette rushed back to her room, setted a chair and returned to the locked door. With a sudden twist of her lithe body she raised the chair above her shoulders and brought it crashing against the door. A volume of smoke poured out. Regardless of it. Annette rushed dragged Neal's mother unconous as she was-from the bed, out of the room and down the stnirs.

"Joey," gasped Annette, Welcher he's in there. We must save him, too.

"No," interposed a distant neighbor, "he's not in there. I saw him in the village, running for help."

During the confusion, three shadowy figures, returning as from a chase, crept through the smoke and creeched beneath bushes in the rear of the hours, unnoticed and unneed One of these men turned to another.

"Ponto," cried Hernandez in a low voice, "what of the packet"-what of Lost Isle?-the fool Welcher! By this time we might have had it."

Annette, seated on the ground, with Mrs. Hardin's head in her lap, watched the scene as in a dream. Her glance roved from the flames to the crowd of jostling people-and from them back to the flames again. Then suddenly her heart rose to her throat. Peering at her from the middle of a dense mass of shrubbery, there was a face-a face with staring eyes, matted hair, and un-

kempt beard. She had seen that face before-and on that very road-it had once stricken terror to her heart. This time however, it had a far stranger effect upon her. No sooner had she caught sight of this uncanny countenance, than, unaccountably she remembered some-

thing-the yellow packet. "My father's fortune-my father's whereabouts," she cried. She surrendered her charge to a neighborly sister is one Annette Illington. You live in the same house with her. She comparative safety, save for the choking in her throat. Once there she seized a water pitcher and drenched herself from head to foot-then with dripping hair and clothes she felt for and found her hiding place. She groped for the packet. A tongue of flame swept the window. She shut it, and the glass cracked and fell tinkling to the ground below. Then

she groped again. "I've got it-got it," she cried in exultation, and thrust the yellow packet safely in her breast. There was a sudden crash. She flung open her The staircase, eaten room door. through with flame as its top moorings had fallen in. The hallway was alive with flame. She sprang to her window-no thoroughfare-the whole side wall-the side of her room-was now ablaze. Obeying some instinct Annette threw herself face downward on the floor. The air there was singularly sweet and cool.

"Somebody will come," she told her self, "somebody will come."

Without the word passed that Annette had rushed into the house-was inside now. A huge figure leaped into the crowd, parting it right and left and bounded into the doorway of the house. Whimpering with fear, the Brute ran hither, thither, through the living room, and entered the hall-finding the staircase a mass of ruin. He leaped and clutched the landing up above. Some instinct led him to Annette's room. He saw and found her-clutched her unconscious form in his huge arms and leaped with her to the floor beneath and, unseen, laid her unconscious form down at the feet of Mrs. Hardin. Then black, burned, and unrecognizable, he sped away into the night.

Hernandez gritted his teeth. thought I had that brute trained," he exclaimed wrathfully, as he realized that Annetts and her treasure had escaped him, "and I thought he was afraid of fire. In both I was mistaken, We must take it out of his hide, Pon to-next time he must make no mis

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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

all about it-tell his mother-tell An- celebrated with three boon compan-

"I'm Disgraced," Cried Neal. "You Tell Them, Joe."

said. This is what it said-and Neal ropes, tying sailor's knots, cutting off

as a gentleman that I have neither ob- cruption of Mt. Pelee, I'm sleeping in

imaginary heads with cutlasses-and

tonight for the first time since the

a hammock. This is the life and no

mistake. We even have the ple that

Neal's letter reached home next day

And pext day something else hap-

pened. Joe Welcher burst into the liv-

in the evening, with the local paper,

still damp from the press, in his hand.

he said "and here's a copy for you

Read it, Annette. Now what have you

JOSEPH WELCHER OF SEAPORT

WINS ANNAPOLIS APPOINTMENT.

In Congressman James J. Prime's

recent competitive examination for

the Annapolis appointment, Joe Welch-

er, our young townsman, came very

near the hundred mark and distanced

all his fellows. Good work, Welcher.

Seaport will back you through Annap-

olis and through the navy. Become

Mrs. Hardin, Joe's foster mother,

but a common seaman, understand?

CHAPTER XV.

Finesse.

It was somewhat early in the morn-

ions, his success as a passer of com-

Annette read it. This is what it

"I've just sent one of these to Neal,"

mother used to make."

got to say."

star.

sign.

exclaimed.

lots 3 and 4 in block 3 Wehrung ad-W. L. Jones to A. A. Laird, east one-dition to Hillsboro; 6.06 acres in Wil- acres; \$2000. 20, block 2, Edendale addition to Port-Real estate transfers filed with land; lots 11 and 12, block 69, Irving ton, additional rights on 44-100 acres No. 70 in the townsite of Oak Grove; amas county, northeast quarter of \$1.

K. Standford to John F. Riskey, east

1, 2, 3, and 4 of block A. Windsor and addition to Oregon City; also east | Jacob Harless to Everman Robbins \$1.

Real estate transfers filed with Nellie Dayton to Florence W. Day- E. W. Reder to Tible Rehm, tract gon City.

Home Protective association Nellie Dayton to Sarah F. Dayton, John W. Loder, lot 12, block 5, of Falls

Harless addition to Molalia; \$1.

Samuel Herzig to Katie A. Young: W. C. Paine et ux, to John E. Mark

Charles E. Davis et ux. to C. R J. H. Hadley to William M. Smith Lewthwaite company, 20 acres in sec block 44, of County addition to Ore of Willamette meridian; 510.

Real estate transfers were filed with vis, 20 acres in section 18, township er donation land claim ;\$1. County Recorder Dedman Monday as 4 south, range 2 east of Willamette meridian: \$1.

Pauline Schwartz to G. J. Howell et schn Huffstaetter to Isaac Felts, 15 lots 8, 7, 6, and 9, of block 4, Windsor; 84.48 feet of lot 20, block 3 of J. V lots 1 and 14, tract 1, Molalla; \$2000. ux., lot 4, block 150, Oregon City; \$900 Bertha W. Meinig to City of Sandy three acres in the Frances Revenue donation land claim; \$200.

Annette M. Lynch et vir. to Warren J. H. Turner et ux. to Charles E. Da L. Jewell 30 acres in the Ezra Flah-E. H. Sholniere to Warren L. Jewell.

30 acres in the Ezra Fischer donation land claim; \$1.

Grace E. Loder et vir. to J. H. Hadley et at., 29,4 acres in the Andrew Hood donation land claim; \$1785.