

A GRAND OPENING CONCERT

IN

BUSCH'S HALL Wednesday Night

BEGINNING AT 7 O'CLOCK TO WHICH

EVERYBODY IS CORDIALLY INVITED

SEE SUNDAY'S PAPER FOR COMPLETE ANNOUNCEMENT

A Fortune In Borneo

The Story of an Eccentric Will
By EDNA D. BARTOW

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The three heirs at law were grouped about the table in the library. At the head of the table, seated in the favorite chair of the late William Lane, was his lawyer, who looked sharply over his spectacles at the girl and the two men and then glanced down at a document in his hand.

"You all know," he began gravely, "that your late uncle was a man of eccentric habits. He was fond of travel, especially in the remote quarters of the globe. His departures and his homecomings were startlingly unexpected, and when he was at home, he occupied this residence with his only niece, Miss Lane—he bowed toward the black-gowned girl and resumed—"as his companion and his devoted and disinterested nephews as constant visitors.



"I HAVE DUG FOR AND DISCOVERED THE TREASURE."

"Your uncle's marked eccentricity of habit may explain in a measure the strange disposition he has made of his property. I will now proceed to read the will."

Stripped of legal forms and phrases and omitting the preamble, the document was as follows:

"I hereby give and bequeath all of my property, real and personal, which

is represented by various securities, a list of which is attached hereto, solely and absolutely to the one of the following named persons who discovers the hiding place of these securities. These documents are buried in the island of Borneo in a spot situated ten miles in a northeasterly direction from the town of Dakar, in the province of Sarawak. I recommend that my nephews, Allen Lane and Burton Lane, and my niece, Cynthia Lane, begin this search immediately after my death, and to the one of the three who discovers this hiding place I give and bequeath all of the property of which I may die possessed."

"Here are a few general directions that may assist you in discovering the securities," said Mr. Phillips blandly as he gave to each one a slip of type-written paper.

"Well," said Allen Lane, moving toward the door and followed closely by his brother, "it is evident that Uncle William intended that we should invest a large sum of money in order to acquire possession of his fortune, but in my opinion it will be worth the expenditure. I have no doubt that surveys can locate the spot, and the sooner the venture is made the quicker we will achieve results."

"Is it your intention to go to Borneo at once?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes, as soon as I can arrange my affairs. I hope my brother will go with me."

"Oh, I shall do that—never fear," interpolated Burton hastily.

"It will be necessary for each one of you to sign this agreement binding yourselves to agree with the terms of the will and expressing your consent to take an equal chance in the hunt for the money and to abide by the consequences, whatever they are." This was acceded to, and after signing the document the lawyer had prepared the brothers turned to leave the room when Mr. Phillips detained them.

"I would suggest, gentlemen, that your cousin, Miss Cynthia, be left in charge of the residence until the estate is settled. The small income that will suffice to support her during your absence would take the place of money held to a caretaker. She is quite penniless, as you know, and depended entirely upon the generosity of your uncle."

"Very well," they agreed rather grudgingly.

Cynthia Lane turned to the lawyer with a puzzled look on her fair face. "I cannot understand," she said reflectively, "how Uncle William could expect me to enter the contest, for he knew that I did not have the means to go to Borneo."

"In spite of your poverty, Miss Cynthia, I firmly believe that you will be the one to discover the Lane millions," encouraged Mr. Phillips, with an enigmatical smile.

Cynthia Lane, prevented by her lack of means from going to Borneo to search for the money, resumed her quiet life in the old mansion, often pondering upon the mysterious utterances of Mr. Phillips, whom she frequently met.

"Found the treasure yet, Miss Cynthia?" he would ask, with a keen

glance from under his slungy brows.

"No," she once replied ruefully. "I am afraid I must possess a fortune to find a fortune."

"Tut, tut, child," he said somewhat sternly. "Can't you trust your Uncle William to have given you an equal chance with your cousins? Use your wits! Use your wits!"

"But uncle said he never had been in Borneo, and so I cannot see"—

"Use your wits!" snapped the lawyer as he bowed himself away.

After that Cynthia did use her wits, but apparently to no definite purpose, and so the long year dragged to its close. Then one day, eighteen months after the conference in the library, the lawyer appeared, accompanied by the Lane brothers.

Both Allen and Burton were surprisingly changed. They were bronzed by exposure to tropical suns and winds, and the free open air life had evidently restored them to a full measure of the health they lacked, for they stood before Cynthia with stalwart, straight figures and clear eyes, yet there was a dogged grimness in their expressions that denoted failure in their undertaking.

When the greetings were over and they were seated about the library table Cynthia asked quietly, "What luck, cousins?"

"None," replied Burton bitterly. "As far as I can learn at this late day Uncle William had never been in Borneo."

"For my part I cannot understand why he should send us on a wild goose chase. Under the circumstances a compromise must be made or I shall contest the will," protested Allen.

"You signed an agreement," remarked the lawyer calmly. "If the money is not found by the first of the year, when the two years have expired, why, the entire sum goes to create scholarships in the Conservatory of Music."

Cynthia arose and, her face turning from white to red, said slowly, "No one has asked what success I have had."

"You! What do you mean?" inquired Allen Lane, in manifest alarm.

"I mean," said Cynthia, "that I have dug for and discovered the treasure buried under the island of Borneo."

Mr. Phillips rubbed his hands excitedly, and his kind eyes twinkled merrily. "Now, now, my dear Miss Cynthia, this is a surprise! Pray, tell us about it."

Cynthia, still standing, rested her slender finger tips on the table and spoke: "After your departure, cousins, I naturally thought much of the matter. The result of this was that I concluded that my uncle would never have included me among the contestants for his money if he had not intended I should have an equal chance with yourselves. Wealth I had not. Means were not offered to pay my expenses to Borneo, so in the seclusion of the library here I followed you, my cousins, around the world to the island of Borneo." She drew the huge globe of the world toward her as she spoke and whirled it slowly around.

"I traced your course from Singapore to Kuching and thence to Dakar

Then by studying the scale of miles on the map and making proper deductions I believed I could put my pencil on the very point in the island where you were to dig for the treasure.

Cynthia paused, quite pale now, while the brothers stared at her with strained eyes. Mr. Phillips wore his perpetual smile.

"Then," she continued, "I pressed the point of my pencil firmly into the globe on the exact spot, saying to myself in my foolish play as treasure seeker, 'I will dig here.' when to my amazement this happened." As she spoke the words she pressed her pencil point firmly upon the globe, and the great ball dropped in hinged halves before them. In the aluminium cavities thus exposed were stuffed many documents tightly wedged together.

The brothers leaped to their feet. Allen turned passionately to the lawyer. "You knew this all the time!" he shouted.

"Give me the papers," said Mr. Phillips calmly, and when Cynthia had complied with the request he sorted them deftly and threw an envelope across the table to Allen. "Read that aloud," he commanded brusquely.

Allen Lane read in his very harsh accents:

"Dear Nephews—I trust that by this time is ended the long journey combined with hard work, which, my lads, is the greatest treasure in the world. If you had listened to the maunderings of your poor old uncle you would have remembered that he has repeatedly told you that the island of Borneo is the only country in the world he had never visited. To the one who had the patience to listen to an old man and who proves it by his recollection of the above facts I have given my fortune. Which one of you three have remembered the dull tales of your tedious old uncle? I'll wager it is my quiet little Cynthia."

The brothers looked sheepishly at each other and then at Cynthia, who was weeping softly. As by one accord their harsh faces softened and they stretched their hands across the table toward her, while the little lawyer smiled beneficently over all.

the wood pasture!

Remember how you sat down and took the poor foot into your lap—the slow dripping tears tracing a channel of cleanliness on the sole—and plucked the thorn away! And then, flipping off, mindful of the stone bruise on your heel, how soon your hurt was forgotten!

Thorns? Occasionally, but weren't the roses sweet in those olden, golden days?

Ah, that thou shouldst know thy joy ere it passes, barefoot boy!

Well, we knew our joys all right in those days, even as we knew our sorrows, but—the boy of the future?

If the hookworm experts have their way there will be no more barefoot boys with cheeks of tan for Whittiers to write about.

You have heard of the hookworm? It is the deadly cause of laziness in boys, and it paralyzes the systems of grown men. Well, how do you suppose the hookworm does its work?

Through barefoot soles!

Which explains much. It was the hookworm that made you long to loiter in leafy shades and loaf beside still water. It was the hookworm that got into you through bare feet that caused you to forget your tasks while you dreamed of turreted castles or fringed palms and lovely hours, which made you see visions of white presences on the hills and all that glorious something afar from the field of boyish commonplace.

Hookworms, my dear sir!

And if you had known you could have explained to your dotting but stern parent the strange lassitude that crept over you when told to fill the wood box or hoe the cabbages. Hookworms!

Poor boy of the future! He will never know barefooted happiness. The hookworm will "ketch him if he don't watch out."

All too soon his feet must hide in the prison cell of pride: Lose the freedom of the sod, Lads a cull's for work he shod.

FRIENDSHIP.

The disputatious person never makes a good friend. In friendship men look for peace and concord and some measure of content. There are enough battles to fight outside, enough jarring and jostling in the street, enough discord in the workaday world, without having to look for contention in the realm of the inner life also. There, if anywhere, we ask for an end of strife. Friendship is the sanctuary of the heart, and the peace of the sanctuary should brood over it.—Hugh Black.

HEART TO HEART TALKS.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

BARE FEET AND HOOKWORMS.

Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy with cheeks of tan, With thy turned up pantaloons And thy merry whistled tunes!

Barefoot days! Remember the time when you fairly breathed through your bare feet, when to wear shoes meant suffocation? How luxurious a pool of water, how lush the dewy grass!

To be sure— Sometimes the ruts of the road made locomotion slow and cautious and the sand grew hot in the middle of the day.

And sometimes there were thorns in

STOCK COMPANY TO PLAY HERE.

The Franklin Stock Company will play an engagement in Oregon City in the near future and the coming of this splendid organization should be watched with interest. Mr. William Wolbert, who for the past four years was one of the leading members of the Baker Stock Company, personally directs the stage of this company, and no details are overlooked by him, so the patrons may see perfect performances, which is the success of this company. Seats now on sale at Jones Drug Company.

COUNTY COURT.

EXPENDITURES ON COUNTY ROADS, FOR MONTH OF AUGUST 1911.

District No. 1.	District No. 2.	District No. 3.	District No. 4.	District No. 5.
J. W. Monroe \$ 3.00	Langenberg \$27.50	F. W. Cooke \$ 45.30	H. A. Beck \$ 48.00	J. F. Wilmarth \$ 48.00
Miller, Mowrey Lumber Co. 18.50	James Johnson 17.50	F. O. Cooke 57.50	J. F. Wilmarth 48.00	H. G. Knox 2.00
I. F. Coffman 127.50	Norman Lauder 10.00	C. Hanke 50.00	J. F. Wilmarth 48.00	
Wilson & Cooke 2.20	Ward Jones 10.00	J. C. Kennedy 21.25		
Kelly Hardware Paint and Furniture Company 3.31	Joe Wicklund 15.00	E. D. Nelson 10.00		
A. B. Kirkley 54.00	E. R. Boyer 2.50	Walter Seccomb 27.50		
J. A. Davis 127.50	Billie Jones 10.00	Walter Thebo 55.00		
O. A. Battin 130.00	J. W. Bennett 27.50	L. W. Miloy 26.25		
C. E. Battin 66.25	R. M. Noah 3.40	N. Stiner 15.00		
J. Hoffman 54.00	W. N. Smith 4.40	H. Henrick 15.00		
H. A. Battin 54.00		Henry Troge 21.00		
P. Palmer 45.00		Herman Gerhardus, Sr. 23.75		
Dan Gaffney 45.00		Herman Gerhardus, Jr. 25.00		
Cleve Battin 21.50		M. Henrick 22.50		
Wm. Smart 27.50		W. Witzel 11.25		
M. E. Gaffney 9.00				
H. A. Battin 130.00				
The Milwaukee Printery 1.25				
Milwaukee Building Material Co. 7.20				

L. Pitner	District No. 7.
L. Ritzer	District No. 8.
J. A. Imel	District No. 9.
W. H. Card	District No. 10.
J. W. Roots	District No. 11.
Jonarud Bros.	District No. 12.
Harry Safford	District No. 13.
Ed TenEyck	District No. 14.
Henry Ten Eyck	District No. 15.
George Cooper	District No. 16.
W. R. Allen	District No. 17.
G. McIntyre	District No. 18.
D. W. Douglas	District No. 19.
R. C. Murray	District No. 20.
Estacada Mercantile Co.	District No. 21.
Estacada Mercantile Co.	District No. 22.
McCurdy Lumber & Hardware Co.	District No. 23.
F. E. Thomas	District No. 24.
L. Yocum	District No. 25.
A. Yocum	District No. 26.
C. Duncan	District No. 27.
O. Caff	District No. 28.
G. English	District No. 29.
H. Wooster	District No. 30.
J. Dues	District No. 31.
G. DeShields	District No. 32.
E. Jenkens	District No. 33.
F. Rhodes	District No. 34.
R. S. Ludlaw	District No. 35.
T. Beebe	District No. 36.
J. H. Tracy	District No. 37.
L. Palmsteer	District No. 38.
W. Rhodes	District No. 39.
A. Wolksey	District No. 40.
C. McKenney	District No. 41.
N. McKenzie	District No. 42.
Fred Marshall	District No. 43.
Frank Marshall	District No. 44.
E. Marshall	District No. 45.
G. Coupland	District No. 46.
H. Fredray	District No. 47.
C. Dean	District No. 48.
H. Hewett	District No. 49.
E. Dues	District No. 50.
J. Caff	District No. 51.
E. Bebee	District No. 52.
E. Tracy	District No. 53.
R. Mattoon	District No. 54.
John E. Smith	District No. 55.
P. Smith	District No. 56.
O. L. Clyde	District No. 57.
W. H. Smith	District No. 58.
L. Funk	District No. 59.
A. Funk	District No. 60.
O. Gaskell	District No. 61.
F. W. Riehoff	District No. 62.
B. F. Linn	District No. 63.
O. Kanzman	District No. 64.
L. Kerrick	District No. 65.
R. C. Caples	District No. 66.
L. H. Maddax	District No. 67.
C. H. Smith	District No. 68.
G. F. Gibbs	District No. 69.
T. L. Sinclair	District No. 70.
W. M. Smith	District No. 71.

(To be continued.)