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You will find our company doing its full share in the work of municipal development. If we all pull TOGETHER success is bound to be our reward.

Our company wants no revenue that it does not EARN. We believe that any public utility corporation can be conducted to the satisfaction of the public and the stockholders and be fair to both.

No individual nor any corporation can be absolutely perfect. The best we can do is to make an earnest effort always in the right direction.

We are anxious to investigate errors and to apply correction.

Do us the favor of making our office the FIRST PLACE you lodge a complaint.

**Oregon Power Company**  
J. L. WHITE, Local Manager

Telephone 24

# Real Estate For Sale

If you are interested in Property of any kind it will be to your advantage to see me first. If you want to Sell your Property Come in and List it. If you are interested in buying, Read carefully the following Lists, and then Let me know what you Want.

- No. 64. 80 acres 2 1-2 miles from Salem near boat landing and station on Salem, Falls City & Western Ry., 1-2 mile from school, church and store, 7 room house, barn 55x75, two good chicken houses, hog houses, water piped from good spring to house, all fenced with woven wire, large fish pond, etc. 60 acres in high state of cultivation, balance pasture and timber, five acres under irrigation and more can be irrigated. Price \$8,500. Terms if desired.
  - No. 46. 30 acres of land all level, soil dark rich loam and all in crop, on a good wagon road and joins railroad. Will sell all or in 10 acre tracts. Price \$110 per acre.
  - No. 54. 80 acres of level land all in cultivation, 7 miles from Corvallis, on the new Electric R. R. now building to Eugene, 1-4 mile from station, near school and good road to town. 5 room house nearly new, barn and other buildings, all fenced. Price \$60 per acre.
  - No. 127. 80 acres of good land all in cultivation, 4 miles from Monmouth, in fine farming country; 6 room house, barn 60x30, two hog houses, chicken house, smoke house, wood house and good orchard of about 130 trees, good well and spring. Price \$125 per acre. Good terms.
  - No. 33. 5 acres just one mile from town on a good road; plank walk all the way to town. All in cul-
  - ivation and part in crop. New four room house, wood house, chicken house and good well; 24 young fruit trees and some berries. Price \$1700. Good terms.
  - No. A2. 14 1-2 acres 1 1-2 mile from town. Barn 20x40, lumber on place for house. Soil dark loam, all in crop. Price \$3200. Terms.
- CITY PROPERTY.**
- No. A3. One of the best bargains in Dallas consisting of a strip of land 100x140 feet on Main St., near Court House. Two good 6 room dwellings with modern improvements, wood shed, and 25 bearing fruit trees. This is a very good investment. Price \$3,500.
  - No. A1. Close in 6 room dwelling in first class condition. Lot 50x140, good new barn, wood shed, etc. This is a good home and the price and terms very attractive. Price \$1200.
  - No. 01. Five room cottage in first class condition, wood shed and well, lot 50x144; in a desirable part of town. Price \$1050.
  - No. 59. Large 9 room two story house, plastered and in good condition; cellar and cement basement, good well, chicken house, woodshed. 4 large lots, 50 bearing fruit trees. Price \$1800. One-half cash, balance easy terms. Will consider a trade.
  - No. 62. Choice lot 50x140, two blocks from Main St. Price \$250. Easy terms.

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**REAL ESTATE Dallas, Or.**

# World Famous

Petaluma

Incubators

Perfect Regulating Device, Outside Moisture Pan



**Craven Bros.,**

Dallas, Oregon

# Adventure

A Romance of The South Seas

BY

**JACK LONDON**

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CHAPTER XVIII

CONTRABAND.

SHeldon did not mention the subject again, nor did his conduct change from what it had always been. There was nothing of the pining lover, nor of the lover at all, in his demeanor. Nor was there any awkwardness between them. They were as frank and friendly in their relations as ever.

The labor situation in Berande was improving. The Martha had carried away fifty of the blacks whose time was up, and they had been among the worst on the plantation—five year men recruited by Johnny Be-blown, men who had gone through the old days of terrorism when the original owners of Berande had been driven away. The new recruits, being broken in under the new regime, gave better promise. Joan had joined with Sheldon from the start in the program that they must be gripped with a strong hand.

"I think it would be a good idea to put all the gangs at work close to the house this afternoon," she announced one day at breakfast. "I've cleaned up the house, and you ought to clean up the barracks. There is too much stealing going on."

Joan and Sheldon, both armed, went through the barracks, house by house, the boss boys assisting.

A wealth of loot was recovered. There were fully a dozen cane knives, big hacking weapons, with razor edges, capable of decapitating a man at a stroke, but most astonishing was the quantity of ammunition—cartridges for Lee Metfords, for Winchester and Marlins, for revolvers from 32 caliber to 45, shotgun cartridges, Joan's two boxes of 38 cartridges of prodigious bore for the ancient Sluders of Malaita, flasks of black powder, sticks of dynamite, yards of fuse and boxes of detonators. But the great find was in the house occupied by Gogoomy and five Port Adams recruits. The fact



"ME FINISH ALONG YOU, YOU DIE ALTOGETHER."

that the boxes yielded nothing excited Sheldon's suspicions, and he gave orders to dig up the earthen floor. Wrapped in matting, well oiled, free from rust and brand new, two Winchester were first unearthed. Sheldon did not recognize them. They had not come from Berande; neither had the forty flasks of powder found under the corner post of the house; and, while he could not be sure, he could remember no loss of eight boxes of detonators. The absence of any cartridges made Sheldon persist in the digging up of the floor, and a fifty pound flour tin was his reward. With glowering eyes Gogoomy looked on while Sheldon took from the tin a hundred rounds each for the two Winchester and fully as many rounds more of nondescript cartridges of all sorts and makes and calibers.

The contraband and stolen property was piled in assorted heaps on the back veranda of the bungalow. A few paces from the bottom of the steps were grouped the forty odd culprits, while behind them, in solid array, the several hundred blacks of the plantation. At the head of the steps Joan and Sheldon were seated.

"Look at it," Sheldon said to Joan. "We've been sleeping over a volcano. They ought to be whipped."

"No whip me," Gogoomy cried out from below. "Father belong me big fella chief. Me whip, too much trouble along you, close up, my word."

"What name you fella Gogoomy?" Sheldon shouted. "I knock seven boys

out of you. Here, you Kwaque, put 'm iron along that fella Gogoomy."

Kwaque, a strapping gang boss, plucked Gogoomy from out of his following, and helped by the other gang bosses twisted his arms behind him and snapped on the heavy handcuffs. "Me finish along you, close up, you die altogether," Gogoomy, with wrath distorted face, threatened the boss boy.

"Please, no whipping," Joan said in a low voice. "If whipping is necessary, send them to Tulagi and let the government do it. Give them their choice between a fine or an official whipping."

Sheldon nodded and stood up, facing the blacks.

"Manonmie!" he called.

Manonmie stood forth and waited.

"You fella boy bad fella too much," Sheldon charged. "You steal 'm plenty. Me cross along you too much. S'pose, you like 'm, me take 'm one fella pound along you in big book. S'pose you no like 'm me take 'm one fella pound, then me send you fella along Tulagi catch 'm one strong fella government whipping. Plenty New Georgia boys, plenty Ysabel boys stop along jail along Tulagi. Them fella no like Malaita boys little bit. My word, they give 'm you strong fella whipping. What you say?"

"You take 'm one fella pound along me," was the answer.

And Manonmie, patently relieved, stepped back, while Sheldon entered the line in the plantation labor journal.

Boy after boy, he called the offenders out and gave them their choice, and boy by boy each one elected to pay the fine imposed.

Gogoomy and his five tribesmen were fined three pounds each, and at Gogoomy's guttural command they refused to pay.

"S'pose you go along Tulagi," Sheldon warned him; "you catch 'm strong fella whipping and you stop along jail three fella year. Sarvee?"

Gogoomy wavered.

"You take 'm three fella pound along me," Gogoomy muttered, at the same time scowling his hatred at Sheldon and transferring half the scowl to Joan and Kwaque. "Me finish along you, you catch 'm big fella trouble, my word. Father belong me big fella chief along Port Adams."

"That will do," Sheldon warned him. "You shut mouth belong you."

"Me no fright," the son of a chief retorted, by his insolence increasing his stature in the eyes of his fellows.

"Look him up for tonight," Sheldon said to Kwaque. "Sun be come up put 'm that fella and five fella belong him along grass cutting. Sarvee?"

"There will be trouble with Gogoomy yet," Sheldon said to Joan, as the boss boys marshaled their gangs and led them away to their work. "Keep an eye on him. Be careful when you are riding alone on the plantation. The loss of those Winchester and all that ammunition has hit him harder than your cutting did. He is dead ripe for mischief."

"I wonder what has become of Tudor. It's two months since he disappeared into the bush, and not a word of him after he left Blau."

Joan Lackland was sitting astride her horse by the bank of the Balesunui, where the sweet corn had been planted, and Sheldon was leaning against her horse's shoulder.

"Yes, it is a long time for no news to have trickled down," he answered, watching her keenly from under his hat brim and wondering as to the measure of her anxiety for the adventurous gold hunter. "But Tudor will come out all right. He did a thing at the start that I wouldn't have given him or any other man credit for—persuaded Blau Charley to go along with him. I'll wager no other Blau nigger has ever gone so far into the bush unless he be kal ka'd."

"Look! Look!" Joan cried in a low voice, pointing across the narrow stream to a slack eddy, where a huge crocodile drifted like a log awash.

"Ugh! The filthy beasts! I hate them! I hate them!"

"And yet you go diving among sharks," Sheldon chided. "Just the same, I wish I could swim as well as you. Maybe it would betest confidence such as you have."

"Do you know I think it would be nice to be married to a man such as you seem to be becoming," she remarked, with one of her abrupt changes that always astounded him. "I should think you could be trained into a very good husband—you know, not one of the domineering kind, but one who considered his wife was just as much an individual as himself and just as much a free agent. Really, you know, I think you are improving."

She laughed and rode away, leaving him greatly cast down. If he had thought there had been one bit of cog-

ness in her words, one feminine flutter, one womanly attempt at deliberate lure and encouragement he would have been elated. But he knew absolutely that it was the boy and not the woman who had so daringly spoken.

Joan rode through twenty acres of uncleared cane. The grass was waist high and higher, and as she rode along she remembered that Gogoomy was one of a gang of boys that had been detailed to the grass cutting. A little farther on she heard voices and reined in and listened. It was Gogoomy talking.

"Dog he stop 'm along house, night time he walk about," Gogoomy was saying. "You fella boy catch 'm one fella pig, put 'm kal-kal, belong him dog along one big fella fish hook. S'pose dog be walk about catch 'm kal-kal, you fella boy catch 'm dog alive same one shark. Dog be finish close up. Big fella marster sleep along big fella house. White Mary sleep along pikaninny house. One fella Adamu be stop along outside pikaninny house. You fella boy finish 'm dog, finish 'm Adamu, finish 'm big fella marster, finish 'm white Mary, finish 'm altogether. Plenty market be stop, plenty powder, plenty romahawk, plenty knife fee. Sun be come up we long way too much."

"Me catch 'm pig sun be go down," spoke up one whose thin falsetto voice Joan recognized as belonging to Cosse, one of Gogoomy's tribesmen.

"Me catch 'm dog," said another.

"And me catch 'm white fella Mary," Gogoomy cried triumphantly. "Me catch 'm Kwaque he die along him quick."

"This much Joan heard of the plan to murder, and then her rising wrath proved too much for her discretion. She spurred her horse into the grass, crying:

"What name you fella boy, eh? What name?"

They arose, scrambling and scattering, and to her surprise she saw there were a dozen of them. As she looked in their glowering faces and noted the heavy, two-foot hacking cane knives in their hands, she became suddenly aware of the rashness of her act. If only she had her revolver or a rifle, all would have been well. But she had carelessly ventured out unarmed.

"To much talk along you fella boy," she said severely. "Too much talk, too little work. Sarvee?"

Gogoomy made no reply, but, apparently shifting weight, he slid one foot forward. The other boys, spread fanwise about her, were also sliding forward, the cruel cane knives in their hands advertising their intention.

"You cut 'm grass!" she commanded imperatively.

But Gogoomy slid his other foot forward. She measured the distance with her eye. It would be impossible to whirl her horse around and get away. She would be chopped down from behind.

She lifted her riding whip threateningly, and at the same moment drove in both spurs with her heels, riding the startled horse straight at Gogoomy. He swerved aside to avoid the horse, at the same time swinging his cane knife in a slicing blow that would have cut her in twain. She leaped forward under the flying steel, which cut through her riding skirt, through the edge of the saddle, through the saddle cloth, and even slightly into the horse itself. Her right hand, still raised, came down, the thin whip whistling through the air. She saw the white, crooked mark of the steel clear across the sullen, handsome face, and still what was practically in the same instant she saw another member of the band, over ridden, go down before her, and she heard his snarling and grunting chatter—for all the world like an angry monkey. Then she was free and away, bending the horse at top speed for the house.

Out of her sea training she was able to appreciate Sheldon's exactness when she burst in on him with her news. Springing from the steamer chair in which he had been lounging while waiting for breakfast, he clapped his hands for the house boys; and, while listening to her, he was buckling on his cartridge belt and running the mechanism of his automatic pistol.

"Orniri," he snapped out his orders, "you fella ring big fella bell strong fella plenty. You finish 'm bell, you put 'm saddle on horse. Viaburi, you go quick house belong Seelee he stop, tell 'm plenty black fella run away—ten fella two fella black fella boy," he scribbled a note and handed it to Lalaperu. "Lalaperu, you go quick house belong white fella marster Boucher.

"That will head them back from the coast on both sides," he explained to Joan. "And old Seelee will turn his whole village loose on their track as well."

In response to the summons of the big bell Joan's Tahitians were the first to arrive, by their glistening bodies and panting chests showing that they had run all the way.

Sheldon proceeded to arm Joan's mallets and deal out ammunition and handcuffs. Adams Adam, with loaded rifle, he placed on guard over the whaleboats. Nos Noah, aided by Matapupu, was instructed to take charge of the working gangs as fast as they came in, to keep them amused, and to guard against their being stampeded into making a break for themselves. The five other Tahitians were to follow Joan and Sheldon on foot.

"I'm glad we unearthed that arsenal the other day," Sheldon remarked as they rode out of the compound gate.

A hundred yards away they encountered one of the clearing gangs coming in. It was Kwaque's gang, but Sheldon looked in vain for him.

"What name that fella Kwaque he so stop along you?" he demanded.

"Here, you fella Babatan, you talk 'm mouth belong you."

Babatan stepped forward in all the pride of one singled out from among his fellows.

"Gogoomy be finish along Kwaque altogether," was Babatan's explanation. "He take 'm head 'm long him run like b—"

In brief words and with paucity of imagination he described the murder, and Sheldon and Joan rode on.

A mile farther on, where the runaways' trail led straight toward the



SHE RUSHED THE STARTLED HORSE STRAIGHT AT GOGOOMY.

bush, they encountered the body of Kwaque. The head had been hacked off and was missing, and Sheldon took it on faith that the body was Kwaque's. He had evidently put up a fight, for a bloody trail led away from the body.

CHAPTER XIX

A MESSAGE FROM THE BUSH.

ONCE they were well into the thick bush, the horses had to be abandoned. Papehara was left in charge, while Joan and Sheldon and the remaining Tahitians pushed ahead on foot. An hour later, following along a wild pig trail, Sheldon suddenly halted. The bloody track had ceased. The Tahitians cast out in the bush on either side, and a cry from Utami apprised them of a find. Joan waited till Sheldon came back.

"It's Mauko," he said. "Kwaque did for him, and he crawled in there and died. That's two accounted for. There are ten more."

Crossing one of the quiet jungle spaces, where naught moved but a velvety twelve inch butterfly, they heard the sound of shots.

"Eight, Joan counted. "It was only one run. It must be Papehara."

They hurried on, but when they reached the spot they were in doubt. The two horses stood quietly tethered, and Papehara, squatted on his haunches, was hating a powerful smoke. Advancing toward him, Sheldon tripped on a body that lay in the grass, and as he saved himself from falling his eyes lighted on a second. Joan recognized this one. It was Cosse, one of Gogoomy's tribesmen, the one who had promised to catch at sunset the pig that was to have baited the hook for Satan.

"No luck, missie," was Papehara's greeting, accompanied by a disconsolate shake of the head. "Catch only two boy. I have good shot at Gogoomy, only I miss."

"But you killed them," Joan chided. "You must catch them alive."

The Tahitian smiled.

"How?" he queried. "I am have a smoke. I think about Tahiti, and breadfruit, and jolly good time at Bora-Bora. Quick, just like that, ten boy he run out of bush for me. Each boy have long knife. Gogoomy have long knife one hand and Kwaque's head in other hand. I no stop to catch 'em alive. I shoot like b—. How you catch 'em alive, ten boy, ten long knife and Kwaque's head?"

The scattered paths of the different boys, where they broke back after the disastrous attempt to rush the Tahitian, soon led together. They traced it to the Berande, which the runaways had crossed with the clear intention of burying themselves in the huge mangrove swamp that lay beyond.

"There is no use our going any farther," Sheldon said. "Seelee will turn out his village and hunt them out of that."

(To be Continued next Tuesday)

He Never Got His Money

back. Sutherland's Eagle Eye Salve cured his eyes and he did not want it. Painless and harmless. 25c at Siasriu's drug store.

Poultry Association Meeting.

A meeting of the Polk County Poultry association will be held in the Court House, in Dallas, at 2 p. m., Wednesday, January 10, 1912, for the purpose of conducting the annual election and deciding on the time and place of the 1912 show. All members are urgently requested to attend.

A. G. REMPEL, President.  
MRS. WINNIE BRADEN, Secy.

Thirty-four inches of rain fell at Albany in 1911. There were 225 rainless days.