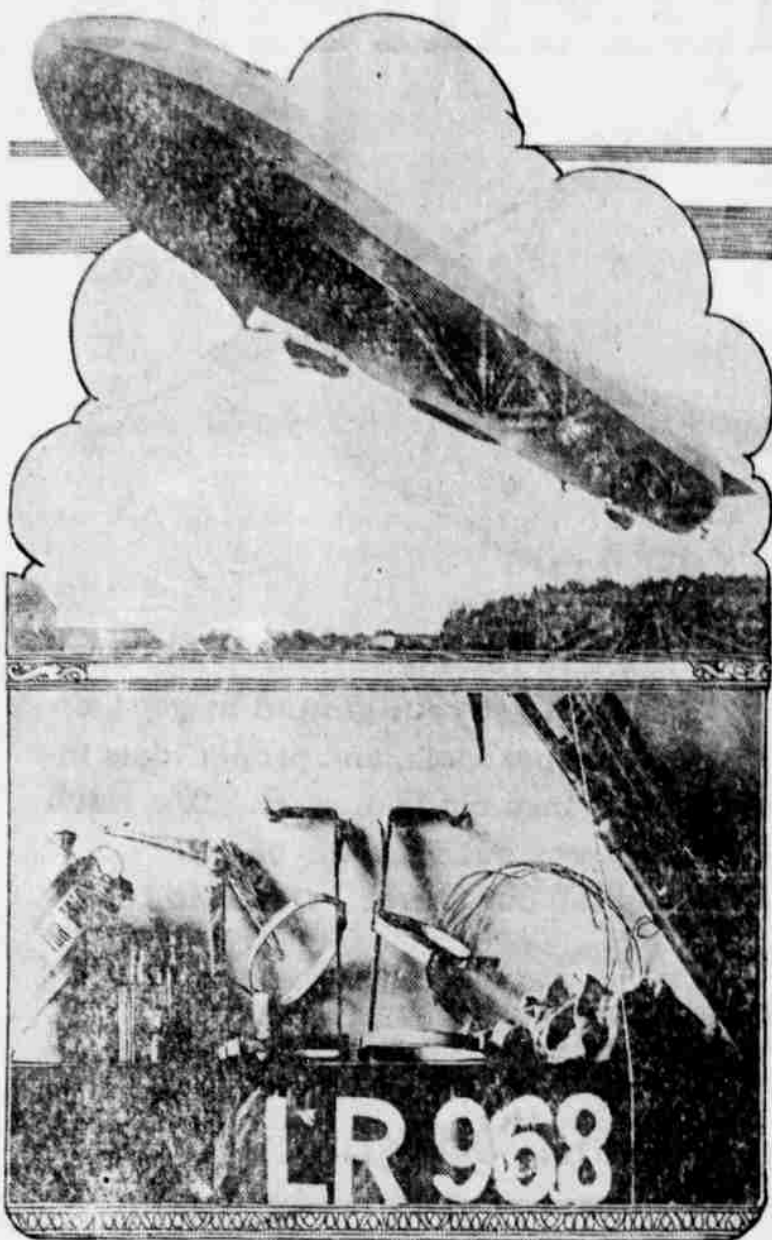


Up In the Air Over Zeppelin IV.; Down In Cells With Militants



Photos by American Press Association.

THESE interesting pictures tell their own story of two important news events abroad. The airship is the Zeppelin IV., the German army dirigible which stirred up a fuss by getting out of order and out of bounds. It came down at Lunenburg, France, near the German border, on the French military grounds, and war talk immediately broke out. This incident must have pleased the war manipulators in Germany if recent allegations are correct. The other illustration shows the suffragette arsenal captured by the London police. These are the implements of war which the "votes for women" agitators used in burning letters in the street mail boxes, cutting telegraph and telephone wires and in setting fires.

Sheepmen at Yakima are Not Discouraged.

NORTH YAKIMA, Wash., May 20.—Notwithstanding the fact that wool is to become free under the next tariff and that frozen meats from Australia have begun to arrive at Pacific Coast ports, the Yakima wool and mutton producers are keeping up their flocks. Within the next day or two at least 13,000 sheep will arrive in this valley to be fed here the coming summer. This is only a portion of the imports which will be made in the next 30 days, for it is asserted here that the flocks of Oregon and Idaho will be searched for the best by the Yakima stockmen. Ernest Berg expects a shipment of 2500 ewes and lambs from Heppner, and Peter Agor an equal number from the Shanks section. Many other Yakima wool growers have been looking at stock in Oregon where the breeders are offering lambs and ewes together and some extensive purchases will be made, especially by the meat companies which graze their flocks on the reservation and in the forest reserves.

Eugene Boosters go to Roseburg Fair

EUGENE, Or., May 21.—The Eugene "Radiators," a body of business men similar to the Portland Rosarians, left this morning on the 6 o'clock train for Roseburg to take part in the Strawberry Carnival in that city. The "Radiators" wore their new uniforms for the first time. Twenty-five had signed last night to make the trip, but a few more were added to the list this morning. This is the first public appearance of the "Radiators" in

their new uniforms. It is the intention to send the body to different cities during the Summer to take part in carnivals and fairs.

HAIR SWITCHES made from combs. Enquire at this office.

The Spotted Death

A Story of Vengeance

By F. A. MITCHEL

Years ago in the little town of Frejus, France the same Frejus at which Napoleon I. landed, when he escaped from Elba—located on the shore of the Mediterranean sea, there lived an adjoining place a veritable and Virginia. The young man, Edouard Le Ferre, at eighteen was rather a. he northern than the southern type, having a profusion of light curly hair and blue eyes. Helene Bonicault was at seventeen a tall, slender girl with hair and eyes contrasting with those of her lover. Both were strikingly handsome, and when together the difference in type rendered them especially noticeable.

Then, too, they delighted to climb to the heights behind their homes, where they could look down upon the long tortuous line of foam extending northward and southward, fringing the sea a deep blue, a pale green or liquid silver. Their companionship grew into love without their being conscious of the transition. Loving was like breathing, and, not having been sensible of its beginning, they took no thought of its ending.

When the break came it was a great shock to both. Edouard was sent to Paris to complete his education and study a profession. For some time before his departure there was scarcely an hour that the two lovers were not together. It is usually the man who encourages the woman, but in this case it was the woman who encouraged the man, though of the two it is probable she suffered the more. She held up before him pictures of his return at vacation time and finally, after

he had acquired his profession, their



"I AM THE SPOTTED DEATH!" SHE SAID. home together in Marseilles or some of the hinner places on the French Mediterranean coast. But Edouard seemed to have a foreboding that these pictures would never be realized.

The lovers counted the days between vacations, and as one vacation after another brought a realization of Helene's prediction Edouard's forebodings seemed likely to have been merely the result of some physical depression. He completed his academic studies, then began a course to fit him for the law. A brilliant scholar and proud in other respects, he was marked by his fellow students one day to take an active part in the political doings of France.

One evening when young Le Ferre was dining with some of his associates in a cafe a man entered and sat at a table near them. As soon as he appeared the conversation among the students was hushed, while they cast covert glances at the new comer.

"Who is he?" asked Edouard.

"The spotted death!" whispered one of the party.

"Why is he called that?"

"The name is given him from the Asiatic plague, which occasionally finds its way into Europe and kills every person it attacks. He has fought many duels and has never failed to kill his man."

"Does he seek quarrels?"

"Yes," he delights in them. Don't talk so loud. If he should hear you speak ill of him he would call you out and kill you."

"Why has no one undertaken to put him out of the way? He should be shot down like a dog."

The spotted death's eye flashed. He had overheard Le Ferre's words. He had ordered a bottle of wine and had poured out a glass. Rising with it in his hand, he advanced a few steps toward Edouard and threw its contents in his face.

Every member of the party of students was horror stricken. Le Ferre saw the position in which he was placed and, though he regretted his rashness, did what was expected of him. He asked one of his friends to go to the man who had insulted him and secure his address, then, without waiting for a reply, arose with the others and left the cafe.

In Le Ferre's room a consultation of his friends was held to determine what was to be done. Considering the sentiment prevalent at that time, it was determined that if Edouard did not meet the spotted death he might as well give up his career so far as his native country was concerned, and there was then no civilized land where a man was excused from resenting an insult. Edouard resigned himself to his fate. He sent a challenge, and the meeting was arranged for the following morning at sunrise.

That night Edouard wrote a letter to Helene couched in the terms of one who expected to die within a few hours. He had no skill at any weapon and knew he was to be murdered. The main trouble that occupied his mind was the suffering his murder would occasion her. He begged her to do all in her power to forget him.

As was to have been expected, the spotted death the next morning made short work of his antagonist, running him through the heart with ease. The student expired immediately. His comrades regretted the want of caution that led to his death, and in a short time he was forgotten.

One night at a masked ball a figure entered the hall on whose mask was painted the spotted death. Evidently an artist had designed the mask, for nothing could be more horrible, representing, as it did, a man dying with the dreaded Asiatic disease. The spots had been so artistically painted as to appear those of the veritable affliction. Every one shrank from the death-

some looking masker, who gazed about the room till his eye fell on a man dressed as a Spanish grandee, then walked across the floor, every one withdrawing before him with a shudder, till reaching the Spanish gentleman, he stood very close to him and spat in his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the aggressor, "we two—I and this man—are twin brothers. We are both the spotted death. I wear my colors on my person, his are in his name."

At receiving the insult the Spaniard recoiled for a moment then, recovering himself, tore off his mask and revealed the features of the duelist who had killed Edouard Le Ferre.

"Unmask as I have done and let me know who you are," he said to the man who had spat upon him.

"That is unnecessary. I am the spotted death, the person of your twelve victims. The thirteenth is about to die."

"And he is?"

"Yourself."

Whether it was the confident tone in which the word was spoken or the livid agony expressed in the mask the duelist could not repress a slight start.

"Enough of this," he said. "Your coming here to disturb these festivities shall be punished. I will send a friend to any address you name."

"Pardon me; but, lest the insult I have given you should not be sufficient, I will duplicate it."

Reaching forward quick as lightning the speaker struck the duelist on the cheek with the palm of his hand. A drop of blood followed the blow. The duelist did not notice it at once, but in a moment, putting up his hand, he wiped it away.

"Your address?" he cried, irritated at this second insult.

"You shall have it in time. Messieurs and mesdames, pardon for interrupting your festivities. On with the dance! It is now 10 o'clock. By midnight or within an hour later my twin brother shall have my address. I desire to accord him a few hours of merriment before I embrace him!"

The duelist with difficulty maintained his composure.

At midnight the revelers unmasked. The duelist, who after the interruption had resumed his face covering, on taking it off a second time was seen to be suffering. He attempted to leave the hall, but staggered, and before reaching the floor fell. It was noticed by those who went to his assistance that his face was covered with spots such as were painted on the mask of the man who had insulted him.

"The spotted death!" some one exclaimed.

Then his enemy, still masked, appeared on the scene and, bending over him, said:

"I embrace you, my brother."

Then, tearing off his own mask, instead of a man's a woman's face was revealed—a woman whose rare beauty had been marred by suffering.

"You will not need my address," she said. "When I snatched your cheek, in my palm was a needle on whose point was the virus of the spotted death. Your victims, including Edouard Le Ferre, are avenged."

While she spoke the spots on the man's face grew stronger and his expression like the mask she had worn. There was something startling in his own expression at seeing the change when she unmasked from the hideous apparition to the features of a delicate woman who hung over him like an avenging angel. The disease with which she had inoculated him works quickly, and the man was already dying. She continued to gaze upon him while his breath grew shorter till at last he fell back dead in the arms of one supporting him.

Helene Bonicault returned simultaneously to her native town with the news of her avenging act. Paris was glad to get rid of the man whom all dreaded, and she was never called to account for her act. How she tracked her lover's murderer, prepared for her work, she never told, for she never spoke of the tragedy in any part. She lived many years, some asserting that she had become demented by being robbed of her lover, others claiming that she was mentally sound.

Little Economies.

"I once made up my mind," said a London man, "that I would become the possessor of a good gold watch. I saved up the money for it in this way: When I felt like eating a shilling luncheon, as I often did, I kept it down to tempeance. I put the twopence saved toward my watch fund. You will hardly believe me, but with little economies like this I had in less than six months saved enough to buy my gold watch." "But," said a listener, "where is your gold watch? You are wearing a poor little gun metal thing." "Well," was the reply, "when I found how easily I could get along without shilling luncheons I concluded I could get along with a ten shilling watch instead of a ten pound one. So that the watch fund grew until it purchased for me my own house."—London Mail.

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Y. P. A. Meeting at 6:30 p. m.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday evening.

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J. M. ORRICK, Pastor.

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Y. P. S. C. E. 6:30 p. m.

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