The Black Bag

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

(Chapter XXII Continued.)

Of the alarmed expression in the eyes that stared into his he took no account. His face lengthened a little as he stood there, dumb, panting, staring, and his heart sank, down, deep down into a gulf of disappointment, weighted sorely with chagrin.

Then, of the two the first to recover countenance, he doffed his cap and bowed.

"Good evening Mrs. Hallam," he said, with a rueful smile.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NOW, if Kirkwood's emotion was poignant, Mrs. Hallam's astonishment paralleled and her relief transcended it. In order to understand this it must be remembered that, while Mr. Kirkwood was aware of the lady's presence in Antwerp, on her part she had known nothing of him since he had so ungallantly fled her company in Sheerness. She seemed to anticipate that either Calendar or one of his fellows would be discovered at the door, to have surmised it without any excessive degree of pleasure.

Only briefly she hesitated, while her surprise swayed her. Then, with a hardening of the eyes and a curt little nod, "I'm sorry," she said with decision, "but I am busy and can't see you now, Mr. Kirkwood," and attempted to shut the door in his face.

Deftly Kirkwood forestalled her intention by inserting a foot between the door and the jamb. He had dared too greatly to be thus dismissed. "Pardon me," he countered, unabashed, "but I wish to speak with Miss Calendar."

"Dorothy," returned the lady with spirit, "is engaged."

"I intend," he told her quietly, "to see Miss Calendar. It's useless your trying to hinder me. We may as well understand each other, madam, and I'll tell you now that if you wish to avoid a scene"—

"Dorothy," the woman called over her shoulder, "ring for the porter."

"By all means," assented Kirkwood agreeably. "I'll send him for a gendarme."

"You insolent puppy!"

"Madam, your wit disarms me"—

"What is the matter, Mrs. Hallam?" interrupted a voice from the other side of the door. "Who is it?"

"Miss Calendar!" cried Kirkwood hastily, raising his voice.

"Mr. Kirkwood!" the reply came on the instant. She knew his voice. "Please, Mrs. Hallam, I will see Mr. Kirkwood."

"You have no time to waste with him, Dorothy," said the woman coldly. "I must insist"—

"But you don't seem to understand; it is Mr. Kirkwood!" argued the girl, as if he were ample excuse for any imprudence.

Kirkwood's scant store of patience was by this time rapidly becoming exhausted. "I should advise you not to interfere any further, Mrs. Hallam," he told her in a tone low, but charged with meaning.

How much did he know? She eyed him an insant longer in sullen suspicion, then swung open the door, yielding with what grace she could. "Won't you come in, Mr. Kirkwood?" she inquired, with acidulated courtesy.

"If you press me," he returned winningly, "how can I refuse? You are too good!"

His impertinence disconcerted even himself. He wondered that she did not slap him as he passed her, entering the room, and felt that he deserved it, despite her attitude. But such thoughts could not long trouble one whose eyes were enchanted by the sight of Dorothy confronting him in the middle of the dingy room, her hands, bristling dangerously with hatpins, busy with the adjustment of a small gray toque atop the wonder that was her hair. So vivacious and charming she seemed, so spirited and bright her welcoming smile, so foreign was she altogether to the picture of her, worn and distraught, that he had mentally conjured up, that he stopped on an extreme of disconcertion and dropped the hand bag, smiling sheepishly enough under her ready laugh—mirth irresistibly incited by the plainly read play of expression on his mobile countenance.

"I must forgive the unconventionality, Mr. Kirkwood," she apologized, ecstatically enough, but to cover his embarrassment. "I am on the point of going out with Mrs. Hallam, and of course you are the last person on earth I expected to meet here."

"It's good to see you, Miss Calendar," he said simply, remarking with much satisfaction that her trim walking costume bore witness to her statement that she was prepared for the street.

The girl glanced into a mirror, patted the small, bewitching hat an infinitesimal fraction of an inch to one side and turned to him again, her hands free. One of them, small, but cordial, rested in his grasp for an instant all too brief, the while he gazed earnestly into her face, noting with concern what the first glance had not shown him—the almost imperceptible shadows beneath her eyes and cheek bones, pathetic records of the hours the girl had spent since last he had seen her in company with care.

She was changed—a little, but changed. She had suffered and was suffering, and, forced by suffering, her nascent womanhood was stirring in the bud. The child that he had met in London in Antwerp he found grown to woman's stature and slowly coming to comprehension of the nature of the change in herself, the wonder of it glowing softly in her eyes.

The clear understanding of mankind that is an appanage of woman's estate was now added to the intuitions of a girl's untroubled heart. She could not be blind to the mute adoration of his gaze, nor could she resent it. Beneath it she colored and lowered her lashes.

"I was about to go out," she repeated in confusion. "I—it's pleasant to see you too."

"Thank you," he stammered ineptly. "I—I"—

"If Mr. Kirkwood will excuse us, Dorothy," Mrs. Hallam's sharp tones struck in discordantly, "we shall be glad to see him when we return to London."

"I am infinitely complimented, Mrs. Hallam," Kirkwood assured her, and of the girl quickly, "You're going back home?" he asked.

She nodded, with a faint, puzzled smile that included the woman. "After a little—not immediately. Mrs. Hallam is so kind"—

"Pardon me," he interrupted, "but tell me one thing, please. Have you any one in England to whom you can go without invitation and be welcomed and cared for—any friends or relations?"

"Dorothy will be with me," Mrs. Hallam answered for her, with cold defiance.

Deliberately insolent, Kirkwood turned his back to the woman. "Miss Calendar, will you answer my question for yourself?" he asked the girl pointedly.

"Why, yes, several friends—none in London, but"—

"Dorothy"—

"One moment, Mrs. Hallam," Kirkwood flung crisply over his shoulder. "I'm going to ask you something rather odd, Miss Calendar," he continued, seeking the girl's eyes. "I hope"—

"Dorothy, I"—

"If you please, Mrs. Hallam," suggested the girl, with just the right shade of independence, "I wish to listen to Mr. Kirkwood. He has been very kind to me and has every right." She turned to him again, leaving the woman breathless and speechless with anger.

"You told me once," Kirkwood continued quickly and, he felt, brazenly, "that you considered me kind, thoughtful and considerate. You know me no better today than you did then, but I want to beg you to trust me a little. Can you trust yourself to my protection until we reach your friends in England?"

"Why, I"— the girl faltered, taken by surprise.

"Mr. Kirkwood!" cried Mrs. Hallam angrily, finding her voice.

Kirkwood turned to meet her onslaught with a mien grave, determined, unflinching. "Please do not interfere, madam," he said quietly.

"You are impertinent, sir! Dorothy, I forbid you to listen to this person!"

The girl flushed, lifting her chin a trifle. "Forbid?" she repeated wonderingly.

Kirkwood was quick to take advantage of her resentment. "Mrs. Hallam is not fitted to advise you," he insisted, "nor can she control your actions. It must already have occurred to you that you're rather out of place in the present circumstances. The men who have brought you hither I believe you already see through to some extent. Forgive my speaking plainly. But that is why you have accepted Mrs. Hallam's offer of protection. Will you take my word for it when I tell you she has not your right interests at heart, but the reverse? I happen to know, Miss Calendar, and I"—

"How dare you, sir?"

Flaming with rage, Mrs. Hallam put herself bodily between them, confronting Kirkwood in white lipped desperation, her small gloved hands clinched and quivering at her sides, her green eyes dangerous.

But Kirkwood could silence her, and he did. "Do you wish me to speak frankly, madam? Do you wish me to tell what I know and all I know," with rising emphasis, "of your social status and your relations with Calendar and Mulready? I promise you that if you wish it or force me to it"—

But he had need to say nothing further. The woman's eyes wavered before his, and a little sob of terror forced itself between her shut teeth. Kirkwood smiled grimly, with a face of brass, impenetrable, inflexible. And suddenly she turned from him with indifferent bravado.

"As Mr. Kirkwood says, Dorothy," she said in her high metallic voice, "I have no authority over you. But if you're silly enough to consider for a moment this fellow's insulting suggestion, if you're fool enough to go with him unchaperoned through Europe and imperil your"—

"Mrs. Hallam!" Kirkwood cut her short, with a menacing tone.

—"why, then, I wash my hands of you," concluded the woman defiantly. "Make your choice, my child," she added, with a meaning laugh, and

"The honor of an American gentleman."

moved away, humming a snatch from a French song, which brought the hot blood to Kirkwood's face.

But the girl did not understand, and he was glad of that. "You may judge between us," he appealed to her directly once more. "I can only offer you my word of honor as an American gentleman that you shall be landed in England safe and sound by the first available steamer."

"There's no need to say more, Mr. Kirkwood," Dorothy informed him quietly. "I have already decided. I think I begin to understand some things clearly now. If you're ready we will go."

From the window, where she stood holding the curtains back and staring out, Mrs. Hallam turned with a curling lip.

"'The honor of an American gentleman,'" she quoted, with a stinging sneer—"I'm sure I wish you comfort of it, child!"

"We must make haste, Miss Calendar," said Kirkwood, ignoring the implication. "Have you a traveling bag?"

She silently indicated a small valise, closed and strapped, on a table by the bed and immediately passed out into the hall. Kirkwood took the case containing the gladstone bag in one hand, the girl's valise in the other, and followed.

As he turned the head of the stairs he looked back. Mrs. Hallam was still at the window, her back turned. From her very passiveness he received an impression of something ominous and forbidding. If she had lost a trick or two of the game she played, she still held cards—was not at the end of her resources. She stuck in his imagination for many an hour as a force to be reckoned with.

For the present he understood that she was waiting to apprise Calendar and Mulready of their flight. With more haste, then, he followed Dorothy down the three flights, through the tiny office, where madam sat sound asleep at her overburdened desk, and out.

Opposite the door they were fortunate to find a fiacre drawn up in waiting at the curb. Kirkwood opened the door for the girl to enter.

"Gare du Sud," he directed the driver. "Drive your fastest. Double fare for quick time!"

The driver awoke with a start from profound reverie, looked Kirkwood over and bowed with gesticulative palms.

"M'sieu', I am desolated, but engaged!" he protested.

"Precisely." Kirkwood deposited the two bags on the forward seat of the conveyance and stood back to convince the man. "Precisely," said he, undismayed. "The lady who engaged you is remaining for a time. I will settle her bill."

"Very well, m'sieu'!" The driver disclaimed responsibility and accepted the favor of the gods with a speaking shrug. "M'sieu' said the Gare du Sud?"

Kirkwood jumped in and shut the door. The vehicle drew slowly away from the curb, then with gratifying speed hammered upstream on the embankment. Bending forward, elbows on knees, Kirkwood watched the sidewalks narrowly, partly to cover the girl's constraint due to Mrs. Hallam's attitude, partly on the lookout for Calendar and his confederates. In a few moments they passed a public clock.

"We've missed the Flushing boat," he announced. "I'm making a try for the Hoek van Holland line. We may possibly make it. I know that it leaves by the Sud quay, and that's all I do know," he concluded, with an apologetic laugh.

"And if we miss that?" asked the girl, breaking silence for the first time since they had left the hotel.

"We'll take the first train out of Antwerp."

"Where to?"

"Wherever the first train goes, Miss Calendar. The main point is to get away tonight. That we must do, no matter where we land or how we get there. Tomorrow we can plan with more certainty."

"Yes." Her assent was more a sigh than a word.

The cab, dashing down the Rue Leopold de Wael, swung into the Place du Sud before the station. Kirkwood, acutely watchful, suddenly thrust head and shoulders out of his window (fortunately it was the one away from the depot) and called up to the driver.

"Don't stop! Gare Centrale now—and treble fare!"

"Yes, sir! All right!"

The whip cracked, and the horse swerved sharply round the corner into the Avenue du Sud. The young man, with a hushed exclamation, turned in his seat, lifting the flap over the little peephole in the back of the carriage.

He had not been mistaken. Calendar was standing in front of the station, and it was plain to be seen from his pose that the madly careering fiacre interested him more than slightly. Irresolute, perturbed, the man took a step or two after it, changed his mind and returned to his post of observation.

Kirkwood dropped the flap and turned back to find the girl's wide eyes searching his face. He said nothing.

"What was that?" she asked after a patient moment.

"Your father, Miss Calendar," he returned uncomfortably.

There fell a short pause; then, "Why, will you tell me, is it necessary to run away from my father, Mr. Kirkwood?" she demanded, with a moving little break in her voice.

CHAPTER XXIV.

KIRKWOOD hesitated. It was unfeeling to tell her why, yet it was essential that she know, however painful the knowledge might prove to her.

And she was insistent. He might not dodge the issue. "Why?" she repeated as he paused.

"I wish you wouldn't press me for an answer just now, Miss Calendar."

"Don't you think I had better know?"

Instinctively he inclined his head in assent.

"Then why?"

Kirkwood bent forward and patted the flank of the satchel that held the gladstone bag.

"What does that mean, Mr. Kirkwood?"

"That I have the jewels," he told her tersely, looking straight ahead.

At his shoulder he heard a low gasp of amazement and incredulity commingled.

"But—how did you get them? My father deposited them in bank this morning?"

"He must have taken them out again. I got them on board the Alethea, where your father was conferring with Mulready and Captain Stryker."

"The Alethea!"

"Yes."

"You took them from those men—you! But didn't my father"—

"I had to persuade him," said Kirkwood simply.

"But there were three of them against you!"

"Mulready wasn't—ah—feeling very well, and Stryker's a coward. They gave me no trouble. I locked them in Stryker's room, lifted the bag of jewels and came away. I ought to tell you that they were discussing the advisability of sailing away without you, leaving you here, friendless and without means. That's why I considered it my duty to take a hand. I don't like to tell you this so brutally, but you ought to know."

"I understand."

But for some moments she did not speak. He avoided looking at her.

The fiacre, rolling at top speed, but smoothly, on the broad avenues that encircle the ancient city, turned into the Avenue de Keyser, bringing into sight the Gare Centrale.

"You don't—k-know"— began the girl without warning, in a voice gusty with sobs.

"Steady on!" said Kirkwood gently. "I do know, but don't let's talk about it now. We'll be at the station in a minute, and I'll get out and see what's to be done about a train if neither Mulready nor Stryker is about. You stay in the carriage. No!" He changed his mind suddenly. "I'll not risk losing you again. It's a risk we'll have to run in company."

"Please!" she agreed brokenly.

The fiacre slowed up and stopped.

"Are you all right, Miss Calendar?" Kirkwood asked.

The girl sat up, lifting her head proudly. "I am quite ready," she said, steadying her voice.

Kirkwood reconnoitered through the window while the driver was descending.

"Gare Centrale, m'sieu'," he said, opening the door.

"No one in sight," Kirkwood told the girl. "Come, please."

He got out and gave her his hand, then paid the driver, picked up the two bags and hurried with Dorothy into the station to find in waiting a string of cars into which people were moving at leisurely rate. His inquiries at the ticket window developed the fact that it was the 22:26 for Brussels, the last train leaving the Gare Centrale that night and due to start in ten minutes.

The information settled their plans for once and all. Kirkwood promptly secured through tickets, also purchasing "reserve" supplementary tickets which entitled them to the use of those modern corridor coaches which take the place of first class compartments on the Belgian state railways.

"It's a pleasure," said Kirkwood lightly as he followed the girl into one of these, "to find oneself in a common sense sort of train again. Feels like home." He put their luggage in one of the racks and sat down beside her.

The girl smiled bravely. "And after Brussels?" she inquired.

"First train for the coast," he said promptly—"Dover, Ostend, Boulogne, whichever proves handiest, no matter which, so long as it gets us on English soil without undue delay."

She said "Yes" abstractedly, resting an elbow on the window sill and her chin in her palm, to stare with serious, sweet brown eyes out into the arc smitten night that hung beneath the echoing roof.

Kirkwood fidgeted in despite of the constraint he placed himself under to be still and not disturb her needlessly. Impatience and apprehension of misfortune obsessed his mental processes in equal degree. The ten minutes seemed interminable that elapsed ere the grinding couplings advertised the imminence of their start.

The guards began to bawl, the doors to slam, belated travelers to dash madly for the coaches. The train gave a preliminary lurch ere settling down to its league long inland dash.

Kirkwood, in a fever of hope and an ague of fear, saw a man sprint furiously across the platform and throw himself on the forward steps of their coach on the very instant of the start.

Presently he entered by the forward door and walked slowly through, narrowly inspecting the various passengers. As he approached the seats occupied by Kirkwood and Dorothy Calendar his eyes encountered the young man's, and he leered evilly. Kirkwood met the look with one that was like a kick, and the fellow passed with some haste into the car behind.

"Who was that?" demanded the girl without moving her head.

"How did you know?" he asked, astonished. "You didn't look"—

"I saw your knuckles whiten beneath the skin. Who was it?"

"Hobbs," he acknowledged bitterly, "the mate of the Alethea."

"I know. And you think"—

"Yes. He must have been ashore when I was on board the brigantine. He certainly wasn't in the cabin. Evidently they hunted him up or ran across him and pressed him into service. You see they're watching every outlet. But we'll win through, never fear!"

The train, escaping the outskirts of the city, remarked the event with an exultant shriek, then settled down, droning steadily, to night devouring flight. In the corridor car the few passengers disposed themselves to drowse away the coming hour—the short hour's ride that, in these piping days of frantic traveling, separates Antwerp from the capital city of Belgium.

A guard, slamming gustily in through the front door, reeled unsteadily down the aisle. Kirkwood, rousing from a

His eyes encountered the young man's, and he leered evilly.

profound reverie, detained him with a gesture and began to interrogate him in French. When he departed presently it transpired that the girl was unacquainted with that tongue.

"I didn't understand, you know," she told him with a slow, shy smile.

"I was merely questioning him about the trains from Brussels tonight. We daren't stop, you see. We must go on—keep Hobbs on the jump and lose him, if possible. There's where our advantage lies—in having only Hobbs to deal with. He's not particularly intellectual, and we've two heads to his one besides. If we can prevent him from guessing our destination and wiring back to Antwerp, we may win away. You understand?"

"Perfectly," she said, brightening. "And what do you purpose doing now?"

"I can't tell yet. The guard's gone to get me some information about the night trains on other lines. In the meantime don't fret about Hobbs. I'll answer for Hobbs."

"I shan't be worried," she said simply, "with you here."

Whatever answer he would have made he was obliged to postpone because of the return of the guard, with a handful of time tables, and when, rewarded with a modest gratuity, the man had gone his way and Kirkwood turned again to the girl she had withdrawn her attention for the time.

Unconscious of his bold regard, she was dreaming, her thoughts at loose ends, her eyes studying the incalculable depths of blue black night that swirled and eddied beyond the window glass. The most shadowy of smiles touched her lips; the faintest shade of deepened color rested on her cheeks. She was thinking of—him? As long as he dared the young man, his heart in his own eyes, watched her greedily, taking a miser's joy of her youthful beauty, striving with all his soul to analyze the enigma of that most inscrutable smile.

It baffled him. He could not say of what she thought and told himself bitterly that it was not for him, a pauper, to presume a place in her meditations. He must not forget his circumstances nor let her tolerance render him oblivious to his place, which must be a servant's, not a lover's.

The better to convince himself of this he plunged desperately into a forlorn attempt to make head or tail of Belgian railway schedules, complicated as these of necessity are by the alteration from normal time notation to the abnormal system sanctioned by the government, and vice versa, with every train that crosses a boundary line of the state.

So preoccupied did he become in this pursuit that he was subconsciously impressed that the girl had spoken twice ere he could detach his interest from the exasperatingly inconclusive and incoherent cohorts of ranked figures.

"Can't you find out anything?" Dorothy was asking.

"Precious little," he grumbled. "I'd give my head for a Bradshaw! Only it wouldn't be a fair exchange. There seems to be an express for Bruges leaving the Gare du Nord, Brussels, at fifty-five minutes after 23 o'clock, and if I'm not mistaken that's the latest train out of Brussels and the earliest we can catch—if we can catch it. I've never been in Brussels, and heaven only knows how long it would take us to cab it from the Gare du Midi to the Nord."

In this statement, however, Mr. Kirkwood was fortunately mistaken. Not only heaven, it appeared, had cognizance of the distance between the two stations. While Kirkwood was still debating the question, with pessimistic tendencies, the friendly guard had occasion to pass through the coach and, being tapped, yielded the desired information with entire tractability.

It would be a cab ride of perhaps ten minutes. Monsieur, however, would serve himself well if he offered the driver an advance tip as an incentive to speedy driving. Why? Why, because (here the guard consulted his watch, and Kirkwood very keenly regretted the loss of his own)—because this train, announced to arrive in Brussels some twenty minutes prior to the departure of that other, was already late. But, yes, a matter of some ten minutes—could that not be made up? Ah, monsieur, but who should say?

The guard departed, doubtless with private views as to the madness of all English speaking travelers.

"And there we are!" commented Kirkwood in factitious resignation. "If we're obliged to stop overnight in Brussels our friends will be on our back before we can get out in the morning if they have to come by motor car." He reflected bitterly on the fact that with but a little more money at his disposal he, too, could hire a motor car and cry defiance to their persecutors. "However," he amended, with rising spirits, "so much the better our chance of losing Mr. Hobbs. We must be ready to drop on the instant the train stops."

He began to unfold another time table, threatening again to lose himself completely, and was thrown into the utmost confusion by the touch of the girl's hand, in appeal placed lightly on his arm. And had she been observant she might have seen a second time his knuckles whiten beneath the skin as he asserted his self control, though this time not over his temper.

His eyes, dumbly eloquent, turned to meet hers. She was smiling.

"Please!" she iterated, with the least imperative pressure on his hand, pushing the folder aside.

"I beg pardon?" he muttered blankly.

"Is it quite necessary, now, to study those schedules? Haven't you decided to try for the Bruges express?"

"Why, yes, but"—

"Then please don't leave me to my thoughts all the time, Mr. Kirkwood." There was a tremor of laughter in her voice, but her eyes were grave and earnest. "I'm very weary of thinking round in a circle, and that," she concluded, with a nervous little laugh, "is all I've had to do for days."

"I'm afraid I'm very stupid," he humored her.

She watched him, a little piqued by his absentminded mood for a moment, then, and not without a trace of malice, "Must I tell you again what to talk about?" she asked.

"Forgive me. I was thinking about if not talking to you. I've been wondering just why it was that you left the Alethea at Queensborough to go on by steamer."

And immediately he was sorry that his tactless query had swung the conversation to bear upon her father, the thought of whom could not but prove painful to her. But it was too late to mend matters. Already her evanescent flush of amusement had given place to remembrance.

(Continued next week.)

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Two refrigerator express cars filled entirely with cherries left Union Friday for New York city. The cherry crop around Cove was very large.

HARRIMAN LINES SPENDING MUCH IN OREGON

Portland, July 22.—Score one for the "Live Wire" brotherhood of the Portland Commercial club. At the first dinner of this progressive organization, held at the Commercial club, a big railroad announcement that rivals in magnitude any made here in a long time was given out by William McMurray, general passenger agent of the allied Harriman lines in this territory. It told of the Harriman budget for the year, which includes the expenditure of $26,255,000 on new lines, equipment and betterments.

Mr. McMurray had a real surprise up his sleeve when he went to the dinner. When his time came to speak on the subject, "Steam and More Steam," he waded into statistics and told what his lines are doing now and are going to do for the further development of the Pacific Northwest. Needless to say, his speech made the hit of the dinner and when he finished he was greeted with great applause.

New construction contemplated or already under way was given in the budget as follows: Branch line, Crabtree to Lebanon, 8 miles, to cost $300,000; Beaverton-Willsburg cut-off, 14 miles, $1,200,000; Natron to Klamath Falls extension, 191 miles, $9,830,000; Hillsboro to Tillamook, 90 miles, $3,800,000; Deschutes railroad south to Redmond, 133 miles, $5,320,000; Lake Creek & Coeur d'Alene, 14 miles, $700,000; Oregon & Washington tunnel under the peninsula at Portland, 2.7 miles, $680,000; St. Johns to Troutdale line, 16 miles, $515,000.

Betterments and new work include O. R. & N. steel bridge at Portland, $1,640,000; eight steel bridges on Southern Pacific and O. R. & N. lines, $377,000; new 90-pound steel rails for O. R. & N. and Southern Pacific, $570,000; 100 miles automatic block signals, $110,000; line changes and passing tracks, $910,000; new passenger stations at Grants Pass, Medford, Corvallis, Pendleton, Baker City, Stanfield, Or., and Wallace, Idaho, and new Portland freight house, $153,000. Total, $26,255,000.

BANDON CLAIMS THE OLDEST LIVING PERSON

Bandon, Or., July 21.—Bandon boasts of one of the oldest, if not the very oldest, person in the state of Oregon, in the person of Mrs. Emma Wade, who recently celebrated her 106th birthday. Mrs. Wade has excellent health, considering her extreme age, and is in possession of all her mental faculties, although her eyesight and hearing are somewhat impaired. She has spent many years in Oregon, and is one of the pioneers of this section of the state. She has a host of descendants and is great-grandmother of several children.

Mrs. Wade has been making her home with her son on a ranch near Parkersburg, between Bandon and Coquille, but her son recently moved to Bandon and was accompanied by the mother. Mrs. Wade has every promise of living a number of years yet, but is certainly famous for her age at present.

The Eugene Fruit Growers' association wants wild evergreen blackberries for canning when they get ripe. These berries spread over large tracts in some places in the county, and are considered a nuisance, but the cannery people will handle them this year and quite a profit may be made on them by those who care to pick them.

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