ty turn the panes.

Howard entered.

diseatly beside him.

was not there.

stopped.

overdoing it!"

and third.

In the very middle of this task the

"Well, Wallace, finished, I hope?"

of one who has been refreshed by a

Mark turned the leaves nervelessly,

He reached the end. He had count-

ed exactly two hundred. That might

Colonel Howard sprang forward and

er!" he was pleading. "What's that

dow? It's the heat, sir. fie's been

"Very possibly," said the Brigndler

Mark was searching again. He

"It's no use, Colonel Howard," he

cried. "It has gone out of the win-

dow. I was called out. When I came

The Colonel was pushing him into

a chair. He heard the storming voice

of the Brigadier a long distance away.

going through the papers again. A

clerk had been called in. Mark neard

something about searching the streets.

Somebody was telephoning. And,

above all, he was conscious of Keller-

man in the next room, long before he

He was alone, and struggling back

into the realization of his situation.

Kellerman's threat and his refusal to

consider it, the visit of Hartley, be-

gan to link themselves into the chain

of the devilish conspiracy. He rose

unsteadily to his feet, wiping the sweat

from his forehead. Colonel Howard was coming through the open doorway

"Sit down, Wallace," he said grave-

or, rather, he has been talking to me.

You must consider yourself under ar-

rest in your quarters. Now, how did

Mark explained as lamely as one

who had heard excuses of all kinds

from soldiers brought before him for

various offenses during his term of

lace?" asked the Colonel in a kindly.

I'd like to hurry it through. Of course

I shall want it over. I'll go home now,

You know what this means, Wal-

service, and waved them aside,

serious tone.

and-'

"New plans,"

"Yes, but to you?"

damned lie. I'll swear to it."

"What do you mean, sir?"

"That you are a frequenter of gam-

on him. You know whom I mean by

'they.' Washington's swimming with

that crooked gang, and that story-

well, they managed to start that in

were in a fight outside Mrs. Kenson's

place in the small hours this morning.

outstretched toward the door. "Eh,

"One moment, sir! I cannot let you

inside a gambling house in my life, but

I was outside Mrs. Kenson's place last

A sudden feebleness seemed to come

"Tell me about it, Wallace. Tell me

why you went there. You know her,

then? Don't you know that she's-"

merely ask you not to go to the Brig-

adier. I shall proceed to my quar-

"You understand there will be

Mark, I'll see you through this,

"Stop !"

night."

my boy?" he asked.

over the Colonel.

coust martial T

this damned thing happen?"

"I've been talking to the Brigadier,

from Kellerman's room

opened the glass door and entered.

stopped as they came to the last pa-

while the Brigadier and Howard stood

good dinner. "Let me see!"

door clicked; the Brigadier and Colonel

"Out with it, then!"

"I wanted to thank you for what u did for me, and-"

The man seemed to be trying to spin the interview for some ludefinite pose. Mark turned on his heel. temper was not of the best just a, and Hartley was the last man the world whom he wanted to see. 'All right," he answered. "Steer ar of that woman-of Mrs. Kenson, rtley. It's evident that she doesn't iprocate your feelings, or whatever y are, and she seems to have some gerous friends about her."

He relented suddenly, and, going ward, clapped the man on the shoul-

"I guess you've had your troubles, crtley," he said. "But pull yourself ether, man."

caught him by the shoulder. "Wallace, sheepish, unmanly mask my dear fellow, pull yourself togethopped from Hartley's face. ght Mark's hand impulsively. you're saying? Blown out of the win-

'I'm a cur, Captain Wallace!" he "I-I-That's all right, Hartley. But, by

way, who told you my name?" Captain Wallace, don't ask me that I caustically. "Pray have a look, then, back! Never mind me! Go back Howard. Take your time." your office at once!" cried Hart-

e broke past Mark with a sudden, per, which was now the two hundred modic movement, gained the door, ran down the corridor. Mark ed after him in stupefaction. Harthad not been drunk, and his presthere had seemed purposeless, back the fan was turned on my desk denly, with an intuition of danger, and the papers were blowing about hurried through the clerks' office, cked his door, and entered.

se room was filled with a furious tired-my Ged, how tired I am of wind. The mobilization papers



lobilization Papers Were Whirling on His Desk.

whirling on his desk in front of en window.

circular fan, which had been uting a gentle breeze imparfrom side to side, now poured rent of air immediately upon desk. The rotary movement n stopped, and it had been set imum speed.

this was not the small fan cusly in use in the little office, but one from the clerks' room.

Mark had left to interview he had seen Kellerman at brough the glass door that contheir two offices. Now Kellerlesk was vacant.

slammed down the window; ere two locks, and Mark and an had each a key. Nobody mve entered.

Mark was positive that Kellerad set the fan. It stood on a gainst the partition. Looking rk saw that there was a tiny amediately behind it, large to permit an inserted wire to ck the lever that controlled the apparatus. Yet this might have thing but a wormhole in the amework of the door.

a gasp of rage Mark hastily the fan and ran back to his le began collecting the papers. ad blown hither and thither; nd fullen behind the desk, some adiator. The floor was littered

ny gone out of the window? should have been two hundred There was nothing to do nt them. Mark began, but his rembled so that he could hard-

"The war department hasn't much superfluous time on its hands to wash Its dirty linen. We went to get ahead, We want to forget this. I think it you will send in your resignation-" "You shall have it tonight, sir."

CHAPTER VIII.

Mark rushed to the street and found

himself face to face with Eleanor. She was coming out of a store, and going, evidently, toward the cab which was waiting against the street curb. They almost ran into each other,

Mark lifted his bat mechanically, and thought she was about to pass, but suddenly she took him by the arm, and looked at him carnestly, extreme concern upon her face.

"What's the matter, Uncle Mark?" she asked. "You're ill-you're looking frightfully III."

"Well, it's a pretty hot day," said

"Yes, but you can stand heat, Uncle Mark. You don't look fit to be around. flow long have you been ill, and have you been working all the time, and asked the Brigadier with the cordiality why didn't you send for me?"

"I'm not Ill, Eleanor," said Mark, trying to smile.

"Then why haven't you been to see night? What's the reason? Tell me!" Your father keeps our noses to the

grindstone, Eleanor."

have been an error. But the paper "That isn't true, and please don't play with me as if I were a child, Cap-He looked up to see the Brigadier tain Wallace. Come, get into this cab peering into his face with an extraorat once! I am going to take you home dinary expression. He heard himself and have Mrs. Howard look after you stammering, fumbling for words; he at once. Oh, you are laughing!"

It was rather a grim jest to Mark. but it occurred to him that it would help to allenate Eleanor. She drew away from him and looked at him with those keen, scrutinizing eyes that had

in some measure discomfited him at the Misses Harpers' school.

"Uncle Mark," she pleaded, "do tell me why you are acting so horribly when I am only thinking of you. It's night until we got to understand each

"Weil, Eleanor, the truth is," said Mark, "the work at the office has just about taken it all out of me. And then, in my position, of course there are visits that I must pay."

"Of course," said Eleanor iron-ically, "Go on, Uncle Mark, I shall the room. Somebody—perhaps the mechanism slipped. I don't know, I'm see through you presently."

"But I have been meaning to visit you soon. Only, you know, I am not in any sense your guardian now, and so, Eleanor, if you want me to be Howard was expostulating. They were frank, it is a little unreasonable of you to put forward my duties in that respect when I have no compensations,'

> She started. "You mean that you didn't want to come?" she asked. "I did want to. But I have so many

"Thank you. That's quite enough, Captain Wallace. My conduct in intruding on such a busy man has been quite inexcusable. Good day, Captain Wallace!"

She made a mocking little bow and went toward her cab. She stopped and looked back. The brief anger was ended. But Mark was already free from that intolerable interview and stumbling homeward.

He let himself in, wrote out his resignation, and mailed it.

As he paced his room, pondering over the situation, it seemed to him that the key to the mystery lay with himself to believe Kellerman a traitor. But it was essential that he should find Hartley, and insist upon a confession, both of his motives in watching the Colonel's house, and of those that had brought him to the war depart-

Suddenly the telephone interrupted his meditations. A woman's voice at "I guess so, Colonel Howard. And the other end was asking for him.

"Are you quite sure you are Captain Mark Wallace?" it inquired, when he had stated his identity.

"I am as sure as I have ever been." answered Mark.

"Stop!" Colonel Howard's chal-lenge had a triumphal ring to it. He placed his hands on Mark's shoulders "Ah, now I recognize you," said the strange voice in a merry ripple of and swung him round, looking straight into his eyes. "Thank God for that, Mark!" he cried. "I fought the Brigalaughter. "And you don't know who I am?" dier over you, and I'll fight him to the

"If you will state your name-" began Mark patiently.

end of time. I told him it was a "Someone who knows that you are in trouble and wants to help you. I'm afraid you won't let me. You seemed to be prejudiced against me when we bling houses, Wallace. That's the met before, Well, I am Ada Kenson," story that they have been putting over

Mark uttered an angry exciamation, which he instantly checked. This might prove the key that he was seek-Ing.

circulation and saw that it reached the "Come to my house at nine o'clock Brigadier's ears. He heard that you tonight, unless you are afraid. You will meet nobody but me." It had been in Mark's mind to look

for Hartley in that neighborhood. "What do you say, Captain Wal-

Impulsively the kindly old man startlace? I can help you very much ined toward the door. He had almost reached it when Wallace found his deed, and perhaps put things right for you. I am in a position to know a good deal of what is happening behind The colonel halted, one hand still the scenes."

Mark felt his brain grow as cool as ice. "I'll come, Mrs. Kenson," he answered crisply, and hung up the rego to the Brigadier. I have never been

ceiver. He consoled himself with the reflection that he had, at least, nothing to lose. He waited calmly for the appointment, and arrived outside the house promptly. There was no sign of Hartley in the neighborhood.

At his ring Mrs. Kenson herself opened the door, smiled, and showed "I know nothing about her, sir. I him into a well-furnished little parlor. "Sit down, Captain Wallace," she

said, indicating a chair. "You'll wonder who I am and why I asked you to come here," said Mrs. "Well, I happen to know

quite a good deal about you, Captain Wallace. All your history, in fact, from the tlate you entered West Point. It is part of my business to know these things!

Mark bowed and waited, expecting something sensational. He was astonished beyond his expectation, however, by Mrs. Kenson's next words,

"Your long and distasteful stay in the West, Captain Wallace, was not wholly the fortune of the military service," she said. "It was expedient that you should stay there, on account of your unfortunate mistake in adopting the late Charles Hampton's child," Mark rose in protest, collected him-

self, and sat down again. "In fact, dear Captain Wallace, you have been the victim of circumstances," went on Mrs. Kenson, suppose you know that the world has changed a good deal during your fifteen years of exile? Well, this war, for example. It's a shocking reversion to barbarism, the nations flying at each other's throats, when their difficulties could have been adjusted by a little frank diplomacy. It was a great blow to the financial interests that are working to reconcile the nations and to develop she world's resources. They would do all possible to end it. I am working for them here. I am not tellus - Have you forgotten our talk that ing you any secret, Captain Wallace, because everybody in Washington knows it. I represent the international peace committee, and I have quite a good deal of influence among the senators and representativesprincipally the Western ones, Cap-

> The frankness and audacity of the disclosure astounded Mark. So this was one center of "they," as Colonel Howard had called the nucleus of Teutonic spies and agents in America.

"We are trying our hardest to precent America from being dragged into

this maeistrom," continued Mrs. Kenson. "You, Captain Wallace, were unfortunate enough to be working on the other side. And-I'm sorry, but a little trap was laid for you and Kellerman. just the way you acted that other You walked right into it. Major Kelother. And tell me why you haven't mine, acted in complete good faith. terman, who is a very good friend of



Hartley. Even yet he had not allowed "I Represent the International Peace Committee."

Don't blame him. Don't blame yourself. Don't blame that wretched fellow who came here the other night to blackmail me. It was inevitable. You see, when you adopted Hampton's daughter you unconsciously put a sort of noose about your neck. There was the police to find you here, and arrest the possibility of your coming into contact with Hampton's friends. The system is widespread, you know, and quite twenty years old. So-you had to go west.

"Now, Captain Wallace, I'm a frank woman, and I'll put my proposition to you. You don't want to see Major breath. Kellerman walk off with that pretty ward of yours, do you? And you can't marry her without a little money. Well, you could be very useful to us in many ways. Would you, without sacrificing your patriotism or revealing any secrets, become a salaried worker of our organization?"

Mark stood up, trembling. "I-don't quite understand," he said huskily; and the picture of Eleanor in Kellerman's arms at the dance swam before his eyes. "What is it you want me to

"Use your influence and army knowledge in our behalf. That little affair of today will soon be forgotten. And we'll help you to put Kellerman out of business."

"You ask me to become a German spy?" "Don't be absurd, my dear captain,

Who ever suggested such a thing?" "That's what it amounts to." "A little influence on behalf of humanity."

"No!" shouted Mark, quite beside himself, "You're infamous. You ought to be put out of the country!" He strode indignantly toward the

The electric light in the passage had gone out. The room grew dark behind him. He groped his way toward the

Suddenly a vivid light finshed before his eyes. He heard, though he felt no pain, the impact of a hard weapon upon the back of his head. He flung out his hands and grappled with a man. In the uplifted hand he felt a beave stick with a knobbed handle.

door.

He believed his assailant to be Kelterman, and, half unconscious as he was, he fought madly. But the man, Kellerman or not, was more than a match for him. For a few moments they wrestled furiously; then the other gof his arm free and brought down the stick upon Mark's head again. And this time the light faded into black-

## CHAPTER IX.

"Captain Wallace! Get up! Can you stand? Come with me!" Mark opened his eyes and groaned.

It was pitch dark, and he could see nothing, but he seew the voice for

"Where am I?" he muttered, trying to rise and sinking back again. In the Kenson house. Be guick! There! Listen!"

Outside there was the confused murmur of volces, above which came the sound of a erisp command. Then some implement fell heavily against the door of the house, splintering it. Again the cries broke out. "Try again!" muttered Hartley in

desperation. "There's a door into the empty house next door, through the cellar. The police don't know of it. You must get away. You must get

Mark tried again, and this time managed to rise.

Hartley caught Mark by the arm and guided his unstendy footsteps to the They gained the passage, and Hartley guided Mark toward the head of the basement steps, which they reached just as the front door fell in under the hatchets of the raiders.

They scuttled down the stairs as the hall became filled with the shouting policemen.

Before the first of the raiders set his foot upon the stone stairs Hartley had found a door in the darkness, opened

tt, and pushed Mark through, following Immediately. He shut the door softly behind him. They were in the basement of the adjoining house.

"We're safe now," said Hartley in a whisper. "You'd better rest, Captain Wallace,"

"You're Hartley," muttered Mark, sitting down and trying in vain to discern something of the other's face through the gloom. "What happened, and how did you come on the scene?"

"Good God forgive me!" monned Hartley, suddenly breaking into hysterical sobbing, as n the former night. "I've ruined you, Captain Wallace. What else could I do?"

"So you were in that plot, ch?" asked Mark, wondering that he felt so little anger, "Well, it was clear enough, but it doesn't matter now.'

"It matters everything," answered Hartley, in a vehement whisper, "They tricked me into it, I didn't know what their scheine was when I agreed to get you out of the room. But I found out later. And I had suspected. God, Cuptain Wallace, to think I found that

"Never mind," said Mark soothingly. listening to the stamping of the raiders. in the next house overhead, "What more do you know?"

"I knew that they wouldn't be satis-

fied with that, sir. They-"
"One moment. Who is 'they,' Hart-"They," repeated Hartley vin-

dictively. "Those devils that make pawns of men. They meant to clinch their dirty work one way or another. They meant to buy you, after ruining you, and fashion you to their dirty work. If they couldn't do that they were going to-

"Murder me?"

"No, sir. Discredit you so that nothing you could say would be listened to. Sumpter Valley Railway Co. "That's what they meant to do. It was I who was told to give the tip to the police that there was gambling herer They thought the place was closed-and it was. But they wanted you, so that the story might get inte the newspapers, and finish you-finish you with the war department, and with Arrives Miss Howard."

"And what did you expect to get out Departs of it, Hartley?" asked Mark. He heard the man catch at his

"She wasn't your wife, Hartley?"

"No, Captain Wallace, no!" "But she has a hold on you strong enough to compel you to do such work as she requires. And yet you have tried to save me dishonor—if any more could come to me.'

"You saved me, Captain Wallace!" Mark made a sound of incredulity. "And I have been a gentleman. You ing Baker 6:50 A. M. don't know how a man falls, Captain Wallace."

"Hartley, you haven't answered my question. Now here's another. Why were you watching Colonel Howard's house the other night?"

(To be continued)

The American colors cannot be made up among the allie. There are red-blooded nations and blue-blooded nations, but not a white-blooded nation among them anywhere.



## BLIND EDITOR COMES TO SHOW DIS LIGHT



Sir Arthur Pearson. blind publisher of England, is in America. Through his own effort he climbed to the highest pin-nacle, owning the Daily Express, Pearson monthly, and nineteen other publications which he recently sold. He came to show America its duty in educating those unfortunate Yanks blinded in the world war. He founded a school for blinded soldiers and sailors in Regent Park, London. The woman is Mrs. Pearson, wife and companion.

HOLY FAMILY CHURCH (Catholie)

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Sunday High Mass at 10:30 o'clock Week\_days Mass at 7 o'clock.

Instructions for children Saturdays at 9 A. M.

Rev. Father Francis, O. F. M. Rector



Arrival and Departure Of Trains

Departs No. 2, Prairie 1:15 A. M. Sumpter 2:35 P. M. Baker 4:15 P. M

No. 1, Baker 8:3 A. M. Sumpt eF1:05 A. M. Prairie 2:1 P. M. Arrives

No. 1 Makes good connection with O.-W. R. & N. Co. No. 4 (Fast Mail) leaving Portland 6:15 P. M., arriving at Baker 7:55 A. M. and No. 17 from east arriv-

No 2 connects with No. 5 (Fast Mail) arriving at Baker 7:55 P. M. which picks up Pullman at Ba er, arriving at Portland 7:00 Also with No. 18 at 0:45P. M. for points East.



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