

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Same old same," declared Ed. "Say, you ought to be with this outfit. Coarsest grift you ever saw. Everybody's in it from the manager down."

"Manager, eh? Ed, slip me all the info you can. Where's Barnes?"

"Old P. T.'s laid up with rheumatic gout, and so Joe Unger, he's the manager, has been buying a farm in Connecticut."

"What does he look like?"

"Like a tub of pork. Far be it from me to say such, with me so affectionate toward my salary, but Unger's a fat old fuff!"

"Thanks, Ed." Blackie threw away his cigarette. "I'll post my pal right away and hurry back. I want you to shill for a fancy grift."

"Wise me," husked Ed, with pleasure; "wise me."

Blackie hurried off to the cane rack, where he had planted J. Rufus, but just as he neared his partner, and before he could speak, Wallingford was astonished to see Blackie look back over his shoulder and start away on a gallop. Elias Bogger was the explanation. He was talking to Texas Ed, and the watchful Fannie was not four people away from him.

"That was my fall guy," explained Blackie, arriving breathless just after Bogger had departed. "What was his line of con?"

"He's the richest mark that ever asked the price of lemons," laughed big Ed, gazing in wonder after the departing Bogger. "He pointed out that fat party over there and wanted to know if he was Barnes."

"Of course you wisened him up?" worried Blackie.

"Did I not? I did not!" replied Ed, with infinite scorn. "I told him it was Barnes and that he'd had himself dyed a brunette to keep from looking like his own lithographs, so people wouldn't keep trying to buy him out."

Blackie grinned in sheer delight and hurried over to J. Rufus.

"I can't believe it yet, Blackie," declared his partner. "Elias Bogger is either the prize boob of the universe or else he has me kidded to a standstill."

"Take it from me, he's the prize lollipop," protested Blackie earnestly. "He looks like a remittance from mother."

"He is if he buys my circus," chuckled J. Rufus. "Say, Blackie, you find out where Barnes is, and cook up some scheme to keep him out of the way for an hour. Do that and I'll sell Eli some experience."

"Go as far as you like, and see if Barnes cares," airily responded Blackie. "Old P. T. wasn't been with the show a miny—this season, and his manager, a fat burglar by the moult of Joe Unger, is grafting all the velvet. He's so strong at it he hasn't paid salaries for three weeks."

J. Rufus strode straight across to the main entrance, into which a solid stream of moist humanity was already wedding. Wallingford, broad of shoulders and a head taller than the mass, pushed his way impatiently along between the swaying ropes and was about to push as impatiently past the ticket taker when that gentleman, a heavy framed thing, grabbed him roughly by the shoulder.

"Ticker!" he rasped.

"Where's Joe Unger?" demanded Wallingford, with a frown as black as night.

The ticket taker glanced toward a beefy man who stood just beyond him, his Buffalo Bill sombrero in his hand mopping his head with a gray silk handkerchief. The heavy gentleman asking no sign, the ticket taker turned again to Wallingford.

"I said where's your ticket?" he demanded.

"You're fired!" Wallingford roared with a flare of anger, slinking his big forefinger in the ticket taker's face. "Get off the lot! And if somebody don't hunt up Joe Unger for me within about thirty seconds I'll fire the lot of you. Where is he?"

"I'm Joe Unger," the beefy man barked gruffly, though much troubled. "What do you want?"

Wallingford turned to an eye patched thug.

"Here, Bill, or whatever your name is," he ordered in the voice of authority, "you take tickets till I put a new man on the box. Now, Unger, how

was yesterday's business?"

"Who wants to know?" demanded Mr. Unger, endeavoring to assert his customary czarship, but feeling it slipping from him.

"I do," snapped Wallingford.

"And who are you?" inquired Unger, angry that his voice was losing its strength.

"Sears," snapped Wallingford.

Unger repeated the name feebly, but not the nerve to ask who Sears might be.

"If the fact that I'm Sears isn't enough for you I'll have a Johnny tin plate tell you more," declared J. Rufus, watching narrowly, and being well pleased with the effect of this threat of a local officer of the law. "Now, look here, Unger, the governor wants to know why the business is so rotten, and I'm here to find out. What was your take-in yesterday?"

"Well," hesitated Unger. "It looked like rain over in Cattlesburg, and the play fell off a little. Thirty-three hundred on the day."

"I got a different report," declared Wallingford, looking the man squarely in the eye. "You had to hunt the clouds with a telescope yesterday in Cattlesburg, and the take-in is four or five hundred out of the way. There's going to be a shakeup around here."

Within fifteen minutes it was "noised" all over the grounds that old P. T.'s right hand man was with them, and a general tightening up took place. In stern disapproval of everything J. Rufus let Unger lead him about and introduce him as "L. Monckton Sears," but when the manager began to ask him personal questions Wallingford shut him with:

"How's the salary list? Is it paid up?"

"Well, not quite," admitted Unger.

"How far are we behind?" He was very stern.

"Oh, a week or so." The manager looked nervously about him as if planning an escape.

"That means three or four, I suppose."

"Well, three for a few of 'em."

"I see. Unger, you're a common thief. I haven't made up my mind what I'll do with you yet, but I may put you over just for amusement. It altogether depends on how the old man feels after I sell out for him."

The relief in the face of Unger was tremendous. "The old man going to sell?" he asked.

"Depends on the price," returned Wallingford. "I want a statement of the past week's business and an invoice of the plant in an hour. And, by the way, if the expenses are too high and the receipts too low there'll be no sale, and then I'm likely to make somebody trouble."

"Believe me," promised Unger fervently, "today's business will show a grand little profit."

"See that it does," warned Wallingford. "Tell the treasurer what I want and then hurry back to me in the animal tent." And, leaving Unger to alternate hopes and fears, he strode away, hurrying into the menagerie in search of Blackie and Bogger. He found Blackie alone in front of a lion's cage. "Where's Bogger?"

"Bogger," stated Blackie placidly, "is anchored in seat 1, section A, counting the house and estimating the today's profits; and just behind him, never moving her brown eyes from the back of his head, sits cute little Fannie Warden."

"Where's Violet?"

"Busy," grinned Blackie. "She is in charge of the most mother-like dames in the circus, being all dolled up like the lion tamer's bride."

When Blackie came with the anxious Bogger, Wallingford was raking Unger over the coals at a great rate.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Blackie, touching Wallingford on the arm, "but my friend, Mr. Bogger, wants to ask you a question or two, Mr. Barnes."

"I'm not Barnes," declared Wallingford gruffly. "I am his personal representative and business executive. My name's Sears."

"Unger, I never saw such a dirty lot of uniforms. If I have to sell this circus for Mr. Barnes I want it in decent shape. What are today's profits?"

"Over \$1,000," said Unger brightly.

"A thousand!" Wallingford's face was purple with fury. "Unger, I'm going to investigate this thing. If you know what's good for you you won't let me see you on this lot today."

Wallingford let the unfortunate Unger go.

"If I ain't intruding, Mr. Sears, let's talk business as men to men. I know the truth about your tin. You have to take \$2,000 for this show today. I'm here with the money."

Wallingford advanced incredulously at Blackie, but he put out his hand deprecatingly.

"I promised to sell it to a friend."

"Oh?" Mr. Bogger gulped. He was only stopped for a moment, however. "I'll give you fifty-five!"

"No."

"Sixty!"

Wallingford hesitated.

"Make it sixty-five, spot cash, and we'll go right up to a lawyer's and draw up a bill of sale."

Elias studied a long time. "Well," he concluded, "I'm satisfied about the money part. I've asked six or seven men around the grounds here, and, though they don't all say the same thing, they've convinced me that there's a fortune in it every day. Come on. We'll go up to my bank."

Mr. Bogger walked on the grounds of the P. T. Barnes Colossal Aggregation of Tented Wonders as monarch of all he surveyed just as the torches were being lit in the hour before the evening performance. He held his head very high. He could go in and order an elephant hitched to his buggy if he liked.

Just between the main tent and the cook tent "Daredevil Demo" accosted him. "They tell me you're the new boss and have the coin. I'm three

weeks back, and I want mine."

"Well," exclaimed Bogger, "I'll have to look into this. How much do you get a week?"

"Five hundred and fifty dollars," Demo calmly told him.

Mr. Bogger almost dropped dead on the spot. "A week, did you say?" he gasped.

"A week. I get shot out of a cannon to a platform up in the dome, grab a bicycle, ride down a 200 foot chute, jump a forty foot gap and land in a tank of water. Do I get my back pay?"

"I'll see about it," promised Bogger, much troubled, and he started to turn away.

Demo grabbed him by the shoulder and turned him around with one swing. "I get it now!" he declared, "or I'll close up your bloomin' show! I ain't so strong for this outfit, anyhow, especially since a hay's going to try to run it. If I don't get my coin before I go on tonight, no show! And if those rubes don't see my act they'll tear down the tent. I'm what brings 'em here!"

The "Trelvo Trio of Aerial Acrobats" descended upon Mr. Bogger in a body before Demo had finished with him. They were Swiss and knew but little English, but they very energetically conveyed to Mr. Bogger the fact that they were three weeks in arrears in salary and wanted their money. If they didn't get it, no show; also a sheriff!

More came running, bareback riders, wagon men, tumblers, trainers, chariot drivers and even some of the young



There Came a Mighty Tug at the Rope Bogger Was Holding.

ladies of the spectacle, all with Elias Bogger as their objective point, and all screaming a mad demand for money! Gazing about him in desperation, the new proprietor saw Wallingford standing by a big rear tent and rushed toward him for protection. J. Rufus senses to know instinctively that Bogger was in growing fear of his life, for he lifted up the edge of the tent, showed Elias through and met the maddened mob himself. The smile on Wallingford's jovial face deepened, as presently there came from the interior of that tent a hubbub of shrill cries. A moment later Mr. Bogger came out of that tent on the dead run, followed by a platoon of chorus ladies, screaming for vengeance. With them was Violet Warden, all dolled up as a lion tamer. It took all of Wallingford's persuasiveness to rescue Elias.

"That was full of women dressing!" painted Mr. Bogger. "What did you shove me in there for?"

"Didn't they know you were the proprietor?" inquired J. Rufus in astonishment.

"Come over to the big top," invited Blackie. "Fred Bristol's going to try out a new flying trapeze act before the performance," and he led the way.

The main tent was big and high and dim and mysterious, with its one torch lighted. Away up in the dome a tiny trapeze swung on long strands, which, from the ground, looked like spider webs. Upon a little shelf, far away, stood a slender, graceful man in pink tights, and from either side of the shelf stretched down long ropes. A man with a coat and trousers on over his tights hurried up to Bogger and handed him a rope.

"Here, pal," he said; "hold this line, will you?" and he thrust it into Bogger's hands. "Get a good grip on it."

The pink clad acrobat upon the high shelf drew the trapeze far across and up to him with a tape. All at once there came a mighty tug at the rope Bogger was holding, and it was jerked from his grasp. A cry of horror burst from the throats of a score of circus attaches, and down through the dusty air of the big tent, with its rows upon rows of dimly empty benches came whirling and appalling a pink figure! A shriek burst from the pallid lips of Bogger as it thudded upon the ground. The circus men, mostly acrobats, rushed to the spot where the pink figure lay, concealing it from view. There was a piercing shriek from a woman near the entrance.

"This way out!" and Wallingford shoved Bogger, running ahead of him, to an opening and thrust him through. Bogger had run a third of the length of this inclosure before he realized that he was once more in the women's dressing tent, and then the fumes of the furies spurred him on to such speed as his legs had never yielded in his life.

There was but one logical end to such blind speed, and that was a stumble. A little drainage ditch got him and laid him low to listen to the beating of his heart and imagine that trip hammer noise to be the patter of pursuing feet. Wallingford and Blackie Daw caught up with him presently, helped him with kind and comforting words, when a sad procession filed out of the main tent. Four men bore a stretcher, upon which was a limp form, covered, by the iron which was a chance, with one of the broad red ribbons over which bareback riders jump. Quite a number of men with bowed heads followed it down to the railroad siding, where the circus sleeping cars stood.

"It looks bad," said Wallingford; "very, very bad; I don't know whether the man is—dead or not, but in any event you're up against it, Bogger. Fred Bristol is one of the best high trapeze men in the business, and it means a fifty thousand dollar damage suit, which you'll probably lose."

"Where is he? Where is he!" bellowed a bull-like voice from out of the darkness. It was the voice of the big lion tamer husband of a pretty bare back rider.

"Circus, circus!" moaned Bogger. "I wouldn't be a proprietor of a circus for a million dollars!"

"You'll have to be the proprietor," said Wallingford coldly. "It's a legally binding transfer, and you're lucky if you don't have manslaughter against you as well as a damage suit."

"Where is he?" again bellowed Texas Ed out of the darkness.

"Please, Mr. Sears, please, I beg of you, let me out of this!" pleaded Bogger, with quivers of terror in his voice. "Take back your bill of sale and give me my money. Please!"

"And stand this damage suit myself?" inquired Wallingford, with scorn. "I should say not. A sale is a sale."

Again the voice from the darkness, this time nearer. Bogger jumped.

"I'll discount it," he offered, "only get me away from here! I'll give you anything you say!"

"Right outside is a buggy," said Wallingford. "I'll jump you in that and take you to town as soon as we come to terms. I'll take your bill of sale and tear it up and give you \$10,000 and deny that you were the proprietor when you held that rope."

"Ten thousand dollars!" exclaimed Bogger. "Ten thousand dollars! It's robbery!"

"There's that damage suit," Wallingford reminded him.

"You may win it," protested Bogger. "Give me forty thousand and I'll settle it."

"Here he is!" yelled Wallingford loudly to the angry husband somewhere in the darkness.

"Don't! For heaven's sake, don't!" Bogger half sobbed. "Here's your bill of sale! Give me the money! Now, where's that buggy?"

In the tent of the departed Manager Unger gathered the tired but happy conspirators, and, on the little folding table J. Rufus Wallingford threw \$50,000 in real money.

"Principal, interest and expenses," he declared with satisfaction. "I need five thousand to pay off Texas Ed and the acrobat who dropped the dummy from the trapeze, and our other good friends who helped, and I set aside a big chunk for a Sunday treat to the whole circus, including the animals. This ten we'll take out for the expenses of the gang, and the forty thousand, ladies, goes to the restitution fund of the estate of the late Mr. Warden."

"And that crosses off the name of Elias Bogger," added Blackie, bending over Violet, who had the little book in her hand.

who came to Eugene and gave us some very valuable suggestions in road matters.

"While we have not gone very far as yet in investigating particular kinds of pavement, we do believe that a pavement can be found which will be suitable for Lane county and which can be laid at a price which will be neither unjust nor burdensome to this community.

"We have not completed our investigations and would ask for further time to pursue them, and we submit this report of progress for the purpose of informing the general committee that we are at work."

The county court will be asked by the road committee of the Lane County Pomona Grange to place in the general fund, in making up the budget this year, the sum of \$110,620 for road working during the coming year. The budget committee of the road committee of the Grange made this recommendation at the meeting.

The committee on road patrol reported that at a recent meeting with the county court, that body had agreed to establish a patrol on lines laid down by the committee, the court to select a number of typical roads and maintain a patrol during the present winter with an accurate account kept of the money expended, the court to make frequent visits to the districts patrolled. This was agreed upon as an experiment to ascertain whether or not the system will work successfully in this county. The committee reported at the meeting that as far as the members know, the court has taken no action in the matter, but the roads are much in need of such a patrol.

The road committee of the Commercial club met with the Grange committee and presented the question of asking the court for an appropriation of \$5000 for the old military road. The committee decided to make the recommendation as asked.—Register.

COMMITTEE OF GRANGE REPORTS ON ROAD PAVING

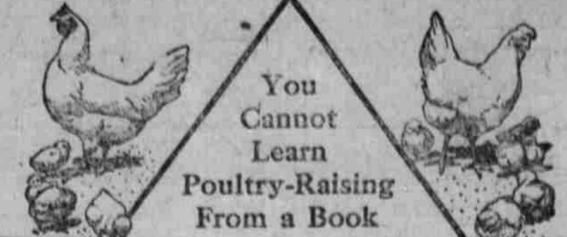
Believes a Suitable Material Can Be Found.

That a pavement can be found which will be suitable for Lane county roads and which can be laid at a price that will neither be unjust nor burdensome to the community, is the substance of a report of the hard surface road committee of the general road, highway committee of the Lane county Pomona Grange at a meeting in the Commercial club rooms Friday forenoon. The report of this committee, which consists of R. B. Cogle, H. W. Thompson, V. R. Sly and Dr. W. W. Hicks, is as follows:

"To the Pomona Grange Road Committee:—We, your special committee, appointed to investigate and report upon hard surface pavements suitable for use in Lane County, Oregon, respectfully report as follows:

"That we have pursued our investigations relative to the matter in hand and have accumulated some considerable information, including federal government pamphlets and printed matter prepared by advocates of different styles of hard surface pavement.

"We have also had the advantage of a consultation with Professor Gordon F. Skelton, professor of highway engineering of the Oregon agricultural college,



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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an Execution and Order of Sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County, on the 31st day of November, 1915, on a judgment rendered in said Court on the 3rd day of November, 1915, in favor of the Redmond Bank of Commerce and against W. E. Saylor for the sum of \$892.75 with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from the 18th day of February, 1914, and the further sum of \$100.00 Attorneys fees and the sum of \$20.00 costs and disbursements, less the sum of \$27.40 paid thereon on the 3rd day of November, 1915, and applied toward the satisfaction of the costs and Attorney's fee, which judgment was duly enrolled and docketed in said Court in the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Umatilla County, and said Execution to me directed commanding me in the name of the State of Oregon in order to satisfy said judgment costs, attorneys fees and accruing costs to sell all the right title and interest which the said defendant W. E. Saylor, had on the 9th day of June, 1915, in and to the West half Lot 10, and the North half of the West half of Lot 9 in Block 3 in the Original Town of Creswell, Lane County, Oregon, also all the right title and interest which the said defendant had on the 9th day of June, 1915, in and to that certain contract for the sale of real property, given by John R. Scott and May E. Scott to R. H. Parsons, and assigned to the Creswell Fruit Growers Bank, Creswell, Oregon, as security or collateral to the note.

Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, and in compliance with said Execution and Order of Sale, I will on Saturday the 13th day of December, 1915, between the hours of 9 o'clock A. M. and 4 o'clock P. M., to-wit; at one o'clock P. M. on said day, at the southwest corner of the County Court House in Eugene, Lane County, Oregon, offer for sale for cash, subject to redemption all the right, title, and interest of said defendant in and to the above described real property, together with all the right, title, and interest the said defendant had on the 9th day of June, 1915, or now has in and to that certain contract for sale of real property above described.

JAMES C. PARKER,
Sheriff of Lane County, Oregon.
By D. A. ELKINS, Deputy.

N-15 to D-13

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,
November 16, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that James A. Resides of Vida, Oregon, who, on November 9, 1915, made Homestead Entry, Serial No. 07388, for Lots 6, 7 and 8 of Section 26, Township 16S, Range 2E, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Five-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I, P. Hewitt, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Eugene, Oregon, on the 29th day of December, 1915. As this land is in Sec. 26, a school section, the State of Oregon is especially cited in this notice.

Claimant names as witnesses: Carey W. Thomson, of Vida, Oregon; John W. Low, of Vida, Oregon; Michael Hanley, of Vida, Oregon; Abe Gilbert, of Eugene.

J. M. UPTON,
Register.

Nov. 18-Dec. 22

MONEY TO LOAN

—on improved farms and city property, call at my office 32 East 8th Ave, Eugene, or call Phone 868.

F. J. BERGER.

Classified Ads

For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Etc.

LOST—Friday, in Springfield, a black and white dog. Answers to "Duke." Call 20F4, Eugene.

FOR SALE—Nearly new Oliver typewriter. Holbrook & Johnson.

LOST—Black handbag, on Second street between Stewart's and VanValzah's. Had \$2 in cash, silver vanity case and Institute program. Finder please leave at Hampton's store.

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Nov 1-Dec. 6

J. M. UPTON,
Register.

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