

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

(Continued from Page 2)

everything we get you over \$5,000?" "I'll give it to anybody you say," returned Clossy, puzzled.

"It's a bargain, Clossy, you wouldn't mind helping saw off something on the city of Spanglerville, would you?"

Henry Clossy grinned.

"If I could play a mean, contemptible, low down trick on this town before I go I'd die happy!"

The flat eyed proprietor himself brought the ice water to Blackie Daw's room. There it was, sure enough, the thing the chambermaid and the bell-boy had reported—a big, black box on a camera tripod, with a twin lens in front and a mass of wheels and levers and pulley belts on the side. The proprietor, ice water in hand, looked at it until his eyes bulged.

"What is that dizziness?" he asked of the tall, solemn gentleman with the pale blue whiskers, who stood at the window with a telescope in his hand, looking out through the small end.

"It's a sleuthograph," reported Detective Daw. "Look in."

Ice water still in hand, the proprietor looked into the sleuthograph, and before his widening gaze a silver dollar slid out from a hole in a black velvet background and slid up out of sight in the top of the box.

"Gosh!" muttered the proprietor and jerked back as he found Blackie Daw looking solemnly at the lenses over his shoulders. "What does that mean?"

Detective S. Holmes placed a long, lean finger to his right temple and thought. He added a long, lean finger to his left temple and thought.

"It means that some one in this town is making money in secret."

"Gosh!" gasped the proprietor. "Who do you suppose?"

"The sleuthograph is working on that right now," replied Detective S.



"It's a sleuthograph," reported Detective Daw. "Look in."

Holmes. "It reads the sun, the moon and the stars and possesses all the secrets of the seventh book of Moses and all the wisdom of the seventh son of a seventh son. Hist! Look!"

Down across the velvet background of the sleuthograph slipped a white letter and rested at the bottom of the box, and that letter was the letter "H."

"Gosh! Where's the rest of it?"

"Coming!" replied the blue whiskered detective excitedly. "The next letter should be here in ten or fifteen minutes. Maybe all of the name."

For only an instant the proprietor's flat eyes stared, then suddenly he slammed down the pitcher of ice water and dashed out of the room.

Blackie Daw hurried to the connecting door and threw it open.

"For the love of Mike, Jim, it works!" he exclaimed, choking with laughter. "These Hicks will swallow anything. Send the girls over, quick, to post Clossy!"

"I can't believe it," chuckled Wallingford. "I guess the girls had better come back and corroborate, so there won't be any hitch."

"Fine!" agreed Blackie. "I shall wear purple."

Blackie had hardly more than adjusted the curling purple whiskers than there was a knock on his door. The proprietor was back again, and with him were the mayor and three city councilmen—Mr. Boyler, Mr. Kerr and Mr. Scorpine.

"Any more letters down?" excitedly demanded the mayor.

"Hist!" returned the purple detective. "I haven't looked."

"There's an 'E' and an 'N' after the 'H'," huskily reported City Councilman Kerr. "Henry, I bet you!"

A mad scramble ensued in front of the lens, and mad excitement ensued as an "R" dropped down.

"Henry Clossy, I bet you!" guessed the mayor.

"Wait, gentlemen," counseled the solemn detective. "It may not be true." And he held the "Y" of "HENRY" for fully five minutes, while he listened intently at the hall door.

At last there was a rustle and a suppressed giggle, and Blackie touched the push button on the back of a chair, and the letter "Y" fell down, then a "C" and an "L."

Wallingford slipped into the room during the tension of that great mo-



Blackie's Actions Were So Openly Mysterious.

ment and slipped a little white note into Blackie's hand and elbowed his way in front of the lens for a peep at the sleuthograph.

"It is as we suspected," he announced, and just then there clattered down the letters "O" "S" "B" "Y."

"Gosh!" breathed the proprietor.

"Henry Clossy! I said so!" indignantly stated the mayor.

In the evening as soon as it was properly dark Blackie made him a mask out of the blue cambric, went back through the brickyard, climbed up on Clossy's high board fence and sat there smoking through a hole in his mask, absolutely motionless otherwise, for a solid hour, while the populace quiveringly watched.

Blackie's actions were so openly mysterious that Mayor Sawberry himself came to Wallingford in protest on Wednesday morning.

"Your man Holmes is mighty careless about his disguises," he complained after having duly introduced himself. "Henry Clossy's bound to know who he is and what he's hanging around for."

"Exactly," declared Wallingford. "My assistant's actions may seem strange to you and to Spanglerville no doubt."

"But what good does it do?" persisted the mayor.

"Look at this letter," insisted Wallingford calmly.

He handed Mayor Sawberry a letter bearing the business card of B. F. Tuttle and addressed to Henry Clossy. The mayor opened that letter with no more compunction than if it had been an advertisement addressed to himself. He read as follows:

My Dear Mr. Clossy—I take pleasure in calling your attention to the fact that your royalties are steadily increasing, being \$2,124.81 for this month, an increase of nearly \$150 over last month and of over \$250 above the month previous. Your latest shipment looks very promising. By the way, I think you had better send me a sample of the Spanglerville city water for analysis.

The mayor laid down that letter on the table before him and viewed it with bulging eyes. "He's been using the city water!" he puffed.

"Exactly," agreed Wallingford, inspecting the absorbed mayor with scornful liking. "Your water possesses some delicate chemical property which makes it highly valuable to Mr. Clossy in a secret process of art manufacture. This letter shows just how valuable."

The new letter was from a New York bank, and the mayor opened it with fingers which trembled from indignation. It read:

My Dear Mr. Clossy—As per your request, we inclose herewith an itemized statement of the amounts deposited with us to your credit by your agent, Mr. Tuttle. We trust that, by comparing this with your duplicate deposit slips, you will be able to locate the slight discrepancy between your estimated balance and ours.

Within, on a long folded slip and compiled by an adding machine, was a statement of steadily growing monthly deposits, extending back over three years and totaling to over \$40,000, mostly invested in bonds.

To say that Mr. Sawberry was horrified is putting it mildly.

"And we trusted that man!" he declared in sorrowful anger. "What does he manufacture?"

Impressively Wallingford produced from behind the bureau the illuminated checkerboard and placed it before the mayor. By its side he set an ebony box, its lid and sides apparently inlaid with glass, in elaborate Louis Quinze decorations.

The mayor's sorrowful indignation increased. "And he never showed these things to Spanglerville!" he complained bitterly.

"Never once," agreed Wallingford. "Why, these things could have been made the city industry and a great attraction at your Saturday festivals. All your unemployed people could have become artists and the city council grown rich from their well paid labor on this beautiful glazed inlay."

A nervous little dark skinned man was in the store with Henry Clossy and concentrated, with penny pursuing intensity, on books, invoices, bills and receipts when a committee of four members of the city council, including the mayor, entered with much pomp and ceremony.

In deference to his official capacity

Mr. Boyler and Mr. Kerr, and Mr. Scorpine allowed Mayor Sawberry to take up a position about two feet in front of them, and, in solemn array, hats held formally across their left wrists, they awaited the attention of the proprietor.

Mr. Clossy came forward with scant graciousness.

"Well!" he demanded peremptorily. The mayor cleared his throat. "We represent Spanglerville, the people and the city council," he began sonorously and looked back at his followers to see if they were properly supporting him. His eye was attracted immediately to one of the show windows, however, against the pane of which was flatly pressed the nose of a face otherwise entirely concealed by a radiating pink beard of the most inflammatory anachronistic type. Needless to say, that face was Blackie Daw's.

"Very well," responded Mr. Clossy, his gaze also roving to the face in the window, each eye of which at that moment successively winked shut.

"It has come to the ears of the city council that you have found the city water of use, necessity and profit in an art manufacture known as glazed inlay. Is this allegation true?"

"It has also come to the ears of this body," went on the mayor, "that you have made over \$40,000 from this patent in less than three years and that you're taking in from it over \$25,000 a year. Is this allegation true?"

"I refuse to answer."

"You don't need to," retorted the mayor warmly. "The city council has absolute proof." It was almost impossible not to look again at that show window, but Mayor Sawberry accomplished it and gazed steadily out through the back door at the high board fence.

"Now, the city council, which only wants its rights, Mr. Clossy, has decided on this: It will take over the manufacture of the glazed inlay, make it a municipal enterprise, charge you nothing for the use of our valuable resource and pay you a fair and reasonable royalty on the output. The question before us for dispassionate and friendly argument is, What is the least royalty that will satisfy you?"

A foud light kindled in Henry Clossy's eyes.

"I have been waiting for this happy moment," he gaily informed them.

"You may have it. It will cost you exactly \$60,000; no more, no less. Thanking you one and all for your kind attention, I bid you a pleasant good morning."

The mayor and the committee were speechless with rage, surprise and

They entered thirty thousand and no royalty.

Same answer!

Blackie Daw, wearing a Francis Joseph make-up, dashed in upon the worried city council with another stonier telegram. It was from Chicago and said: "Shall you please come to 12 S. Clark St. ANTONIO SCERLATTI."

That telegram settled the business. The mystery of it was what did the work. Just thirty minutes before the bank closed the city council accepted Henry Clossy's offer of \$60,000 cash for his patent on the process of making glazed inlay, and for his written agreement never to engage in that or a similar enterprise as long as he lived, nor to sanction such an enterprise. Also, at their dictation, he wrote a letter to Mr. Tuttle, advising that art agent of the sale, and that the Glazed Inlay henceforth and forever was the property of the Spanglerville city council.

Before the 7:30 pulled out that night Wallingford, Blackie and Henry Clossy sat in the drawing room of the Warden ladies counting money.

"Sixty thousand dollars," announced Wallingford, beaming at the pile of bills and turning a triumphant glance at Fanny. "Here's Mr. Clossy's five thousand, and here's fifteen thousand to the expense fund, and here's Spanglerville's forty thousand contribution to the restitution fund," and he handed the thick packet to Aunt Patty with a pleasant bow.

Blackie said nothing. He was grinning serenely into the blue eyes of Violet Warden, and she was gazing into the black eyes of Blackie.

"The committee," suddenly cried Fanny.

There they came, pounding down from the official bus, the mayor and his three closest councilmen.

"We want Henry Clossy to sign this telegram!" puffed the mayor breathlessly. "The city council'll pay for it!"

"Gentlemen, you have made a hideous mistake," Wallingford said as he handed the mayor the telegram. "Mr. Clossy has never made a penny from the glazed inlay, and he just refused to sell the patent to a furniture factory because the best offer he could get was \$500. I have my information from the sleuthograph."

"It's a lie!" gulped the mayor. "You can't fool us! We seen his bank statement!"

"Those receipts consisted entirely of royalties from the sale of plaster dogs," Wallingford suavely explained.

"From what?" gasped the mayor.

"Plaster dogs," repeated Wallingford calmly, and from his pocket he produced a copy of the canine whose formlessness had started Henry Clossy on the road to a comfortable fortune.

The consternation on the faces of the four members of the committee was



"We represent Spanglerville, the people and the city council," the mayor said.

many other emotions too complicated to assort. Some vigorous denunciation might nevertheless have come from some of them if there had not appeared at that moment above the board fence a face wearing yellow luncheon's a foot long and a pair of huge blue goggles. Needless to say, that face belonged to Blackie Daw, and the mayor was so disconcerted by the sight that, with a parting puff of his cheeks, he turned and stalked rapidly out of the store, followed by the entire committee.

They were not to escape so easily, however, for just at the corner of the alley the tireless detective, now wearing a flawless vandyke, met them with three separate lists.

"We are on his trail," he declared. "He has sold his store and collected the money. He leaves town tonight on the 7:30 train, never to return. He will take the glazed inlay patent with him."

They had intended to "dieker" with Mr. Clossy for as many weeks as might be necessary, but Blackie's latest news rather upset them. If Clossy had sold his store, and was going away that very night, never to return, they were quite likely to lose forever a municipal enterprise, based on Spanglerville's only valuable natural resource, which already paid a profit of nearly \$25,000 a year, to which must be added the immense revenues to be derived from applying the wonderful glazed inlay to furniture!

As the result of their deliberations the city clerk was sent to Mr. Clossy with an offer of \$10,000 and a royalty for his patent.

The city clerk came back with a counter offer of \$60,000 cash.

The city council offered twenty thousand and royalty.

The answer was the same.

as the balm of Gilead, and the name of Henry Clossy and Blackie, sitting opposite him and studying in friendly admiration the whiskered face of the artist made a sudden discovery.

"You're about a week late in your trip to Chicago, aren't you?" he inquired.

"How do you know?" sharply asked Clossy, turning on him a scared countenance.

"By the streaks of rust in your chin-chillas," laughed Blackie, tickled immeasurably with his discovery. "Am I some detective? I am!" And he jumped up from the table, while Violet giggled and Fanny laughed and Aunt Patty blushed.

"Where are you going?" demanded Clossy, jumping up also, his usually ruddy face now turning scarlet as he glared at the ladies.

"To explain the fatal mystery," replied Blackie. "I'll sting them worse than anything."

"No, you don't!" cried Clossy, starting after him. But Blackie had already passed Wallingford at the door and was leaning out over the platform while the conductor was swinging his lantern.

"Antonio Scerlati!" he called in elation tones.

"Robber!" yelled the committee as Henry Clossy laid hold of Blackie's coat-tails.

"Hist!" shouted Blackie. "I know Henry Clossy's secret!"

Clossy reached farther and grabbed him by the shoulders.

"Antonio Scerlati!" shrieked Blackie as the train moved away.

"Yes!" encouraged the mayor, quivering with eagerness.

"He is an Italian!" yelled Blackie and, laughing himself limp, allowed Henry Clossy to pull him inside.

"What's the fuss?" asked Wallingford as he followed them back to the table.

Clossy grinned sheepishly.

"S. Holmes had me scared stiff," he confessed, blushing, and he revealed the dark secret of his life. "He made me think that he was going to tell the official gossips of Spanglerville that I've been going to Chicago every two weeks for the past three years to have Antonio Scerlati dye my whiskers."

[Another adventure next week.]

SEE THIS STORY PICTURED IN THE BELL THEATRE WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY NIGHTS

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 5, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Wakefield, of Vida, Oregon, who on August 1, 1911, made Homestead Entry

Serial No. 07406, for the NW 1/4 of SW 1/4, NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 and Lot 1 of Section 34, Township 16S, Range 3E, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three-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 15th day of February, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Rennie, Eugene, Oregon; Louis Tate, of Vida, Oregon; John Low, of Vida, Oregon; Charley Neal, of Vida, Oregon. J. M. UPTON, Register.

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Lane County, administrator of the Estate of Mary L. Koeneke, deceased.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same, properly verified, to me at the office of Frank A. DePue, in Springfield, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. Dated at Springfield, Oregon, January 4th, 1916.

J. J. SMITSON, Administrator of the estate of Mary L. Koeneke, deceased.

Frank A. DePue, Attorney for estate. Date of first publication Jan. 6, 1916, last publication, Feb. 3, 1916.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, December 22, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that William A. Taylor, of Landax, Oregon, who, on December 21, 1912, made Homestead entry Serial No. 65288, for SW 1/4, Section 32, Township 19S, Range 1 East Will. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Three-year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before I. P. Hewitt, U. S. Commissioner, Eugene, Oregon, on the 9th day of February, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Loyd McMaster, Lowell, Ore.; Ora Carter, of Lowell, Ore.; Lanny Wipfrey, of Lowell, Ore.; Frank McMaster, of Lowell, Ore. J. M. UPTON, Register.

Dec. 23 Feb. 3.

Classified Ads For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Etc.

FOR RENT—Furnished house-keeping rooms. Call E. E. Lee, Second Hand Store. 88tf

LOST—Signet ring with letter "B". Finder please leave at News office. 91

LOST—White kid glove, black stitching. Finder leave at the News office. 94

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<p>Springfield Bakery</p> <p>Bread, Pies, Cakes, Cookies, etc.</p> <p>Wedding and Party Cakes a Specialty</p> <p>S. Young, - Proprietor</p>	<p>The Springfield Planing Mill Company</p> <p>Manufacturers of SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, TURNING, STAIR BUILDINGG, Extension Tables, Drop Leaf Tables, BBreakfast Tables, Kichen Cabinets, Cupboards, Safes, Step Ladders, Fruit Boxes, Berry Crates, Folding Clothes Racks.</p>
<p>ELECTRICITY</p> <p>For light, heat and power. "Made in Springfield."</p> <p>Oregon Power Co.</p>	
<p>SPENDS ITS MONEY AT HOME</p> <p>The Lane County News divided its expenditures last year, thus:</p> <p>Supplies bought outside of Springfield, including paper and new machinery.....20.4 p. c.</p> <p>Supplies bought in Springfield, including rent, etc.....19.1 p. c.</p> <p>Payroll, entirely in Springfield.....60.5 p. c.</p> <p>80% Spent at Home</p>	
<p>WANTED</p> <p>Another Springfield industry to place their card in this space.</p>	