

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

(Continued from Page 2)

said the owner. "We have clothes, and to spare, both the men and the women of us, but food—ah, food!"

"What are you out with?" asked Wallingford, laughing.

"We are out with and on that silly musical piece called 'A Bird in the Hand.' The bird, my boy, never flew. It only flapped as far as Tankville, and there, still in the pinfeather stage, it lay down and died a deserved death, leaving forty ladies and gentlemen of parts and appetites stranded, unsatisfied and unfed."

The divine fire of inspiration hit Wallingford at about that moment. "Forty of you, did you say?" he demanded. "What were the costumes you attached?"

"Modern, swell afternoon gowns for the women; street and evening clothes for the men, including dannels and outfits for a country club scene. Oh, the 'Bird' had sermptuous plumage, Wallingford, but no body!"

"Great!" said Wallingford, with eager enthusiasm. "Tonight, Guyer, we have food without fear. In the morning we lift the mortgage at your hotel, and all go on a picnic. How would the members of your company like to take a week's rest at a nice country resort at my expense, wear those swell costumes all over the lot and then hike back to Broadway, still at my?"

"Don't say any more just yet," pleaded Mr. Guyer, holding forth his hand, palm outward. "I couldn't stand it. Where is the family you want murdered? Let's get to work."

"The family consists of one stage-door Johnnie—one of the kind who thinks that if he can't get any of the women of the company to notice him



Wallingford Then Went to the Railroad Office and Bought Tickets for the Troupe.

It's because each one is afraid she'll be found out by the other man in the case."

"Oh, one of those!" said Mr. Guyer, with infinite contempt. "Consider him already assassinated. How do you want it done—knife or gun?"

"Slow poison and horrible agony—my taking his money. I want to sell him a summer resort. The resort is all ready, primped up clear to the last dab of rouge, but I want to devote it with a lot of classy guests, and then—"

"The company accepts the engagement with tears of gratitude, Wallingford. It's the heart interest that gets us. When do we start?"

"In the morning. I'll give you about three days to rehearse, and then I'll bring on the kick."

Wallingford then went to the railroad office and bought tickets for the troupe.

When Mr. Wallingford brought Mr. Swivel to Pine Lake by way of Chicago two women boarded the train at the city by the stock yards and were no sooner ensconced in their seats than Wallingford hailed them with great joy.

"My dear Mrs. Torrence," he exclaimed to the slightly older of the two. "What a delightful surprise to

Classified Ads

For Sale, Rent, Wanted, Etc.

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

FOR SALE—Nearly new 6-hole Banquet steel range with hot water coil and connections. Also two small heating stoves. See Beebe at Peery's drug store.

and you here, for it's two weeks too early to hope that you are bound for Pine Lake. Howdy, Miss Torrence! Married yet?"

"Not yet," laughed Miss Torrence.

"Maybe we can still get rid of her if you have the usual assortment of nice young men at Pine Lake. You may suppose that we're going to your de-



Two Women Boarded the Train at the City by the Stockyards.

lightful place just for that purpose if you like," laughed her mother, stealing an instantly suppressed inquiring glance at Mr. Swivel. Immediately Wallingford presented that flattered young man to the ladies.

Never in all his experience had Mr. Charles Algernon met with so warm and cordial a reception from ladies of such evident breeding, taste and wealth. At last, through Wallingford, that jovial prince of good fellows, he was coming into his own, and all the way to Pine Lake he monopolized the attention of the wife and daughter of a supposititious Rodley Torrence, supposititious traction magnate. Finally they reached Pine Lake, and the ladies hurried away to dress for the next act.

They were scarcely missed. Across the lawn, down flower bordered walks and beneath bending boughs sauntered bright eyed girls in ravishing garments, who cast shy but languishing glances at the handsome stranger. Upon the rails of the wide porch hung draperies of rich, warm coloring, and in the hammocks lolled yet other sturdily beautiful, who, though remarkably careless as to ankles, made a succession of living beauty tableaux which were wonderfully appealing to Mr. Swivel.

All this was in the very first afternoon. In the evening there were raving gowns and ivory shoulders and languorous music, and, about an hour after dinner, Charles Algernon found himself blissfully settled down in a dark corner of the porch for a tete-tete with a particularly fetching heiress, a Miss Tottle van Vorhies, daughter of President Van Vorhies of the Amalgamated Lead corporation. An other than Mr. Swivel might have thought that Miss Tottle's lips were too thin and firm, that her chin was too sharp, her cheek bones too prominent, and the blue of her eyes too cold. But what did Mr. Swivel know or care of these things when he saw the rounded ankles, and the tapering arm, in the display of which Miss Tottle was so generous? (He liked, too, the decided ways in which she had appropriated him and thought her bold possession of him really pretty; also he admired very much the entertaining naivete with which she admitted him to immediate good fellowship with her. Wallingford, who never allowed himself to be ignorant for a moment as to the whereabouts of Charles Algernon, passed that way with the temporary Mrs. Torrence in keen delight. At some flippant remark which Mrs. Torrence made to him as they pushed out of hearing Wallingford chuckled heartily, and the chin of Miss Van Vorhies suddenly gave a sharp upward tilt.

"Your friend Wallingford gives me a pang," she said.

A rollicking song from the parlor brought Miss Tottle to her feet at the same moment, and she hurried into the parlor with her protegee.

Suddenly an ominous sound smote upon Wallingford's ears. Back in the parlor they were singing in full chorus "Give My Regards to Broadway," and there was a sob in the voices.

"Great Scott!" said Wallingford. "If that bunch of actors and actresses are getting mussy about Broadway it's all over."

He hurried back to the house and had the music switched, but the incident had made him thoughtful, and he called Mr. Swivel one side.

"Well, old top, how goes it?" he asked.

"Great!" said Mr. Swivel. "Great! Never had such a night in my life."

"How would you like to own the place?"

The eyes of Mr. Swivel narrowed a trifle. "Well," he said, "I might dicker with you."

"What do you say about going to Chicago in the morning, then?" suggested Wallingford.

Again Swivel hesitated a moment. "Give me just an hour to think it over," he said.

Wallingford of course gave him the hour, but he looked in anxiety after Mr. Swivel as that young man walked back to the hammock where he had left Miss Van Vorhies. It was after the concert was over that Mr. Swivel

came to Wallingford, all smiles and full even of eagerness.

"Sure thing," said he. "We'll take that Chicago trip. What time does the train go?"

"The stage leaves about 8 o'clock. Is that too early for you?"

"Well," Swivel laughed, "7 o'clock is too early to get up and too late to stay up, but I guess I can manage it."

When Wallingford hurried out to the stage he found an unexpected addition to the party in the person of smiling and coquettish Miss Tottle Van Vorhies. "I have to meet papa in Chicago," she sweetly observed to Wallingford, "and I am certainly the lucky one to find that I am going to have such good company. I know you boys will all be nice to me."

Wallingford and Daw exchanged glances of wonder, and then, as by common impulse, they cast black looks at the back of the neck of Charles Algernon Swivel.

"Why, say, Blackie," declared Wallingford when they had a moment together in the smoking compartment, "if this unbacked job tries to put over any trick or hold back any of his own coin I'll have him punched. They have strenuous laws in Chicago against rubes having money."

"I told you about it," growled Blackie. "The only way to handle a nut like this is to show him the bait, then take it right away from him until he puts up for it. Even a born idiot like Swivel, if you leave him alone with a gold brick, is going to finally rattle that it would be a cute idea to spill acid on it. Well, that's what happened. You allowed Charles Algernon to stay over two days, and he tested the brick."

"You're the original I told you so kid, all right," declared Wallingford, "but, like all the rest of them, you tell what's the matter and don't tell what to do. Go away and let me think."

Before the trip was over, however, he concluded that he had been doing Mr. Swivel an injustice, for Mr. Swivel paid no more attention to Miss Tottle than did either of the others. He was cheerful and chatty all the way and corroborated his intention to purchase Pine Lake by mentioning certain trifling improvements he meant to make in that pleasant health resort. When they arrived in Chicago he bade Miss Tottle a pleasant goodbye and went with the other men to their hotel. He even permitted them to go to his bank with him after lunch and see the transfer of his account. As they



"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce Mrs. Swivel," said Charles Algernon.

came out of the bank, however, Charles Algernon stopped on the steps and bade them goodbye.

"You'll have to excuse me for about an hour," he said. "I have a little private business to look after."

"But we were to have our talk immediately after you had been to the bank," protested Wallingford.

"I shall be compelled to excuse myself for one hour," insisted Mr. Swivel. "But I want to get out of town this afternoon," declared Wallingford.

"I shall meet you at the hotel at 2 o'clock," stated Mr. Swivel, with surprising coolness, and, walking down the steps, he hailed a taxi and drove away.

At precisely 2 o'clock there was a ring at the bell of Wallingford's apartments. Mr. Swivel was below to see Mr. Wallingford.

When Wallingford opened the door in response to a present knock, however, Mr. Swivel was not alone. With him was Miss Tottle Van Vorhies!

"Permit me, gentlemen, to introduce Mrs. Swivel," said Charles Algernon, beaming with joy.

"Swivel, Swivel!" chided Wallingford, shaking a reproving finger at the happy bridegroom. "I never thought you'd turn out to be a mere fortune hunter!" and he cast a malignant glance at Miss Tottle.

"You needn't spring any of that guff," said Mrs. Swivel sweetly, taking possession of the best chair in the room, and spreading her skirts picturesquely. "Charlie knows all about it. He knows that I'm a show girl, and he married me under my own name, which was Molly Smith. Also Charlie knows all about the plant you put up there at Pine Lake for his special benefit."

"Exactly," agreed Charles Algernon, speaking in a surprisingly brisk tone. Now, let's get down to business. We're here to take Pine Lake off your hands. Now, how much do you want?"

Wallingford bent smooth brows upon Mr. and Mrs. Charles Algernon, "Fif-

ty thousand dollars," said he.

Miss Tottle laughed with keen enjoyment. "You got to cancel on that," she said. "I know you figured on a large chunk of Charlie's pile, but he's taken some brains into the company since then."

Charlie smiled delightedly, as if his wife had paid him a compliment, and he patted her upon a plump shoulder.

"So I see," said Wallingford slowly. "Well, how much does the brains of the company propose to pay for Pine Lake?" and he looked pleasantly at the bride.

"Just cost," Charles Algernon told him, the wrinkles around his eyes becoming hard and sharp. "You paid five thousand for the place, and you put in about five thousand on improvements."

Wallingford arose and walked toward the telephone.

"But, Petty," protested Charlie. "Don't be foolish," said Petty impatiently, and then she turned to Wallingford. "All right," she said. "We'll make it fifteen thousand, and that is the top figure."

Wallingford looked down upon her smiling confidence. Now he was sure of his ground. "Will you please tell me," he demanded, "why you are willing to pay \$15,000 for sixty acres of land that won't grow pumpkins and a house that isn't worth burning up? You know it's no summer resort."

"Well, you see, I think you're wrong about it being no good as a summer resort," explained Mr. Swivel, with a glibness which did not deceive Wallingford. "I've always wanted to go into the summer resort business, and I think we can advertise this place in a way that will get us good trade."

Both of them smiled at Wallingford brightly and luxuriously.

"You'll pay me \$40,000 for Pine Lake," observed that gentleman, smiling in return.

Mrs. Swivel laughed unreservedly. "You'll pay me \$40,000 cash for the place," repeated Wallingford. "You won't? Fifteen thousand is the limit? All right, Swivel, I'll make you a proposition. I'll run down to Pine Lake and look it over. If I decide after that not to keep the place I'll meet you here at this hour day after tomorrow and take your offer of fifteen thousand."

He went to the telephone. He inquired for the next train to Pine Lake; he ordered two tickets purchased for that place; he ordered his bill sent up, a valet to pack his luggage and a porter to remove it. It was not until the porter came for the luggage that the Swivels gave in.

"Can you give us a clear deed?" asked Charles Algernon.

"There'll be no trouble about that," Wallingford politely assured him, "for I have a lawyer right downstairs."

"So have we," promptly returned Charles Algernon.

When everything had been arranged in shipshape, when Wallingford had put the check in his pocket and Mr. Swivel had put the deed in his, the triumphant moment arrived for which the bridal couple had been waiting.

"Now, you big graffer, I'll feel you the truth," said Swivel, every little wrinkle in his oily face twisting itself into knots. "You've just sold a peach at a lemon price. That peculiar smell at Pine Lake is oil. That land down there is just dripping with it. My father was an oil prospector, and I was raised in the business. When I was a

kid I was dragged from one oil field to the other and can smell crude oil farther off than a buzzard can see a dead horse. I was scared stiff you'd get on to it before we got away from there."

"Go to it, Swivel," replied Wallingford urbanely. "Hope you make a fortune. I had my education in the mining business, from all to diamonds, years ago, and I want to say to you right now that there isn't a smell in the universe that I wouldn't sell for \$30,000 profit."

Later, when the smoke of battle had cleared away, Blackie Daw was thoughtful and silent. "I don't know about that Pine Lake deal, J. Rufus," he said. "It's at least an even break that we got the wrong end of it."

"We got all that Mr. Swivel stole from us," immediately spoke up Pannie Warden, always ready to defend Wallingford. The Warden were on the spot within twenty minutes after the Swivels had gone.

"There's not much over for the expense fund," considered Violet.

"That isn't the point," returned Blackie, unconsciously patting Violet's hand. "We wanted to sting Charles for reasons of our own."

Wallingford, resting back in a big easy chair, paused in the operation of lighting a long, black cigar to close his eyes and chuckle. "Suppose you had to take the entire Beaumont oil field and Molly Smith with it for life?" he suggested. "No, Blackie. Whatever turns up we stung him."

"But suppose they do find an oil gusher?" protested Blackie, much worried about it.

"It can't rush much," asserted Wallingford, crossing his legs in perfect satisfaction. "Why, you raw apprentice, don't you know I invented that smell? Up in that soggy, wet field, back of the woods, I poured two barrels of crude petroleum."

[Another adventure next week.]

It has been necessary in the east to acquire by purchase the same class of lands which, in the west, were put into national forests by proclamation. An appropriation of \$11,000,000 was made available for this purpose, to be expended during 1910 to 1915. It is expected that 6,000,000 acres will be purchased. Of this amount 1,371,000 acres has already been acquired.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of John B. Innis, deceased has filed his final account with the County Clerk of Lane County, Oregon, and that an order has been made and entered of record directing this notice and setting Friday the 25th day of February, 1916, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., for the hearing of objections, if any, to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate.

SQUIRE INNIS,
Administrator of the estate of John B. Innis, deceased.
JOHN C. MULLEN, Attorney.

103-51-1w

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon, January 5, 1916.
Notices is hereby given that Joseph Wakenfield, of Vida, Oregon, who on August 1, 1911, made Homestead Entry Serial No. 97496, for the NW 1/4 of SW 1/4, NW 1/4 of SE 1/4, and Lot 1 of Section 31, 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; Charles Neal, of Vida, Oregon.
J. M. UPTON,
Jan. 6-Feb. 10, 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. Koenke, 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. Koenke, 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 Landau, Oregon, who, on December 21, 1912, made Homestead Entry Serial No. 98283, 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.; Laney Winfrey, of Lowell, Ore.; Frank McMaster, of Lowell, Ore.
J. M. UPTON,
Dec. 23 Feb. 2, Register.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the Common Council will receive sealed bids for the flushing of the paved streets of the Town of Springfield, as follows: Main street from Mill to Second and from Seventh to Tenth, once a week; Main street from Second to Seventh street, twice a week; Fifth street its entire length, once a week; and A, Fourth, Sixth and Seventh streets three times a month; also to clean the gutters, empty the rubbish cans, flush the storm drains when necessary, and to sprinkle the streets when necessary.

The successful contractor will be required to furnish a bond in such amount as the Council shall determine for the faithful performance of his contract.

Bids to be at the rate of no much per block.
The Council reserves the right to reject any or all bids.
Said bids will be received until 7:30 p. M., Monday, February 14, 1916.

Dated this 13th day of January, 1916.
HERBERT E. WALKER,
100-2-4-6 Town Recorder.

Made in Springfield

Patronize the Payroll of Your Home Town

The House of Quality

A Fine Line of Box Goods, Fresh Made, Put up to Your Order.
Hot Drinks, Ice Cream and Soda Water.

Eggimann's Candy Kitchen

Baled Hay

BAKORE KNOXALL
For good values,
For good bread,
Use Bakore and Knoxall Flour.
All kinds of Feed cheap.
Will do feed chopping for \$1.50 a ton.

SPRINGFIELD FLOUR MILLS

Springfield Bakery

Bread, Pie, Cakes, Cookies, etc.
Wedding and Party Cakes a Specialty

S. Young, - Proprietor

The Springfield Planing Mill Company

Manufacturers of
SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, TURNING, STAIR BUILDING,
Extension Tables, Drop Leaf Tables, Breakfast Tables, Kitchen Cabinets, Cupboards, Safes, Step Ladders, Fruit Boxes, Perry Crates, Folding Clothes Racks.

ELECTRICITY

For light, heat and power.
"Made in Springfield."

Oregon Power Co.

SPENDS ITS MONEY AT HOME

The Lane County News divided its expenditures last year, thus:
Supplies bought outside of Springfield, including paper and new machinery 20.4 p. c.
Supplies bought in Springfield, including rent, etc 19.1 p. c.
Payroll, entirely in Springfield 60.5 p. c.

80% Spent at Home