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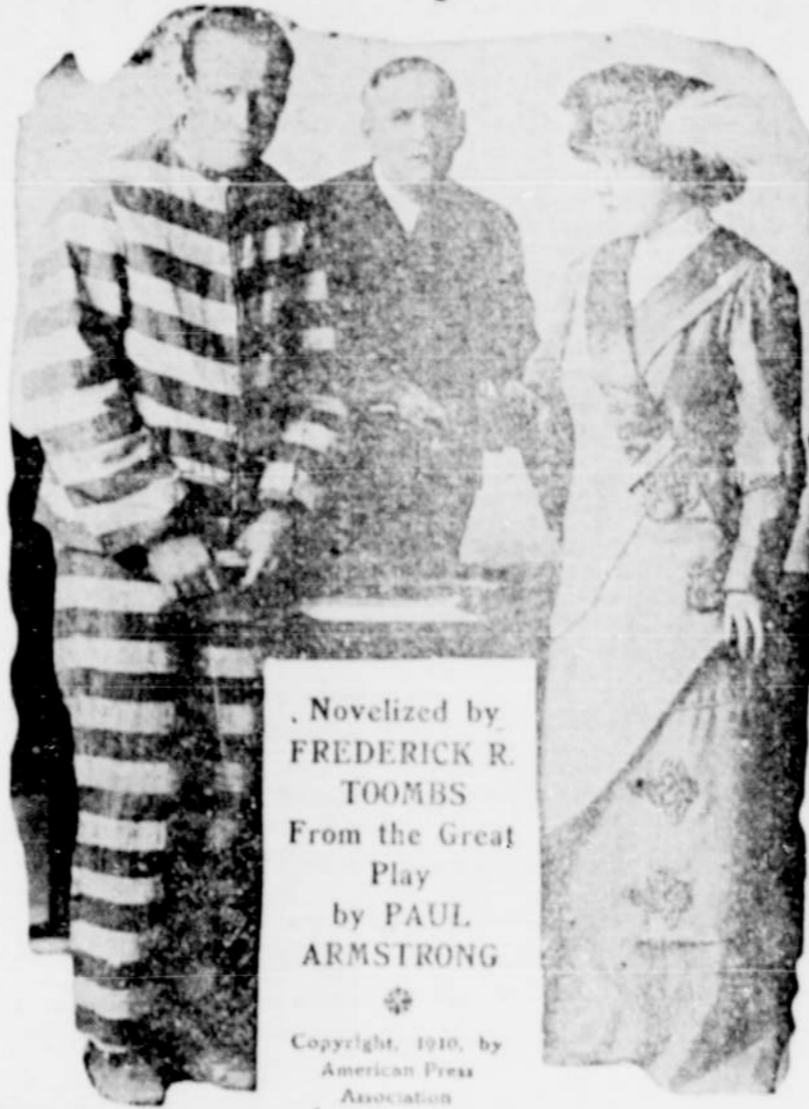
Our Job Work is second to none in the county. Give it a trial.

Items of news are always appreciated by the News and doubly so if they are handed in early in the week whenever possible.

Subscribe for the Santiam News.

Helpless.
It was a dark morning, and Mr. Dorkins was groping around in the basement when somebody suddenly flashed a dark lantern on him. Mechanically he threw up his hands. "I'm the gas meter inspector," explained the intruder. Whereupon Mr. Dorkins held his hands up still higher.—Chicago Tribune.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"



Novelized by
FREDERICK R.
TOOMBS
From the Great
Play
by PAUL
ARMSTRONG

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American Press
Association

JIMMY VALENTINE, WARDEN HANDLER AND ROSE LANE.

"He's a tough old boy, this Avery," commented Doyle, "but he's my own best chance in trying to get the goods on Valentine."

The secretary brought in Bill Avery, whose gray hair, ashen face and stooping figure indicated that prison fare was not rejuvenating, although there was a strange sharpness in his eyes in his glance, that a long career of furtive watchfulness had developed.

"You're finally out, eh?" greeted the prison master. "You've done time?"

"Eight years ten months, sir."

"Trusted pretty well, weren't you?" Avery gazed intently at Smith, then he replied to his question:

"You've never heard me complain, have you?"

"No, and it wouldn't have got you much."

"I saw that the first day in."

"Well, now what? Going to turn square?" Handler sneered as he spoke.

The released convict looked the warden squarely in the eyes.

"You know I am, sir."

Handler laughed uproariously.

"I know, they all say so. Oh, here's an old friend of yours, Avery." The speaker pointed to Doyle.

"I don't remember him," replied the old man after a searching suspicious inspection of the detective.

"You don't remember me—eh, Billy?" Doyle laughed.

Avery suddenly exclaimed:

"I got you now, you're Doyle—still a copper?"

"Still a copper, Bill."

"You ain't got anything on me to hold over me when I get out."

"That's true, Bill. Anyway, this time I'm your friend," said the detective in earnest manner.

Avery threw his head back.

"My friend?" he exclaimed in astonishment.

The warden could barely suppress a grin.

"Yes; I think I know where I can get you a pretty good job," went on Doyle engagingly.

"Nobody wants me," said Avery despondently.

"I think I can arrange it."

"A job in a laundry, eh?" snapped the ex-prisoner. "I've been a wash-woman here."

"There are lots of jobs where you don't have to know a trade. Can't Bill sit down, warden?"

"Why, certainly," responded Handler.

Avery, voicing his thanks, seated himself at the warden's table.

Doyle came close to the old man.

"There's one thing you want to do, Bill, above everything else—keep out of bad company," he warned.

Avery hesitated. He glanced from the detective across to the warden.

"I'm getting out of bad company today," he replied briefly.

Doyle started forward.

"Yes, and it's a good thing you are, for you're getting away from Valentine."

"Valentine?"

"Yes," insisted Doyle. "It doesn't do you any good to know a man like that. I suppose you know he killed Cotton so he wouldn't have to divide the swag with him." The other shook his head decisively.

"I don't know anything about it."

The detective now spoke sharply.

"And what's he got against you? He sent out word that—the questioner suddenly shifted—what message did he give you to take out to—"

Avery drew back involuntarily.

"He didn't give me any message," he cried out in positive tones.

Then both the officials noticed that the ex-convict's eyes slowly drooped and became directed to the floor.

"I could do you a good turn—if you trailed along with me," suggested the detective.

The released criminal brushed aside the invitation. He rose stiffly from his chair.

"I'm on to you, Doyle. If you're to be my friend I know that I've got to be a stool pigeon, eh? Well, I'm old, and I don't know where I'm going when I leave here. But I'll take the river out there," pointing over his shoulder with his thumb, "for nine before I play that game. I tell you—the old man's voice rose to an indignant pitch—"It's only fly guys like you, Doyle, that's too lazy or too ignorant to do their work themselves that has to have stool pigeons on your staff to do your work for you. Why, you couldn't nab a twelve-year-old 'dip' if you didn't have some poor nerve broken sucker of a 'stool' to go out ahead and make the job easy for you."

Both Doyle and the warden, enraged at the old man, lunged viciously at him to wreak vengeance upon him for his denunciation.

tough for him if he was sent back. I thought he had come to his senses and would help you against Valentine, but he's just a plain fool."

"And all alike—all blaming us for their fall." The detective seated himself as he spoke. "He can't work now; he's too old. The game, as he knew it was the yegg game."

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"Yes," put in Handler, leaning comfortably in his chair. "Said so last time I talked with him. This prison is killing him. He doesn't like it. He can't stand it. His nerves will stick out through his skin if they jump much more."

"He's the one fellow I think this life would cure. He's a wonder."

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Little did the warden and the detective realize as they sat and schemed to bring about the further and complete ruin of Jimmy Valentine that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and this influence is not denied to those who languish forlorn and hopeless in prison cells.

(To be Continued)

CHAPTER II.

WITH an agility surprisingly in contrast with his former decrepit attitude, the intended victim seized his chair and raised it threateningly over his head. The two officers halted. Doyle, regaining a calm demeanor, through the excellent self control which had become one of his valuable assets in his business, spoke easily.

"So you don't want a friend, old fellow?"

Avery lowered the chair.

"No," he snorted, "not any friends that are coppers. Thieves are bad enough."

The point of the reply did not escape Doyle.

"Well," he responded angrily, "you have got me for an enemy all the rest of your worthless life. You'd better come to see me once a month for fear I grab you by mistake—on suspicion."

"To — with you!" snarled Avery, turning away and facing the warden. "I've got the regular state allowance for released prisoners comin' to me, ain't it?"

"Yes," answered Handler, "and you take it and get out of here, you crook! Here, sign this" (he showed him a paper), "if you can write. If you can't, why, make your mark." The warden handed over a bill.

The departing man scanned the greenback deprecatingly.

"Five dollars," he cried, "and this suit of clothes that a country constable could see the Sing Sing tag on in the night! Pretty good for eight years and ten months' work, eh? And you guys are my friends! For God's sake, let me get out of here, where there are men who don't live on the mistakes of some one else." He wheeled toward the door and disappeared.

"There's one more we've got to keep track of," commented Doyle.

"He'll be at work in a week," said Handler laconically.

"Yes, and I'll nab him and give him back to you."

"I don't want him," the warden put in hastily. "I just might make it

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A Good Position

Can be had by ambitious young men and ladies in the field of "Wireless" or Railroad telegraphy. Since the 8-hour law became effective, and since the Wireless companies are establishing stations throughout the country there is a great shortage of telegraphers. Positions pay beginners from \$70 to \$90 per month, with good change for advancement. The National Telegraph Institute of Portland, Oregon, operates under supervision of R. R. and Wireless officials and places all graduates into positions. It will pay you to write them for full details. 23-4

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain

Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by J. C. Kenney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In using Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Kenney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by all Druggists, Etc.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

It is a common mistake to think of a cold or influenza as a mere ailment when it is really a serious disease. It is never cured by the use of any remedy. It is a disease of the system and its cure depends upon the sale of the medicine. It is a disease of the system and its cure depends upon the sale of the medicine. It is a disease of the system and its cure depends upon the sale of the medicine.

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MRS. WEBSTER AND MRS. MOORE OF THE GATE OF HOPE SOCIETY.

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DETECTIVE GEORGE DOYLE ENTERED THE OFFICE.