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## Kaintuck

He Saw New York and Went Through the Tunnel

By THOMAS R. DEAN

In New York city there is a spacious excavation at the crossing of Broadway and Thirty-third street which is the entrance room of the Hudson tunnels. There are newspaper and candy stands, ticket offices and benches. One afternoon a tall, bony man descended the steps leading to this subterranean station and looked about him wonderingly.

He was Martin Granger, a Kentuckian, who had come from his native state to see New York. He had taken a tour in one of the big autocars in which strangers are shown the metropolis while a conductor points out the principal items of curiosity and comments on them through a megaphone. And now he had determined to go through the tunnel under the Hudson river that he might go back to Henderson county, Ky., and tell his children how the great ships, some of them 800 or 900 feet long, had sailed right over his head, while smaller boats without number had steamed back and forth in the same relative position.

Not knowing exactly how to get to the cars which were to take him on this (to him) perilous journey or perhaps wishing for time to screw up his courage to plunge under the great river, he sat down on one of the benches, presenting a perfect picture of a southwestern countryman wonder struck with that congregation of people which within a radius of twenty-five miles forms the largest in the world.

He had not been there long before a man came and sat down beside him. But Martin Granger was not interested in a single man, but the throngs passing through this station, wherein everything was as much alive underground as on the surface and were just as much alive above the surface as on it. The man beside him sat there but a few minutes, then got up and went away.

Presently Granger noticed persons buying tickets at a booth and put his hand into his pocket for money, intending to do the same thing. Casting his eyes down beside him, he saw a small package on the bench. He took it up, looked at it, then cast a glance about him for the owner, thinking that it had been left through carelessness. A number of persons were near, but there was no evidence that any one of them was the owner of the package. He weighed it and found it light—no heavier than paper. He pondered awhile as to what to do with it, then untied a string and partly unwrapped the covering.

Any look of surprise that had come over Martin Granger's face while in New York was surpassed by the one that came upon it now. He looked upon the corner of a bank bill and especially on the figures \$100. As soon as he recognized something of his acquaintance he lifted the corner of the bill, and underneath it was another of the same denomination. The next below this was marked \$50, the next \$20, the next \$100, and so on of different denominations. The package was about two inches thick.

"What you got there?"

Granger, looking up, saw a man standing over him regarding him with a severe expression.

"Somebody has been powerful careless and left a whole stack o' bank bills on this yer seat."

"I'm in luck," said the other. "You've found the bills taken from the vaults of the—Trust company."

"How do you know that?" asked Granger.

"I know it because I am a detective and have been shadowing the man who stole the bills. I followed him down here, and, realizing that I had him trapped, rather than be caught with the plunder on him he sat down 'ere beside you and when he went away left it. His intention is doubtless to follow you, and when you get far enough from the station and he thinks himself unobserved he will claim the property."

The westerner looked at the man with wonder. "You must be one o' them fellers that I've read about in the stories printed in our home paper. They kin tell from a shirt-button or the stump of a cigar list who done the murder."

"Yes; I'm a detective. Now I've got the stolen property I want you to help me take the thief. Where are you going?"

"I'm goin' down under the river just to see how it feels to be joggin' along under the big ships."

"All right. Put the package in your pocket and—"

The speaker stopped short and turned his back on Granger as though he had no intercourse with him. In a few minutes he turned again and continued:

"I saw the rascal. He's gone down the stairs to the train. I didn't want to have him see me talking to you. Go to that bridge over there and buy the tickets. You'll be given two of 'em. Then go past that man over there and drop 'em in the box. Get on the train, and don't leave it till you get to the last station—Hoboken. I'll be in the same car with you, and quite likely the man who stole the bills will

be on the train. When he joins you and asks you for his parcel I'll nab him."

"Waal, now, ain't that fine! I thort that when I come to New York I'd see some remarkable sights, but I didn't think I'd git inter one o' them detec-tive stories."

The man gave him a knowing look, and Granger bought his tickets and, descending a flight of steps leading farther down toward the center of the earth, found a train, which he boarded, and was soon carried down under the mighty waters. He seemed overpowered and did not draw a regular breath till a guard called "All out!" and, seeing the other passengers leave the train, the visitor to New York also left.

He had no sooner stepped on the platform before he saw the detective looking at him, and Granger followed him up a flight of stairs, through a railway station and on to a ferryboat. As soon as the boat left the dock the detective joined the Kentuckian.

"I thort you was goin' to nab the thief," said the latter.

"He has eluded me. We'll return to New York. You may as well turn over the goods to me. I shall not be able to take the thief."

Now, Granger was a countryman, but there are few persons in the world who have not learned the principle that "possession is nine points of the law."

"What am I goin' to git out o' the find?" he asked.

"Oh, you'll get the reward. There's \$10,000 offered for the return of the stolen goods."

"Reckon that's all right. But if you do the returnin' how am I to git the reward?"

"I'll report you as the finder of the property."

"You jist tell me whar to turn it in, and I'll go thar with it."

There was a good deal of sparring on the part of the detective to get possession of the property, which failed. Before the boat landed he explained to the Kentuckian that the latter was in a very dangerous position. If the detective should arrest him as the thief it would go hard with him. But the bluff was not effective. The Kentuckian said that he thought he could prove an alibi since he had reached New York only that morning and Cy Butler could swear to the fact since he had come all the way from Henderson county with him.

"Well," said the detective, "I suppose I'll have to go with you to the bank that lost the money, but it's too late to go today. The banks don't keep open after 3 o'clock. You can stay with me overnight, and we'll turn the money over tomorrow morning."

The Kentuckian said he had promised to stay with Cy Butler at a hotel on the east side, but the detective explained that it would not do for him to let him go away with the money, so Granger finally consented to spend the night with him in his room.

The apartment was in a cheap flat-house. The detective, as soon as they had entered it, locked the door and said to Mr. Granger:

"See here, pard, there's plenty for both of us in this deal. I'm the man that took that money from the bank. There's \$80,000 of it. I'll give you \$20,000. What do you say?"

"What do I say? Why, I say I'm farnin' New York powerful fast. I thort you was a detective."

"You're a pretty good sort of chap," replied the other, "and I don't mind taking you into my confidence. I was the man who sat down by you in the Hudson tunnel station. I was trying to get away from a shadower. I concluded to load the goods on to you till I could get away from him and divide with you. All you've got to do to be rich is to turn the goods back to me and deduct your share."

Granger looked at him with righteous indignation and said:

"Stranger, I've lived in Henderson county, Kaintuck, for forty year. Anybody thar'll tell you I ain't got a dishonest ha'r in my head. I'm goin' to turn this money back to the bank that lost it, and don't you forgit it."

The man put out his hand and grasped Granger's, saying, "Anybody'd know to look at you that you were an honest man."

Holding Granger's right hand, the rascal put his own left hand to his hip and drew a revolver. He had cocked and raised it only a part of the way to cover his man when Granger, quick as a flash, put his hand to the back of his neck and drew forth a knife about ten inches long and held it point downward over the so-called detective.

"I see that head," he said quietly, "and go you one better. Drop yer weapon!"

The man needed to raise his pistol but a short distance to make it effective, yet the distance was sufficient to give the Kentuckian time to draw his bowie knife—a weapon of the olden time—and hold it point downward over him. The villain quailed and dropped his pistol.

How the Kentuckian drove his enemy down and out into the street, met a policeman and the three proceeded to a station; how the next morning the money was turned over by its finder to the bank, is merely a succession of ordinary details. When the president handed Granger a check for \$10,000 the subject grows again interesting. The Kentuckian handed it back, say-

ing:

"Do you reckon that if one o' my Kaintuck neighbors' meses war to stray away and git on to my premises and I sent her back by a nigger I'd take money for doin' it? No, sir. You may do things that a way in New York, but we don't do 'em so in Kaintuck."

And turning on his heel, he left the bank.

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