The Quest of Betty Lancey

By MAGDA F. WEST

CHAPTER XXIV.

Hackleye greeted Johnson's rap with a nervous "Come in," and exchanged a wan smile for Johnny friendly salutation. He had been writing and the table was strewn with piles of closely written manuscript. Johnny's eyes fell upon the pages, and riveted there. That they were the work of Hackleye's pen was evident, and——

The writing was absolutely unlike that in the letters found addressed to Cerisse Wayne!

"Writing a book?" asked Johnny, as he sat down with an effort to be composed.

"No, merely some instructions as to what I want done with my estate, in case anything happens to me," answered Hackleye. "It's on account of the children, you know."

"Don't let me bother you," politely suggested Johnny, "if I interrupt I'll go."

"On the contrary I'm glad to have you," replied Hackleye, "I've had a mournful morning, spending it among reliquaries. Would you like to see some of my mementoes?"

He pulled out a deep drawer from the side of the table and began lifting out treasure after treasure. Folded in softest parchment was a long caressing curl of rust red hair, only too evidently cut from the head of his dead wife. Then there were pictures of her from babyhood to maturity. And letters—love notes—all in the same handwriting. There were odd gloves, delicately perfumed, with the strange odor that had permeated the Desterle home that wretched morning of tragedy and woe, cobwebby lace handkerchiefs, and a bunch of faded flowers.

"Here is her wedding bonnet," mused Hackleye. "See, here is a program of an exhibition day in the convent where she played and sang. She had a voice like melted crystal. I worshipped her, made an idol of her, and I paid the penalty. I hope that death has brought her peace—life never could have done so. My wife, by beloved wife!"

'Hackleye," said Johnny, placing his hand on the bowed head, "you didn't kill her. I know it. Help us to find the man who did."

Hackleye looked up. "You're the first one who's had any faith in me," he answered, "except Francis, Le Malheureux as you call him, her brother, you know. Francis and I have tried to save her name."

"Why," questioned Johnny, striking while the iron was hot, "why does Le Malheureux ever walk among men thus veiled and concealed?"

Hackleye shot Johnny a gasp of terror. "As you would not injure the gentlest soul that ever walked," he pleaded, "try, never try to probe that mystery. For your own peace of mind leave Le Malheureux alone."

"I spied on you last night," confessed Johnny, "I followed you into that closet there, where you have all those images of your wife. I want to apologize for doing it."

"You needn't," returned Hackleye. "Worship her loveliness any time you wish, as I do always."

"Do you know Harcourt," abruptly questioned the American.

"No, I've never met him," answered Hackleye. "I never knew who the man was that had stolen my wife's heart from me. Cerisse was clever and she covered her path well. I do know, though, that towards the end she seemed to grow tired of him. He waxed insanely jealous of her towards the end. I think she was planning to leave him at the last.

"Who do you think killed her?" queried Johnny, "or do you know?"

"I did not lease that house at 94 Briarsweet place—the one where the passage way was found you know."

"Why, I saw you, saw you go through the passage way myself, the morning after the murder," cried Johnny.

"Yes, I know you did," admitted Hackleye. "That was my second visit there. I was in there the morning that they found the body. I had followed Le Malheureux there up through the hole in the wall. Mrs. Desterle saw me there when she burst in the door. Le Mauheureux and I had gone up to see Cerisse. Le Malheureux had been there before. He had traced her out and told me where she was. I went expecting to find the living woman—I found, dead clay. When the policeman and Mrs. Desterle's husband were carrying her back to her bedroom, I walked down the stairs and away from the house. When I reached my lodgings, where I was stopping under an assumed name. I discovered I had lost one of my garters. I went back that night and forced an entrance to the Flanders house, and climbed back into the bedroom through the hole in the wall. I looked for the garter but couldn't find it. I wanted it for sentiment's sake, and not because I was afraid of any incrimination that might result from it, as for years I have been practically unknown in civilized countries. And," with a whimsical smile, "I was frightened away, and in my haste to leave the Flanders house, I lose the mate to it out of my pocket."

"And I found it right by the door to the house that Hamley Hackleye was supposed to have leased," said Johnny. "Was the Man-Aperilla in the room when you and Le Malheureux were?" came Johnny's final question.

"I know of no such animal," said Hackleye. "And now, Mr. Johnson, I am tired. The strain of months is telling on me, do you mind if I beg to be 'xcused?"

CHAPTER XXV.

There was no delay in the trial. Justice had waited sufficiently long and demanded an airing immediately. The crush in the courtroom was fearful and a jury was polled before noon.

The crux of the examination came at last. They sent for Mrs. Harcourt and brought her in, forcing her to keep her veil down till she was directly in front of the prisoner. Then her face was bared.

Hackleye fell forward as if shot to the heart. "Cerisse!" he exclaimed. "Cerisse, my wife, and alive!"

The court-room rang with riot. Vainly did the judicial gavel rap for order, and the bailiffs seek to eject the most unruly. The public nerve had been at too high a tension for too long. With Hackleye's return to self-control, comparative calm was restored. Mrs. Harcourt approached him very gently, and spoke for the first time, "Are you not mistaken? Are you not mistaken?" she asked. "Look again. I never saw your wife when she was alive, but I believe we are very like each other."

At the sound of her voice, Hackleye was himself again.

"No, you're not the same," he assented. "But it is strange, miraculous. Who are you?"

"I am the woman who married Harold Harcourt," she replied, rather sadly, and at a sign from the judge left the room.

They brought Harcourt in next and asked Hackleye if he knew him.

"I never saw him before," replied the defendant. "Who is he?"

"Tell him," said the judge.

Harcourt, cringing and fearful, stammered out his name. Hackleye gripped the witness chair hard. "You'd better go away from me," he said, peculiarly. "I have not committed murder yet, for my children's sake, but I might."

"That is all, your honor," said the prosecution, "we are through with the witness."

Mrs. Harcourt took the stand. Her testimony divulged nothing new. Mark S. Flanders, who leased the house to the supposed Hamley Hackleye, asserted he had never seen his tenant, that the whole operation had been by letter, accompanied by New York exchange to cover the rent for three months, and that the lease when signed in duplicated by "Hamley Hackleye," had never been seen by him, Flanders, till after his return from Europe.

Hackleye was recalled to the stand.

"You say that Francis Wayne, brother of the murdered woman, whose whereabouts you declare you do not know, had visited the room previously to the morning of her death?"

"So I understood," answered Hackleye.

"Why?"

"Well, he called upon me at my lodgings and said that he knew where Cerisse was, and that if I wished to see her he would show me how to get to her. On numerous other occasions I had met up with her, but she always declined to see me. Francis took me over to the street known as Briarsweet place. He had a latchkey to the front door—at No 94. I think it was a skeleton key, but he is an artificer of uncommon skill, so I do not know. He let me in. There seemed to be no one at home, in the Flanders house. We went into the library, and he lifted down a brass plaque from the wall. We had great difficulty in crawling through the hole, as the panel stuck. When we got in there we found my wife dead. It was evident too, that she had not occupied the room alone."

"Could Francis Wayne have leased this house in your name?" asked the Court.

"I hardly think so," replied Hamley. "In fact, I am positive he did not."

"Do you think he killed his sister?" asked the Court again.

"I am positive he did not."

'What reason had he for surreptitiously following his sister. Was he afraid you would kill her?"

"I do not know as to that. I think his object was to try and persuade her to return home to her children."

Mrs. Dr. Fothergill then testified.

"The morning after I had examined Mrs. Harcourt at the hospital and noted what seemed to me to be indications of this particular form of loco poisoning, I obtained permission to visit the room formerly occupied by Mrs. Wayne. It was practically untouched, and a glass stood on the washstand. I took it away with me, giving the police due notification that I had done so, and when at home rinsed it thoroughly with water and a slight percentage of alcohol, as his latter solvent has a marked affinity for loco in any form The analysis of this solution showed it to be highly charged with powdered loco root. On mere woman's intuition and my own initiative, I sought further. Undoubtedly the loco root was dropped into the glass of water and later Mrs. Wayne either wittingly or unwittingly drank it."

"Will you tell the court your diagnosis of the ailment of Mrs. Harcourt."

A bad case of poisoning from the male loco blossoms. Her present state of health is attributable only to the rigorous treatment of morphine and female loco blossoms which she was subjected The powders in evidence were dispensed to her daily by her husband, so she claims, in fact employes at the hotel saw him give them to her more than once. They are the concentrated essence of the male blossim of this noxious plant. I should say that she had been kept under the influence of this drug about five years. Those two parchment bags filled with white powder there, contain more of the same drug. They were discovered in Mr. Harcourt's luggage."

"And your opinion then is?"

"My opinion is," slowly stated Dr. Fothergill, "and I deduce it from scientific facts and analyses, that Harold Harcourt not only kept his wife under the influence of loco for years, but that he employes this pestilential product as a means to kill Narcisse Wayne Hackleye."

CHAPTER XXVI.

The second morning after the critical day when Dr. Fothergill had made her startling statements about the loco root found the case at a standstill. Each side was waiting for the other, and for a half hour after court had opened there was nothing doing save a pother among the attorneys.

"Your honor," it spoke, "I am Francis Wayne, the brother of the dead woman whose death you are trying to probe."

"Le Malheureux!" exclaimed Johnson and Larry Morris in a breath. The figure bowed to them and turned again to the judge.

"If your honor please," said Le Malheureux, "with all apologies for my tardiness and for myself, I would like to tell my story. In this wallet are the documents of proof.

"My story is my father's shame. His name was John Francis Wayne, and he was the son of Thomas James Wayne, once bishop of the diocese of Georgia. Among the slaves my grandfather owned was a fine fellow named Ben, who had been stolen from the Gold Coast. He had a son, also named Ben, and the father of the African Benoni that you have just thrown into jail, because he has kept silence out of respect for my infirmity. His son Ben and my father grew up in that relationship that once existed in the South between boy-master and boy-slave. Ben's father had told his son how their people were kings in mid-Africa, and of the enormous wealth they held there, all vested in diamond mines. The black lad and the white one were adventurous youths, and planned from boyhood up to sail to Africa as soon as they were grown to manhood. Ben was to be restored to his ancestral power and my father was to be enriched with half the wealth of the kingdom and to return here to America to live. Father wanted to be a physician, so his parents sent him to Germany and later to France to study. Ben, the slave, went with him as his valet, though they were more like foster brothers, and with good reason, as Ben's mother had been my father's wet nurse. Ben was bright, and to fit himself to rule over his people and to head his dreams of a vast African colonization he studied side by side with my father. They saved their money, did these two boys, and when they were matriculated made ready to go to Africa. Hovering around Paris before their departure my father met the beautiful twin daughters of a Frenchman of rank and wealth, the Mademoiselles Desiree and Marie De La Roux They were like as two peas, and of exceptional grace and charm, and for a long while father did not know which to choose. He loved them both. Finally he decided upon Desiree, proposed, was accepted and married within a fortnight. As the two sisters had never been separated Marie accompanied the newly wedded pair to Africa. Shortly after their arrival in the ancient kingdom of Ben's father, a journey accomplished only after terrible hardships, Ben married Tyoga, the mother of Benoni, and the foster mother of Meta, now Benoni's wife. The natives gave them short shrift at first. Had not my father's really marvelous knowledge of electricity and his clever acquaintance with black art as it was then practiced in some portions of Germany stood them in good stead, their lives would not have been worth much. As it was the barbarians considered my father a terrible sorcerer, and exalted him to be their ruler. Shortly afterwards Ben and father quarreled and father had the faithful slave executed with terrible torture, for the sight of the wealth in this African kingdom, and its almost limitless diamond fields had disclosed all the avaricious qualities of my father's nature, and he felt no affection except for the glittering jewels that his thousands of serfs piled up at his feet. Tyoga remained staunch to her lonely young mistress even after the fearful death of Ben, her husband.

"Then Benoni and I were born—within a month of each other, when the first year of the sojourn on African soil was barely ended. Tyoga consecrated Benoni to my service at his birth, and he has been more faithful and loyal than a brother ever since. Within the next year my sister Cerisse was born. In appearance I was like my father, but I had my mother's disposition Cerisse was the image of our mother and of our Aunt Marie, but her nature was that of our father. Intensely vain, selfish and overbearing. Cerisse would have been hated by all around the castle but for her exceptional beauty She was barely two years old when a young captain in the French army, Raoul de L'Enclose, stationed in camp a few rods from our demesne, met my Aunt Marie. They fell violently in love with each other, and despite my father's opposition were married by the old French Cure who had accompanied the party on its migration into the African wilderness. Father was wild with anger about the marriage. He forbade my aunt and her husband the house, and returned to my Aunt Marie her half of the joint fortune that she and her sister had brought with them to Africa, only because he feared that Capt. de L'Enclos might invoke an investigation of the Wayne desmene by the French government. My aunt was by now thoroughly enraptured with life in the tropics, which was but natural, as the De La Roux had originally come from Martinique. Africa was barred to them, because both she and her husband feared my father's vindictiveness.

(To be continued.)

HE SCARED THEM AWAY.

Shot at Five Men and In the Morning All Were Gone But Four.

Opie Read told this one long ago, says the Detroit News-Tribune:

"Old Lem Harkins of Possum Trot had come into the country judge's office. The judge said:

"'Why, hello, Lem.'

"'Howdy, jedge?'

'Anything goin' on over at Possum Trot?'

"'Nuthin' wuth dividin'.'

"'That so?'

"'Yep; nuthin' wuth dividin'.' Then, after a pause. 'Me an' them Hightowehs ain't been gittin' along right for a spell.'

"'No?'

"'Nah, not right good.' After another long expectoration-punctured pause the old man leisurely continued: 'T'other night about chicken roostin' time I was a-settin' in th' house a-readin' uv my Bible when I hears some shootin' outside. Th' old womaa was out thah a-feedin' th' chickens. I ain't paid no 'tention t' that thah shootin'. Putty soon th' old woman comes in, lookin' kind o' pale an' nahvous.

"'"What's th' matter, ol' woman?" I says.

"'"A lot o' them Hightowehs is out thah a-shootin' at me," she says.

"'Now, I don't like that, jedge, shootin' round about my house an' skeerin' up all th' chickens when they orto be a-goin' t' rost an' meybe killin' a calf critteh or somethin'. So I lays down my Bible an' I goes ovah in th' cohneh an' picks up my Winchesteh an' I look out th' windeh. Thah stands five o' them Hightowehs outside my fence with theh guns. I jes' draps a few bullets amongst 'em an' goes back t' my readin'.'

"'Next mohrnin' I goes out an' looks whah them five Hightowehs had been a-standin' an' they was all gone but fo'.'"

CURRENT EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Doings of the World at Large Told in Brief.

General Resume of Important Events Presented in Condensed Form for Our Busy Readers.

Tacoma is having a big legal fight with its streetcar company.

Bryan was deposed as a Democratic leader by the state convention of Nebraska.

The steel business of the country has increased many millions over the same period last year.

Alaska census enumerators did much of their work when the mercury was 70 degrees below zero.

A range war between cattlemen and sheep men has broken out in Montana and serious trouble is expected.

The O. R. & N. will reduce grain rates to compete with the Northern Pacific in hauling grain to the Sound.

The mayor of Toledo, O., was arrested for breaking the speed limit in his automobile, but was released when he made himself known.

Five inmates of the criminal ward of the Oregon state insane asylum escaped. Three were recaptured immediately but the other two are still at large.

The skeleton of a young woman was found in a sack half buried in the sand on the beach at Newport., Or. It is believed the woman was murdered and has been dead many years.

The conductor of a Northern Pacific switching crew, was run over by cars at Tacoma and had both legs severed below the knee. As he lay on the ground waiting for an ambulance he coolly gave orders for the work of the crew for the rest of the day and chatted with the men.

The Chicago grain market is flooded with orders to buy corn.

Official census returns give Oklahoma City a population of 64,205.

Saskatchewan, Manitoba, expects to harvest a wheat crop of 60,000,000 bushels.

Rock Springs, Wyoming, was seriously jarred by several shocks of earthquake.

The Indiana National guard is held in readiness for action in the Grand Trunk strike situation in Indiana.

A gale reaching 60 miles an hour did much damage in St. Louis and put the street cars and telephones out of business.

A shortage in the accounts of Irwin Wilder, assistant cashier of the Russo-Chinese bank of New York City, amounts to $600,000.

Three occupants of an automobile were instantly killed and the other two badly injured while racing with a railroad train for a crossing.

Much graft evidence is expected to develop at the inquest over the body of Ira G. Rawn, late president of the great Monon railway lines.

Crops in Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma and Arkansas are shriveling under a burning sun. Corn, cotton and peaches especially, are being injured.

By the giving way of a window screen a 4-year-old child was thrown from a window 35 feet to the ground at Los Angeles, but was picked up laughing and apparently unhurt.

The president's yacht, with Taft on board, was forced by fog to put to sea instead of making a landing, as no shore lights could be sighted. They remained at sea all night.

President Taft received a sprained ankle while playing golf.

Logged-off lands are being extensively used by Coast farmers for grazing purposes.

A carload of immigrants about to start West were held up at the landing at Weehawken, N. J.

King George, of England, seeks to establish and maintain peace among the different political parties.

Forest fires rage around the town of Rainy River, Ontario, and there is little hope of saving the town.

A delirious typhoid fever patient in a Spokane hospital leaped from a fourth-story window and was instantly killed.

It is now believed that President Rawn, of the Monon railway, committed suicide to escape gigantic graft exposures which he knew would soon occur.

August Ropke, bookkeeper of the Fidelity Trust company, of Louisville, Ky., is believed to have embezzled the entire surplus of the corporation, amounting to $1,400,000.

A salmon was caught at Astoria, Ore., with a fish hook of foreign make embedded in its mouth. It is believed to have come from the Southern California or Mexico coast, as no hooks of this kind are made or used in this country.

Hot winds are destroying crops in Oklahoma.

Norway's recognition of the Madriz blockade has aroused indignation at Washington.

Flour will soon advance 20 cents a barrel.

Rainfall has checked the forest fires in many localities on the Pacific Coast.

Eleven men were killed in a premature explosion of a 12-inch gun at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

It is said false reports of gold strike at Iditarod, Alaska, have filled that camp with hundreds of destitute men.

A bitter fued between John D. Rockefeller and his brother Frank, of many years standing, has been amicably settled.

EARTH TRULY OLD.

Not Less Than 55,000,000 Years, Is New Estimate.

Washington—Old Mother Earth, like femininity through all time, but with far greater success than most of her sex, has defied man to learn her age. Scientists still admit their defeat. Their latest estimate credits her with "not above 70,000,000 years or below 55,000,000 years."

This estimate, to which official sanction is given through publication by the Smithsonian Institution, is the result of studies by Frank Wigglesworth Clark and George F. Becker, of the United States Geological Survey.

Professor Clark in a paper entitled "A Preliminary Study of Chemical Denudation," presents a review of available data from a chemical point of view. Mr. Becker discussed the question in a paper on "The Age of the Earth" from a more philosophical point of view.

The age of the earth has always been a subject for discussion among men of science and largely without any definite agreement among the representatives of the different branches of studies on account of the different points of attack.

Briefly, the more recent discussion as to the earth's age has placed time as follows:

Lord Kelvin, in 1862, 20,000,000 to 400,000,000 years, with a probable 98,000,000 years.

Clarence King and Carl Barus, in 1893, 24,000,000 years.

Lord Kelvin in 1897 revised his figures to 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 years.

Da Lapparent, in 1890, 67,000,000 to 90,000,000 years.

Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, in 1893, maximum age 70,000,000 years.

J. J. Jolly, in 1899, age of the ocean 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 years.

W. J. Sollas, in 1909, age of the ocean, 80,000,000 to 150,000,000 years.

PEARY QUITS TALK.

Lecture Platform Proves Other Than Big Success.

New York — Commander Robert E. Peary is done with the lecture platform, at least as far as America is concerned, and he probably will never deliver another address on a box-office-receipt basis in any country in the world.

His tour in the United States, following his return from the North Pole, proved disastrous both financially and in amount of enthusiasm he awakened.

It cost the Civic Forum thousands of dollars, and the explorer didn't get anywhere near the amount of money he expected.

When he left for England a few months ago he said he would never lecture here again. "Peary has a right to be sore at American people," his friends say. "They paid their money for a gold brick, but wouldn't subscribe to the genuine article."

Cook made a clean-up, some say as much as $75,000, in his few lectures here before his story was attacked.

It was in the South where Peary received the worst frost. He was booked for six cities, but two of these were cancelled because of poor business, while the other engagements showed a deficit.

TRAINWRECK ATTEMPTED.

Grand Trunk Engineer is Warned and He Slows Down.

Toronto, Ont. — An attempt was made to derail a Grand Trunk local passenger train near Brockville, but the engineer received warning and slowed down in time to pass safely over the spot where spikes had been pulled and rails loosened. Troops have been sent to Brockville to replace the militia there.

Superintendent Brownlee said the company would be prepared to accept any amount of freight in a day or two. On all divisions there was a good movement of freight.

President Garretson, of the Order of Railway Conductors, arrived here from Cedar Rapids, Ia., and President Lee, of the Trainmen, from Cleveland. Both declared they are not here to draw up any new programme and that the fight against the Grand Trunk was now on to the finish.

Magnate's Son Dead Hero.

Chicago — Frank Biegler, Jr., was burned to death here in attempting to rescue F. M. Kempt, a laborer, from a fire that destroyed the factory of the Biegler Tar & Roofing company. The dead youth was the son of the president of the roofing company and was working in the offices at the plant when the fire occurred. Kempt was probably fatally burned. Mrs. Antoa Armbruster and Mrs. Annie Ditter were severley burned, while trying to aid young Biegler. Captain Charles Potter, of the fire department, was hurt.

Prison Restores Reason.

Denver—Imprisonment in a railroad culvert for a week without food or water appears to have restored the reason of Mrs. Catherine Krouse, aged 60 years, of this city, who wandered from the home of her daughter a week ago and was found by a train crew. The woman was found tightly wedged between two planks in the culvert. Her body was covered with bruises, but as she was carried into the home of her daughter she talked coherently for the first time in months, but could not remember leaving her home.

Raid on Banks Planned.

Wallace, Idaho—A well laid plot to rob the Wallace banks of $2,000,000 deposits has been perfected, is the report following the capture of Bud Rogers, self-confessed train robber, at Boise. According to a confession said to have been made by Rogers, his three pals, still at large, have perfected a plan to loot the banks at Wallace at an early date. Officials of the bank are keeping loaded guns in easy reach and will use them if attacked.

Forbidden Drug is Found.

St. Louis—The third raid of Chinese restaurants within three weeks resulted in the seizure of opium worth $18,750 at retail by revenue officers, who believe St. Louis is the headquarters for the Middle West for the distribution of the forbidden drug.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE

FINE TIMBER BURNING.

Forests Ablaze in Yellow Pine Section Near Medford.

Medford—A forest fire is raging about nine miles out of Butte Falls, and about three miles square of yellow pine timber is said to be burned over. The timber is said to be valuable, averaging 4,000,000 feet to the quarter section.

The fire originated in the embers of the small fire on Fourbit creek inside the national forest. A stiff breeze is fanning the flames and driving the flames westward.

A force of 25 men under the direction of John Holst, ranger, is fighting the flames and a call has been sent to Medford for more men. The Iowa Lumber company, on whose land the fire is burning, organized a force of fire fighters at Butte Falls and sent it to help the government forces.

Manager Hafer, of the lumber company, says that the fire will do but little damage as long as it is in the yellow pine, which is not brushy, but fears are entertained that the fire will reach the Douglas fir belt, a short distance to the west, where the fire will be more disastrous, as that kind of timber is very brushy.

There are no settlers in the burned area.

USE CURRENT MOTORS.

Malheur County Farmers Organize to Irrigate 12,000 Acres.

Ontario—The Snake River Irrigation district, limited, is a new corporation organized in Malheur county for the purpose of irrigating the lands comprising 12,000 acres located between Malheur Butte, two miles west of Ontario, and on the north side of the Malheur river, and west of the Snake river, and extending to a point opposite Weiser, including the famous Dead Ox flat.

These lands are to be irrigated by means of current wheels to be installed in the Snake river, the wheels to be run by the power of the water. This is a new plan of pumping for irrigation purposes in Oregon and Idaho. This plan has been tried out at Pasco on the Columbia river, where water for irrigation purposes has been successfully lifted 220 feet.

The plan of the Snake River Irrigation district is to install two of these pumping wheels in the Snake river, one of which will be at the mouth of Jacobsen's gulch, five miles north of Ontario. One of these plants will lift the water 46 feet above the river. The other plant will lift the water 103 feet above the river.

Work on the first lift has been commenced and it is expected to have this finished within 90 days. Thirty men are at work.

FRUIT IN JEOPARDY.

Decision in Peacock Mills Case May Stop Water.

Walla Walla—Attorney C. M. Rader of Walla Walla, discussing the decision of Judge Bean at Pendelton, in the famous Peacock Mills water case, said that several hundred acres of land now irrigated in the Milton-Freewater section, will be deprived of water unless the decision is overruled by the Supreme court of Oregon. The case has been in the courts for five years, and involves a water right arrangement in which priority in water right acquisition enables a holder to deprive a more recent securer of a water right of his water in times of drouth.

Odd Fellows Temple, $41,000.

Klamath Falls—The contract for the construction of the Odd Fellows' temple has been let to R. E. Wattenburg. The structure will be built of brick, and the cost is to be $41,250 complete. The contract calls for the completion of the structure by January 1. The building will be 68 feet on Main street and 106 feet on Fifth street. There is to be a full basement. The second floor will contain 22 offices. The third floor will contain two lodge rooms, a banquet hall and kitchen and an abundance of locker and paraphernalia rooms.

Doubt Thrown on Merger.

Sumpter—The incorporation of the Sampson company, the $7,000,000 concern which has announced its purpose of acquiring seven of the largest mines in the Bourne district, has been the cause of considerable speculation. Two of the most important properties named in the plans for the merger are the Colnmbia mine and the North Pole. Manager F. S. Baillie, of the Columbia mine, says no option is out for the purchase of the property.

Wasco Out of Debt.

The Dalles—Wasco county is practically out of debt and has $41,095 in its general fund with which to meet current expenses, according to the semi-annual report of the county treasurer just published. During the past six months it expended $23,714.70 on roads and highways, which was its heaviest expense. Its next heaviest expense was its state tax, the half-yearly payment being $12,441.18.

Booth-Kelly Lands Burned.

Eugene—The Booth-Kelly Lumber company's logged-off land above Wendling is being swept by fire, which has been burning now several days. So far the company has been able to keep the fire out of the standing timber, but the mill was forced to close down on account of a shortage of logs.

New Block at Klamath Falls.

Klamath Falls—The two story building which L. F. Willis is to erect on the lot where the Masonic hall now stands will be 50x106 feet, and will have two store rooms on the main floor and office rooms on the second floor. The entire front of the building will be of plate glass.

Vale Lets Contracts.

Vale—The contract for the construction of the Vale water and sewer systems has been let to the American Light & Water company, of Kansas City, for $63,490. The city has been bonded for $75,000. Work must be completed in four months.

EXPECT 25,000 DELEGATES.

Portland Plans to Entertain National Woolgrowers' Convention.

Portland—That Portland will reap fully $2,000,000 as a result of the National Wool Growers' convention and the National Sheep show January 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1911, is the belief of persons prominently identified with commercial activity in the city.

The National Wool Growers' Convention and Sheep Show, the first ever held in Oregon, is expected to bring into Portland fully 25,000 delegates and persons interested in the sheep and wool business.

Members of the Portland Commercial club and Oregon Wool Growers' association met with George S. Walker, secretary of the National Wool Growers' association, and formulated plans for the largest convention and show ever held in the history of the sheep or wool industry in the United States.

A number of innovations are to be introduced at the Portland show. Among these will be an exhibition of collie and shepherd dogs, of which the Northwest has many breeders and fanciers. This exhibition will be for both exhibition and "working" animals. The latter will be "worked" as on a sheep range for the edification of the visitors.

Arrangements are being made by C. B. Minton, secretary of the show, for a monster exhibition of Angora goats simultaneously with the sheep show. Always heretofore at the annual show this feature has been neglected, but at the January show it is planned to make this a stellar attraction. "The brand of mohair grown in Oregon exceeds that of any part of the United States," said Mr. Minton, "and as the industry is much followed in Oregon, we hope to have fully 1,000 thoroughbred Angora goats at the exhibition."

Not only will awards be given to prize sheep, but the fat stock and mutton will have a special department with cash awards. This is also an innovation.

Negotiations have been opened to obtain the armory for the sheep show and the convention sessions.

Bar Shows Twenty-Three Feet.

Marshfield — Soundings, the results of which were highly gratifying to the people, were made on the bar of the Coquille river when the steamer Fifield left Bandon on her last trip to San Francisco. It was found that with only seven feet of tide there was 23 feet of water on the bar. The government appropriation of $56,000 which has been made is to be used entirely inside the bar. Some of the snags and shoals in the river will be removed so that boats crossing in at Bandon can go up the river to Coquille.

1,000-Acre Ranch Sold.

Klamath Falls—One of the biggest real estate deals made here for a long time was closed up recently when the Klamath Development company took over what is known as the Altamont ranch. This place lies just outside the city on the southwest and contains about 1,000 acres. It was owned by Circuit Judge George Noland, J. D. Carroll and the heirs of W. G. Smith. It is one of the finest ranches in the county, every foot of it being tillable.

Forest Fire Gets Fresh Start.

Klamath Falls—Instead of being under control, as reported, the timber fire on the North Fork of Sprague river now presents a much more serious aspect than ever. Although the rain of a few days ago put a slight check on the blaze, it has broken out afresh. More than 50 men are fighting it, but the fire is reaching over new territory and now threatens to do a large amount of damage. An extra crew of men went out from this city to assist in trying to get the blaze under subjection.

PORTLAND MARKETS.

Wheat—Bluestem, 94@95c; club, 86@87c; red Russian, 85c; valley, 86@87c.

Barley—Feed and brewing, $24 ton.

Hay—Track prices: Timothy, Willamette valley, $18@19 per ton; Eastern Oregon, $20@22; alfalfa, new, $13@14.

Corn—Whole, $32: cracked, $33 ton.

Oats—No. 1 white, $28@28.50 ton.

Butter—City creamery, extras, 33c; fancy outside creamery, 31@33c per pound; store, 23c; butter fat, 33c.

Eggs—Oregon candled, 26½@27c; Eastern, 24@25½c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 17@18c; springs, 19@20c; ducks, 15c; geese, 10@11c; turkeys, live, 18@20c; dressed 22½@25c; squabs, $3 per dozen.

Pork—Fancy, 12½@13c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 12@12½c per pound.

Green Fruits—Apples, new, $1.25@2 per box; Lambert cherries, 12@15c per pound; apricots, 50c@$1.50 per box; plums, 50c@$1.25; pears, $2.25; peaches, 40c@$1.25; loganberries, $1@1.25 per crate; blackberries, $1.40@1.50 per box; watermelons, $1@1.25 per hundred; cantaloupes, $2.75@3.50 per crate.

Vegetables — Artichokes, 60@75c per dozen; beans, 3@5c per pound; cabbage, 2¼@2½c; cauliflower, $1.50 per dozen; celery, 90c; cucumbers, 50c per box; egg plant, 12½c per pound; green onions, 15c per dozen; peas, 5c per pound; peppers, 10@12½c; radishes, 15@20c per dozen; carrots, $1@1.25 per sack; beets, $1.50; parsnips, $1@1.25; turnips, $1.

Potatoes—New, 1¼c per pound.

Onions — Walla Walla, $2.50 per sack; Hood River, $2.25 per sack.

Cattle—Beef steers, good to choice, $5.25@6; fair to medium, $4.25@4.75; cows, and heifers, good to choice, $4.25@4.50; fair to meadium, $3.50@4; bulls, $3@3.75; stags, $2.50@4.50; calves, light, $5.75@6.75; heavy, $3.50@5.

Hogs — Top, $10@10.25; fair to medium, $8.60@8.75.

Sheep — Best wethers, $4@4.25; fair to good, $3@3.50; best ewes, $3@3.50; lambs, choice, $.50@6; fair, $4.75@5.25.

Hops—1909 crop, 10@13c; olds, nominal; 1910 contracts, 13c.

Wool—Eastern Oregon, 13@17c per pound; valley, 15½@18c; mohair, choice, 32@33c.