



Hickey Was Using His Revolver.



SYNOPSIS.

"Mad" Dan Maitland, on reaching his New York location club, met an attractive young woman at the door. Janitor O'Hagan assured him no one had been within that day. Dan discovered a woman's finger prints in dust on his desk, along with a letter from his attorney. Maitland dined with Bannerman, his attorney. Dan set out for Greenfield, to get his family jewels. Maitland, on reaching home, surprised him in gray, cracking the safe containing his gems. He, apparently, took him for a well-known crook, Daniel Anisty. Half-hypnotized, Maitland opened his safe, took therefrom the jewels, and gave them to her, first forming a partnership in crime. The real Anisty, sought by police of the world, appeared. Maitland overcame him. He and the girl went to New York in her auto. He had the jewels. She was to meet him that day. A "Mr. Smith" introduced himself as a detective. To shield the girl in gray, Maitland, about to show him the jewels, supposedly lost, was followed by a blow from "Smith's" cane. The latter proved to be Anisty himself and he secured the jewels. Maitland, engaged to the girl in gray, was the latter. The criminal kept Maitland's engagement with the girl in gray. He gave her the gems. The girl in gray visited Maitland's apartments during his absence and returned some Maitland's without cash, called up his home and heard a woman's voice. Maitland, tried to write from her the location of the gems. A crash was heard at the front door. Maitland overheard the crook, allowing him to escape to shield the young woman. The girl in gray, Maitland, escape, jumping into a cab. An instant later, by working a ruse, Anisty was at her side. He took her to Attorney Bannerman's office. There, by torture, he tried in vain to write from her the location of the gems. He left her a moment and she phoned O'Hagan, only getting in the words: "Tell Mr. Maitland, the brass bowl, the hiding place in the latter's room, when Anisty heard her words, Bannerman also was revealed as a crook. He and Anisty set out to secure the gems and leave town. The girl was still imprisoned. Maitland finding the girl gone, searched his rooms and unearthed the jewels under the brass bowl. He struck Anisty's trail in a big office building.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Ah, cut that, can't you?" Hickey got on all fours, found his cigar, stuck it in his mouth, and fell into place at Maitland's side. "Hickey, I mean. But how—" "If ye're Maitland, how Anisty's at the St. Luke buildin', tell that fool up there to drive!" Maitland had no need to lift the trap; the cabby had already done that. "All right," the young man called. "It's Detective Hickey. Drive on!" The lash leaped over the roof-crack—and the horse, presumably convinced that no speed other than a dead-run would ever again be demanded of it, tore frantically down the avenue, the hansom rocking like a top-sail schooner in a heavy gale. Maitland and the detective were battered against the side and back of the vehicle and slammed against one another with painful regularity. Under such circumstances speech was difficult; yet they managed to exchange a few sentences. "Yeh gottuh gun." "Anisty's—two good cartridges." "Jus' as well I'm along, I guess." And again: "How'd yeh s'pose Anisty got this cab?" "I don't know—must've been in the house—I told cabby to wait—Anisty seems to have walked out right on your heels." "Hell!" And a moment later: "What's this about a woman in the case?" Maitland took swift thought on her behalf. "Too long to go into now," he parried the query. "You help me catch this scoundrel Anisty and I'll put in a good word for you with the deputy commissioner." "Ah, yeh help me nab him," grunted the detective. "I'd I won't need no good word with nobody."

them with perhaps greater discretion than consideration. They wavered and fell back, grumbling discontentedly; and Maitland, his anxiety temporarily distracted by the noise they made, looked round to find his white cabby at his elbow. Of whom the sight was inspiration. Ever thoughtful, never unmindful of her whose influence held him in this coil, he laid an arresting hand on the man's sleeve. "You've got your cab—" "Yissir, right houtside." "Drive round the corner, away from the crowd, and wait for me. If she—the young lady—comes without me, drive her anywhere she tells you and come to my rooms to-morrow morning for your pay." "Thankee, sir." Maitland turned back, to find the situation round the elevator shaft in statu quo. Nothing had happened, save that Hickey's rage and vexation had increased mightily. "But why don't you go up after him?" "How 'n blazes can I?" exploded the detective. "He's got th' night car. 'F I takes the stairs, he comes down by th' shaft, 'nd how'd I tuh trust this here mutt?" He indicated his associate but humbler custodian of the peace with a disgusted gesture. "Perhaps one of the other cars will run—" Maitland suggested. "Ah, they're all dead ones," Hickey disagreed with disdain as the young man moved down the row of gates, trying one after another. "Yeh're only wastin'—" He broke off with a snort as Maitland, somewhat to his own surprise, managing to move the gate of the third shaft from the night elevator, stepped into the darkened car and groped for the controller. Presently his fingers encountered it, and he moved it cautiously to one side. A vicious blue spark leaped blissing from the controller-box and the cage bounded up a dozen feet, and was only restrained from its ambition to soar skywards by an instantaneous release of the lever. By discreet manipulation Maitland worked the car down to the street floor again, and Hickey, with a grunt that might be interpreted as an apology for his incredibly, jumped in. "Let 'er rip!" he cried, exultantly. "Fan them folks out intuh th' street, Bergen, 'nd watch 'em out!" Maitland was pressing the lever slowly wide of its catch, and the lighted lobby dropped out of sight while the detective was still shouting admonitions to the police below. Gradually gaining momentum the car began to shoot smoothly up into the blackness, safety chains clanking beneath the floor. Hickey fumbled for the electric light switch but, finding it, immediately slipped the glare off again and left the car in darkness. "Safer," he explained, sententiously. "Anisty 'll shoot, 'nd they says he shoots straight." Floor after floor in ghostly strata slipped silently down before their eyes. Half-way to the top, approximately, Hickey's voice rang sharply in the volunteer operator's ear. "Stop 'er! Hold 'er steady. 'T'other's comin' down." Maitland obeyed, managing the car with greater ease and less jerkily as he began to understand the principle of the lever. The cage paused in the black shaft, and he looked upward. Down the third shaft over, the other cage was dropping like a plummet, a block of golden light walled in by black filigree-work and bisected vertically by the black line of the guide-rail. "Stop that there car!" Hickey's stentorian command had no effect; the block of light continued to fall with unabated speed. The detective wasted no more breath. As the other car swept past, Maitland was shocked by a report and flash beside him. Hickey was using his revolver. The detonation was answered by a cry, a scream of pain, from the lighted cage. It passed on the instant, like



CONFESSION OF ONE HUSBAND

And How He Found His Niche in the World. "Where youth is coupled with intelligence illusions pass rapidly away. Early in my married life I depended on that I was going to be at home for a long stay. I realized that my tenure in business, and even my place in my father's family, were insignificant in their importance when compared with this new relation I had established. I saw that it was the greatest contract I had ever signed. I was also becoming conscious of my relative insignificance in the general scheme of things. It appeared less likely that I should be called away to dig the Panama canal, and more and more probable that I should continue in the daily performance in inconspicuous work. "Out of all this there came to my wife and me the realization that the greatest chance within our reach lay right there in our two-by-four house. If the world was unappreciative of our unparalleled talents, the world could go hang. We'd use them ourselves. "And so we set out to surmount all difficulties. We haven't done that yet, but we have made a start. I have convinced my wife's relatives until I have come to the conclusion that they are practically as desirable as my own. My wife has pursued the same attitude toward my relatives to the point where she thinks more favorably of some of them than I do myself. "We never quarrel in the sense that we harbor and nourish feelings of hate. Sometimes we talk loud, but we keep on talking until our voices run down and become so amiable that it is both safe and restful to break off. I can listen to the reading of choice poetry, and my wife can pretend that she enjoys the dog show. I can sit through the play 'Hamlet,'

CONFESSION OF ONE HUSBAND (Continued) even keeping my seat while that lunatic Ophelia is on the stage. This is my great achievement, but it is more than matched by my wife, who can sit with her back to the wall and appear to be calm while I read about Edgar Allan Poe's story of how the rats bothered that fellow in jail.—American Magazine. Marriage of Widows in India. We are glad to note the number of widow marriages increasing every year. Following on the heels of one in high life in Calcutta, there have been lately three such marriages in different parts of the country. This is a noteworthy record, which should cause the social reformer to take heart for the ultimate success of his work. The agitation that has been kept up for years by the social conference has been successful, if only in impressing all classes of the Hindu community with the necessity of widow marriage. It is, however, well known that those who still take exception to it and offer sentimental objections have no widowed daughters at home, and consequently have no means to judge their sad condition.—Indian Mirror. The Hard-Hit Author. "Our town poet had been reading about the old-time authors getting inspiration out of garrets, where they did most of their writing, so he went to work and rented the only genuine garret in town, but in his case the scheme didn't work. "Nothing happened, eh?" "Oh, yes—something happened all right. Whilst he was tryin' to look the ceiling' out of countenance, three yards of plasterin' broke loose and knocked his head sideways! And now he's even afraid to compose in the open air, for fear some of those balloon fellers will pelt him with sandbags!"

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. A bad forest fire is raging near Tacoma, Wash. Ex-President Diaz of Mexico arrives in Spain to reside. King George distributes many titles during coronation week. Forty thousand suffragists parade through streets of London. Portland is the greatest wheat-shipping port in the United States for the year just ended. Another bomb was found in the hall of records building in Los Angeles ready for explosion. Oregon warship Boston arrived from Bremerton navy yard Sunday afternoon and received a royal welcome. George W. McBride, ex-United States senator and secretary of state, died in Portland hospital at the age of 57 years. President and Mrs. Taft celebrate their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary Monday. Their presents would fill wagons. Senator Lea of Tennessee saved the life of his wife by submitting to a transfusion operation which took a quart of his blood. The trunk of the historic Balm of Gilead witness tree at Vancouver, Wash., to which Lewis and Clark are said to have tied their canoes when they came down the Columbia river in 1805, was carried down the river by the high water. Dick Ferris, the Los Angeles promoter who asserts he was elected president of the "Republic of Lower California" as a joke, and was indicted in consequence, was arraigned in court Tuesday. He and the Mexican revolutionists were given two weeks in which to decide upon their pleas. Engineers find the Maine much worse than expected. St. Louis has a million-dollar fire in the manufacturing district. Kansas supreme court finds subsidiary companies of the Standard Oil illegal. Heads of the Mormon Church are said to be mixed up with the sugar trust. A house in Oregon City, Ore., built in 1845, has been the scene of 115 weddings. Mrs. Huston, 71 years old, of Prineville, Ore., takes her first ride on a railroad. Five members of one family are graduates of the University of Oregon this year. PORTLAND MARKETS. Wheat—Track prices: Bluestem, 97@97 1/2; club, 86@87; Russian, 85@86; Valley, 87c; 40-fold, 87c. Millstuffs—Bran, \$24.50@25 per ton; middlings, \$31; shorts, \$25.50@26; rolled barley, \$29.50@30.50. Corn—Whole, \$29; cracked, \$30 per ton. Barley—Choice feed \$27 per ton. Oats—No. 1 white, \$27.50@28 per ton. Hay—Timothy, Eastern Oregon, No. 1, \$20@21; light mixed, \$18@19; heavy mixed, \$16@17; alfalfa, \$12.50@13; clover, \$12.50@13; grain hay, \$13.50@14.50. Hens, 15@16c; broilers, 20@22c; ducks, young, 15c; geese, none; turkeys, 20c; dressed, choice, 25c. Eggs—Oregon ranch, candled, 21c per dozen; case count, 20c per dozen; Eastern, 19@20c. Butter—Creamery extra, 1 and 2-pound prints, in boxes, 24c per pound; less than box lots, cartons and delivery extra. Cheese—Twins, triplets and daisies, 14@14 1/2c per pound; Young Americans, 15@15 1/2c. Pork—Fancy, 10@10 1/2c per pound. Veal—Fancy, 11 1/2@12c per pound. Fresh Fruit—Strawberries, Oregon, \$1.25@1.75 per crate; gooseberries, 5@6c per pound; apples, \$1@3 per box; cherries, \$1.20@1.50 per box; 10@10 1/2c per pound; apricots, \$1.50@2 per crate; cantaloupes, \$2.50@3.25 per crate; peaches, \$1.50@1.75 per crate. Sack Vegetables—New carrots, \$2 per sack; turnips, \$2; beets, \$2. Potatoes—Old, \$3 per hundred; new California, 4@5c per pound. Vegetables—Asparagus, 75@90c per box; beans, 10@12 1/2c; cabbage, \$3 per hundredweight; corn, 20@25c per dozen; cucumbers, \$1@1.25 per dozen; eggplant, 15c per pound; garlic, 10@12c per pound; lettuce, 30@35c per dozen; hot-house lettuce, \$1.25@1.75 per box; peas, 5@6c per pound; peppers, 30@35c per pound; radishes, 12 1/2c per dozen; rhubarb, 1 1/2@2 1/4c per pound; tomatoes, \$1.25@1.75. Onions—Yellow, \$3; red, \$2.75 per hundred; crystal wax, \$3.50 per hundred. Hops—1911 contracts, 23@25c per pound; 1910 crop, 22c; 1909 crop, 15@15 1/2c; olds, 8@10c. Mohair—Choice, 36@37 1/2c pound. Wool—Eastern Oregon, 10@16c per pound, according to shrinkage; Valley, 14@16 1/2c per pound. Cattle—Prime grain-fed steers, \$6@6.25; prime hay-fed steers, \$6@6.25; choice, \$5.75@6; fair to good, \$5.25@5.50; common, \$5@5.25; prime cows, \$5@5.50; good to choice, \$4.75@5; fair to good, \$4.50@4.75; poor, \$4.25@4.50; choice heifers, \$5.50@5.75; choice bulls, \$4.50@5; good to choice bulls, \$4.25@4.50; choice light calves, \$7@7.50; good to choice, \$6.75@7; choice heavy, \$5@5.50; choice stags, \$5.75@6.25; good to choice stags, \$5.25@5.75. Hogs—Choice hogs, \$6.75@7; good to choice, \$6.50@6.75; choice heavy, \$6@6.25; common, \$5@6; stock, \$4.75@7.50. Sheep—Choice spring lambs, \$6@6.25; choice yearlings, \$4.80@5; good to choice, \$4.50@4.75; fair to medium, \$4@4.25; choice ewes, \$3@3.50; good to choice ewes, \$2.75@3; fair to medium ewes, \$2.50@2.75; good to choice heavy ewes, \$3.75@4; old heavy wethers, \$3@4; mixed lots, \$4@5.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS OF OUR HOME STATE INVADERS TO FEEL AX. EUGENE TO FLORENCE. First Work on Construction Impetus for Big Demonstration. Eugene—Fully 2000 people gathered at the west end of Fifth street Tuesday to celebrate the beginning of construction work on the Eugene-Siuslaw railroad. The stores of the city were closed from 2 to 4 o'clock and the business part of town was practically empty during the celebration. More than 100 automobiles were packed along the right-of-way, all filled with an enthusiastic and cheering crowd. Construction of a railroad from Eugene to Florence has been the dream of Lane county for 30 years. At 2 o'clock a procession of citizens, headed by the mayor and city council, formed at Eighth and Willamette streets and marched to the scene of operations. The procession was headed by a band, and was one of the largest that has formed in Eugene recently. Automobiles were in line, followed by carriages and buggies and scores on foot. All the speakers dwelt on the importance to Eugene of securing railroad connection with the coast, particularly in view of the nearness of the completion of the Panama canal. The line is financed by the Lane County Asset company, which is a local corporation, organized in October, 1909. Permanent survey has been completed to a point 30 miles west of Eugene, and several available preliminaries have been completed from this point to the coast. The company owns 1800 feet of waterfront at Glenada, on the Siuslaw river. Coos Bay is the ultimate destination, and the asset company owns surveys to that point. Contracts have been let as far as Elmira, 14 miles west of Eugene. CAPACITY INCREASED. Reservoir of Baker Irrigation Company Gets Improvement. Baker—Work is now under way which will greatly increase the storage capacity of the reservoir of the Baker Irrigation company. The height of the dam is increased 10 feet, so that when the changes are complete the dam will be 600 feet in length, 60 feet wide at the top and 70 feet in depth. Already the company has spent over \$200,000 on the reservoir and ditches, and the work now under way will give a storage capacity which will absolutely prevent any shortage of water on the land irrigated by the project. Snow in the mountains is melting slowly this year, and the Powder river will furnish plenty of water to all consumers, with no possibility of the damaging shortage of water which followed the heavy spring freshets when practically all the snow in the mountains went off within a few days. ROAD'S EARNINGS BIG. Oregon Short Line Shows Remarkable Prosperity. Salem—Enormous business transactions by the Oregon Short Line are indicated in their report, which has just been filed with the state tax commissioner. The gross earnings of the road from operations are shown to be \$21,748,834 for 1910, with operating expenses amounting to \$11,188,791. The total income is placed at \$29,585,164. The taxes for the entire line in 1910 were \$840,767 and for 1909, \$665,951. The taxes in Oregon for 1910 were \$27,201 and in 1909, \$6611. The gross earnings per mile for the company are shown to be \$13,994 and the expenses of operation per mile \$7199, while the net earnings per mile are \$6795. The equipment, including rolling stock, but exclusive of roadbed, rails and similar property, is valued at \$12,940,971. Another Eugene-Ocean Railroad. Salem—A railroad from Eugene to Marshfield, with branch lines from Junction City, in Lane county, to Swiss Home, and from Junction City to Elmira, is projected by the Willamette-Pacific Railroad company, which filed articles of incorporation. Capital stock of the company is \$1,000,000. Its incorporators are G. X. Wendling of San Francisco, R. M. Cross and G. R. Bodie of Portland. Wendling is president and Cross is secretary of the Wendling Lumber company. Heating Plant Need Filled. Salem—Discovering that the old heating plant at the State Sanatorium for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is past the hope of repair, the state Board for the Prevention of Tuberculosis found that it was entirely without an appropriation for a new plant. As a result, Governor West turned over to the institution the old heating plant at the asylum, which has been recently replaced. Surveyors Start from Burns. Burns—Three crews of government surveyors, each containing 14 men, arrived in Burns this week and are on their way to different parts of the county, where unsurveyed land is situated, to proceed with the work of subdivision, which they began last year. One gang will go to Steens Mountain, another to the Iron Mountain section and the third to the extreme south end, near the Nevada line. A large area of good land will be taken for settlement. Gage Mine May Reopen. Riverton—The Gage mine at Riverton, on the Coquille river, which has been closed down, is to be opened again soon, it is announced. San Francisco men are interested in the property and plans are now being made for operating the mine.