

WANTS SHOW KEPT IN NORTH WEST

Editor of Better Fruit Urges Retention of National Apple Show —Doesn't Want It Taken East.

Discussing the benefits of the second national apple show in Spokane last November, E. H. Shepard, publisher of Better Fruit, which devotes more than 40 of the 84 pages in its January issue to text matter and illustrations descriptive of the exposition, says in the leading editorial that Spokane is the logical home of the enterprise. The editorial follows in part:

"The objects of the national apple show at Spokane are beyond the casual observer, and not only great, but numerous. Articles in some of the papers are advocating holding the show in Chicago or some eastern city. That may be all right. We don't object to making a display elsewhere. But where the national apple show is to be held next year depends on what object the show is to be held for. If the show is to be held for the entertainment of any eastern city or the purpose of selling fruit lands, or creating a sale for our apples, the matter is entitled to consideration.

Great Educational Value.
"No man who attended the show last year and this year who was observing could fail to draw one great conclusion of primary and paramount importance; that is, the educational value of the show in grading and packing. The improvement along these lines this year as compared to last year is of inestimable value to the apple industry—means a better price and many more thousands of dollars in net returns. The national apple show at Spokane for discussion of the La Fean bill was suggested by the editor of Better Fruit to the show management, and resulted in the northwest being united in opposition to the size of box as mentioned in the La Fean bill and getting on a combined working basis to oppose it."

LOSS OF CHILD LEADS HER TO GRAVE'S EDGE

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Jan. 17.—Made desperate by loneliness and brooding over the loss of her child, Laura McDonald, who recently was acquitted of the charge of murdering the infant, inhaled illuminating gas last night and today is hovering between life and death at the Mission hospital.

The attempt of the young woman upon her life was the second since her bereavement.

"I cannot call my baby boy to me," wrote Mrs. McDonald before she made the last attempt to end her life. "But I can go to him. The desire to follow my baby is too great to resist. I have tried hard to overcome this desire, but I find that I cannot."

TWOHY SAYS MUCH WORK ON TAP THIS YEAR

SPOKANE, Wash., Jan. 17.—John Twohy, millionaire railroad contractor of Spokane, said in an interview that the coming year will be marked by the large amount of construction work to be undertaken in the inland empire and Pacific northwest by the Hill, Union Pacific, the Milwaukee and Strahorn interests, adding: "Eastern Washington and Oregon, North and Central Idaho, also parts of Montana, the boundary country in British Columbia and other districts in the northwest will see a lot of new work and a large amount of betterment of the various systems, such as the reduction of grades and the elimination of curves."

SWEET SEVENTEEN WEDS HOPEFUL YOUTH OF 18

REDWOOD CITY, Cal., Jan. 17.—Sweet seventeen and heiress to the millions of Henry Lux, the cattle king, Mrs. Hubert L. Putnam, who yesterday was Miss Viola Lux, today is receiving the congratulations of her friends. Putnam is eighteen years of age and is a student at the San Jose high school. He is the stepson of H. A. Gabriel an attorney and politician of San Jose. The bride is a beautiful girl and was the ward of Father Richard Gleason, president of Santa Clara college.

MATE FALLS AND BREAKS NECK; CORONER CALLED

MARSHFIELD, Or., Jan. 17.—The coroner of this county has been called to Bandon to hold an inquest over the body of a mate of one of the vessels in port there, whose name has not been ascertained. He fell and broke his neck.

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

By GASTON LEROUX, Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room." Copyright, 1909, by Bectano's

CHAPTER XII.

The Quivering Body In the Potato Sack.

LEANING against the parapet, our necks stretched toward that window through which there had come to us that sign of agony, we listened. Roulettable pointed out the window of his own room in the new castle, which was still illuminated. I understood it was necessary to extinguish this light and return. Five minutes later I was back again with Roulettable. There was no other light in the Court of the Bold than the ray which told of the vigil of Old Bob in the basement of the round tower and the light at the gardener's postern where Mattoni was sentinelled.

I had scarcely time to steal back to Roulettable before we distinctly heard the door of the square tower moving softly upon its hinges. As I attempted to lean farther out of my corner and see farther down into the court, Roulettable pushed me back and allowed only his own head to look over the wall. But I looked over his head, and this is what I saw:

First, Pere Bernier, perfectly recognizable in spite of the darkness, who came out of the tower. In the middle of the court he paused, looked up at the side where our windows were and made a signal, which we interpreted as a sign that all was well. To whom was this signal addressed? Roulettable leaned still farther over, but he quickly retreated, pushing me back with him.

When we dared to look out in the court again no one was there. But in a few moments we again beheld Pere Bernier. And then we heard something which climbed under the arch of the gardener's postern, and Pere Bernier reappeared with the black and softly rolling form of a carriage beside him. We could see that it was the little English cart, drawn by Toby, Arthur Rance's pony.

Pere Bernier, reaching at length the obelisk, raised again his face toward our windows and then, still holding Toby by the bridle, came to the door of the square tower. Leaving the little equipage before the door, he entered the tower. A few moments passed by, which seemed to us like hours, particularly to Roulettable, who was seized with a fit of trembling which shook his frame like a leaf.

Pere Bernier reappeared. He crossed the court alone and returned to the postern. A beautiful moon had risen, which stretched its radiance across the court. The two persons who came out of the tower and approached the carriage appeared so surprised that they almost recoiled at what they saw. But we could hear the Lady in Black repeat in low, firm tones: "Courage, Robert! You must be brave now!"

And Darzac replied in a voice which froze my blood, "It is not courage which I lack!" He was bending over something which he dragged before him and then raised in his arms as though it were a heavy burden and tried to slip under the long seat of the cart. Roulettable's teeth were chattering. To move this sack Darzac was making the greatest efforts. Leaning against the wall of the tower, the Lady in Black watched him without offering any assistance. And suddenly, at the moment that M. Darzac had succeeded in loading the sack into the cart, Mathilde pronounced these words in a voice shaken with horror: "It is moving!"

"All right," went on Roulettable unconcernedly. "Tell me what you don't know, for if you do not tell me what you don't know, Bernier, I will be responsible for nothing, no matter what happens."

Then he paused and went on: "Where was he—in the square tower?" Bernier did not speak, but he nodded assent.

"Where—in Old Bob's bedroom?" "No," Bernier shook his head. "Hidden in your room?" Bernier shook his head vehemently. "Well, where was he then? He could certainly not have been in the apartments of M. and Mme. Darzac!" Bernier bowed his head.

"What! You acknowledge that he was in the apartment of M. and Mme. Darzac? He, then, gained him entrance to that apartment? No one but yourself—you, the only person who had the key when the Darzacs were not there!" "M. Roulettable, do you accuse me of being an accomplice of Larsen?" "I forbid you to pronounce that name!" shouted the reporter. "You know very well that Larsen is dead and has been dead for months!"

"For months!" echoed Bernier ironically. "Yes, that is true. I was wrong to forget it."

"Listen to me, Bernier. I know that you are a brave man, and I respect you. It is not your good faith that I am questioning, but I am censuring your negligence."

"My negligence!" Bernier, as pale as his face had been, flushed crimson. "My negligence! I have not budged from my lodge, not even from the corridor. I have always worn the key in my breast pocket, and I swear to you that no one entered that room, no one at all, after you were there at 10 o'clock, except M. and Mme. Darzac themselves."

"What?" exclaimed Roulettable. "Do you want me to believe that this individual—let us call him 'the man'—that the man was killed in M. Darzac's rooms if he was not there?" "I do not. I can swear to you that he was there."

"Yes. But how could he have been? That is what I ask you, Bernier. And you are the only one who can answer. M. Darzac never took the key with him when he left the room, and no one could have got into the room to hide while he was there."

"That is the mystery, monsieur. That is what puzzles M. Darzac, and I am at sea. I have only been able to answer him as I have answered you. There is the mystery."

"When you left the room with M. Darzac, M. Salicruf and myself did you look for him immediately?" "Yes, monsieur."

"When did you open it after that?" "Not at all."

"And where were you in the meantime?" Bernier quickly explained.

"In front of the door of my lodge, watching the door of the apartment. My wife and I took our dinner in that spot at about half after 9, on a little table in the corridor, because on account of the door of the tower being open it was quite light and was pleasant. After dinner I sat in the doorway of the lodge, smoking a cigarette and chatting with my wife. We were so seated that, even if we had wished to do so, we would not have been able to withdraw our eyes from M. Darzac's rooms. It is a mystery—a mystery more extraordinary than 'The Mystery of the Yellow Room.'"

"And from 5 o'clock until the moment of the tragedy you declare that you never quitted the corridor?" "Ah, pardon, monsieur—there was one moment—the moment that you called me, but I was not away from my post more than an instant or two and M. Darzac was in his room then. He did not leave it while I was gone."

"How do you know that M. Darzac didn't go out during those moments?" "Why, because if he had done so my wife, who was in the lodge, must have seen him. No one has entered that room except M. Darzac at 10 o'clock and you two at 6, and no person got in between the time that M. Darzac went out and the time when he came in at night with Mme. Bernier. He was like you—he didn't want to believe me, I swore it to him upon the corpse that lay before us!"

"Where was the corpse?" "In M. Darzac's bedroom."

"It was really a dead body?" "Oh, he was breathing still—I heard him."

"Then it was not a corpse. Pere Bernier."

"Where was the difference? He had a bullet in his heart."

He told us that he was going to his lodge, feeling drowsy, when he and Bernier heard a commotion in the apartment of M. Darzac. The furniture was being thrown about and blows rained on the walls. They heard the voice of Mme. Darzac shouting "Help, help!" This was the cry that we, too, had heard in the new chateau. Pere Bernier rushed to the door of M. Darzac's room and beat against it. He heard the labored breathing of two men, and he recognized the voice of Larsen when he heard the words, "With this blow I shall have your life!" Then he heard Darzac, who called his wife to his aid in a voice almost stifled, as though he were gagged. "Mathilde, Mathilde! Evidently he and Larsen must have been engaged in a life and death struggle when suddenly the pistol shot had saved him. One would have thought that Mme. Darzac, who had then uttered a cry, had been mortally wounded. Why did she not admit him to help her husband? Finally the door was opened. The room was dark. It was Mme. Darzac who had opened the door, and Bernier could distinguish through the gloom the form of M. Darzac leaning over something which the concierge knew was a dying man. Bernier had called to his wife to bring a light, but Mme. Darzac had cried: "No, no! No light, no light! Ah,

above all, be sure that he knows nothing!"—And immediately she had rushed to the door of the tower, calling out: "He is coming, he is coming! I hear him! Open the door, Pere Bernier! I must go and meet him!" And Pere Bernier had opened the door, the while she kept on moaning: "Hide yourselves! Go in! Don't let him know anything!"

Pere Bernier went on: "You came like a waterspout, M. Roulettable. And she drew you into Old Bob's sitting room. You saw nothing. I stayed with M. Darzac. The rattle in the throat of the man on the floor had ceased. Darzac, still bending over him, said to me, 'Get a sack, Bernier—a sack and a stone—and we will throw him into the sea, and no one will ever hear his voice again!'"

"Then," Bernier went on, "I thought of my sack of potatoes. My wife had gathered them up and put them back in the sack after you had emptied them out. I emptied the bag again and brought it to him. We made as little noise as possible. Moving very quietly, we had slipped the body, which Darzac had tied up, into the sack. But I said to Darzac: 'Let me beg of you not to throw it into the water. It is not deep enough to hide it.' 'What shall we do, then?' inquired M. Darzac. I answered, 'Heaven help us, I don't know, monsieur!' And I went out of the room and found you in the lodge, M. Salicruf. And then you went for M. Roulettable at the request of M. Darzac, who had come out of his own apartment. As for my wife, she was almost swooning with terror when she suddenly saw that both M. Darzac and myself were covered with blood. See, messieurs, my hands are red! Pray heaven, it doesn't bring us misfortune! But we have done our duty. Oh, he was a miserable wretch! Why should they hide the facts? Isn't it an honor to have killed Larsen? Mme. Darzac promised me a fortune if I would keep silence. What do I care for that? Why should she have feared? I asked her when we thought that you had gone to bed and that she was all alone in the square tower with our corpse. I said to her: 'Tell every one that you have killed him! All the world will praise you.' She answered: 'There has been too much scandal already, Bernier, and as much as it depends on me to do and as much as it is possible I will hide this new horror forever! It would kill my father!'"

Bernier turned toward the door, showing us his hands.

"I must rid myself of the blood of the accused pig!" he said dryly.

Roulettable stopped him.

"And what was M. Darzac saying at this time? What was his opinion?" "He repeated: 'What Mme. Darzac says is right. She must be obeyed.' His shirt was torn, and he had a slight wound in his throat, but it did not seem to bother him at all, and indeed there was only one thing in which he seemed interested, and that was as to how the miserable wretch had got into his rooms. I told him what I have told you—that he could not have entered without my seeing him."

"And the body? Where was it?" "It lay in the sleeping room of M. Darzac."

"And how was it decided that it should be disposed of?" "I can't say as to that for certain, but their resolution was taken, for Mme. Darzac said to me: 'Bernier, I am going to ask of you one last service—get the English cart and harness Toby to it. If you wake Walter and he asks for explanations say to him, 'It is for M. Darzac, who must be at Castel at 4 o'clock in the morning to see the tournament in the Alps.'"

Mme. Darzac said also, 'If you meet M. Roulettable say nothing to him and do nothing that may attract his attention.' Now you know as much as I. God help us!"

When Bernier had finished relating this incredible story Roulettable put his hand on his arm, thanking him most earnestly for his great devotion to his master and mistress, and ordered him to say nothing to Mme. Darzac of anything that had passed between them.

"Well," I said when we were alone. "Larsen is dead?" "Yes," answered Roulettable. "I fear so."

"You fear so? Why?" "Because the death of Larsen, who is carried out dead from a place which he never entered dead or alive, terrifies me more than his life itself!"

(To be continued.)

POLICE BELIEVE "SNOWSHOE" BROWN IS MURDERER

SPOKANE, Wash., Jan. 17.—Word has been received here from Elk City, Idaho, to the effect that W. P. Boyle, a well-known miner and prospector, had been shot and instantly killed in a gambling saloon in Dixie, a mining camp, 80 miles southeast of here. The police today are trying to connect "Snowshoe" Brown with the killing.

MRS. REIS SAYS HER HUSBAND IS MUCH LOVED

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 17.—Clara M. Reis filed suit for divorce here today against William B. Reis, a millionaire. She charged him with having numerous infidelities. Mrs. Reis withheld the names of her husband's alleged infidelities "for the sake of public morals."

Reis has vast realty holdings in this city and in the east. He is president of the Reis Estate, Inc. His family is one of the most prominent on the Pacific coast.

Articles of Incorporation Filed. Articles of incorporation for the Eagle Point Orchard company have been filed with the county clerk. The incorporators of record are W. W. Von der Holten, P. K. Woodard and H. N. Starr. The capital stock is \$25,000 and the place of business Eagle Point.

A Snap

Twenty acres, level, deep soil, close in, at

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WANTED—Woman to cook and do housework at ranch. HOMESTEAD relinquishment can be secured at this office. ANY ONE having any kind of buildings to move, call at room 208. WANTED—A chambermaid. Women for housework.

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40 acres heavy timber land seven miles from Medford; the wood will more than pay for the land.

20-acre alfalfa ranch in valley of Feather river; ideal location at cross roads and station on electric car line; best of soil; house and outbuildings; all under irrigation. Price, \$4000, terms.

FOR SALE 16 acres, quarter mile from town; 7 acres set to Newtown apples, 1 acre cherries, 3 to alfalfa; 5-room house; electric light; barn; on main road; special price for a few days, on favorable terms.

4 1/2 acres two miles from Talent; 12 improved; about 15 acres good wood timber; best fruit soil lies on gentle slope; a bargain if sold soon.

See Townsen 434 MAIN ST. AT CUBICK & N. STS.

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