WEDS: GOES HOME: FINDS 8 CHILDREN

Bride Greeted With Shouts of "Mama!" From Eight Lusty Throats-Tarries But

a Moment.

WALLA WALLA, Wn., Jan. 18 .-To fall in love with a "real nice' man, then to say "yes," and a short time afterward to be married and go to the new home to discover eight T was literally true that he was little children-her new husband'sall shouting "mamma" proved too much for Mrs. Halver Vetterson, according to the complaint in a divorce suit just filed by the husband himself in a local court. In fact, it of the accident with the revolver?" proved so much that Mrs. Vetterson hardly tarried long enough to say nothing. "good bye," further avers the complaint, though not in this language.

The divorce was granted by default, Mrs. Vettterson having no address so she could be served. Judge tently Brents gave the eight children to Halver who had not even asked for For my part. I respected the secrets of

notify his helpmeet that she was must leave each other now, my child, marrying a Roosevelt family at the time he asked her to become his

IDAHO TOWN SUFFERS \$25,000 LOSS BY FIRE

LEWISTON, Idaho, Jan. 18 .- A fire which for a time threatened the trance to the subterranean door which destruction of the entire business district of Grangeville, destroyed the store of H. Kornseld last night. Old Bob is still at work. We will go The loss is estimated at \$25,000. A and have a peep at him." high wind fanned the flames and for a while it was feared that the business district was doomed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

M. E. Owens to P. J. Neff, land in section 27, township 36, 1 west \$ 9,000 Frances A. Kleinhammer to T. J. Hamlin, part D. L. C.

Ira Marshall to Ernest S. Palmer, 92 acres in D. L. C. 56, township 36, 2 west 40,000 E. S. Palmer to R. N. Pax-

son, 62 acres in D. L. C. 56, township 36, 2 west. . 27,500 I. Dahack to F. M. Centers, 10 acres D. L. C. 60, township 37, 2 west

G. H. Ganiere to A. H. Hays, part lot 10, block 32, Coolidge addition to Ashland ... S. A. Pattison to B. A. Bis-

sell, lot 3, block 4, Pattison addition to Central

lots 7 and 8, block 18, Medford

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

The Nash-J. C. Gribble, Portland; J. P. Watt, Jerome, Idaho; F. H. Austin, E. C. Johnson, W. E. Bliss, Portland; W. R. Follis, Medford; C. S. Brown, Davis; S. S. Ackley, McCloud; W. E. Bronson, Seattle; J. R. Harvey, Galice; Geo. Sanders, Cleveland; C. R. Arundell, W. R. Davey, Portland; Prof. J. St. Ange, Ashland; Mr. and Mrs. W. E. quin, N. M.

The Moore-T. Irvine, Portland: F. M. Nelson, Butte Falls; Marion Barnes, G. E. Stevenson, R. Fouch, Wilbur Telford, J. Siemens, V. T. Motschenbacher, E. W. Jacobson, G. the sack!" Dufault, A. F. Panck, Klamath Falls; H. S. Stryker, G. T. Ellis, J.

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fine location.

I have also got a pair of fine Cougar Kittens, five months old, which can be bought at a reasonable

ENQUIRE

G.N. Lewis Jacksonville

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

By GASTON LEROUX. Author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room."

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CHAPTER XIII.

"When My Father Wears a Wig It Will Fit."

frightened. And I was more terrified myself than words could express. I bad never seen him in such a state of mental inquietude. "I want to ask you, my boy, whether your mother told you the story "No." he answered, "and I asked her

"And you swore to see nothing and hear nothing without her saying anything to you about the pistol shot and

The young man now gazed at me in-

"It was necessary for me to believe, the Lady in Black. I had nothing to He stated that he had failed to ask of her when she said to me, 'We but nothing can ever separate us again!" "

"Ah, she said that to you?" "Yes, and there was blood upon her

We looked at each other in silence. I was now at the window and beside the reporter. Suddenly his hand touched mine. Then he pointed to the little taper which was burning at the enled to Old Bob's study in the tower. "It is dawn," said Rouletabille, "and

A few moments later we descended into the octagon room of the Tower of Charles the Bold. The lamp was burn-

ing on the table, but there was no sign of Old Bob. He picked up the lamp and examined everything. We came to the little and it was true that it had been spat- nized as hers murmured:

tered with the red paint of the wash drawing which Darzac had set to dry faced the window. I went from one window to the other and shook the bars to assure myself that they had not been tampered with. "What are you about?" asked Rou-

letabille. "Before thinking about how he could have got out at the windows wouldn't it be better to find out whether he went by the door?"

He set the lamp upon the parapet and looked for traces of footprints. Then Rouletabille said:

square tower and ask Bernier whether 1,400 Old Bob has come in. Ask Mattoni away. and Pere Jacques. Go-quick!"

Five minutes after I went out I was back with the information. No one had seen Old Bob in any part of the fortress, Rouletabille said:

"He left this lamp burning in order to make people believe that he was at work. There is no sign of a struggle of any sort, and in the sand I find the traces of the footprints of only Rance and Darzac, who came to this room during the storm last night and have brought on their feet a little earth from the Court of the Bold and also of the claylike soil of the outer court. There is no footprint which could be Old Bob's. Old Bob reached here before and perhaps went out while the tempest was raging, but in any case he has not come in since."

Like a flash an idea pierced through my brain. I rushed through the court Erickson; Mrs. C. A. Hawkes, Alon- till I came to the oubliette. I discovered that the iron bars were still fast. If any one had fled by that way or had fallen into the shaft the bars would have been opened. I hurried back. Old Bob could have got out except in

My friend was not listening, and I was surprised to see him deeply en- drawn the bolt and had walked to the A. Fisher, Portland; J. M. Mauring, grossed in a task of which I found it was making drawings with a rule, a square, a measure and a compass, seated in the geologist's easy chair, with Darzac's drawing board before him. He was quietly making a plan.

He had pricked the paper with one of the points of his compass while the other point traced the circle which as we could see it in the design of M. which M. Darzac had been using, he carefully spread the paint over the entire space occupied by the circle. In doing this he was extremely particular, giving the greatest attention to Forty seven lots in Jacksonville, seeing that the paint was of the same thickness at every point. His face took on a look like that of a maniac. Then he turned toward me so quickly that he upset the great easy chair in

which he had been seated. "Sainclair! Look at the red paint! Look at the red paint!" I leaned over the drawing, terrifled

by his savage tone. "The red paint, the red paint!" he kept groaning, his eyes staring in his some frightful spectacle. "But what-what is it?" I stam-

"'What is it?' My God, man, can't you see? Don't you know that that is

No, I did not know it-indeed, I was quite sure that it wasn't blood. It was merely red paint, But I took

care not to contradict Rouletabille. I feigned to be interested in this idea of

"Whose blood?" I inquired. "Do you think that it can be Larsan's?" "Oh, oh, oh! Larsan's blood? Who knows anything about Larsan's blood? Who has ever seen the color of it? To see that, it would be necessary to open my own veins, Sainclair. That's the only way. My father would not let

his blood be spilled like that."

He was speaking again with that strange, desperate pride of his father. "When my father wears a wig it will fit. My father would not let his blood be spilled like that."

He spoke again: "My poor mother did not deserve this. I did not deserve it." A tear ran down his cheek and fell into the

little dish of paint. "Ah!" he cried. "It isn't necessary to fill it any fuller." And he picked up the tiny cup with infinite care and

carried it to the cabinet. "Let us go! Let us go?" he said drearly at last. "The time is come, Sainclair. No matter what happens. we can never turn back now. The Lady in Black must tell us everything use it." -everything about the man who is in

He knocked at the door of the square tower. I asked him whether he did not wish me to leave him alone with his mother. But, to my great surprise, he begged me not to abandon him "for anything in the world-so that the circle should not be closed." And he added mournfully, "Perhaps it may never be!"

The door of the tower again was opened, and we saw Bernier's face ap- fired. pear.

"What do you want? What are you doing here again?" he demanded. "Speak low, Madame is in Old Bob's sitting room, and the old man has not Rouletabille pushed the door farther

We were in the vestibule of the "What is madame doing in Old Bob's

sitting room?' asked the reporter in a low voice. "She is waiting for Darzac. She

dare not re-enter the room until he comes, nor I either." "Well, go back into your lodge, Ber-

He opened the door of Old Bob's salon, and we saw the form of the Lady in Black. She never moved at our entrance, but her lips opened, and desk table. There we found the skull, a voice that I should never have recog-

"Why are you come? I saw you crossing the court. You have been upon that part of the desk which there all night. You know all. What do you want now?" She added in deep misery:

"You swore to me that you would eek to know nothing." Rouletabille took her hand.

"Come, mother, dearest," be said tenderly. She did not resist in the least. But when he led her to the door of the fatal chamber she recoiled. "Not there!"

she moaned "Go and knock at the door of the locked. He called Bernier, who sack! opened the door and then hurried

> Once the door was opened we looked into the room. What a spectacle we beheld! The chamber was in the most frightful disorder, and the crimson dawn which entered through the vast embrasures rendered the disorder still more sinister. What an illumination for a chamber of horrors! Blood was upon the walls and upon the floor and upon the furniture-the blood of the rising sun and the blood of him whom Toby had carried off in the sack, no one knew whither, in the potato bag: The tables, the chairs, the sofas, were all overturned. The curtains of the bed to which the man in his death agony had tried desperately to cling were half torn down, and one could distinguish upon one of them the mark of a bloody hand.

Mme. Darzac murmured "We are delivered!"

Rouletabille had fallen upon his knees at her side.

Then she told us the story. She looked at the closed door. She looked at the overturned furniture and the "Rouletabille! There is no way that blood spattered walls and floor and narrated the details of the frightful scene. She told us that as soon as Darzac had entered his room he had little table in the center of the room. impossible to guess the meaning. He The apartment was lighted only by a wax candle.

The silence of the room was suddenly broken by a loud crash like that of a piece of furniture. The crash came from the little panel, and then all was silent. Darzac made a movement toward the panel which was situated at the back of the room on the right hand might represent the Tower of the Bold | side. He was nailed to the spot where he stood by a second crash louder Darzac. Then, dipping his brash into than the first, and this time it seemed a tiny dish half full of the red paint to her that she could see the panel to her that she could see the panel But at that very moment the panel swung open before them. A shadowy form issued from the panel. Uttering a cry of rage, Darzac rushed

"And that shadow-that shadow had face that you could see?" interrupted Rouletabille. "Mamma, why did you not see the face? You have killed the shadow, but how do we know that t was Larsan if you did not see his face? Perhaps you have not even killed Larsan's shadow?"

"Oh, yes." she replied almost listless. y. "He is dead."

Rouletabille took the Lady in Black into his arms, carried her tenderly to head as though he were witnessing her room and said to her: "Mamma, you must leave me now. I have work to do-for you, for Darzae and for my-

"Don't leave me until Robert comes back!" she cried. Some one knocked at the door of the corridor. Rouletabille asked who was there, and the voice of Darzac answered.

The man who entered tooked like a

corpse. Never was human face so pallid, so bloodless, so devoid of all sem-

blance of life. He fell into the chair from which Rouletabille had just raised the Lady in Rlack. He looked up at her.

"Your wish is roulized," he said. "It is where you wished it to be." "Did you see his face?" questioned

Rouletabille excitedly. "No," answered Darzac wearily. "P have not seen it. Did you think that I was going to open the sack?"

I thought that Rouletabille would have shown discomfiture at this answer; but, on the contrary, he turned to Dargae and said: "Ah, you did not see his face, That's

very good, indeed. The important thing now is that we should close the circle. Wait a moment." And almost joyously he threw himself down on all fours and crawled

around among the furniture and under Suddenly he rose to his feet, holding in his hand a revolver which he had found under the panel.

"You have found his revolver!" cried "He did not have time to Dargae.

As he spoke Darzae took from his pocket his own revolver, which had saved his life, and held it out to the "This is a good weapon," he said.

Rouletabille examined it closely. Then be compared the pistol with that which had fallen from the hand of the assassin. The latter bore the mark of a London gunsmith. It was new, every barrel was filled, and Rouletabille declared that it had never been

"Larsan only avails himself of firearms in the last extremity," said the young man. "He hates noise of any kind. He intended merely to frighten you with it or he would have fired im-

And Rouletabille returned M. Darzac's revolver and put Larsan's in his pocket. Rouletabille made a few steps

through the room and said: "Where is the body?" Darzac replied:

"Ask my wife. I want to forget all about it. I know nothing more about this horrible thing. No one save Mme. Darzac knows where the body is. She may tell you if she likes." "I have forgotten, too," said Ma-

thilde. "I was obliged to do so." "Nevertheless," insisted Rouletabille, shaking his head, "you must tell me. You said that he was in his agony. Are you sure that he is dead now?" "I am perfectly sure," replied Darzac simply

"Oh, it is finished! Is it not entirely ended?" plended Mathilde. She arose and walked to the window. See, there is the sun! This horrible night is dead-dead forever! Everything is over!"

Poor Lady in Black! The yearnings of her soul revealed themselves in her words, "It is finished!" And the fact. as she believed it, made her forget all the horror of the scene which had passed in this room. Larsan no more! Rouletabille tried the door. It was Larsan buried-buried in the potato

And we all started up in affright when the Lady in Black began to laugh-the frantic laugh of a mad woman! She ceased as suddenly as she had begun, and a horrible stillness followed. We dared look neither at her nor at each other. She was the first

"It is all over!" she said. "Forgive me. I won't laugh again." And then Rouletabille said, speaking

in a very low tone: "It will be over when we know how

he got in." Rouletabille opened the door and called Bernier and his wife, and a general consultation took place. Rouletabille, who was sitting at Dar-

zac's desk taking notes, arose and said: "So far it is very simple. We have only one hope. It'is in the few moments that Bernier was off guard about 6 o'clock. At least at that time no one was in front of the door. But there was some one behind it. It was you, M. Darzac. Can you reiterate after having thoroughly searched your memory, that when you went into your room you instantly closed the door and drew the boit?"

"I can," replied Darzac solmenly And he added: "And I opened that door only when you and Sainclair knocked upon it. I swear it." And in saying this, as later events

proved, the man spoke the truth. Rouletabille said: "It is well, Darzac, you have closed the circle. The apartment in the square tower is now closed as firmly as was the yellow room, which was like a strong box, or as the 'inexplica-

ble gallery." "One would guess immediately that Larsan was mixed up in the affair," I excisimed. "It is the same mode

of procedure." "Yes," observed Mme. Darzac. "Yes, M. Sainclair, it is the same mode of procedure." And she unfastened her husband's collar to show the wounds hidden beneath it. "See!" she said. "They are the same

nail prints. I know them well." "No; it is not the same thing," said Rouletabille, "It is just the opposite. In the yellow room there was a body missing. In the room in the round tower there is a body too many."

(To be continued.)

Sunday School Rally.

Rev. J. D. Springston, state secre tary for the American Baptist Publication society, will hold a Sunday snap for \$2100. school rally at the Baptist church Wednesday evening, January 19, at 7:30 o'clock. Every one interested YOU. in Sunday school work and especially all officers and teachers in the Wright Sunday schools of the city are earnestly requested to be present.

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