

WEDS; GOES HOME; FINDS 8 CHILDREN

Bride Greeted With Shouts of "Mama!" From Eight Lusty Throats—Tarries But a Moment.

WALLA WALLA, Wa., 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 little children—her new husband's—all 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 proved so local that Mrs. Vetterson hardly tarried long enough to say "good bye," further avers the complaint, though not in this language. The divorce was granted by default, Mrs. Vetterson having no address so she could be served. Judge Brents gave the eight children to Halver who had not even asked for them. He stated that he had failed to notify his helpmeet that she was marrying a Roosevelt family at the time he asked her to become his wife.

IDAHO TOWN SUFFERS \$25,000 LOSS BY FIRE

LEWISTON, Idaho, Jan. 18.—A fire which for a time threatened the destruction of the entire business district of Grangeville, destroyed the store of H. Kornseld last night. The loss is estimated at \$25,000. A 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. Paxson, 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... 10
G. H. Ganiere to A. H. Hays, part lot 10, block 32, Coolidge addition to Ashland... 1,400
S. A. Pattison to B. A. Bissell, lot 3, block 4, Pattison addition to Central... 129
A. Lawrentz to S. V. Davis, lots 7 and 8, block 18, Medford... 1

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. Erickson; Mrs. C. A. Hawkes, Alonquin, 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. Dufault, A. F. Panek, Klamath Falls; H. S. Stryker, G. T. Ellis, J. A. Fisher, Portland; J. M. Mauring, Talent.

FOR SALE

160 Acres of Good Fruit Land 4 miles west of Grants Pass. Forty seven lots in Jacksonville, fine location.

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

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."

It was literally true that he was frightened. And I was more terrified myself than words could express. I had never seen him in such a state of mental inquietude. "I want to ask you, my boy, whether your mother told you the story of the accident with the revolver?" "No," he answered, "and I asked her nothing." "And you swore to see nothing and hear nothing without her saying anything to you about the pistol shot and cry?" The young man now gazed at me intently. "It was necessary for me to believe. For my part, I respected the secrets of the Lady in Black. I had nothing to ask of her when she said to me, 'We must leave each other now, my child, but nothing can ever separate us again.'"

corpse. Never was human face so pallid, so bloodless, so devoid of all semblance of life. He fell into the chair from which Rouletabille had just raised the Lady in Black. He looked up at her. "Your wish is realized," he said. "It is where you wished it to be." "Did you see his face?" questioned Rouletabille excitedly. "No," answered Darzac wearily. "I 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 Darzac 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 the bed. 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 Darzac. "He did not have time to use it." As he spoke Darzac took from his pocket his own revolver, which had saved his life, and held it out to the young man. "This is a good weapon," he said. Rouletabille examined it closely. Then he 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 fired. "Larsen 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 immediately." And Rouletabille returned M. Darzac's revolver and put Larsen'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 Mathilde. "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?" pleaded 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. Larsen no more! Larsen buried—buried in the potato sack! 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 to speak. "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 Darzac'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 bolt?" "I can," replied Darzac solemnly. 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 'inexplicable gallery.'"

A Snap Twenty acres, level, deep soil, close in, at \$625 AN ACRE. Planted as follows: Sixteen acres in Newtown apples, 7 years old, balance in Bartlett pears, 3 years old. At Hood River you would be asked \$1500 an acre for a similar tract. Look into this offer as closely as you like—this young orchard is a bargain at the price. W. T. YORK & CO.

EMPLOYMENT AND BUSINESS CHANCES 9-room house for rent. 7-room house, furnished. FOR SALE—4-room bungalow. 6-room house, lot 79x256. Lots on C and Riverside avenue. Lots on Grape, 50x100. 7-room bungalow. Have a number of bargains. Have men. FOR RENT—Land from 1 acre to 400 in one body; have spud land. FOR SALE—10 acres improved 5-year-old vineyard located in California. 1 span horses, harness and wagon. WANTED—Man and woman on farm. WANTED—Woman to cook and do housework or 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. E. F. A. BITTNER, Prop. ROOM 208, PHIPPS BLDG. PHONE MAIN 4141.

For the Best In harness, saddles, whips, robes, tents, blankets, wagon sheets, axle grease and gaff cure, as well as all kinds of custom work, see J. C. Smith 314 E. Main.

Bargains For Sale or Exchange 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, 2 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 134 MAIN ST. AT CUBICK & M., FEELS.

Extra Good Buys One 5-room cottage, pantry, bathroom and woodshed, lot 55x104; fine investment at \$1375; \$800 will handle it. One 6-room house, two lots, two blocks from Main street, close in. A snap for \$2100. Call and look over our list of lots before you buy. WE CAN PLEASE YOU. Wright & Allin 128 East Main Street.

THE ROGUE RIVER LAND COMPANY NO. 11 NORTH CENTRAL AVENUE Offers an especially good foothill orchard for a low price and on good terms. In these days of advancing prices, it will pay to look into this. It pays to deal with the "Man Who Knows." When the Rogue River Land Company sold the Tronson & Gularie orchard at Eagle Point to the prize winning owners, four years ago, the salesman, W. M. Holmes, assured the purchasers those Spitzenberg trees would produce the world's best apples, and subsequent events prove the soundness of his judgment. By the way: Did it ever occur to you that most of the men who have won out in the Rogue River Valley, bought their winning orchards through the Rogue River Land Company? W. M. Holmes, Manager, is always at your service for a good buy.

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