

BURBANK NO LONGER AIDED BY CARNEGIE

Plant Wihard Claims That Withdrawal of Support Comes as a Great Relief to Him.

SANTA ROSA, Cal., Jan. 19.—Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, has a new claim to fame today. An annual grant of \$10,000 from the Carnegie institute awarded to the horticulturist has been withdrawn and Burbank declares the action is a relief, maintaining that cares and responsibilities accompanied the yearly gift.

The action of the institute's officials is based on the fact that the plant merger is being exploited for commercial purposes. Another reason assigned is that Burbank is not the originator of the spineless edible cactus.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

- W. C. Green to I. F. Williams, lots 7 and 8, block 3, Central Point 1,000
- W. H. Barlow to R. J. Edwards, 40 acres in section 9, township 39, 1 west 10
- Emaline A. Dodge to Albert Hall, 53 3-4 acres in D. L. C. 72, township 38, 1 west Gold Ray Realty Co. to B. F. Benson, lot 3, block 2, Nickell Addition to Medford 2,500
- E. E. Bagley to G. H. Ganiere, lot 6, Bailey addition to Ashland 10
- E. N. Warner to Lillian E. Polke, lot 10, block 4, Walnut Park, Medford 10
- C. C. Pierce to E. R. Seelye, 5 acres in section 2, township 36, 1 west 1
- E. H. Cordes to W. H. Humphrey, lot 16, part lot 17, block 1, Fruitdale Addition, Medford 10
- C. H. Pierce to I. D. Phipps, land in D. L. C. 42, township 37, 1 west 6,000
- F. R. Moore to Irene Wilson, lots 3 and 4, block 25, Central Point 500
- Bridget E. Williams to Chas. Olsen, land in D. L. C. 4, township 37, 1 west 2,100

CHARLES NORVEL PUTS IT EASILY OVER CLIFFORD

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Jan. 18.—Charles Norvel of Butte stands a-ech with the Sacramento fight fans today as the result of his decisive victory over Jack Clifford before the Central club last evening.

Clifford scored a win over Norvel in San Francisco recently. Norvel justified his claim that another meeting would be productive of a different result.

Court News.

Estate Lizzie Dolan Davis—Order to convey real estate under contract. Estate of Giles Wells—Ellen I. Wells appointed administratrix; John L. Grubb, George Owens, L. A. Neil, appraisers. Proof of death admitted. Estate of M. S. Welch—Inventory and appraisal showing real and personal property valued at \$12,455.30 approved. Estate of Abraham Fisher—Inventory and appraisal showing real property value \$5396.20; approved. Estate and guardianship of Rollins F. and Buelah C. Taylor, minors—Bertha M. Sharp appointed guardian. But that doesn't excuse you if you are not a Commercial club member. G. F. Trefren of Ashland was in Medford Wednesday on his way to Jacksonville on legal business.

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

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

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CHAPTER XIV.

Mystery of the "Body Too Many."

NEXT day, 11 o'clock. Where was Roulette? His bed had not been disturbed. I dressed myself hurriedly and went to look for my friend, whom I found in the outer court. He took me by the arm and led me into the vast drawing room of la Louve. There I was surprised to find, although it was not yet time for luncheon, everybody assembled. M. and Mme. Darzac were there. Mme. Edith, from the dark corner where she was reclining on a sofa, saluted us.

"Ah, here is M. Roulette with his friend, Sainclair! Now we shall know why we have all been summoned here." He addressed himself to Mme. Rance.

"First of all, madame, permit me to inform you that I have decided to suppress the 'guard' which you kindly allowed me to establish, although it vexed you."

"Ah, really, are you going to withdraw the guard from the chateau, M. Roulette? Well, I am very glad to hear it, although I assure you that it did not vex me in the least," exclaimed Mme. Edith, with an affectation of gaiety.

"On the contrary, the fact proves to me that M. and Mme. Darzac are no longer in any danger."

"This is true, madame," replied Roulette, "since last night."

Mme. Darzac could not refrain from a hasty movement which no one save myself perceived.

"So much the better," cried Mme. Edith. "May heaven be praised! But how is it that my husband and I are the last to hear the news? Interesting things must have been happening last night. The nocturnal trip of M. Darzac to Castelair was one of them without doubt."

As she spoke I could see the embarrassment of M. and Mme. Darzac. The former, after a glance at his wife, started to speak, but Roulette would not permit him to do so.

"Madame, you should know the reason why M. and Mme. Darzac have ceased to run any danger. Your husband, madame, has told you of the frightful tragedy of the Glandier two years ago, and you know also, of course, that the reason why we have placed such a strong guard here around M. Darzac and his wife was because we had seen a certain man again."

"I do."

"Well, this man cannot appear again ever."

"What has become of him?" "He is dead."

really very beautiful. It is a figure by Lambesse, and there is no better workman on the Norman shore." The young man seemed to be entirely engrossed in studying the cane. As he touched the carving the stick fell from his hand and rolled toward Darzac. I picked it up and returned it immediately to M. Rance. Roulette cast a withering look at me, and I read in that glance that somehow or other I had shown myself an idiot.

Roulette asked abruptly of Mrs. Rance: "Well, madame, do you think we ought to inform the authorities?"

"I think so more than ever," she replied. "That which we are powerless to discover they would certainly find out. And I warn you of one thing, M. Roulette, and that is that we may already be too late in seeking out the officers of justice. If we had told them of our fears at the very beginning you would have been spared some long hours of watching and sleepless nights which have proited you nothing, since, as now appears, they did not prevent what you dreaded from coming to pass."

Roulette motioned Mme. Edith to a chair and again picked up the cane which M. Rance had laid down upon a sofa. He replied sharply to Mme. Edith: "Madame, you are wrong in asserting that all the precautions which I had taken for the safety of M. and Mme. Darzac have been useless. If I am obliged to acknowledge the unexplainable presence of one body too many I am also compelled to refer to the absence—perhaps less inexplicable—of one member of our own party."



"YOU HAVE KILLED MY UNCLE"

"What is that?" inquired Mme. Edith, with a mocking smile. "In such a case I fail to see how you find any mystery," giving a sly imitation of the reporter's words—"a body too many on the one side, an unexplained absence on the other. Everything is for the best."

"Perhaps," rejoined Roulette. "But the most frightful thing of all is that the unexplained disappearance comes just at the right time to make known to us apparently the identity of the 'body too many.' Madame, I regret to tell you that the person we cannot find is none other than your uncle, M. Bob."

"Old Bob?" screamed the young woman. "Old Bob has disappeared!" "Unfortunately it is true," said Roulette. "And he let the cane drop to the ground."

But the news of the sudden disappearance of Old Bob had so seized the Rances and the Darzacs that no one paid any attention to the cane as it fell.

"My dear Sainclair, will you be kind enough to pick up that cane?" asked Roulette.

I did as I was ordered, and quickly, too, but Roulette did not even deign to thank me. Mme. Edith turned like a lioness upon Robert Darzac, who recoiled from her almost in fear as she shrieked: "You have killed my uncle!"

Her husband and myself with difficulty prevented her from flying to him. We entreated her to be calm and to remember that because her uncle had absented himself from the peninsula, did not necessarily mean that he had disappeared in the potato sack, and we reproached Roulette with his brutality in blurring out an idea which could only be, at the present time, at all events, a hypothesis of his unsteady mind. But the young woman turned scornfully.

be of assistance to you in accounting for the disappearance of your uncle." "If my uncle has not returned within twenty-four hours I shall lodge a complaint in the hands of the police, monsieur."

"It is a good plan, madame, but first I advise you to question all the servants in whom you have confidence, particularly Mattou. Question him—question him. Ah, before I take my departure allow me to leave with you this excellent and historical book."

And Roulette drew a small volume from his pocket. "This is a work of M. Albert Batallie, a copy of his 'Civil and Criminal Cases,' in which I advise you to read the adventures, disguises, travesties and deceptions wrought by an illustrious swindler whose true name was Balmeyer."

"After having read this," he went on, "ask yourself carefully whether the cleverness of such an individual would have found very great difficulty in presenting himself before your eyes under the guise of an uncle whom you had not seen in four years, for it was four years, madame, since you had seen Old Bob until that time that you started out to the heart of the Pampas to look for him. As to the memory of M. Arthur Rance, who started out with you on that journey, it would be even less distinct than your own, and he would be more capable of being deceived than yourself with your intuition of kinship added to your recollections of your relative. I am going, but I shall return, for if it is necessary to arrive at the intolerable conclusion that Larsan assumed the likeness of M. Bob it will remain for us only to seek M. Bob himself, in which case

"You have twenty-four hours, monsieur. Make the best use of it."

Mme. Edith cast a withering glance at him and left the room, followed by her husband. The sight of the sick struck Darzac speechless. He had thrown the bag into an abyss, and it was brought back empty. Roulette spoke:

"Larsan is not dead, be sure of that! Never has the situation been so frightful as it is today, and I must hurry away at once. I have not a minute to lose. In twenty-four hours I shall be back."

He pressed us to his heart. M. Darzac first, then myself, and then, falling into the arms of the Lady in Black, he burst into a passion of sobs.

But that doesn't excuse you if you are not a Commercial club member. (To be continued.)

G. Akmat of Jacksonville went to Woodville Wednesday to finish up some engineering work for the county. He also has some road work to do in the upper Evans Creek section.

For the Best

In harness, saddles, whips, robes, tents, blankets, wagon sheets, axle grease and gall cure, as well as all kinds of custom work, see

J. C. Smith

314 E. Main.

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 horse, 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 205. WANTED—A chambermaid. Women for housework.

E. F. A. BITTNER, Prop. ROOM 208, PHIPPS BLDG. PHONE MAIN 4141.

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, 5 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

154 MAIN ST. AT CUSICK & M. FERS.

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

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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 & Guthrie 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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