

GERMANY AND U. S. PLAY TARIFF GAME

Half Billion Dollars Is the Stake in Game of Diplomacy Now Being Played.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 20.—Nearly half a billion dollars of trade is the stake in the game of diplomacy now in progress between America and Germany, and the issue will be known within a month. On February 7, in accordance with the notice given to Germany last April by the state department, the reciprocity arrangement made under the Dingley act with Germany will expire, and simultaneously the general tariff rates of that country will apply to all imports from America, unless in the short period intervening Secretary Knox and the German ambassador shall be able to reach a mutually satisfactory understanding.

At this moment the indications are that this understanding is beyond attainment and that it will be only under the stress of a bitter and costly struggle that the two nations can compose their differences and restore their trade to normal conditions.

America will not be the only sufferer from this rupture, for on April 7 next the full rigor of the maximum tariff rates carried by the Payne-Aldrich act will be automatically applied to the vast German import trade, which in 1908 aggregated more than \$160,000,000, and every article of German production coming to America must pay 25 per cent increased duty.

Negotiations have been in progress for months to avoid this issue, but an obstacle has been reached in the demand of the state department for the relaxation of the German prohibition against American cattle. The German government takes the position that these restrictions, founded on veterinary and sanitary reasons, embodied in laws of general application, cannot be regarded properly as discriminatory against the United States, and that it would be as reasonable to expect America to repeal or suspend the pure food law as to require the German government to disregard the provisions of the animal importation act.

While in 1908 Germany sent to America goods valued at \$160,000,000, America shipped to Germany, our second best customer among nations, \$300,000,000 of products.

LAWYER IN HIDING SENDS NOTE INTO COURT

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Jan. 20.—The hunt for Elmer E. Rowell, an attorney, who is wanted to answer several charges of obtaining money under false pretences, was renewed today, following the receipt of a message from the accused lawyer to the effect that he would return and face trial as soon as he recovered from an illness.

The news was delivered to Justice Stephens by a messenger boy, who darted from the room before he could be questioned. This settles the question to a degree as to the whereabouts of Rowell. Previously it was believed that he had escaped to South America, but now it is known that he is hiding in or near this city.

Advertised Letter List.

The following list of letters remain uncalled for at the postoffice at Medford, Or., Wednesday, January 19:

Charles Allery, Katherine Books, Olive Bogue, Walter Caughman, Frank Casey, Mrs. J. H. Crawford, Enid Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Gay, Mrs. I. I. Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Grimm, Patrick J. Ellis, A. B. Foster, C. Hammond, Mrs. Kennedy, John F. Lovelace, A. E. Mathews, O. W. Moore, Meril McNalley, Moshberger & Son, Mrs. Gintsey Miller, Mrs. Zella Menchel, Edw. Olney, Geo. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Parsons, Emma Paulson, Mrs. L. O. Patterson, Charles Postlema, Mr. Press, Martha J. Povlison, Sunnivalde Orchard Co., D. B. Taylor, T. J. Trimble, Charles M. White, R. B. White, O. P. Wolcott, L. G. Woodward, Mrs. J. W. Wright, Package, J. C. Wright.

Parties calling for the above letters will please say advertised. A charge of one cent will be made upon delivery.

A. M. WOODFORD, P. M.

Lost.
Black cocker spaniel. Answers to name "Fritz." Return to postoffice and receive reward.

COULDN'T HIT PLANE SAYS ARTILLERYMEN

At Height and Speed, It Would Be Impossible to Endanger Latham's Flying Machine.

PARIS, Jan. 20.—Hubert Latham's recent high flight, when he attained an altitude of approximately 3500 feet, or nearly three-quarters of a mile, has aroused the greatest enthusiasm among aviators, who consider that it presages great things for 1910.

Latham says that there was no reason why he should not have mounted still higher. Bleriot declares that the aeroplane is destined to surpass the dirigible balloon as an engine of war. Artillery officers agree that an aeroplane having a speed of 50 miles an hour and flying at the height reached by Latham would be invulnerable in time of war, as no gun could be trained upon it.

The machine used by Latham yesterday was an Antoinette monoplane owned by H. S. Harkness of New York.

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant today issued a public appeal for funds with which to erect a monument to the martyrs of aviation.

"VALET" JONES, WANTED IN NEW YORK, IS FOUND

GALVESTON, Tex., Jan. 20.—"Valet" Jones, wanted in connection with the famous murder of William Morris Rice, a New York capitalist, for connection with which Albert T. Patrick, a famous Gotham attorney, is now serving a life sentence, is reported to have been found. Jones' whereabouts are said to have been discovered by a brother of Patrick's, who had been indefatigable in his efforts to free the convicted man.

Jones is reported to have agreed to make a confession which will clear Patrick of participation in the crime.

Albert Patrick, now in Sing Sing prison, was convicted of conspiracy in connection with the untimely death of Rice. He was sentenced to death. Several times he stood within the shadow of the electric chair, but finally his death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment by the late Governor Higgins of New York.

ORDINANCE NO. 288.

An ordinance providing for the construction of a lateral sewer beginning at intersection of Bennett avenue and Roosevelt avenue, thence west to intersection of Howard and Bennett avenue, thence south on Howard street to Washington, thence west on Washington street to Genesee street, and for the assessment of the cost thereof on the property directly benefited thereby, and adjacent thereto and providing a meeting of the council to consider protests against said construction and assessment and the serving of the owners of such property with notice thereof.

The City of Medford doth ordain as follows:

Section 1. It is the intention of the council to cause a lateral sewer to be constructed beginning at intersection of Bennett avenue and Roosevelt avenue, thence west to intersection of Howard and Bennett avenue, thence south on Howard street to Washington, thence west on Washington street to Genesee street, and to assess the cost thereof upon the property directly benefited thereby and adjacent thereto.

Section 2. The council will hear and consider any protests against said construction and the assessing of said property for the cost thereof, at a meeting of the council to be held February 1st, 1910 at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the council chamber in said city, and all property owners of property adjacent to said sewer and benefited thereby are hereby called upon to appear before said council at said time and place and show cause, if any they have, why such construction should not be made and the cost thereof so assessed.

Section 3. The city recorder is hereby directed to serve notice thereof upon the property owners aforesaid, by causing three copies of this ordinance to be posted in three public places in said city, and said ordinances to be published once in a daily newspaper published and of general circulation in the city, at least ten days before the date of said meeting. The foregoing ordinance was passed by the city council of the City of Medford, Oregon, on the 18th day of January, 1910, by the following vote: Welch, aye; Merrick, aye; Emprick, aye; Wortman, aye; Elfert, aye; and Demmer, aye.

Approved January 19th, 1910.
W. H. CANON, Mayor.

Attest:
ROBERT W. TELFER, City Recorder.

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

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

Copyright, 1909, by Bretano's

CHAPTER XV.

Darzac or Larsan?

TWO o'clock in the morning! Every person and every thing in the castle seemed wrapped in slumber. Silence brooded over the heavens and the earth. While I stood at my window, my forehead burning and my heart frozen, the sea yielded its last sigh and in a moment the moon appeared riding like a queen in the cloudless sky. There, in that vast, motionless slumber which seemed to envelope all the world, I heard the words of the Lithuanian folk song, "But his glance seeks in vain for the beautiful unknown who has covered her head with a veil and whose voice he has never heard." The words were carried to my ear, clear and distinct, in the still air of the night. What should the prince of the Black Lands be doing on the azure shore with his Lithuanian melodies?

Why was Mme. Edith attracted toward him? He was ridiculous with his melancholy eyes and his long lashes and his Lithuanian songs! The emotion which was excited in me by the personality of Prince Galtich rose less from my knowledge of the interest which Mme. Edith felt in him than from the thought of that other. In my mind the thought of the prince and that of Larsan somehow went together. And the prince had not returned to the chateau since the famous luncheon at which he was presented to us—that is to say, since the day before yesterday.

The afternoon following Rouletabille's departure had brought us nothing new. We received no news from him nor from Old Bob. Mme. Edith had locked herself up in her own apartments after having questioned the domestics and visiting her uncle's rooms and the round tower. She made no effort to penetrate into the apartments of the Darzacs in the square tower. "That is an affair for the police," she had said.

And now a shadow appeared on the bosom of the starry night—the shadow of a canoe which slowly detached itself from the shadow of the fort and glided out upon the silvery water. Whose is this silhouette which arises proudly in the front of the boat, while another shade bends over a silent oar? It is yours, Prince Galtich! Ah, here is a mystery which might be easier to solve than that of the square tower, Rouletabille. And I, who believed that Mme. Edith had too good a brain and too fine a mind to lend herself to a vulgar intrigue!

I left my bedchamber and went rapidly over to the boulevard in time to see the bark of Prince Galtich landing on the strand in front of the Gardens of Babylon. I recognized the master and servant. It was Feodor Feodorovitch and his serf Jean. A few seconds later they disappeared in the protecting shade of the century plants.

I turned and walked around the boulevard of the court, my heart beating wildly. I seemed to see a form arising in a listening attitude from beneath the arch of the ruined chapel. I paused in the shadow cast by the gardener's tower and drew my revolver. Was it really a human creature who stood there listening? It was the Lady in Black. The moon under the half ruined arch showed me that she was as pale as death.

Suddenly I perceived a shadow beside the Lady in Black, and I recognized Darzac. From the corner where I was I could now hear all that they were saying. Now I thought no longer of Edith and her Prince Galtich. I thought only of Larsan. Why? Why was it on account of Larsan that I bent my ears so anxiously to hear all that went on between those two? I learned from their words that Mathilde had descended stealthily from la Louve to be alone in the garden with her serf and that her husband had followed her. And she took his hands and said to him:

"I know, dear—I know all your grief. You need not speak of it to me when I see you so changed, so wretched. I accuse myself of being the cause of your sorrow. But do not tell me that I no longer love you. Oh, I will love you dearly, Robert, just as I have always done. I promise you."

She pressed his hand and turned away, casting upon him a smile so sweet and yet so sorrowful that I wondered how this woman could speak to a man of future happiness. She brushed past me without seeing me. Darzac remained standing in the same spot, looking after her. Suddenly he said violently:

"Yes, happiness must come! It must!"

My thought took form. As I beheld the gesture of defiance and rapture I dared to say to myself, "If he should be Larsan!"

To the gesture of this man my mind answered with the cry, "This is Larsan!"

I was white with terror, and when I saw Darzac coming in my direction I could not refrain from a movement which revealed my presence while I was trying to conceal it. He saw me and recognized me, and, grasping me by the arm, he exclaimed:

"You were there, Sainclair—you were watching. We are all watching, my friend. And you heard what she said.

Her grief is too great. I can bear no more. We would have been so happy. She imagines that she is to be punished by eternal punishment. It was necessary for the frightful tragedy of last night to prove to me that this woman did love me once. Yes, for one moment all her fears were for me, and I, alas, have blood on my hands only because of her. Now she has returned to her old indifference. She cares no longer. Her only desire is that the old man shall be kept in ignorance."

He sighed so sorrowfully and so sincerely that the abominable idea which it had harbored fled from my mind. I thought only of what he was saying to me—of the sorrow of this man, who seemed to have lost completely the woman whom he loved in the moment when the woman had found a son of whose existence the husband continued to be ignorant. In fact, he had in no way been able to understand the attitude of the Lady in Black as regards the facility with which she had detached herself from him, and he found no explanation for this cruel metamorphosis other than the love heightened by remorse of Professor Stangerson's daughter for her father.

Then the frightful fancy that he was Larsan assailed me, and I demanded:

"How did it happen that the sack was empty?"

He was not in the least taken aback. He replied simply:

"Rouletabille must tell us that."

Then he pressed my hand and wandered away through the undergrowth of the garden. I looked after him and said to myself:

"I have gone mad!"

Now he was standing erect upon the western boulevard, which looked like a pedestal beneath his feet. The rays of the moon enveloped him with a cold and mournful light. Is it you, Darzac, or your specter or the ghost of Larsan come back from the house of death? I speak as though it were years since we had been locked up in the chateau, and it was now just four days.

He began to walk again. I was certain no longer. There is something in his walk which is not Darzac's, something in which I seem to recognize Larsan, but what?

He was almost upon me. He passed by. He had not seen me.

"It is Larsan! I could swear that it was Larsan!"

But he paused for a second and gazed sorrowfully upon all nature slumbering around him—him whose suffering was in loneliness and solitude—and a groan escaped his lips, unhappy soul that he was!

"It is Darzac!"

And then he was gone, and I remained there behind my hedge overwhelmed with the horror of the thought which I had dared to harbor.

I was still beneath the arch of the gardener's postern, and I was just about to enter the Court of the Hold when it seemed to me that I heard something moving. It sounded as though a door might have been closed. Then there was a sound as of wood striking on iron. I thrust my head out from under the arch, and I believed that I could see the shadow of a person near the door of the new castle. I snatched my revolver from my pocket and with three steps was at the place where I believed I had seen the shadow. But it was there no longer. I could see nothing but darkness. The door of the castle was closed, and I was certain that I had left it open. I was disturbed and anxious. I felt that I was not alone. Who, then, could be near me?

I listened attentively for more than five minutes without making the slightest sound. Nothing! I must have been mistaken. But nevertheless I did not even strike a match, and as silently as I could I ascended the staircase which led to my chamber. When I reached it I locked myself in and only then began to breathe freely.

The effect on my mind was so strong that at last I said to myself: "I shall never know peace again until I am certain that Darzac is not Larsan. And I shall take means to make myself certain one way or the other on the first occasion."

Yes, but how? Pull his beard off?

Suddenly I threw off the bedclothes, jumped up and cried almost aloud, "Australia!"

An episode had returned to my mind of which I have spoken at the beginning of this story. The reader may remember that at the time of the accident in the laboratory I had accompanied M. Robert Darzac to a druggist. While his injuries were being attended to he had been obliged to remove his study coat, and the sleeve of his shirt had fallen back, leaving his arm bare through the entire season with the druggist and placing in full view just above the right elbow a large birthmark, the shape of which resembled that of Australia as it appears on the maps in the zoographies. Mentally while the chemist was at work I had amused myself by trying to locate upon the arm in the positions which they occupied on an actual map the cities of Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, etc., and directly beneath this large mark there was another smaller one which was situated like the country known as Tasmania.

And in this sleepless night it was the thought of Australia that came to me. I had scarcely had time to congratulate myself upon having found a means to prove decisively the identity of Darzac and to try to devise some way of bringing it to an immediate test when a singular sound made me prick up my ears.

Breathless, I hurried to my door, and with my ear at the keyhole, I listened. Some one was now ascending the staircase, and some one who desired his presence to be unknown.

All at once, as I was leaning on the broken balustrade, I saw the shadow again. It was lighted up by the moonbeams as though it were a flambeau. And I recognized Robert Darzac.

He raised his head and looked in my direction as though he felt the weight of my eyes upon him. Instinctively I drew back. And then I returned to my post of observation just in time to see him disappear into a corridor which led to another staircase winding up to the battlements. What could this mean? Was Darzac spending the night in the new castle? Why did he take such precautions not to be seen? A thousand suspicions crossed my mind, and I felt that I must set my spirit at rest immediately. I must follow Robert Darzac and discover "Australia."

I reached this door, and, finding it locked, I gave three little taps, certain that he was inside. And I waited. My heart was beating wildly. All these rooms were uninhabited, abandoned. What should M. Darzac be doing in one of these haunted chambers?

"Is it you, Sainclair? What is it, my friend?"

"I wanted to know what you could be doing here at such an hour?" I replied, and it seemed to me that my voice was that of another man, so great was my terror.

"You see, I am preparing for bed."

And he lit a candle, which was placed on a chair, for there was no night stand in this dilapidated apartment. A bed in one corner—an iron bed, which must have been brought there during the day—and a single chair comprised all the furnishings.

"I thought that you were going to sleep near Mme. Darzac and the professor on the first floor of la Louve?"

"The rooms are too small. I was afraid of inconveniencing Mme. Darzac," answered the unhappy man bitterly. "I asked Bernier to fetch me a bed here. And then what difference does it make where I am, since I do not sleep?"

We were both silent for a moment. I was ashamed of myself and of my wretched suspicions. And, frankly, my remorse was so great that I could not refrain from giving it expression. I confessed everything to him—my infamous ideas and how I had even believed when I saw him wandering so mysteriously over the new castle that it was upon some evil errand, and so had decided to go and look for the "Australia" birthmark.

He listened to me with such an expression of reproachful sorrow that it wrung my heart; then he quietly rolled up his shirt sleeve, and, bringing his bare arm close to the light, he showed me the birthmark, which made a sane man of me once more.

"You may rub it as much as you choose," said Darzac gently. "It will not come off."

I begged his pardon a thousand times over, with tears in my eyes, but he would not forgive me until he had me pull at his beard, which remained firmly attached to his chin, instead of coming off in my hand.

Then only he allowed me to go back to my room, which I did, cursing myself for an idiot.

(To be continued.)
Card of Thanks.

We desire to sincerely thank our friends and neighbors for their kind assistance and heartfelt sympathy they have shown us during the sickness and death of Mrs. Judy, a beloved wife and mother.

EDWARD JUDY AND FAMILY.

EMPLOYMENT AND BUSINESS CHANCES

9-room house for rent.

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FOR SALE—4-room bungalow.

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Lots on Grape, 50x100.

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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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