

HOME RULE FOR IRISH NEXT ISSUE

Asquith and Redmond Reach Understanding Which May Give Ireland Long-Sought End.

LONDON, Jan. 27.—Home rule for Ireland will be the next issue for the British elections, according to an agreement reported to have been reached today by Premier Asquith and John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists.

Following the recent declaration of Redmond that he could "answer" for all but ten of the prospective Nationalist members of parliament, it was predicted that the Irish leader, swinging the balance of power that is his through the unusually equal division of Liberals and Conservatives, would demand the final settlement of the home rule problem. The agreement reported to have been reached between the two statesmen outlines the program which will culminate in the introduction of the paramount question of Irish politics.

Will Aid Liberals.

The Nationalists will work together with the Liberals to accomplish the proposed reformation of the house of lords. They will stand with Asquith's party in its fight for the budget and for election reforms. When these matters are disposed of the home rule question will be introduced.

It is confidentially believed among politicians that the compact between Asquith and Redmond assures Ireland of ultimate success in the fight she has waged for decades. It is deemed hardly possible, however, that home rule bill will be introduced at the coming session of parliament.

In view of the fact that about 20 per cent of the Liberal members themselves are opposed to the plan, politicians declare it will give the issue of the next parliamentary election.

The fact that the home rule bill will be advocated by the Liberals will weaken that party at the polls is admitted. The added support it will secure, however, through its sponsorship for the election reform bill is expected to offset this loss.

\$99,242,000 IN GOLD IS MINES' OUTPUT IN 1909

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—The year 1909 in gold mining was marked by increased recovery from the depressed conditions for the two preceding years, according to data presented in a report by the United States geological survey. There was a general advance in development of proved mines and districts. From the preliminary figures of the director of the mint it is estimated that the output of gold for the year reached the total of \$99,242,000, an estimated increase over the production of 1908 from low market price for the metal, and for copper and lead. The estimated production in 1909 of 53,849,000 fine ounces of silver valued at \$28,010,100, indicates an increase of 1,408,200 fine ounces in quantity, but a decrease in value over the product of 1908 of \$40,500.

WILD DUCKS SWIM IN HENRY IV PARK IN PARIS

PARIS, Jan. 27.—A member of the United Press staff saw wild ducks swimming about among the branches of the trees in Henry IV park on the Isle de Cite in the Seine today.

The aged keeper of this park, who had been seriously ill, arose from his bed when the rising waters began to encroach upon its boundaries. He himself led the workmen who battled against the flood until they were practically swept away.

IDAHO LOCAL OPTION LAW IS HELD CONSTITUTIONAL

BOISE, Idaho, Jan. 27.—The supreme court handed down a decision yesterday declaring constitutional the local option law which has been attacked on almost every provision since its passage.

The court declares that the legislature may enact a law the provisions of which will not become operative until a future date, and may specify upon what conditions or event such statute will become operative.

Notice.

Is hereby given that the undersigned will apply at the regular meeting of the city council of Medford, Oregon, on February 1, 1910, for license to sell malt, vinous and spirituous liquors in less quantities than one gallon for a period of six months, at lot 11, block 20, in Medford, Oregon.

W. M. KENNEDY.

Dated January 21, 1910.

THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK

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

Here is "the Body Too Many."

I was an indescribable scene—a moment never to be forgotten. At the gesture of Roulettable the door of the panel swung open, pushed by an invisible hand, just as it had been on that terrible night which had witnessed the mystery of "the body too many."

And the form of a man appeared. Clamor of surprise, of joy and of terror filled the square tower. The Lady in Black uttered a heartrending cry: "Robert, Robert, Robert!"

And it was a cry of joy! Two Darzaes before us so exactly similar that every one of us save the Lady in Black might have been deceived! But her heart told her the truth, even admitting that her reason, notwithstanding the triumphant conviction of Roulettable, might have hesitated. Her arms outstretched, her eyes afloat with love and joy, she rushed toward the second manifestation of Darzac—the one which had descended from the panel. Mathilde's face was radiant with new life; her sorrowful eyes, which I had so often beheld fixed with somber gloom upon that other, were shining upon this one with a joy as glorious as it was tranquil and assured.

It was he! It was he whom she had believed lost—whom she had sought in vain in the visage of the other and had not found there and, therefore, had accused herself, during the weary hours of day and night, of folly which was akin to madness. As to the man who up to the last moment I had not believed to be guilty—as to that wretch who, unvelled and tracked to earth, found himself suddenly face to face with the living proof of his crimes, he attempted yet again one of the daring coups which had so often saved him. Surrounded on every side, he yet endeavored to flee. Then we understood the audacious drama which in the last few moments he had played for our benefit. When he could no longer have any doubt as to the issue of the discussion which he was holding with Roulettable he had had the incredible self control to permit nothing of his emotions to appear and had also been able to prolong the situation, permitting Roulettable to pursue at leisure the thread of the argument at the end of which he knew that he would find his doom, but during the progress of which he might discover perchance some means of escape. And he had effected his maneuvers so well that at the moment when we beheld the other Darzac advancing toward us we could not hinder the impostor from disappearing at one bound within the room which had served as the bedchamber of Mme. Darzac and closing the door violently.

Roulettable during the scene which had passed had thought only of guarding the door opening into the corridor, and he had not noticed that every movement of the false Darzac as soon as he realized that he was being convicted of his imposture had been in the direction of Mme. Darzac's room. The reporter had attached no importance to these movements, knowing, as he did, that this room did not offer any way by which Larsan might escape. But, however, when the scoundrel was behind the door which afforded his last refuge our confusion increased beyond all proportions. One might have thought that we had become suddenly bereft of our senses. We knocked on the door. We cried out. We thought of all his strokes of genius, of his marvelous escapes in the past.

"He will escape us! He will get away from us again!" Arthur Rance was the most enraged of us all. Mme. Edith, who was clinging to my arm, drove her finger nails into my hand in a paroxysm of nervous fear. None of us paid any heed to the Lady in Black and Robert Darzac, who in the midst of this tempest seemed to have forgotten everything—even the clamor and confusion around them. Neither one had spoken a word, but they were looking into each other's eyes as though they had discovered another world—the world which is love. But they had not discovered it; they had merely found it again, thanks to Roulettable.

The latter had opened the door of the corridor and summoned the three domestics to our assistance. They entered with their rifles. But it was useless that were needed. The door was solid and barricaded with heavy bolts. Pere Jacques went out and fetched a beam, which served us as a battering ram. Each of us exerted all his strength, and finally we saw the door beginning to give way. Our anxiety was at its height.

When the door had commenced to yield, Roulettable directed the servants to take up their guns, with the order, however, that the weapons were to be used only in case it should be impossible to capture Larsan living. Then Roulettable set his shoulder to the door with one last powerful effort, and as the boards, wrenched from their hinges, fell to the ground, he was the first to enter the room.

We followed him. And behind him,

upon the threshold, we all halted, stupefied by the sight which met our eyes. Larsan was there, plainly to be seen by every one. And this time there was no difficulty in recognizing him. He had removed his false beard; he had put aside his "Darzac mask;" he had resumed once more the pale, clean shaven face of that Frederic Larsan whom we had known at the Chateau of Glandier. And his presence seemed to fill the entire room. He was lying back comfortably in an easy chair in the center of the room and was looking at us with his great, calm eyes. His arm was stretched along the arm of the chair. His head was resting on the cushion at the back. One would have said that he was giving us an audience and was waiting for us to make known our business. It seemed to me that I could even discern an ironical smile on his lips.

Roulettable advanced toward him. "Larsan," he said in a voice which was not quite steady—"Larsan, do you give yourself up?"

But Larsan did not reply.

Then Roulettable touched the man's face and his hand, and we saw that Larsan was dead.

Roulettable pointed to a ring on the middle finger. The collet was open and showed a hollow cup which was empty. It must have contained a deadly poison. Arthur Rance put his head against the man's chest and assured us that all was over. And Roulettable entreated us to leave him alone in the square tower and to try to forget the terrible events which had passed there. "I will charge myself with everything," he asserted gravely. "Here is 'the body too many.' No one will inquire into the disposition which may be made of it."

And he gave an order to Walter which Arthur Rance translated into English.

"Walter, bring me the sack which you found at the Castillon yesterday." Then he made a gesture to which we were all obedient—a gesture of dismissal. And we left the son face to face with the corpse of the father.

The next moment we saw that M. Darzac was swooning, and we were obliged to carry him into Old Bob's

sitting room. But it was only a passing faintness, and soon he opened his eyes again and smiled at Mathilde when he saw her beautiful face bending over him with the look of dread in which we read the fear of losing her beloved husband at the very moment in which she had, through a chain of circumstances which still remained wrapped in mystery, found him again.

He succeeded in convincing her that his life was not in any danger, and he added his entreaties to those of Mme. Edith that she would go away for a little while and try to get some rest. When the two women had left us, Arthur Rance and myself turned over our attention to our friend. For how could a man whom all of us had believed to be dead and who had been, with the death rattle in his throat, tied up in a sack and carried away have been able to rise again and step down living from the fateful panel? But when we had opened his shirt and discovered the bandage which hid the wound that bore in his breast we recognized that this injury was not a very serious one. The ball which had struck Darzac in the midst of the savage fight which he had been obliged to make against Larsan had planted itself in the sternum, causing a bad external hemorrhage and weakening the entire organism, but fortunately suspending none of the vital functions.

As we finished the task of dressing the wound I heard steps in the corridor and a strange noise—the sound that one hears when a body is carried away on a stretcher. And I thought of Larsan and of the sack which was holding now for the second time "the body too many."

Leaving Arthur Rance to watch over M. Darzac, I hurried to the window. I had not been mistaken. I beheld the sinister funeral cortege in the court outside.

It was nearly midnight. A gathering gloom surrounded everything.

Moving onward in the direction of the oubliette, I saw Roulettable and Pere Jacques—two dark shadows bending over another shadow—a shadow which I recognized and which on that other night of horror I had believed to contain another dead body. The sack seemed heavy. The two men were scarcely able to lift it to the edge of the shaft. And I could see that the little passageway was open—yes, the heavy wooden lid which ordinarily closed it had been removed and was lying on the ground. Roulettable leaped lightly over the edge of the oubliette and then made a step downward. He showed no hesitation. The way seemed to be familiar to him. In a few moments his figure vanished from sight. Then Pere Jacques pushed the sack into the passageway and leaned over the edge, apparently still holding on to his burden, which I could no longer see.

I left the square tower. I went to my own room in the new castle. I stationed myself at the window, and my eyes lost themselves in the depths of the shadows which covered the sea.

All at once far, very far off I fancied that I could see in the narrow red band which was all that remained of the setting sun something that seemed more unreal than a vision.

Into that narrow red band an object entered. It was the shadow of a fishing smack, which glided over the waters as automatically as though it were propelled by machinery, and as its movements became slower and I saw it emerging from the gloom I recognized the form of Roulettable. The oars ceased to move, and I saw my friend rise to his feet. I could recognize him and see everything which he did as clearly as if he had not been ten yards away from me. His gestures were outlined against the red background of the sunset with a fantastic precision.

What he had to do did not take long. He leaned over and got up again, lifting in his arms something which seemed to mix with his form and become a part of himself in the darkness. And then the burden glided down into the water, and the man's figure reappeared alone, still bending, still leaning over the edge of the boat, remaining thus

shrieked in his death struggle he drew forth the ancient weapon from the wound with a violent effort that sent it flying yards distant.

THE END.

A WELL-KNOWN LADY OF YOLO, MODOC AND SACRAMENTO COUNTIES.

Sacramento, Jan. 22, 1910.

I wish to state to the public, for the benefit of my fellow-men and women that are suffering from asthma, complicated with kidney trouble, that for years my wife was in a frightful condition—could not sleep only as she sat up in bed or on a chair, and finally had a severe attack that could not be relieved by any one of the four doctors that I called in, so I suggested Dr. Hing. He not only gave her immediate relief, but in six months cured her, and she has not had an attack nor shown any asthmatic symptoms since. This was in August, 1908. And that she is well and healthy, which can be proven to any one that will take the trouble to call at 601½ K street.

Hoping this may be of benefit to some poor sufferer, I am pleased to refer to and recommend Dr. Hing, Chinese physician, at 725 J street, Sacramento.

Dr. Hing has cured many of my friends of appendicitis, without the use of the knife. W. W. WILSON.

Mrs. E. D. Wilson is the daughter of W. S. Houston, a former prominent merchant of Woodland, and lived in Modoc county for 25 years. Mrs. Wilson was formerly Mrs. W. D. Morris, whose husband, the late Mr. Morris, at one time represented Modoc county in the legislature. Mrs. W. W. Wilson formerly resided at 3115 Cypress avenue, Oak Park, and is now at 601½ K street.

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MONEY MAKER S

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LOTS OF LOTS—Reasonable prices.

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128 East Main Street.

THE DOOR OF THE PANEL SWUNG OPEN AND THE FORM OF A MAN APPEARED.

for an instant motionless, and then once more picking up the oars of the bark, which resumed its automatic motion until it had disappeared completely from the dying glare of the ever narrowing band of red. And then the band of red, too, vanished.

Roulettable had consigned the body of Larsan to the waves of Hercules.

EPILOGUE.

The reader will recall the finding of a scrap of paper with "bonnet" on it, which was handed to Roulettable. He unraveled its mysterious significance. Sainclair had picked it up just after he had missed Brigolies and Larsan on the mountain.

Larsan had schemed to shut up Darzac in a lunatic asylum and so get rid of an obstacle in his way. To do this the signature of a relative is required and of a doctor. Larsan induced Brigolies to give his name and himself forged that of a famous alienist. Roulettable discovered that Darzac had actually been confined in the Mount Barbonnet asylum. He forced Brigolies to confess his crime and through this bit of paper secured Darzac's release.

Roulettable explained to his friend his purpose when he dropped Larsan's case in front of the supposed Darzac. It was to see whether this Darzac would handle it in Larsan's peculiar way. When in the court he handed it and asked Darzac to loosen the carved stone with heavy blows the real Larsan lost his disguise as he straightened the stooping shoulders of the scholar and flourished the cane with the vigor of a true bandit.

Only one other person noticed the startling transformation and allowed Larsan to see that he was recognized. That person was Bernier, and his lack of self control cost him his life in his amazement he stumbled and fell on the flint dagger, which he was carrying, and as he turned over and

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ANNOUNCEMENT

The Rogue River Canning & Evaporating company will devote Mondays and Thursdays of each week to custom work in the manufacture of cider, apple butter and jellies. Phone your orders for nice sweet cider to 11X2. Deliveries will be made on Tuesdays and Fridays of each week.

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10 acres Newtown and Spitz apples, 4-year-old trees; \$5000, easy terms.	200 acres south Eagle Point, \$10,000, easy terms.	Two lots, fine location, \$1500.
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