

Through the Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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So evident was the prisoner's emotion that Hauteville turned for an explanation to the detective, who said something under his breath.

"Very strange! Very important!" reflected the magistrate, then to the accused, "Now I want you to put on the things that were in that bag."

"No!" he cried hoarsely. "I won't do it! I'll never do it!"

Both the judge and Coquell gave satisfied nods at this sign of a breakdown, but they rejoiced too soon, for by a marvelous effort of the will the man recovered his self mastery and calm.

"After all," he corrected himself, "what does it matter? I'll put the things on." He donned the boots and garments of the woodcarver.

"There!" said the prisoner when the thing was done.

But the judge shook his head. "You've forgotten the beard and the wig. Suppose you help make up his face," he said to the detective.

M. Paul fell to work zealously at this task, and, using an elaborate collection of paints, powders and brushes that were in the bag, he presently had accomplished a startling change in the unrecognizing prisoner. He had literally transformed him into the woodcarver.

"If you're not Groener now," said Coquell, surveying his work with a satisfied smile, "I'll swear you're his twin brother. It's the best disguise I ever saw. I'll take my hat off to you on that."

"Extraordinary!" murmured the judge. "Groener, do you still deny that this disguise belongs to you?"

"I do."

"You haven't a young cousin known as Alice Groener?"

"No."

During these questions the door had opened silently at a sign from the magistrate, and Alice herself had entered the room.

"Turn around!" ordered the judge sharply, and as the accused obeyed he came suddenly face to face with the girl.

At the sight of him Alice started in surprise and fear and cried out, "Oh, Cousin Adolf!"

"Am I talking to you with your cousin's voice? Pay attention—tell me—am I?" asked the prisoner.

Alice shook her head in perplexity. "It's not my cousin's voice," she admitted.

The prisoner pulled off the beard and wig. Now the girl retraced her original identification.

"And it's not your cousin," declared the prisoner. Then he faced the judge. "Is it reasonable that I could have lived with this girl for years in so intimate a way and been wearing a disguise all the time? It's absurd. She has good eyes. She would have detected this wig and false beard. Did you ever suspect that your cousin wore a wig or false beard?" he asked Alice.

"No," she replied. "I never did."

"You see," he triumphed to the magistrate, "she can't identify me as her cousin for the excellent reason that I'm not her cousin. I tell you I'm not Groener."

"Who are you then?" demanded the judge.

"You have no business to ask unless you can show that I have committed a crime, which you haven't done yet."

assault on the photographer and on the stolen books of Kliffrede. He sneered contemptuously at Hauteville and Coquell. The judge finally had the guard put handcuffs on the prisoner prior to ordering him to the Sante prison. Now the accused showed furious anger.

"Mark my words, Judge Hauteville," he threatened fiercely. "You have ordered handcuffs put on a prisoner for the last time."

"What do you mean?"

But almost instantly Groener had become calm again.

"Groener," demanded the magistrate impressively, "we are coming to an unpleasant part of this examination. It is unpleasant because it forces a guilty person to betray himself and reveal more or less of the truth that he tries to hide."

The prisoner looked up incredulously. "You say it forces him to betray himself?"

"That's practically what it does."

"Why?"

"Because if you are guilty we shall know it and can go on confidently looking for certain links now missing in the chain of evidence against you. On the other hand, if you are innocent we shall know that, too, and if you are innocent, Groener, here is your chance to prove it. We make the accused register his own guilt or his own innocence with his own words."

"Whether he wishes to or not?"

The judge opened a leather portfolio and selected several sheets of paper ruled in squares. Then he took out his watch.

(To Be Continued.)

CITY NOTICES.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

Be it resolved by the city council of the city of Medford, Oregon: That notice is hereby given that a special election in and for the city of Medford, and in and for the territory hereinafter described, has been ordered by said council to be held, and the same will be held on the 24th day of May, 1910, between the hours of 9 o'clock, a. m., and 5 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of submitting to the qualified electors of said city at said election the following question:

Shall the boundaries of the city of Medford be altered by including therein the following described territory, to-wit:

Commencing at the northeast corner of section 36, township 37, range 2 west of the Willamette meridian; thence south on the east line of said section 36 to the north line of donation land claim No. 85, in said town and range; thence west along the north line of said donation land claim No. 85 and donation land claim No. 84, of said town and range to the northwest corner of said donation land claim No. 84; thence north to the north line of said section 36, being the present boundary of said city of Medford; thence east along said north line of said section 36 and the present boundary of said city, to place of commencement; all in Jackson county, Oregon.

The following are hereby designated as the places in said city at which the polls will be open within said city:

First ward—Commercial Club rooms.
Second ward—Nash hotel.
Third ward—City hall.

The following is hereby designated as the place in the territory above described at which the polls will be open:

Fourth house from south city limits, on west side of county road extending south from the end of Newtown street in said city.

The following have been and hereby are, appointed and designated as judges and clerks of said election:

First ward in said city—L. L. Damon, judge; G. P. Lindley, judge and clerk; C. W. Davis, judge and clerk.

Second ward in said city—L. B. Warner, judge; J. Bellinger, judge and clerk; William Ulrich, judge and clerk.

Third ward in said city—M. F. McCown, judge; Scott Davis, judge and clerk; H. B. Cady, judge and clerk.

In the territory heretofore described—C. W. Rinaberger, judge; R. A. Johnson, judge and clerk William Murray, judge and clerk.

The electors of said city of Medford, and the electors of the territory hereinbefore described, are hereby invited to vote on said proposition by placing upon their ballots, "for annexation" or "against annexation" or words equivalent thereto.

Resolved further, that this notice be published in the daily Mail Tribune, a newspaper of general circulation in said city of Medford, and in territory above described, for a period of four weeks prior to such election, and also four copies thereof be posted in four public places in said city, and four public places within the territory above described, for a like period, by the city recorder or under his direction.

TELLS OF GREAT CHANGES MADE PAST 34 YEARS

View From Summit of Table Rock Has Altered Greatly During Past Generation—J. G. Martin Writes Interesting Article.

To the Editor:

As the days are getting longer and the nights shorter, it seems the time of year when the mind of poor much-abused man inclines to green fields, climbing mountains and running brooks, so I thought I would hike away and spend a strenuous day in pursuit of pleasure and sightseeing in climbing the rough and rugged sides of the north Table Rock and note the present changes going on in beautiful Rogue River valley and recall to mind my first visit and its impressions it gave in October, 1876. Well, I left Medford, the city of progress and morality at 6 o'clock in the evening, wrapped in stillness, and as I write, the weather man holds the key that promises a warm, clear, sunny day; an ideal one for long distance sightseeing.

I found the county roads leading to the north Rogue River bridge, noticeably straightened now and comparatively smooth and much improved with good bridges culverts, drainage, finger boards giving distances, etc., for the benefit of the modern traveler and but for the constant dodging of teams, autos, clouds of dust, jaded dogs with their tongues out and tails half mast, a countless variety, apparently my walk to the walk would have been of but little interest to your many readers, but I reached the south base at 10 p. m., a bit leg weary but game, and continued my walk around to the north side where I spent twenty-five years of my industrious life very pleasantly stirring the dirt among the industrious laboring citizens of that rich, agricultural section of north Rogue River that lies in the shadow of this historical mountain on the north, south and west and borders on the east by the clear crystal waters of the majestic Rogue River that is clothed with a dense forest of cottonwood trees whose beauty and attractiveness is unsurpassed. My first greeting from an old settler was by Mr. Jack Rabbit, but I did not take him for a lamb and try to corral him like Dr. Oliver said his herder did. After resting for half an hour, looking over familiar scenes in Antioch and mountain districts, I began my climb on the only trail that leads by the only waters among the towering cliffs. Firs and the dense forests of the beautiful evergreen, mahogany, where the indescribable varieties of sweet scented mountain flowers grow so profusely. I reached the barren summit at 11:30 p. m., without accident, with no stir of life to be seen. Naturally a bit of loneliness crept over me, but I soon got interested in my bottle and gram gems and a comfortable seat on the soft side of a huge boulder overlooking the valley from the south.

Here I recall my first visit from this point in '76, with dust rising from the overland stage coach, Jacksonville and central pioneer towns and a few farm houses in the distance, hills and valleys dotted with countless horses and cattle, with no railroad nor telegraph or telephone lines. Thirty-four years of rapid undreamed of changes, improvements and developments, pictures to me an indescribable change as I sit looking over the beautiful fruitful valley in the distance, the curling of smoke from the furnaces of new manufacturing cities, magnificent farm houses, orchards, shrill shrill whistles from the various railroads, telegraph and telephone lines that circle the valley, checkered with endless fences are now to be seen, tell the whole story how a slow mossback southern Oregon then looked in 1876 and how the attractive picture looks today, May, 1910.

Well, feeling pretty well rested, I left the summit at 1:30 a. m. by the south trail reaching my home in the city of Medford at 10 a. m., tired some, bruised some, with a strange itching all over, as though I had contracted a mild attack of the seven-yearitch that I recall the pioneer Missouri kids were afflicted with that came to Oregon in 1852.

J. G. MARTIN.

No store is too small to afford a campaign of classified advertising. No store will remain small after such a campaign has progressed favorably for a time.

Some of today's store news may be as "newsy" for you as the paper's first page dispatches!

Haskins for Health.

EAGLE POINT EAGLETS

By A. C. Howlett

E. S. Wolfer has been doing the plumbing work on P. H. Daley's new house since I wrote last and Webb & Brown, Joe Williams and Webb, Sr., are at this time (Saturday morning) plastering the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Ditsworth of Peyton called for dinner Wednesday on their way home from Medford, where they had been for some of their supplies and to visit her daughter, who is a saleslady in one of the drygoods stores of Medford.

Last Wednesday Fred Bellam's team, which was working for Mr. Grey on the old Moomaw place, took a notion to take a spin around our town, while Lester Abbot was arranging a bale of hay in the wagon, but just after they started Lester caught the lines, but they had got such a start that they ran a short distance and collided with an oak tree, with the result that Lester was thrown out of the wagon and his head cut slightly and his knee quite badly hurt, so that he had to lay off and go to his home near Clark's creek.

Last Thursday Rev. M. C. Davis rode in on his bike and spent the night with us, and Friday morning started for Ashland to meet Rev. William Ewing of Boston, missionary secretary of the Congregational church of the United States, and Howard N. Smith, state missionary for the Congregational Sunday school interests of Oregon. Rev. Davis expects to go to Butte Falls and preach on the night of the 20th of May and go from there to Central, near Trail, to assist in a basket making on the 22d inst.

E. L. Cooley has been conducting the examination of the applicants for eighth grad certificates during the last few days, he having been appointed by the board to perform

that important duty. There were seven applicants, viz.: Clara Zimmerman, Fern Daley, Grace Brown, Harry Bryant, Charles Patten, Frank Hazelton and Robert Pelouze. Mr. Daley, the teacher, expressed the opinion that they would all pass, and Mr. Cooley remarked that they are a class of bright children. Such children as these will make their mark in the world.

Born—May 11, to Mr. and Mrs. Lanning Dugan, a 9½-pound boy.

Elmer Spencer, who has been stopping at the Sunnyside for some time and receiving treatment from Dr. Conroy of Medford, has so far recovered as to be able to return to his home near Dudley. He was taken up in one of the Sunnyside rigs last Friday.

Len E. Smith went last Thursday to Fish Lake to take Thomas Stearson and Charley Wilkinson to that region for the summer.

Mrs. R. C. Lawton reports that they have their bungalow well along and will soon have the roof on. They are planning to have their ten-acre tract well improved and have everything handy.

There has been a big rush in our town for several days and the crowd seems to increase in size and interest. There are people here every day looking for homes, and one of the mechanics who has been working on the new houses that are going up tried to buy a lot Friday on which to build, but at last accounts had not succeeded.

Last Thursday evening our daughter Lavia and four children, Mrs. G. H. Shaw of Fairview, Or., came in on us announced. She reports that her husband, who was accidentally shot last November, is getting along nicely. He has opened a grocery store and is doing well.

Portland broke even with Los Angeles in the double-header Sunday and still have their flippers on the top rung of the ladder.

Loses Race Against Time.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., May 17.—Mrs. Belle Fulton's race from Los Angeles to Paris against time is lost. Her son, Robert Fulton, to whose bedside she was hurrying, is dead, according to messages received here today.

Mrs. Fulton last Friday received word that her son lay critically ill of typhoid fever in Paris. Within three hours she had started for New York on the first lap of her race against death. She was to have sailed tomorrow on the Lusitania.

TROOPS CALLED TO QUIET RIOTS

Missouri National Guard Ordered Out to Quell Disturbances Started by Drunken Strikers—Twenty-one Hundred Men Are Out.

HANNIBAL, Mo., May 17.—Companies C of Kirksville and E of Hannibal, of the Missouri National Guard, arrived at the plant of the Atlas Portland Cement company at Ilaseo shortly after midnight to quiet a mob of 1500 strikers. Most of the strikers are foreigners.

Late last night they became boisterous and started to fire off guns. Liquor was to be had in abundance.

The reports of the firearms and the shouts of the rioters caused the officials to order out the militia. Colonel W. J. Hill has asked Governor Hadley to declare Ilaseo under martial law and close the saloons.

The men struck yesterday noon. Twenty-one hundred men were affected.

REGISTRATION OF LAND TITLE.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon for the county of Jackson.

In the matter of the application of Scott V. Davis to register title to the following described real estate, situated in Jackson county, state of Oregon, to-wit:

Lots one (1) and two (2) in block number twenty-three (23) of the original city (formerly town) of Medford as the same is marked and delineated on the recorded plat thereof.

Charles M. Meeker, Minerva A. Meeker, E. P. Purcell, Lucinda Purcell and P. E. Benson and all whom it may concern, defendants.

Take notice, that on the 16th day of April, A. D. 1910, an application was filed by Scott V. Davis in the circuit court for Jackson county, Oregon, for initial registration of the title of the land above described.

Now unless you appear on or before the 18th day of June, 1910, and show cause why such application shall not be granted, the same will be taken as confessed and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of the application and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

Witness my hand and the seal of the court hereto affixed this 2d day of May, 1910.

W. R. COLEMAN, County Clerk of Jackson County and ex-Officio Clerk of the Circuit Court for said County and State. (Seal)

By M. B. TOWNE, Deputy.

B. F. MULKEY, Attorney for Applicant.

Haskins for Health.

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APEX OF PICTUREDOM.

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