

Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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"The other day you said you were sorry when you left me in that hot cellar," said Coquell. "Now you're in a fairly hot place yourself, baron, and I'm not sorry."

De Heidelbergmann-Bruck shrugged his shoulders. "The point is," said the baron, "I am going to pay the price that society exacts when this sort of thing is found out. I am perfectly willing to pay it, not in the least afraid to pay it and, above all, not in the least sorry for anything. I want you to remember that and repeat it. I have no patience with cowardly, canting talk about remorse. I have never for one moment regretted anything I have done, and I regret nothing now. Nothing! I have had five years of the best this world can give—power, fortune, social position, pleasure, everything, and whatever I pay I'm ahead of the game. I want you to believe, though, that I was genuine when I said I liked you. I was ready to destroy you, but I liked you. I like you now, Coquell, and this is perhaps our last talk; they will take me off presently, and you collect odd souvenirs—here is one—a little goodby—from an adversary who was—game, anyway. You don't mind accepting it?"

There was something in the man's voice that Coquell had never heard there. Was it a faint touch of sentiment? He took the ring that the baron handed him, an uncut ruby, and looked at it thoughtfully.

He handed back the ring. The baron's face darkened. He made an angry gesture. Then he twisted the ring in his fingers. "Ah, that pride of yours! You've been brilliant, you've been brave, but never unkind before. It's only a bauble, Coquell, and"—

De Heidelbergmann-Bruck stepped suddenly, and M. Paul caught a savage gleam in his eyes; then, swiftly, the baron put the ring to his mouth and, sucking in his breath, swallowed hard. The detective sprang forward, but it was too late.

"A doctor—quick!" he called to the guard. "No use!" murmured the rich man, sinking forward.

Coquell tried to support him, but the body was too heavy for his banded hand, and the prisoner sank to the floor.

"I—I won the last trick, anyhow," the baron whispered.

Coquell picked up the ring that had fallen from a nerveless hand. He put it to his nose and sniffed it.

"Prussic acid!" he muttered. Two minutes later, when Dr. Duprat rushed in, the Baron de Heidelbergmann-Bruck, unafraid and unrepentant, had gone to his last long sleep. His face was calm, and even in death his lips seemed set in a mocking smile of triumph.

When a sweet young girl finds herself in serious debt to a man and at the same time one of the richest heiresses in the world, she naturally wishes to give some substantial form to her gratitude, even to the extent of a few odd millions from her limitless store, which Alice was very glad to do.

At any rate, Coquell was henceforth far beyond any need of following his profession. Whatever use he might in the future make of his brilliant talents would be for the sheer joy of conquest and strictly in the spirit of art for its own sake.

On the other hand, if at any time he wished to undertake a case it was certain that the city of Paris or the government of France would tender him their commissions on a silver salver, for now, of course, his justification was complete, and by special arrangement he was given a sort of roving commission from headquarters, with indefinite leave of absence. Best of all, he was made chevalier of the Legion of Honor "for conspicuous public service." What a day it was, to be sure, when Mme. Coquell first caught sight of that precious red badge on her son's coat!

As for the lovers, there is only this to be said—that they were ridiculously, indescribably happy.

The young American had one grievance. "It's playing it low on a fellow," he said, "when he's just squared himself to hustle for a poor candle seller to change her into a howling millionaire. I'd like to know how the devil I'm going to be a hero now?"

"Silly boy!" she laughed, her radiant eyes burning on him.

"You darling!" he cried. "My little Alice!"

She looked up at him archly. "Lloyd, dear, I know a nicer name than Alice or Mary."

"What is it, you little beauty?" he murmured, drawing her closer still and pressing his lips to hers.

Then, with wonderful dancing lights in those deep, strange windows of her soul, she whispered, "The nicest name in the world for me is Mrs. Lloyd Kiltredge!"

THE END.

The ads are taking on that "vacation tone," nowadays.

Haskins for Health.

EAGLE POINT EAGLETS

By A. C. Howlett

Friday last I visited Wolf Creek with the family of a friend and ministerial brother, Rev. Mark C. Davis, the Sunday school missionary for the Congregational church in Southern Oregon. In passing along over the route I noticed several changes that had taken place since last fall and especially with regard to the fruit culture, for I could notice that a number of tracts of land had been recently put to fruit and that the families along the route were turning their attention to the culture of berries, and the general appearance of things led me to the conclusion that the farmers of Rogne valley were up to date. I also noticed that the towns presented a much neater appearance than what they did a year ago. At Grants Pass we were led to think that we had arrived at a city of some importance, as our ears were greeted with the crying of the vendors of popcorn, ice cream, Oregon apples, peanuts, etc., as well as the names and prices of fare at the different hotels. I could see that there was considerable improvements going on in the streets, but the main part of the town is so far from the railroad that I could not see much of it.

At that place the sheriff of Josephine county and one of his deputies, H. N. Parker, boarded the car with Mr. McGuire, on his way to the penitentiary. Mr. Parker had his family on board, and after leaving the prisoner they intended to go on to Washington to visit friends there. By 8:30 p. m. I arrived at Wolf Creek, where I was met by Mr. Davis, and after a horseback ride of four miles reached his home, where I found preparations being made for a wedding the following Sunday.

Sunday morning by 9 o'clock some of the invited guests began to arrive and by 11 there were 21 of us there to enjoy the marriage festivities, and at 11:10 George L. Howard and Miss Maude Ellen Davis were joined in matrimony by her father, Rev. Mark C. Davis, under a beautiful arbor that had been arranged of evergreens and roses. After congratulations were over and the presents were presented, photos of the bride

and bridegroom standing under the arbor were taken, and later a photo was taken of the entire group and then dinner was announced, and the dinner corresponded with the other arrangements. In the afternoon the young couple moved to their home that Mr. Howard had arranged in advance. Mr. Howard has a store and postoffice in Placer and is a young man of promise, while Mrs. Howard is a lady of fine accomplishments.

While I was away from home Geo. West, who has been in the Big Butte country, came out to visit his family and friends and started this (Tuesday) morning for his new station, Silver Camp.

There was a large crowd of Eagle Pointers went to Medford and Central Point on Decoration day.

When I arrived at Eagle Point I found Charley and Al Morine on their way to their home on Elk creek. John R. Allen, of railroad fame, was the guest of Fred Palouze last Sunday.

The Phoenix ball team met the Eagle Point ball team here last Sunday and the game stood 12 to 11 in favor of Eagle Point.

There was a large crowd in town that day and there were between 50 and 60 persons took dinner at the Sunnyside, and during the day there were 118 meals eaten at the hostelry. That gives some idea of the amount of business there is done in Eagle Point sometimes. Mrs. Howlett is having a tent put up to make more bedrooms.

P. McHugh, one of the railroad contractors, stopped here Monday night and Tuesday morning procured a horse and went up on the line to look over some of the work that is to be constructed east of Butte Falls.

Miss Bertha Peachey came out on the P. & E. Monday evening and was met by her brother and went to Yankee creek.

There is considerable complaint being made about the condition of the road between here and Brownsboro and I am requested to call attention to that part of the road through the Mail Tribune.

CENTRAL POINT NEWSLETTER

Mrs. Lettie Harvey returned on Sunday evening from a visit to friends in Ashland.

J. O. Isaacson and wife, Miss Elizabeth Stanton and H. W. Lindsay picnicked and fished on the banks of the Rogue last Monday.

Mr. Austin, who a few weeks ago bought the Kahler tract on Bear Creek is moving out on his ranch today. He has just put up two nice tents which he and his wife will use as a dwelling until their house now being planned is completed. They have been occupying rooms with Grandma Moore during the spring.

Mildred Hawk, the little ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hawk of Central Point, is a juvenile singer of remarkable talent. This town has its full quota of fine child voices, but little Miss Mildred is easily in the lead, and if her beautiful voice receives the proper training at the proper time, it will doubtless be developed into a lyric soprano of high quality in days to come.

G. H. Warnsley, Mabel Warnsley, John Watkins, N. S. Wood and Mrs. J. W. Grover, came in from Eagle Point to attend the Memorial Day services on Monday.

Miss Esther Merritt is expected home Thursday morning from Sacramento where she has been spending the first two weeks of her vacation with a girl friend and schoolmate, Miss Isabel Curtis of the above city. Miss Curtis accompanies her and will be a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt for some weeks. Central Point's younger social set will be very much alive during her stay as many little parties and "at homes" are being planned in her honor.

Dr. Kirch Gessner came in town to meet his wife last Sunday evening, she having returned from a visit to friends in Spokane.

Mrs. J. B. Welch, postmistress at Ashetos, was in town on Monday on her way to Griffin Creek to meet her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Hull, from Iowa. Mr. and Mrs. Hull were visiting other friends in Griffin Creek and express themselves as greatly pleased with the climate, the beauty and the general advantages of this valley.

Plumbers came from Medford Monday evening to put the water connections in the Central Point hotel and lay pipes that will connect with the water mains. The work of remodeling and renovating the old hotel is certainly being thoroughly done in all departments.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Tex and little Paul leave for Portland next Sunday morning to be gone a number of weeks. The little one will there be placed under the care of specialists,

and it is the fervent hope of their many friends in this city that success may attend the treatment, and the little fellow may be made strong and well.

Chalmers Gilmore's friendly countenance now looks out at you through the stamp window at the local post-office and will continue to do so for a month at least, as Mr. Gilmore is going to fill the place of Postmaster Tex during the absence of the latter.

Mrs. C. V. Beeler and Mrs. J. C. Barnard of Ashland, daughters of the late Mathias Welch, came up Monday to lay floral decorations on the grave of their father, returning the same day.

NATURE'S WARNING.

Medford People Must Recognize and Heed It.

Kidney ills come quietly—mysteriously.

But nature always warns you. Notice the kidney secretions. See if the color is unhealthy—If there are settlements and sediment. Passages frequent, scanty, painful.

It's time then to use Doan's Kidney Pills.

To ward off Bright's disease or diabetes.

Doan's have done great work in Medford.

A. Z. Sears, 231 Fifth street, Medford, Or., says: "Since publicly recommending Doan's Kidney Pills in 1907, I have used them occasionally and they have always brought fine results. I was afflicted with severe pains in my back and I often found it almost impossible to stoop. The kidney secretions passed too frequently and this weakness was a source of much annoyance. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly recommended, I procured a box at Haskins' drug store and by the time I had finished the contents I could see that they were the right remedy for my trouble. Gradually the pains and other difficulties disappeared and my health improved. I cheerfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to every one afflicted with kidney complaint."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

NOTICE.

My property which I had on the market for sale I now withdraw until further notice.

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R. J. COLE.

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One of the Most Beautiful Resident Sections of Medford

Roanoke Addition is just far enough out to eliminate all noise and bustle of the business section and yet it is just right for the man who is in business. Only ten minutes' walk from the railroad. This is becoming one of the most finished residence districts of Medford. The lots all face on Main street and Rose avenue. Cement sidewalk all in. Sewer and water mains laid. The lots are high and slightly, which gives them a great advantage. Building restrictions \$2000. There are already several fine new cottages on the property. These lots are quite large, being 50x137, which gives plenty of room for garden and garage and other necessary buildings.

Come and make your selections early. Prices \$735 to \$750 for east and west front lots.

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Roanoke