



HALF A CHANCE

By Frederic S. Isham,

Author of "The Strollers," "Under the Rose," "The Lady of the Mount," Etc.

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Beneath disheveled masses of thick dark hair the brutish face continued to study the fairylike one. For the instant words seemed to fall him. "Do you mean," he observed, "you come back here for that measly dicky bird?"

"It isn't measly, and it isn't a dicky bird," she answered indignantly. "And I'll thank you not to call it that. It's a love bird, and its name is Dearie." "Dearie! Ho, ho!" His laughter, strangled at such a moment, died abruptly. "Do you know what you've gone and done on account of what's in that cage?" he demanded, almost fiercely. "You've got left!"

"Left?" said she blankly, shrinking from him a little. "You don't mean—Oh, I thought I would be only a minute! They haven't really gone and—"

The great fingers closed on her arm. "They've gone, and the crew's gone! Both boats are gone!" "Oh!" The big blue eyes widened on him, and an inkling of her plight seemed to come over her. Her lips trembled, but she held herself bravely. "You mean we must drown?"

The thunder of seas breaking on the deck answered. A cascade of water dashed down the companionway and swept round them. The man bent toward the child. "Look at that! Now, ain't ye sorry ye come back?" "I couldn't leave it to drown!"—passionately—"couldn't—couldn't!"

"Blow me, she's gone!" With difficulty he maintained his equilibrium. "See here! Maybe there's a chance if any of them's left to help with the raft. But we've got to get out of this!"

He passed his hand through her arm, awaiting a favorable moment, and then, making a dash for the stairs, drew her as best he might to the deck. Of living man he caught no sight. Only a single one of the dead yet remained, sliding about on the slippery planks with the movement of the ship, now to leeward, now rushing in a contrary direction, as if some grotesque spirit of life yet animated the dark, shapeless form.

From wave washed decks the man's glance turned to the sea. Suddenly he started, his eyes straining. He stared hard. "Maybe they've missed you. One of the ship's boats seems headin' this way!"

"Are they coming back to save us?" asked the child.

The convict did not answer. Could the boat make the ship, could it hope to, in that sea? Undoubtedly no.

"Put yer arms round my neck," said the man, stooping. She put one of them around, with the other held up the cage. He opened the door of the wickerwork prison and a tiny thing flew out. Then he straightened. Both arms were around him now.

"'Fraid?" he whispered hoarsely. The child shook her head.

An instant he waited, then launched himself forward. Buffeted hither and thither, he made a fierce fight for the wall, reached it and leaped far out into the seething waters.

CHAPTER III.
AN UNAPPRECIATED BOUNTY.
IN the prime of his belligerent career the Pet of Frisco had undergone many fierce contests and withstood some terrible punishments, but never had he undertaken a task calling for greater courage and power of endurance than the one he had this night voluntarily assumed. Overwhelmed again and again by the waves, each time he emerged with the child tight against his breast. Half strangled, he continued to fight on. But at length even his dogged obstinacy and determination began to flag. He felt his strength going, when, raising his eyes, he saw one of the small craft from the lost vessel bearing directly down upon him.

shipping several barrels of water. At the same time some one made the loosened sheet taut, the canvas caught the gust, and the craft gained sufficient headway to enable her to run over and not be run down by the seas. As she careened and plunged, racing down a frothing dark billow, the convict, relieved of his burden, clung to the lower gunwale. By a desperate effort he drew himself up, when a face vaguely remembered as part of a bad dream looked into his with a flash of surprise.

"Eh? Gimme a hand." The asked for hand swept suddenly under the one grasping the side of the boat and shot up sharply. In the darkness and confusion no one saw the act. The convict disappeared, but his half articulate curses followed.

"The fellow's let go," muttered Lord Ronsdale, with a shiver. At the steering oar the chief mate, hearing the cries of the man, cast a swift glance over his shoulder and flustered. To bring the boat, half filled with water, around now meant inevitable disaster. One experiment of the sort had well nigh ended in their all being drowned. He knew he was personally responsible for the lives in his charge, and with but an instant in which to decide he declined to repeat the risk.

"He's probably gone by this time, anyhow," he told himself and drove on. "He's done me—done me!" the convict repeated to himself. "And I ain't never goin' to git a chance to fix him," he thought and looked despairingly at the sky. "Ain't never! The slob!" And with a flood of almost sobbing invective he let himself go.

But as the waters closed over him and he sank his hand, reaching blindly out to grip in imagination the foe, touched something round, like a serpent or an eel. His fingers closed about it. It proved to be a line. He drew himself along, and to his surprise found himself again on the surface and near a great fragment of wreckage. This he might have discovered earlier but for the anger and hatred that had blinded him to all save the realization of his inability to wreak vengeance. Now, though he managed to reach the edge of the swaying mass from which the line dangled, he was too weak to draw himself up on the floating timbers.

But he did pass a loop beneath his arms, and thus sustained he waited for his strength to return. Finally, his mind in a daze, the convict clambered, after repeated efforts, upon the wreckage, fastened the line about him again, and, falling into a saucer-like hollow, he sank into unconsciousness.

The night wore on. He did not move. The sea began to subside. Still he lay as if dead. Dawn's rosy lips kissed away the black shadows, touched tenderly the waves' tops, and at length the man stirred. He tried to sit up, but at first could not. Finally he raised himself and looked about him.

No other sign of the vessel than that part of it which had served him so well could he see. This fragment seemed rent from the bow. Yes, there was the yellow wooden mermaid bobbing to the waves, but not as of old. Poor castout trollop! Now the seas made sport of her who once had held her head so high!

(To Be Continued.)

SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OREGON THRESHERS' ASSOCIATION, ALBANY, ORE., JUNE 2 AND 3, 1910.

Round trip rate of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan will be made by O. R. & N. and S. P. companies. Tickets on sale May 29th to June 3d, inclusive, good for return until June 10th. Important subjects will be discussed, including an address by a special representative of the U. S. government.

For further information as to rates, dates of sale, etc., call on any O. R. N. or S. P. agent.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS. Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of stockholders of the Pacific and Eastern Railway will be held at the office of the company, in Medford, Oregon, on Monday, June 6, 1910, at 10 o'clock a. m.

By order of the President, G. P. HUMPHREY, Secretary.

SCHOOL CLERKS' CALL. Notice is hereby given that there are funds on hand for the redemption of all school warrants protested prior to January 1st, 1910, and that interest on such warrants will cease on the date of this notice, June 3, 1910.

ORIS CRAWFORD, Clerk District No. 49.

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REWARD

\$5 REWARD WILL BE GIVEN TO THE BOY OR GIRL WRITING THE BEST ESSAY ON "WHY THE MERCHANTS DON'T ADVERTISE."

Instructions. Close some merchant or firm in Medford who does not advertise in this paper and write a story of from 100 to 500 words. Give as many reasons as possible—tell everything you can about WHY you think that merchant or firm does not advertise.

Write only on one side of the paper and plainly. Below are a number of questions which may help you in writing your story.

Remember, the essay which in our judgment best defines the non-advertiser will receive a reward of \$5 as pay for services performed and will be printed in the paper.

All essays must be in not later than Friday, June 7.

Who are some of the merchants and firms who don't advertise? Do you think they are progressive? Do they care whether there is a live daily in town?

Do they take a daily paper? Is it a local paper or foreign? Are they hustlers in business? Are they crowded with customers? Do they carry the best qualities? Do they sell for the lowest prices? Do they believe in boosting the town or are they knockers?

If they don't advertise, do they show any special desire for an increased business? Who would you prefer to deal with—a merchant that asked for your business or one that didn't?

Do you think that a merchant who spends money advertising will advertise a poor article? Here are some facts which may help you in writing your story: The majority of users of largest advertising space conduct the largest businesses.

Persistent advertisers most all increase their business (if the advertisements are truthful).

The newest newspapers are as a rule the ones patronized most liberally. A newspaper cannot exist without a liberal patronage. The community's best booster is the live newspaper. No store could exist in Medford or any other town if everybody sent away for goods—the same principle applies to newspapers. A good, live paper, filled with up-to-date advertising, denotes a live, progressive, wide-awake, hustling town.

Haskins for Health.

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NOTICE. Bids will be received by the board of directors of district No. 49, for a cement floor to be placed in the North school building. Bids to be per square foot. All bids to be filed with Oris Crawford, clerk, by 3 p. m. June 20, 1910. Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

ORIS CRAWFORD, Clerk. Haskins for Health.

Land for Sale

I have a few choice tracts of good orchard land for sale. Tracts from twenty (20) to one hundred and sixty (160) acres. The land is situated in the famous apple belt, near the world-famed Tronson & Guthrie orchard, near Eagle Point, Or. Some of the land is improved and some unimproved.

I also have property in the town of Eagle Point for sale. Those intending to purchase please give me a call in person or call Eagle Point central by phone.

A. B. Zimmerman

Medford Iron Works

E. E. TROWBRIDGE, Proprietor. FOUNDRY AND MACHINIST. All kinds of Engines, Spraying Outfits, Pumps, Boilers and Machinery. Agents in Southern Oregon for FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.

The Medford National Bank

J. E. ENYART, President. J. A. PERRY, Vice-President. JOHN S. ORTH, Cashier. W. B. JACKSON, Ass't Cashier. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$10,000. SAFETY BOXES FOR RENT. A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED. WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

PLUMBING

STEAM AND HOT WATER HEATING. All Work Guaranteed. Prices Reasonable. COFFEEN @ PRICE. 11 North D St., Medford, Ore. Phone 303.

Buy Where You Get Your Moneys Worth

When wanting high-grade Ice Cream or Sherbets in any quantity we are at your service. QUALITY is our watchword. You remember the QUALITY long after the price is forgotten. We have our own delivery and can supply you with milk, cream and buttermilk. Ask your grocer for our Creamery Butter.

Rogue River Creamery

PHONE NO 2681 134 N. RIVERSIDE AVENUE

GOLD RAY GRANITE CO.

Office: 209 West Main St., Medford, Ore. Operating Quarry at Gold Ray, Oregon. DEALERS IN — BUILDING, MONUMENTAL AND CRUSHED GRANITE

WANTED!

Thinner to thin fruit. Talent Orchard Co. Talent Oregon.

P. C. HANSEN TOM MOFFAT. We make any kind and style of Windows. We carry Glass of any size on hand. MEDFORD SASH & DOOR CO., Medford, Oregon.

For Sale

Land that will cut six crops of alfalfa a year. U. S. Government irrigation. If you are interested, address S. F. EHORN & SON ORLAND, CALIF.

RESOLVED

The best resolution for you to make is to come to us for your next suit, if you want something out of the ordinary. We do the best work and charge the lowest prices. W. W. EIFERT THE PROGRESSIVE TAILOR

Roanoke Roanoke

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.

J. W. DRESSLER AGENCY

Selling Agents. Roanoke Roanoke

Special Rates

for the Portland Rose Festival. JUNE 6TH TO 11TH on the Southern Pacific Comp'y (Lines in Oregon) of ONE and ONE-THIRD FARE FROM ALL POINTS IN OREGON

Sale Dates—From Roseburg and all stations north thereof, including all branches, June 6th, 8th and 10th. From all stations south of Roseburg, June 5th, 6th and 8th. Final return limit June 15th.

For further particulars as to rates, etc., apply to any S. P. Agent or to WM. McMURRAY, General Passenger Agent. Portland, Oregon.