

Half A Chance

BY FREDERICK S. ISHAM.

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

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(Continued.)

"No. He has lived in the colonies—Tasmania, and so on. But by birth he's an American."

"An American, eh? And practicing at the British bar?"

"Not the first case of the kind. Exceptions have been made before and aliens 'called,' as we express it. Steele's hobby of criminology brought him to London, and his earnestness and ability in that line procured for him the privilege he sought. As a member of the Incorporated Society that passes upon the qualifications of candidates it was my pleasure to sit in judgment on him. We raked him fore and aft; but, bless you, he stood squarely on his feet and refused to be tripped."

"So he came to England to pursue a certain line?" said Lord Ronsdale half to himself.

"A man with a partiality for criminal work would naturally look to the modern Babylon. Steele apparently works more to gratify that predilection than for any reward in pounds and pence. Must have private means; have known him to spend a deal of time and money on cases there couldn't have been a sixpence in."

"How'd he happen to get down in Tasmania? Odd place for a Yankee."

"That's one of the questions he wasn't asked," laughing. "Perhaps what our Teutonic friends would call the wanderlust took him there." Rising, "My compliments to Sir Charles when you see him."

Lord Ronsdale remained long at the club and the card table that night. Finally summoning a cab, he got in, but as he found himself rattling homeward to the chambers he had taken in a fashionable part of town he was aware that any emotions of annoyance and discontent experienced earlier that night had suffered no abatement.

He went up to his rooms. On the table in an inner apartment, his study, something bright, white, met his gaze—a note in Jocelyn Wray's handwriting. Quickly he reached for it and tore it open.

"A party of us ride in the park tomorrow morning. Will you join us?"

Lord Ronsdale frowned.

"A party?" That would include John Steele perhaps.

CHAPTER VII

IN THE PARK

INTO a scene of rural tranquility in Hyde park rode briskly about the middle of the morning Jocelyn Wray and others. The glow on the girl's cheeks harmonized with the redness of her lips. The sparkling blue eyes mocked at all neutral hues. Her gown and an odd ribbon or two waved, as it were, slight defiance to motionless things—still leaves and branches, flowers and buds, drowsy and sleeping. Sometimes at her side, again just behind, galloped the horse bearing John Steele, and as they went at a fair pace, preceded and followed by others of a gay party, the eyes of many passersby turned to regard them.

"By Jove, they're stunning! It isn't often you see a man put up like that."

"Or a girl more the picture of health?"

"And beauty?" Unconscious of these and other comments from the usual curious contingent of idlers filling the benches or strolling along the paths, the girl now set a yet swifter gait, glancing quickly over her shoulder at her companion. "Do you like a hard gallop? Shall we let them out?"

His brightening gaze answered. They touched their horses and for some distance raced madly on, passed those in front and left them far behind. Now Steele's eyes rested on the playing muscles of her superb horse, then lifted to the lithe form of Jocelyn Wray, the straight shoulders, a bit of a tress, disordered, floating rebelliously to the wind.

As abruptly as she had pressed her horse to that inspiring speed she drew him in to a walk.

"Wasn't that worth coming to the park for?" she said gaily.

"More than worth it."

"You see what you missed in the past," she observed in a tone slightly mocking.

"You were not here to suggest it," he returned quietly, with gaze only for blue eyes.

She suffered then to linger. "I suppose I should feel flattered that a suggestion from little me"—

"A suggestion from little you would, I fancy, go a long way with many people." A spark shone now in the man's steady look. The girl seemed not afraid of it.

"I am fortunate," she laughed—"a compliment from Mr. John Steele!"

He started as if to speak, but his answer remained unuttered. The man's lips closed tighter.

He offered no comment. The horses moved on. Suddenly she looked at him.

"Do you know," she laughingly remarked, "you are not very interesting?"

He started. "Interesting?" He bent a little nearer. She swept back the disordered lock. An instant the man seemed to lose his self-possession. "Ah," he began as if the words forced themselves from his lips, "if only I might!"

What he had been on the point of saying was never finished. The girl's quick glance, sweeping an instant ahead, had lingered on some one approaching from the opposite direction. "Isn't that Lord Ronsdale?" asked the girl, continuing to gaze before her. A black look replaced the sudden flame in Steele's gaze. The hand holding the reins closed on them tightly.

"Rather early for him, I fancy," she said, regarding the slim figure of the approaching rider, "with his devotion to clubs and late hours, you know. Do you, Mr. Steele, happen to belong to any of his clubs?"

"No." He spoke in a low voice, almost harshly.

Her brow lifted. His face was turned from her. Had he been mindful he might have noted a touch of displeasure on the proud face that she regarded him as from a vague, indefinite distance.

He remained silent. She frowned, then turned to the nobleman with a smile. Lord Ronsdale found that her greeting left nothing to be desired. She who had been somewhat unkindful of him lately on a sudden seemed really glad to see him.

"So good of you," she murmured conventionally as Steele dropped slightly back among the others who had by this time drawn near—"to arrive at such an unfashionable hour, I mean."

His pleased but rather suspicious eyes studied her. He answered lightly. Behind them now, he who had been riding with my lady could hear their gay laughter.

"Good looking beggar, isn't he?" observed the nobleman suddenly, his gaze sharpened on her.

"Who?" asked the girl.

"That chap Steele," he answered insinuatingly.

"Is he?" Her voice was flutelike. "What is that noise?" abruptly.

"Noise?" Lord Ronsdale listened.

"That's music, or supposed to be; unless I am mistaken 'The Campbells Are Coming,'" he drawled.

"The Campbells? Oh, I understand! Let us wait!"

They drew in their horses. The black one became restive, eyed with obvious disapproval a gayly bedecked body of men swinging smartly along toward them.

And at the sight and sound the girl's horse, unaccustomed to the pomp and pride of martial display, began to plunge and rear. She spoke sharply, tried to control it, but found she could not. Lord Ronsdale saw her predicament, being at the moment engaged in a vigorous effort to prevent his own horse from bolting.

The bagpipes came directly opposite. The black horse reared viciously. For the moment it seemed that Jocelyn would either be thrown or that the affrighted animal would fan over on her, when a man sprang forward and a hand reached up. He stood almost beneath the horse. As it came down a hoof struck his shoulder a glancing blow, grazed hard his arm, tearing the cloth. But before the animal could continue his rebellious tactics a hand like iron had reached for, grasped the bridle. Those who watched could realize great strength in the restraining fingers, the unusual power of Steele's muscles. The black horse, trembling, soon stood still, the bagpipes passed on, and Steele looked up at the girl.

"Few riders could have kept their seats so well," he answered, with ill concealed admiration.

"I have always been accustomed to horses. In Australia we ride a great deal."

"For the instant," his face slightly paler. "I thought something would happen."

(To Be Continued.)

ANY WOMAN CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL HAIR

Many women do not realize the attractions they possess because they do not give proper attention to the hair.

The women of Paris are famed for their beauty, not because their facial features are superior to those of other women, but because they know how to keep young by supplying vigor, luster and strength to the hair.

Three years ago Parisian Sage could hardly be obtained in America. But now this delightful hair tonic and dressing can be had in every town in America. Charles Strang sells it for 50 cents a large bottle, and he guarantees it to grow beautiful, luxuriant hair; to turn dull, lifeless hair into lustrous hair; to stop falling hair; to stop itching of the scalp. Ask for Parisian Sage.

Haskins for Health.

A BARGAIN

3-ROOM HOUSE, CHICKEN HOUSE AND YARD, WOODSHED, ETC.; LOT 50 x 100. 6 FRUIT TREES, 6 BLOCKS FROM DEPOT. STREET TO BE PAVED; IF TAKEN AT ONCE, \$750 CASH. CALL ON OR ADDRESS OWNER, 528 SOUTH FIR STREET.

CENTRAL POINT NEWSLETTER

The hotels and restaurants of Central Point are working overtime and the beauty of it is that a very large proportion of the people who come into town are homeseekers and investors.

Tuesday was recognized as Flag day by quite a number of our business men, and "Old Glory" fluttered from many of the stores and house tops. Next year everyone will have caught the idea and the display of our National colors will be general.

Evangelist Johnson speaks this (Tuesday) evening on "Booze", and if there is an uninvited man in Central Point today, it is not the fault of those who are advertising the meeting. No women will be admitted until eight o'clock, and then if there is any room, they will be welcome. Evangelist Johnson stated frankly when making announcements of the meeting, that he hoped there would be no room, as he wanted to talk to the men and he wanted them all.

Mrs. Belle Pleasant is assisting at the Quality store during the June rush. She expects to go to Portland during the mid-summer season to trim at the wholesale milliners houses and in the latter part of August return with a large stock of millinery goods for her fall opening.

The Ladies' Civic Improvement club holds its regular semi-monthly meeting on Friday afternoon, and not merely members, but all are willing to lend their assistance at the Flower Show are earnestly invited to attend.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gravin, the parents of Osa Gravin, expect to leave on Wednesday evening for an extended visit in the North. They will visit a daughter in Portland, still another in Spokane, and from there will go to Superior Montana, where they will spend a good part of the summer with other relatives.

Central Point and vicinity was treated to a most welcome shower on Monday evening and nature and mankind in rejoicing accordingly. Although we have had an exceedingly dry spring, the berry crop is abundant and of splendid quality. Just now the loganberries, blackberries and the red and black raspberries are being gathered and the supply, though large, does not meet the demand, people readily paying 10 cents a box for them, and not being able to get all they want at that price.

W. H. Norcross and his daughter, Miss Eva, now in Portland, are expected home Friday evening.

W. J. Houston and wife, of Trail, were in town on Tuesday with their little 3-year-old daughter. They were on their way to Grants Pass to

consult an oculist in behalf of the little one, who is suffering with a tumor on the eyeball. This is their second visit to the oculist, who informs them that no operation can be performed at present, though he holds out hope that later on the tumor can be successfully removed.

Dr. Ray of Medford made Central Point a short business visit on Tuesday.

Mrs. Emil Brophy of Ashland visited her mother and brother here on Wednesday.

I. C. Robnett took in the annual "high jinks" of the Shriners at Ashland Saturday evening.

Mrs. A. M. Thomas and Mrs. A. C. Howlett of Eagle Point transacted business with our merchants on Tuesday.

A. J. Daily of Eagle Point was in town Tuesday for a few hours on his way to Ashland to invest in a Ford automobile.

Mrs. M. E. Worrell of Medford was in town for a short time on Tuesday.

EDEN PRECINCT ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Roberts of Medford and Mrs. Roberts' sister, Miss N. Carpenter, lately from California, came up on Saturday's afternoon train to visit friends in North Talent.

G. C. McClain has just finished up a neat fence around Dr. Malmgren's place in Phoenix. Also a nice lattice summer house, all of which add a great deal to the appearance of his property.

Mrs. S. E. Howlett of Eagle Point was up in North Talent engaging berries to can for their hotel at Eagle Point. Mrs. Howlett reports business in their line good and times lively in that part of the country.

Miss Scott of California is visiting her friend, Mrs. Louie Colver, of Phoenix this week.

Attention, Elks!

All members of Medford Lodge, No. 1168, B. P. O. E., and visiting Elks residing in Medford, are requested to mail their address (street and number) to the secretary, ROBT. W. TELFER, Secretary Medford Lodge, No. 1168, B. P. O. E. 73

Subdivision Snap.

About five acres, nearly all in bearing orchard, good soil, house and barn, fine building site with oak trees; will cut 25 first-class lots or has fruit enough to pay good interest on investment; cheap for cash if sold within next few days. See owner on place at 522 Peach street south. 74

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



FOR THE INVALID

It is bad enough to be sick at any time of the year, but to be bundled up in bed during the summer is unbearable. An Electric fan alleviates part of the trouble by keeping the patient cool and more contented. The fan can be so placed that there is no draught, just a gentle clearing breeze in the room. An Electric fan makes sickness less formidable both for the sufferer and the nurse and adds materially to the comfort of convalescence. Every house should have at least one fan.

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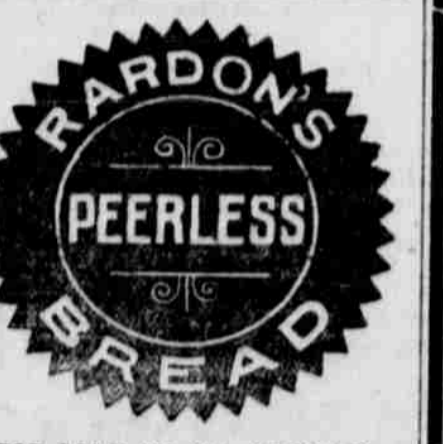
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320 acres, adjoining the Orland irrigation project and adjoining the main line of the Southern Pacific railroad; 240 acres of this land will be irrigated by the government system within two years and will command a price of \$150 per acre; lands not so good as this now under the system are selling at from \$150 per acre and up; I can deliver this at \$25 per acre, and it is a buy; easy terms.

400 acres of the finest land in Solano county, near the town of Dixon, all level land, adapted to the growth of alfalfa; all adjoining lands held at \$100 per acre and up; this place has no waste, is free from hardpan, alkali, adobe and gravel and is one of the finest ranches in Solano county; easily worth \$100 per acre at the minute, but I can deliver it at \$60 per acre, with easy terms, and it is a buy. Better see this one if you want a swell ranch for yourself.

300 acres of the finest land in Sutter county, all fine land for alfalfa, almonds, peaches, prunes, almonds or any crop you want to grow; easily worth \$150 per acre; I can deliver it to you for \$75 per acre, and it's worth double; terms. This is a buy.

68 acres, near the State University farm at Davisville, on Putah creek, the finest land in the state of California; all in alfalfa, now under irrigation, that will cut 12 tons to the acre every year; fine barn, cost \$3000, house not much, but there is a world of stock and implements that go with the place; close to San Francisco and Sacramento, and an ideal ranch in every respect; just large enough; will make a swell fancy stock ranch. The price is \$25,000, with terms; the land alone is easily worth the money; think of it, almost adjoins the state farm and is all in alfalfa; this is a snap if you want something nice.

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