

# 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.)

"It might have," she returned, a light in her eyes, "but for a timely hand. My horse apparently does not appreciate Scotch airs."

"Ugly brute!" Lord Ronsdale, a disaffected expression on his handsome countenance, approached. "A little of the whip!" The words were arrested. The nobleman stared at John Steele or rather at the bare arm which the torn sleeve revealed well above the elbow.

"Why, man, you look ill!" Captain Forsythe, turning to Lord Ronsdale, exclaimed suddenly.

"It's nothing much." With vacant expression the nobleman regarded the speaker, then lifted his hand and pressed it an instant to his breast.

"Are you ready, Mr. Steele?" Joeeyn Wray waited a moment as the others started, looked down at that gentleman. Her voice was gracious. Its soft accents seemed to say: "You may ride with me. It is your reward."

"Do you know, Mr. Steele, if I were what I should feel hurt. You haven't heard what I have been saying."

"Haven't I?" Again she looked at him merrily. "Of course I can't afford to be harsh with my rescuer. Perhaps—in the same tone—"You really did save my life! Have you ever really saved any one—any one else, shall I say—you, who are so strong?"

"A spasm of pain passed over his face. His look, however, was not for her, and the girl's eyes, too, had now become suddenly set afar. Was she thinking of another scene, some one her own words conjured to mind? Her mood seemed to gain in seriousness. She also became very quiet, and so, almost in silence, they went on to the entrance, down the street to her home.

"An revoir, and thank you." "Goodby—at least for the present," he added. "I am leaving London," abruptly.

"Leaving! To be gone long?" "It is difficult to say. Perhaps."

"But—you must have decided suddenly?" "Yes."

"While we have been riding home? Is it—is it serious?" "A little."

quiry office," sat on the morning following John Steele's ride in the park a little man with ferret-like eyes at a dusty desk near a dusty window. He did not seem to be very busy—was engaged at the moment in drawing meaningless cabalistic signs on a piece of paper when a step in the hallway and a low tapping at the door caused him to throw down his pen and straighten expectantly. A client perhaps—a woman—no, a man! With momentary surprise he gazed on the delicately chiseled features of his caller, a gentleman faultlessly dressed and wearing a spring flower in his coat.

"Mr. Gillett?" The visitor's glance veiled an expression of restlessness. His face, although mask-like, was tinted with a faint flush.

"The police agent at once rose. "The same, sir, at your service. I—but I beg your pardon. Unless I am mistaken—haven't we?"

"Yes, a number of years ago on the Lord Nelson," said the caller in a hard, matter of fact tone. "We were fellow passengers on her until—"

"We became fellow occupants of one of her small boats. An aging experience! But won't you," with that deference for rank and position those of his type are pleased to assume, "honor me by being seated, Lord Ronsdale?"

The visitor looked at the table, the window, anywhere save at the proprietor of the establishment, then said, "I saw by an advertisement in the morning papers that you had severed your connection with the force and had opened this—a private consultation bureau."

"Quite so." The other looked momentarily embarrassed. "A little friction—account of some case—unreliable witness that got tangled up. They undertook to criticize me after all my faithful service!"—He broke off. "Besides, the time comes when a man realizes he can do better for himself by himself. I am now devoting myself to a small but strictly high class, with an accent, "clientele."

Lord Ronsdale considered. When he spoke his voice was low, but it did not caress the ear. "You know John Steele, of course?"

The ferret eyes snapped. "That I do, your lordship. What of him?"

"Ever think much about the Lord Nelson, Gillett?"

"She isn't a boat one's apt to forget after what happened, your lordship," was the answer. "And, if I do say it, her passengers were of the kind to leave pleasant recollections," the police agent diplomatically added.

"Her passengers?" The caller's thin lips compressed. "Among them, if memory serves me, were a number of convicts?"

"A job lot of precious jailbirds that I was acting as escort of, your lordship."

"But who never reached Australia?"

"Drowned—every mother's son of them!" observed Mr. Gillett, with a possible trace of complacency.

## CENTRAL POINT NEWSLETTER

W. R. Byrum and his daughter, Miss Hazel Byrum, of Table Rock, were in town on business Wednesday.

Misses Ruth and Annie Ensley came up from Medford Saturday evening to spend Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Ensley, of this city.

Ross Cline and wife, who disposed of their property interests here a few months ago, went to Medford this week and will hereafter make their home in that city.

Mrs. Minnie Fruit of Medford spent Tuesday with her friend, Mrs. M. M. Cooksey, of Central Point.

Miss Isabel Curtis, a pretty and charming Sacramento girl, has been visiting at the home of J. W. Merritt for the past two weeks, as the guest of Miss Esther Merritt. Recent letters received from Sacramento announce serious illness in the family of Miss Curtis, which necessitates her return home a little earlier than she had planned, and she will probably leave for Sacramento on Thursday morning, much to the disappointment of the many friends she has made during her visit here.

Mrs. Fred Yocum, who gave birth to a little daughter in this city last Tuesday morning, is critically ill with what threatens to be septic fever. The lecture on "Booze," delivered at the tabernacle Tuesday evening by Evangelist Johnson, was largely attended, the tabernacle being, in fact, crowded with both men and women, although the posters scattered over town read, "men only," this being done to insure a large attendance of the sterner sex.

A party of four young people from Grants Pass, including Mr. and Miss Drake, Mr. Bishop and Miss Pattello, came down on the motor Sunday morning and spent most of the day with Miss Nellie Payne, returning late in the afternoon.

Misses Sara, Hazel and Mary Bebb of this city went to Ashland Wednesday morning to visit their aunt, Mrs. Jennie Mee.

The business men's prayer meetings held each morning in the tabernacle at 10:30 are being well attended and will be a regular feature of the evangelistic work until the close of the meetings.

Dr. Lockridge of Grants Pass was in town on Wednesday.

A fish dealer from Medford now makes regular twice-a-week trips to Central Point, calling on the housekeepers every Wednesday and Saturday, and the opportunity to get fresh halibut, salmon, eel, clams and oysters is one that the housekeepers of this city are not slow to appreciate.

C. S. Hampton, H. A. Starr and Frank Woodard of Portland registered at the Central Point hotel on Wednesday.

Robert H. Mardock and wife, parents of Mrs. Ella Wisdom, a recent arrival, came this (Wednesday) morning from Portland, where they have been spending a week en route from Macon, Ga. They are surprised and delighted with the signs of prosperity shown everywhere on the Pacific coast, and are particularly pleased with the Rogue River valley. They leave on Saturday to visit another daughter living in Ashland.

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

## THREE DROWN, TWO KILLED OUTRIGHT

LIBBY, Mont., June 16.—Preparations are being made today for the funerals of five victims of a ferry boat accident here yesterday afternoon in which three persons were drowned and two killed when the cable attached to the ferry broke under the strain and swept a number of persons into the Kootenai river.

The ferry was in midstream when it capsized. Six persons were aboard and three escaped.

A large number of persons gathered on the bank, where they were watching the struggles of the victims, when the ferry cable snapped under the strain. It curled over the crowd and lashed them, hurling a score into the river. John Mullinax and Theodore Wall were killed outright. Several were badly hurt.

Someone should give this boy season ticket

DETROIT, June 16.—The police hauled Sam Niesman, 14, from under the bleachers in Bennett Park yesterday. Sam has been missing from his home ten days. He explained that he wanted to see the Detroit Americans in every game, but had only the price of one admission ticket. He thought it would be a good scheme to bunk under the bleachers all the season. He lived on scraps of food picked up about the park.

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## A BARGAIN

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## CHAPTER VIII. A CONFERENCE AND A DISCOVERY.

THE bookworms' row, hardly a street, more a short cut passage between two important thoroughfares, had through the course of many years exercised a subtle fascination for pedant, pedagogue or itinerant litterateur. Higher, above the little shops, small rooms, reached by rickety stairways, offered quiet corners for divers and sundry gentlemen whose occupations called for discreet and retired nooks.

In one of these places, described on the door as "a private, confidential in-

der, the outer next in length, the third one-third shorter than the second, and obtusely rounded, the fourth a distinct tooth, but abruptly shorter, approaching the fifth, which is a mere serration; the two mandibular setae are larger. The lateral margins of the clypeus are straight, each one changing angle at its basal third, making the clypeus shaped like front elevations of a house, instead of triangular; the basal corners of it are truncate. The paraclypeal pieces are generally straight, but curving basally to follow the margins of the clypeus; they are uniform in width. The first two ocelli and the sixth are practically pigmentless. The shields are relatively larger, as are also the accessory warts and the setae. There is a less number of crotchets in the prolegs, ranging from 8 to 16, and in the anal proleg from 5 to 8.

(To Be Continued.)