MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE, MEDFORD, OREGON, TUESDAY, JUNE 21, 1910.

Half A Chance

BY FREDERICK S. ISHAM.

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

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## CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE OF FRONT. E found the task no easy one, however, although he went at it with his characteristic vigor and energy. Few men know the seamy side of London better than John Steele-its darksome streets and foul alleys, its hovels and various habitations. And this knowledge he utilized to the best advantage, always

to find that his efforts came to naught. Reluctantly John Steele concluded that the man he sought had made his way out of London; otherwise the facilities at his command were such that he should most likely ere this have been able to attain his end-find what he desired. Soberly attired, he attracted no very marked attention in the slums, breeding spots of the criminal The denizens knew John classes. Steele. He had been there oft before.

He had on occasion assisted some of them with stern good advice or more substantial services. He was acquainted with these men and women, had perhaps a larger charity for them than ost people find it expedient to cherish. One man had seen the object of Steele's solicitude, and to this person, a weatened little "undesirable." the red headed giant had confided that London was pretty hot and he thought of decamping from it.

"'Arter all this time that's gone by,' be says to me, bitter like, 'to think a man can't come back to 'is native 'ome without being spied on for what ought long ago to be dead and forgot!" " "What brought him to London?"

"I expect it was 'omesickness, sir. "Es been a bad lot, but 'e has a 'eart, arter all. It was to see 'is mother 'e me back; the old woman drew 'im the sanctuary of whose yard old stones You see, 'e had written 'er from reign parts, but could never 'ear se she had moved. Used to keep ce where a woman was found"-

"Dead?" "Murdered!" said the man. John ele was silent. "And she, 'is moth-'ad gone, 'aving saved a bit, out a peaceable-like little 'amlet, where there weren't no bobbies, only ad bits of flower gardens and right bloomin' daffy-down-dillies, But, out where she 'ad changed to if she Tuesday morning.

picture of the rural attractions of Strathorn to woo him from his beloved dusty byways you have my permission to try." "Did she say that?" John Steele

spoke quickly, then, "I am sorry it is impossible, but," in a low tone, "how is Miss Wray?"

"Never better. Enjoying every moment. Jolly party and all that. Lord Ronsdale and"- Here Sir Charles

enumerated a number of people. "Lord Ronsdale is there?"

"Yes: couldn't keep him away from Strathorn House now," he laughed. "As a matter of fact, he has asked my permission to- There!" Sir Charles stopped, then laughed again with a little embarrassment. "I've nearly let the cat out of the bag."

John Steele spoke no word. His face was set, immovable.

"You mean he has proposed for he hand, and she"-Steele seemed to speak with difficulty-"has consented?"

"Well, not exactly. She appears dead man, were arrested carly today complaisant, as it were," he answered. and taken to the police station. "But, really, I shouldn't have mentioned the matter at all. Quite premature, city detectives as they alighted from you understand? Let's say no more an automobile at the Willamette about it. And-what was it you said rooming house, 322 1-2 Stark street, about going back with me?" after they had been out riding all

"Yes," said John Steele, with a sudden strength and energy that Sir

Mrs. Johnson had \$1900 in cash in Charles might attribute to the desire to make himself understood above the her purse, which she said had been din of the street. "I'll go back with given her by her husband the day you at"-the latter words, lower spobefore. Both Webb and Mrs. Johnson ken, the other did not catch-"no mathad been drinking. Neither Would Talk.

night

Her.

Sir Charles and John Steele arrived Neither would talk much, Mrs. at Strathorn. This little hamlet lay ohnson said that Webb and Johnson a sleepy looking dell. As the driver went to the park yesterday afternoon, swung down a hill he whipped up his while she returned home with her horses and literally charged upon the 7-year-old boy, as he was not feeling town, swept through the main thoroughfare and drew up with a flourish well.

ter what cost!"

before the principal tavern. Sir Webb stated that he saw Johnson Charles started and stretched his legs. down at the Union depot" last night. John Steele got down. The police today identified Webb

"Strathorn House," he said to Sir as a real estate agent of Seattle. Charles, "is near. 1 am in the mood Webb, who sometimes goes under the for exercise after sitting so long and alias of A. C. Powers, is known to should like to walk there.' the Seattle authorities. "By all means," returned the other,

Mrs. Johnson's possession of the "since it's your preference. Pretty apt to overtake you." he went on, after large sum of money found in her giving his guest a few directions, "espurse was cleared up today when it pecially if you linger over any points was learned that she and her husband of interest. had just sold their farm at Kent,

The trap which had been sent for eight miles from Seattle. drew up and the two men separated. Johnson's murder in room 119 in Sir Charles rattled briskly down one the new Grand Central rotel some way. Steele turned to go the other. time yesterday, where his skull was Soon rose before him the top of a modest steeple, then a church, within crushed by some blunt weapon and a bullet shot through his head, was brought to light by the discovery of mingled with new. He stepped in. "Straight on across the churchyard!" a small clot of blood which had seephad been Sir Charles' direction. John ed through from the trunk in the Steele moved quickly down the narrow Union depot.

(To Be Continued.) SHORT SHRIFT IN THE POLICE COURT

"You won't? Well, I tell you

work on the streets or not."

of relieving his affliction.

path.

said Burke.

Judge Canon gave short shrift to and said that he had moved the trunk me me, when Tom come and found the aggregation brought before him from the new Grand Central.

## PORTLAND HAS TRUNK MYSTERY

Widow of Dead Man Found at Union

Depot in Trunk, Is Arrested, To-

gether With Man Who Was With

PORTLAND, Or., June 21. Sus-

ected of the murder of William A.

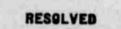
Johnson, whose body was discovered

jammed in a trunk at the Union de

pot last night, Jesse P. Webb and

Mrs. William Johnson, widow of the

The couple were apprehended by





ROGUE RIVER ELECTRIC COMPANY

dn't gone and shuffled off, and all 'e 'ad for 'is pains was the sight of a mound in the churchyard."

"Yes; she's buried," said John Steele thoughtfully, "and all she might have told about the woman who was-murdered is buried with her."

"Hut she did tell, sir, at the time," quickly, "of the trial."

"True." The visitor's tone changed. the streets." "If you can find Tom give him this note. You'll be well paid"

"I ain't askin' for that. You got me off easy once and gave me a lift arter I was let out"-

"Well, well!" Steele made a brusque "We all need a helping hand gesture. es," he said, turning away. And that was as near as he had

pome to attainment of his desires.

Summer passed. Sometimes, the better to think, to plan, to keep himself girded by constant exercise, he repaired to the park, now neglected by fashion and given over to that nebulous quantity of diverse qualities called the people.

"How do you do, Steele? Just the man I wanted to see!"

Near the main exit toward which car sleeper, who was severely af-John Steele had unconsciously stepped the sound of a familiar voice and the appearance of a well known stocky form broke in with startling abruptness on the dark train of thought,

"Deep in some point of law?" went on Sir Charles. "'Pon honor, believe yon would have cut me. However, don't apologize; you're forgiven!" "Most amiable of you to say so, Sir

Charles!" perfunctorily.

"Not at all! Especially as our meeting is quite apropos. Obliged to run up to town on a little matter of business; but, thank goodness, it's done. Never saw London more deserted. Dined at the club, nobody there. Supped at the hotel, dining room empty. Strolled up Piccadilly, not a soul to be seen. That is." he added, "no one whom one has seen before, which is the same thing. But how did you enjoy your trip to the continent?"

"It was not exactly a trip for pleasure." returned the other, with a slight accent of constraint.

"Ah, yes; so I understood. But fancy going to the continent on busi-One usually goes for-which minds me, how would you like to go back into the country with me?" "I? It is impossible at the moment

But Sir Charles seemed not to listen. "Deuced dull journey for a man to take alone, good deal of it by coach. You'll find a few salmon to kill, trout and all that. Think of the joy of whipping a stream after having been mewed up all these months in the musty metropolis. Besides, I made a wager with Jocelyn you wouldn't refuse a second opportunity to bask in Arcadia." He laughed. "'I really I are both sure you will come back in the way she expressed it. but if what I promise. Yours truly, you can draw a sufficiently eloquent SAM LO

The police made a hurried invest James Burke, who had been regation and found that Webb or Powleased on promise of good behavior ers had occupied room 109, just Monday morning, forgot his promacross the hallway, ise and tanked up again in the afternoon.

In room 119, where Johnson was murdered, there had been many hasty "You are the chap who had a job efforts to conceal the crime. on the river." said his honor. "I

in.

afternoon.

The blood-stained mattress and will give you another opportunity to sheets upon which Johnson had preget to the job, or else you work on sumably Izin, had been turned over to hide the tell-tale blood splotches. "I won't work on the streets,"

The trunk was broken open and Johnson's body found jammed with-

The trunk had been checked to

The number on the check indicated

that William A. Shaw, a trucker, had

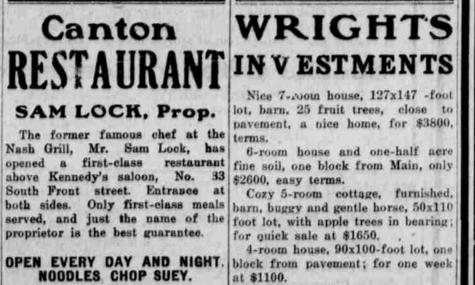
handled the trunk. He was awakened

North Puyallup, Wash., late in the

what I'll do to you-you are fined \$5 John Long, a hotel porter who movmore, and the officer will escort you ed three trunks belonging to Webb out of town, and if you ever show and one belonging to Johnson, said your nose here again without that that Mrs. Johnson and Powers spent \$10, we will see whether you will the gerater part of the afternoon in packing and re-packing the trunks. James McCoy, Peter Conroy and They stated, Long said, that they P. McKannie, found sleeping in a proposed to move some household box car, were fined \$3 each, as the goods. Later Long was called upon men seemed to be working men. The to move a trunk to Shaw's dray. At fine was paid in each case. The the morgue he identified the one men all had money. They promised which held Johnson's body as the to get out and hunt work. One box one he had moved from room 119.

The police believe that Johnson flicted with asthma, was allowed to was first drugged and then killed. go, his story being that he was try- They assert that Webb and Mrs. Johning to get to California in the hope son had planned to leave town together and that Johnson probably was killed when he learned of their plans.

Medford, Oregon: This certifies When Webb was searched at the that we have sold Hall's Texas Wonstation, two wrtches were found on der for the cure of all kidney, bladhim, one of which Mrs. Johnson idender and rheumatic troubles for ten tified as having belonged to her husyears, and have never had a comband. Webb also had two ladies' plaint. It gives quick and permanent handkerchiefs, both of them were relief. Sixty days' treatment in each bloody. His right hand was woundbottle. Modford Pharmacy. tf ed and bound up in a bandage.



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WM. MCMURRAY, General Passenger Agent,

Portland, Oregon.