

Half A Chance

BY FREDERICK S. ISHAM.

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

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CHAPTER XIV. THROUGH THE FOG.

The dense veil overhanging the city, while favorable to John Steele in some respects, lessening for the time his own danger, made more difficult the task to which he now set himself. He dared not too closely approach the figure before him lest he should be seen and his purpose divined. Once or twice Dandy Joe looked around, more perhaps from habit than any suspicion that he was followed.

At a crossing, where opposing currents had met and become congested, utter confusion reigned. From the masses of vehicles of all kinds, constituting a seemingly inextricable blockade, arose the din of hoarse voices.

Joe essayed to cross. By dint of dodging and darting between restless horses he reached the other side. A sudden closing in of cabs and carts midway between curbs held John Steele back. He caught quickly at the bridle of the nearest horse and forced it aside. An expostulating shout, a half scream from somewhere, greeted the action. A whip snapped, stung his cheek.

"Turn back. Get out of this somehow, cabby!" He heard familiar tones, saw the speaker, Sir Charles, and, by his side—yes, through the curtain of fog, so near he could almost reach out and touch her, he saw as in a flash Jocelyn Wray!

She, too, saw him, the man in the street, his pale face lighted up ghostlike from the mist. A cry fell from her lips, was lost amid other sounds. An instant eyes looked into eyes, hers dilated, his unaturally bright, burning! Something struck him—a wheel. He half fell, recovered himself, managed to reach the curb.

Dandy Joe had disappeared. The hope of attaining his end through him, of being led to the retreat of one he had so long desired to find, had proved illusive.

John Steele did not go far in mere aimless fashion. Leaning against a wall, he strove once more to plan, but ever as he did so through his thought the girl's fair face, looking out from enshrouding lace, intruded.

He forgot his purpose, when a figure coming out of a public house through one of the doors near which he had halted caught his attention. Dandy Joe, a prodigal with unexpected riches, wiped his lips as he sauntered past John Steele and continued his way, lurching a little.

For a time they two ventured the only pedestrians that had seemed forth that night in a locality so uninviting. Through the gulchlike passage swept a cold draft of air. It made little rifts in the fog and showed an entrance—a dim light. At the same time the sound of the footsteps in front abruptly ceased.

For a few minutes Steele waited. He looked toward the place Dandy Joe had entered. It was well known to him and, what seemed more important, to Mr. Gillett. The latter would remember it in connection with the Frisco Pet and presumably turn to it as a likely spot to search for him who had been forced to leave Captain Forsythe's home. That contingency—nay, probability—had to be considered. The one person he most needed to find had taken refuge in one of the places he would have preferred not to enter. But no time must be lost hesitating. He had to choose. Dismissing all thought of danger from without, thinking only of what lay before him within, he moved quickly forward and tried the door. He entered, felt his way in the darkness through winding passages downward, avoiding a bad step—did he remember even that?

How paltry the details stood out! The earthen floor still drowned the sound of footsteps. The narrow hall took the same turns.

A slant of light like a sword, from the crack of a door, gleamed on the dark floor before him. He stepped toward it. The low sound of men's tones could be heard—Joe's; a strange voice, too, a familiar one, that caused the listener's every fiber to vibrate.

"And what did you say when he pumped you for the code?"

"That you would rather call on him?"

"And then he cared nothing for the job? You're sure—angrily—he wasn't playing to find out?"

The other answered jocosely and walked away. A door closed behind him. For a time the stillness remained unbroken. Then a low rattle, as of dice on a table, caused John Steele to glance through a crevice. What he saw seemed to decide him to set quickly. He lifted a latch and stepped in. As he did so a huge man with red hair sprang to his feet. From one great hand the dice fell to the floor. His shaggy jaw drooped. Casting over his shoulder the swift glance of an entrapped animal, he seemed about to leap backward to escape by a rear entrance when the voice of the intruder arrested his purpose, momentarily held him.

"Oh, I'm alone! There are no police

outside." He spoke in the dialect of the pickpurse and magsman. To prove it, John Steele stooped and locked the door.

The small bloodshot eyes lighted with wonder. The heavy brutish jaws began to harden. "Alone?"

The other tossed the die. It fell at the man's feet. John Steele walked over to the opposite door and shot a heavy bolt there. "Looks as if it would hold," he said in thieves' argot as he turned around.

"Are ye a gaby?" The red headed giant stared ominously at him.

"On the contrary," he cooing, "I know very well what I am doing."

A question interlarded with oaths burst from the other's throat. John Steele regarded the man quietly. "I should think it apparent what I should do," he answered. As he spoke he sat down. "It is you," he said, his bright, resolute eyes on the other.

"And you're come alone?" He drew up his ponderous form.

John Steele smiled. "I assure you I welcomed the opportunity."

"Do you know what I am going to do to you?"

"I haven't any curiosity," he said, clinging to thieves' jargon or St. Giles Greek. "But I'm sure you won't play me the trick you did the last time I saw you."

The fellow shot his head near. "You're the swell cove who wanted to palaver that night when—"

"You tried to rob me," John Steele laughed. "Do you know the penalty for attempting that game, Tom Rogers, alias Tom-o'-the-Road, alias—"

The man fell back. "Who are you? By—!" he said.

"John Steele?" The bloodshot eyes became slightly vacuous. "The—? Then you used him," indicating savagely the entrance at the back, "for a duck to uncover? I'll burke you for that!"

(To Be Continued.)

SCHOOL DISTRICT BOND ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that a school meeting of School District No. 49 of Jackson County, Oregon, to be held at the high school building, in said district, on the 15th day of July, A. D. 1910, there will be submitted to the legal voters of said district the question of contracting a bonded debt of fifty thousand (\$50,000.00) dollars, thirty thousand (\$30,000.00) dollars thereof to be used for the purpose of erecting and equipping an east side school building, and twenty thousand (\$20,000.00) dollars thereof for the purpose of repairing and constructing an annex to the Washington school and installing a new heating plant therein, the vote to be by ballot, upon which shall be the words, "Bonds—Yes," and the words, "Bonds—No." Polls to be open at 1 o'clock p. m. and remain open until 4 o'clock p. m.

By order of the Board of Directors of School District No. 49 of Jackson County, Oregon.

Dated this 25th day of June, A. D. 1910.

ORIS CRAWFORD, Clerk.

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JACK COUNTING ON ASSISTANCE FROM ABOVE

Pleased When He Hears That Colored Pastors Will Offer Prayers for His Success—Has Already Prayed for Himself.

BY TIP WRIGHT.

RICK'S TRAINING CAMP, Reno, Nev., July 1.—Jack Johnson is counting on divine assistance to aid him in vanquishing James J. Jeffries three days from now. The famous golden smile was displayed by a look of owl-like solemnity today when he was informed that the negro ministers of Denver, Chicago, New York and other cities propose to offer prayers Sunday for his success.

"I'm a firm believer in the power of prayer," said Johnson. "I do not scoff at requests for divine assistance that my colored brethren will make. I hope the movement becomes a national idea. I don't believe the prayers of any preachers will be more likely to be answered than my mother's prayer, which is offered every night."

Johnson refused to say whether he intended to pray on his own account, but remarked that he had done so previously.

The report that Johnson threatened J. Woodman, manager of Sam Langford, whom he asked to leave camp yesterday, is false. His request that Woodman leave camp was made very quietly and there was no threat.

Johnson will show to great advantage in the training pictures. The big black smiled and posed and sparred and chased chickens and did innumerable stunts and appeared to enjoy himself immensely. He dragged his white wife into the pictures, showing pride and affection as he led her before the winking camera shutter.

Johnson's program today calls for road work in the forenoon and the usual stunts in the afternoon. It is probable that the workout today will end the hard training and it is not expected that the champion will extend himself very much today.

20,000 SUCCUMB TO SNAKE BITES YEARLY

GENEVA, July 1.—A surprising announcement was made by Prof. Arthus at the conference of the Society of National Sciences, held at Lausanne, with reference to the great mortality in the east from snake bite. It was stated that many of the 20,000 victims who died every year from this cause died because medical aid was too far away.

Professor Arthus now states that people bitten by venomous snakes can be kept alive for eight or ten hours simply by subjecting them to artificial respiration.

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Minneapolis direct	\$60.00
Minneapolis, via Council Bluffs	\$63.90
Duluth, direct	\$66.90
Duluth, via Council Bluffs	\$67.50
St. Louis	\$67.50

Tickets will be on sale May 2d and 9th; June 2d, 17th and 24th; July 5th and 22d; August 3d; September 8th.

The above rates apply from Portland only. From points south of Portland, add ONE WAY local rate to Portland, to make through rate via Portland. One way through California, add \$15.00 to above rates. Except that fares to St. Paul and Minneapolis one way via California will be \$2175 higher, and fare to Duluth \$24.75 higher than fares via direct routes.

Ten days provided for the going trip. Stop-overs within limits in either direction. Final return limit three months from date of sale, but not later than October 31st.

Inquire of any S. P. Agent for complete information, or WM. McMURRAY General Passenger Agent, Portland, Oregon

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\$12,500—Thirty-two acres, two miles from Talent, Anderson creek bottom land; five-room box house, good barn and other outbuildings; there are on this place 12 acres in Newtown and Spitzenberg apples, 6 and 7 years old, which have a fair crop this year; between the apples are peach fillers, which are heavily loaded. In addition there are three acres of pears 2 years old and three acres planted to pears last winter; also four acres of alfalfa and about five acres of fine timber; there are two good wells and a complete pumping plant for irrigation; \$6500 will handle this place and the balance can be paid at the rate of \$1000 a year.

\$15,000—Seventy-five acres, same neighborhood; good new five-room house, large barn and other outbuildings; spring water piped to the buildings. There are on this place 11 acres of 3-year-old Newtowns and Spitzenbergs with peach fillers, about an acre of bearing family orchard, 10 acres of alfalfa, about an acre of bearing grapes—about 45 acres all told under cultivation, balance in timber which could be cheaply cleared. At \$200 an acre this place is a snap. It would take half cash to handle, balance easy.

\$300 an acre—Fines fruit and garden land in the valley, half way between Phoenix and Talent; level, black free soil; divided into 10-acre tracts; one-fourth cash, balance in four annual payments with 6 per cent interest.

\$12,000—Sixteen and a half acres, midway between Jacksonville and Central Point, facing the hill road; finest building site in the valley. There are eight acres of pears in bearing; trees from 5 to 8 years old, and about an acre and a half of grapes in bearing; balance in timber, which is all good fruit land. Half cash will handle.

\$20,000—Less than \$425 an acre for 47½ acres, one mile from Central Point, all good land, good buildings, about 40 acres planted to standard varieties of apples and pears from 1 to 4 years of age, balance in alfalfa. This place will subdivide nicely. It is easily worth \$100 an acre more than is asked.

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