

# Half A Chance

BY FREDERICK S. ISHAM.

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

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John Steele did not stir. "How? With the lead or?" The fellow lifted his hairy fists. Those are all I—" "In that case"—Steele took the weapon on which his hand had rested from his pocket, and, rising with alacrity, he placed it on a rickety stand behind him—"you have me a little outclassed, about seventeen stone, I should take a I barely turn thirteen myself. However," tossing his coat in the corner, "you look a little soft—hardly up to what you were when you got the belt for the heavyweight championship. Do you remember? The Frisco bet went against you, but he was only low, ignorant sailor and had let himself get out of form. You beat him—eat him"—John Steele's eyes glittered; he touched the other on the arm—though he fought seventeen good pounds. You stamped the heart out of him, Tom!"

The red headed giant's arms fell to his side. "How do you?" "I was there!" An odd smile crossed Steele's determined lips. "Lost a little money on that battle. Recall the nineteenth round? He nearly had you, but you played safe in the fifth, and then—you sent him down." John Steele's voice died away. "It was a long time before he got up," he added, almost absently. "And you know all that?" "And all the rest!" "See here, what's your little game? Straight now, quick! You come here without the police. Why?" John Steele's reply was to the point. He stated exactly what he wanted and what he meant that the other would give him. As the fellow heard he breathed harder. He held himself with difficulty.

"And so that's what you've come for, later?" he said, a hoarse guffaw falling from the coarse lips. John Steele answered quietly. "And you think there is any chance of your getting? May I be asking?" with an evil grin, "how you expect to make me, Tom Rogers," bringing down his great fist, "do your bidding?" "In the first place, by assuring you harm shall come to you. It is in my power to avert that in case you comply. In the second place, you will be given enough sovereigns to—" "Quids, eh? Let me have sight of em, mister. We might talk better." "Do you think I'd bring them here, m-o'-the-Road? No, no!" brusquely. "That settles it."

"In giving you your choice of doing what I ask or of being turned over to the traps?" "The traps!" The other fellow's face became contorted. "You mean at you?" "Will give you up for that little job less?" For answer the man launched his great body forward, with fierce swinging fists. He bent, rushed, strove to see. His opponent's lithe body evaded a clutch that might have ended the fight. The other came at him, muttering, he mill was unduly prolonging itself. would end it. His fist struck at it face so elusive, but crashed against the wall. Like a flash Steele's hand lifted. The great form staggered a little.

quickly, however, it rose, and the tie was resumed. John Steele's right muscle ached. His shoulder was edging anew. The need for acting quickly, if he should hope to conquer, pressed on him. Fortunately, Rogers' blind rage was fighting wildly, in Steele endured blow after blow; as through a mist, he found at length the opening he sought—an instant's opportunity on which all depended. Every fiber of his physical being responded. He threw himself forward. The weight of his body, the force of aminating impetus, went into his arm. It hit heavily full on the point of the chin beneath the brutal mouth. Rogers' head shot back as if he received the blow of a hammer, he threw up his arms. This time lay where he struck the ground. John Steele swayed. With an effort sustained himself. Was it over? prostrate man did stir now. He sneezed. John Steele touched him on his foot. "Get up," he said. John Steele went to the stand, picked his revolver and then sat down at a table. "You're as foul a fighter you ever were," he said contemptuously.

CHAPTER XV. THE LAST SHIFT. THE candle burned low. It threw now on grimy floor and wall shadows of two men, one seated at the table, the other not from it. Before John Steele lay er and ink, procured from some one. Where were you on the night this man, Amy Gerard, was found? momentary expression of surprise, alarm, crossed the bruised and battered face. It was succeeded by an

angry suspicion that glowed from his evil eyes. "You're not trying to fix that job on?" "You? No?" "Then what did you follow him here for—to pump me? The Yankee that got transported is?" "As alive as when he stepped before you in the ring!" "Alive?" The fellow stared. He looked at Steele closer. "Blame if there isn't something about you that puzzles me," he said. "I represent him—the Yankee."

"Well, he got a good one. You know how to use your fists, mister." "Better than this Frisco Pet did once, eh, Tom?" The man frowned. "But to return to the subject in hand. That question you seemed afraid to answer just now was superfluous. I know where you were the night the woman was shot!" John Steele leaned forward and said something softly. "How'd you find that out?" asked the man.

"The Frisco Pet knew where you were all the time, but did not speak because he did not wish to get you into trouble, also because he did not know then what he long afterward learned indirectly—that you could have cleared him!" "Indirectly? I? What do you?" "Through your own having dropped a few words. Wine in, wits out." The fellow edged his chair closer. "Keep where you are!" John Steele's hand touched the revolver now on the table before him. Even as he did so the room seemed to sway, and it was only by a strong effort of will he kept his attention on the matter in hand and fought down the dizziness. "And let's get through with this. I don't care to waste much more of my time on you."

"You're sure nothing will happen to me if"—The man watched him closer. "This paper need never be made public, but it might be useful in certain contingencies." "And what am I to get if I do what you?" "You shall have funds to take you out of the country; the alternative," he bent forward, "about fifteen years if the traps!"

The fellow pondered. At last he answered. For a few minutes then John Steele wrote, looking up between words. His head bent now closer to the paper, then drew back from it, as if through a slight uncertainty of vision or because of the dim light. The fellow's eyes, watching him, lowered. "You know—none better—that on that particular night some one else, some one besides the Frisco Pet, entered your mother's house?"

Oaths mingled with low flappers' slang, but the reply was forthcoming. Other questions, too, were answered tentatively, sometimes at length, with repulsive fullness of detail. "You can state of your own knowledge what happened next?" John Steele spoke sharply. The fellow's red brows suddenly lifted. "Oh, yes," he replied readily. John Steele's manner became shorter. His questions were put fast. He forced quick replies. He not only seemed striving to get through his task as soon as possible, but always to hold the other's attention, to permit his brain no chance to wander from the subject to any other. But the fellow seemed now to have become as tractable as before he had been sullen, stubborn; gave his version in his own vernacular, always keenly attentive, observant of the other's every motion. His strength had apparently returned. He seemed little the worse for his late encounter. At length came an interval. Just for an instant John Steele's eyes shut. The fingers that had held the pen closed on the edge of the table. A quick passing expression of ferocity hovered at the corners of the observer's thick lips. He got up. At the same time John Steele rose and stepped abruptly back.

(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.

DR. GOBLE'S OPTICAL PARLOR REMOVED TO 235 E. MAIN STREET, OVER STRANG'S DRUG STORE.

## TAFT GRIEVES FOR FULLER

BOSTON, Mass., July 5. — President Taft, when told of the death of Chief Justice Fuller, said:

"The death of Chief Justice Fuller comes to me as a great shock. He was a good friend and a great judge. I have known him since 1890, when I was solicitor general, our relations having been always those of intimate friends, and I have always had the highest regard for his legal ability."

The President dictated the following tribute, which was wired to Chief Justice Fuller's daughter: "Your telegram forwarded to me here. I am greatly shocked to hear of your father's death and I extend to you all the heartfelt sympathy of Mrs. Taft and myself. Your father honored me with his friendship of twenty years, which enabled me to know his sweet and lovable nature and his noble character as a man. He was a great jurist, noted for his independence of thought and courage of action. His career entitles him to the gratitude of his fellow countrymen and he leaves a memory of which his family may well be proud."

Friends of the President here believe he will select Charles E. Hughes to succeed to the chief justiceship.

BAR HARBOR, Maine, July 4.—The chief justice passed away in the arms of his daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel Francis of Washington, at the cottage he has been occupying at Sorrento, where he has been for the last three weeks. At his bedside were his grand daughter, Miss Aubrey Francis, and the attending physician, Dr. Phelps, of Sullivan's Harbor. There will be simple services at the little chapel in Sorrento on Wednesday after which the remains will be taken to Chicago.

You haven't read all of today's news that's important to you until you've read the ads.

Some women save only a dollar or so now and then through reading the ads. Others save something on practically every purchase they education.

Another Kind of Walk. Ethel did not rush into his arms and cry "Oh, Cuthbert!" as usual. When he was ushered into the drawing room she gave him the frigid eye, and the gas was kept on at full pressure.

"I've been studying pedomanacy, Cuthbert," she announced. "Pedomanacy, pet?" "Divination by the feet," she explained. "Feet that incline to flatness are a sign of meanness, Cuthbert."

Cuthbert looked down at his No. 10 tans and sighed. "A hurried yet silent walk," she continued, "is indicative of criminal instincts. Your walk is so hurried, so noiseless, Cuthbert."

"You are speaking of only one of my styles of walking, Ethel," he answered brightly. "I have another. I used it this afternoon to walk into a jeweler's shop and buy a \$150 engagement ring that I had hoped!" "Oh, Cuthbert!" she cried, and the next minute the pedomanacy expert and a splay footed youth were crowded into one saddlebag chair, and the gas was turned down into a little blue bubble.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Dumas' Wealth and Poverty. Alexandre Dumas' rise to wealth and luxury was almost as marvelous as that of his most celebrated hero. He built a magnificent chateau, which he named Monte Christo. There he entertained all comers, friend and stranger alike, with more than oriental magnificence and sometimes with oriental mystery. His purse was open to all who sought it, and the day came when he experienced Timon's fate without acquiring Timon's disposition. He could not become a misanthrope, though his fortune disappeared almost as suddenly as it came, and then he learned the ingratitude of men. His last days were passed not in poverty, but in narrow circumstances. He left Paris in the fall of 1870 just as the German army was closing in to besiege it and when France was feeling its deepest woe. To the last he preserved his gaiety and youthful spirit. "I had but one Napoleon in my pocket when I first came here," he said. "I go away with two, and yet they call me a spendthrift."

Very Devout. A new parson was presented to a living in a remote agricultural district and was anxious to make himself at home with his flock as soon as possible. He therefore began his pastoral calls at once. Among the first recipients of these attentions was Farmer Jones, whose family the new parson had noticed to be very regular and apparently very devout attendants at church. Farmer Jones was out, but his wife received the parson, when the following dialogue took place: "I am your new rector, Mrs. Jones. I have noticed with great pleasure your regular attendance at church and have lost as little time as possible, you see, in calling and improving our acquaintance." "Yes, sir," replied Mrs. Jones; "we're 'bliged to be regular at church, for if we didn't go Farmer Smith claims that pew, and we're not goin' to give it up for the likes o' him. So my son Peter stands at the door half an hour before service begins to keep 'im out."—Liverpool Mercury.

Big Hats in Colonial Days. The question of high hats at public places was of some moment, even in colonial days. In 1709 the church at Andover, Mass., put it to vote whether "the parish disapprove of the female sex sitting with their hats on in the meeting house in time of divine service as being indecent." In the town of Abington in 1775 it was voted that it was "an indecent way with the female sex to sit with their hats and bonnets on in worshipping God." Still another town voted that it was the "town's mind" that the women should take their bonnets off in meeting and hang them on the pegs.

Too Costly. King George II. once wished to add the Green park, in London, to his palace grounds, whether the people liked it or not. He inquired of his minister as to the cost.

His lordship, mindful of the general discontent then prevalent, answered: "The cost, sir? Oh, it would be a matter of three crowns!" The king took the hint. The people kept their park and the sovereign his triple throne.

Dandruff Easily Cured. In fact Charles Strang, the druggist, has a certain hair restorer called Parisian Sage, which costs only 50 cents a large bottle, that is guaranteed to cure dandruff in two weeks or money back.

Parisian Sage is the discovery of an eminent student, scientist and specialist, and is made in this country only by the Giroux Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Parisian Sage is a most pleasant, daintily perfumed hair dressing, and besides curing dandruff, your druggist will return your money if it fails to stop falling hair or itching of the scalp.

It will make hair grow, and women who desire soft, beautiful and luxuriant hair can have it in two weeks by using this famous, quick-acting preparation. It is not sticky or greasy.

For some reason or another, the thing sought may be cheaper at one store than at another—than at any other. Ad-readers buy "in the light."



## BANISH THOSE GRAY HAIRS!

Kill the Dandruff Germs—Stop Hair Falling

Thousands of mothers are looking younger.—Their gray hairs are gone. The natural color has come back, and with it a new growth of soft, glossy, abundant hair. Why should you look old before your time, when you can look years younger by using



Dandruff Cured Three applications removed all the dandruff and left my scalp clean, white and smooth. Wm. Croak, Rochester, N. Y.

It is Positively Guaranteed to Restore Faded and Gray Hair to Natural Color. If other "so-called" Restorers have failed, don't give up hope, but give WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY a trial. You run no risk. If it is not exactly as represented, your money will be refunded.

PROFIT BY OTHERS' EXPERIENCE. Gray Hair Restored. My hair was getting quite gray and falling out rapidly and I was troubled with a terrible itching of the scalp. My head was full of dandruff, which fell upon my clothes and kept me continually brushing it off. While on a visit to Rochester I heard of your Sage and Sulphur for the hair. I got a bottle and used it. A few applications relieved the itching, my hair stopped falling out and gradually came back to its natural color. It is now a nice dark brown color, soft, glossy and pliable. Several of my friends want to use it, and I want to know what you will charge me for six bottles of it. MRS. T. A. FOGG, Sharon, Mercer Co., Pa.

Grew Hair on a Bald Head. For two or three years my hair had been falling out and getting quite thin until the top of my head was entirely bald. About four months ago I commenced using Sage and Sulphur. The first bottle seemed to do some good and I kept using it regularly until now I have used four bottles. The whole top of my head is fairly covered and keeps coming in thicker. I shall keep on using it a while longer, as I notice a constant improvement. STEPHEN BACON, Rochester, N. Y.

50c. and \$1.00 a Bottle—At all Druggists. If Your Druggist Does Not Keep It, Send Us the Price in Stamps, and We Will Send You a Large Bottle, Express Prepaid. Wyeth Chemical Company 70 CORTLANDT STREET New York City, N. Y. For Sale by LEON B. HASKINS, Medford, Oregon.

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