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In Printed Silks, Printed Chiffons, Wash Silks, Printed Georgettes and Georgettes in Long Sleeves or Sleeveless

Priced at \$9.95

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In our better dresses—Tub Silks, Printed Crepes, Georgettes and Ensemble Coat Dresses

Priced at \$14.95

Printed Wash Dresses \$1.95

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New Shipment Just in New Flop Hats in Straws and Hair

Priced at \$3.95

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All wool tailored coats, full silk lined.

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Westcott

Mode Modeled Pure Silk Hosiery in All the New Summer Shades. Square and Pointed Heels.

\$1.00 per pair

New Shipment of Goldette Shorties and Bloomers

in pink, orchid and Nile Special at \$1.00

GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Two intriguing words—"gold bullets"—angrily shouted by Andrew Ogden a few hours before he was murdered, draw closer into the tangled skein the legendary figure of Alex Peterson and his famous revolver loaded with golden slugs. John Peebles has the first clue in his quest to find the murderer and to clear Ogden's son, Jerry, who is engaged to Peebles' niece, of all suspicion. Peebles ponders the uncrossing coincidences, Nathan Hyde's secrecy as he sold the Peterson revolver to Peebles, Ogden's murder, his two queer visitors, the "woman in black" and Farris, Jerry's flight and now Ogden's excited words "gold bullets."

CHAPTER 5. Where Is Jerry?

Deacon greeted me briefly and went slowly towards the figure at the desk. He stood looking down at it, his square face white and his sea-blue eyes humid with emotion. The dagger was carefully removed, and Dr. Oakley began his examination. Deacon turned to me. "Well, John, what about it?" I had been dead-end the ques-



MacNair stood looking at us with his cold, disconcerting stare.

tion. I detailed my purchase of the revolver and Hyde's secrecy about it, the telephone call, how I had found Andrew, Mrs. Moffit's message and that Hubbard had told me. Henry listened with eyes like points of ice.

"Did you see anyone as you came over, John?"

Henry could not possibly know that I had seen Jerry or anyone else, yet I felt as if he were looking into my mind. My voice was steady as I replied: "I saw no one."

Stimson, the gardener, stood at the door with Hubbard. Stimson's eyes were riveted upon me, and there was in them something I did not like. Stimson had been with Ogden less than a year, and I haven't seen much of him. For some obscure reason he irritates me. I was suddenly vaguely conscious of disaster. It came upon me overwhelmingly that I should prevent Stimson from speaking, and I hurried out.

"Hubbard had better tell you his story, Henry."

Hubbard proceeded to enlarge upon what I had already told Deacon.

Deacon turned to me. "Hubbard tells us Ogden shouted the two words 'gold bullets.' The bullets in this Peterson revolver you bought are gold. Do you suspect a connection?"

"I don't know any more than you do, Henry."

Dr. Oakley spoke just then. "He's been dead an hour or so, Deacon." Deacon looked at his watch.

"Ten-twenty-five," he muttered. "What time did you find him, John?"

"Nine-thirty-three."

"The dull thud, thud, of the front door knocker reverberated through the hall. Coming like that, it startled all of us. Hubbard hurried into the hall.

The front door opened. Hubbard's voice, deferential and explanatory, came to us. Another's broke in upon it, hard and rasping in tone and familiar to me. My eyes sprang to Deacon's in astonishment. I saw him stiffen; a look of irritation crossed his honest face. I love a contest, and in spite of my astonishment and heaviness of heart, I half smiled. But what had brought Luther MacNair here?

"Good evening, gentlemen," MacNair had greeted Hubbard into the room, and he stood looking at us with that cold, disconcerting stare which was to become so familiar to me in the next few days. A year or two my junior, he had retired from professional life six months ago and taken up residence in San Felipe. He brought with him a handsome reputation as a man-tractor. Ruthless in his methods and diabolically clever, he was said to be less a personality than a machine.

"I called to see Ogden," MacNair went on. "This man," nodding at Hubbard, "tells me he has been murdered."

Deacon indicated the figure on the couch. "Pretty late for calling, isn't it?"

"I am here at Ogden's invitation. When I got home a few min-

utes ago, I found this card under my door." MacNair gave Deacon one of Andrew Ogden's personal cards.

On the back of the card Andrew had written:

Mr. MacNair: You were out when I called. There is a matter I wish to discuss with you. Will you drop in as soon as you return? This is important.

A. O.

"Have you any idea what Ogden wanted?" Deacon asked.

"You mean he may have wanted to see you in a professional way?"

"Yes. But I retired six months ago."

Henry looked at the body. "I am sorry you weren't home," he grieved. "Andrew might have been with us now."

"You'll get your man easily enough."

"Ah! the solution is already apparent to you," Henry flashed at him.

"Dear, dear! I was trying my hand at a compliment."

"You were never known for your compliments, MacNair."

"I suppose not. It's a grim business, this man-catching. But I'm through with it. A man with 23 hangings and 14 electrocutions to his credit has no business being interested in anybody's murder but his own. You'll find me at 3341 Magnolia if you want me. At good night, Deacon. Regards to Polyandria, Peebles."

Deacon went to the glass-topped cabinet behind the desk and lifted the lid.

"That dagger is kept here, isn't it, Hubbard?"

"As a rule, sir."

"It belongs to Mr. Jerry, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is Mr. Jerry, Hubbard?"

"I—I believe he is out, sir."

"Where has he gone?" "I don't know, sir. As I told you, I heard Mr. Jerry and Mr. Ogden talking in the library a few minutes after nine. That is all I know, sir."

Again there was silence. I managed to get myself in hand. Deacon was thinking. Presently he said: "I suppose it was you who left Mr. Ogden's card at Mr. MacNair's?"

"No, sir, I left it there."

Stimson, the gardener, had answered the last question, his eyes challenging mine.

"You are the gardener, aren't you?" Deacon asked.

"Uh-huh."

"What time did Mr. Ogden give you this card?"

"Around six, I guess. That Farris fellow had just gone down the drive. Mr. Ogden called me, gave me the card and told me where to leave it. There was nobody at home, so I shoved it under the door."

Deacon nodded.

"Your rooms are over the garage, aren't they?"

"Uh-huh."

"Is Mr. Jerry's car in the garage?"

"No, it ain't. But it was there 'round nine o'clock—just before I dropped in the Hubbar's."

"Did you see or hear the car go?"

"None." Stimson leered at me, then he leaned confidentially towards Deacon. "It'd like a word with you alone, Chief."

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What will Stimson say to Deacon? Did he see Jerry running from the house? Tomorrow's chapter will tell.

COLLISION OCCURS IN WAGNER CREEK DISTRICT MONDAY

WAGNER CREEK, Ore., May 3.—(Special)—Two cars one driven by Mrs. John Wolgamott and the other by Mrs. T. R. Flury, came together near the home of Wm. High last Monday evening. There were no passengers hurt, but the cars were considerably damaged. It was decided last Tuesday morning by State Traffic Officer C. P. Talbot that Mrs. Wolgamott was on the wrong side of the road at the time of the accident.

Fred Weber and Chris Betz spent last Friday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Bruner.

Mrs. H. T. Slagle and son, Bobbie, and M. E. Bradley were Ashland visitors last Wednesday.

Miss Luella Sator of Phoenix spent last Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lynch.

Mrs. Howard Boyd and family of Eugene, Ore., who have been making an extended visit with Mrs. Boyd's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Smith, of Yank Gulch, returned home last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Sommers and family called on Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bruner last Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Flury, who were married in Medford Saturday of last week, were charivariated last Thursday evening by a number of friends in this locality. They were taken to Ashland in a buggy and said later they enjoyed the buggy ride.

Misses Ruth Mee and Beatrice Johnson of Applegate spent last Monday and Tuesday with Mrs. T. R. Flury and Miss Dorothy Head.

A large number of Wagner Creek residents attended the Jackson county field meet held at the fair grounds last Saturday.

Mrs. P. C. Garrett of Oakland, Cal., and Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Frye of Medford called on Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Lynch last Friday.

Find More Diamonds

STERLING, Ill., May 3.—(AP)—One hundred and three black diamonds have been taken from the earth near Harmon, Ill. It was revealed today. No rush of prospectors is forecast, however, as the jewels are part of the shipment of 133 which were lost there on March 22 when a mail plane crashed and burned.

Sam Mathis and I. T. McIlwain were business visitors at Grants Pass Saturday.

The Misses Sandry, Mason, Willis and Haldeman had a weller roast Friday night.

The opening of the season and good weather brought forth fishermen Sunday, and Rogue River was well represented. Not much success was reported.

Mrs. Lela Shepard, Florence Botkin and Fern Eads attended Pomona Grange at Jacksonville Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Shepard is the lecturer of Pomona, and had charge of the lecture hour.

Mr. Probstfield and Mr. Cramp-ton attended church at Medford Sunday evening.

Blazing Brooder Destroys Chicks at Rogue River

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., May 3.—(Special)—The brooder belonging to Mrs. Horton caught fire early Sunday morning and burned. Only about 150 of the 500 baby chicks were saved.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Dengler and daughter of Roseburg spent the week end in Rogue River. Mr. Dengler returned to his work Sunday night and Mrs. Dengler and

daughter are spending the week visiting relatives here.

Dinner guests at the Fred Dengler home last Sunday were Mr. and Mrs. Orville Dengler and Lois Jean, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Scott and Neil, and Mrs. George Fabricius.

Mr. and Mrs. Hawk were called to Rogue River by the illness of Mrs. Hawk's mother, Mrs. Mat-thews.

Among Rogue River people visiting Medford last Saturday were Mrs. Martha Seaman, Miss L. Mason and Mrs. Fred Dengler.

Grants Pass visitors Wednesday were Mrs. S. Blakely, Mrs. Wallace LeMoine, Mrs. Harry Winters and Miss Esther Winters.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace LeMoine and children are moving up Evans creek, where Mr. LeMoine is engaged in logging operations.

Several of the pupils of the Rogue River school attended the track meet at Medford.

Little Dale Hatch, who has been ill with measles, is recovering.

Joe Pierce, brother of Mrs. O. H. Penny, died at the Grants Pass hospital Tuesday, April 30th. Mr. Pierce suffered a paralytic stroke from which he never regained consciousness.

Lebanon.—Preparations under way for strawberry harvest at barrelling plant of Baker, Kelly & Co. Laughlin.

For Women of Middle Age

"I have been taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to build me up and for the Change of Life and I can't get along without it. I lost about twenty pounds and I felt weak and run-down. I find it gives me strength and quiets my nerves. I have two daughters and I give it to them when they came into womanhood and was greatly pleased at the results. I will answer any letter asking for information."—Mrs. L. E. Hanson, Waterloo, Iowa.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co. Low, Mass.

TABLE ROCK HAS SHEEP THIEF OF BUTCHER ABILITY

TABLE ROCK, Ore., May 3.—(Special)—A case of thievery right close to home happened the other night at the Dunlap and Hamilton sheep camp when some one killed and dressed a fat sheep, leaving the hide and offal for the owners.

Crops in this section are steadily improving under the effects of rain and sunshine and there appears to be a good fruit crop over the district although much of this may drop later, where the temperature got too low.

Although many grown-ups and children from here attended the track meet at the fair grounds last Saturday, very few ribbons came back to the district.

Bob Lewis of the Lewis Brothers Sheep company reports a very successful lambing season just closed in their flocks.

A. L. Seabrooke, who has been suffering for more than a month with sinus trouble, is much improved at this writing.

E. L. Roberts, foreman of the Davis ranch in the Agate district, was a recent business visitor here. He reports prospects are good for a big hay crop this year on the ranch he has charge of.

Jess Kinney of Sams Valley is constructing a hay barn for J. L. Nealon.

As there are only four more weeks of the local school term, including this week, those who have intended to visit there had better be doing so.

Several truck loads of fat cattle from the Sams Valley district passed through here Monday on the way to the Medford market.

Henry Gregory of Agate is a frequent visitor here in the interest of his growing crop on his alfalfa ranch.

The first oriole of the season was heard in the maples here last Saturday morning. Many believe that there will be no more cold weather after the arrival of these so-called birds.

The bee martin generally makes his appearance here at the same time or a little ahead of the oriole, but for some reason has not been heard from yet this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Cock Robin have had their new home built for some time, Mrs. Robin doing the major part of the construction work.

Last Saturday night while Verne Harper was enjoying the dance at Gold Hill a brand new overcoat and a package containing supplies just purchased were removed from his car and are now among the missing.

ROGUE RIVER HAS COUNCIL MEETING TO DISCUSS MILL

(By Mrs. Myrtle Whipple)

ROGUE RIVER, Ore., May 3.—(Special.) A special council meeting was held Thursday night to determine whether Dick Richman will sell or lease a sawmill site to a prospective company.

Mr. Sparks, chairman of the sawmill committee, resigned, and Mr. McIlwain filled the vacancy.

A weller roast was held Thursday night by the young people of Rogue River.

Sam Mathis was a Medford visitor Thursday.

Miss Doris and Gladys Sandry and Miss Neva Todd were Grants Pass visitors Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Whipple and Frank Cramp-ton attended the show at Grants Pass Friday night.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Burnett and Melvin were Medford visitors Saturday.

Mrs. Lela Shepard, Fern Eads and Florence Botkin attended the Women's Federation of Clubs at Ashland Friday and Saturday. They were sent as delegates by the Civic Improvement club of Rogue River.

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TODAY THE PROVING GROUND FOR MOTOR OILS IS IN THE AIR



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"I've proved VEEDOL Motor Oil in airplanes in all kinds of weather, on all kinds of flights... stunt, endurance, long distance. I use nothing else in my planes or cars. I'm satisfied."

Put this heavier-bodied, longer-lived, super-heat resisting motor oil in your car. And get the same motor service it gives the greatest pilots... Byrd, Chamberlin, Goebel, Jensen, Rankin, Amelia Earhart and scores of others.

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TAXIING AROUND AIRPORTS

The Santa Barbara, Cal., Yacht club plans to operate an electric airway beacon on the roof of its clubhouse as soon as the department of commerce authorizes its installation. A definite Morse code characteristic will be assigned the beacon.

City authorities of Staunton, Va., have selected another site for their municipal airport. The new site can be secured for a nominal sum, and the money available for airport purposes can be used to install special facilities.

The green cone lights operated in conjunction with the main beacon unit at the Pueblo, Colo., municipal airport will flash the letter "P" in Morse code to aid fliers in locating the markers. The department of commerce at Washington has authorized this characteristic for Pueblo.

Greenfield, Mass., had authorized the expenditure of \$40,000 for municipal airport purposes. At a town meeting the bond issue was adopted by a vote of 180 to 9. William J. MacKenzie, airport specialist for the department of commerce, told Greenfield citizens the advantages of an airport before the ballot was taken.

Hornell Airways, Inc., has purchased an airport site at Hornell, N. Y. Grading of the area is now under way, and hangars and shops are to be added at once. General taxi service is planned along with a flying school.

The Firestone Tire and Rubber company at Akron, Ohio, has erected the largest air marker yet established on the roof of its plants there. In addition to the name of the city, a large arrow points toward the Akron municipal airport. A system of 500-watt lamps and industrial reflectors has been used to illuminate the markings for night legibility.

Plans for a survey between Washington and Pittsburg are under way in anticipation of an early designation of such a route as an air mail airway by the post office department. An air mail route from the national capital to Pittsburg would connect with facilities there to speed mail westward to Cleveland, Chicago and far-western cities.

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- Spring Lamb
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- Fryers
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