

OUTDOOR MEETING ENJOYED BY GIRL TROOP OF TALENT

TALENT, Ore., June 18.—(SpL.) The Roebuck troop of the Girl Scouts held an all-day meeting at the forks of the road on Wagner creek. At this time several of the girls passed the tenderfoot test and received merit badges. The day was spent in games and instruction. A basket lunch was served at noon, while the girls enjoyed a wicker roast for supper. The girls were attended by their captain, Mrs. Lester Newberry.

Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Jay Terrill and daughter Barbara spent Thursday afternoon in Medford shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley Nywarner from Clifton spent Wednesday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Garvin.

Charles R. Robert from Los Angeles, Cal., is making his mother, Mrs. Emma Robert, an extended visit. Mr. Robert has been working in the oil fields in California for several years.

Miss Gladys Crosby from California is visiting her father, Will Crosby.

Mrs. Malvin McGrew, who was operated on a couple of weeks ago for appendicitis, is so far recovered as to be moved the first of this week to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Pellet, at Klamath Junction.

Carl Glasgow suffered the loss of his tractor and 150 gallons of gasoline and other farm implements when his machine shop caught fire. The cause of the fire could not be determined.

Mrs. Leo Neatherlands from Winters, Cal., who has been spending the past month visiting her mother, Mrs. Crosby, and other relatives, returned to her home the first of the week.

Bert Simmons, who has been spending the past three months with his parents at Pumpkin Center, returned Wednesday to San Francisco, where he has obtained employment.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Driskell of Ashland are residing at the home of Mrs. Cora Denham during her absence. Mrs. Denham is spending a couple of months in Washington and the east and expects to return by the southern route, and will visit her son, Lloyd Turner, and family in San Francisco en route.

George Whelley went to Ashland Saturday morning to consult a dentist.

Mrs. Clara Andrews of Medford spent Wednesday afternoon at the home of Grandma Crosby.

Profit thinking began in the Talent district last week. Most all of the orchards now have thinning crews at work.

Early oil wells at Baku were scooped out by hand.

GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Furlie traps Peebles in the family saloon and prepares to kill him. Furlie believes that Peebles intends to convict him of Ogden's murder. Dillon follows Peebles and is waiting outside the room. Throwing Furlie off guard by a ruse, Peebles lands a knockout blow on Furlie's chin. Pretending to plead for mercy, Peebles fires at the ceiling, groins and slumps to the floor. Dillon crashes into the room, wheels in surprise at Peebles' voice, tries to shoot him, but Peebles' gun is the quicker. Dillon drops dead—Dillon, who is Luther MacNair.

CHAPTER 47.

"A Simple Act of Justice."

Jerry gave me something to drink and I felt better.

"Quite a family party," I remarked acidly. "Can't a man keep an appointment without half a dozen people chasing after him?"

"He might have killed you, Uncle John!" Lucy wailed, pressing me to her again.

"Hain," I said grimly. "I suppose it was you who got Deacon to come."

"How did you know it was MacNair, John?" Henry asked humbly.

"You'd have known it was MacNair, too, if you hadn't had your eyes elsewhere."

Henry flushed. I felt sorry for him and I turned my attention to Nathan Hyde, who had been eyeing me with an ironic grin.

"Still looking for the mine transfer, Hyde?" I demanded.

That ruffled his smoothness a bit, but he replied suavely enough. "No, we were looking for you, Peebles," and he chuckled.

before dawn the next morning. I am not sure why MacNair wanted to kill him. Furlie believes that Peebles intends to convict him of Ogden's murder. Dillon follows Peebles and is waiting outside the room. Throwing Furlie off guard by a ruse, Peebles lands a knockout blow on Furlie's chin. Pretending to plead for mercy, Peebles fires at the ceiling, groins and slumps to the floor. Dillon crashes into the room, wheels in surprise at Peebles' voice, tries to shoot him, but Peebles' gun is the quicker. Dillon drops dead—Dillon, who is Luther MacNair.

"I did not call out, MacNair and I fought in silence."

"Item four—Polyandria followed me into the den. Somehow, she got tangled up between us. I heard her yell and I was sure she lashed out with a paw. After the struggle I found a tiny drop of blood congealing on one of her claws. She hadn't scratched me, so she must have drawn the blood of my opponent."

"There was a scratch on MacNair's right wrist. He at once pulled up his sleeve and showed it to me—obviously to disarm suspicion."

"Item five—MacNair examined the cartridges before I did. A few minutes later, when I called his attention to the nicks on the one that contained the note, he pretended that he had not seen them. That was nonsense. He couldn't have helped seeing them."

I held up the little red notebook.

"Item six—some of my conclusions are written here. When MacNair and I were in my den Saturday night, I put the notebook down on my desk and left the room for a minute or two. When I returned

"See here, Uncle John!" Jerry cut in unceremoniously. "You were supposed to be Watson and you turn out to be Holmes. And the supposed Holmes is the villain."

"Thanks for the comparison, Jerry," I said modestly. "Holmes took upon himself the role of Watson as a matter of expediency."

"You mean you knew all along that MacNair killed Andrew?" Henry exclaimed.

"Well, since the day after it happened," I admitted. "But my evidence was incomplete. I didn't believe it would stand up under the attacks of a battery of criminal lawyers MacNair—Dillon—would summon to his defense. I waited for him to force the issue. And he did—tonight. He gave you the evidence item for item." I ruffled the pages of my little red notebook.

"Item one," I began.

"Today is Tuesday. Jerry left his father at 15 minutes past nine Friday evening. At exactly half past nine I was called on the telephone, presumably by Andrew Ogden. The speaker asked me to come over at once. His voice was strained and unnatural, but I had no reason then to believe that it wasn't Andrew. On the way over I saw a man in Jerry's white flannels flying down the drive. I found Andrew dead in the library with his left hand clamped around the telephone receiver. The inference at first glance was that Jerry had killed his father as Andrew returned home, then ran for his life. But, while most people hold the receiver of a telephone to the left ear, Andrew was deaf to the left ear and he always held it to his right ear with his right hand. Yet I found him holding it in his left."

"I contend, therefore, that it was not Andrew who telephoned me, but the man who killed him; that his murderer was not Jerry, because Jerry would have known which hand to place upon the receiver; and that the murderer telephoned me to come over so that I would see him occupying Jerry's clothes and conclude that Jerry had killed Andrew."

"Item two—after Furlie left the Ogden house and before he called Jerry into the library, Andrew wrote a card to MacNair. MacNair returned to his house shortly after the card was left there, and not several hours later, as he pretended; he left for the Ogden house at once; saw a light in the Ogden library and a sense of danger sent him there instead of to the front door; he overheard Andrew telling Jerry the story of his Torridity days, without, however, disclosing to him Dillon's present identity. MacNair realized if he would preserve his own life and liberty he must make away with Andrew as soon as Jerry had gone. There was no moon and he easily stood on the little railed-in balcony without being seen."

"My evidence of this is flimsy. MacNair was having a stereo window built on his bungalow. I found traces of plasterer's cement on his shoes and a deposit of it on the balcony."

Item three—my den was entered

"I found the book had been disturbed—as I had expected. I wanted MacNair to know I believed him guilty."

"Item seven—Sunday morning MacNair stopped his car at my house and told me he was going to Los Angeles. I purposely glanced at his speedometer. It registered 4,825 miles. Last night, after the car was supposed to have covered a distance of 250 miles, it registered 5,010 miles—an increase of only 185 miles. MacNair went to Torridity to plant Jerry's flannels."

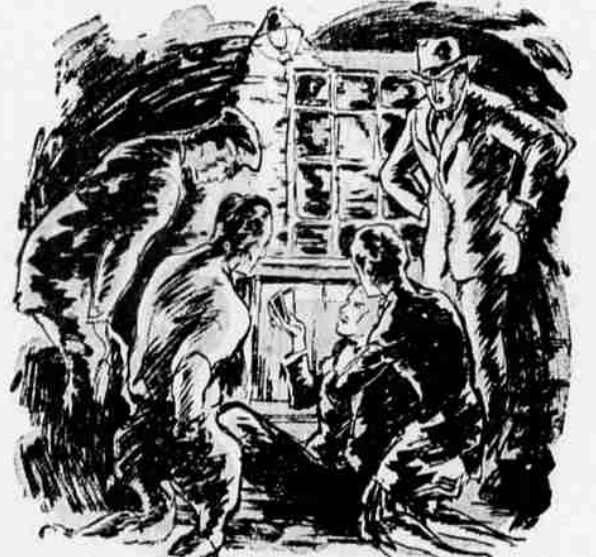
"Items eight and nine—Last night I telephoned an old colleague of mine in Los Angeles and asked him to get information I wanted. He called me back this morning. He told me, first:

"That MacNair was involved in the Phalanx oil swindle and that he had to return \$100,000 before the end of this week or face a criminal court action. He demanded \$100,000 of Andrew."

"Second: That MacNair was discharged by the Flinkerton Detective Agency 30 years ago for accepting a bribe of \$10,000."

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The story of how Peebles clinched the case against MacNair is in tomorrow's chapter.



Peebles' notebook held the amazing solution of Andrew Ogden's murder.



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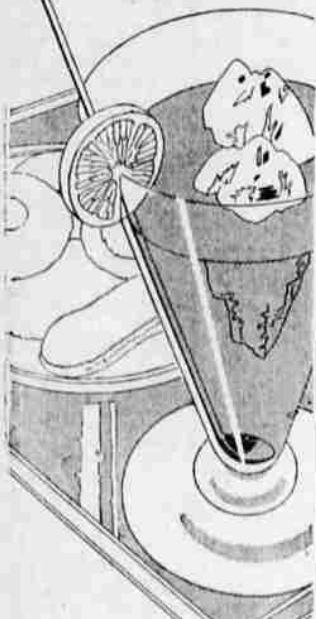
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ELECT LOWE SCHOOL DIRECTOR IN TALENT

TALENT, Ore., June 18.—(SpL.) The annual election of district No. 22 occurred at the schoolhouse Monday afternoon. H. H. Lowe was elected for the three-year term by a majority of seven over Earl Newberry. Mrs. Jay Terrill received the unanimous vote of the meeting, being the only nominee for clerk.

TALENT PEARS SOLD FOR \$75 TO CANNERY

TALENT, Ore., June 18.—(SpL.) Several pear buyers have already visited the different orchards in the Talent district. A deal was made Saturday with one orchardist for his crop at \$75 a ton for canning purposes.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Jenkins, Mrs. Waller Russell and two daughters from Ashland, called at the Troyer home Monday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Frink entertained at dinner Sunday Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Corn and family, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Anderson of Medford and Mr. and Mrs. Barclay of Phoenix. The occasion was a social reunion, as all the party were neighbors who formerly lived in Bridgeport, Ore.

Mrs. Howard Tibbet and daughter arrived Friday from Oklahoma and are making Mrs. Lillian Scott an extended visit. The party came by the northern route and attend-

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of the Rose Festival in Portland day with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Frank Strahan, who is critically ill. Mrs. Clarence Mathes spent Sunday at the Sacred Heart hospital.

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