

BOB BULLEN HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY IN TALENT HOME

TALENT, Ore., July 12.—(Special) Mrs. Harvey Walters and Mrs. G. L. Bullen entertained Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Walters in honor of Bob Bullen's sixteenth birthday.

Miss Laura Teyer of Ashland spent Monday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marion Teyer.

Mrs. Russell and daughter, of Ashland, visited friends in Talent Thursday.

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For the Love of a Lady

by Jeffery Farnol

SYNOPSIS: Sir Richard leaves his ring beside the body of Helen because he believes Helen is dead. He is killed and he wishes to cast suspicion on Helen. Helen is shot by Sir Richard's servant, the Galloping Parson. Shortly after Richard's arrival, the Parson rides to Helen's room and kills her.

Chapter 17

A CONFESSION—OF LOVE

HELEN sat staring with eyes of horror on the signet-ring upon the table.

"And now," said the Duchess, staring also at the ring, "now that you are more composed, tell me all over again."

Helen shivered, bowed her head and spoke:

"Last evening, as I rode, I met Captain Despard, and I would have left him, for I hate the man, but he persisted. We reached the little wood they call the Fallowdown Dingle, and he suggested we ride through it."

"Ah—twas himself suggested the wood!"

"Yes, aunt; I did so because 'tis the shortest way back to the village. . . . And there lay Julian Guyford—dead. And beside his dead hand—this! And she pointed trembling finger at Sir Richard's signet-ring."

"And," inquired the Duchess, "where the captain saw it?"

"I was he picked it up. He said: 'Surely I have seen this ring before. Ah, this is Sir Richard Guyford's signet!' and then, 'Here is evidence! He shall verily hang him—if found! He quarreled with this unfortunate gentleman so bitterly! And now we find his ring beside the murdered body of this poor gentleman! If found here, this shall assuredly hang Sir Richard!'"

"Now tell me what you said, every syllable, me dear."

"Then, aunt, I told him it must not be found, and tried to snatch the ring from him. 'Give it to me!' And he not complying I—found myself. . . stooping to plead with him."

"And what says he?"

"'Shook his head, aunt. 'But, Helen, says he, 'if we suppress such evidence, we make ourselves accessories after the fact, which is grave and heinous offense.' 'No matter,' says I, 'Give me that ring.'"

"And then he gave it thee, ay, course?"

"He did," answered Helen. 'Take it, Helen,' says he; 'honesty from me are fellows in crime.' And he—smiled!"

"And no wonder!" nodded the Duchess, frowning, "for fellows in crime are indeed, miss!"

Helen shivered. "Ah! . . . What do you mean?"

"That if you are to be the price of this gentleman's alliance."

"Oh!" gasped my lady. "Oh, aunt, what other could I have done?"

"Well, you might ha' left this lying ring—being."

"Lying ring? Then, oh, then you think it would ha' borne false testimony? You don't think he—"

"What I think is neither here nor there—'tis what I know!"

"And what . . . do you know?"

"Howbeit, you love Sir Richard Guyford."

My lady sat silent for quite one moment then, sighed she:

"Dear aunt, let us consider! Is it love to . . . dread his dishonour, to fear for his safety, to pity him in his loneliness, to long to comfort him, yearn to please him, anger him, soothe him, aid him, share his dangers, belong to him? If this be so . . . why then—"

"Rogue," cried the Duchess. "Come, kiss me!"

"And you believe in him, despite his ill repute?"

Here was knocking on the door, and Betty, my lady's maid, appeared, breathless, flushed and agog with news:

"Oh, my ladies!" she exclaimed. "This atrocious murder! Such things do not happen in the poor, murdered gentleman were seen by highwaymen, the Galloping Parson, or Black Nick, but most folks seem to think 'twas neither, ma'm, but another as—"

"Another, who girl?" demanded Helen.

"Why, ma'm, they do say, as this deed were committed by the wicked 'nd of his cousin, Sir Richard Guyford—"

Up sprang my lady, graceful and fierce, almost as a panther.

"Woman," cried she, "hold that wicked tongue! Begone, lest I tear thy hair—go!"

Betty fled, but beyond the door ventured to turn:

"Oh, my lady!" she gasped, "no offence, ma'm, if poor Sir Richard ain't guilty—way has he run off and vanished himself away?"

"Vanished? . . . What do you mean?"

"Only what every one's saying, how as Sir Richard, on the very night of the horrible deed, my lady, he mounts his fastest horse, and gallops away. And no eye had seen nor ear yet heard him since, my lady."

Here, at imperious sign from her mistress, Betty outstepped again and closed herself out of the room.

"To—run away!" whispered Helen. "Why should he? What can we do?"

"Nothing," answered the Duchess, "now, but we'll have him paying us surprise visit one of these fine nights—'y' do as I bid ye."

"What? Oh, tell me!"

"What, my dear—let me whisper."

The Marquis of Merivale sighed, moaned, and, opening unwilling eyes, blinked at his servant, Françoise.

"S matter, Françoise," he inquired drowsily.

"Sir Richard Guyford's gentleman, Mr. Gregory, waits below."

"Gregory—oh?" quoth the Marquis. "S' early too! I wonder what—? Send him up and let nobody disturb us!"

The Marquis had achieved complete wakefulness when Gregory entered, bowed, closed the door and showed a strange unwelcome trouble.

"Well, Greg, what news?"

"None, my lord. Sir Richard has not come home."

"Odd, Gregory, curst odd, eh? It ain't like Richard? I turn tail—and yet . . . where 's' doce he be?"

"Where indeed, my lord? For at ready there are ugly rumors abroad coupling his name with this horrid murder. . . and himself not here to give such base rumors the lie!"

"The curst censorious world," sighed the Marquis, "and Dick's not loved by his neighbours. . . . An he disappeared two nights since—the very night of the murder, Greg?"

"Yes, my lord. He left at about six o'clock."

"And the murder was discovered about eight o'clock?"

The Marquis frowned at his bed-curtains blacker than ever.

"But that same night, Greg, I was 'tacked by highwayman—flew shot 'n' horse, though I had the luck 'n' wing 'n' rog—this of the 'bout 'n' past eight. Now who's 't say the murder was not committed by some such rogue—eh?"

"My lord," sighed Gregory. "Mr. Julian had not been robbed."

"Ay, true!" said the Marquis. "Ha, but, quoth he, brightening suddenly, 'the rogues may ha' been scared off 'fore they could rob thy body—eh?"

"Possibly, sir, though the need is a lonely spot."

"But 't' question be—what's become of poor Dick? He left in a hurry, I understand?"

"At a moment's notice, my lord. 'He wore his sword, of course."

"Yes, sir! His pistols were in his saddle-bolsters."

"Hum!" quoth the Marquis, and was gloomily silent for a while. "My lady Helen, the D'Arcy," called that afternoon, you tell me; poor Dick's enemies are busy 'n' ready, eh? Ah, well, though 't's a curst early, I perceive I must be up 'n' doing, Greg, up 'n' doing."

Having breakfasted hastily, the Marquis suffered himself to be washed, shaved and dressed, lost meanwhile in profound abstraction of thought, interrupted the nice adjustment of his lace neckcloth with command for haste, tossed off silk en dressing-robe and slid into unheld-of coat, and all with such unheard-of celerity as left his Françoise gasping.

"M' sword—Françoise!" said he. "No, not that; 't's too light. I'll wear the colichemarde, slightly, but brought the deadly doubling sword and adjusted it to his master's hip."

"M' hat, Tom. . . . M' cane, Françoise! And now, Greg, we'll take it all!"

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The Marquis bears now and most convincing evidence against his friend in lampoon's chapter.

At the Rialto Tomorrow



Tom Mix in "Rough Riding Romance."

INVESTIGATION MADE STOCKWELL'S DEATH BY TALENT RESIDENTS

TALENT, July 12.—(Special)—Harry Hamilton and Guy Hamilton went to Klamath Falls Monday to investigate the accidental death of N. A. (Oz) Stockwell.

Mr. Stockwell, who was well known in this city, met instant death in an auto accident on the Dalles-Columbia highway, Forest Grove, on Friday afternoon.

Miss Anna Evans of Clifton, Ore., is visiting friends in Talent for a few days and will attend the funeral of her friend, N. A. Stockwell.

Camp Fire Girls, group No. 1 met at Mrs. Harry Lowe's last Monday. The evening was spent in sewing for the Red Cross.

Camp Fire Girls, group No. 2, met at Mrs. Lowe's Thursday and held their regular social.

Miss Margaret and Elizabeth Higgins and Harry Hamilton spent Sunday with Mrs. Helen Hagdale, at Eagle Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Elsie Cochran, after visiting relatives in Talent, returned Sunday to their home in Klamath Falls, accompanied by Mrs. Cochran's uncle, S. P. G. Matson.

Mrs. Della Bryner and daughter, Dorothy, stayed at Ashland Wednesday afternoon.

Elder R. V. Blalock of Caldwell, Idaho, preached at the Baptist church last Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Foss accompanied by Mrs. Foss' mother, Mrs. Twofoot, spent the 4th at Crescent City, returning Friday. Will Gleim and family spent the fourth at Crescent City as also did Everett Hanson, a member of the Legion drum corps of Medford.

Mrs. Geneva Ross of Ashland, formerly of Talent has gone to Los Angeles for a month's visit with her sister.

Sister of Mrs. Mary John Burdick, cousin of O. A. Manning, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Manning Monday and Tuesday of this week on her way east to visit her mother.

Killed by Wood Saw
ALEXANDY, Ore., July 12.—(Special)—Walter D. Saterman, 28, Lebanon, was killed last night at his farm home when a wood saw he was operating at high speed flew to pieces. Three children, playing nearby, narrowly escaped being killed.

Portland.—Portland Grain Exchange opened trading center here.

Wounded Moose Slays Hunter in Wyoming Forest

REMEMBER, Wyo., July 12.—(Special)—The virgin wilderness still guards the secrets of life and death struggles in man's efforts to take the outposts of his domain.

A searching party organized Sunday, when Aldo Sanford's saddle horse returned to Sanford home in Fall River basin, 100 miles north of here.

The evidence indicated Sanford's having shot the animal and that, in its death struggle, it turned on him. His skull had been crushed.

VARNEY WILL HAVE OFFICE IN AIRPLANE

SEATTLE, (AP)—An office in the skies will be utilized by Walter T. Varney, president of the Varney air lines and operator of air mail planes in five states west of the Rocky mountains, when a luxurious \$20,000 cabin plane is delivered this summer.

Varney has to travel 2200 miles to visit all of his operating bases in Seattle, Portland, Pasco, Boise and Salt Lake City. By train the four takes a week, but with his new plane he will be able to make the rounds in 15 hours flying time and will do practically all of his own piloting. A desk and office equipment will make it possible to take a stenographer along.

DEPUTY ATTORNEY GUILTY OF BRIBE

LOS ANGELES, Cal., July 12.—(AP)—Harold L. Davis, former chief deputy district attorney, was found guilty of bribery by a jury in superior court today. The charge involved a bribe of \$2500 paid to obtain the acquittal of promoters of the defunct Julian Petroleum corporation tried in 1927 on fraud charges.

Samuel Beek of Fremont, Neb., attended a Lutheran college and a Catholic university. Now he plans to enter Hebrew Union college and study to be a rabbi.

JUNE RAINFALL A RECORD SINCE '13 IN JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., July 12.—(Special)—Bill Britz, local weather reporter, gives the following report for the month of June: Mean maximum, 73.2; mean minimum, 48.4; mean 62.3; maximum, 86; date 23 and 24; minimum, 24, date 1 and 2; greatest daily range, 45. Precipitation: Total, 2.4 inches; greatest in 24 hours, 1 inch; date, 5th; number of days with .01 inch or more precipitation, 19; clear, 15; partly cloudy, 2; cloudy, 12. Thunderstorms 2nd and 4th. Precipitation since September 7, 18.92 inches. The precipitation for this month was the greatest for June since 1912 when 2.15 inches fell; greatest precipitation recorded at this station since its establishment in 1887. In June, 1894, there was a precipitation of 2.15 inches.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Mitchell and son Bruce of Oakland, Calif., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pick this week, while en route to Vancouver, B. C. Mr. Pick and Mrs. Mitchell were old friends a number of years ago when they were residents of Niles, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Oswell of Big Apple were visiting relatives here Wednesday.

Mrs. Dorothea Moots of Medford and John and Magy Elizabeth Reddy of Griffin Creek were visitors of Mrs. Ethel Olson Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Will Coleman of Medford and Mrs. Frank Coleman and children of Grants Pass called on Miss McCully Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Dean Saltmarsh, who have recently purchased a home south of Medford, were in our city Wednesday evening.

Mr. McIntosh, father of A. W. McIntosh and Mrs. A. W. Howe and family and Bob McIntosh started for Los Angeles by way of the coast route Thursday. They will visit the Oregon Caves and also other places of interest.

Arthur Wilson and Harley Gibb from south Jacksonville returned recently from a business trip to Vancouver, B. C.

Roy Smith has a crew of thinners at work in his orchard north of town this week.

Grandma Faucett, who lives alone at her house on Main street has been ill since Tuesday.

Casualties of the Air Service

SEVILLE, Spain, July 12.—(AP)—Two Spanish army officers returning today from a mission in an airplane were thrown from the machine when it tipped sharply in

Ex-Pullman Head Dies
CHICAGO, July 12.—(AP) John S. Rummels, chairman of the board of the Pullman company, died today at his summer home at Chocoma, N. H. The company officials here were informed. He was 84 years old. Rummels was formerly mayor in Iowa republican politics.

Increase Filers
WASHINGTON, July 12.—(AP)—Secretary Good today authorized the air corps to maintain an average of 400 flying cadets under training during the current fiscal year. This is an increase of 25 over the number contemplated in the estimates.

Jersey Triplet
SALEM, Ore., July 12.—(AP)—A Jersey cow owned by J. H. Hill, both of 20th, Lind county, gave birth to triplets Tuesday. Two of the calves weighed 37 pounds each and the third 22 pounds. All are well.

Evening under the Stars
A full summer moon bathing your camp in soft light... a crackling campfire sending its curling smoke skyward... songs and stories of countries and people far and near... is it any wonder that nights at the Canadian Pacific Bungalow Camps in the magnificent Rockies are nights of romance and contentment? Eight Bungalow Camps in choice locales invite you this summer - rates are decidedly moderate and Low Summer Fares on the Canadian Pacific Railway make this vacation a possibility for all the family. Get literature now.

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Are You Well and Strong?

"Before my third baby was born my husband advised me to take your medicine and he bought me three bottles of it. When I had taken the first one I began to feel better so I kept on during the whole period. We have a healthy baby boy and we are so proud of him and praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for the help it gave me. I feel lots stronger since I started to use it and would not be without it."

Mrs. Frank Laker, R. No. 1, Box 38, Lenox, N. Dakota.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

FIX REGULATIONS TO BAR SPINAL PLAGUE

PORTLAND, Ore., July 12.—(AP)—Regulations which the United States health bureau has prepared as a bulwark against the invasion of America by vertebra-spinal meningitis were in the hands of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon today, telegraphed him last night by Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, surgeon general of the public health bureau.

LONDON, July 12.—(AP)—Both the upper and lower houses of the convocation of Canterbury today adopted resolutions approving use of the revised prayer book in churches where assent is given through the parish council.

VICTIM CHICO PLANE CRASH ASKS DAMAGES

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., July 12.—(AP)—A damage suit filed in superior court here by Miss Mildred Devitt of Portland, Ore., against the West Coast Air Transport Co. and the Union Air Lines was transferred to the federal court today. Miss Devitt asked \$25,000 damages for injuries she was alleged to have suffered in an airplane crash in the mountains east of Chico, Cal., November 2, 1928. She charged negligence was the cause of the pilot operating the plane between Corning and San Francisco.

An Italian and his son tried moonshining and were arrested. They are liable to fines of \$10,000 for defrauding the state of excise duties.

KINCAID'S BIG DANCE

Eagle Point Saturday Nite
Tickets 75c

Free lunch. Come early. Have all the fun you like. Kincaid Imperial Orchestra. Dance starts at 9

Whether you shoot like Bobby Jones or have your own style

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