ASHLAND CLOSES FRIDAY, SEPT. 13 TO ATTEND FAIR

ASHLAND, Ore., Sept. 5.—(Special.)—Business houses in Ashland will close on Friday, September 13, to give all an opportunity to visit the county fair on Ashland day. A proclamation has been issued by Mayor J. Edward Thornton urging Ashland people to attend and to take part in the activities of the fair. The proclamation reads as follows:

Whereas, Friday, September 13, has been designated as Ashland day at the Jackson county fair; and

Whereas, Ashland day at the county fair last year witnessed the greatest show day attendance of the entire week; and

Whereas, the county fair is a valuable factor in advertising the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests of Jackson county and Ashland district;

I, therefore, in my official capacity as mayor of Ashland, Oregon, declare the afternoon of Friday, September 13, a holiday, and call upon the businessmen and business houses of the city to close during that afternoon so that their employees, their families and themselves may attend the county fair and thus publicly manifest Ashland's interest in the progress and prosperity of our county and district.

This proclamation signed and sealed on the 3rd day of September, 1929.

J. EDWARD THORNTON,
Mayor.

SCHOOL IS OPEN AT FOOTS CREEK

FOOTS CREEK, Ore., Sept. 5.—(Special.)—The Foots Creek school opened Monday, Sept. 2, with Mr. and Mrs. Graham as Foots Creek teachers. Mrs. Graham having charge of the primary grades and Mr. Graham the intermediate grades.

Gwendolyn Stanley, Frances and Elizabeth Ford will attend high school in Gold Hill.

Mr. Gutenhaus, secretary to D. H. Ross, has bought four acres of the Champion subdivision and has the lumber on the ground for a modern home.

Miss Florence Allen of Ashland spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wahl.

Mrs. Floyd Lance, Mrs. George Lance, Mrs. Chas. Wahl and Mrs. Georgie Allen were Rogue River visitors.

Some very fish are has been found in the Grant Mathew mine on the left fork of Foots creek. Mr. Mathew has several more employed.

Mrs. Charles Wahl and Mrs. George Lance spent Thursday afternoon with Mrs. McLoughlin in Rogue River.

Charles Champion of Medford, who has been spending his vacation at the Champion fruit farm, returned to his home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lance, and granddaughter Ruth and Margaret Rigby enjoyed a picnic dinner in the Grants Pass park Sunday and attended the show in the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chandler have moved to Foots Creek from Idaho. Mr. Chandler will be employed at the Foots Creek dredge.

The Rogue Service station and cabins have received a new coat of paint and a new gasoline sign installed. Mr. Hawkins, the proprietor, says every cabin has been full for the past two weeks.

Mrs. Ray Ann Stone spent the past week with her daughter, Mrs. F. Geiger.

Ted Dale has bought the Chas. Sutherlin home at Edgewood Park and intends moving there when the weather of the month.

NORRIS BUYS TIMBER TRACT JACKSONVILLE

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Sept. 5.—(Special.)—Ace Norris purchased this week a timber tract from Lulu Ryan near the old Jacksonville slaughter house.

GENERAL
VIOLET RAY
ANTI-KNOCK
GASOLINE
Smoothness assured
... no knocks

JACKSONVILLE GRANGE TO ASSEMBLE TONIGHT

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Sept. 5.—(Special.)—All members of the Jacksonville grange are urged to remember the business meeting to be held tonight, Sept. 5, at 8:00 o'clock in the new hall on the Medford road. It is important to have the support and voice of the grange on the matter of purchasing a piano for the hall. Also on this will be the last meeting before the fall. Those who are interested in here are matters for committee chairmen should attend this meeting. This is the first opportunity to be set up in the Jacksonville grange and much time and effort is being expended to make this one of the fair outstanding.

A large delegation of Jacksonville grangers attended the Eagles Club dance at the Elks palace Monday night, many participating in the various games and contests.

Attention is called to the change of meeting nights to the second and third Tuesdays. This is to be a temporary arrangement, and change to be announced later this month.

LAKE CREEK ACTORS ARE DINNER GUESTS

LAKE CREEK, Ore., Sept. 5.—(Special.)—Mr. and Mrs. Walter Brown and Mrs. Emma Moore

Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

SYNOPSIS: Fifteen months after a shipwreck had stove, miraculously, about Veronica survives from the wrecked vessel and Crusoe-like lands in Riverview—safe from the police. Veronica and Tom Gregory, the sole survivors, live on the island and take the Chinese and whole island the little French author found. Another project he finds, however, darkens the Veronica and the two in the Blighter and higher and Filliger's speed-indicator, the product of pirates, travels behind the smoke, leaves riverbank, determined to reach Blackwater, where Filliger's engineer lives in the meantime gave Veronica page a overwhelmed with her gratitude.

Chapter 22

VERONICA TALKS

VERONICA put the rudder hard over and steered for the destroyer, and reached him in three minutes. The destroyer had stopped her engines and Veronica made a dollop of her and came alongside, leaving a half dozen yards away from the port side. Then her clear voice rang out, in French:

"What imbecile fired that shot?"

The conversation so began was laughable.

It appeared the imbecile was the lieutenant in command himself. He stood at the gangway, and

The gunboat officer gazed in amazement at Veronica's demands.

when he realized that the man at Filliger's wheel was a lady, he saluted gallantly, and said:

"Yes, it is, madame."

Veronica went on, in her perfect French:

"You have made a grand mistake, my daughter. Do thought you had caught a mother or a smuggler? On the contrary you have caught two English yachts, who've been out in the China sea all night on account of trouble with their engines and are now on the way home. You have a bad scoop on board, I believe? Did you think it was a good joke to frighten a woman? Look here! I'll give you my father's name and address. You'd better write to him and apologize, or he'll come over and lick you. And I have the cause on which you good day, sir."

"Pardon, madame—but you have seen our signals."

"Pardon, monsieur, but we have not seen any signals at all."

"You have heard our siren?"

"We have, sir, we did not know you were talking to us."

"You have put us in the Bay of St. Michel."

"And then?"

"We have seen a man walking where near Point-au-Vac. One the will to be whether that is the gentleman landed from your boat."

"One has lost you a 30. How could a man land from a boat which has not gone near the shore? Your intelligence service doesn't function well. Again, I wish you good day, sir. And I counsel you to be more economical of your powder, sir!"

Whereupon Veronica switched in her engine and Filliger moved away, leaving the excitement behind them. In a quarter of an hour he was laid down. In another 30 minutes we had the Chinaman to ourselves.

We talked of anything but the question that affected my existence. At last I said:

"What we go back—

"Only and finally you're thinking of?"

"Thinks so much of them as to other things, Tom," said I.

"I know. Up to us to talk this matter out, isn't it? I've got a conscience and we've now—both unfortunate my person. Leave it to them."

And beyond that Veronica would not go. I persuaded her to let me take the wheel while she lay down to rest with one of the rugs around her. I meditated on the night's work.

I had joined in a grotesque escapade which might have alarming results. I had possibly been privy to a crime, an accessory after the fact to a flight from justice. And all because the blue eyes of Veronica had hypnotized me. I literally feared to come out of my trance. With her in this vessel, the muddled eagleness of the things at Blackwater seemed remote. . . .

But we were nearing it again with every revolution of the engine.

"You're a good pal, Tom," Veronica said suddenly.

She threw off the rug, and looked through the screen.

"Dagger," said Veronica. "We shall soon raise land. . . . A very good pal."

We did raise land within a quarter of an hour. I carried on at the wheel until we were close enough to identify landmarks. Then Veronica took charge. She steered to steer straight for a range of cliffs, far higher than the little cove near Blackwater.

"So we aren't going straight home?" I remarked.

"Not yet. We've a call to make."

"Where are we calling?" I asked.

"Silverthy Cove. I'll tell you why. It's possible we shall find there a fast motor boat which was stolen from Blackwater Creek. I happened to see a doubtful-looking person get on board her last night and drift with her down stream with the tide and go round Sandy point. . . ."

I think my mouth was hanging open by this time.

"Don't look so flabbergasted! You remember that I met you and told you about it. We drove down the coast keeping the boat in view as closely as possible. My mother came with us as a chaperone."

I gasped and Veronica went on.

"The point is that the suspicious person couldn't manage a twenty motor-boat, and when he got into Silverthy Cove and tried to land he ran her on to the beach on a falling tide. When we had crossed to the nearest point and climbed down, however, we found the boat high and dry and the suspicious person gone. It was that long past midnight.

"You had strained your axle coming down the cliff and could not climb up again. Not knowing the country, we decided to hang off it was light. This morning, having dredged your boat, we climbed painfully back to the car, drove to the nearest telephone, and communicated with Mr. Andrew Eagle and asked him to come and take his boat home."

My capacity for thought was exhausted.

"If you can get away with this—" I began. "But Mrs. Seabrooke?"

"We shall find mother in the old hut, I know where. The only question is whether any interfering person will be out so early as Silverthy Cove."

Our adventure came to an end in the placid waters of that extraordinary little bay in the coast known as Silverthy Cove, an almost landlocked pool surrounded by high cliffs with beaches of red-dish yellow sand at their base.

Filliger went in slowly and almost hesitatingly. We looked around. No interfering person spoiled our success. We rig an over a hatch as we could with sides. I took Veronica on my shoulder to land. We stepped to the hatchwright round our waist.

We climbed by a steep path to the top and walked a few hundred yards to a road, which we found the commandeered car, and drove to Mrs. Seabrooke—last refuge!

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The Tribune is due for several weeks yet, serialize in seven-week chapter.

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30x3½	$ 5.00	30x4.40	$ 6.30
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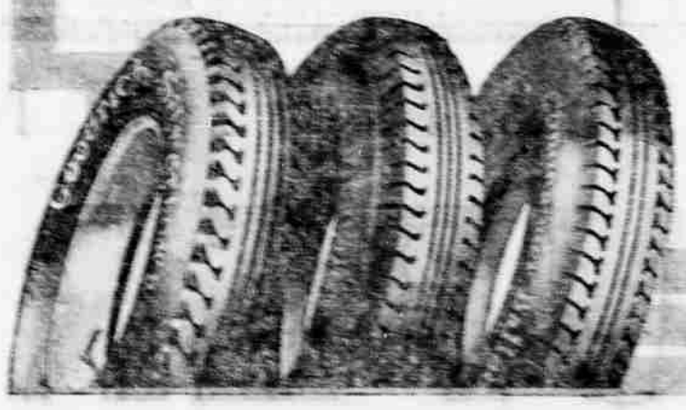

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