

BEGIN BUSY YEAR FOR EAGLE POINT SCHOOL CHILDREN

EAGLE POINT, Ore., Sept. 26.—(Special.)—The primary department now has an enrollment of 27. There are 12 little beginners, eight second graders and five third graders. Clarke Carlson, Johnnie Ray, Mary Elvina Nell and Eddie Danek have all been unable to attend school recently because of illness.

Twenty-eight students have been enrolled in the intermediate grades during the first two weeks of school. Carol Smith has been transferred to the Battle Falls district.

Grace and Boris Holcomb are leaving this week to attend school in prospect. Lyda Smith has been unable to attend school on account of illness.

Salvador Rosales, Everett Atkins, Chester Smith, Clyde Rigby

SPENT \$1500 TRY- ING TO GET WELL

Then Kellogg's ALL-BRAN Brought Relief

This startling letter from an ex-serviceman will interest everyone who suffers from constipation:

"I was discharged after the World War with heart trouble and last summer, I had saved about \$1500. Since then I've spent that sum and a lot more on doctoring and operations and medicines. I always was bothered with constipation.

"I told my wife to get some kind of light breakfast food and I would try it. She came home with a small package of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. I ate it for breakfast, lunch and dinner, about a common tea-saucer full with milk at each meal. I have been doing this for about a month. I have stopped taking dope (medicines). I work 9 to 12 hours, I have a good appetite. And now I am gaining flesh and believe I am getting well."

Cleanse your system of constipation's poisons. Thousands have regained their old-time vigor and vim, stopped constipation forever, by eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Eat two tablespoons daily—in chronic cases, with every meal. Relief is guaranteed. ALL-BRAN is 100% bran, 100% effective—doctors recommend it. Ready-to-serve with milk or cream. Use in cooking. See the recipe on the package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek. Sold by all grocers. Served in leading hotels and restaurants—dining cars.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN

A FEW LEFT

Golden Fleece Robes

Size 60x80

Given Free

With one of our new Fall Suits

Priced from

\$25.00 to \$45.00

Saturday will be your last chance to get one of these robes free.

See them in our windows.

Campbell Clothing Co.

On Main Street

Near Front

Star Meat Market

Saturday Specials

CHOICE CHICKENS and RABBITS

Beef Pot Roast, per lb.	25c
Beef Short Ribs, per lb.	18c
Pork Shoulder Roasts, per lb.	25c
Hams, whole or half, per lb.	32c
Home Cured Bacon, per lb.	30c
Home Rendered Lard, per lb.	16c

WE DELIVER

Phone 273

East Main

SCHOOL CHILDREN IN CENTRAL POINT TAKE UP STUDIES

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., Sept. 26.—(Special.)—Since the fair is over, our public school children have settled down to business and a young man of Central Point remarked: "We have some mighty good looking school marms, but some of them happen to be married."

Louis Scholz, Jr. and Doc Roemer left for Pendleton Monday to attend the annual roundup.

Mr. and Mrs. Weber who have been in Central Point for some time left this week for Yakima, Wash.; also Mr. Joe Day who is an expert fruit wicker left for the same place.

P. A. Tracy has been down from Glendale for a few days visit with his family.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield and Mr. and Mrs. Con Leever spent Sunday at Dead Indian.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaacson have been entertaining friends from Pendleton, Calif. during the past week. Mrs. Mabel Hanson and Mrs. Clara Parra were dinner guests at the home of Mrs. Mary Hay Tuesday.

Miss Elizabeth Ferguson left on the Shasta Tuesday night for Kernan, Calif. to take up her school duties.

After a visit of six weeks in Central Point, Tom Belcher returned to Dallas, Oregon Thursday.

ELECT OFFICERS FOR CENTRAL POINT P-T. A.

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., Sept. 26.—(Special.)—The Central Point P. T. A. met in the high school auditorium this afternoon. Election of officers was slated for the meeting and also a demonstration by the 4-H club girls. The parents of all new pupils were especially invited to attend that they might become acquainted.

MRS. ROSTEL RETURNS CENTRAL POINT HOME

CENTRAL POINT, Ore., Sept. 26.—(Special.)—The many friends of Mrs. P. Rostel are glad to see her again after an absence of six months in Dakota and other points further east. She returned with her son Ernest who has been on his vacation from the Mail Tribune.

REPAIR COUNTY CRUSHER IN JACKSONVILLE SHOPS

JACKSONVILLE, Ore., Sept. 26.—(Special.)—A large county rock crusher was brought to the county shops this week for repair and will then be taken to Dr. Keene's place north of Medford, where gravel will be crushed for the new Midway road.

TABLE ROCK MELON KING SUPPLIES 5-TON ORDER

TABLE ROCK, Sept. 26.—(Special.)—Ed Wilson, the watermelon king of this section, delivered a five ton order of his delicious watermelons to a Medford firm Saturday morning.

WOULDN'T TAKE \$1000 FOR GOOD SARGON DID HIM

"I wouldn't take one thousand dollars for the good Sargon did me. I wish I could have had it fifteen years ago."

"What a pity we missed her!" exclaimed Somerfield. He turned to me. "Now we shall have to go to Bruges."

At this point we heard footsteps on the stairs to the right of the corner, and a voice calling:

"Joseph!"

A lady came to the bottom of the stairs.

"Joseph—who are these gentlemen and what do they want?"

"They called expecting to find Mademoiselle Vandenessen, madame."

"Tell them mademoiselle is not here."

This third-person treatment was amusing. The lady was within two yards of us, but pretended we were not there.

Somerfield picked the notes in his wallet, and looking Joseph straight in the eyes, said:

"Ah, well, by shall have an hour in spare. Let's go and sit in the Botanical Gardens on that terrace in front of the grande serre, eh? Good day."

We heard the lady's voice saying: "Shut the door, Joseph," and saw

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Death Treasure

By R. A. J. WALLING

SYNOPSIS: Possessive and possessive become possessive to solve the mystery of Joseph Pell's death. Laxton does not arrest Vandenessen and Somerfield in Bruges, but catches them and they nurse to deliver the contents of the black bag. Laxton is united by the discovery which Somerfield has made—that the bullet which killed Pell was intended for Parson Morley but was diverted to the counterpane when Vandenessen told of Morley's curious story to the effect that Pell was an ex-convict, the parson's double-crossing with Laxton by warning Vandenessen of his impending arrest, and finally Morley's alarm when Pell threatened to produce a book, just a few weeks before Pell's death. The capture of Blackwater serves itself into a triangle—Pell, Vandenessen and Laxton—while the story of Pell's past alone can unlock.

Chapter 35

BANKNOTE DIPLOMACY

THE express next morning landed Somerfield and myself in Brussels. We took rooms at the Hotel Terminus, as we had agreed with Laxton. Having lunched in the hotel restaurant, we went out on to the Place Rogier, and sat to take our coffee in front of a cafe bar overlooking the entrance to the station.

We had just begun to lay our plan of inquiry when we plunged into the middle of it.

I was looking at the crowd pouring out of the station when I saw a woman hurrying to the narrow street by the side of the hotel.

She was in sight only a few seconds, but I recognized Miss Vandenessen.

We dashed after her. She turned to the right around the hotel, walking fast, and made for the dome of the church of Ste. Marie. Her pace did not relax and she never turned her head; she had the air of being on an urgent mission.

We followed by a tortuous way, until she stopped at one tall house and rang. Somerfield and I dodged into a doorway till she was admitted. Then we walked to the end of the street to look at the plaque on the corner. It was the Rue Rogier—the eastern section of it. No doubt the house Miss Vandenessen had entered was No. 39 bis.

"That cooks our goose!" said I. When Miss Vandenessen had put No. 39 bis on guard we were not likely to get much out of it. Having waited till she left 20 minutes afterwards, we dogged her back by the way she had come. We saw her go into the station and leave by a train for the east. Little doubt Miss Vandenessen had undertaken a journey from Bruges to Brussels merely to warn No. 39 bis that two impudent young men might be making inquiries and were to be told nothing.

However, here was a plausible excuse for calling. We could now ask for Miss Vandenessen. And when we rang at the iron-grilled door of No. 39 bis, that was what we did.

The concierge who opened was a little man with greenish-gray eyes and a rather obsequious manner.

"We called," I said, "in the hope that we might catch Miss Vandenessen, of Bruges."

The concierge said he was delighted, but Miss Vandenessen had called and departed already. Somerfield brought his diplomacy into action. He took out his pocketbook and began to handle the notes therein. The greenish-gray eyes followed the movements of his fingers with bright interest.

"Miss Vandenessen came to call on madame?" Somerfield began.

"Yes, monsieur, she called half an hour ago."

"What a pity we missed her!" exclaimed Somerfield. He turned to me. "Now we shall have to go to Bruges."

At this point we heard footsteps on the stairs to the right of the corner, and a voice calling:

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were out in the Rue Rogier again. "No flies on madame," said Somerfield. "But I guess Joseph will fall for it. He has the bump of acquisition all right."

Somerfield's expectation was not disappointed. We walked along the front of the great glass houses to a terrace overlooking the park in the valley and sat on a bench. We should miss nobody who came on to the terrace.

Within 10 minutes Joseph appeared, whiffing a cigarette as he strolled leisurely round the end of the grande serre.

He was, of course, immensely surprised to encounter us. He raised his hat very politely and passed along.

"Joseph!" Somerfield called. "Monsieur!" said Joseph halting. Somerfield made room between us on the bench and Joseph sat down, remarking that the day made very hot. Somerfield was suddenly seen to be playing idly with a pocketbook stuffed full of money. He did not delay his dive into the cross-examination of Joseph.

"You know Miss Vandenessen very well, Joseph?" said Somerfield.

Joseph had that honor. Since long? Yes, ever since the English captain's family lived in the Rue Rogier? Yes. They had lots of friends? No, only a few.

Madame Favert, whom we had had the honor of seeing, was the owner of the house; she had an affection for Madame Seabroke, an aristocrat at the school in Bruges where Miss Seabroke was educated. Hardly anybody else.

No English people? Well, hardly any English people.

Somerfield slowly closed his pocketbook, having extracted one 50-franc note from it.

But there were some English people in the circle? Yes, one or two. The pocketbook opened again.

Joseph had mentioned only ladies so far. Yes, that was true; but he did not know much about the gentlemen. What he saw was that one of the two had a love affair with Miss Vandenessen—oh, very serious, he assured us. And Miss Seabroke (a second note joined the first in Somerfield's hand) interested herself enormously in this affair.

As to the names of the gentlemen, Joseph could not recall them. But he could describe their owners. The lover of Miss Vandenessen was a tall, dark man. And his wooing—an impetuous man, this monsieur. But his friend, you could not have a cooler head—a veritable Englishman with his gray eyes that looked as if they saw behind your own, and his quiet manner of speaking.

I glanced at Somerfield. Here, indeed, we were on the track of Pell. Joseph described him exactly. But the other man—the lover of Miss Vandenessen? . . .

Was it strange that Joseph did not know the names of these two messieurs? Joseph eyed Somerfield's fingers as they extracted a third note from the wallet. No, it was not, because English names were hard to remember and he had seen those messieurs only three times, and he would not have kept them so clearly in his recollection as he did if the last time had not been so extraordinary, and—yes, so painful.

When? About three years, perhaps more. A desperate affair—the English officer, monsieur the captain, who had come back from sea to live with madame and mademoiselle in the Rue Rogier, made a scene—and such a scene. He quarreled Miss Vandenessen's lover and he quarreled the lover's friend. Again Joseph's command of portraiture was wonderful. Seabroke lived before our eyes. The captain was a fury.

The two messieurs never came to the Rue Rogier again, and in some months afterwards the captain and his family went away. Joseph had not seen Miss Vandenessen since until that morning, and as she still remained Miss Vandenessen it would seem that the affair of the heart had come to nothing—what?

That was all we could extract from Joseph. Perhaps it was worth the money. At any rate it had given us Pell at Brussels and an approximate date: Seabroke quarrelling with Pell; Veronica with a passionate interest in a friend's love affair; a crisis in that affair. But nothing to connect with Blackwater and the tragedy at Newplace Abbey.

A reckless gambler wins a million francs—told in tomorrow's chapter.

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Brophy's

JEWELERS

MEDFORD, ORE.

In step with style!
match every frock with
DIFFERENT COLORFUL
La France
Rings

\$1975

RENEE—Heller Hope Ruby

WHAT more delightful finishing touch to a colorful new dress than an exquisite La France ring to match—set with genuine stones of vivid, glowing color. And how simple it is to match a La France Ring to every frock in your wardrobe—at the happily moderate La France prices—from \$9.75 to \$50! Come in and see our sparkling new assortment of La France Rings, set with lovely topaz, amethyst, sapphire, kunzite, zircon—in solid gold settings of extraordinary beauty and artistry. Each a most remarkable ring value!

If any stone in a LaFrance Ring from Brophy's comes out or becomes broken for any reason we will replace it absolutely free of charge. LaFrance Rings must give complete satisfaction.

IT'S HERE —THE BIG TWIN FOR 1930!

A KING of the highway—and looky it. Low and racy, with built-in tanks and big balloon tires. Has new 74 cu. in. Ricardo head motor, new detachable, interchangeable wheels with drop-center rims, new super-strength frame and drop forged fork, and many other big features. Come in and see this wonderful motorcycle—you'll get a thrill. Yes, we're open evenings.

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Motorcycle Sales and Service
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A STANDARD OIL PRODUCT

ORONITE is the name of the Fly Spray that kills 'em dead—flies, mosquitoes, moths, roaches, bedbugs, ants, fleas and many other insects. At grocers, druggists, hardware, department stores and Standard Oil Service Stations. Packed in kits (with improved sprayer), pints, quarts, gallons, 5-gallons, barrels and 1/2 barrels.

Take a kit on your camping trip—You'll be delighted!

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Makers of Oronite Cleaning Fluid - Oronite Auto Polish - Oronite Furniture Polish - Oronite Handy Oil - Etc.

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SATURDAY SPECIAL