

The Secret of Mohawk Pond

By Natalie Sumner Lincoln

SYNOPSIS: New tragedy continues from Philander Chase that she has endured misery and faced death and disgrace is ephemeral. A million dollars' worth of securities Herbert Prescott had placed in a safe deposit box is missing and Chase corroborates Peggy's growing belief that her uncle was involved. Yew Lodge alone remains and Chase urges her to come to New York to aid the search for the securities. The only clue is a slip of paper found in the box, on which was scrawled a Biblical quotation.

Chapter 29.
THE LUCKY BAG.

WITHIN a few minutes Peggy had regained her self-control and, thankful no one had been present to witness her breakdown, she dried her eyes, dabbed on more powder to cover the tear stains and sat back in her chair.

After all, she still had much to be thankful for, even if her uncle's large fortune had dwindled to Yew Lodge, its contents and its surrounding property. Philander Chase's comments on the furniture and paintings had indicated that the belongings within the house were of real and perhaps commercial value. No, instead of being upset, she had every reason to feel elated.

Peggy's spirits soared high as the inevitable reaction set in; she was of too buoyant and happy a temperament to remain long downcast. Why should she worry? Never before had she owned anything more valuable than a diamond brooch and, as affairs stood, if Uncle Herbert was found to have been insane, such property as he had, would go to her father, and, if he will stand, then she would inherit, provided she carried out the stipulations therein.

She bent forward and consulted the calendar on the desk—but 13 days remained to the 17th of June. An unlucky number—perhaps! Peggy's determination to remain at Yew Lodge for that length of time grew adamant; nothing should budge her; the detectives could come to her, and her exercise hereafter would be an hour's constitutional around the house, with Julia timing her.

She would leave no loophole for the courts to award Yew Lodge to Comm. Jamieson Sinclair—she was commencing to loathe the man, even his name was growing obnoxious.

With her arms resting on the desk, Peggy did some figuring; she had just enough ready cash to meet current expenses for the month, provided she included the \$20 gold-piece she had found in the old Bible two nights before.

The goldpiece again brought to mind the Bible and its three underscored passages. No need to look at the pages again—she could recite them blindfolded:

"Good news from a far country," she repeated, aloud. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." "When thou hast found it, then there shall be a reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off."

The disjointed phrases, when run together into sentences, made sense. Peggy sat up. Was her too vivid imagination playing her false, was she attaching too much importance to this message "from a far country"?

And, strange as it seemed, the completed message, as she recited it, seemed most appropriate to her situation. Evil men, Edgar Stanton, for instance, had "fretted" her, to put it mildly; her "expectation" of a large inheritance had been summarily "cut off" by the news that her uncle's negotiable securities were missing.

But if those quotations applied to her did not the passage, "When thou hast found it, then there shall be a reward," hold an even deeper significance? Suppose it related to the missing securities? Suppose her uncle himself had removed the securities and brought them to Yew Lodge and secreted them in some secret hiding place?

Electrified by the thought, she sprang to her feet. If Herbert Prescott had gone daft on religion, what more likely than that he had used those passages to cloak the hiding place of his wealth?

She paused with her hand on the two Bibles; she had already gone over them again and again and had found no more black arrows on the margins of any page.

Perhaps if she could locate the missing pages from the big Bible, there might be some indication—

some hint. She and Obadiah Evans had found the book in the basement in the padlocked room; why not, therefore, investigate that room more thoroughly?

The thought appealed and Peggy searched in one of the smaller drawers of the desk which she kept locked; she had placed the key there, carefully marked. Locating it with several others, she went to get her electric torch. But at the cellar stairs she hesitated; Julia had not returned and she was alone in the house. For a moment doubt assailed her, then, with a characteristic toss of her head, she ran down the stairs.

Placing her torch where the light would play directly on the door, she thrust the key into the padlock. It would not turn. Surprised, she tried inserting it upside down, but that did not work either.

Much perturbed she withdrew the key and examined the tag attached to it. "Bedroom door in basement," so read her writing. Had she been such a fool as to attach the tag to the wrong key? Swiftly she tried the other house keys; none fitted.

Baffled, Peggy looked more closely at the padlock, and its fresh condition caught her attention. The padlock, as she recalled it, had been rusty; even the locksmith had spoken of it. Then how came this new padlock on the door?

Peggy stood upright, thinking, thinking—yes, she had gone upstairs leaving Obadiah Evans to close and lock the bedroom door. He might have given her the wrong key before leaving.

She opened her hand and held the long thin steel key under her torch; the marks made by the file of the locksmith as he fitted it to the padlock were plain upon it. No, decidedly the key was the same—but the padlock; that had been changed. By whom? Obadiah Evans had had the opportunity, but what motive would have inspired him to thus bar her from the room?

Shaking a puzzled head, Peggy moved slowly about the cellar, using her flashlight on every object. Perhaps she might find the right key dropped by Obadiah; not realizing his loss, he might have given her one of his—farmers use padlocks far more frequently than city dwellers.

Under the windows toward the pond side stood several boxes; the upper one, a slat fruit box converted into a packing case, held books, and through the slats Peggy made out a larger volume lying under six or more paper-backed novels. Suppose it was another Bible?

Spilling out the novels, she clutched the big volume and hastened back to the living room, first stopping to get a dustcloth out of the pantry. Layers of dust covered the book, and some of it, as she used her cloth with more vigor than discretion, got up her nose and in her eyes, half blinding her. Discarding the cloth she propped the book on the desk and opened its pages—only to burst out laughing. Its highly glazed paper and half-tone illustrations of young men in uniform were far removed from the contents of ancient copies of the Holy Bible.

Peggy turned to the leather cover—its ornamental gold lettering supplied the title—The Lucky Bag. She had before her a copy of the class book issued yearly by the graduating class of midshipmen of the Naval Academy at Annapolis.

Peggy had seen its counterpart, The Howitzer the West Pointers' class book, often, but never before had she examined a copy of The Lucky Bag, and she spared a moment to read a number of the biographical sketches under the photographs of the middles.

Toward the back the book opened naturally at a well-thumbed page and she looked into the eyes of a handsome young midshipman—top captain, to judge by the insignia on his uniform.

But Peggy had no eyes for anything but the face—younger by 15 years or more, the half-tone was an indisputable likeness of Jim—her Jim—Obadiah Evans' Jim.

Peggy looked at the name centered beneath the picture and her jaw dropped—Jamieson Sinclair. Unable to believe her senses she continued to stare at the printed page of The Lucky Bag.

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New light is thrown on the murder of Edgar Stanton in tomorrow's installment.

GRUNDY TAKES SEAT IN SENATE



After three hours of harsh discussion over his right to a seat in the United States senate, Joseph R. Grundy (right) of Pennsylvania advanced to the rostrum and took the oath of office. He is shown with Senator David A. Reed of Pennsylvania before entering the senate chamber.

Lincoln's Old Chair Brings \$2400 Letter on Slavery Worth \$7800

NEW YORK, Dec. 20.—(AP)—The old black walnut rocking chair in which President Abraham Lincoln sat when he was shot by John Wilkes Booth in Ford's theater, Washington, April 14, 1865, was sold at auction last night for \$2,400. The purchaser was I. Saria, a dealer of New York and Boston. Warn and stained with the lifeblood of the Great Emancipator, the red damask upholstered rocker was the property of Mrs. Blanche Chapman Ford, descendant of John T. Ford, owner of Ford's theater. Lincoln's famous letter of December 30, 1861, to the editor of the New York Times, on the slavery question, was sold for \$7,800 to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach of New York and Philadelphia. The letter was owned by Henry J. Raymond. Dr. Rosenbach also bid in an original rough draft of portions of Washington Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York for \$4,100, and Edgar Allan Poe's letter giving his reasons for leaving Graham's Magazine, for \$3,000.

Ziegfeld Revue Is Now at Craterian

Ziegfeld's "Glorifying the American Girl" is now playing at the Fox Craterian theater in all the gorgeous splendor that one would expect from any production, stage or screen, bearing the magic name of Florenz Ziegfeld.

With many of its spectacular scenes reproduced in full colors by the improved Technicolor process, with scores of stunningly beautiful girls in the singing and dancing ensembles, with lavish settings, with comedy, drama and a heart-grIPPING story, this moving panorama of womanly pulchritude moves across the all-talking silver screen in a continual parade of highly absorbing amusement.

In a special revue scene—a show within the big show—audiences are treated to the intangible performance of Eddie Cantor, who appears in a hilarious skit; Helen Morgan, who sings a typical blues song; and Rudy Vallee, who croons in the best Vallee manner, accompanied by his band.

Buster and Tigie Radio Favorites

Since Buster Brown and his dog, Tigie, made their appearance in the Brownbilt Footlites program several weeks ago, this clever pair has won a vast audience.

Tigie has a bark that is almost as expressive as the human tongue. It expresses joy, excitement, sorrow, fear.

According to the Brownbilt, local Buster Brown and Brownbilt retailers, Buster attempts to make a hero of Tigie by staging a supposed burglary and then having Tigie recover the loot. But he doesn't plan well enough, and so—instead of Tigie becoming a hero—Buster gets "in bad," as usual.

The Brownbilt Footlites each Friday evening bring, besides Buster and Tigie, the highlights of entertainment features from the newest shows, and clever novelty acts over KFRC, at 8 p. m.

Timber Sold

PORTLAND, Ore., Dec. 20.—(AP)—Timber holdings in Clatsop and Tillamook counties have been sold by the Hammond Lumber company to the Markham-Callow company of Aberdeen, Wash. The transaction involved more than \$300,000 it was said.

Find Girl's Body

ROANOKE, Va., Dec. 20.—(AP)—The body of Freda Holt, 18-year-old schoolgirl, missing for the past week, was found by Floyd county officers last night hidden beneath a pile of logs on Bent mountain, 18 miles south of Roanoke. A heavy cord was drawn tightly about her throat.

Portland, Ore., Dec. 20.—(AP)

D. W. Dixon, arraigned today on a charge of assaulting a government employe engaged in protecting the national forests, was fined \$50 when he pleaded nolo contendere.

Extend Bridge Time

WASHINGTON, Dec. 20.—(AP)—The house today passed a senate bill to extend the time for the construction of a bridge across the Columbia river between Longview, Wash., and Rainier, Ore., to June 1, 1930.

Klamath Falls, Weyerhaeuser company's mill, under construction four miles west of here, will start operations in January, 1930.

Rialto Will Show 'The Bachelor Girl'

The love story of a modern economically independent girl and a handsome egotistical youth will be told on the screen of the Fox Rialto theater tomorrow with no-nonsense of direction and acting and attractive settings. It is "The Bachelor Girl," with Jacqueline Logan and William Cowley, Jr., in the featured roles. Thelma Todd and Edward Hearn ably interpret minor roles.

The dialogue has been reproduced well and the musical synchronization is charming and extremely melodious.

As an added attraction Saturday the Rialto will show the all-talking Jungle mystery, "The King of the Congo," and also the final chapter of "The Ace of Scotland Yard."

Why Pedestrians Worry

ATLANTA.—(AP) Pedestrians here at least know how much it is going to cost them if their joints stiffen at the wrong moment. A statistician finds that the average auto accident victim here pays \$175 for anatomical repairs.

PITTSFIELD, Mass.—(UP)—Talk about killing two birds with one stone, Henry Hart of New Marlborough recently killed two wildcats with a single rifle bullet. The cats were fighting over a rabbit when Hart fired from ambush.

WEAKNESS LEFT; THE STRENGTH CAME

"I don't know what in the world I would have done without Sargon—the way this medicine overcame my troubles was simply remarkable."



MRS. JAMES A. BROWN

"I homesteaded 25 miles north of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, for a number of years, and I'll tell you it's hard work for a woman alone to keep up and prove a claim of 160 acres, and I believe that was the beginning of my bad health. For four years I suffered with stomach trouble, a sluggish liver and constipation and I was so weak and rundown I didn't know what was going to become of me. Then I started Sargon, my weakness gave way to wonderful new strength and every trace of indigestion left me. Sargon Pills overcame my constipation, stimulated my liver to healthy action, and I am so strong and well I hardly know myself for the same person."—Mrs. James A. Brown, R. F. D. No. 3, Seattle, Macell Drug Co. Agents.

Screen Life Hollywood

By Robbin Coons

HOLLYWOOD—Rudy Vallee, that softly crooning favorite child of fortune, really works for a living, believe it or not.



Rudy Vallee.

He considers his Hollywood sojourn, to make his first talkie, something like a vacation, while most of Broadway's pets who hire themselves out for that purpose are appalled at first by the rather strenuous exactions of studio production schedules.

But Rudy has something worse to anticipate when he returns east after completing "The Vagabond Lover." Here is a fair approximation of his schedule then: He is to play four shows a day at the Paramount, New York, with five on Sundays. After that he and the "Connecticut Yankee" chase over to a night club to play more, giving the flappers who haven't the price of cover charge a chance to listen in by the radio which made Rudy famous.

The mornings (if any) they spend rehearsing, figuring out new song arrangements, and Rudy himself confers with music publishers about new tunes. Once a week they all traipse over to make phonograph recordings. In-between-times Rudy must take care of mail and other personal and business matters, with the aid of his secretary.

Fan mail from New York's flappers keeps mounting—and Rudy, who seemingly has a practical and not badly turned head, in spite of all his popularity, is reaping his hay before the sun wanes.

Is He "Romantic?"

Vallee, by the way, presents a peculiar paradox. He is, in most feminine minds among his fans, romance personified. Yet he does not look the part, and knows he doesn't. Looking squarely in the camera, he can never worry John Gilbert. His profile is better, but even so Barrymore need feel no alarm. Rudy will never look the part of a "romantic lover." Rudy he confesses, would very much like to look the part.

What Vallee is a very clean-cut, confident young fellow, not unaware that, however it came to pass, he possesses great charm for an important half of the theater-going population, and determined to capitalize on that good fortune while it lasts.

At Random

Lupe Velez, now "locationing" in Florida, is to play that Spanish wife of the blind Irish bard in "Blind Rattery" . . . with Donald Novis, one of radio's contributions to the talkies, playing opposite . . . Fritz Ridgeway is the only woman in "Three Godfathers" . . . while Gary Cooper has no sweet-heart in "Medals."

LEDMOND.—Jefferson county wheat growers are rejoicing over the rain because a number of fields have been seeded that could not have been because of the drought.

666

Is a Prescription for Colds, Grippe, Flu, Dengue, Bilious Fever and Malaria. It is the most speedy remedy known.

This ad Good for 50¢ on each \$5 Purchase Shop at the Picture Shop "Southern Oregon's Best" 227 W. 6th Near Post Office

Electrotherapy Cniropractic Dr. H. P. Coleman Tenth Successful Year in Medford Treatments by Appointment Natural Methods Food Science Medford Center Bldg. Phone 965

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WEST SIDE PHARMACY YOUR REXALL STORE

Open Sundays and Evenings All the Time

Phone 9 for FURNITURE REPAIRING UPHOLSTERING, REFINISHING FRANK HOWARD 219 West Main Street

PHONE 474 CITY CLEANING & DYEING CO

TOMORROW IS POSITIVELY The Last Day OF Steward's \$1 to \$25 Store Closing Out SALE

We Must Close Our Doors Saturday Night Just Look at These Final Close Out Prices

Every piece of merchandise must go. So we have slashed prices regardless of the original cost to us.

DRESSES \$3.95	COATS \$5.00
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This group includes values up to \$18.95; all fall and winter styles and materials.

Values to \$35.00. Sizes 14 to 52 Values to \$25.00. You will surely find a coat here that you will want.

Another Group of Better DRESSES \$7.95 2 for \$10.00	A Beautiful Selection of COATS \$14.95
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Think of it—Only \$2.05 extra and you get another dress, including wool, silk and jersey.

Luxuriously fur-trimmed, lined and unlined and of the late fall and winter materials. Values to \$29.50.

HATS Values to \$12.95. Your choice, while they last, \$1.00	RAINCOATS While our lot lasts, going at \$3.95
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A Beautiful Group of 50 Dresses **\$14.95**
That formerly sold at Adrienne's, up to \$49.50, including velvet ensembles, crepes and satins, Fall and Winter styles. These are most unusual values. Closing out price 2 for \$25.00

Lingerie Including dance sets, teddies, slips, bloomers. Values to \$2.95. Closing out price \$1.50	Hosiery Westcott Mode Model Hosiery, packed in Xmas boxes ready for gifts. A wide assortment of shades \$1.00 2 pairs \$1.75 3 pairs \$2.50	Lingerie And Night Gowns Crepe de chine Teddies, dance sets. Values to \$4.00 \$2.50
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Your choice—While they last—House dresses, values to \$3.95, going at **\$1.00**

103 NORTH CENTRAL AVE.

THESE BARGAINS WON'T LAST COME EARLY TOMORROW

TELEGRAPH GIFT ORDER PLAN PROVES POPULAR

Taking advantage of the new gift orders being featured this year, the Medford office of the Western Union Telegraph company is rushed by Medford people sending out orders to friends and relatives. The orders can be sent anywhere in the United States and are good until used or may be deposited at a bank until needed. A. D. Collier, local manager, explains at face value on identification at any Western Union office.

A telegram of best wishes for Christmas is sent free of charge with the gift order. The display windows of the local office have been tastefully decorated for the Christmas holidays and are attracting considerable attention from passers-by.

Gold Hill.—Old Rhoten mine located seven miles from this city will be reopened.

FORMER SARDINE CREEK COUPLE PROUD PARENTS

SARDINE CREEK, Ore., Dec. 20.—(SPL)—Announcements were received here last week of the birth of an eight-pound girl, Florence May, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Starb, of Pacific Grove, Cal., December 17. The parents are both well known here. Mr. Starb being the eldest grandson of Mrs. Eva Newton, and Mrs. Starb was formerly Florence Miller, daughter of Curtis Miller, and both have many friends and relatives here who join in extending congratulations.

PROVOLT SCHOOL TO HAVE WEEK HOLIDAY

WILLIAMS CREEK, Ore., Dec. 20.—(SPL)—The Provolt school will have a program and Christmas tree at the Community hall.