

Heard in the Fog

(Copyright, 1906, by Homer Sprague.)
I had chosen Weymouth, on the south coast of England, as the spot where I was to "lay off" for a month and recuperate. The three or four men who had boats to hire soon had them all out. I had planned to fish that day, and as I took my boat out I passed at least a dozen others.

There was something of a sea on, and only one boat followed me out. Its occupants were a man and a woman. The man had charge of the sail and I soon had cause to wonder that he had been permitted to take a sail-boat out. It was clear that he knew precious little about the management of such a craft, and after awhile I brought my boat up into the wind and waited for him to come up that I might give him a warning.

When he came along he was within an ace of cutting me down, and I cried out to him that but for the woman in the craft I should like to see it bottom side up and he hanging on for dear life. He gave me some impudence in reply, and the woman stood up and held her arms out to me pleadingly.

It at first seemed to be a case calling for interference, but on second thought I changed my mind. The woman, whom I took to be the man's wife, had not demanded my aid except by signs. The man had thus far escaped disaster and might carry the boat back. He was sailing straight out into the channel, but he might turn at any moment. To interfere was certain to bring on a row, and I even might be landed in jail over it.

I resumed my course, bearing away from them, but as I watched the other craft she suddenly vanished from sight like the snap of your finger. A fog rolling in had hidden her.

The other boat was half a mile away when she was blotted out. The tide was setting in, and I knew that she would drift back toward me as soon as the breeze fell. It was perhaps a quarter of an hour before I heard voices and ten minutes later before I could make out words. They came from the other boat, which was drifting slowly in. The man was cursing and threatening and the woman begging and praying.

"I will leave you, I will go away, if you will spare my life," pleaded the woman.

"You promised once before and then lied to me," came the voice of the man. "But it will be murder, murder, murder! Oh, Richard, you don't mean to kill me!"

"But I do. You have been in my way for years. Curse you! Why did I ever run across your face? You have stood between me and happiness long enough."

"But I'll go this time. I promise you before God I'll go. Richard, I have been a good wife to you, but if you have come to hate me I'll go."

"Hate you!" he growled, like a savage animal. "Why, I hate you to the death. I'd have murdered you a dozen times over in the last two years if I'd had a fair show. You are going to die now." "Oh, my God, don't do it, Richard!"

Don't kill me!"

I knew their boat was close to me now, and I gently raised my ricker so as to drift in company with it. I might have cried out, but I did not. Had I struck my hand on the rail of the boat they must have heard me. I was silent, but why I cannot tell. I heard the man move. I heard him tugging and breathing hard as he picked the woman up in his arms.

She whimpered and gasped and tried to scream, but he gave her a fling over the gunwale of the boat. She fainted away, but did not go under the surface. With the boat hook I reached as far out as I could on the port side, and presently I had her and was pulling her in. The two craft were not ten feet apart, and yet no human sight could pierce the fog between.

I held the woman's head out of the water for ten minutes. Then I somehow knew that the other boat had drifted ahead of me, and with the utmost care I hauled the unconscious woman into the boat and laid her on the bottom. I waited seven or eight minutes, and I then out with the log oar and by compass guided the boat to reach the shore at Bridport, to the west of Weymouth.

Before we struck the beach I had forced some brandy down her throat, and she had regained consciousness, but I did not explain matters to her until we were on the sands and the fog had rolled away. She had begged for her life like a weak woman, and I expected to find her hysterical. She heard me through without interruption, and then her eyes snapped, and she set her jaws. I got a farmer to drive us over to Weymouth, and during the journey she did not speak five words. Her husband's boat had not made harbor yet. The fog had disappeared, but the breeze was very weak.

We went to the house where the boat had been hired and waited. When the boat drew near the woman hid herself. Her husband came ashore with pale face and bloodshot eyes. The boat owner said nothing of a woman having gone with him, and the man was about turning away when the woman stepped out and took him by the arm. He gave one look and groaned out and sank down, and when he opened his eyes he began babbling.

The pair were at the hotel for four weeks after I left, but so far as I could keep track of the case the man had not recovered. He could walk around, but he smiled and babbled in a silly way, and his mind was that of an idiot. And stranger than all, the woman never thanked me for what I had done or made mention of the affair, though I saw her three or four times a day for two weeks. M. QUAD.

Bather Rough.

Above the stairway there flickered a candle, and then a deep voice called from the shadows:

"Katherine, Katherine, who is that sandpapering the wall this hour of the night?"

A long stillness and then:

"No one down here, father, dear. I guess it must be next door."

The candle vanished and then from the gloom of the parlor:

"George, you big goose, I told you never to call on me unless you had been shaved!"—Chicago News.

Buena Vista Addition

TO KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON

THE PLAT OF THIS BEAUTIFUL ADDITION WILL BE ready soon, and lots therein will be placed on the market. The tract comprises 530 acres, adjoins Klamath Falls on the north and west and borders on Link River and Upper Klamath Lake for two miles. From this addition can be seen the grandest panorama on the Pacific Coast, comprising Lake, River, Valley, Hill, Mountain and Snow-capped Peaks, blend into an harmonious picture of unequalled beauty and magnificence.

Boulevards and Streets are now being graded, and these will be lined with Shade Trees. Grading work on the Electric Street Railway is now under way.

A complete sewerage system will be put in. The entire cut of the Odessa sawmill has been purchased, and those building in the Buena Vista Addition this summer will have first call on the output of this mill.

Plans for a magnificent hotel are now being prepared, and construction will begin this summer. This hostelry will be located on one of the most picturesque spots in the addition and will be surrounded by a park.

If you want a home in the most beautiful section of Klamath County, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you want to live where you will be surrounded with beautiful homes, buy a lot in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you want to live on the street car line then have your home in the Buena Vista Addition.

If you are looking for an investment that will yield returns, purchase property in the Buena Vista Addition.

Office: Murdoch Build'g,
next door Postoffice

KLAMATH LAND & TRANSPORTATION CO.

NOW IS THE TIME

to buy property under the Upper Project

I hold exclusive options on some of the best properties under Upper Project ranging in price from \$12.50 per acre and up. All to come under ditch.

LOTS IN BONANZA

are the best investment in the way of town property in the County. The prices are low, \$35 per lot and up, with easy terms. Many of our home people have doubled their money within the past month.

BUY NOW

I have ranch property of all kinds all over Klamath County, and I can sell you a lot in any town in the County. I will be pleased to hear from anyone interested in this country and will cheerfully answer all inquiries. A postal card will bring you my pamphlet on

Why Klamath County Grows

WRITE TODAY

Here are a few of the bargains I have listed:

No. 12.—For the speculator, 160 acres of fine level land under ditch, fenced and partly cleared, raised 35 bushels of oats this year, dry farming—The cheapest property in the county at \$2500.

No. 21.—Here is a good one, 160 acres all level land, practically all under ditch, all fenced. House, barn and outbuildings, three miles from a good town. You can surely double your money at \$17.50 per acre. Terms Easy.

No. 23.—If you are thinking of a good-sized place, one that two or three families can take together, this will suit you. 520 acres, all but 60 under ditch. Small house, good barn, granary, all fenced. The best buy in the county for \$15 an acre. Easy terms.

No. 33.—320 acres, nearly all under ditch. Good house, barn, windmill, fenced, etc. This place is a money-maker now on a dry ranch and is the best buy in the county for a home. Price \$22.50 and you can have terms.

No. 34.—240 acres nearly all under ditch, partly under cultivation. House, barn and outbuildings. You should see this to appreciate it. \$20 an acre is the price, and it will double within two years.

No. 28.—440 acres, good house and barn, all fenced. This land has a good river front, insuring easy water for stock, and best of drainage. If you were to fix up an ideal ranch, this would be it. It goes at \$20 per acre. Terms easy.

Bonanza Office: Driscoll Bros. Mercantile Store

E. B. HALL

Office: Hamaker Building, across from P. O., KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON