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NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Governor Marshall of Indiana opposes free school books.

The Indian appropriation bill carrying $8,000,000 has been passed by the house.

Roosevelt rejects a proposal to try to bring the Republican and Progressive factions together.

Survivors of the steamer Roseerans say 33 men perished when the vessel was lost on Peacock spit.

Robbers using a motorcycle held up an expressman on the outskirts of Portland, making their escape easily.

Suffragettes announce their intention of marching from New York to Washington to present their demands to congress.

The accounts of the sheriff of Multnomath county, Or., balanced to a cent when the books were turned over to his successor.

Two desperadoes in an automobile threw a brick through a Chicago jewelry store window, seized gems worth $800 and escaped.

Witnesses testified that "profits" of more than $90,000,000 have been made by the First National bank of New York City, since its organization with a capital of $500,000 in 1863.

A 15-year-old girl was rescued from a band of gypsies at Los Angeles. She claimed to have been bought by the leader of the band from an orphan asylum in Montana eight years ago.

Mexican rebels exterminated the garrison and captured the town of Ayotcingo, only 25 miles from Mexico City, afterwards annihilating the federal re-enforcements sent against them.

The garrison and inhabitants of Adrianople are reported to be starving, and the Bulgarians believe its capture is certain, through the Turkish commander declares he will never surrender.

The formation of a glue trust is believed to be under way.

Manufacturers and importers [illegible] begging congress to let the p[illegible] are h[illegible] tariff alone.

President Taft greatly lau[illegible] genius, persistence and tenac[illegible] Jewish people.

Ex-President Castro has taken personal charge of his legal fight to remain in America.

Turks refuse flatly to cede Adrianople to Bulgaria and peace negotiations are broken off.

The newly-elected woman mayor of Warrenton, Or., walked through the snow to attend her first council meeting.

The Supreme court refuses to permit Union Pacific stockholders to buy Southern Pacific stock.

The Supreme court has ruled that cotton brokers must stand trial for attempting to corner cotton.

A decision of the Supreme court greatly curtails the power of the states over railways and express companies.

Women of the allied Balkan states show utmost fortitude over their griefs and sufferings resulting from the war with Turkey.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 80@80½c; bluestem, 85@86c; forty-fold, 81c; red Russian, 78c; valley, 81c.

Barley — Feed, $22.50@23.00 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, $25.50@26.50.

Corn—Whole, $27; cracked, $28 ton.

Hay—Timothy, choice, $17@18 per ton; mixed Eastern Oregon timothy, $12@15; oat and vetch, $12; alfalfa, $11.50; clover, $10; straw, $6@7.

Millstuffs — Bran, $22 ton; shorts, $24; middlings, $30.

Oats—No. 1 white, $25@25.50 ton.

Fresh fruits—Apples, 50c@$1.50 pr box; grapes, Emperors, $5 per barrel; Malagas, $8; cranberries, $12.50.

Potatoes — Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50@60c per hundred; sweets, 2½@3c per pound.

Onions—Oregon, $1 per sack.

Vegetables—Artichokes, $1.25@1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1c per pound; cauliflower, $2.50 per crate; celery, $3.50@4; head lettuce, $1.50@2; sprouts, 8c per pound; garlic, 5@6c; turnips, 75c per sack; carrots, 75c; beets, 75c; parsnips, 75c.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 32@35c per dozen.

Butter — Oregon creamery, cubes, 37c per pound; prints, 38@39c.

Poultry—Hens, 15c; broilers, 15c; turkeys, live, 22@23c; dressed, choice, 26@27c; ducks, nominal; geese, 13c.

Pork—Fancy, 10@10½c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 14@14½c per pound.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 18@20c per pound.

Cattle — Choice steers, $7@7.75; good $6.50@6.75; medium, 6@6.35; choice cows, $6@6.50; good, $5.50@5.75; medium, $4.50@5.25; choice calves, $7.50@9; good heavy calves, $6@7; bulls, $3@5.50; stags, $5@6.

Hogs—Light, $7.50@8.10; heavy, $6.50@7.25.

Sheep — Yearling wethers, $4.25@5.75; ewes, $4@4.85; lambs, $5@6.75.

SERIAL STORY

The FLYING MERCURY

By

Eleanor M. Ingram

Author of

"The Game and the Candle"

Illustrations By

RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens on Long Island, near New York city, where Miss Emily Ffrench, a relative of Ethan Ffrench, manufacturer of the celebrated "Mercury" automobile, loses her way. The car has stopped and her cousin, Dick Ffrench, is too muddled with drink to direct it aright. They meet another car which is run by a professional racer named Lestrange. The latter fixes up the Ffrench car and directs Miss Ffrench how to proceed homeward. Ethan Ffrench has disinherited his son, who has disappeared. He informs Emily plainly that he would like to have her marry Dick, who is a good-natured but irresponsible fellow. It appears that a partner of Ethan Ffrench wanting an expert to race with the "Mercury" at auto events, has engaged Lestrange, and at the Ffrench factory Emily encounters the young man. They refer pleasantly to their meeting when Dick comes along and recognizes the young racer. Dick likes the way Lestrange ignores their first meeting when he appeared to a disadvantage. Lestrange tells Emily that he will try to educate her indifferent cousin as an automobile expert. Dick undertakes his business schooling under the tutelage of Lestrange. Dick is sheer grit, and in making a test race meets with an accident. Lestrange meets Emily in the moonlit garden of the Ffrench home. Under an impulse he cannot control he kisses her and she leaves him, confessing in her own heart that she returns his love. The uncle of Emily, learning of her attachment to Lestrange, informs her that the man is his disbarred son, whom she has never seen before being adopted by him. He claims that his son ran away with a dissolute actress, refuses to acknowledge him, and orders Emily to think of Dick as her future husband. A big race is on in the south and Ethan Ffrench takes Emily to see it.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued).

The "My mother was a Californian," Lestrange once said, coming back from tour of inspection. "She was twenty times as much alive as any Ffrench that ever existed, I've been told. I fancy she passed that quality on to me—you know she died when I was born—for I nearly drove the family mad. They expected the worst of me, and I gave the best worst I had. But," he turned to Dick the clear candor of his smile, "it was rather a decent worst, I honestly believe. The most outrageous thing I ever did was to lead a set of seniors in hoisting a cow into the dean's library one night, and so get myself expelled from college."

"A cow?" the other echoed.

"A fat cow, and it mooed," he stuffed the pillow into a more comfortable position. "Is that our car running in? No, it's just passing. If Frank doesn't wreck my machine, I'll get this race. And then, the same week, my chum and roommate ran away with a Dorafiora girl of some variety show and married her. I was romantic myself at twenty-one, so I helped him through with it. He was wealthy and she was pretty; it seemed to fit. I believe they've stayed married ever since, by the way. But somehow the reporters got affairs mixed and published me as the bridegroom. Have you got a cigar? I smoke about three times a year, and this is one of them. Yes, there was a fine scene when I went home that night, a Broadway melodrama. I lost my temper easier then; by the time my father and uncle gave me time to speak, I was too angry to defend myself and set them right," I supposed they would learn the truth by the next day, anyhow. And I left home for good in a dinner coat and raglan with something under ten dollars in odd change. What's that!"

"That," was the harsh alarm of the official klaxon, coupled with the cry of countless voices. The ambulance gong clanged as Lestrange sprang to his feet and reached the door.

"Which car?" he called.

Rupert answered first:

"Not ours. Number eight's burning up after a smash on the far turn."

"Jack's car," identified Lestrange, and stood for an instant. "Go flag Frank; I'll take the machine again myself. It's one o'clock, and I've got to win this race."

Several men ran across to the track in compliance. Lestrange turned to make ready, but paused beside the awed Dick to look over the infield.

"He was in to change a tire ten minutes ago," observed Rupert, beside them. "Tell Lestrange I'm doin' time catchin' him," he yelled to me. Here's hoping his broncho machine pitched him clear from the fireworks."

When the Mercury car swung in, a moment later, Lestrange lingered for a last word to Dick.

"I'm engaged to Emily," he said, gravely. "I don't know what she will hear of me; if anything happens, I've told you the truth. I'm old enough to see it now. And I tried to square things."

CHAPTER IX.

In the delicate, fresh June dawn, the Ffrench limousine crept into the Beach inclosure.

"We're here," said Bailey, to his traveling companions. "You can't park the car in front by the fence; Mr. David might see you and kill himself by a misturn. Come up to the grandstand seats."

Mr. Ffrench got out in silence and assisted Emily to decend; a pale and wide-eyed Emily behind her veil.

"The boys were calling extras," she suggested faintly. "They said three accidents on the track."

Bailey turned to a blue and gold official passing.

"Number seven all right?" he asked.

"On the track, Lestrange driving," was the prompt response. "Leading by thirty-two miles."

A little of Emily's color rushed back. Satisfied, Bailey lead their way to the tiers of seats, almost empty at this hour. Pearly, unsubstantial in the young light, lay the huge oval meadow and the track edging it.

"I've sent over for Mr. Dick," Bailey informed the other two. "He's been here, and he can tell what's doing. Four cars are out of the race. There's Mr. David coming!"

A gray machine shot around the west curve, hurtled roaring down the straight stretch past the stand and crossed before them, the mechanician rising in his seat to catch the pendant linen streamers and wipe the dust from the driver's goggles in preparation for the "death turn" ahead. There was a series of rapid explosions as the driver shut off his motor, the machine swerved almost facing the infield fence and slid around the bend with a skidding lurch that threw a cloud of soil high in the air. Emily cried out. Mr. Ffrench half rose in his place.

"What's the matter?" dryly queried Bailey. "He's been doing that all night; and a pretty turn he makes, too. He's been doing it for about five years, in fact, earning his living, only we didn't see him. Here goes another."

Mr. Ffrench put on his pince-nez, preserving the dignity of outward composure. Emily saw and heard nothing; she was following Lestrange around the far sides of the course, around until again he flashed past her, repeating his former feat with appalling exactitude.

It was hardly more than five minutes before Dick came hurrying toward them; cross, tired, dust-streaked and gasolene-scented.

"I don't see why you wanted to come," he began before he reached

"Here Goes Another."

them. "I'm busy enough now. We're leading; if Lestrange holds out we'll win. But he's driving alone; Frank went out an hour ago, on the second relief, when he went through the paddock fence and broke his leg. It didn't hurt the machine a bit, except tires, but it lost us twenty-six laps. And it leaves Lestrange with thirteen steady hours at the wheel. He says he can do it."

"He's fit?" Bailey questioned.

Dick turned a peevish regard upon him.

"I don't know what you call fit. He says he is. His hands are blistered already, his right arm has been bandaged twice where he hurt it pulling me away from the gear-cutter yesterday, and he's had three hours' rest out of the last eleven. See that heap of junk over there; that's where the Alan car burned up last night and sent its driver and mechanician to the hospital. I suppose if Lestrange isn't fit and makes a miscue we'll see something like that happen to him and Rupert."

"No!" Emily cried piteously.

Remorse clutched Dick.

"I forgot you, cousin," he apologised. "Don't go off; Lestrange swears he feels fine and gibes at me for worrying. Don't look like that."

"Richard, you will go down and order our car withdrawn from the race," Mr. Ffrench stated, with his most absolute finality. "This has continued long enough. If we had not been arrested in New York for exceeding the speed limit, I should have been here to end this scene at midnight."

Stunned, his nephew stared at him.

"Withdraw!"

"Precisely. And desire David to come here."

"I won't," said Dick flatly. "If you want to rub it into Lestrange that way, send Bailey. And I say it's a confounded shame."

"Richard!"

His round face ablaze, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets, facing his uncle stubbornly.

"After his splendid fight, to stop him now? Do you know how they take being put out, those fellows? Why, when the Italian car went off the track for good, last night, with its chain tangled up with everything underneath, its driver sat down and cried. And you'd come down on Lestrange when he's winning— I won't d[illegible] I won't! Send Bailey; I can't [illegible] him."

"If you want to discredit the [illegible] and its driver, Mr. Ffrench, you [illegible] do it without me," slowly added [illegible] ley. "But it won't be any use to [illegible] for Mr. David, because he [illegible] come."

The autocrat of his little [illegible] looked from one rebel to the o[illegible] confounded with the unprecedent[illegible]

"If I wish to withdraw him, it [illegible] place him out of danger," he ret[illegible] with asperity. "Not because I wi[illegible] mortify him, naturally. Is that c[illegible] Does he want to pass the next thir[illegible] hours under this ordeal?"

"I'll tell you what he wants," [illegible] swered Dick. "He wants to b[illegible] alone. It seems to me he's e[illegible] that."

Ethan Ffrench opened his lips [illegible] closed them again without speec[illegible] had not been his life's habit t[illegible] people alone and the art was acq[illegible] with difficulty.

"I admit I do not comprehend [illegible] feelings you describe," he concede[illegible] last. "But there is one person [illegible] has the right to decide whether h[illegible] shall continue this risk of hi[illegible] Emily, do you wish the car [illegible] drawn?"

There was a gasp from the [illegible] two men.

"I?" the young girl exclai[illegible] amazed. "I can call him here—sa[illegible]

Her voice died out as Lestra[illegible] car roared past, overtaking two [illegible] on the turn and sliding between [illegible] with an audacity that provoked r[illegible] of applause from the spectators. [illegible] call him in from that, to have him [illegible] with her—the mere thought was [illegible] light that caught her breath. Ye[illegible] knew Lestrange.

The three men watched her in [illegible] suspense. The Mercury car [illegible] passed twice again before she r[illegible] her head, and in that space of a [illegible] dred seconds Emily reached the [illegible] unselfishness.

"What David wants," she [illegible] "Uncle, what David wants."

"You're a brick!" cried Dick, [illegible] passion of relief. "Emily, you[illegible] brick!"

She looked at him with ey[illegible] never forgot.

"If anything happens to him, I [illegible] I die too," she answered, and [illegible] the silk veil across her face.

"Go back, Mr. Dick, you're no [illegible] here," advised Bailey, in the p[illegible] "I guess Miss Emily is right, [illegible] Ffrench; we've got nothing to d[illegible] look on, for David Ffrench was w[illegible] out to make Darling Lestrange [illegible]

Having left the decision to E[illegible] it was in character that her unc[illegible] fered no remonstrance when she [illegible] appointed his wish.

When Lestrange came into [illegible] camp for oil and gasolene, near [illegible] o'clock, Dick seized the brief hal[illegible] first in three hours.

"Emily's up in the stand," h[illegible] nounced. "Send her a word, old [illegible] and don't get reckless in front of [illegible]

"Emily?" echoed Lestrange, [illegible] weary for astonishment. "Give [illegible] pencil. No, I can't take off my g[illegible] let; it's glued fast. I'll manage. [illegible] pert, go take an hour's rest and [illegible] me the other mechanician."

"I can't get off my car; it's [illegible] fast," Rupert confided, leaning [illegible] the back of the machine to app[illegible] ate a sandwich from the basket s[illegible] was carrying to the neighboring [illegible] "Go on with your correspon[illegible] dearest."

So resting the card Dick suppl[illegible] the steering wheel, Lestrange w[illegible] difficult two lines.

He was out again on the [illegible] when Dick brought the messa[illegible] Emily.

"I just told him you were [illegible] cousin," he whispered in her ea[illegible] dropped the card in her lap.

"I'll enjoy this more than ever [illegible] you here," she read. "It's the [illegible] place for my girl. I'll give yo[illegible] cup for our first dinner table, t[illegible] "DAV[illegible]

Emily lifted her face. The [illegible] of the scene was gone. Lestra[illegible] eyes laughed at her out of a mis[illegible] sky was blue, the sunshine g[illegible] the merry crowds commencing t[illegible] in woke carnival in her heart.

"He said to tell you the m[illegible] was running magnificently," [illegible] mented Dick, "and not to ins[illegible] veteran reputation by getting n[illegible] He's coming by—look."

He was coming by; and, al[illegible] unable to look toward the gran[illegible] he raised his hand in salute [illegible] passed, to the one he knew [illegible] watching. Emily flushed rosil[illegible] dark eyes warm and shining.

"I can wait," she sighed, gra[illegible] "Dickie, I can wait until it [illegible] now."

Dick went back.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Easily Identified.

At a performance of "The Ga[illegible] Allah," in New York the curta[illegible] fallen upon the scene in Cou[illegible] teoni's garden and the two wo[illegible] the second row of the gallery wh[illegible] kept up a running conversation [illegible] the beginning of the first act [illegible] simultaneously and remarked t[illegible] was real nice."

"I was wondering where the [illegible] was going to come in," said one [illegible] now we've seen it; but I ain't [illegible] actors straight in my mind yet [illegible] one of 'em's 'Allah' do you th[illegible]

"Why, you just seen him," re[illegible] ed the other; "the old chap tha[illegible] the garden, he's Allah."

Too Active.

"I wonder where Bill is now [illegible] an active fellow as he was! [illegible] doing something." "The last I [illegible] of him, he was doing time."

NYS[illegible]

Nyssa[illegible]

Fresh and Sa[illegible] Bacc[illegible]

CASH PA[illegible]

POUNDS BU[illegible]

PIONEE[illegible]

Ge[illegible]

Wagon

Plow W[illegible]

OREG[illegible]

Real E[illegible]

FI[illegible] In[illegible]

If you h[illegible] L[illegible]

If you w[illegible] Ca[illegible]

Choice Ho[illegible] claims--Stoc[illegible] --Fruit Trac[illegible] and

Office in Wil[illegible]

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