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NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Mexican rebels fired on United States troops along the Texas border.

Indications are that the cotton tariff will be made even lower than at first intended.

W. E. Corey, ex-head of the Steel trust, says steel prices were fixed at Gary dinners.

J. P. Morgan says he favors combination under supervision rather than open competition.

Prominent railroad men admit that free passes are still used to influence freight shipments.

The British government will leave the suffrage question open in the house of commons.

Not only will the inaugural ball be dispensed with, but it has been decided to dispense with the official reception also.

Jews throughout the East have contributed over \$200,000 towards the support of the Hebrew Union college at Cincinnati.

Postal inspectors have unearthed an illicit brokerage in stolen postage stamps amounting to several millions of dollars yearly.

The walls of an implement building at McKinney, Tex., collapsed and fell on an adjoining department store, killing eight and injuring 15.

After being deadlocked since January 2, the West Virginia legislature has elected Samuel V. Woods, a Democrat, as president of the upper house.

Cipriano Castro, enraged at telegrams showing that he ordered the killing of certain of his opponents, orders inspection officials from his rooms.

The mayor of Tacoma refused to sit at the table with Dr. Cook, the alleged discoverer of the North Pole, at a banquet given by the commercial club of that city.

The Turkish people repudiated the peace agreement made by their leaders with the Balkan allies, shot the principal minister, and declare they will hold Adrianople or perish in the attempt.

Heavy snows are again falling in the Cascade mountains and transcontinental roads fear another blockade.

Governor Wilson has introduced in the state legislature of New Jersey seven bills for the regulation of trusts.

Secretary Knox declares foreign shipping is not menaced by the proposed Panama canal tolls, and wishes to leave the matter to a special adjustment commission.

A Chicago detective was killed in a fight with a much-wanted auto bandit whom he had trapped.

Portland's city jail is so crowded there are not enough bunks, so the prisoners sleep by turns.

Inquiry into the alleged Telephone trust has been turned over to the Interstate Commerce commission.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat — Track prices: Club, 85¢ per bushel; Bluestem, 92¢; fortyfold, 86¢; red Russian, 83¢; valley, 86¢.

Barley — Feed, \$24 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$25.50@26.50.

Hay — Timothy, choice, \$16@17; 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, \$26.50@27 ton.

Eggs — Fresh locals, candied, 29¢ 30¢ dozen.

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

Poultry — Hens, 13¢@14¢; broilers, 13¢@14¢; turkeys, live, 20¢; dressed, choice, 25¢; ducks, 13¢@14¢; geese, 12¢.

Pork — Fancy, 10¢ pound.

Veal — Fancy, 14¢@14½¢ pound.

Hops — 1912 crop, prime and choice, 19¢@20¢ pound; 1913, contracts, 15¢.

Wool — Eastern Oregon, 14¢@15¢ pound; valley, 21¢@22¢; mohair, choice, 32¢.

Cattle — Choice steers, \$7.30@8; good, \$7@7.30; medium, \$6.50@7; choice cows, \$6.50@7; god, \$6@6.50; medium, \$5.50@6; choice calves, \$8@9; good heavy calves, \$6.50@7.50; bulls, \$3@5.50.

Hogs — Light, \$7.25@7.50; heavy, \$6@6.50.

Sheep — Yearling wethers, \$5@6.25; ewes, \$4@4.85; lambs, \$3@4.75.

Fresh Fruits — Apples, 50¢@15.0 per box; pears, \$1.50@2; grapes, Emperor, \$5 per barrel.

Potatoes — Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50¢@60¢ per hundred; sweet potatoes, 3¢ per pound.

Vegetables — Artichokes, \$1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1¢ per pound; cauliflower, \$2.75 per crate; celery, \$5.50 per crate; cucumbers, 75¢@2 per dozen; eggplant, 10¢ pound; head lettuce, \$2.50 per crate; peppers, 10¢ per pound; radishes, 35¢ per dozen; sprouts, 10¢ pound; tomatoes, \$2.25 per box; garlic, 5¢@6¢ pound; turnips, 75¢ per sack; carrots, 75¢; beets, 75¢; parsnips, 75¢.

Onions — Oregon, \$1 per sack.

SERIAL STORY

The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By B. Fletcher Robinson

Co-Author with A. Conan Doyle of
"The Hound of the Baskervilles," etc.

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THE STORY OF AMAROFF THE POLE

"You may think yourself an artist," wrote my uncle, "but I call you a silly young fool."

I remembered the sentence and the reading of it well enough, though time has not stood idle since that September evening of the year 1892. From the point of view of Bradford, my uncle might be right; but what did he know, I argued, of the higher ideal which I had chosen preferring the development of my artistic sense to the mere accumulation of money that I could not spend? Where was his joy of life—he who spent his days in the whirl of wheels and the fog of many chimneys? How could it compare with mine in the ancient peace of the eighteenth century house that lay under the towers that crowned the ancient abbey at Westminster? I looked around me at the delicate tapestries that I had brought from Florence to my London rooms; at the glowing Fragonards—souvenirs of my year of artistic study in Paris; at the Dresden groups redolent of old Saxony. Was I the fool or my uncle George? There seemed to me no doubt about it. It was plainly Uncle George.

Yet the letter had unsettled me. I opened the swing doors that led to my studio, switched on the light, and stepped from easel to easel, examining my half-finished work with a growing dissatisfaction. Were they indeed merely the daubs of a wealthy amateur? I loitered back to my sitting-room in a sulky depression, and had picked up an art paper, when there came a tapping at the door, and the grizzled head of old Jacob Hendry came peering in. A perfect servant was old Hendry, once sergeant of infantry, and now a combination of cook, valet, and housemaid, who kept my rooms in spotless order, grilled a steak to a turn, was a fair hand with a needle, and spent his spare time in producing the most intricate wood carving I have ever seen.

"Well, and what is it?" I asked him; for he seemed in some hesitation. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Phillips, sir," he said, "but there's a young man would like to see you. A most respectable young man, sir, as lodges above us on the third floor, but—" "Go on, Jacob, go on."

"The fact is, sir, he's from the Yard."

"The Yard! What Yard?"

"Scotland Yard, sir, where the detectives come from."

And where I wish to Heaven they would remain, thought I.

This intrusion was simply insufferable. I had a mind to refuse the man admittance.

"Is boots is quite clean," said Jacob, entirely mistaking my hesitation.

"E's wiped 'em on the mat. I saw 'im."

"Oh, show him in."

"The person, sir, of the name of Inspector Peace," said Hendry, swinging open the door.

He was a tiny slip of a fellow, of about five and thirty years of age. A stubble of brown hair, a hard, clean-shaven mouth, and a confident chin—such was my impression. He took one quick look at me, and then waited, with his eyes on the carpet and his head a trifle tilted over the right shoulder.

"I fear that I have taken a great liberty, Mr. Phillips," he said, in a very smooth and civil manner. "But I had an idea that you would help me, and time was of importance."

"Well, and what is it?"

"You have many friends amongst the foreign artists here in London. You attend their concerts and sometimes even their little dances. We are near neighbors, you see," he concluded, with a slight bow.

"I am flattered by the interest you have taken in my movements."

"Two hours ago," he continued cheerfully, "a body was found in a passage off Leman street, Stepmey—a body which we cannot identify. The man was of good position, a sculptor, and, I believe, a Pole. A cab is waiting at the door. It is late, I know, Mr. Phillips; it cannot fail to be a great personal inconvenience; but will you drive down with me and take a look at him?"

"Certainly not."

He saw that I considered his proposal an impertinence, for he hesitated a moment, regarding me with an air of depression.

"It has stopped raining," he said, "and the cab has most comfortable cushions. I noticed a fur coat in the

hall which can be slipped on in a moment. May I fetch it for you?"

"You merely waste time, Mr. Peace," I told him, "I will have nothing to do with an affair in which I am nowise concerned."

"This sculptor may be an acquaintance of your own," he said gravely; "and while we are arguing his murderers may escape."

"Murderers?"

"Yes, sir; murderers! The man has been strangled and robbed."

The position was most embarrassing. He asked me to go into a part of London that I had always carefully avoided. It was sufficient to know that filth, immorality, and crime exist without personally inspecting the muckheap. Yet there he stood, his head on one side, staring at my toes like an inquisitive terrier, and my arguments faded before his stolidity. Why had Hendry ever let him in? I should certainly speak to the old rascal about this—

"Well, Mr. Phillips."

"If I agree to go, will you see to it that I am not again troubled in this matter?" I answered sulkily enough. "For I will not be a witness or a jurymen or anything like that, you understand?"

"Certainly. I will see that you are not further molested."

"Then, in the name of common sense, let us get it over as quickly as possible," I said, kicking off my slippers and ringing the bell for my boots.

Big Ben was striking eleven as my hansom trotted down the long Embankment with its lights twinkling on the rushing tide below. Past the great restaurants of pleasure, glowing with shaded lamps from the windows of all their balconies; into the silent city where the tall offices of the day lay like deserted palaces under the moon; over macadam, over clattering asphalt, over greasy wood pavement; so we journeyed till of a sudden we dropped from wealth to destitution, from solitude to babble, from the West to the East. Costers bawling their wares under spouting fountains, fringed the sidewalks along which jostled the chattering masses of the poor. The section was largely foreign. The patches of color in some Italian shawl, the long coats and peaked headgear of some moujik, the clatter of the dialects seemed all the stranger from the sullen London background of mean shops, dingy lodgings, and low beer-houses. For, in the shadows of that underworld of the great metropolis, sodden faces, guttural oaths, dingy rags, the blow that precedes the word, are the manifestations of the native born.

In a side street the cab drew to a standstill. It was the mortuary, the inspector told me. A young policeman at the door touched his hat, and led the way down a passage to a bare stone chamber. On a slab in the center the body lay with an elderly man in ill-fitting clothes bending over it. He looked up as we entered, and nodded to the inspector.

"You were quite right, Peace," he said cheerfully; "chloroform first, strangling afterwards."

"They took no risks, Dr. Chapple."

"They made a clean job of it," said the elderly man, looking down at the slab with his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets. "Never saw neater work since—well, since I was invalided home from India."

"Thugs?"

"Yes; they did it nigh as well as a Thug in regular practice."

The callous brutality of the conversation filled me with disgust. I turned away, leaning against the wall with a feeling of nausea.

"And now, if I may trouble you, Mr. Phillips, will you look at this poor fellow, and see if you can recognize him?" said Peace.

I knew him well enough. The black beard, the thin, hawk nose, the high and noble forehead were not easily forgotten. Talman had introduced me to him at the Art Club's Reception in July, whispering that he was a Pole and a neighbor of his—a deuced queer fish, though a clever one. He had exhibited a bust of Nero at the Academy, which attracted much attention.

"And his name?" asked the inspector.

"Amaroff. I believe him to be from Poland; that is about all I know of him."

"How did you come to meet him?"

I told him of my introduction. Would I, he asked, give him Talman's address? Most certainly—No. 4 Harden place, off the King's road, Chelsea. I had no objection whatever to Talman being roused at one in the morning. By all means let the old rascal be turned out of bed and cross-examined. His language would be a revelation to the police—it would, really.

The inspector left me on the doorstep for a few minutes, while he whispered to two shabbily dressed men who lounged out of the darkness, and

disappeared with the same lack of ostentation. Then we entered our cab, which had waited, and trotted westward, the very air growing clearer as it seemed to me, when the underworld of poverty fell away behind us. It was some time before I spoke and then it was to ask for a solution to certain puzzles that had been forming in my brain.

"You said he had been robbed?" I began.

"Yes, Mr. Phillips. They had gone through his pockets with every attention to detail."

"Then how did you know he was a sculptor?"

"He had been called away in a hurry. There was modelling clay in his finger-nails, and a splash of plaster on his right trouser leg. It was quite simple, as you see."

His reply was ingenious, and I liked the inspector the better for it. The man had something more in him than a civil tongue and a pleasing manner.

"Tell me—what else did you learn?"

"That he was murdered in a place with a sanded floor, probably at no great distance from Leman street, seeing that they carried him there on a coster's barrow."

"I am not a reporter," I said. "I do not want guess-work."

"I shall probably be able to prove my words in twenty-four hours."

"And why not now?"

"There are good reasons."

"Oh, very well," I said sulkily; and we drove on through the night in silence.

He left me at my door amid polite assurances that I should not again be troubled in the matter. I told him quite frankly that I was very glad to hear it.

I did not sleep more than eight hours that night, and was quite unfit for work in the morning. I roamed about my studio with nerves on edge. I cursed Peace and all his doings. Even the papers gave me no further information of this exasperating business, being loaded with the preparations for the Czar's reception in Paris, which was due in two days. In the end I sank so far as to send old Jacob up to the inspector's rooms for the latest news; but he had been out since daybreak.

About twelve I wandered off to the club. The sight of Talman was a very present joy to me. He was engaged in denouncing the police to a select circle, choosing as his text that the Englishman's house in his castle. I offered my sincere sympathy when he told me that he had been invaded at one in the morning by inquiring detectives. I suggested that he should write to the Times about it. He said he had already done so. Incidentally he mentioned that Amaroff's address had been No. 21 Harden place.

I lunched at the little table by the window; but it was in the smoking-room afterwards that the idea occurred to me. I fought against it for some time, but the temptation increased upon consideration. Finally I yielded, and told the waiter to call a cab. I would myself have a look at the dead man's studio.

I dismissed the hansom at the turning off King's road, and walked down Harden place on foot. It was an eddy in the rush of London improvement—a pool of silence in its roaring traffic. There were trees in the little gardens. The golds and browns of the withering leaves peeped and rustled over the old brick walls. Several studios I noticed—it was evidently an artists' quarter—before I stopped in front of No. 21.

The studio—a fair-sized barn of modern brick—fronted on the street. The double doors through which a sculptor's larger work may pass were flanked by a little side door painted a staring and most objectionable green. On the right the roof of a red-tiled shed crept up to long windows under the eaves. The side door stood ajar—a most urgent invitation to my curiosity. After all, I argued, a studio remains a place where the strict rules of etiquette may be avoided, even though its owner be dead. And so, without troubling further in the matter, I pushed the door gently open, and walked into a short passage, the further end of which was barred with heavy curtains of faded plush. Beyond them I could hear a whisper of voices. I drew back the edge of a curtain and peeped within.

In the center of the big room was a tall pedestal upon which was set the bust of Nero, which had won no small measure of fame for poor Amaroff in that year's Academy. Under the proud and merciless features of the Roman Emperor stood Inspector Peace—smoking a cigarette and talking to a big fellow with a thick black beard.

A couple of men kneeling at their feet were replacing a mass of loose papers in the drawers of a roller-top desk that had been pulled some distance from the wall.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

BUSINESS HAD TO GO ON

Sam Thought He Had Combination, but Relief for Mandy Was Not in Sight.

A lazy dandy who let his wife take in washing without demur had a dream one night, and a policy dream at that. He borrowed money from her to play the combination, and before he left home he stated his conviction. "Mandy," he said, "Ah's goin' up town to play dis combine, what am sho' to come out. When you see me comin' home in a hack yo' break up yo' washtubs." The "combine" didn't come out, and Sam, in great dejection, acquired a lot of gin. Then he was messed up a bit by a dray, and some other darkies hired a hack to take him home. Sam was nearly out, and

was breathing heavily when the hack turned a familiar corner, and his wife was standing in the door. With his last ounce of energy he stuck his head out of the window and yelled: "Mandy, spare dem tubs!"

She Expressed It.

"I never saw such outrageous service in all my life," said the woman at the express office window. "I've been waiting here fully half an hour and not a sign of an employee have I seen. The heads of this company ought to be notified of this extreme negligence. It's simply outrageous."

"What would you like to express, madam?" said a clerk who arrived at last.

"I'd like to express my sympathy," replied the woman tartly, and departed.

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