

# NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

## Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Turks are steadily losing in their battles with the Bulgarian forces.

The Mexican consul to El Paso, Tex. is accused of violating neutrality laws.

The increasing price of crude oil starts a new inquiry into the methods of oil companies.

Union carpenters threaten to cause trouble in the preparations for the coming inaugural.

U. S. senators are disposed to let the incoming president have a hand in settling the Panama canal tolls question.

Levi E. Boyd, who crossed the plains with Dr. Whitman 70 years ago, is dead at Walla Walla, aged 100 years.

Young Chinese rioters celebrating New Years in New York City cut off the queue of a Chinese toy of the old school.

Officers of the guard at Leavenworth, Kan., prison, have been ordered to use bicycles in making their daily rounds.

A young burglar captured at Medford, Or., had a complete set of books in which he kept a strict account with all his victims.

The department of justice is reported to have approved the plans for the dissolution of the Union and Southern Pacific railroad merger.

President-elect Wilson is still undecided as to what legislation he will recommend to congress, aside from the downward revision of the tariff.

The body of the "perfumed burglar" was found in a marsh near San Quentin, Cal., where he had perished from exposure after making a sensational escape from prison.

The Portland chamber of commerce has received a letter from the Chinese leaders in Canton thanking them for their efforts in securing recognition of the new Chinese republic.

The chief clerk of the Portland-Postal Savings bank says most of the depositors who withdraw their money, do so to purchase land or small homes, or to engage in business, and nearly all save for some definite purpose.

Bulgarians resumed the war against Turkey by the bombardment of Adrianople.

The U. S. Supreme court holds that independent shoe manufacturers have a right to combine.

Taft advises Bible study, saying all forceful speakers know the Scriptures.

Three Chicago policemen who tried to break up a dance to which they were not invited were thrashed by the dancers.

The income tax amendment to the constitution of the United States has been ratified by the required number of states.

Favorable weather conditions are credited with giving the railroads of the United States a gain in business for January of 145 per cent over the corresponding period last year.

### PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 86c; 87c per bushel; bluestem, 95c; 96c; forty-fold, 87c; red Russian, 84c; valley, 87c.

Barley—Feed, \$23@23.50 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$25.50@26.50.

Corn—Whole, \$27; cracked, \$28.

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

Hay—Timothy, choice, \$16@17 per ton; mixed, Eastern Oregon timothy, \$12@15; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$11.50; clover, \$10; straw, \$6@7.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$26.50@27.50 per ton.

Fresh fruits—Apples, 50c@1.75 per box; pears, \$1.50@2 per box; grapes, Malagas, \$8 per barrel.

Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50c@60c per hundred; sweets, 34c per pound.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1c per pound; cauliflower, \$2.50 per crate; celery, \$5.50; cucumbers, 75c@82 per dozen; eggplant, 10c per pound; head lettuce, \$2.50 per crate; peppers, 10c per pound; radishes, 35c per dozen; sprouts, 10c.

Onions—Oregon, \$1 per sack.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 25c@26c per dozen.

Poultry—Hens, 13c@14c; broilers, 13c@14c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, choice, 22c@25c; ducks, 15c@16c; geese, 10c@12.

Butter—Oregon creamery, cubes, 36c per pound; prints, 37c@37.5c.

Pork—Fancy, 10c per pound.

Veal—Fancy, 14c@14.5c per pound.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 18c@19c per pound; 1913 contracts, 15c per pound.

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

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7.30@7.80; good, \$7@7.30; medium, \$6.50@7; choice cows, \$6.50@6.75; good, \$6@6.50; medium, \$5.50@6; choice calves, \$8@9; good heavy calves, \$6.50@7.50; bulls, \$3@5.50.

Hogs—Light, \$7.35@7.50; heavy, \$6@6.60.

Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$5@6.15; ewes, \$4@5.25; lambs, \$6@7.25.

# SERIAL STORY

## The Chronicles of Addington Peace

By E. 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

(Continued.)

The serjeant stepped forward and whispered. The man was sufficiently satisfied, for he dropped the slide at once, and the door swung back to admit us; the hairy-faced porter bowing a welcome in polite submission. The inspector led the way up the stairs, and I followed at his heels. The serjeant had disappeared.

It was a broad, low room in which we found ourselves, the rafters of the roof unhidden by the plaster of a ceiling. Round the walls on benches ranged behind tables a dozen men sat smoking and drinking. The chatter of talk faded away as we entered. In silence they stared at us, calmly, judiciously, without fear or curiosity. I could not have imagined a more composed and resolute company. I felt that I carried myself awkwardly, as an impertinent intruder should; but the inspector sauntered across the room to a bar on the further side as calmly as if he were the oldest and most valued member in the club.

A pale-faced man with a stained and yellow beard rose from his seat behind the glasses. His eyes were fixed on Peace with a weak, pathetic expression like a dog in pain.

"Good evening, Mr. Greatman," said the inspector. "Can I have a word with you?"

"Yes, sir, if you will kindly step into my private room," he answered in excellent English, opening a hatch in the bar. "This is the way, sir, if you will follow me."

We walked after him down a short passage and stopped before the darkness of an open door. A spurt of a match and the gas jet flared upon a bare chamber, hung with a gaudy paper and furnished with half a dozen wooden chairs set round a deal table in the center. In place of a carpet, our feet grated upon a smooth sprinkling of that grey sand which may still be found in old-fashioned inns. It was here then, if the detectives were not mistaken, that this crime had found a climax, this sordid murder not thirty hours old.

"If you would like a fire, gentlemen," suggested Greatman, "I can easily fetch some coals."

"Pray do not trouble yourself," said the inspector, politely. "My name is Peace, of the Criminal Investigation Department, and I called to inquire if you can tell me anything concerning the murder of the sculptor, Amaroff."

"I know nothing,"

"That is strange, seeing that he was strangled in this very room."

"Here?" cried the Pole, with a stare of unbelief changing into sudden terror. "Here—in my room?"

"So I believe," said Peace.

The man swayed for an instant, grasping at the back of a chair, and then dropped to the ground, moaning, his face covered with his hands. In that crouching figure before us was written the extremity of despair.

"Come, come, Greatman, pull your self together," said the inspector, tapping him kindly on the shoulder. "If you are innocent, there is no need to make all this fuss."

"It was Nicolin who led to me," he cried, looking up with bewildered eyes. "Very probably," said Peace, "it is a habit with him."

"Yet it was I, miserable that I am, who made the meeting between them. Before Heaven, it was with the innocence of a child. If those my comrades of the club but knew—"

He hesitated, his eyes searching the room in sudden terror.

"Oblige me by seeing that we have no comrades already at the keyhole," Mr. Phillips said Peace.

There was no one at the door; no one in the dark passage; and when I in a crumpled heap.

I returned I found that Peace had lifted the caretaker to a chair, where he sat "You can trust us," the detective was saying. "Believe me, Greatman, it will be best for yourself that you hide nothing."

And so with many fierce cries and protestations, this poor creature began his story.

It was Nicolin, it seemed, who had discovered that Greatman, the caretaker of the Brutus Club, was one and the same with the forger, Ivan Kroll, of Odessa, who had been wanted by the Russian police for close upon twelve years. But having a shrewd head on his shoulders, Nicolin made no immediate use of his knowledge. For forgery a man might be extradited from England. Once in Russia

the charge would be altered to nihilism, and then—Siberia. It was not pleasant for the caretaker of a nihilist club to be at the mercy of a black-bearded spy lounging on the step outside. "It was that which drove me to the brandy," said poor Greatman, alias Kroll.

About the end of August there began, he continued, a duel of wits between the two men, Amaroff and Nicolin, the reasons and causes of which did not, if he might be permitted to say, concern us. Nicolin's career was dependent on his success. For him, failure meant permanent disgrace. Yet it was Amaroff who was playing with his opponent as a cat with a mouse, confusing and surprising him at every turn, driving him, indeed, when time grew pressing, into desperate measures. At the last he formed a plan, did Nicolin, a scheme worthy of his most cunning brain.

"This, then, he did," ended the poor caretaker. "He came to me—I who had so great love and honor for Amaroff, my friend, I whom he had turned from crime and aided to earn a wage in honesty—he came to me and he says: 'Kroll, in my pocket is a warrant that will send you back to the snow places in the East; do you fear me, my good Kroll?' And I feared him. 'See, now,' he said, 'we desire to see your friend Amaroff for a little talk. We cannot harm him here in this mad country. Contrive a trick, bring him into your private room behind the bar. Give us the key of the yard door that we may come secretly to him—and afterwards you will hear no more of Siberia from me. Do you consent?'"

"Gentlemen, I believed him, also having fear of the snow places; and I consented."

"So Amaroff answered my call, and with some excuse I left him in this room. It was at a time when few members were in the club—about seven of the clock. And that, as I live, is all I have to tell. I waited at my seat behind the bar. I saw nothing, heard nothing—and at last when I went to my room, behold it was empty! I tried to suspect no wrong—but I did not sleep that night. In the morning I saw in the papers that Amaroff, my friend, was dead, and how he died I could not tell."

"So Nicolin won the game," suggested Peace, softly. "And there will be no regrettable incident when the Car enters Paris the day after tomorrow."

"Of that I have no knowledge," said Greatman; but I saw a sudden resolution shine in his face that seemed to put new heart into the man.

"Well, Mr. Phillips," said the inspector, turning upon me with a warning quiver of the left eyelid, "it is to meet Nicolin at the studio by seven tomorrow morning. We must get to bed early."

"Certainly," I said. I was rather out of my depth, but I take myself this credit that I did not show it.

"Then do you search the studio tomorrow?" asked Greatman.

"Yes—it has been arranged."

"But will you not first arrest this Nicolin, this murderer?"

"My dear Mr. Greatman," said the inspector, "you have told us your story, and I thank you for your confidence. But I advise you now to leave things alone. I will see justice done—don't be afraid about that. For the rest, please to keep a silent tongue in your head—it will be safer. There is still Siberia for Ivan Kroll just as there may be dangers from your friends in the club yonder for Julius Greatman, who arranged so indiscreet a meeting in his private room. Good night to you."

The caretaker did not reply, but opening the door, bowed us into the passage that led to the big room. We had not taken half a dozen steps when I looked back over my shoulder, expecting to see him behind us. But he had vanished.



LABEL ON ARIZONA WEATHER

Tale Impressed Englishman, Who Probably Went Home and Wrote a Book About It.

"Hot weather reminds me," said the fellow who is always ready to tell a story when he gets an opening. "I was riding down through Arizona last summer on a train on which there was a party of Englishmen. You never know what hot weather is until you ride through some of those southwestern states in the summer. The heat rolls up in waves and smites you. Everything except the rattlesnakes and the Indians stay out of the sun's rays as much as possible."

"On a station platform stood a dilapidated sprinkling can. It was full of dents and the spout was lying near the can, both evidently not having been used for months."

"You know I have been telling you we have some hot weather out here," said a westerner to one of the Englishmen. "Well, look at that sprinkling can. It has been so hot that it has melted the spout right off! And the farther west you get the hotter it gets," the native son finished as he noticed the awed look on the foreigner's face."

She Says We're Much Too Slender.

A Russian princess who is now in Washington has created a commotion in social circles by criticizing the American women for being much too

"He's gone," I whispered, gripping my companion by the arm.

"I know, I know. Keep quiet." As we stood there listening, I heard the sudden clatter of boots upon a stairway, and then silence.

"It appears to me that we shall have an interesting evening," said Addington Peace.

A twist in the passage, a turn through a door, and we were rattling down the back stairs and out into a moonlit yard. In the denser darkness under the walls I made out a double row of big barrows, from which there came a subtle aroma in which stale fish predominated. From amongst them a tall shadow arose and came slipping to our side.

"He's off, sir," said the serjeant, for it was he. "Rushed by, shaking his flat and talking to himself like a madman. Where has he gone, do you think?"

"To Amaroff's studio; and we must get there before him. The nearest cab-rank, if you please, Jackson."

We ran through the yard, hustled up the narrow streets, lost ourselves, as far as I was concerned, in a maze of alleys, and finally shot out into a roaring thoroughfare, crowded with a strolling population. No cab was in sight. Opposite the lamps of the underground station the inspector stopped us.

"It would be quicker," he said, with a jerk of the head, and we turned into the booking-office and galloped down the stairs. Luck was with us, and we tumbled into a carriage as the train moved away.

We were not alone, and we journeyed in silence. Station after station slipped by, until at last we were in the southwestern district again. My excitement increased as we fled up the stairs of the South Kensington station. Here was a new sensation, keen, virile, natural; here was a race worth the trouble it involved. I did not understand; but I knew that on our speed much depended. Indeed, I could have shouted aloud, but for the influence of those two quiet, unemotional figures that trotted on either hand.

I regretted nothing—an hour of this was worth a year of artistic contemplation.

At the corner we found a hansom, and soon were rattling down the King's Road. When the cab stopped, to the inspector's order, it was not, as I expected, at the corner of Harden Place, but a street preceding it. Down this we walked quickly until we came upon a seedy-looking fellow with a red muffer about his neck, leaning against the wall.

I was surprised when we halted in front of him.

"Good evening, Harrison," said the inspector. "Anything to report?"

"They're there, sir. They came about ten minutes ago. Job and Turner are watching the door in Harden Place, and I came here."

"They didn't see any of you?"

"No, sir, I am sure of it."

"You had better join the others in Harden Place. Keep within hearing, and if I whistle, kick in the side door of the studio—it can be done. There is a man who I fancy will have a key to the door that is due in about five minutes. If I have not whistled before he arrives, let him through. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

The detective faded discreetly into the darkness, while the inspector turned to me.

"There may be complications, Mr. Phillips, and no slight danger. I must ask you to go home."

"I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Mutiny," he said; but I could see that he was smiling. "You are rather a fraud, Mr. Phillips—rather a fraud, you know. There is more of a fighter than a dilettante in you, after all. Come, then, over you go."

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

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