

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

Portland Rose Festival plans for 1913 to cost \$100,000 are announced.

Secretary Meyer blames Wilson for the defeat of the two-battalion plan.

Society women of Corvallis, Or., have agreed not to go above a \$7 limit for hats.

Money trust investigating committee recommends revision of national banking laws.

Eastern Oregon farmers traveled 100 miles to attend the college course for farmers at Burns.

President Taft pardoned four Federal prisoners on account of their previous good character.

All requests for tuberculosis serum are being refused until the U. S. surgeon-general has made satisfactory tests.

British merchants resent the Chinese war on the opium trade, as it is injuring also the trade in opium from India.

The U. S. senate has allowed an amendment to the sundry civil bill of \$1,500,000 for a government exhibit at the San Francisco exposition in 1915.

Official circles in Washington believe General Huerta will be equal to the Mexican situation and that affairs in that country will soon be running smoothly.

It is said that Wilson is considering a plan to include the vice-president in cabinet councils, and to keep an office for himself in the capitol building.

The government has begun action against the Union Pacific railroad for an alleged attempt to control business from the Mississippi valley to North-west points.

Dayton, Ohio, will make a park of the grounds where the Wright Brothers made their first flights in heavier-than-air machines, and will erect bronze statues of the aviators.

The widow of Captain Scott, of Antarctic fame, has received from the British government the same title that she would have received had her husband returned alive, and will henceforth be known as Lady Scott.

Troops continue to move towards the Mexican border.

The rule of military despotism seems to grow in favor in Mexico.

Both houses of the South Dakota legislature adopted a resolution denouncing the killing of Madero and Suarez.

Mexicans executed by shooting, one at a time, 95 Madero soldiers who revolted when they heard of the death of the ex-president.

The Cornucopia Mining company, of Eastern Oregon, mails its gold bullion by insured parcels post to its head offices in Walla Walla.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 85c; 86c; bluestem, 95c; forty-fold, 86c; red Russian, 84c; valley, 86c; 87c per bushel.

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

Corn—Whole, \$27; cracked, \$28 ton.

Millstuffs — Bran, \$21@21.50 ton; shorts, \$23@23.50; middlings, \$30.

Hay — Timothy, choice, \$15@17; mixed, Eastern Oregon timothy, \$10@12.50; oat and vetch, \$12; alfalfa, \$11.50; clover, \$10; straw, \$6@7.

Oats—No. 1 white, \$17@17.50 ton.

Apples — Spitzenberg, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.50 per box; choice, 75c@1.

Yellow Newtowns, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.50; choice 75c@1; Winesap, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.50; Red Cheek Pippin, extra fancy, \$1.25@1.75; Arkansas Black, extra fancy, \$1.75@2; Baldwin, extra fancy, \$1@1.25; choice, 75c@1; Rome Beauty, \$1.25@1.50; Ben Davis, etc., common pack, 50c@60c.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1c per pound; cauliflower, \$2@2.25 per crate; celery, \$2@4.50; rhubarb, \$2.50 per box; sprouts, 10c pound; garlic, 5c@6c; turnips, 90c@1 per sack; parsnips, 90c@1; carrots, 90c@1.

Onions—Oregon, \$1 per sack.

Potatoes — Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50c per hundred.

Poultry — Hens, 15c@16c; broilers, 18c@20c; turkeys, live, 20c; dressed, choice, 25c; ducks, 16c@18c; geese, 13c@14c.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 18c@19c dozen; current receipts, 17c@18c.

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

Pork—Fancy, 10c@10.5c pound.

Veal—Fancy, 14c@14.5c pound.

Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 16c@18c pound; 1913 contracts, 14c@15c pound.

Wool—Early shorn, east of mountains, 15c@20c pound.

Grain Bags—9c@9.5c each.

Cattle—Choice steers, \$7.50@8.25; good, \$7@7.30; medium, \$6.50@7; choice cows, \$6.50@7; good, \$6@6.50; medium, \$5.50@6; choice calves, \$8@9; good heavy calves, \$6.50@7.50; bulls, \$5.50@6.

Hogs—Light, \$7.50@8.15; heavy, \$6.50@7.10.

Sheep—Yearling Wethers, \$5.05@6.25; ewes, \$4@5.25; lambs, \$6@7.25.

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 TERROR IN THE SNOW

(Continued.)

It was a quiet, moonless night, lit by the stars that blinked in their thousand constellations. Though the snow lay deep, the air struck mildly. Indeed, if it were freezing, it could not have been by more than two degrees. Upon the edge of the distant cliffs robes of confusing mist curled in veils as thin as moonlight; but in the foreground the yew walks and aisles of ancient laurel showed clearly upon the white carpet. About the central avenue of firs which carved the gardens into the darkness lay impenetrable pools of shadow. As I waited, the silence was startled by a bell. It rang the four quarters in a tinkling measure, followed by eleven musical strokes. I knew that the sound must come from the little church that lay to my right; but, though, I leant from my window, the angle of the wing in which I was, hid the building from me.

I feel that the story which I have now to tell may well turn me into an object for ridicule. I can only describe that which I saw; as for the conclusions at which I arrived there are many more practical people in the world than myself who would have judged no differently. At best it was a ghastly business.

I had returned to the dressing-table and was changing my dress-coat for a comfortable smoking-jacket when I heard it—a faint and distant cry, yet a cry which was crowded with such terror that I clung to a chair with my white face and goggling eyes staring back at me from the mirror on the table. Again it sounded, and again; then silence fell like the shutter of a camera. I rushed to the window, peering out into the night.

The great gardens lay sleeping in the dusky shadows. There was nothing to be heard; nothing moved save the curling wreaths of mist that came creeping up over the cliffs like the ghosts of drowned sailors from their burial sands below. Could it have been some trick of the imagination? Could it—and the suggestion which I despised thrust itself upon me—could it bear reference to that grim tragedy that had been played in the old fir avenue so many years ago?

And then I first saw the thing that came towards me.

It was moving up a narrow path, hedged with yew, that led from the gardens and passed to the right of the wing in which I stood. The yew had been clipped into walls some five feet high, but the eastern gales had beaten out gaps and ragged indentations in the lines of greenery, so that in my sideways view of it the path itself was here and there exposed. It was through one of these breaches in the walls that I noticed a sign of movement. I waited, straining my eyes. Yes, there it showed again, a something, moving swiftly towards the house with a clumsy rolling stride.

It was never nearer to me than fifty yards, and the stars gave a shift of light. Yet it left me with an impression that it was about four feet in height and of a dull white color. I remember that its body contrasted plainly with the dark hedges, but melted into uncertainty against a patch of snow. Once it stopped and half raised itself on its hind legs as if listening. Then again it tumbled forward in its shambling, ungainly fashion—now hidden by the yew wall, now thrust into momentary sight by a ragged gap until it disappeared round the angle of the house. Doubtless it would turn to the left, round the old chapel, across the snow-bound park, and so to the woods—where a wolf should be!

I was still staring from the window in the blank fear of the unknown, when I heard the swift tap of feet upon the road beneath me. Round the corner of the wing came a man, running with a patter of little strides, while a dozen yards behind him were a pair of less active followers. What they wanted I did not consider; for at that moment the sight of my own kind was joy enough for me. The electric lamps in the room behind me threw a broad golden patch upon the snow, and as the leader reached it he stopped, glancing up at where I stood. The light struck him fairly in the face. It was Addington Peace!

"Did you hear that cry?" he panted; and then, with a sudden nod of recog-

nition: "I see who it is, Mr. Phillips—well, and did you hear it?" "It came from over there—in the fir avenue," said I, pointing with a trembling finger. "I don't understand it, Inspector; I don't indeed. There was something that came up that yew walk behind you about a minute afterwards. I should have thought if would have passed you."

"No, I saw nothing. What was it like?"

"A sort of a dog," I stammered; for under his steady eye I had not nerve enough to tell him of my private imaginings.

"A dog—that's curious. Are all the rest of you in bed?"

"No; they're gambling."

"Very good. I see there is a door at the back there. Will you come down and let me in, after I've had a look around the gardens?"

"Certainly."

"If you meet any of your friends, you need not mention that I have arrived. Do you understand?"

I nodded, and he hopped away across the lawn with his two companions at his heels.

I slipped on an overcoat and made my way quietly down the stairs. From the roulette-room, as I passed it, came the clink of money and the murmur of merry voices. They would not disturb us, that was certain. I reached the garden doors in the center of the main building, turned the key, and walked out into the gloom of a great square porch.

As I have said, the temperature was scarcely below freezing-point, and if I shivered in my fur-lined overcoat it was more from excitement than any great chill in the air. For a good twenty minutes I waited listening and peering into the night. It was not a pleasant time, for my nerves were jangled, and I searched the shadows with timorous eyes, half fearing, half expecting. Heaven knows what hideous apparition. It was with a start which set my heart thumping that I saw Peace turn the corner of the right-hand wing and come trotting down the drive towards me. There was something in his aspect that told a story of calamity.

"What is it?" I asked him, as he panted up.

"I want you—come along," he whispered, and started back by the way he had come.

We passed round the right-hand

with minute attention. A curious spectacle he made, this little atom of a man, as he peeped and peered his way like some slow-hunting beast on a cold scent.

It was not until he left the path for the snow-covered grass-plot that I saw him give any sign of success.

Inspector Peace dropped on his knees with a little chirrup of satisfaction like the note of a bird. Then he rose again, shaking his head and staring up at the windows above him in a cautious, suspicious manner. Finally he came slowly back to me, with his head on one side, staring at the ground before him.

"You thought it was a dog?" he asked. "Why a dog?"

"It looked to me like a big dog—or a wolf," I told him boldly.

"Whether it be beast or man, or both, I believe the thing that killed him is in the house now."

I jumped back, staring at him with a sudden exclamation.

"Who has been killed?" I stammered out.

"Baron Steen. We found him on the cliffs yonder. He was badly cut about."

"It's impossible, Inspector," I cried. "He left the roulette-table not a quarter of an hour before you came."

"Ah—he was a cool hand, Mr. Phillips. It was like him to put off bolting till the last minute. The warrant against him for company frauds is in my pocket now. But some one gave the game away to him, for his yacht is lying off the beach there, with a boat from her waiting at the foot of the cliff. But we've no time to lose—come along."

Before the big garden porch the Inspector's two companions were waiting. He drew them aside for a minute's whispered conversation before they separated, and disappeared into the night. What had they done with the body? I had not the courage to inquire.

We entered the house, moving very softly. In the hall Peace took me by the arm.

"You're a bit shaken, Mr. Phillips, and I'm not surprised. But I want your assistance badly. Can you pull yourself together and help me to see this through?"

"I'll do what I can."

"Take me up to your room, then."

We were in luck, for we tip-toed up the great stairs and down the

I RUSHED TO THE WINDOW, PEERING
OUT INTO THE NIGHT.



wing, under my bedroom window, and stopped where the yew walk ended. To right and left of the entrance two stone fauns leered upon us under the starlight.

"This thing you call a dog—could you see it as far as this?"

"No; the angle of the wing prevented me."

"You saw it pass in this direction. Are you certain it did not go back the way it came?"

"Yes. I am quite certain."

"Then it must either have turned up the road, in which case I should have met it; or down the road, where you would have seen it as it passed under your windows; or else have run straight on. If we take these facts as proved, it must have run straight on."

"That is so."

We had our backs to the laughing fauns. Before us lay a broad triangle of even snow, with the chapel and wing of the house for its sides, and for its base the carriage-drive on which we stood. There was no shrub or tree in any part of it that might conceal a fugitive. Close to the wall of the house ran a path ending in a small side door. The chapel, which was joined to the mansion, had no entrance on the garden side.

"If it entered this triangle and disappeared—for I am certain it was not here when I ran by—we may conclude that it found its way into the house. It had no other method of escape. Kindly stay here, Mr. Phillips. This snow is fortunate, but I wish the sweepers had not been so conscientious about their work on the paths."

He drew a little electric lantern from his coat, touched the spring, and with an eye of light moving before him, turned into the path under the wall. He walked slowly, bending double as he swept the brilliant circle now on the exposed ground, now on the snow ridges to right and left. The sills of the ground floor windows were carefully examined, and when he reached the door he searched the single step before it

long passages without meeting a guest or servant. Once in my room, the inspector walked across and pushed the electric bell. Three, four minutes went by before the summons was answered, and then it was by a flushed and disordered footman who bounced into the room and halted, staring open-mouthed from me to my companion.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

BORROWING AS A FINE ART

Proof That This Bad Habit Is Impossible to Eradicate in Some People.

Day by day, as Mrs. Worth's household and kitchen furniture and groceries slowly disappeared, she saw that the moment approached when a final stand must be made. One morning, when Jimmy, son of the borrower, appeared at the back door with the statement, "Ma wants the wash-boller," Mrs. Worth determined to act.

"You tell your ma that when she brings back what she has already borrowed, I will lend her the boller."

In a little while Jimmy reappeared. "Ma wants to know what she borrowed."

"There is a quart of flour," began Mrs. Worth, "a peck of potatoes, a cup of sugar, a can of coffee, a half-pound of lard, some onions, and butter and spices; the screw-driver, the hatchet, a pair of scissors"—she paused, recollecting—"three spools of thread, a paper of needles, and—"

But Jimmy was gone. Presently he rapped on the back door again.

"Ma says for you to write 'em down. I forgot some of 'em."

Mrs. Worth sat down with pencil and patiently made an alphabetical list of all the articles she could remember.

Jimmy took the list and disappeared. A half-hour later he once more reappeared at the back door and announced:

"Ma says if you'll lend her the wash-boller to carry 'em in, she'll bring 'em home."—Youth's Companion.

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