

NEWS NOTES OF CURRENT WEEK

Resume of World's Important Events Told in Brief.

New plans are being considered for the "unmerging" of the railroad combines.

Bryan talked freely to reporters, but refused to divulge any definite policy.

Dr. Friedmann inoculates a woman and two men consumptives with his anti-tuberculosis serum.

Porter Bros. have purchased 102,000 acres of timber land in Linn county, Oregon, for \$4,000,000.

An officer arrived in Portland, Or., to get a man under arrest for alleged embezzlement in Dublin, Ireland.

The degree of Doctor of Philosophy has been conferred at Harvard upon an 18-year-old son of a Harvard professor.

Greeks took the Turkish fortress of Janina, after a terrific bombardment of several days, capturing over 30,000 prisoners.

A New Jersey farmer has sent \$1000 as ransom money to obtain the release of his son who is held by Mexican rebels.

A son of a San Francisco millionaire must prove that he was crazy at a certain time in order to collect \$250,000 from a trust company.

Federal authorities arrested two opium smugglers in Portland, and obtained information that a large gang is operating in all Pacific Coast ports.

Two big ferryboats in San Francisco bay collided in a dense fog, badly damaging both, while two others narrowly escaped participating in the smash.

Ten thousand Mexican troops loyal to the government of Huerta have been ordered to invade the province of Sonora, which has officially and almost unanimously declared in favor of continuing the rebellion.

Before the senate investigating committee women suffragists testified that during the riotous scenes at the suffragist parade in Washington March 3, the police were indifferent to their appeals for protection from insults and rowdiness and even encouraged the crowds to disorder.

Fire swept the town of White Plains, N. Y., causing \$700,000 loss.

Snow and cold have almost stopped the fighting between Turks and Bulgarians.

The first Alaskan territorial legislature met at Juneau, March 3, with 24 members.

American officers at Douglas, report the discovery of a plot to capture Douglas, New Mexico, and Agua Prieta, Mexico, by Mexican rebels.

Dr. Friedmann has been informed by New York medical authorities that he must have a physician's license in order to administer his tuberculosis serum in America.

PORTLAND MARKETS

Wheat—Track prices: Club, 86¢-86½¢ per bushel; bluestem, 98¢-99¢; forty-fold, 88¢; red Russian, 85¢-85½¢.

Barley—Feed \$23.50 per ton; brewing, nominal; rolled, \$25.50-26.50. Millstuffs—Bran, \$21-21.50 per ton; shorts, \$23-23.50; middlings, \$30.

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

Oats—No. 1 white, \$27-28. Apples—Spitzenberg, extra fancy, \$1.25-1.50; choice, 75¢-81¢; Yellow Newtown, extra fancy, \$1.25-1.50; choice, 75¢-81¢; Winesap, extra fancy, \$1.25-1.50; Red Cheek Pippin, extra fancy, \$1.25-1.50; Arkansas Black, extra fancy, \$1.75-2; Baldwin, extra fancy, \$1-1.52; choice, 75¢-81¢; Rome Beauty, \$1.25-1.50; small sizes, all varieties, less; Ben Davis, etc., common pack, 50¢-60¢.

Vegetables—Artichokes, \$1.50 per dozen; cabbage, 1¢ per pound; cauliflower, \$2 per crate; celery, \$2.50-4 crate; peppers, 30¢ per pound; rhubarb, \$2.75 per box; sprouts, 10¢; tomatoes, \$2 per box; garlic, 5¢-6¢ per pound; turnips, 90¢-1 per sack; parsnips, 90¢-1; carrots, 90¢-1.

Onions—Oregon, \$1 per sack. Potatoes—Jobbing prices: Burbanks, 50¢ per hundred.

Poultry—Hens 16¢; broilers, 22¢; turkeys, live, 18¢-20¢; dressed, choice, 25¢; ducks, 17¢; geese, nominal.

Eggs—Fresh locals, candled, 19¢ per dozen; current receipts, 17¢-18¢. Butter—Oregon creamery cubes, 37¢ per pound; prints, 39¢.

Pork—Fancy, 10¢-10¢ per pound. Veal—Fancy, 14¢-14¢ per pound. Hops—1912 crop, prime and choice, 16¢-18¢ per pound; 1913 contracts, 15¢.

Wool—Early shorn, east of mountains, 15¢-20¢ per pound. Cattle—Choice steers, \$7.50-8; 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, \$8-8.50; heavy, \$6.50-7. Sheep—Yearling wethers, \$5-6.50; ewes, \$4-5.25; lambs, \$6-7.15.

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.)
"Sorry to disturb your dance," said Peace, beaming upon him.
"Beg pardon, sir, but you startled me—yes, we was 'aving a little dance in the servants' hall; but it's of no consequence, sir."
"A slippery floor, eh, with so much French chalk on it?"
The young man glanced at the powder on his shoes and grinned.
"So you are all dancing in the servants' hall, are you?"
"I believe so, sir, barring Edward, who is waiting on the party, and Mr. Henderson."
"And where is Mr. Henderson?"
"He is the baron's man, sir. I should not presume to inquire where he was. Beg pardon, sir, but are you staying here tonight?"
"This is a friend of mine," I interposed. "He will stay the night; but you need not trouble about that now."
"A smart fellow like you can keep his mouth shut," continued the inspector, sweetly. "You wouldn't go

a spell," he said, with a quick glance at me. "It is now 11:30; he back in this room at 12:15. I am going to take a walk around the house with our young friend here in the meanwhile. The baron had a secretary, I believe?"

"Yes, a man called Terry."
"Bring him up with you when you come. I shall want a talk with him. Is all quite plain?"

"Yes," I told him; and so we parted. When I stepped into the roulette-room I stood for a moment blinking at the players like a yokel at a pantomime. The scene was to me something unreal, a clever piece of stage effect, with its flushed and covetous faces, its frocks and its diamonds, its plies of sparkling gold, and the cry of the banker as he twirled the wheel. How could they be doing this with that bloodstained patch on the cliff edge, with that unknown horror slinking through the snow—how could they be doing this if they were not acting a part! An odd figure I must have looked, if there had been any one to notice me. But they were too eager in the game to hear the opening of the door, or to see who went and came. I walked over to the fireplace, lit a cigarette, and watched them, my nerves growing steadier in the merry clatter of tongues. They were all there, the men and women of that careless house-party, all there—save one who lay silent wherever they had laid him.

Half an hour had slipped by, until, at last, with an effort, I walked to the table and threw down two sovereigns on the red.

It won, and I laughed at the melancholy omen; not, perhaps, without an odd note in my voice, for the man over whose shoulder I leaned to gather my winnings glanced up with a startled expression. It was young Terry, the secretary; the very person I wanted to see.

"Anything the matter, Mr. Phillips?" he asked. "You're not looking very well."
"Don't worry about me," I told him. "But I want a word with you in private."

"Certainly—just one moment."
He had been winning heavily, and it took him some time to crowd the bank notes into his pockets. A sovereign slipped from his fingers and rolled under the table as he rose; but he paid no attention to it.

"I have something to tell you. Can you come up to my room?" I asked him.



shouting all over the house if you were let into a secret—now, would you?"

"Oh no, sir; on my word I wouldn't."

And so Peace told him of the projected arrest of the murderer, and of his own identity. The color faded from the young man's cheeks, but he stood stiff and silent, never taking his eyes from the little detective's face.

"And what can I do, sir?" he asked, when the tale was over. "He was a good master to us, sir; whatever there was against him, he was good to us. You can trust me to help catch the scoundrel who killed him if I can."

"I see this room is warmed by steam heat. Is that the case with all the bedrooms and passages?"

"Yes, sir. The only open fires are in the reception rooms. When the baron made the alterations last year, they left the grates for the sake of appearance; but they are never lighted, save on the ground floor."

"And in what reception rooms are there fires at the present moment?"

"The dining-room fire has died out by now," said the young man, ticking off the numbers on his fingers. "But there is one in the big hall, one in the library where the party is playing, one in the little drawing-room, and one in the baron's room."

"And the kitchen?"

"Of course, sir, one in the kitchen and one in the servants' hall."

"That is all. Are you certain?"

"Quite certain, sir."

"Good; and now for the bath-rooms."

"The bath-rooms, sir?"

"Exactly."

"There are two bath-rooms in each wing; some of the gentlemen have tubs in their own rooms besides."

"Now, I think we know where we are," said the inspector, briskly. "No chance of the roulette party breaking up, is there?"

"Oh no, sir; not for another two hours, at least."

"I want you to return, Mr. Phillips, and try your luck at the tables for

He hesitated, looking regretfully at the table, where Fortune had been so kind to him.

"It happens to be rather important," I said.

He followed me without another word. I did not attempt to explain until we had passed up the stairs and through the corridors to my room. He seated himself on the great bed with a shiver of cold, drawing the heavy curtains about his shoulders. And there I told him the story from the beginning to the end, hiding nothing, not even my belief in the supernatural nature of the thing which I had seen.

He leant back in his chair, with his eyes vacant in expression, fixed on the wall. He seemed rather to be arguing with himself than addressing a listener.

(CHRONICLES TO BE CONTINUED.)

Reduced Rates.
"Comin' this way ag'in?" asked the justice of the peace after he had fined Jimson \$50. "I'm afraid I'll have to," said Jimson, ruefully. "Wa-al," said the justice, stroking his chin whisker reflectively, "perhaps I'd oughter tell ye that we sell a return ticket for \$75, entitlin' ye to immunity from arrest on the way back."—Judge.

ALL MADE A CONTRIBUTION

Entire Family Determined That Patted Sister Should Have What She Had Desired.

Clara is a north side miss who is very fond of outdoor amusements, and this means that it takes lots of toilet preparations to cure sunburn and keep her generally presentable. Clara watches the "sales" on her toilet accessories, for mother has taught her to be economical.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the daughter recently, "it just keeps my pocket-book flat buying stuff for my face and hands. I wish some good fairy would leave a couple of bottles of Blank's on my dresser." There was a sale on the preparation the next day and Clara got a bottle when she went downtown.

When Johnnie, who is going to high school, came home that evening he

He never moved, but his face grew so pale and drawn that towards the end it seemed as if it were a powdered mask that stared at me from the shadows of the curtains.

"My God!" he cried, and fell back upon the bed in a passion of hysterical tears.

I tried to help him, but he thrust me fiercely away, so I thought it best to let him get over it himself. He was still lying on the thick quilt, sobbing and shivering, when the door opened and Peace stepped into the room. I explained the situation in a hurried whisper; but when I turned again Terry had got to his feet and was watching us, clinging to the bedpost.

"This is Inspector Addington Peace," I told him. "Perhaps you can give him some information?"

"Not tonight," he cried, "don't ask me tonight, gentlemen. You cannot tell what this means to me; tomorrow, perhaps."

He dropped down upon the bed, covering his face with his hands. He seemed a helpless sort of creature, and my heart went out to him in his calamity.

"A night's rest is what you want," I said, patting him on the shoulder. "Come, let me give you an arm."

He took it at once, with a grateful glance, and I led him down the corridor, with Peace in sympathetic attendance. Fortunately, his room was in the same wing, so we had not far to go. When we reached it, he thanked us for our care of him. And so we left him, returning to my bedroom in silence, for, indeed, the scene had been a painful one.

"Peace," I said, when the door had closed behind us, "what was the thing I saw in the yew walk?"

He had seated himself in an easy chair, and was polishing the bowl of a well-stained meerschaum pipe with a silk pocket handkerchief.

"I think you already have an explanation," he answered cheerfully. "If it amuses you to sneer at my superstition—"

"You refer to the legend of the de Launea. I have heard the story before, Mr. Phillips; nor am I surprised that you believed it to be the ghost wolf."

"I did—but now I want you to disprove it."

"On the contrary, all my evidence supports your theory."

I stared at him, with a creeping horror in my blood. I was beginning to be afraid—seriously afraid. Peace

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