******** THE NEW ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER. Creator of "Wallingford," CHARLES W. GODDARD

Read the story and then see the moving pictures

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\$46444444444444444444 ****** Buying a Bank With Bunk

HEY were not gently floating. downy looking, cuddly big finkes of snow which blotted out the view from Walling ford's window, but the little, stinging. spiteful sort, and they harled them seives at him in files and platoons and battations, by countless, swiftly driver millions, as if they would have liked nothing better than to pierce him with endless pain, to grind him to atoms. to sentter him wide and bury him deep Even intrenched behind his breast work of glass, J. Rufus felt their enmity and gazed out into the thick bluster with unshakable gloom

"B-r-r-r-r-r" shivered Blackle, "Who a raw, cold, dismal morning it is, to be sure! What a cruel, cruel world Jimmy, go plumb to the dickens while 1 dress.

"And I don't hear a word from Fan

gloomily said Wallingford. "Oh!" grinned Blackle, "So that's it Well, Jimmle, far be it from me to grow over the aged, but here goes,' and from his pajama pocket he pro duced a letter which Wallingford suik Hy pretended not to see.

My Dear Blackle—We had to hurry home for the visit with Aunt Fattle, and I'm atraid we didn't find out as much as we should have discovered about Mr. Quirker except that he is a banker and that the amount of which he robbed us on the death of our father was \$5,000. We played book agent and found that he is a contemed "masher." His wife is quite jeal-ous. She is rich in her own name and would be happler if she didn't have a husband. She's more hateful than he, if that is possible. He has a serious affair, we think, with some out of town woman. Watch him. Our kindest regards to you and to Mr. Wellingford. We can never thank you enough for working so hard to recover our foctune for us. Yours gratefully. My Dear Blackle-We had to hurry hon

in spice of himself, J. Rufus had listened attentively to this second reading of the report, but now he scowled

again as he started to leave the room. There came a lusty kick at the door and when Wallingford opened it a fel low with a purple face and the rest of him mostly red muffler stood there with a blg load of snow frozen wood in his arma. First of all he looked for the



J. Rufus Scowled Again as He Started to Leave the Room.

wood box, and finding only its remains torned helplessly about him in all di rections. Finally he dumped the wood and Wallingford cross examined blu He said his name was Pere, the hote porter, and he confided that Benjami

F. Quirker was the richest man in town Ten minutes later, suave, smiling confident, Wallingford strode into the diving room, followed by the ebsequi Blackle, and, bearing in his breadth of chest and poise of shoulders and general air all the wealth of the Indies, he sat down opposite the only other occupant, a man of about furty-five, with a mustache and neatly trimmed mutton chop whiskers about balfway down his plump cheeks and who held a little brown leather bag between his feet. He was a man of excellent case apparently, but at the name time he was deep in study. He ranged at once, however, upon the ad vent of the strongers and inspected them critically. Wallingford had business ventures," he guessed, warreely seated blusself when the man leaned forward with a friendly smile wants," admitted Mr. Quirker. and observed:

"Mr. Wallingford, I believe." For one fleeting moment Wallingford healtated whether to deny his identity or not. It was sometimes inconven lent, in view of his many past dubious operations, to be recognized. This man, however, was so obviously friendy and even admiring to bearing that Wallingford's hesitation was too short even to be noticed.

"The same," he admitted. "I believe. though, that you have slightly the better of me."

"I am Mr. Quirker, Mr. Benjamin F. Quirker," stated the other. "I met rou at Cinderburg, if you'll remember, when I thought of securing the rights for this county of the Bang sun en-

"Oh, yes," replied Wallingford vague ly, wondering what he had told Mr. Benjamin F. Quirker in the hilarious promotion days of the sun motor which lever moted.

"You were very decent about it," went on Mr. Quirker, relleving his unxiety at once. "You told me it night take two years before the dewas commercially perfect and hat it was needless for me to tie up my money in it for that length of lme. Also that when the market was eady I should have first call. It was t very pleasant experience. What is the present status of that marvelous

"Gradually nearing perfection," stated Wallingford promptly, sure of his ground now and thankful that Quirker had been one of those who came in are, after he had all his plans made or "cleaning up." "Are you still in the market for this territory?

"No; I think not," returned Quirker, the shadow of a frown flitting across ils brow. "I'm taking on no new in terests whatsoever just now. As a matter of fact, Pm letting go of some of them," and again for an instant a faraway look came into his eyes. What brings the wealthy Mr. Wallingord to our little Ilnkinsville?

Wallingford was himself once more Ip to this instant no idea had visited ilm, but now upon demand one came 'I have rather a large financial scheme n hand," he said, frowning with deep gravity, "a plan to counteract the im se money monopoly of the large ity banks, which, as you know, have for their foundation rocks of strength he small country banks. It is a lopdded arrangement, with all the favordowing eastward. In times of stress the financial center throws its weight in you and drains you to the last drop of your financial blood. In times of sase it throws your money back on you and leaves it fdle."

Mr. Quirker had nodded his head at each period as he slowly sipped his cofee. "That's painfully true," be agreed. 'I've over \$60,000 of Idle money now in my vault across the street, which I ean't place at any price except on long time loans, and long loans will not do. as this is a farming community, and I must have the money in the spring and nummer for crop operations at good in terest rates on first mortgages. But low do you propose to remedy this condition?

"Consolidate the country banks of the middle west," stated Wallingford, eaning back and beaming upon him as If in pity that Mr. Ouirker had not ilmself thought of so simple a solution. Organize a gigantle holding company, naugurate a daily system of report and exchange and form a distribution bureau which shall first attend to the needs of the middle west and then dictate terms to the east. The east cannot do without us, and by standing together we can make them divide the ream with us in place of merely givag us the salmmilk, as they have done eretofore.

"There will be a little trouble about charter," Quirker said musingly, "but of course that can easily be straightened out. I presume, too," he added slowly, "that quite a number of banks will have to be purchased outright."

"I've calculated upon that," declared Wallingford, "and I stand ready to

Milier purchase or consolldate." He said it simply, too; so simply and easily that Binckie Daw, remembering their \$7 of complied cash capital, Wailingford's less than \$4 balance in the Conventee and Fidelity bank in New York and the awe inspiring abyss which yawned beneath their feet, cov ered the lower part of his face with a bly handkerchief and sneezed loudly three separate times.

"To-consolidate, purchase-or fight," amended Mr. Quirker, as he looked at his watch and hastly arose. "I'm five minutes late now at the bank, Mr. Wallingford, but I am very much interested. Suppose you come over and talk with me as soon as you have the ished your breakfast," and carrying ils little brown leather bag as carefully as if it contained a bomb, he noved away with a certain dignified ase, which made Wallingford reflect ipon him as being probably the most opular ladies' man in his congrega

Beyond the cashler's cage of the linkinsville bank, at the end of a narow passage by the side of the brick autt, was a door, the glass of which vas marked "President," and inside of this Wallingford found Benjamin . Quirker, his little brown leather ag still between his feet, at a roll top

leak, energetically sorting papers. "This is housecleaning day, Mr. Walingford," he said, in pleasant explanaion. "I'm trying to put a great many hings in order, and it is a terrific

Wallingford had already studied the lesk cleaning thoughtfully, so much o that now he was able to pass it rom his mind. "A man of your natual leadership in a community can careely avoid having a certain amount of personal fluencial interest in all its

"Yes, considerably more than he

ged into local investments, which, while good enough, cannot be cashed in emergency," and he cast a frown upon the bundle of neatly folded papera upon his right. Wallingford's eyes, too, strayed understandingly to that little bundle of securities, Onirker shook his head and his shoulders as if to free himself of his abstruction.

"Your plan," he went on, "would re leve the country banker of a lot of this burden."

This was the opening, and luto it Wallingford thrust his whole breadth, nventing upon the spot all the details, paraphernalia and red fire of the proposed consolidation of western banks. To his consternation, however, be found that he was not holding the attention of his auditor. At last Walfingford discovered that Mr. Quirker was counting the strips of weather



This is house cleaning day, Mr. Wallingford," he said in pleasant explanation.

boarding up and down, down and up, up and down; then the savior of the country's finances gave up in despair and brought his lagging argument to a "And that," he concluded, "is the plan

of operation of the middle west bank

Mr. Quirker aroused himself as one from a stupor. "It's a very prefty plan," said he, "but I cannot see my way clear to going into it. I'd rather

Wallingford, puzzled and discouraged uit a few minutes before, at last had

"Quite decided upon that?" he asked "Onlte." declared Mr. Onlrker.

"Then show me the goods," and Wal ingford arose as if he had only been waiting this statement to get into real action.

The lackfuster look faded from Mr Quirker's eyes at once, and he turned oward Wallingford with alacrity. Showing you the goods, Mr. Wallingford, is a very simple matter," be said. "This is a private bank, own ed by a stock company with a \$50,-000 capitalization, every share of stock being backed by government bonds deposited with the state bank commis-sioner. I own \$45,000 worth of the stock, the balance being scattered in rom one to five share lots among the norchants here and the farmers in the vicinity. The directory consists of five. seluding myself and Mr. Weaver, thom you saw at the cashier's wicket ar you came in. The others are Mr. Blodgett of the hotel, who is now out of the city; Mr. Bicks, the postmaster, nd Professor Rannydal, the principal of the high school. Mr. Blodgett holds five shares, Mr. Ricks three and Profesor Rannydal two."

With interest Wallingford looked over the latest bank examiners' resort and then went with the president into the vault, where he was shown packages of currency amounting to over \$60,000. Some of the packages, et Quirker's invitation, he opened and unted, and it gave him a thrill, considering his own present state of inances, to run those clean, crisp bills brough his fingers.

"Of course this must seem a small usiness to you," said Quicker apologetically. "My friend, President Morey of the Cinderburg Commercial anak told me, at the time I was over Stackie Stepped inside the inclosure, there to see you, about your tremen lous commercial interests and your gealth.

"No business is too small to be of grave Importance," said Wallingford olemnly, "especially when it is to orm a part of such a commercial enrine as I propose to construct. Each og, no matter how minute, upon the anallest wheel in such a machine most mye its adequate strength, else the reaking point of the entire device is lkely to be right there. Mr. Quicker. now much do you want for your \$45,00 worth of stock?"

Mr. Quirker looked out through the pen vault door to where Mr. Weaver till sat gazing gloomly out late the torm and lowered his voice. "Til ake \$50,000," he sald, "cash."

"Cash!" mused Wallingford, "Cash unin!" Then aloud, with a pilving mile, "In other words, Mr. Quirker. ou want to dispose of your stock, but

wo years' dividends." "I wouldn't put it that way," said

of it at that figure, either here or in the east," he suggested, "or, at this particular period, try to dispose of it anywhere at a reasonable price-for immediate cash. No. Mr. Quirker, I'll give you par for your stock, but I can't possibly offer you any more."

"I'll take It!" returned Mr. Quirker, so quickly that it startled even Wal-Hagford, "Very well," said J. Rufus. "Have

your stock ready for transfer, and I'll come over and wind up the deal with you this afternoon. I shall, of course, have to give you a check on one of my New York banks."

This last important remark was made in an entirely incidental man-Equally incidental Mr. Quicker ner: replied: "That will be perfectly agreeable, I

assure you, Mr. Wallingford. As a matter of fact, I prefer it that way, since I shall have to run into New York the first of the week, just for a ffying visit." "All right, then," agreed Wallingford

thoughtfully. "You'd better call a directors' meeting for tomorrow morning, then." "Of course," assented the other, equally thoughtful. "And, by the way,

I'd rather you said nothing of this deal right now. I'd rather give out the news myself." "Naturally," said Wallingford po-

Hely. Very much in a quandary, Wallingford battled his way across to the hotel, where he told Blackie what he had done. Blackie immediately said he was crazy.

The directors' meeting the next morn ng was as placid and staid a function as could well have been devised.

Wallingford, left alone with bis waxen board, linmediately outspoke anything that Mr. Quirker had spoken in his palmiest days, and the board, with keen approbation, saw the difference immediately. Here indeed was a silver tongued bank president of whom to be justly proud and to follow blindly all the rest of their days. There were to be many enterprises.

too, and many reforms in the banking business. For one thing, merely by way of illustration, he did not lutend to have idle money in their vaults. Why, he understood that at that very moment they had \$67,000 of currency, which would probably remain idle for the next three months. In place of that it should be earning them, even in dull Rather than let it lie idle there be would take it himself. He had to borrow money anyhow in the east for his extensive operations, and why not borrow It here and pay the interest to himself, for, after all, he owned 90 per cent of the stock? Now, here was what he would do: He would take \$60.-000 of their surplus off their hands. \$45,000 of it now, secured by his stock in the bank, every dollar of which was backed by government bonds, and would take the additional \$15,000 on the deposit of negotlable securities which should be acceptable to the board.

It took but a few minutes for Walfingford, in his smooth way, to convince the directors that his plan was meritorious.

When Blackie came over he stopped aghast at the sight of J. Rufus for the first time in his life inside the cashler's wicket of a bank, and his own bank at that. Blackie stepped Inside the inclohis face abeam with satisfaction Blackle's first operation was to set



His Face Abeam With Satisfaction.

down his suit ease, the second to re move his but reverently, his third to put the tail of his cont across his eyes y way of a black mask, his fourth to approach the wicket very closely, hold up his left hand as if it contained a dark lantern and buskfly whisper: "Say, pal, who's runnin' the bent to-

Wallingford was sepulchral gravity self. He turned upon Blackle a stern and forbidding eye. "Mr. Weaverf" he alled back over his shoulder,

Mr. Weaver came forth from the ault, his opaque blue eyes never blink ng as he came out of the darkness into the light.

"Mr. Weaver," Wallingford went on, this is my secretary, Mr. Daw. You wo gentlemen will kindly go into the rault and count out \$45,000 in ourency, which you will pack in Mr Daw's suit case, making a double count at the same time to collect the next and taking every precaution to insure strict accuracy. Mr. Weaver, you will Quirker. "I'd put it that the stock is ooo at 5 per cent and my Jinkinsville worth a trifle over 111." bank stock properly indorsed to be find here my ninety day note for \$45,tgain Wallingford smiled that an bold with the note. Mr. Daw, as soon

perior, pitying smile. "Try to dispose as you have nussued with the. Weaver you will please come back to the president's office."

> "Yes, sir," said Blackie with the gravity of the sphinx, placing his hand over his heart. Later, when he came back into the president's office, lugging his well filled suit case, he found Wallingford gazing moodily out into the snowstorm and counting the weatherboarding of the frame livery stable across the alley.

"Gentlemen, how did we get it?" Blackie asked, setting down the suit case and slipping into the seat at Wallingford's side.

Wallingford turned to him rather tired eyes. "We didn't," he said. "The work is still all to do. Blackle, you're to take this money straight to the Guarantee and Fidelity bank in New York. Have it there before the doors open Monday morning and inform the paying teller as you go in that you are depositing currency to meet any possible drafts against my account."

Wallingford, alone in his room, and with Blackle speeding on his way to New York, sent for Pete. That worthy came to him in a hurry, blear eyed and shaken. "I been up and listened outside the door three times," said Pete, "but I didn't bear no noise and didn't dast to knock. The other feller might 'a' been a durned fool, but he never scared me none, and you do."

Accepting this tribute to his power it its true worth, Wallingford brought out his flask. "And I suppose you need a drink to taper off on," be guessed. Well, I have two or three left," and he poured out one of them. "Pete. what do you know about Benjamin F. Quirker?" he abruptly asked as he handed over the glass.

"Nothin'," declared Pete a triffe sulenly. "He's all right," and he hastily swallowed the life saver lest it should be called back. His action was only a proof of Wallingford's suspicions.

"Well, I'm glad to know that," he said, as one happy to be rid of an unjust suspicion. "He has sold \$30,000 worth of property for eash in th past month and has not deposited a cent of it in the bank. I bought the bank of him for \$45,000 today, and he took my check and all the other money and jumped on the noon train."

The effect upon Pete was electrical. "I want my hunnerd dollars," he suddenly screeched. "That old cheater has run off with the woman in Richfield. That's what I want-my hunnerd dol Why, she was here at this very lars. times like this, not less than 5 per cent. | hotel once for a week, and I used to let old Quirker up and down the back stairs so's nobody would know. It was on account o' her that be had all the quarrels with his wife. The woman in Richfield is an actressy lookin' person and purty as a circus girl, but I never liked her because she smoked cigarettes. And Benjamin F. Quirker did, too, when he was with her, for all that he was a leader in all good works. Old Quirker is a llar and a cheater, and I want my hunnerd dollars." And he suddenly darted from the room

Told that there was a lady to see him, Wallingford straightened his cravat and scrubbed his hands before be went down to the parlor, where he found a severe looking woman with a thin nose and thin lips.

"Mr. Wallingford, I believe," she stated in a waspish tone, which made Wallingford suddenly pity Quirker.

"I am," he said simply, "Well, I am Mrs. Quirker," she in formed him sharply. "I understand you bought my husband's bank."

"I did," stated Wallingford.

"Have you paid for it?"

"I have." How

"By check." "Well, Mr. Wallingford, I'll give you to understand that the sale will proba

bly not stand in law." 'I'll bet it does," he replied. "I un derstand the law pretty well, Mrs. Quirker, and I make no mistakes. The sale was a bona fide one under the laws of this state, which do not require the signature of a wife to the transfer of stocks or bonds, and your only recourse is to demand an accounting of your husband. You can't make me any

"I will him, then," she sunpped. "He has gone away with that woman he's been running with for half a dozen years. Which way did he go?"

"I combin't fell you," stated Walling ford with every appearance of truth in his chest and shoulders. "I only know this much-that when I came to pay him he asked for New Orleans ex hange, and I gave him a draft on the Cotton Exchange bank of that city." "Hondarasi" she exclaimed. "The Cotton Exchange bank of New Orleansl I'll telegraph the bank and the police and then I'll start right down there. She plunged toward the door. At the sill she turned. "Thank you," snapped grudgingly and was gone. On the way out she met Blackle, who placed his finger to his lips and told her not to spread the news through the

Whistling once more, this time with a half smile on his face. Wallingford resumed his packing, his only interrup tion being to consult a time tuble and make sure of the next train, which would start him on his way to New York. On the train he spent all the way to Richfield in composing telegrams.

At the curb opposite the Guarantee and Fidelity bank in New York a taxi tood waiting just before 9 o'clock, and in it Wallingford and a big, beavy set man watched the entrance to that famous depository. A second taxi rolled up to the opposite curb and stopped in front of the door, but no one got out. "That's Blackie," declared Walling ford confidently.

"How do you know?" growled Harrey Willis, Wallingford's old time poeman friend, now on "plain clothes" duty.

"By the cigarette smoke rolling out

said Wallingford, "Watch now; the bank's going to open."

That impressive ceremony was accomplished by a uniformed porter unlocking the vestibule door from the inside, and instantly the opposite cab discharged a tall, thin man in a heavy overcost, who hurried up the steps with a suit case. He was gone scarcely five minutes when he returned, bearing the suit case with much more ease, and was about to jump into his cab when Wallingford's driver hailed him with:

"Over in that other machine for yours, quick! I'll settle with this driver, tip and all. Hello, Billy!" and be saluted the driver of the other taxi. Blackle looked dubiousty across the street, and the strange driver urged

"My fare said to tell you it was the new bank president, and he wants you to jump.

Blackle, with one glance behind him to make sure that his own driver could scarcely make change and get away before he could investigate, hur-



Blackie Placed His Finger to His Lips. Telling Her Not to Spread the News,

ried over to Wallingford's cab, opened the door and, both reassured and surprised, jumped in just as a third taxi came swingling around the corner and drew up with a jerk before the bank, Out of it bounced a large man with a fur collared cont and a little brown

"There's your party," said Wallingford to Harvey. "Quick, but don't go near him unless he gets the money. If he does, pinch him."

"You know I'm subject to heart trouble, Jim," warned Blackie. "Put me wise before I drop dead. Where in Sam Hill did you come from, and how and why?"

"You didn't get my telegram, then?" surmised Wallingford with a troubled

"How would I get a telegram?" de manded Blackle indignantly. "I bit here last night, stayed in my sleeper till morning, lugged this ratty old sult case with me uptown to breakfast and took a dawn rise taxi straight here. What's the game?"

"Wait awhile. Keep still," admonished Wallingford, watching eagerly out of the window.

In the meantime Harvey Willis had but very little to do. He made out a laborious check or two and tore them up while he watched Benjamin F Quirker display a check to the paying thing to him and hand him a telegram, saw Quirker read and clinch hi fist and crumple the telegram in his hand, hesitate, start to parley, think better of it and hurry out, even forcetting in his agitation the little brown leather bag, which a porter seized and

hurried out to him at the door. Wallingford's patience was rewarded by seeing Quirker give a hasty direction to his driver and jump into his cab after saying something to some one inside it, while Harvey Willis stood on the step and watched Quirker depart in peace.

"Now, Blackie," said Wallingford, with a sigh of content, "bring your sult case along and let's go in and get that \$45,000 again."

"No!" exclaimed Blackle incredulously. "It isn't ours for keens,"

"It certainly is," declared Wallingford with another sigh. "That is, it belongs to the girls. Only Til feel safer with it in another bank so there can't be any comeback. We want to harry, too, because I've a lot of things to attend to. I want to lay aside the interest money on that loan, notify the Jinkinsville bank that I cannot continue as its president on account of an unexpected press of other business interests and offer to sell my stock for them in case they don't think they can do it before my note expires. It keeps a chap some busy being a business man, Blackle." "Bromlde," sald Blackie, scornfully,

But how did you cop it out, Jim?" "Stopped payment on his check by wire on an alleged fraudulent transaction, and his wife had disputed the sale, taken steps to have it set askieand ordered payment stopped on the check. It scared him stiff, so he left the check behind him for fear he couldn't get away with the girl and the \$30,000 he already had in that bag of his. In the meantime I sent his wife on a wild goose chase in the other direction so he could get his steam er. If she'd had him pluched his lawyers would collect on that check and take my stock. As it is, the money and the stock are both mine, or rather the money is, and the stock protects the bank. Pretty soft money, Blackie.

"Yes," admitted Blackle thoughtful-"You never can tell what you're up against in a snowstorm."

[Another adventure next week.]

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Eugene-Coos Bay Road Rapidly Nears Completion

Progress of the railroad work is reorted in the Siuslaw Pilot of Florence.

he paper says: The trestle work on the Willamette Pacific will soon be complete and in a few weeks the rails will be laid to the Umpqua. Five long trestles have been completed on Mive mile lake south of the Siuslaw, the largest being 2,300 feet in length. A short gap remains in he sixth and last treatle on this lake, and when the pile drivers finish their work the decking will commence immediately, a good portion of the braces are already in place and the rails are up to the edge of the treeste. The long-

est piling used so far was 144 feet in Use Narrow Gauge.

On the other side of Five Mile lake narrow guage track has been in use several months. This is so constructed, a standard gauge railroud is constructed, and can be changed in a day or so. This track is complete to Comp 4, be-tween which and the big bridge on the Umpqua are three small gaps in the trestles that will take but a few days

If the weather permits the gaps will Quirker display a check to the paying all be closed, trestle work finished, and teller, watched the teller say some rails laid to the big bridge on the Umpqua in three or four weeks. Roadbed Done,

The road bed is finished from Coos lay to the Umpqua and waiting the rails, which now lack about taree miles of reaching the Umpqua and are expected to be there in a few days. Everything indicates that early March a train sevice will be given from

Eugene to Coos Bay, The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that acience has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraterinty. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blead and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and axisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Defendants In Arson Case Are Acquitted

Dallas, Or., Feb. 4.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Amanda Bexford and Den-nis O. McMurry, charged with arson in connection with a fire that destroyed half a block of business property in In-dependence last November, occupied 2 days of the circuit court here this week. The jury returned a verdict of

not guilty. Herman Hoyt, of this city, pleaded guilty to an indictment charging him with stealing a calf and sentence was suspended for six months by Judge Belt on condition that the man secure a job and support his family of a wife and six children, and reimburse the owner of the calf.

The trial of the case of Smith Bras., of Independence, charged with running a gambling house, went to trial yester-

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL

To all knowing sufferers of rhoumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, schatles, humbagos, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a beam freatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to sensit to all sufferers FREE. You care yourself at home as thomands will testify—so change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes urise and from the blood and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. & Summers, Box R, Notre Dame, Lud.