



**BY
A. CONAN DOYLE**

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**CHAPTER V.
"Question."**

McARDLE was at his post, as usual, when I got to the Gazette office. "Well," he cried expectantly, "what may it run to? I'm thinking, young man, you have been in the wars. Don't tell me that he assaulted you."



"We had a little difference at first." "What a man it is! What did you do?" "Well, he became more reasonable, and we had a chat. But I got nothing out of him—nothing for publication."

"I'm not sure about that. You got a black eye out of him, and that's for publication. We can't have this reign of terror, Mr. Malone. We must bring the man to his bearings. I'll have a letterette on him tomorrow that will raise a blister. Just give me the material and I will engage to brand the fellow forever. Professor Munchausen—how's that for an inset headline? Sir John Mandeville redivivus—Cagli-

ostro—all the impostors and bullies in history. I'll show him up for the fraud he is."

"I wouldn't do that, sir." "Why not?" "Because he is not a fraud at all."

"What?" roared McArdle. "You don't mean to say you really believe this stuff of his about mammoths and mastodons and great sea serpents?"

"This is really intolerable!" he cried, glaring across the platform. "I must ask you, Professor Challenger, to cease these ignorant and unmannerly interruptions."

There was a hush over the hall, the students rigid with delight at seeing the high gods on Olympus quarreling among themselves. Challenger levered his bulky figure slowly out of his chair. "I must in turn ask you, Mr. Waldron," he said, "to cease to make assertions which are not in strict accordance with scientific fact."

The words unloosed a tempest. "Shame! Shame!" "Give him a hearing!" "Put him out!" "Shove him off the platform!" "Fair play!" emerged from a general roar of amusement or execration. The chairman was on his feet clapping both his hands and bleating excitedly.

It was a hazy view of creation, as interpreted by science, which in language always clear and sometimes picturesque, unfolded before us. He told us of the globe, a huge mass of flaming gas flaring through the heavens. Then he pictured the solidification, the cooling, the wrinkling which formed the mountains, the steam which turned to water, the slow preparation of the stage upon which was to be played the inexplicable drama of life. On the origin of life itself he was discreetly vague.

Waldron looked with amazement along the line of professors upon the platform until his eyes fell upon the figure of Challenger, who leaned back in his chair with closed eyes and an amused expression, as if he were smiling in his sleep.

"I see," said Waldron, with a shrug. "It is my friend Professor Challenger," and amid laughter he renewed his lecture as if this was a final explanation and no more need be said.

But the incident was far from being closed. Whatever path the lecturer took amid the wilds of the past seemed invariably to lead him to some assertion as to extinct or prehistoric life which instantly brought the same bulls' bellow from the professor. The audience began to anticipate it and to roar with delight when it came.

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(Continued next Saturday)
KINGSTON ITEMS

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Follis spent Sunday in Stayton.
Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Harold and little son Ray, went over to Corvallis Sunday with Chas. Cladek in his new car.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Flood and little son attended church in Stayton Sunday and spent the remainder of the day at the Arthur Leffler home.
Liston Darby and wife and Miss Harie Hinkle were callers at the G. F. Harold home Sunday afternoon.
Mrs. George Reaume of Salem is visiting at the Arthur Kelly home this week.
Titus Archer is building a new wood house this week.
S. G. Cole of Jorras stayed over night at the Curtis Cole home Saturday.
Oliver Baker motored over to Albany Saturday.
V. J. Phillips drove home a nice bunch of beef steers last week.
Ed Roberts motored over to Kingston Sunday morning in the Overland he recently purchased.
Adam Schliel was a Stayton visitor Monday.—Stayton Mail.

AN ARTISTIC SUICIDE

Sag Harbor, N. Y., May 26.—Selecting two highly charged electric wires, Lieutenant Clarence Alvin Richards, commander of the United States destroyer Fanning, was instantly killed today in the power station here. Night watchman Christian declared Richards deliberately committed suicide.
Richards was supposed to be aboard his vessel maneuvering with the Atlantic fleet off Gardiners bay. He appeared at the station early in the morning, attired in civilian clothes, rushed in and grabbed the wires.
If you enjoy reading the Journal occasionally—you will be pleased to get it regularly—only 45 cents per month at your door.

**DEFEND
YOUR
HEALTH**

You should build a bulwark around your health by keeping the stomach strong, and liver active. Help Nature by trying.

**HOSTETTER'S
Stomach Bitters**

STENOGRAPHERS
Why Not Use
Columbia QUALITY Carbons?
Made in Oregon
100 Copies Guaranteed from
Each Sheet.
Columbia Carbon Paper Mfg. Co.
33rd & Broadway, Portland, Ore.

JUST a word Mr. Trav-

eler - Mr. Home Lovy -
JUST enter Hotel Noctonia's hospitable doors -
JUST select a large, cheerful room for your stay -
JUST stop - a long, long time - or a short, short time -
JUST try a service that anticipates everything - an atmosphere that delights -
JUST make a start toward better health - enjoy the morning - noon - evening meal -
JUST meet and hobnob with friends in the airy lobby -
JUST rest your weary bones on a truly luxurious bed and surrender to pleasant dreams -
JUST the thing that appeals - moderate prices.
Rooms with privilege of bath \$1 or more the day. Rooms with private bath \$1.50 or more the day.

11th & Washington
12th & Washington
Portland

**BIN SIN
Best Chinese
Dishes**

Noodles 10c
Rice Suoy 25c
Rice and Pork 10c

410 FERRY STREET

SANTAL MIDY
These tiny CAPSULES are superior to Infusions of Capsules, Decoctions and Solutions, and BELIEVED to be the most efficacious without inconvenience.
30 Capsules in Price



"That big one is for Pedro Lopez, the king of them all!"

forth between his hunting cap and his muller. As for myself, I am glad to have got the bustling days of preparation and the pains of leave taking behind me, and I have no doubt that I show it in my bearing. Suddenly, just as we reach the vessel, there is a shout behind us. It is Professor Challenger, who had promised to see us off. He runs after us, a puffing red faced, irascible figure.

"No, thank you," says he. "I should much prefer not to go aboard. I have only a few words to say to you, and they can very well be said where we are. I beg you not to imagine that I am in any way indebted to you for making this journey. I would have you to understand that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me, and I refuse to entertain the most remote sense of personal obligation. Truth is truth, and nothing which you can report can affect it in any way, though it may excite the emotions and alay the curiosity of a number of very ineffectual people. My directions for your instruction and guidance are in this sealed envelope. You will open it when you reach a town upon the Amazon which is called Manaoas, but not until the date and hour which are marked upon the outside. Have I made myself clear? I leave the strict observance of my conditions entirely to your honor. No, Mr. Malone, I will place no restriction upon your correspondence, since the ventilation of the facts is the object of your journey, but I demand that you shall give no particulars as to your exact destination and that nothing be actually published until your return. Goodbye."

It is thus that the great crisis of a man's life springs out at him. Could