(Converged by American Press, Association !

CHAPTER II.

and so the weeks that they had functed would be spent in a sect of perpetual picnic began. So the dreams of happy lesure hours, long rows up the river, long lolls in the hammock ended, but Genie was heart and soul with her friend, and the fear that she was mistaken in Carlos gradually died away She heard how Belle's father, a rich man at the time, had dismissed the young Spanish artist-how he had led him to believe her betrothed to another. She heard the whole love story nowsuch a pitiful thing-and she was a daily witness of her friend's fruitless efforts to move those in power. She went to the governor herself to beg a pardon or even a reprieve, but he had poor child" proclaimed pardons too carelessly, had een blamed for it, and desired to retrieve his errors. Perhaps he honestly believed Carlos a vile brute whom it was best to banish from the earth.

Isabelle, meanwhile, went to the prison every day. None knewsof her visits save Fenn and his wife and Genie More. Before long Genie was as thoroughly convinced that the young artist was innocent as was her friend.

There, within the prison walls, the two once more betrothed themselves, and one day a new surprise awaited Genie More. On their arrival at the prison they found awaiting them a mild old priest, evidently of Spanish birth.

"We are to be married, Genie," Isa" belle said, "Carlos and I. However this may end I am his, and his only. I wish to be so in the sight of God. Besides, it will be better, for many reasons."

They entered the cell together, Fenn and his wife accompanying them. The ceremony was performed.

"Adieu, my son," said the old priest when he had uttered his blessing. "If you die, men murder an innocent man, and a pure soul takes its flight to heaven Let this uphold you and your wife in the great trial you may have to endure."

It was on that day that Genie learned

that a plan had been devised for the escape of Carlos from the prison. It was carefully arranged, but the very night that it was to be carried into effect a watch was put upon the prisoner. It was plain that the man was suspicious of the sheriff, whose horror of officiating at the execution he openly ridiculed. The plan could not be carried out in consequence of his presence. The doom of Carlos de la Rossa was sealed. But suddenly a strange light began to glow in Isabelle's eye. It almost seemed as though hope had returned to her heart. One day she went down into the village and returned with yards of dark red silesia, with which she veiled every window of the great empty work room. She saw to the fastenings of its doors. She went to the city and came frome laden with parcels, which she set carefully aside. She had long conversations with the unhappy sheriff. Carlos she could no longer see. For some reason it was forbidden. The watcher sat at the door of the prison and warned every one away. Genie could not guess what hope was in Isabelle's mind. At last one day this latter said to her:

"Genie, you have been a true friend to me. I shall soon ask you to do more rou and lar not like girls who have been guarded from all unpleasant things; we are women, but we are two young medical students all the same. We should have the nerves of men. We have endured the trial of the dissecting room as well as male students. For a good object you can be strong and brave, I know. You will do as I tell you and will neither scream nor swoon. You are Dr. More, remember, as I am Dr. Yolande." Genie simply gave her her hand, and so they stood together, hand in hand, and heard the prison bell begin to toll, and knew, as well as all the place for miles about knew at the same moment, that Sheriff Fenn was about to do his duty, that Carlos de la Rosa was about to die upon the scaffold. But Isabelle Yolande uttered no cry, shed no tear. With slow deliberation she removed the dress she wore and substituted her short sleeved rowing costume. Genie did the same, and followed Isabelle into the boat. What was to be done Genie did not know, but she vowed, amid the wild throbbings of her heart, to stand by Isabelle to the end, whatever that might be

Rapidly they rowed down the river, on which there were never many oarsmen, and today none. At last Isabelle turned the boat and sent it flying into a miniature bay formed by a bend of the crooked little stream, almost within call of the prison grounds. This littlenook was so shaded by great willows that it was invisible from the river, and near it stood a great, dilapidated barn, roofless and deserted for years, which sheltered the spot from those upon the road. Here for the first time she broke silence. "My good, kind friend," she said, "the time has come when we need all our courage, and more than all our physical strength, I fear. On the night when our attempt to effect an escape for my husband failed, I formed a plan for the success of which I have been working ever since. You remember the lecture we attended on the subject of 'Death Upon the Gallows,' and how we once assisted in the restoration of a man who had committed suicide by hanging? I have forgotten no particular."

"Nor I." said Genie.

"I think you guess my plan," said Isabelle, "Unless Abijah Fenn proves false, I swear, God helping me, that my Carlos shall not die. Fenn has promised that life shall not be extinct when the-the"

She paused and turned pale. I understand," said Genie. "But, my poor Isabelle, you forget; your hopes

"All that has been thought of," said Isabelle. "The doctor who will make the examination is the one who sees to the health of the poorhouse and the his body was still weak as that of an inprison. He is an old man of seventy, leaf, weak of sight and fond of drink Mr. Fenn has discovered that the bottle

He assures me that they will both be too much intoxicated to know what they are about by the time that this is necessary.

My husband will be placed in a coffin which the sheriff will bear in a wagon to the cemetery, his little son leading the horse. Carlos will be removed from the coffin during the journey, and when they arrive it will have been filled with stones, hidden in the wagon for the pur-pose, and so buried. The child will lead the horse away, and once out of sight of the road Mrs. Fenn will enter the vehicle and drive to the spot. Everything is prepared for us in the curtained room at home, if our strength suffices us to reach it. Of mine, I am sure, but yours, my

"Mine shall," said Genie; "will power will work miracles sometimes. I give myself to you and your cause; you shall not fail through my weakness

"God bless you?" sighed Isabelle. At this moment wheels were heard approaching. A wagon was driven from behind the old barn and backed to the water's edge. Mrs. Fenn jumped from it to the ground. She was ashen pole to the very lips. Instantly Isabelle sprang to her side. They were both strong women. Together they lifted something wrapped in a blanket from the wagou and placed it in the boat.

"My God! what a task you have be fore you!" panted Mrs. Fenn. "I'd help you if I durst, but I must get away from nere. I thought I seen somebody waterin' me from the hill. "Go?" said Isabelle almost fiercely

She threw a pile of gay wraps over what lay in the bottom of the boat.

"Now, pull for your life!" she cried to Genie. The boat shot out into the river. Just beyond the shadow of the willows they came upon a rude boat filled with nets and tackle, and propelled by an old fisherman whom they knew by sight. "Mornin', ladies," he called out.

Isabelle summoned sourage to nod and smile and reply "Good morning."

"Reckon that there hangin' is about over," he called over his shoulder as the distance between them lengthened. "The more they hang of that sort the better, I Good riddence to bad rubbish." A little farther on two boys paddled out from shore and paddled on in an opposite direction. But after this not another living soul was to be seen upon At last they came to the foot of their

own steps, ceased rowing and tied their boat fast

A terrible moment had arrived. The body must be lifted from the boat and borne into the house, and that quickly. lest they should be observed from the opposite shore. How they accomplished the task they never quite knew. It seemed to Genie More that some aid more than human must have been accorded her. Isabelle had great strength she muttered. But now the door opened. for one of her sex, and the power of love is mighty. She was almost desperate, for she did not yet know whether it was a living man or a dead body which she held in her arms-whether she were at the moment wife or widow. At last their burden was laid upon

upon the old work table.

The blanket was flung back, strangely revealed face of Carlos de la more tightly. "Not another step Rosa was revealed. It seemed like the face of death to Genie More.

"Oh, Isabelle! It is hopeless! It is hopeless!" she cried.

"Not so," cried the other. "Remem ber, we are physicians—surgeons. What has been done by others we can do. I will open a vein in the neck; you know how to elevate the arms and compress the breast to create artificial breathing. I will give you the signal." Coolly, as though she were a surgeon who thought only of her "case," Isabelle Yolande set to work. The other girlish doctor kept herself calm enough to do what she was bidden to do.

"Look!" said the young wife at last in a strange, deep voice. "Look! His lips are growing red; the muscles of his cheeks move!

"He is breathing," replied Genie. They continued their manipulation with slept peacefully upon his pillow, and and hurry up about it?" Genie, trembling with exhaustion, sought the repose she so greatly needed, while Belle watched beside her husband.

Medical student though she was, my reader must not think that Isabelle did not long for that "good cry" in which overwrought women love to indulge. She was very womanly indeed when she thought of her rescued Carlos. But she knew that she had still much to do: that great caution need still be exercised in the matter; that some one might have watched them from the river, or that suspicion might still fall upon Abijah

Then, too, after the ordeal he had passed through a serious illness might thrust into them, be before her husband. He had recognized her and had pressed her hand, but his mind was not quite clear. What

was to come she knew not. Belle's frame was strong and her arms powerful, and still the effort of lifting the inanimate form of Carlos had taxed her powers to the utmost. Genie felt that it was by a miracle that she performed her part. Every bone ached; her overstrained muscles were sore to the touch; in fact, the little doctor had almost killed herself, and no one knew it better than Isabelle.

CHAPTER III.

When day broke the half two invalids on her hands. It was a week before Genie More was ab's to sit up again, and meanwhile Carbor hall been touring in a high fever. New knowing Isabelle may mislead you. There must be an and speaking collectively for a few moexamination by a doctor, and the man ments, now fancying himself in heaven, who has watched the sheriff so closely now once more believing himself on the

steps of the gaflows and crying out "Heaven knows they are about to murder an innocent man! When his mind became clear again

fant. Isabelle could have no help, of course, under the circumstances, and had she not been of so sound a constituis also a temptation to the man on guard, tion and so well trained physically she must have broken down under the strain. At last, however, Genie was able to stand upon her feet again, and Carlos showed symptoms of improvement, and one night she felt that it was safe to allow herself a good night's sleep, real sleep, such as she had not had since she learned that the condemned man was Carlos de la Rosa. Genie had promised to lie awake and listen for any movement in the room across the passage, and Isabelle had slumbered tranquilly for hours, when a soft touch from the

> "Isabelle," whispered Genie, "there is some stranger in the house. I heard feet upon the steps that lead to the water, then the door was pried open. There-

small hand of her friend aroused her.

As she stirred the hand was over her

"They may suspect us; they may be searching for Carlos," whispered Belle. They may have come to murder us they did that poor old man," said

veins! What shall we do?" "It may not be as you think," cried Isabelle, springing to her feet and hastily donning a loose wrapper that lay ss a chair.

Genie.

"They are coming this way!" gasped Genie. Illness had unnerved her, and she cowered down under the counterpane, trying to hide herself, utterly des of hope or courage. tooked about for some weapon as she advanced toward the door.



"It's his ghost," he grouned

So little thought of fear had she had when she came to the lonely little house in Corinna that she had not once dreamed of providing herself with a pis How she regretted it at this moment! A heavy water pitcher was the only thing that offered itself as an offensive weapon. She seized it by the han dle, and placed herself between the door and the bed.

"If they have come for Carlos they shall only take him over my dead body?" and by the pale light of the night lamp she saw a bulky figure enter. A long linen ulster was buttoned about it, a cap was drawn down over its ears, and its features were covered by a bit of crape. One fear, her greatest, departed at the sight. The officers of the law the mattress, which had been spread would not present themselves in such guise as this.

"Stop!" she cried, grasping the pitcher

The man uttered a brutish laugh, and The man uttered a brutish laugh, and simply grasped her by the wrist and took the pitcher away from her. Isabelle had found in the State. In Legus-Eastham Block been newed of her atrength. She now dive me a call. been pseud of her strength. She now learned in one instant how utterly helpless the strongest ordinary woman is in the grasp of a moderately powerful man. She ceased to struggle and stood perfectly still. In that lonely spot outcry would not avail. No one could hear the loudest screams that could be uttered at the next house, and if some one were ou the river or the road and came to her assistance the presence of Carlos might be discovered and his rescue revealed.

"What do you want?" she asked. The BOXES OF ANY SIZES MANUFACTURED man flung the pitcher upon the floor and took a pisted from his belt. Having covered her with this he released her wrist. ered her with this he released her wrist.

'What I want," he said, in a dull all the other young woman has got, too renewed hope. There was much still to —your money, your jewelry and any fal-do. Before nightfall Carlos de la Rosa lalls that'll sell for cash. No screechin',

"Help yourself," said Isabelle. we have is in these two rooms."

"Bundle them up for me," said the

man: "I'll sort of oversee. He followed her about covering her Opp. the Congregational Church with his pistol as she obeyed him. Meanwhile she noticed his heavy tread, his small head, moving from side to side like that of a tortoise; his rough, red hands, with stubbed and blunted nails, striving to remember everything in order to be able to identify him.

Her watch, Genie's, a few pins and rings, the purse that lay in her workbasket, were collected. The traveling bags were seized upon, and many things

"Turn down them pillers," said the man. "You keep most of your money under them if you're like other women

folk. Meanwhile Genie slept heavily; she Isabelle obeyed, the man pounced upon was more exhausted than her friend. a large pocketbook that lay there, and then tore away the sheets that covered Genie's face. "Give us your rings," said he. "You wear three or four of 'em-here they are." He seized the girl's hand and began to tear them away, and at this the girl's courage utterly forsook her; she uttered a wild shrick, another and another.

"Will you?" asked the burglar, with an oath; "then pay for it." His finger was on the trigger of his pistol, when suddenly the door flew open. A figure draped from head to foot in white stood there, its bollow eyes fixed upon the burglar.

It was Carlos de la Rosa. Genie's cries had reached him, and wrapped in a counterpane he had managed to reach

A helpless protector indeed, weak-ned as he was, but the effect of his appear-



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TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

TAKE notice that the undersigned will apply
to the County Court of Clackamas county,
state of Oregon on Wednesday, the 7th day of
October, 1881, for a license to sell spiritueus,
mait and vinous liquors in less quantities than
one gailon in Canby precinct, in said county of
Clackamas, for the period of one year, and
hereto sifies bis petition, which he will
present to the court as said time.

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PRINTION FOR LEGEOR LICENSE

To the Honorable County Court of the County of Clarksmas, State of Overgon.

We the undersigned residents of and legal voters in Canby precinct. County and State aforesaid, do bereity respectfully putition and pray that said court shall grant a license to Henry Koether to sell spiritums, mait and vinous liquors in said Camby precent in less quantities than one gallon, for the period of one year. NAMES

Gen Susisper,
A T Hasteft,
B T Winen,
J E Fatton
B D Wheeler,
B P Suser,
S M Adkins,
J L Thomas
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Jas Z Deas,
Harry Wella,
Win Jiony,
Walter Kvans,
Ed Heepe,
J H Cidey,

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Ore-gon for the county of Clackamas, M. McKerlinie, plaintiff,

Lizzie H. McKechnie, defendant 1 To Lizzie B. McKechnie, the above named

In the name of the State of Oregon: You reby required to appear and answer outplaint filed against you in the above are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, on or before the 2d day of November, 1891, the same being the first day of the term of said court next following six weeks publication of this surnames and if you fall to appear and answer for want thereof the plaintiff will take judge next against you and will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in his court for the relief prayed for in his court bound, Monday, Wednesday and all two files herein, to will for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing other and further relief as the court may disbursements in this suit.

All and, Or.

Catalogue Press

are hereby required to appear and answer the court of the court of the promises, and for costs and day, and Friday at 8 A. M. Arrive at Portla Thesday, Thursday and Saturday at 3.

P. M. on Monday, Wednesday and Disbursements in this suit.

This publication is made by order of Hou, Frank J. Taylor, judge of the above entitled court, made and dated on the 26th day of August, 1891.

8-23: 10-2

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