

A QUESTION OF COURAGE

VIII. A SUBTERRANEAN METAMORPHOSIS.

When Ringbrand opened his eyes he found himself lying on his back in what appeared to be the bottom of a well; at least, that was his second impression. With the first gleams of returning consciousness there was no recollection of the events immediately preceding his fall, and for a moment he had a vague idea that he had stumbled and hurt himself in the road, and that the clouds had covered all but the small patch of sky directly overhead where the stars were still visible. Then memory came back, and he recalled the details of the capture up to the sudden blank following the plunge into the hole between the boulders. A sharp twinge of pain bridged the interval and reminded him that there were two present and pressing sources of discomfort in the gnarled log across which he was lying and in the vice-like pressure of the rope which still bound his arms to his sides. To wriggle out of the uncomfortable position was easy, but loosening the rope was another matter. The knot had been drawn tight by the jerk of his fall, and it was an hour or more before he succeeded in working it around where it could be reached; even when this was done, it was only a beginning, and the first faint streaks of dawn were filtering through the aperture overhead when he finally rose stiffly and swung his arms to start the suspended circulation.

In a little while it was light enough to enable him to see his surroundings, and he found that he was imprisoned in a crevice-cave much like the one he had explored two days before. It occurred to him at once that it might be a continuation of the same cavern, or that possibly he might be in the very chamber into which he had tried to penetrate; but this seemed unlikely, for two reasons. One was that he could not make the locality of the McNabby tunnel agree with the general direction of his wanderings of the night previous; and the other was even more convincing, for, while his cell terminated at one extremity in a narrow fissure like the one in which he had lost the pick and the lamp, he could not find the missing articles, though he lost no time in making a careful search for them. In doing this, however, he stumbled upon another discovery which was of much more immediate importance: reaching down into the crevices of the fissure, his hand found a pool of water, and he drank gratefully, dipping up the cool liquid by spoonfuls in his hollowed palm.

After this, he gave an hour to minute examination of the boundaries of his prison, scrutinizing the walls and carefully weighing every possible chance of escape. At the end of this preliminary survey he sat down upon the log, which proved to be the trunk of a small tree hurled by some accident of wind or lightning through the opening above, and began to go over the events of the past few days, in the hope of finding something to account for the mysterious attack and imprisonment. In this effort he racked his brain to little purpose, and, after repeatedly scolding the idea as absurd, he finally accepted the conclusion that the Bynums had in some manner connected him with the fortunes of their enemies, and had taken prompt measures to deprive the Latimers of a possible ally.

"If that's the case," he mused, speaking aloud for the sake of the companionship of his own voice, "what do they mean to do with me? If they had wanted to kill me, they certainly had it all their own way last night; a very small domestic cat would have made a better resistance than I did. No, that isn't it; they don't mean murder; they're only trying to get me out of the way for awhile. And the next thing is, for how long? Keeping in view the comforting conclusion that they don't intend making away with me, the question will answer itself in a few hours at the most, for they haven't given me anything to eat. Which reminds me that I'm pretty hungry, now," he looked ruefully at his watch. "Tom Ludlow had his breakfast two hours ago, and at the present moment, I suppose, he's sitting in his office with the comfortable under-thought that it'll be dinner-time before long. Lucky fellow, not to know what it is to sit in a crack in the face of the earth, speculating on the doubtful possibilities of future meals. Well, I presume the next thing is to decide whether or not I'm to sit here and wait for some one to come and pull me out; and if I'm not, what's the alternative? Let's have another look at the resources."

After overhauling the rope and coiling it beside the log, he searched his pockets, but found nothing useful therein, except a small penknife. "There they are—say 40 feet of rope, a piece of wood six or seven feet long, and a toy pocketknife; and this hole is about 30 feet deep. I should judge. There isn't very much to work with, but I've pulled many a hero out of worse scrapes than this with much less."

The humor of the comparison provoked a laugh, and then he wondered what had become of his depression of the previous day. The explanation came suddenly when he ran his solitary back to the point where he had concluded that his connection with the Latimers was the reason for the assault upon him. It seemed in a way to bring him nearer to Hester, and for a time there was a cheerful enthusiasm in the thought that other and compelling hands had pushed him over the dividing line between his pusillanimous resolution to run away and an active participation in the quarrel which involved her family. There was little comfort in the contemplation of the part he might be required to take in the feud; the battle was still to be fought with his weakness, and he had the fresh and humiliating example of a few hours before to remind him that he had not yet made a beginning. The recollection of this discouraged him again, and all the arguments that had presented themselves in defense of his plan of retreat came back with redoubled emphasis. He was not sure that Hester loved him; if she did, she would despise him when she found him out; it would be inexcusably wrong for him to win her love under false pretenses; she had told him only last night what she would expect in the man of her choice. He pushed the tormenting thoughts aside, and brought himself down with a jerk to the present and its demands. "I'm not going to dispute with the weak-kneed devil any more," he muttered; "the first thing to do is to get out of here, and then I'll leave it with her; if she honors me enough to make me her defender, I'll make a shift to fight her battles if I have to hire some one to hold me while I do it."

Under the inspiration of this conclusion he went to work patiently and resolutely, trying the first plan that suggested itself. Using his knife for a chisel, he attempted to cut niches for hand and foot holds in the wall, persevering until both blades of the small tool were worn down to useless stumps. When the failure of the knife put an end to the expedient, he examined the narrower part of the crevice to see if he could not climb to the roof by bracing himself from wall to wall. As it was reasonably evident that the cavern had originally been nothing more than an irregular crack in the sandstone, open at the top through its entire length, and afterward gradually covered in by slow accumulations of earth and debris interwoven with twigs and grass roots, he argued that it would be comparatively easy to dig through this thin covering if he could obtain a foothold near enough to the roof to enable him to attack it. To make the most of his strength, he dragged the log to the place selected for the experiment, with the intention of using it for a ladder from which to begin the ascent; and, having braced it against one of the walls, he took off his coat and shoes and made an attempt to work his way up the desired vantage-ground. The first trial was a failure. He lost his hold before he had ascended to twice his height, and slid back to the sandy floor of the crevice; but there was enough of a promise of success in the undertaking to make him wear away the remainder of the day in repeated endeavors, and to encourage him to try again and again, even after the long abstinence from food had begun to have its effect on his tired muscles and overstrained nerves. The final attempt, made just at dusk, carried him to within a few feet of the roof; but the darkness baffled him; he again lost his hold, and it was only by the utmost exertion of his failing strength that he saved himself from falling heavily to the bottom of the cavern. As it was, he knocked the log down in his descent, and, realizing that nothing could be done without the help of daylight, he lay down in the sand and tried to go to sleep.

Lying there in the darkness and listening to the microscopic noises drifting through the entrance to the cave, he fancied he heard a sound as of some light object falling upon the sand. His first thought of wild beasts, but, reflecting that no animal large enough to attack him would be likely to enter the trap-like crevice, the incident was soon forgotten in a train of suggestions having the indistinct noises of the day for a starting-point. Now that he recalled them, he remembered hearing sounds like the echoes of drill blows at irregular intervals all through the day, and he speculated over their probable origin until weariness overcame him and he fell into a doze from which the growling of the rising storm awakened him. Since there seemed to be a sort of companionship in the roll of the thunder and the sweep of the wind, he sat up to listen, and in one of the lulls he thought he heard a voice at the mouth of the cavern. Wondering if his captors were coming to liberate him, he got upon his feet and felt his way to the farther end of the cell, standing under the aperture and staring up into the gloom. While he stood there listening and looking, a small star of yellow light made its appearance at the extreme end of the rocky corridor, and he saw the shadows of two faces framed between the walls of the narrow slit in which the chamber terminated. His first impulse was to make his presence known; but before he had taken a step he recoiled in horror at the sight of a gun barrel thrust through the crevice above the wavering star of light.

Under some conditions mental processes are instantaneous. Ringbrand saw and understood the purpose of his enemies as clearly as if his sentence had been pronounced with formal verbiage. With the understanding came a frenzied fit of terror, and he shrunk with chattering teeth and trembling limbs into the deepest recesses of the cave; the wavering light danced in fantastic gyrations before his fascinated gaze; a noise like the beating of a hundred drums filled his ears; and he could feel the cold perspiration pricking from every pore. The suspense was horrible, and for a few moments he thought he should die from the very abjectness of his fear; then suddenly he felt a sharp pang as if something had given way in his brain, and the overpowering nausea of terror vanished as if by magic. In its place came a strange feeling of exaltation that sent the blood tingling to his finger tips; the roaring in his ears ceased, and his sight became once more keen and steady. Springing to his feet, he drew the colonel's revolver from his pocket and took careful and deliberate aim at the face behind the yellow star of light; his finger pressed the trigger, and the crash of a double detonation filled the cavern. With the flash and the report the light disappeared, and he felt a sting of pain in

his arm; he knew he was wounded, but the hurt seemed only to augment the

violence of the fit of ferocity that had taken complete possession of him. Rushing toward the point where the light had disappeared, he wedged himself into the crevice, grinding his teeth in impotent rage when he found that he could not reach far enough to get the range for a second shot.

To be continued.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Wednesday. J. O. Mack is in Portland.

Sheriff Driver went to Portland this afternoon. Mrs. M. Long left today for Gervais to spend the Fourth among her relatives.

Miss Bessie Cram went to Portland on this afternoon's train. She will soon leave that point for Townsend.

Hon. J. N. Brown of Heppner, re-elected to the Oregon legislature, was in the city today. He is a candidate for speaker of the house.

Deputy Sheriff Kelly returned from Kingsley Monday evening. He reports a large shower of hail, succeeded by rain, on the day he arrived there.

Mr. Geo. T. Prather of Hood River is in town today and secured a quantity of blanks used by justice of the peace. He qualified today before the county clerk.

N. J. Sinnott and Walter Klindt returned last night from a mining trip. They are somewhat reticent about results, but have brought back some good looking rock.

Thursday. Mr. A. J. Dufur of Dufur left for Portland this afternoon. Supt. O'Brien came up today in his private car on a tour of inspection.

Mr. B. F. Laughlin left this morning for a visit with relatives in Salem. Mr. C. L. Schmidt and family left this morning for Stevenson.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fargher and Miss Alice Hnott left on the afternoon train for Portland. Mr. Wakefield and his two daughters, Edie and Ida, left this afternoon for Portland.

Miss Anna Thompson returned home Monday, after teaching a very successful term of school near Dufur. Mr. A. W. Giesy, who spent yesterday in the city, went to Portland on the early morning train.

Mrs. Cassie Hill, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Wiley, is dangerously ill, with little hope for recovery. Mr. C. M. Grimes and wife, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCoy and Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Smith left for Portland this afternoon to spend the Fourth.

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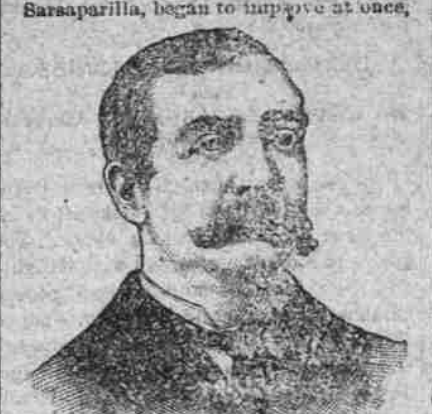
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OVERWORK INDUCED Nervous Prostration Complete Recovery by the Use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"Some years ago, as a result of too close attention to business, my health failed. I became weak, nervous, and unable to look after my interests, and manifested all the symptoms of a decline. I took three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, began to improve at once,



and gradually increased my weight from one hundred and twenty-five to two hundred pounds. Since then, I and my family have used this medicine when needed, and we are all in the best of health, a fact which we attribute to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I believe my children would have been fatherless to-day had it not been for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, of which preparation I cannot say too much."—H. O. HINSON, Postmaster and Planter, Kinross, S. C.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla RECEIVING MEDAL AT WORLD'S FAIR. AYER'S PILLS SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS.

The Water Commission. Regular meeting of the board of water commissioners was held on June 30, 1896, at 2:30 p. m.

Present: Commissioners Ward, Neilson, Peters and Christman. Minutes of previous meeting read and approved.

The following bills were read and on motion ordered paid: Maier & Benton, supplies \$6 94 J Berger, hauling 1 50 Mays & Crowe, supplies 23 97 J T Peters & Co, supplies 1 45 I J Norman, supt salary 75 00 W S Norman, helper 55 00 H Christman, secy 5 00 F M King, labor 8 00 L J Akin, labor 9 00

The secretary reported warrant drawn in favor of City Treasurer C. J. Crandall on June 26, 1896, for \$750, interest on water bonds.

The treasurer's and superintendent's reports read and on motion placed on file. Total book acct. \$1720 70 Amt collected \$1023 05 Due from Dalles City 320 00 Amt Delinquent 377 65—\$1720 70 On motion the meeting adjourned.

Closing of a Successful Term of School. The parents and friends of the scholars of the Mill creek school gathered at the school house last Friday (June 26) for the purpose of attending the last day exercises, which were very much enjoyed and did credit to both teacher and scholars.

Miss Ida M. Foss, of Hood River, has been very successful in her work as teacher of this district, and her parents and scholars extended to her the kindest wishes, and all are enthusiastic in the success of this term of work.

The report of the district to the county school superintendent shows that Katie Sandoz, Arnold Sandoz and Milton Thomse, have been present every day in the term and that Julius and Alex. Sandoz reached the highest mark in deportment, their standing being 99; while all the other scholars' standing in deportment was above 90.

The parents have taken great interest in the school this term, as the large number of visits reported will show, and herein may be attributed part of the success. When all, teacher, parents and scholars, work together, good results will be obtained. K. C.

Castoria For Infants and Children. Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."—H. A. ANGIER, M. D., 111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so, as it has invariably produced beneficial results."—EOWEN F. PARSONS, M. D., 215th Street and 17th Ave., New York City.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."—CARLOS MARTIN, D. D., New York City.

DR. DARRIN'S CURES Who Can Doubt When So Many Testify.

Dr. Darrin Has Concluded to Remain until August 1st—List of Endorsements From People Who Have Been Cured by Him.

John Savenson, Farmington, Or., deafness, cured. J. H. Wilson, Mist, Or., piles 20 years, cured. Rev. J. E. Coonour, Portland, Or., skin disease, cured. A. Pool, Eagle Point, Or., heart and liver trouble restored.

Isaac Thompson, LaCenter, Wash., deafness, cured in five minutes. Milt Jones, Perrydale Or., cured of polyps in the nose. Mrs. A. E. Pattee, Albany, Or., ovarian and womb trouble, cured. W. M. Post, Troutdale, Or. cured of almost total deafness.

J. T. George, Glenden, Wash., chronic rheumatism five years, cured. Owen James, Spokane, Wash., abscess in left ear and quinsy, cured. Mrs. Mary A. Johnson, McMinnville, Or., deafness many years, restored. Henry Von Helms, Sandy, Or., cancer of the nose and catarrh, cured.

J. S. Jennings, Selwood, Or., eczema or skin disease 15 years, cured. Mrs. J. Ellis, deafness and diseases peculiar to her sex, cured. Chas B. McCracken, Dalles, Or., consumption, catarrh and bronchitis, restored to health.

John M. Simmons, Oakville, Wash., catarrh, bronchitis and nervous debility, restored. Miss Rose Perry, sister of Mrs. Miller, postmaster at Hillsdale, Or., tumor in the month, removed. Stephen Wylie, Nasal, Pacific county, Wash., liver complaint and aggravated piles, cured.

C. E. Knotts, Mulino, Clackamas county, Or., nervous debility and pimples on the face, cured. Mrs. J. H. Miller, cor Fifth and Alder streets, East Portland, general debility, cured and gained eight pounds. Mrs. A. C. Landis, 105 West streets, Seattle, cured of a scrofulous sore leg 20 years ago by Dr. Darrin.

Mr. P. Hays' daughter, southeast corner 12th and Marshall streets, Portland, goitre, (large neck) for years, cured by electricity alone. J. W. Keeney, Long Creek, Grant county, Or., kidney complaint and pains in the back of and down the sciatic nerves restored.

R. D. Cook, 265 Third street, Portland, stricture of the urethra, cured after five doctors had failed to cure him. D. J. Grahams' child, Springfield, Or., painfully afflicted with conjunctivitis, complicated with ulcers of the eyeballs or nine months, cured.

J. A. Lindsley, news agent on the U. P. R. R., residence Albina, Or., consumption, bronchitis and catarrh, cured and gained 15 pounds. W. Hays, 914 Fifth street, East Portland, Or., inflammation of the neck of the bladder and sciatic rheumatism, came on crutches to doctor, cured and left crutches at the doctor's office.

Mrs. F. E. Dewey, 361 Eighteenth street, Portland, nervous and general debility, heart disease, dyspepsia, liver complaint and female troubles in all its various complications, permanently cured.

Mrs. J. J. Evans, Portland, neuralgia of the stomach and heart, weak lungs and greatly emaciated, cured and gained 10 pounds in two months. Ex-Sheriff A. T. Schoep's daughter, proprietor Northwestern hotel, corner Front and Clay streets, Portland, loss of appetite, liver complaint and rheumatic neuralgia, for six months, cured.

Mrs. A. Banister, Meadow, Lewis county, Wash., excruciating pain in eyeball, liver and kidney complaint, deafness 31 years and a lump in her side thought to be an ovarian tumor, cured. Mrs. R. H. Humphrey, 432 L street, Portland, cured after nine doctors had failed, of painful menstruation and womb trouble in every conceivable way, general debility, pain through the heart and lungs.

Charles Christerman, Portland Or., scrofulous catarrh so bad that the destruction of his nose was threatened and had become so offensive that it was sickening to himself and friends, cured in two months. Dr. Darrin will remain in The Dalles until August 1st. Hours, 10 to 5.

A mistaken idea is current that the ball game and band concerts tomorrow at Hood River will be about four miles from the town. Such is not the case. The first concert will be given in town, and after dinner the ball game will be played at the grounds, about a mile out, where the second concert will also take place. Teams will be in waiting to convey all wishing to see the game to the grounds.

Dandruff is an exudation from the pores of the skin that spreads and dries, forming scurf and causing the hair to fall out. Hall's Hair Renewer cures it. John M. Filloon carries a full line of extras for the McCormack Reaper and Haines' Oregon Header.

Only Cure for Pimples is Cuticura Soap

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Maier & Benton's, THE DALLES, OR.

The Columbia Packing Co., PACKERS OF Pork and Beef

MANUFACTURERS OF Fine Lard and Sausages.

Curers of BRAND Hams and Bacon, Dried Beef, Etc.

Bake Oven and Mitchell STAGE LINE,

THOMAS HARPER, - - Proprietor

Stages leave Bake Oven for Antelope every day, and from Antelope to Mitchell three times a week.

GOOD HORSES AND WAGONS.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale. Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution and order of sale issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco county, upon a judgment and decree made and rendered therein, in an action then and therefor pending wherein the American Mortgage Company of Scotland, Limited, a corporation, was plaintiff, and Francis M. Thompson, Missouria A. Thompson, his wife and R. F. Gibbons, A. S. MacAllister and John M. Marden, partners and members of the firm of Gibbons, MacAllister & Co., were defendants, I did duly levy upon and will sell at the front door of the County Court House in Dalles City, Wasco county, Oregon, on

Saturday, the 25th day of July, 1896, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day, at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the real estate described in said execution and order of sale, and described as follows, to-wit: The east half (1/2) of the southwest quarter (1/4) and the south half (1/2) of the northwest quarter (1/4) of section eight (8) in township (23) south of range thirteen (13) east of the Willamette meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon, containing 160 acres, together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the sums due upon said writ, to-wit: \$1054, together with interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum from June 9th, 1896; \$100 attorney's fees, and \$10 costs and disbursements due and owing to the plaintiff in said writ, together with accruing costs and interest and expenses of said sale, and also a further sum of \$1291 due defendants, R. F. Gibbons and John M. Marden, with interest thereon from the 9th day of June, 1896, at 10 per cent per annum, and the further sum of \$100 attorney's fees. Dated at The Dalles, Or., this 25th day of June, 1896. T. J. DARRIN, Sheriff of Wasco County, Oregon.

Notice of Final Account. To ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that J. Farley has filed his final account as administrator of the estate of Joshua W. Reedy, deceased, and that said final account will come on for hearing on Monday, July 13th, 1896, at which time a hearing will be had as to any and all objections to said final account, and the settlement thereof. This notice is given by order of Hon. George C. Blakeley, county judge. Dated this 11th day of June, 1896. G. J. FARLEY, Adm'r of the estate of Joshua W. Reedy, deceased.