

A QUESTION OF COURAGE

After it was all over, he sat down upon the log and examined his arm as well as he could by the sense of touch; the wound was nothing but a severe bruise, and he put his coat on again with a sigh of relief. "I can't afford to be disabled now," he muttered, "not till I've given these villains their deserts; the hardened brutes—to come here and try to kill a man like a rat in a trap!"

Then it suddenly occurred to him that this Hugh Ringbrand, breathing out threatenings against his persecutors, was quite a different person from the miserable wretch who but a few moments before had cowered in terror at the sight of the mountaineer's rifle. "It's the most singular experience I ever heard of," he mused. "It is, indeed; there's nothing in my collection that matches it. I wonder if it was only the instinct of self-preservation? I think after this I shall be able to understand what makes the most inoffensive animal turn and show fight in the last extremity. I wonder, too, if the fine and ferocious enthusiasm will come again when it's needed? I'm afraid it won't—at least, not without a similar provocation; and that isn't exactly what one craves. Anyway, I'm glad I didn't die before I knew what it was to take my courage in both hands, if only for this one time. I suppose I didn't have any such good luck as to hit the fellow, but if they both got away I don't believe they'll make me another visit to-night. Heigh-ho! it's something of a bore to be hungry and tired and sleepy and angry all in one breath. I believe I'll risk it and try to go to sleep; they'd have been after me by this time if they meant to try it again."

He stretched himself out beside the log with the coil of rope for a pillow; in a few minutes weariness again asserted its claims, and this time he did not awaken until the morning sun had once more turned the darkness of the cavern into murky twilight.

THE EAR OF THE MOUNTAIN. Ringbrand began the new day with a drink of water scooped up by hand-fuls from the pool in the crevice, and then walked the length of the cavern to get a glimpse of the sky. Just beneath the well-like opening he stumbled upon a small package wrapped in a piece of dirty paper. Opening it eagerly, as a message from the outer world, he felt like shouting upon finding that it contained a substantial meal of corn pone and fried bacon. Hunger knows no ceremony, and so it was sharp enough, little regard for the quality and no curiosity as to the source of that which appeases its cravings. Ringbrand ate ravenously and with the keen relish of one who has labored fasting, but he was thoughtful enough to save a portion of the bread and meat for greater necessities, wrapping it carefully in the paper and concealing it in a niche in the rock.

"Godness knows where that came from," he said, "and godness knows when I'll get any more; therefore it seems to me to be a good thing. I'll never be afraid of making things too opportune in a story after this; nothing short of a miracle could have been more timely than this unaccountable breakfast. And it asks for more guessing. Who brought it? Who knows I'm here? Clearly, no one but these murderous Bynons. And why should they feed a dead man? Ah, I have it! It's the woman—she knows I'm in here, and she doesn't know the rest. And if that's the explanation, I must have been wrong in my reckoning; the hammering yesterday was in the McNabb tunnel, and that crack is the place where I lost the pick; I'll take another look and see if I can't find it."

"Looking" for the implement in question was a mere figure of speech, since the critical search was prosecuted wholly through the sense of touch, projected into the end of a divining rod made of bits of twigs spliced together by threads taken from the rope. It was a trial of patience, but patience was rewarded in the end, as it usually is; and when he had succeeded in locating the coveted object he set about devising some means of securing it. The rope solved this problem, but no wild horse of the prairies was ever harder to lasso than was the inanimate combination of wood and steel lying quietly at the bottom of the fissure. As in the former case, however, patient effort finally conquered, though the afternoon shadows were filling the cavern with warnings of the approach of night before Ringbrand had added the pick to his available resources. He had thought of no definite plan for using it in the struggle for freedom, but the first suggestion was that he might now be able to cut a series of steps up the wall like those of the adjoining chamber. A short half hour of arduous toil convinced him of the futility of this hope, and he stopped to rest his weary arms.

first trial, and sat down to eat his scanty supper by the last rays of fading light. After it had been washed down by another drink from the pool, he made his simple arrangements to pass another night in the cavern, and tried to go to sleep; but his brain was too actively at work trying to devise new expedients, and after tossing and rolling upon his sandy couch for awhile he sat up to try to think it out. Since the night was clear and calm, the silence in the cave was profound, and, knowing that the ordinary noises of the upper world could not reach him, he was startled from his reverie by a sound like the shuffling of cautious footsteps, followed immediately by the appearance of a dull glow of light in the chamber beyond the crevice. His first thought was that his captors had come to make another attempt to kill him, and it brought with it a fit of terror similar to that which had attacked him on the previous night, but he set his teeth and overcame it, flattening himself against the wall and waiting breathlessly for what should follow. It was a trying moment, and he was surprised to find himself growing calmer and more collected with the passing of the lagging seconds; then the tingling of his nerves told him that he had once more passed the hysterical boundary between helpless fear and courageous resolution, and, drawing his revolver, he waited in grim silence for the appearance of a face at the opening. While he watched, the light began to fade, and the explanation came to him at once. "They've gone into the mine; that's better; perhaps I can catch them as they come out." In a few minutes the dull glow began to return, and he saw the two men as they emerged from the gallery leading to the mine. They were talking in low tones, and Ringbrand listened.

"I tol' ye hit was too soon," the one who carried the lamp was saying; "we-all 'll jest have to wait yere a spell till them fellers get sleepy." They passed out of Ringbrand's range of vision, but he could still hear every word that was said, and the reply made him almost sorry that he had held his hand while he had them in sight. "They'll get sleepy bime-by. Wonder if that thar neighbor of our'n in yonder is still a-snoozin' like he was when ye plugged him?" "Ye can jest bet on hit, Buddy; I 'low I was some shaky, but I reckon I ain't missin' anything as big as a man at that thar distance."

There was a little silence, and then one of them spoke again: "Whilst we're a-waitin' yere, Jeff, ye mought go over whar you-all's a-furirin' on fer to-morrow night. I hain't got hit right clear in my haid yet." "Jest hol' on a minute. Gimme that thar light, till I see if the city feller's whar he ort to be."

Curiosity to know what was to be explained overcame Ringbrand's desire for vengeance, and he crouched in the shadow while the mountaineer made his investigation. "Is he thar?" asked the other voice. "Shore; he's a-layin' right plum whar he did las' night. Don't reckon he ever moved." Then Ringbrand understood that the dim light had misled them, and that the shot had been fired at the log. He had scarcely time to be thankful that he had not moved the latter during the day, before the light disappeared from the crevice and the conversation was resumed.

"Now, about that thar projec' for to-morrow night, Buddy, I'd figured hit jest this-a-way. Jule she'll light out in the mornin' for McNairville on the mar', an' we'll fetch the rest of the hosses up on the mounting by the Dunbar road endurin' the day. Then, long late in the evenin', when ever'body's gone to bed, we-all 'll jest ride over to the colonel's, leave the hosses with Jed in that thar little patch o' trees front o' the house, an' then you'n me'll go smoke 'em out. When they shows up, you take the young un an' leave the colonel to me. I reckon I'll show him that I don't miss the same man twice."

"How 'bout the gal?" "Needn't to mind 'bout her; she'll look out for herself; and then the same voice added: "I reckon Jed'd be glad enough to take keer o' her, if she'd 'low hit." Even after the convincing object-lesson of the attempt upon his own life, Ringbrand could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses. Could it be possible that these two men were calmly discussing a plot which pointed to a double murder as its object? They were speaking again, and he strained his ears to catch every word. "They's only one thing about hit that looks sort o' shaky, Jeff; that's the part about the gal. Course I knows we-all ain't fightin' weemin' but hit 'll be takin' a right smart no' chances if she gets a sight o' we-all." "She hain't gwine to. When the fire's done started, you'n me can hide in the irt bushes."

A little later the light faded and flickered and then went out, leaving behind it a darkness that was almost tangible, and Ringbrand's heart sank as he realized that one chance of saving Hester's father and brother was gone. It was only a chance, he knew, for the mountaineers were two to one, and he was not enough of a marksman to be sure of disabling even one of them; nevertheless, he had made up his mind to fire upon them when they came again in view, trusting to the shortness of the range to offset his lack of skill with the weapon.

He thought he heard them when they left the chamber, and again, after what seemed an interminable interval, there was a faint rustling such as might have been made by the two men climbing out of the cave. The correctness of this last supposition was confirmed shortly afterward by the dull rumble of a distant explosion, and the listener knew that another of the mysterious attacks had been successfully made on the working in the McNabb mine.

With the certainty that the men had left the cavern, and that with their disappearance his only chance of preventing the terrible conclusion of their plot had taken flight, Ringbrand set up and strove fiercely to concentrate his mind upon some expedient that would free him in time to enable him to warn the Latimers. For awhile the awful responsibility resting upon him pushed him so near to the edge of distraction that connected thought was an impossibility, and he got up and tramped up and down the familiar limits of his cell in a feverish agony of helplessness. Then his brain cleared again, and one plan after another was considered and rejected. The sandstone was comparatively soft—could he not dig through to the other chamber?—yes, possibly, but it would take too much time. The other end of the cavern was filled with broken rock and earth which had fallen into the crevice from above—could he not dig enough of this down to make it possible to climb out on the heap of debris?—undoubtedly, in time, but the finding in the mass of a single boulder too large to be loosened might cost the lives of two men. No, there must be no more experiments.

At last, when the travail of suggestion had become well-nigh unbearable in its hopeless insistence, he stumbled over the log; at the same instant, as if the shock had opened the door of his understanding, a possible solution of the problem, clear and distinct in every detail, flashed upon him like an inspiration, and he threw himself down upon the sand to watch for the coming of the daylight, praying with what faith there was in him for strength and dexterity to enable him to earn his freedom quickly.

EDITOR CHRONICLE: Mr. M. Harlan and family of The Dalles sent the Fourth in Mosier. J. Northrop and wife went to Hood River on Saturday, returning in the evening.

Among quite a number of strangers attending the ball on the evening of the 4th we noted Mr. A. A. Urquhart of your city. Our farmers are busy harvesting their hay crop. The cereal and vegetable crops are looking fine. Fruit, with the exception of peaches, prunes and kindred varieties which were injured by the late frosts, promises a big yield and fine quality. The man with the trained monkeys and rats gave an exhibition here on Saturday to the amusement of the little folks. Wonder if Judge Davenport has found out the name of the new steamer he saw on the river the other day. The celebration here was well attended by Mosierites and quite a number from other points. The Declaration of Independence was read in a masterly manner by J. M. Carroll. The orator of the day, W. A. Stark, not being present, Judge Harlan was called on and responded with a very fine impromptu speech. Sack and foot racing filled up the time until dinner was announced, when everyone indulged in the good things that only the ladies of Mosier know how to provide. Master Fred Graham was the victor in the ring riding contest. The ball game was won by the Athletics in a score of 38 to 10. The ball at Mr. Harlan's in the evening was a superb affair. The platform, constructed for the occasion, was fine. Roofed and enclosed with evergreen boughs rendered it a very pleasant place to trip the light fantastic. The music rendered by the Mosier string band was all that the most exacting could ask for. NOVUS HOMO.

MARRIED. At the Columbia hotel, in this city, Sunday, July 5th, by Wm. Michell, A. H. Ganger and Belle White.

BORN. In this city, Thursday, July 9th, to the wife of Mr. Thos. Kelly, a daughter. None But Ayer's at the World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla enjoys the extraordinary distinction of having been the only blood purifier allowed on exhibit at the world's fair, Chicago. Manufacturers of other sarsaparillas sought by every means to obtain a showing of their goods, but they were all turned away under the application of the rule forbidding the entry of patent medicines and nostrums. The decision of the world's fair authorities in favor of Ayer's Sarsaparilla was in effect as follows: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla is not a patent medicine. It does not belong to the list of nostrums. It is here on its merits."

PERSONAL MENTION. Wednesday. Judge A. S. Bennett left for Portland today. Mr. J. Gorman, of the Portland commission house, was in the city today, and returned on the local train. Mrs. Harriet Morse of Portland is the guest of Mrs. S. L. Brooks. Her daughter, Miss Emma Morse, is visiting the Misses Butler.

Dist. Atty. Murphy and wife were up today from Portland. Mr. Murphy's business was with the jury in the Seufert case for damages. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Barnett went to Yakima yesterday to visit their son. Mrs. C. F. Williams also left for the same place to visit her parents. Thursday. Mr. M. F. Loy of Hood River returned this morning. Mr. M. M. Sayre is quite ill and threatened with typhoid fever. Mrs. V. C. Crooks left for the Mt. Adams country on the Regulator this morning. Miss Bessie Isenberg of Hood River, who has been in the city, returned this morning on the Regulator. Mrs. H. Herbring and Mrs. C. Schmidt went to Stevenson this morning, to be gone several days. Mrs. Harriet Morse, who has been visiting Mrs. S. L. Brooks, returned home to Portland this morning. Mrs. E. J. Marshall and daughter, Grace, of Oregon City, and Della Young left on the afternoon train for home. Mrs. Sutter of Portland, formerly Miss Ada Dean, a former resident, was in the city yesterday and left this morning.

Rev. A. D. Skags, who has delivered sermons the last two evenings at the Christian church, returned on the Regulator this morning to his home at Junction City. Mr. Alexander Looney of Portland, a brother-in-law of Mr. Robert Mays, arrived in the city yesterday with his family and will accept a position in Mays & Crowe's hardware store. Friday. Mr. Wm. Watson of Mosier is in town today. Mr. J. C. Kelsay of Antelope is in the city today. Mr. J. G. Farley left for the locks this afternoon. Mrs. L. Grey is quite sick and confined to her bed. Thos. Harlan came in from the ranch today to make final proof. Mr. P. T. Crum leaves for his annual vacation at Moffet Springs tomorrow. Miss Gertrude Davis of San Francisco is visiting with Hon. W. H. and Mrs. Biggs, and will remain during the summer. Mrs. Ira F. Powers, Jr., of Portland and Miss Emma Fiske of Indianapolis came up on the Regulator last night and are guests of the Misses Michell.

Rev. L. Gray leaves for Oregon City today on a two weeks' vacation, and there will be no Lutheran services either next Sunday or the Sunday following. Advertisers Letters. Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for July 11, 1896. Persons calling for the same will give date on which they were advertised: Adams, Miss Rosa Andrews, Mr R S Anderson, R C Anderson, C Y Bowman, F D Biddle, Mrs Ed Barton, Mrs Myron Chryostom, Mr John Clouston, Mr W F Clark, Mr W F Cure, Mr J M Carpenter, Mrs Frankie Caphaw, Mr Douglas, Mr Cal Frick, A F Ellis, W Gage, Mr John Hanson, Mr W E Linder, Mr E Marvin, Mr Charles Markham, M D Mann, J B McDonald, Mrs M Oskins, Mr E W (3) Patterson, Mrs L S Roberts, Mrs R F Rice, Mr Oscar Stall, Edward Strong, Mrs Ina Starkey, J W Shaver, G W Smith, Isaac Smith, W E Smith, Mr James Lee Swillinger, C H Thomas, J W White, Mrs Mag C Wand, Mr Wm C Wallace, Mr Jas W Watkins, Mrs Jonasa Walker, Mr Julia A. J. A. CROSSEN, P. M.

SEUFERT CASE RESUMED. The Jury Hears Evidence on the Question of Damages. The Oregonian says the trial of the cases of the United States vs. Seufert Bros., to condemn right of way for the proposed Celilo boat railway, was resumed in the United States court yesterday forenoon, the jury having returned from an inspection of the property in question Wednesday evening. Mr. Seufert was placed on the stand and was examined as to the value of the land, and everything proceeded smoothly until his attorney, Judge Bennett, asked what the land was valuable for. Mr. Seufert replied: "For fisheries and the terminals of railroad or rights of way of railroads." Judge Bellinger here interferred and said he should not allow such a question, so revolting to his sense of justice. It was fair for the jury to consider what damage the fishing interests of the defendant might sustain from the appropriation of his land, but it was not right that a public necessity should be made the basis for an appraisal of otherwise almost valueless lands. That any enhancement in value the land may receive on account of the government desiring a right of way for a boat railway through it should be brought into the suit could not be allowed, and he should so instruct the jury. Judge Bennett said the supreme court had ruled on cases bearing on this point, and he was ready to present authorities. Judge Bellinger remarked that he had examined authorities on the question, and that he should not allow the question. Council might take an exception if he wished. The exception was taken and the examination proceeded.

Later, when a witness was on the stand explaining the damages it would be to defendant's fishing privileges, if he had to haul his fish in wagons or on a tramway across the boat railway to the O. R. & N. road. United States Attorney Murphy asked him how the fish were brought from several different wheels to the fish house. He replied, "In wagons." Mr. Murphy then asked if the fish would be any more injured if they were hauled 200 feet or so further to the O. R. & N. line. The witness seemed inclined to avoid a direct answer, and began to talk about various roads. The court asked him, rather sharply, if he could not answer the question, and told him he did not have to consider the question of roads, as it was to be supposed that the road was there if the fish were hauled. The witness then admitted that the fish would not be materially injured by the additional haul. The argument in the case will be made this forenoon, and it is supposed that the case will go to the jury about noon.

THE PRIZE KANSAS BABY CITY OF MO. Cured of Disfiguring ECZEMA By the CUTICURA REMEDIES. Our little baby of two months was badly afflicted with Eczema. It began when she was three weeks old, and in spite of all our skill and that of two good physicians, she continued to grow worse. Her head, arms, neck, and limbs, and, in fact, nearly every joint in her body, were raw and bleeding when we concluded to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. The child being so small and delicate, we began with CUTICURA (ointment), and CUTICURA SOAP, according to directions, and after the first application we could see a change. When we had used the remedies one week she was very much better, some of the sores had healed entirely, and had ceased to spread. After using them for less than a month, the child was free from scales and blisters, and to-day has a lovely skin and hair as any child. She was shown at the Grand Fair when four and a half months old, and took the premium of a silver cup, as the prettiest baby, over sixteen others. We recommend CUTICURA REMEDIES to all our friends, and cannot praise them too highly. MR. AND MRS. CHAS. PARK, 1929 Bellevue Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

SPEDDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier). Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A. All about Baby's Skin, free.

KILLS EVERY PAIN. The moment it is applied, Nothing But Chamberlain's Pain Plaster for pain, inflammation, and weakness. Instantaneous and infallible.

turned and pushed to completion as soon as the river is out of the way, or will the system of dillydallying continue. Few medicines have held their ground so successfully as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. During the past fifty years, it has been the most popular of all cough-cures and the demand for it today is greater than ever before. Prompt to act and sure to cure.

TURNING GRAY AND THREATENED WITH BALDNESS. The Danger is Averted by Using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. Nearly forty years ago, after some weeks of sickness, my hair turned gray and began falling out so rapidly that I was threatened with immediate baldness. Hearing Ayer's Hair Vigor highly spoken of, I commenced using this prepara-

tion, and was so well satisfied with the result that I have never tried any other kind of dressing. It stopped the hair from falling out, stimulated a new growth of hair, and kept the scalp free from dandruff. Only an occasional application is now needed to keep my hair of good, natural color. I never hesitate to recommend any of Ayer's medicines to my friends.—MRS. H. M. HAIGHT, Ayova, Neb.

Ayer's Hair Vigor PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A. Ayer's Sarsaparilla Removes Pimples.

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 there pending wherein the American Mortgage Company of Scotland, Limited, a corporation, was plaintiff, and Francis M. Thompson, Missourie A. Thompson, his wife, and R. F. Gibbons, A. B. 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 north west quarter (1/4) of section eight (8) in township (2) south of range thirteen (13) east of the Willamette meridian, in Wasco county, Oregon, containing 160 acres, together with all and singular the improvements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining, or so much thereof as shall be necessary to satisfy the said debt and disbursements due and owing to the plaintiff in said writ, together with accruing costs and interest and expenses of said sale, and also the further sum of \$120.00, 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.

Notice of Final Account. TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that G. 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 15th, 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. Hakeley, county judge. Dated this 11th day of June, 1896. G. J. FARLEY, Adm'r of the estate of Joshua W. Reedy, deceased. July 6-11