

A QUESTION OF COURAGE

To his great astonishment, the word seemed to bring an answer from the upper world, and he ran to the other end of the cavern to listen. The halloo was repeated, and he answered it with all the strength of his lungs; once again he heard the cry, but this time it was fainter, and after that the silence was undisturbed. Alive to the importance of utilizing every moment of time, Ringbrand returned to his work; but the expiring glimmer of the hope raised by the answering shout left a feeling of depression which would have unmanned him had he known that one of the searching miners had actually looked down into the cavern at the moment when he was climbing down from the first step of his problematical stair.

Fitting the first round of the ladder from the solid standing ground offered by the bottom of the cave was much easier than the adjustment of the second, but Ringbrand had his plans well thought out now, and he worked carefully and methodically, saving the precious moments in every possible way. Climbing to a seat upon the round already placed, he hoisted the other piece of wood after him by means of the rope; and, balancing upon the precarious footing, he succeeded after many cautious trials in heaving out a resting place for the second step in his stairway. With the fixing of this round, however, the difficulties immediately doubled, because the subsequent steps must be fitted each from the slight scaffolding afforded by the other. Making a final trip to the floor of the cavern, Ringbrand tied one end of the rope to the pick, and carrying the other end with him, he ascended and fastened it to the first piece of wood. Then, climbing to the second, he repeated the former operation, dislodging the lower round by gentle upward blows with the swinging pick and drawing it up until he could grasp and raise it to a point still higher in the cavern. The plan was completely successful, but its slow progress consumed the time remorselessly, and the strain of work and anxiety began to tell upon him. He fought desperately against the rising fever of impatience, knowing well enough that everything now depended upon his ability to go on with persistent determination and with steady hands. As he neared the roof of the cavern, where the shadows were deeper, the difficulty of placing the cross-pieces increased so greatly that he grew faint and dizzy with lifting and reaching; and while he was raising the last step in the stair to its place between the walls, he suddenly became blind and tremulous, the heavy log slipped from his hands and went crashing to the bottom of the chasm, and a second afterward he lost his balance and followed it, catching frantically at the uneven walls as he slid back to the sandy floor.

The sharpest discouragement is sometimes a blessing in disguise. The shock of the fall and the apparent failure of his carefully laid plan seemed to inspire Ringbrand with an energy born of despair. Struggling to his feet, and gathering new courage from the thought that the other end of the rope was still fastened to the remaining round in the upper shadows, he lashed the stick that had fallen to the end to which the pick was attached, and climbed once more to the perch in the twilight under the roof. Filled with an enthusiasm which banished all thought of fatigue, he soon had the swaying log in his grasp again, and after a moment of critical poising the last step was wedged into its place and driven securely home by a few blows with the pick. Without waiting to test its stability, he swung up to the frail staging, drew the pick up after him, and balanced himself for the attack upon the roof. Just at this juncture the thought suddenly came to him that he had built his ladder upon the mere supposition that the roof was assailable, and an awful fear that instead of yielding earth he might encounter a huge boulder almost unnerved him. There was no time for hesitation, however, and, summoning all his strength, he swung the pick upward, giving a glad cry of relief and a hearty "Thank God!" when the iron tore a great hole through the thin covering, bringing down a shower of earth and pebbles upon him, and letting the blessed light of day into the gloomy shadows of the pit.

A minute later he was standing, begrimed and breathless, but heart whole and thankful, upon the firm turf of the mountain top; and, pausing only long enough to get his bearings, he set off at a quick trot toward Tregarthen, taking a straight course through the forest and keeping the direction by the red glow of the sunset.

XII. The leader of the unsuccessful party of searchers was just finishing his supper, in the intervals of which delayed meal he had been giving his wife a detailed narration of the events of the day. "And now I suppose I've got to go and put in the night at the McNabb," he added. "These raids have got to be stopped, if—"

Mrs. Ludlow held up a warning finger. "I thought that was our gate," she said, and presently they both heard the quick nervous tread of some one coming up the gravelled walk. Then there was a step on the veranda, and before either of them could rise a grimy apparition appeared at the door of the dining-room. Ludlow sprang to his feet with an exclamation of glad surprise.

"By Jove, old fellow, but you did give me a turn!" he exclaimed, grasping the apparition's hand and wringing it heartily. "I thought it was your ghost—I did, for a fact; and I believe the small madam thinks so yet.—Helen, dear, wake up and allow me to introduce Mr. Ringbrand."

up, laughing and crying in the same breath. "You foolish man!" she said, pushing her husband aside impetuously, "can't you see that Hugh's nearly dead?—and you stand there making your miserable jokes! Why don't you run for the doctor, quick?"

In spite of the dreadful secret which was weighing him down like a nightmare, Ringbrand dropped into the nearest chair and laughed till the tears cut little channels through the grime on his cheeks. "You mustn't mind me," he said, as soon as he could speak; "I haven't laughed for three whole days, and it sounds so good and homelike to hear you talk again. I don't want a doctor, Tom,"—Ludlow was edging toward the hatrack—"I need soap and water and something to eat. Mrs. Ludlow, I'm your guest, and I've lost ten consecutive meals. Please have Aunt Nina put the whole ten of them on the table, and I'll devour them when I've washed off a little of this war-paint."

Mrs. Ludlow vanished in the direction of the kitchen, and Ringbrand rose and grasped his friend's arm. "Tom, you come upstairs with me while I clean up a bit, and I'll tell you what I can. There's work cut out for both of us to-night, with not any too much time to spare."

Ludlow followed him upstairs, asking: "Shall I turn on the water in the bathroom for you?"

"No; there isn't time for that; but you may open those valves and get me a whole clean outfit—the black suit with the cutaway will do."

He got out of his soiled clothing hurriedly, throwing the different articles all about the trim room and hastily recounting the story of his capture, imprisonment and escape, and concluded by giving an outline of the plot against the Latimers as set forth in the conversation between the two men in the cave.

"Great heavens! but it's lucky you overheard that talk," ejaculated Ludlow, pausing in his aimless search among the contents of the traveling-bags.

"It's something more than luck, Tom," replied Ringbrand, sluicing his face in the basin; "it's Providence, or else I shouldn't be here to tell about it."

"I have, and it needs your help. As soon as I've had something to eat we'll drive up to 'The Laurels,' and then you can take the first opportunity that offers to get the colonel by himself while you tell him about it. He can tell Henry quietly, and there'll be no need of alarming Miss Hoester. After she has gone to bed we'll hold a council of war, put out the lights, and dispose our forces so as to give the Bynums a warm welcome when they come; they'll not make the attempt much before midnight, and we will have plenty of time to get ready for them."

"Hadn't we better take a few of the men with us—the Bynum boys'll fight like devils when they find themselves cornered."

"I think it won't be necessary;—can't you find that suit? You see, there'll be four of us, and if you can manage to capture the one who is to hold the horses, I think the colonel and Henry and myself will be good for the other two. I had thought of suggesting something like this: They will leave the horses in the grove at the left of the avenue, and you can post yourself where you can slip up and surprise your man. Then the others will proceed to fire the house—probably at the front, retreating to the cover of the clump of laurels to await developments. For the sake of having a clear case of arson against them, I thought it would be best to wait until they had actually started the fire, and while they are doing this I can get behind the laurels and the colonel and Henry can prepare to cover the men with their rifles as they retreat. At the proper moment I can show myself and demand a surrender, and we'll have them pretty well surrounded."

Ludlow rose from his knees and proceeded to dump the contents of the valises upon the bed, whistling softly to himself as he did so. "The scheme's as clear as diluted daylight, and it's worthy of a graduate of Scotland Yard," he said. "There's only one point that's a little misty; you've given yourself a part that'll ask for a heap of downright cold-blooded nerve, Hugh. What have you done with your respected traditions of inherent cowardice, and the like?"

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. J. E. McCormick returned last night from the Willamette valley.

Mrs. Lang and daughter, Miss Annie, left this afternoon for Portland on the local train.

Fred Snipes and Wm. Michelbach returned home yesterday after a week spent at the Meadows.

Mr. Harry Haupehire has returned from a vacation spent at Long Beach communing with the wild, wild waves.

Mrs. C. W. Phelps will return from Hood River this evening, after a two months' absence in the mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Gray of Salem are in the city, the guests of Mr. Gray's sister, Mrs. J. M. Patterson.

Mr. Walter Moore is in the city.

Mr. A. J. McHaley drove in today.

Mr. T. A. Hudson left this afternoon for Sea View.

Messrs. J. A. Gulliford and A. J. Brigham are in town today.

Mrs. Dan Malarkey of Portland came up yesterday and returned on the local today.

Miss Mabel Biddell left for Stevenson this morning to join the large camping party there.

Mrs. J. N. Burgess came in from Bakeoven yesterday and returned on this morning's stage.

Mrs. A. M. Williams, her daughter Florence, and two sons left for Portland on the Regulator this morning.

Mr. D. M. French returned this afternoon from Fossil. He reports his brother, Smith, to be better. Dr. Howard giving his assurance that he is out of danger. Mr. French has been a very sick man.

MOESER FINDINGS.

MOESER, Or., Aug. 4, 1896.

EDGEE CHRONICLE.

Dr. Watt of Hood River called here on professional business.

Miss Dollie Mosier returned home from a visit to Portland on Saturday.

Messrs. A. Root and Lee Evans have been busy shipping peach plums for the past week and expect to finish about Thursday. They report the yield light, but of first quality.

Another "hop" was hugely enjoyed last Tuesday evening on a hastily constructed platform at the depot. Among those present we noted Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Mosier, Mr. and Mrs. J. Carter, Mr. and Mrs. F. Widener, Misses Maud and Verne Smith, Daisy Hastings, Lillie Widener, Lizzie Eben, Mrs. H. Hardesty, Messrs. Koontz, McFarlane, Cook, Gibson, Lamb, McKenzie, Meeks, Howard, Pennington and others whose names your correspondent did not gather.

Some of the solid Democracy of Mosier are wondering if the leaders are going to give them a candidate to vote for this fall, or if it is to choose between a Populist, Republican or stay at home.

NOVUS HOMO.

End of the Institute.

The teachers' institute closed today a very pleasant and profitable month's session. Though the earlier part of it was during the excessive hot weather, conducive to a very languid interest, for the past two weeks it has been delightful. The attendance has steadily grown and the interest was remarkable. Those who have attended the institute throughout have gained the most, and may congratulate themselves, whatever has been the sacrifice. However, those who have attended only a day or two have gained some ideas which will be of lasting benefit, and will repay them for the effort expended.

The institute has been in the hands of capable instructors and the teachers have worked with a will, making the long session one which will always be remembered with pleasure. That they themselves realize their profit is manifest by the unusually long and comprehensive vote of thanks which they took before adjourning.

INSTITUTE RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That we, the teachers of Wasco county, Oregon, in institute assembled, feel it our duty, and do hereby acknowledge the obligations we are under to Supt. C. L. Gilbert for his untiring efforts to make the institute both pleasant and profitable to all.

Resolved, That we desire in this manner to express our appreciation of the efficient work, and also of the superior instructions we have received from Instructors Ackerman, Gavin, Shelley and Hill.

Resolved, That we hereby tender our thanks to the board of education of Dalles City for their kindness in granting to us the use of their high school building; and also to Mr. Glasius for his promptness and courtesy in discharging the duties of janitor.

Resolved, That we take this opportunity of returning our thanks to the citizens of The Dalles, and especially to the press of the city, for the kind and courteous treatment we have received at their hands during our sojourn among them.

J. H. HILL, LOUISE RINTOUL, FLOBA BASSONI, Committee.

"Mamma, was that a sugar-plum you just gave me?" asked little Mabel. "No, dear, it was one of Dr. Ayer's Pills."

"Please, may I have another?" "Not now, dear; one of those nice pills is all you need at present, because every dose is effective."

A Problem in Discipline and How It Was Solved.

Corporal punishment may be abolished from the public school, and some believe the panacea is to be found in the following, which is copied from the "Western Teacher."

There was trouble down at Podunk, not a teacher could be found. Although the district fathers had searched the county round. There were pedagogues in plenty, but never one so rash as to undertake the Podunk school though sore in need of cash.

The schoolhouse stood deserted, its scarred and battered doors, creaked idly on its hinges and the dust lay on the floor.

While through the broken window where a boy had flung a stone, the squirrels scampered in and out and made the place their own.

At last the school committee found a plucky little maid, who thought she could teach the school, and didn't seem afraid, and told her awful stories of the trouble there had been. So, though they felt misgivings, they engaged her there and then.

The big boys held a meeting up in Farmer Brown's hay-loft to discuss the situation. "Wonder if they think you're soft?" No stunk-up city schoolman can lord it over us. So they put their heads together and planned to "make a fix."

The school began on Monday and, when they'd looked the little tow-head urchins and the girls in pinafores, the rosy country maidens and the boys who worked the farms, all started for the schoolhouse with books and slates in arms.

At nine the school was started and the teacher worked with vim. Each urchin in the schoolroom felt her eye was fixed on her. Her quiet air of mastery made them all afraid to "shirk."

And where they realized the fact each one was hard at work. The school ran on like clock-work, with a hum of healthy noise, and the teacher—fatal error—almost forgot those boys.

In a corner of the blackboard with a class upon the floor, she turned her back one moment—and the school was in a roar.

'Twas the deacon's boy, Jem Saunders, the oldest of them all; A stalwart, young backwoodsman, and nearly six feet tall. He had waited till her back was turned, then he seized the boy in front of him and daubed his face with ink.

The teacher turned as swift as light; her voice was sweet and clear. Though her heart was beating wildly, "James Saunders, please come here," he laughed and kept his place. So she walked across the schoolroom, and the two stood face to face.

For a moment both were silent, and with suspirated breath. The scholars turned to watch them; her face grew pale as death. Then she had an inspiration as she stood and faced him there. And before he could defend himself, she—blessed him fair and square.

It wasn't "pedagogical," she hadn't thought it out. But the effect was awful on that bashful country lout. The fiery crimson mounted to his neck, and he hid his face in both his hands and then burst into tears.

And from that day, Jem Saunders was a model for the school; He studied like a hero, and he never broke a rule. The other boys poked fun at first, and called him "Jem Milkop"; But when he'd "schmussed" three or four, the rest were glad to stop.

The story spread like wildfire through all the mill and store and "meetin'." It was talked of far and wide; And some folks took, as some folks will, a depressing view. But the deacon muttered softly, "I guess that gal'll dew."

LENGVOI.

Now, if you seek a moral where none was meant to be, You must look below the surface, for the moral's hard to see. Remember "Truth lies in a well," and don't make the mistake Of kissing all your big bad boys for "pedagogy's" sake.

MR. DIVERS TALKS PROSPERITY.

James Divers has returned from the famous British Columbia mining district, and tells of probably the most prosperous region of country in North America today. Mr. Divers was formerly engineer of the electric light company at The Dalles. During his absence he has developed and owns four good mining properties, and expects to realize \$10,000 from their sale. These are located near Nelson and Deer Park. The latter place is a new camp which is filling up rapidly. On his return trip he passed through Roslyn, and found there is now 7,000 people there. The LeRoy mine has just declared another 5 per cent dividend, amounting to \$25,000, making \$200,000 altogether. While absent he met Mr. G. M. Sterling and Mr. F. T. Esping, both well known residents of The Dalles. Both are doing well and have all the work they can attend to, at good wages. Mr. Divers says the great need at the mining camps is lumber. For want of it hundreds of families are living in tents, who would suffer from cold were the season farther advanced. There is plenty of timber in the neighborhood, but little mill machinery. A sawmill of ordinary capacity could clear \$10,000 within a year.

GOOD HOSE PURCHASED.

The fire and water committee of the city council ordered 500 feet of hose of the Maltese Cross brand yesterday. The kind ordered is 45 pounds to the length, 4-ply hose, with 5-ply capped ends, coupling 7½ threads to the inch. The hose is guaranteed to stand a pressure of 350 lbs to the square inch. There is no better hose than the Maltese Cross. It has been the standard hose for many years, and has more fine points than any other brand known to the writer. It is manufactured by the Gatta Percha Mfg. Co. Six or seven years ago the city purchased some of the same brand, and Engineer Brown informs a reporter that it is now in better condition, is more serviceable and far safer to use than other kinds which have been purchased since that time. The hose purchased, while admirable for tournament purposes, was not bought on that account, but for service, wear and tear

and actual use. Its good qualities consist in being lighter to handle, more of it can be carried on the cart, it reels closer and does not crack. The Maltese Cross is an ideal hose for all purposes.

Advertised Letters.

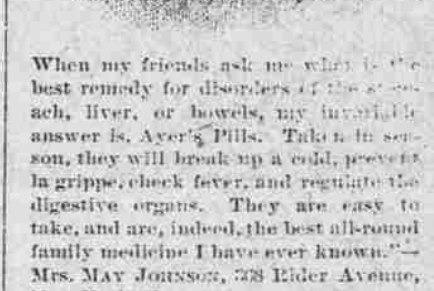
Following is the list of letters remaining in the postoffice at The Dalles un-called for Aug. 8, 1896. Persons calling for the same will give date on which they were advertised:

- Allason, Allen
Brown, Mrs E J
Coyne, Miss Bell
Donee, E
Dorris, G W
Elvairia, Manuel
Gilmore, Mrs Anna
Hall, Holbert P
Hawbaker, Chas
Howard, T
Kaatz, Frank
Lewis, Jas
Lower, Miss Rachel
Merton, Jennie
Murphy, Josephine
Neelson, Miss Segried
Moore, Wm (2)
Renton, Thos
Staeck, Christina(2)
Vineyard, M M
Ward, H B
Wilson, Gordon
Brown, Mrs E J
Coyne, Miss Bell
Donee, E
Dorris, G W
Elvairia, Manuel
Gilmore, Mrs Anna
Hall, Holbert P
Hawbaker, Chas
Howard, T
Kaatz, Frank
Lewis, Jas
Lower, Miss Rachel
Merton, Jennie
Murphy, Josephine
Neelson, Miss Segried
Moore, Wm (2)
Renton, Thos
Staeck, Christina(2)
Vineyard, M M
Ward, H B
Wilson, Gordon
J. A. CROSSEN, P. M.

THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINE

Has Ever Known. Words of Praise from a New York Lady for AYER'S PILLS

"I would like to add my testimony to that of others who have used Ayer's Pills, and to say that I have taken them for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. For stomach and liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equalled."



When my friends ask me what is the best remedy for disorders of the stomach, ach, liver, or bowels, my invariably answer is, Ayer's Pills. Taken in season, they will break up a cold, prevent the grippe, check fever, and regulate the digestive organs. They are easy to take, and are, indeed, the best all-round family medicine I have ever known."

AYER'S PILLS

Highest Honors at World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla Cures all Blood Disorders.

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Wasco County executor of the last will and testament of James McGehee, deceased. All persons having claims against the estate of said deceased are hereby notified to present the same to me at my office in Dalles City, Oregon, with the proper vouchers therefor, within six months from the date hereof.

Meals at All Hours

From 6 a. m. to 10 p. m.

Board, \$3 to \$4 per week

at Mrs. C. Nelson & Co.'s.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS

A Mild Purgative. One Pill for a Dose. A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headaches, brighten the Eyes, and clear the complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 50c. Sold everywhere. DR. BOGANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

THE DALLES COMMISSION CO., Commission Merchants.

Fruits, Vegetables and Produce RECEIVED ON CONSIGNMENT

Prompt returns and best prices guaranteed. All kinds of Fruit and Vegetable Boxes and Crates furnished to shippers at lowest rates. Call and see us before making shipments. Corner Second and Washington Sts., The Dalles, Or.

MAIER & BENTON

Are now located on Second Street, opposite A. M. Williams & Co., with a complete line,

PLUMBING AND TINNING A SPECIALTY.

167 Second Street, THE DALLES, OREGON



BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood, require the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nerve in at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy especially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womanhood at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she looks well and she feels well.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, of Danvers, Vermont, writes: "A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman, who is troubled with 'woman's ills,' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

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.

Administrator's Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will, on Saturday, the 8th day of August, 1896, at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon of said day at the front door of the county courthouse in Dalles City, Wasco Co., Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following described real estate belonging to the estate of C. V. Lane, late of Wasco County, Oregon, and now deceased, to-wit: Lots one (1) and two (2) and eleven (11) and twelve (12) and the north half of lots three (3) and ten (10) in block (8) in Birds Second Addition to the town of Antelope, in Wasco County, Oregon, said real estate will be sold subject to a mortgage thereon in favor of W. Bolton & Co., dated October 3, 1895, for the sum of \$335.50, and interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from said date. Dated at Dalles City, Or., this 21st day of July, 1896.

Notice of Final Account.

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 14th, 1896, at which time a hearing will be had as to any and all objections to such 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. j63-64h