

A RACE WITH DEATH

Translated from the French
by Giselle D'Unger.

"YOU are a dead man!" said the doctor, regarding Anatole fixedly.

Anatole was staggered by this announcement. He had come to pass the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious scholar, recognized by all the world as an authority on poisonous substances. But Anatole had learned to appreciate, more than all, the nobility of heart and fatherly kindness of the good old doctor, and now, without consideration or regard for his feelings he heard from his own lips this terrible prognostication.

"Unfortunate child!" continued the doctor, "what have you been doing?" "Nothing that I know," stammered Anatole, deeply troubled.

"Think! try to remember! Tell me what you have eaten, drank or inhaled!" This last word proved a ray of light for Anatole. The same morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was touring in India. In the letter he found a flower gathered from the bank of the Ganges by the voyager, a red flower of fantastic shape, and the odor, he recalled now, was peculiarly penetrating. Anatole searched in his pocketbook and found the letter and the flower, which he showed to the learned man.

"Without doubt!" cried the doctor. "It is the Pyramenensis indica, the death flower, the flower of the blood!" "You believe this truly?" "I am positive of it."

"But it is not possible! I am but 25 years of age. I am full of life and health!"

"At what hour did you open this fatal letter?"

"At nine o'clock this morning."

"Ah, well! At the same hour tomorrow morning, at the same minute, in full health, as I say, you will experience certain palpitation in the heart, and all will be over."

"And you know of no remedy?"

"Not one!" returned the doctor, hiding his head in his hands, and he fell upon the sofa, overcome with grief and despair.

Seeing the emotion of his old friend, Anatole realized that he was condemned to die. He became like one insane.

All night, in a fever of agitation, his brain topsy-turvy, Anatole darted up and down the boulevard, unconscious of his surroundings and that the streets were gradually becoming deserted. For a long while he ran thus until he fell exhausted on a bench.

The rest was beneficial. He had been like a man who had received a blow on the head. The stupefaction was leaving now and he commenced to collect his ideas which had been so overthrown.

"My situation," thought he, "is that I am condemned to die! I must accept this without hope, but with grace. How much time have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock a. m. It is time to go to bed. I rest? Should I sleep these last few hours? No. I have certainly much to do—but what? Parbleu! My will to make."

A restaurant was near that remained open all night. He entered.

"Waiter! A bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass of Cluot and then looked at the paper dreamily.

"To whom shall I leave this legacy of 6,000 francs a year? I have neither father nor mother. It is fortunate for them. Among all whom I count as friends, I know not one—ah! Nicette."

The last wishes were quickly written and all was bequeathed to Nicette.

It was done. Anatole drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette!" thought he. "She was very and the last time that I saw her. Her guardian, who knows naught of the world except those musicians, those brass blowers at the Conservatoire—was not prudent in promising her hand to one so brutal whom she detests. Indeed, she detests him as much as she loves another, if I am at all learned in those plain avowals of reticence and embarrassment. Who is the happy mortal? I am ignorant, but it is certainly true that she is well worthy of the one whom she has chosen. Good, sweet, beautiful, loving Nicette merits an ideal husband. Ah! she is just the wife I should have if—"

It is infamous to force, to degrade the life of such a treasure with such a brute. Why should I not be the chevalier of Nicette? It is said that tomorrow morning—to-morrow it will be too late. I must act now. It is a little unreasonable to call, but when I am told that I will die in five hours I care little for such conventionalities. Come! My life for Nicette!"

It was four a. m. when Anatole rang the bell at the door of the guardian of Nicette. M. Bouvard himself came to the door in his night cap, and very much frightened.

"Am I right in supposing you have caused me this inconvenience to communicate something of importance to me?"

"Very important, M. Bouvard. It is that I wish you to renounce the marriage of my little cousin Nicette to M. Capdenac."

"Never! monsieur. Never!"

"It is not necessary to say never nor always."

"Monsieur, my resolution is made, the marriage will take place."

"It will not!"

"We shall see! And now that you have my answer, I will not detain you."

"This is a little more amiable. I am right if a little tenacious. I am not offended at your actions and I remain."

"Remain if you wish. I consider you as having gone, and I speak no more." And M. Bouvard turned away grumbling.

All at once M. Bouvard leaped for his bed.

Anatole had secured the professor's trombone, upon which he blew a violent blast loud and deafening. It sounded as if the inferno had broken loose.

"My trombone of honor presented by my pupil! Put down the instrument, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me as one gone. I consider you as one absent and I am amusing myself until you return. Heint! a fine note!"

"You will have me put out. My landlord will not tolerate the trombone for a minute!"

"M. Capdenac is a terrible man! If I insult him thus, he will kill me!"

"Is this the only reason?"

"It is the reason above all others."

"In that case leave it to me; swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capdenac my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word of honor. You will permit me to retire. Apropos, where does M. Capdenac live?"

"One hundred Rue des Deux-Epees."

"I run at once. Au revoir."

"Bah! You run to throw yourself into the mouth of the lion and you will receive the lesson you merit."

Meanwhile, Anatole ran to the address given him. When he arrived it was six o'clock a. m.

"Who comes?" said a deep voice.

"Open. A communication of importance from M. Bouvard."

The walls of the antechamber appeared to vanish under the numerous accouterments. In the little room where Capdenac received his visitor nothing but arms was seen; Turkish swords or yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabers, swords for one and two hands, pistols, etc. A veritable arsenal. It was enough to cause a timid soul much dismay.

"Bah!" thought Anatole. "What is it that I risk? there are but 2½ hours left now!"

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you wish to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Oui, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you cannot marry her!"

"Ah, young man!" he said, finally. "You have the good luck to find me in a pleasant mood. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought 20 times, and that I have had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries and to wound 15 others? Go! I pity your youth. Once more, go!"

"I know," said Anatole, "of your reputation and that you are an adversary worthy of me, and my desire is to measure swords with so redoubtable an adversary. Will you take the two swords from the mantle? or the two naval hatchets? or the cavalry sabers? or the cuirassiers weapons? What do you say to these curved yatagans? You have not decided? What will you do?"

"I like your bravery. Do you wish me to acknowledge something?"

"Speak."

"For some time I have wished to give up this marriage, but I did not know how it would be understood. I consent, then, very willingly, to your wish, but I wish you to understand that I have not been intimidated by your menaces."

"Will you write and sign your decision?"

"I have such admiration for you that I can refuse you nothing."

Supplied with the precious paper, Anatole ran to the house of M. Bouvard. He arrived at the door at eight a. m.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

M. Bouvard opened it. Anatole delivered the paper to him, and cried as he ran to the door:

"Cousin, rise and dress quickly and come here!"

Almost instantly Nicette appeared as fresh as Aurora.

"What is it?"

"It is that your cousin is mad!" said M. Bouvard.

"Mad!" cried Anatole, "but, remember, Nicette, that my madness is for good to you. This night, my little cousin, I have obtained two things: M. Capdenac has renounced your hand and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry the one you love."

"Truly? My guardian, you wish that I marry Anatole?"

"Hein!" said Anatole, in amazement. "It is you I love, my cousin."

At this moment Anatole felt his heart palpitate violently. Was it the pleasure caused by this unexpected avowal of Nicette? Was it the anguish predicted by the doctor? Was it death?

Taking feverishly the hands of Nicette, he told her all; the letter he received, the flower he inhaled, the prognostication of his old friend, the will he wrote, the measures taken and the success obtained.

"And now that I have perfected all, I must die!"

"But it is not possible!" said Nicette.

"The physician is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never deceived, Nicette. Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard, suddenly, beginning to laugh. "Listen while I read my journal: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has unexpectedly become afflicted with a mental malady. The madness is an attack of scientific character. All know the doctor was occupied especially with diseases relative to venomous substances and the effect of poisons. He believed finally that all whom he met were poisoned and tried to persuade them to this belief. He has been transported this night to the maison du docteur Blanche or home for the insane.'"

The two young people embraced each other ardently.—Radford Review.

A Surprise Party.

At the residence of Mr. Geo. Osborn of Culver, a number of young people gave his daughter Miss Lula a surprise party Friday, Jan. 10. The evening was spent playing a variety of games. At 10:30 o'clock a fine lunch was spread on the dining room table to which all did ample justice. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hahn, Mr. Wilson, Misses Bessie Wilson, Myrtle Loveland, Betta Feck, Daisy McCallister, Lulu Osborn, Lettie Armstrong, Maud Osborn, Fannie Osborn, Mewar Ward Lamson, Rob Osborn, Carl Windom, Ralph Armstrong, Gies Loveland, Harry Windom, Roy McCallister, Fred McDowell, Arthur Baker, C. H. Gritton. At an early hour in the morning the merry crowd departed for their several homes, wending their way through a heavy fog.

Price Paragraphs.

Bob Bigsby passed through here on his way to Prineville.

Every one of this section has the present of a very bad cold.

This weather is the finest ever any one seen this time of year.

James Hays, of Silver Lake, made us a pleasant call last week.

Charles Houston, of Bear creek, spent the holidays with friends on this side.

The Price stage line is under the successful management of Tim Gibson, of Post.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Long passed through here recently on their way to the Butte ranch.

A small party from Price attended the dance at Paulina New Years. They report a very fine time and a nice supper.

Jan. 7, 1902. JUNCO.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that my wife, Missouri A. Barnard, having left my bed and board against my will and consent, I will not be responsible for any bills or expenses she may hereafter contract or incur.

J. D. BARNARD.

J. W. BOONE.

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PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon.
January 10, 1902.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before J. C. Smith, County Clerk, at Prineville, Oregon, on Friday, February 21, 1902, viz:

Edward L. Moore, of Sisters, Oregon, H. E. No. 7730 for the NE 1/4 NW 1/4 and S. 1/4, Sec. 34, T. 15 S., R. 11 E., W. M.

He claims the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz:

James Hattaway, of Sisters, Oregon; Robert McGowan, of Sisters, Oregon; Jeremiah Crum, of Sisters, Oregon; William E. Burkhard, of Sisters, Oregon.

JAY P. LUCAS.

Register.

The
Bee
Hive.



The
Place
To Save
Money.

We thank the consumers of Crook County for the liberal patronage during the year 1901.

During the dull months of January and February we shall run a 5 and 10c Bargain Counter where odds and ends, which are always forgotten, can be picked up very cheaply.

Mens, Ladies and Childrens Mackintoshes are sold at a greatly reduced price.

Random Wool Drawers for men while they last, reduced to 50c a pair.

A splendid variety of Mens and Boys Duck Leggings. Will keep out snow and keep you warm. Boys, 40 and 50c a pair; Mens, 75c and \$1.00 a pair.

Don't forget that we keep the Celebrated Klondike Plug Cut Smoking Tobacco always on hand, and no other house has it. OUR OWN BRAND, a comfortable smoke and wont burn the tongue. 1 lb tins 50c, full weight; 1-2 lb tins 25c, full weight.

If you want a good 5c smoke we have a big variety to choose from. Every known brand is kept here for sale.

A share of your patronage respectfully solicited.

MICHEL & KISSER.

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We carry a full line of

FANCY GOODS

Of all kinds at prices VERY LOW.

Gentlemen and Ladies Shoes, former price \$2.50, now selling at \$1.50. \$3.00, now at \$2.10. \$4.00, now at \$2.75. \$5.50, now at \$3.90. \$6.00, now at \$4.00.

For 30 Days Only.

Ladies Heavy Fleece Lined Vests, special at 30c.

Ladies Dress Skirts at \$1.10.

Ladies Silk Flowered Handkerchiefs 17c each, 3 for 50c.

Misses Mackintoshes at \$1.95.

We have 300 pairs of Ladies Shoes. Your choice for 50c per pair.

We have Crockery and Notions, Fancy goods of all kinds.

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Deputy Stock Inspectors.

Notice is hereby given that I have appointed the following named persons deputy stock inspectors:

J. P. Cartwright,	Hay Creek,
Sam Hamilton,	Ashwood,
E. Sparks,	Sisters,
A. Morrow,	Haystack,
F. M. Smith,	Paulina,
Roscoe Knox,	Post,
T. C. Swain,	Bear Creek,
J. S. Beggs,	Rayland,
Alex McIntosh,	Hanula,
J. P. VanHouten,	Hay Creek,

Joe Hinkle,
Stock Inspector Crook County.