

MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS.
JULIAN HAWTHORNE Copyrighted by J. Appleton & Co. Published by Special Arrangement, 1892.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
 Chapter I. The Gainsborough family diamonds are reset by Herr Rudolph, a lapidary in Paris. Tom Gainsborough is to carry them to his mother in Rome. II.—A chance hotel acquaintance of Tom's, Mr. Birchmore, takes an interest in the gems. III.—Tom goes via Germany and Switzerland. At Dresden he makes another chance acquaintance, Miss Birchmore, on the way to Switzerland to meet her father. IV. Tom and Miss Birchmore travel in company, and at Shandau, Saxony, light upon Mr. Birchmore and his villainous looking valet, Slurg. Tom is in love with Kate and displays the diamonds.

"Oh, Tom! But then you cannot have just myself alone. Nobody in the world is independent of everything—not even an American—not even an American girl who has lived seven years in a convent! I may not be able to bring you anything good—anything that would make me more acceptable; but what if I were to bring you something bad—something terrible—something that would make you shudder at me if I were ten times as lovable as you say I am?"

"Why, then I should have to love you twenty times more than ever. I suppose, that's all!" I answered with a laugh.

"You don't mean what you say—at least, you don't know what you say. You are not so brave as you think you are, sir! What do you know of me?" She spoke these sentences in a lower, graver tone than the previous ones, which had been uttered in a vein of half wayward, fanciful playfulness. Almost immediately, however, she roused herself again, as though unwilling to let lightsome humor escape so soon.

"Well, let us pretend that you have married me, for better or worse, and that it is all settled. Now, where will you take me to first?"

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Oh, it must be somewhere where nobody could come after us!" she exclaimed, with a curious, subdued laugh. "Nobody that either of us have ever known; neither your mother, nor my father, nor—nor—anybody! And there we must stay always, because as soon as we came out we should lose each other and never find each other again. And that would be sadder than never to have met, wouldn't it?"

"But my darling Kate," interposed I, laughing again, "where on earth in this age of railways and steamboats and telegraphs and balloons are we to find such a retired spot? Unless we took a voyage to the moon, or could find our way down to the center of the earth, we should hardly feel safe, I fear!"

"Oh, well, you must arrange about that, only it is as I tell you, and you see marrying me is not such a simple matter after all. Well, now, suppose we have reached the place, wherever it is—what would you give me for a wedding present?"

"What would you like?"

"No; you are to decide that. It wouldn't be proper for your wife to choose her own wedding present, you know."

"I believe such a thing does sometimes happen, though, when the people are very fashionable and aristocratic."

"But I am not aristocratic; I am an American. Now, what will you give me?"

"What do you say to the diamonds?"

"Well, I think I will take the diamonds," she said, meditatively as though weighing the question in her mind. "Yes, papa said I might wear diamonds after I was married. But might not your mother object?"

"Not when she knows what they are for, and at any rate she is going to leave me to me in her will."

"Oh! and you expect that the news of our marriage will kill her?"

"It ought rather to give her a new lease of life. But you shall have the diamonds all the same. Will you try them on now?"

"Why, have you got them with you?"

"Certainly; I always carry them in this pocket."

"How careless! You might lose them."

"No; the pocket buttons up—see!" and turning back the flap of my coat I showed her how all was made secure.

"But what if robbers were to attack you?"

"Then I should talk to them with this," I rejoined, taking my revolver from another pocket and holding it up.

"Oh, that's a Derringer! They have those in America. What a pretty one! Let me look at it."

"No," said I, replacing it in my pocket. "It has a hair trigger and every barrel is loaded. You shall look at something much prettier and not dangerous at all. Here, sit down on this stump and take off your hat and I'll put them on for you."

The stump of which I spoke stood at the end of the path we had been following, and within a few rods of the brink of a precipitous gorge, which entered the side of the steep mountain spur nearly at right angles. Across this gorge (which, though seventy to one hundred feet in depth, was scarcely more than half as wide as the top) a wooden bridge had formerly been thrown; but age or accident had broken it down until only a single horizontal beam remained, spanning the chasm from side to side, and supported by three or four upright and transverse braces. The beam itself was scarcely nine inches in width, and the whole structure was a dizzy thing to look at. My nerves were trained to steadiness by a good deal of gymnastic experience, but it would have needed a strong inducement to get me across that beam on foot.

Kate sat down on the stump as directed, but her manner had become languid and indifferent; the brightness and sparkle of her late mood were gone. As she looked up at me her level eyebrows were slightly contracted and the corners of her mouth drooped. Her hands were folded listlessly in her lap. She was dressed in some soft white material, through which was visible the warm gleam of her arms and shoulders, the skirt was caught up in such a way as to allow freedom in walking; she wore a broad brimmed white hat over her black

hair, a yellow sash confined her waist and her hands were bare. I untied the ribbon of her hat, she permitting me to do so without resistance, and then kneeling before me I unbuttoned the diamonds from her pocket and laid them, in their case, upon her lap.

"Now, dear, shall I put them on you, or will you do it yourself?"

She opened the case and the gems flashed in the checkered sunshine that filtered down between the leaves of the trees. The sight seemed to rouse her somewhat; a faint spot of color showed in either cheek, and she drew in a long breath.

"They are splendid!" she said. "I never saw anything like them. No your mother would need to die before giving up these."

"They won't look their best until you have put them on. Come!"

"Oh, I'm afraid! What if—"

"What if some one were to come and see—"

"Nonsense, my darling! There's no one within half a mile of us; and if there were they would only see a lovely girl looking her loveliest."

"How nicely you talk to me! Well, then—you put them on me. I won't touch them myself."

The parure consisted of a necklace and a pair of earrings. I lifted them, flashing, from the case; clasped the necklace around her throat, she sitting motionless, and hung the earrings in her ears. A light that matched their marvelous gleam seemed to enter into her eyes as I did so.

"You and these diamonds were made for each other!" I said; and bending forward I kissed her on the lips.

For more than a minute she sat there quite still, I kneeling in front of her while we were looking straight into each other's eyes. Then all at once a troubled, anxious look came into her face. She rose with a startled gesture to her feet.

"Hush! hush! did you hear?"

"What's the matter?" cried I, jumping up in surprise.

"Hush! some one calling—calling me!"

"Again that strange fancy! What did it mean? I could not repress a certain thrill at the heart as I gazed at her. It was very weird and strange."

As I gazed a singular change crept over her. Her face was now quite colorless, and its pallor was intensified by the blackness of her mystical eyes. Those eyes slowly grew fixed—immovable, as if frozen. The lids trembled for a moment, then drooped, then lifted again to their widest extent and so remained. Her lips, slightly parted, showed the white teeth set edge to edge behind them. The rigidity descended through her whole body; she was like a marble statue. She breathed low and deeply as one who is in profound slumber.

"Kate! what has happened to you?" I cried in alarm, putting my hand on her shoulder. Her arm was fixed like iron. She seemed to hear nothing, feel nothing. She was as much beyond any power of mine to influence her as if she had been dead. The diamonds that glittered on her bosom were not more in sensible than she.

I must confess that I was somewhat unnerved by the situation. Kate was evidently in some sort of trance, but what had put her into that state, and now was she to be got out of it? For a moment I knew it might be the prelude to a fit or other seizure of that nature, involving consequences dangerous if not fatal. In the bewilderment of the moment the only remedy that I could think of was cold water; to dash her with water might be of use, and scarcely make matters worse. About thirty paces from where we were standing a small rill meandered among the roots of the trees and trickled at last in a tiny cascade down the rocky side of the gorge. Toward this I ran, and stooping down attempted to scoop up some of the refreshing element in the crown of my straw hat.

Rising with the dripping hat in my hands I turned to go back, but the sight that then met my eyes caused me to drop everything and spring forward with a gasp of horror.

Moving as if in obedience to some power external or at least foreign to herself as a mechanical figure might move, steadily and deliberately and yet blindly, Kate had advanced directly toward the narrow chasm, and when I first beheld her she already seemed balancing on the brink. Before I could cover half the distance that separated me she had set foot on the long beam which spanned the abyss, and had begun to walk along it. By the time I had reached the bitter end she was half way over stepping as composedly and securely as if she were on an ordinary sidewalk though the slightest deflection from a straight course would have sent her down a hundred feet to the jagged powder below.

Standing on the nether verge, every nerve so tensely strung that I seemed to hear the blood humming through my brain, I watched the passage of those small feet which I had admired that morning as they peeped coquettishly from beneath her dress in the railway carriage—I watched them pass, step after step along that awful beam. I suppose the transit must have been accomplished in less than a minute, but it seemed to me that I was watching it for hours. I uttered no sound lest it might rouse her from her trance and insure the catastrophe that else she might escape; I did not attempt to overtake her, fearful lest the beam should fall to support our united weight. I saw her pass on, rigid unbending but sure of foot as a rope dancer, and at last I saw her reach the opposite side and stand once more on solid earth preserved from death as it seemed by a miracle. I have no distinct recollection of how I followed. I only know that a few seconds afterward I was standing beside her with my arm around her waist.

I led her forward a few paces out of sight of the ravine the mere thought of which now turned me sick and brought her to a plot of soft turf beneath a tree with low spreading branches. The



Willamette Land Co. PORTLAND AND OREGON CITY, OR.

Have acre of prime trees. If set on prime land, will net several hundred dollars per year when large enough to bear.

Willamette Land Co.

OFFERS INDUCEMENTS TO

HOME SEEKERS

AND

INVESTORS.

We have lots 50x200 feet, 100x200 feet, all favorably located. These lots twice the ordinary size are but half the usual price of other lots similarly located. We have one-acre, two-acre, five and ten-acre tracts, suitable for suburban homes, convenient to town, schools, churches, etc., and of very productive soil. A large, growing "Prune Orchard," of which we will sell part in small tracts to suit purchasers, and on easy terms.

Call & See Us & Get Prices

AT OREGON CITY OFFICE, OR ON

ROBERT L. TAFT, at Portland Office,

No. 59 Stark St., PORTLAND.

WHEN THE FACE

Is constantly covered with eruptions, the need of a blood-purifier is plainly indicated. Washes and external applications are of no avail. The poison must be thoroughly eliminated from the system by stimulating the action of the liver and kidneys, which organs have become sluggish and ineffectual, thereby throwing upon the skin the unnatural work of cleansing the system of its impurities. What is needed is Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of blood medicines.

"My face for years was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this medicine effected a thorough cure. I can confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles." —Madison Parker, Concord, Vt.

"I had been troubled for some time with an eruption of the skin which, till I was induced to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, defied all efforts to cure. After taking two bottles of this medicine, the eruption began to disappear, and with the third bottle it left me entirely." —Louis Degenhardt, 125 Sumner Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Traveler for G. H. Buck & Co., Lithographers, 146 Centre St., New York.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
 PREPARED BY
 DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
 Sold by Druggists. 25¢ per bottle.

FERRY'S SEEDS
 THE SOWER HAS NO SECOND CHANCE.
 Have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—Merit Test.
 Ferry's Seed Annual for 1892 tells the whole Seed story—Sent free for the asking. Don't sow Seeds till you get it.
 D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

LEWIS ROGERS,
 CANBY, OREGON.

Candies, Nuts, Notions, Etc.
 Fine Tobaccos and Cigars.

Complete line of Holiday Goods at Portland prices.

F. F. WHITE. W. A. WHITE.
WHITE BROTHERS,
 Practical Architects & Builders

Will prepare plans, elevations, working details, and specifications for all kinds of buildings. Special attention given to modern cottages. Estimates furnished on application. Call on or address WHITE BROS., Oregon City, Ogo.

FRANK NELSON,
GUNSMITH AND LOCKSMITH
 Oregon City, Oregon.

Full Stock of Guns & Ammunition.
 Repairs on all kinds of small machines promptly made. Duplicate keys to any lock manufactured. Shop on Main Street, near Sixth.
 Oregon.

H. A. VORPAHL,
 General Blacksmithing and repairing.
 Wagon and Buggy Work a Specialty.
 Horseshoeing in a first class manner.
 Canby, Oregon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 13, 1892.
 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 the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on June 14, 1892, viz:
 Henry Velka,
 Homestead entry No. 696, for the s w 1/4 of sec 32, T. 5, R. 2 E.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 9, 1892.
 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 the Register and Receiver of the United States land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on June 7, 1892, viz: James F. Nelson, homestead entry 877, for the lot 2 and 3 of section 28, town 4 south, range 2 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George Hungate, Albert Pasold, F. Pasold and J. Vaughn, all of Molalla, Clackamas county, Oregon.
 J. T. APPERSON, Register.
 2-24-92

Final Settlement.

I hereby give notice that I have filed in the county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, my accounts and vouchers for final settlement, as administrator of the estate of Christian Wagley, deceased, and the court has appointed Tuesday, May 3, 1892, as the day for examination and settlement of the said accounts.
 LUTWIA WAGLEY,
 Administratrix of the estate of Christian Wagley, deceased.
 L. L. PORTER, Atty.
 Dated March 15, 1892. 4-14-92

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that my wife, Lydia D. Howlett, has without my consent left my bed and board, and the public is hereby warned against harboring or assisting her in any account, as I will not be responsible for bills of her contracting.
 JOHN S. HOWLETT,
 Eagle Creek, Oregon, April 1, 1892. 4-13-92

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, March 19, 1892.
 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 the Register and Receiver of the United States land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on May 10, 1892, viz: Robert McCain, homestead entry No. 6602, for the north 1/2 of the south west 1/4 of section 20, town 4 south, range 4 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Jesse Cox, Joshua Lyons, Michael Holland, Jacob Kerins, all of Springfield, Clackamas county, Oregon.
 J. T. APPERSON, Register.
 2-25-4-22

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the final account of the undersigned as executor of the estate of John Franke, deceased, has been filed in the county court of the state of Oregon, county of Clackamas. And the 2nd day of May, 1892, at 10 o'clock, a. m., has been set by said court for the final hearing of objections to said account and the settlement thereof. A. R. SHIPLEY, Executor of the estate of John Franke, deceased. Dated Oregon City, Or., March 24 1892. MILLER & MILLER, Attys. for Executor. 2-25-4-22

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, March 19, 1892.
 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 the Register and Receiver of the United States land office at Oregon City, Oregon, on May 9, 1892, viz: James Ward, homestead entry No. 6959 for the east 1/2 of north east quarter of section 9, town 4 south, range 4 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. M. Parrish, A. Harrington, E. Harrington, A. H. Felows, all of Highland post office, Clackamas county, Oregon.
 J. T. APPERSON, Register.
 2-25-4-22

Final Settlement.

I hereby give notice that I have filed in the county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, my accounts and vouchers for final settlement of the estate of Frederick Bookman, deceased, and the court has appointed Monday, the 2nd day of May, A. D., 1892, as the time for the examination and settlement of such accounts.
 MARY BOOKMAN,
 W. CARLY JOHNSON, Atty., Executor.