

**MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS.**  
 JULIAN HAWTHORNE  
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She put the lamp down on the table beside mine, and then stood quite still in the moonlight, her face wholly expressionless and without motion. It was an appalling thing to see her thus. I, too, remained motionless, but it was because I knew not what to do. To awaken her might bring on the worst consequences. If she were not disturbed, she might possibly retire as quietly and unconsciously as she had come. But the mystery of her being there at all appeared utterly inexplicable. What had led her, in her trance, to visit my room? How had she ever known where it was? What had she dreamed of doing here, and above all how had she contrived to enter through a bolted door with as much ease as though she had been a spirit? Perhaps this was but a spirit—or a phantom of my own brain? Was I awake?

She stretched out her hand, not following its motion with her eyes, but mechanically, and, as it were, involuntarily. She laid it on my coat—on the pocket which contained the diamonds. Then slowly and deliberately, and still with averted face and eyes and that long drawn, slumberous breathing, she unbuttoned the fastenings one after one, and her soft, tapering fingers closed upon the case.

Meanwhile my mind had been rapidly canvassing all the pros and cons of action, and I had come to the conclusion that it would be better for her that I should interfere. Of my personal interest in the matter I believe that I did not think. Indeed, knowing that the diamonds would not be lost, there was no reason why I should. But it would not do to risk compromising Kate. It was dangerous enough that she should be here at all, but that she should carry away the diamonds with her was inadmissible. I rose from my bed and laid my hand gently on her wrist.

She was so still, but warm flesh and blood. For a few moments the restraint in which I held her seemed to baffle and distress her. I fancied I could feel her pulse beat under my fingers; a kind of spasm crossed her face, her eyelids quivered and the eyes moved in their sockets. Then her breathing became irregular and caught in her throat in a kind of sob. The moment of awakening was evidently at hand, and I dreaded its coming, lest she should scream out and arouse the house. But fortunately she uttered no sound. Slowly speculation grew within her eyes, she fixed them on me, first with an expression of strange pleasure, soon changing to bewilderment and fear. Then with a cry that was none the less thrilling because it was a whisper she drooped forward into my arms. It was a delicious moment for all its peril.

"You are perfectly safe," I whispered in her ear, "only make no noise."

"Tom," she said, suddenly freeing herself from my arms and putting a hand on either shoulder, while her wild, black eyes searched my face, "you understand—you don't think?"

"Of course I understand, my poor darling!"

"What shall I do—what shall I do? Let me kill myself!"

With a motion swift as the glide of a serpent she reached toward the revolver, which I had left on the bed. I was barely in time to catch her arm. The look in the girl's face at that moment was terrible.

"Let me—I will!"

"Hush, Kate! You never shall."

"Oh, what shall I do?" she murmured again, slipping down on her knees and running both hands through her thick, black hair. "Tom, if you love me you will kill me!"

"Kate, every one in the house is asleep. You can go back to your room, and no one know. Only be calm."

"And no one know? You think that?"

"I am sure of it."

"I know better. Some one knows it now—be made it happen!"

"Don't kneel there, dear. You're not yourself yet. You don't know what you're saying."

I said this reassuringly, but her words had inspired me with a vague alarm that I ventured not to define. I brought a chair and made her sit upon it, and sat down beside her.

"Not here!" she whispered, drawing back out of the moonlight into the shadow. "Come here, Tom. He may be looking."

"Why, Kate, who can see us here? The door is shut."

"Oh—why was not the door bolted?"

"It was. I can't conceive how you opened it."

"Oh, the villain! how I hate him!"

"Kate, I love you, and whoever you hate must have to do with me."

"You can do nothing—no one can do anything—unless you'll help me to kill him!"

"Whom? Do you mean Slurk? Tell me that!"

"Yes!" she answered, with a shiver, not looking me in the face, but with her hands clasped tight between her knees. "I do mean—him!"

"Now tell me all that he has done, dear," said I quietly. "I must know everything, and then I promise you that you shall be freed from him."

"He is my master!" she said in a frightened whisper. "He has been so ever so long! He makes me do what he wills; he sent me here tonight. He shames me and destroys me—he loves to do it! He makes me sleep and then I can't help myself. I wake and find it done, and he has no mercy."

now, if any one were to run into one they might lie there for months without being found, and they could never get out of themselves. So now—listen! We will go up there—you and I and—he, and I will lead him near the brink of one of those clefts and then you must rush forward and take him and drop him down—down to the bottom! So we shall get what we want and yet there need be no murder."

"Not be murder, Kate?"

"It need not be, for when he is safe down there, rather than be left to starve, he would give up those papers. Don't you think he would?"

She was trembling with excitement, and her state communicated itself in some degree to me, so that I was scarcely able to think coherently. But there certainly seemed to be plausibility in her scheme; at the worst it would be better than shooting the man outright. But would the recovery of the papers put an end to Slurk's persecution of Kate as well as of her father? Would not his power over her remain?

"But we can have him imprisoned then, you see," was her answer to my objection; "and for fear of that he would never dare to trouble me again. He would have been in prison long ago but for the papers."

"It certainly seems a good plan," I said, after a confused attempt to turn the matter over in my mind. "We'll ask your father's opinion tomorrow."

"Oh, he must know nothing of it!" she exclaimed, with a gesture of vehement dissent. "He would betray it. You don't know how—what a power that villain has over him. Slurk treats him like a child when they are alone. No, Tom, we must do it all ourselves, or it will fail. Only when it is done will dear papa get back his courage."

I knew more about how Mr. Birch more was treated by his valet in private than Kate was aware; but I made no allusion to this. The more I reflected upon the enterprise, the more inclined I was to assent to it. It was wild, fantastic, unconventional, but it had important practical merits nevertheless.

Moreover, it possessed the powerful recommendation (as I deemed it) of allowing for a fair man to man struggle between Slurk and myself. I was to overpower him by main strength, and from what I had observed of the fellow I fancied he would be able to make just resistance enough to save my self respect. On the other hand, he might be able to do more than this; and if the worst came to the worst of course I might be compelled to maim him with my revolver. But altogether the prospect kindled my imagination, I was stimulated by the thought of distinguishing myself by my personal prowess before my mistress' eyes, in conflict with her dastardly oppressor. And as I looked at her standing there before me, so lovely and full of courageous fire, I said to myself that no knight of yore ever did battle in the lists for a worthier lady love.

However, I realized that this was neither the place nor the hour to enter upon a detailed discussion of our plans. Every moment that Kate remained with me increased her peril, especially if, as she seemed to think was the case, Slurk had dispatched her hither. As to his motive in so doing I had no difficulty in forming an opinion. There was little doubt that he meant to use her as an unconscious cat's paw to steal the diamonds, as before to purloin the papers, compromising her father. Had I been asleep the device could hardly have failed of success. But as Kate seemed herself not to suspect the real nature of her involuntary errand I would not additionally distress her by alluding to it; it was enough that it furnished me with a sufficient pretext, had others been wanting, for inflicting chastisement on the valet.

Kate said in answer to my inquiry as to the proposed time of our starting on the picnic expedition the next day that it would probably be about eleven in the forenoon; we would, therefore, have ample time to settle the particulars of our scheme before the hour of action arrived. At parting she clung to me with peculiar tenderness; nor had I ever loved her so well as at that moment, when I looked forward to liberating her forever from the evil spell that had been blighting her young life.

After she had gone I had the curiosity to examine the lock on the door. The explanation of its mysterious opening proved simple enough. The screws whereby the socket of the bolt had been fastened to the door frame had been removed, and the holes so enlarged that they could be slipped in and out without difficulty. Socket and screws had then been replaced, so that the bolt could be shot as readily as before. But the security was only an illusion, for the latch being turned, a slight push would bring away the socket and screws attached to the bolt, and thus the supposed means of safety be ingeniously used to disguise the real absence thereof.

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 For cough, whooping cough, bronchitis, asthma, and consumption the best remedy is Kohlstein for a picnic. It's a great, immense rock, where robbers lived hundreds of years ago. Hardly any one ever goes there now. I have been there and I remember that on the top it is full of deep clefts and holes, and I thought

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**SCHOOL TAX NOTICE**  
 To the taxpayers of school district No. 62, of Clackamas county, Oregon.  
 The school tax of the above named district for the year 1902, is now due, and must be paid to the undersigned at his office in Oregon City within sixty days from date of this notice, or the same will be returned as delinquent.  
 THOMAS P. RYAN,  
 Clerk School District No. 62.  
 Dated this 19th day of April, 1902. 4-20-02

**Executor's Notice.**  
 Notice is hereby given that the undersigned duly appointed, qualified and acting executor of the estate of John A. Caulder, deceased, have filed with the clerk of the county court of Clackamas county, Oregon, their final account as such executors, and the said court has set Tuesday, June 24th, 1902 as the day for hearing objections to said account and for the settlement of said estate.  
 By order of Hon. J. W. Meldrum, Judge of said county court of Clackamas county, Oregon April 27, 1902.  
 HENRY YELKES,  
 Executor.  
 4-29-02

**SCHOOL TAX NOTICE**  
 To the taxpayers of Falls View school district No. 98, of Clackamas county, Oregon.  
 The school tax of the above named district for the year 1902 is now due, and must be paid to the undersigned at his office in Falls View within sixty days from the date of this notice, or the same will be returned as delinquent.  
 J. HENNING,  
 Clerk School District No. 98.  
 Dated this 27th day of April, 1902. 4-29-02

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
 Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, April 15, 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 the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, on June 14, 1902, viz:  
 Henry Yelkes,  
 Homestead entry No. 8966, for the S 1/4 of sec 22, T 13 N, R 8 E.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George Hunsate, Albert Pasold, F. Pasold and J. Vaughn, all of Molalla P. O., Clackamas county, Oregon.  
 9-22-02 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
 LAND OFFICE AT OREGON CITY, OREGON.  
 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, 1902, viz: James P. Nelson, homestead entry 8277 for the lots 2 and 3 of section 28, town 4 north, range 2 east. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Silas Wright, Reuben Wright, William White and J. B. Jackson, all of Molalla post office, Clackamas county, Oregon.  
 9-15-02 J. T. APPERSON, Register.

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**Sunday Services.**

**FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.**—REV. G. W. LUCAS, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school after morning service. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting of Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

**FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.**—REV. GILMAN PARKER, Pastor. Morning services at 11 o'clock Sunday at 12:15; Evening services at 7:30. Regular prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Monthly Covenant Meeting every Wednesday evening preceding the first Sunday in the month. A corral in the garden.

**ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CATHOLIC.**—REV. A. HILLERBRAND, Pastor. On Sunday Mass at 8 and 10:30 A. M. Every second and fourth Sunday German Mass. After the 8 o'clock Mass. At all other masses English sermons. Sunday School at 2:30 P. M. Vespers, apologetical subjects and Benediction at 7:30 P. M.

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.**—REV. E. S. GREEN, Pastor. Morning service at 11; Sunday school at 12:15; Evening service at 7:30. Epworth League meeting Sunday evening at 6:30; Prayer Meeting Thursday evening at 8:30. Strangers cordially in welcome.

**FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**—REV. G. W. GIBSON, Pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor meets every Sunday evening at 8:30. Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:30. Seats free.

**EVANGELICAL CHURCH—GERMAN.**—ADV. ENCKE, Pastor. Preaching services every alternate Sunday at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school every Sunday at 10 A. M. (John Hartberger, Supt.) Weekly Prayer Meeting every Wednesday evening.

**UNITED BROTHERS CHURCH.**—REV. B. MILLER, pastor. Services first and third Sunday in each month at Oregon City, at 11 A. M. 7:30 P. M. second Sunday at Mountain Home at 11 A. M. 7:30 P. M. fourth Sunday at Harmony school house at 11 A. M. Prayer meeting Oregon City, Wednesday evening. Sunday school, 10 A. M.

**Society Directory.**

**OREGON CITY BOARD OF TRADE.**  
 Meets at Court House on Second Monday in each month. Visitors welcome.  
 F. E. JONAS, PRES. HARRY E. CROSS, Secretary.

**CANBY BOARD OF TRADE.**  
 Meets at Knights Hall, Canby, on first and third Friday of each month. Visitors welcome.  
 S. J. GARRISON, Sec. W. W. KNIGHT, Pres.

**MULTNOMAH LODGE, NO. 1, A. F. & A. M.**  
 Holds its regular communications on first and third Saturdays of each month at 7:30 P. M. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.  
 J. T. APPERSON, W. M. H. H. T. E. RYAN, Secretary.

**OREGON LODGE, NO. 4, O. O. F.**  
 Meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock P. M. in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the order are invited to attend.  
 By Order of W. A. Motterson, G. W. BYLAND, Sec. Thos. Ryan, Secretary.

**FALLS ENCAMPMENT, NO. 4, I. O. O. F.**  
 Meets first and third Tuesdays of each month, at Odd Fellows hall. Members and visiting patriots, cordially invited to attend.  
 A. R. JARVIS, W. M. J. W. APPERSON, W. M. H. H. T. E. RYAN, Chief Patriarch.

**OSWEGO LODGE, NO. 38, I. O. O. F.**  
 Meets at Odd Fellows' hall, Oswego, every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren made welcome.  
 G. W. FROESSEL, W. M. J. F. RISLEY, Sec.

**MEADE POST, NO. 2, G. A. R. DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.**  
 Meets first Monday of each month, at K. of P. Hall, Oregon City. Visiting comrades made welcome.  
 GILMAN PARKER, Commander.

**GEN. CROOK POST, NO. 22, G. A. R. DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.**  
 Meets in school house at Newby on first Saturday in each month at 2 o'clock P. M. All comrades made welcome.  
 G. H. BYLAND, W. M. THOMPSON, Adjt. Commander.

**TEMPLE NO. 1, OREGON CITY PATRIARCHAL CHURCH.**  
 Meets second and fourth Tuesday evenings at 7:30 at Knights of Pythias hall.  
 J. FRANK ORACLE, F. PATRICK, Secretary.

**ANDRES HOFER LODGE, NO. 6, BONS OF HERMANN.**  
 Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M. at French's hall.  
 FRANK GANNENDER, Pres. ALBERT SHILLING, Sec'y

**TUALITIN GRANGE, NO. 111, F. O. H.**  
 Meets last Saturday of each month at their hall in Wilsonville.  
 R. B. HENRY, Master. MISS BEBA SHARP, Sec'y.

**WARNER GRANGE, NO. 117, F. O. H.**  
 Meet fourth Saturday of each month at their hall in New Ex.  
 J. Cost, Master K. C. MADDOCK, Sec'y.

**BUTTE CREEK GRANGE, NO. 62, F. O. H.**  
 Meets at their hall in Marston, second Saturday in each month at 10 A. M. Visiting members always welcome.  
 J. E. JACK, Master. J. B. WHITE, Secretary.

**MOLALLA GRANGE, NO. 40, F. O. H.**  
 Meets at their hall at Wright's Bridge on the second Saturday of each month at 10 A. M. Fellow members made welcome.  
 REUBEN WRIGHT, Master. N. H. DARRALL, Sec'y.

**GAVEL LODGE, NO. 50, A. O. U. W.**  
 Meets every Thursday evening at Knight's hall, Canby. Visiting brethren made welcome.  
 W. M. SHANK, W. M. W. S. GIBBLE, Recorder.

**CLACKAMAS LODGE, NO. 37, A. O. U. W.**  
 Meets first and third Monday in each month, at Straight's Hall. Visiting brethren welcome.  
 H. S. GIBSON, I. D. JONES, W. M. REC.

**FALLS CITY LODGE OF A. O. U. W.**  
 Meets every second and fourth Friday evening of each month in Odd Fellows' building. Alljourning brethren cordially invited to attend.  
 F. T. HAILLOW, W. M.

**ACHILLES LODGE, NO. 38, K. O. P. HALL.**  
 Meets every Friday night at the K. of P. hall. Visiting Knights invited.  
 ISAAC ACKERMAN, C. C. J. K. RHODES, K. of H. and S.

**ST. JOHN'S BRANCH, NO. 847, C. K. of A.**  
 Meets every Tuesday evening at their hall corner Main and Tenth Streets, Oregon City.  
 MATT. JUSTIN, Sec'y. T. W. SULLIVAN, Pres.

**NEW ERA W. C. T. U.**  
 Meets first Saturday in each month at their hall in New Era. Friends of the cause are invited to be present. Mrs. GARRY JOHNSON, Mrs. KATHMAN, President.

**CANBY LODGE, NO. 564, I. O. O. F.**  
 Meets every Saturday evening at Knight's hall Canby. Visiting members always made welcome.  
 D. J. COX, Sec. WELDON SHANKS, W. C. T.

**MEADE RELIEF CORPS, NO. 18, DEPARTMENT OF OREGON.**  
 Mrs. M. M. CHURMAN, President  
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 Meets on first and third Fridays of each month in K. of P. Hall. Members of corps from abroad, cordially welcomed.

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 E. D. Baker Camp, No. 15, meets every first and third Thursday evening of each month.  
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