

THE OTHER MAN

By FREDERIC REDDALE

Copyright, 1912, by J. P. Lippincott Company.

"Cannot you give me a little hope?" he urged. "Will you marry me, Stella?"

Stella Dysart was no mere child of a girl in her teens. Men had made love to her, and even proposed to her, before this, but never the right man. From the first she had been interested in Rossiter Kane. There was a strenuous air about him, the quiet insistence of a "masterful man" who will carry his point in the end, that appeals to every masterless woman.

Now that the question of questions was put and demanded an answer, she was surprised to find that what she had deemed mere friendly feeling and interest really deserved a much nearer and dearer name. She found in her own heart a smoldering response to his appeal which leaped into flame at his behest.

Quietly he waited for her answer. But still the little head was bent. He drew her to him, and caressingly tilted her chin so that she must perforce lift her eyes to his.

Her face was suffused with rosy color, and her eyelashes were wet, but surely they were happy tears, and it was with smiling lips that she whispered as she nestled to his side—

"If you wish it—yes!"

"Wish it? Oh my darling, my queen!" he exclaimed, and his lips met hers in love's first sweet caress.

He was in no haste to be gone now, but led her to a tete-a-tete and took his place beside her.

"I am the happiest man in England," he said fervently, devouring her with his eyes. For answer she breathed a happy sigh.

"Sir Arthur must be told, I suppose," he said tentatively, after an interchange of sweet confessions and confidences.

"Oh, not yet, please," she pleaded. "Not for a few days. I feel so selfish, enjoying all this happiness, when at this moment poor Rick may be in trouble or in danger!"

"Confound your Rick!" was Kane's inward oburgation, but outwardly he was all sympathy and interest.

"We must find him," he said, in quietly confident tones. "He is my brother now, you know." A rosy blush flooded face and forehead at these words, but timidly seeking his hand she exclaimed:

"If you want to make me sincerely happy and leave no cloud between us, you will find my brother! Then you may speak to Sir Arthur as soon as you like!" nodding her head vivaciously.

"It is a bargain," Kane returned, and with a farewell caress he took his leave, elated, happy, triumphant, a better man in thought and intention than he had ever been before.

Mounting his horse, he rode rapidly through the park to Gatewood, and found Marcia Churchill at home, by whom he was graciously received as a whilom acquaintance and now a near neighbor.

After presenting his invitation to the coming ball at The Cedars he broached the second object of his call.

"Miss Dysart was speaking about her brother Richard this morning," he said, "and she wondered if I had ever met him at the Cape. I could not recall him by name, but asked her for a photograph. She sent me here, saying you possessed one taken since he went abroad. May I see it?"

"Surely," she said. "I will get it for you."

The abrupt naming of Richard's name by a comparative stranger unnerved this usually strong and self-contained nature, and her agitation was perceived and noted by Rossiter Kane, who drew his own sapient conclusions.

Marcia rose and went to a side table, saying the while, to cover her show of feeling—

"We were children together, Mr. Kane, and we all love Richard very dearly."

She returned, bearing in her hand a carte-de-visite, which she gave him, saying simply:

"Here is his latest picture. It was taken in Cape Town, as you see, nearly two years ago."

Kane took the bit of pasteboard, and with a ceremonious "Pardon me!" went to the window the better to see.

It was lucky for him that he did this, and that his face was turned from Marcia's watchful eyes, quickened by love and eager with hope deferred, for strong man and iron-willed as he was, Kane staggered and would have fallen but for a timely grasp of the heavy window-curtain.

He held in his hand the picture of the face he remembered only too well—the features of which, distorted in agony, were ever before him, branded on his eyeballs in hues of fire night and day, and which he had last seen for a few tragic moments in a ruddy glare by the Mool river many months before!

The sweat stood on his forehead in great beads, and a mist clouded his vision. But the man's despotism will triumph, and pulling himself together he faced inward again, his back to the light, and said as quietly as he could:

"No; it is as I thought, Miss Churchill, we never met."

The deliberate, cold-blooded lie scorched his soul, for it is the surmise war between Richard Dysart and

than life to the proud beauty who confronted him.

"But I will have some inquiries made," he went on, "and perhaps I shall have good news for you soon."

How he managed to make his adieux and get out of the house decently and in order Kane never knew. He found



himself astride his horse once more, and cantering down the chestnut avenue leading to the high road. There he let the animal down to a walk, and began to look the appalling situation in the face.

"God in Heaven!" he muttered, "I killed him in cold blood, and those two women would hate me for life if they knew!"

Hell itself and the torments of lost souls, of which we read, may be nothing more than the pangs of a guilty and remorseful conscience. Kane's worst enemies—and he had many—would have been satisfied could they have seen him now, racked by unavailing regret, tortured by the thought that the dead body of Richard Dysart must effectually under him from the only woman he had ever loved.

CHAPTER VI.

The following nights were sleepless ones for Rossiter Kane. The Cedars was full of guests, assembled for the house-warming and the ball. Scarcely a minute could he call his own. It was only after the last bedroom candlestick had vanished from the hall table, and the final brandy-and-soda "peg" had been quaffed in the billiard room, that he might deem himself at liberty to indulge his thoughts. Then, in the silence and seclusion of his own chamber, he could face his trouble, and realize that his fondest hopes were smashed beyond repair.

Retribution in scarlet letters was burned in indelible characters upon his brain, and he, the envious of all his guests, was really the most miserable and the most to be pitied. Yet he presented a smiling front, and none amid all the gay and careless throng dreamed of the viper gnawing at his vitals.

"What shall I do? What can I do?" he groaned to himself in anguish. Confession, restitution, repentance—of what avail would these be?

Stella Dysart might forgive, but could she forget? Never would she take to her bosom her brother's slayer, of that he felt assured. And, to do the man justice, that innate sense of right and wrong which is implanted in the worst of our race made him recoil with horror from the consequences of such a union.

And yet he loved her—how deeply, how sincerely, he began to realize now that this bloody barrier was set between them. Could he give her up? Never!

So he began to temporize. Nothing was known. His crime could never be discovered. Richard Dysart was long ago food for the asvengels. Stella need never learn the truth unless he chose to tell it. Let her Rick be forgotten, as he would be in time, swiftly sinking out of sight in the maelstrom of life, merely another name added to the long roll of the missing.

Tossed and torn by such conflicting agonies of thought, the lurid hours went by for Rossiter Kane until it wanted but two days to the climax of the festivities. He had seen Stella but once since his declaration, and then she was not alone, but he knew that she would think it strange if he did not call.

Then arose another dilemma. She would be sure to ask him about Richard's picture, and what could he say? His soul shrank from the thought of more deceit; he had meant that their page of life should be henceforth white and unsullied by falsehood or guile.

So he sparred for time, and wrote her daily, urging his duties as host in excuse for not being where his heart was, and telling her also that, in fulfillment of his promise, he was going to London for a few hours to set on foot inquiries about her brother.

Not that he expected any news—the

dead do not come back—but the man's death might possibly have been bruited at the Cape, in which case it would be well for him to know the precise nature of the reports. Then, too, he wanted to be able to say truthfully that he had actually set the sleuths at work.

Arrived in the city, he went first of all to Lloyds, where he spent a morning poring over the files of all the South African papers. Not a syllable, not a line, could he find bearing upon the disappearance of Richard Dysart.

One solitary item alone rewarded his close and anxious scrutiny, and that reported the locating of a new diamond field on the Mool river.

"Ah," he said to himself, "then it has leaked out!" He knew the hateful spot only too well.

Then he visited a well-known private inquiry office in a street off the Strand, where he left minute instructions for prosecuting the search at the Cape.

"Spare no expense; use the cable freely send your best detectives; find the young man, alive or dead, and send me the smallest item of news!"

Such a commission, from a man of such social and commercial prominence, was safe to be worked up quickly and thoroughly. Kane felt that he ran no risk in thus displaying his personal interest in what was, after all, a very natural matter.

The mere act of being busy, even on this partially fictitious errand, served to steady his nerves, and he returned to The Cedars fortified for his interview with his affianced. With a sort of blind defiance of fate he determined to let matters drift for a few days.

Stella he saw on the morning after his return, and was lavishly rewarded for his quick compliance with her maiden request.

"How good and thoughtful you are!" she exclaimed, the love-light in her eyes. "If you were one of us—if you were Rick's own brother—you could not do more."

The bitter-sweet of her praises moved and thrilled him more deeply than he would have believed possible one short year ago, and again his conscience smote him. But he was none the less alert to seize the opening thus afforded him.

"Remember you have yourself given me the best of all rights to help you," he murmured, "and when you give me your sweet self I shall be a brother to Rick and something nearer and dearer to you."

She suffered his caress with an altogether happy abandon. Then suddenly:

"Marcia was here yesterday," she said. "She tells me Rick's photograph revealed nothing—suggested no one to you?"

He shook his head mutely, and inwardly thanked his stars that the form of the question he had been dreading made a verbal lie unnecessary.

"Rest assured," he said aloud, "that if your brother is anywhere on God's footstool we shall hear of him. These temporary disappearances are quite common in all the new lands. A man hears of a new diamond field or a new gold reef, or goes elephant hunting for ivory up-country, and only his immediate companions could tell you his exact whereabouts. Suddenly he reappears, sound as a dollar and rich as Croesus. Total disappearances are very rare occurrences, I assure you. Rick may return to civilization any day and laugh at us all for worrying about him."

She hung upon his words with parted lips and wide-open eyes.

"You give me new courage!" she exclaimed resolutely. "Until we hear the worst I shall believe and hope that all will turn out as you say."

Kane breathed freely once more. Another dangerous cape was weathered, and the episode of the photograph might be regarded as closed. Stella's confidence in him was supreme. A new hope shone in her eyes—or was it the reflex light of her own newly found happiness?

Now, it had been Kane's original intention to make the ball the occasion for announcing to society his betrothal to Miss Dysart, and at the same time to introduce her as the future mistress of The Cedars. But Stella's plea for delay frustrated this—and fortunately so in view of Kane's terrible discovery.

Nevertheless, he looked forward to receiving her in his own house, before all his guests, much as a debutante anticipates her coming out. But destiny was about to hurl another thunderbolt at his head.

Upon the morning of the eventful day a mounted groom galloped up to The Cedars requesting to see Kane in person. Being shown into the library, where the master happened to be alone, he delivered a letter marked "Urgent" underscored three times, addressed in Stella's hand, saying:

"Miss Dysart requests an immediate answer, if you please, sir."

With nervous forebodings he broke the seal, but the news it contained far outran his fears, and might have staggered a stronger mind than his. In his excitement he hardly noticed the affectionate beginning, which at another time would have filled him with delight.

"My Dearest Rossiter: Rejoice with us—my brother Richard has returned alive and well. He arrived in England two days ago, and reached us late last night. We were completely taken by surprise, as you may imagine. Richard has gone to Gatewood; can you guess why? Next to myself, of course, Marcia will be to-day the happiest woman in England. I am so glad, I can scarcely write coherently or legibly—but I know you will understand. Sir Arthur and he have made up their quarrel."

"Now, I have a favor to ask: May I—or we—bring Richard with us this evening? He has promised to come if you will ask him, although, as he says, he is 'not very fit.' But I do so want you to meet and be friends. You remember what you said the other day. I can imagine there will be plenty of things for you both to talk about."

"Send me a line to say 'Yes,' and believe me,

"Ever yours affectionately,

"STELLA."

"P. S.—I forgot to say that Rick says he is a very rich man, and he has shaved off that horrid beard—S."

The presence of the man-servant alone restrained Kane from some insane expression of emotion.

Richard Dysart alive and in England! Then he had not killed him, after all! The thought brought with it at first a happy revulsion of feeling. He was not a murderer!

But Dysart was none the less his victim, and he none the less a would-be assassin and an actual robber. Why, the whole fabric of his fortune rested on those "stolen diamonds!" These thoughts opened up such a horrid vista of new troubles and perplexities that he shrank from them in terror. Yet so quickly and mechanically does the human brain work, that scarcely a minute had elapsed since the perusal of Stella's note before he had pulled himself together and drew paper and pen towards him to indite his reply. He even managed to say to the man, a decent, middle-aged fellow:

"There must have been great times at Denecroft last night!"

"Never see such goings on, sir, since Sir Arthur came of age," was the reply. "Master Richard, he walks in as cool and calm as if he'd only been away a month. But he have growed! And that rich. My! My!" shaking his head as one utterly unable to do justice to the subject.

"I judge Master Richard, as you call him, is an old favorite of yours," said Kane with a smile.

The man chuckled proudly. "It was me as taught 'im 'ow to sit a 'orse and 'old a gun and cast a fit afore 'e was twelve, sir. 'Twas a sorry day when 'e went away, and there's a many'll be happier for 'is 'ome-coming."

"I have no doubt of that," was Kane's reply. Then he set himself to answer Stella's appeal. Those few minutes' pause while old Carthew was speaking had sufficed for Kane to decide upon his answer, and this is what he wrote:

"My Dearest: Your happiness is mine, and I do rejoice with you and yours. I shall reserve my congratulations for your brother until our introduction to-night, for, of course, he will be welcome. Pray explain to him why I send no formal invitation; nevertheless, the best robe and the highest seat at the feast shall be his."

"Devotedly yours,"

"ROSSITER KANE."

When Carthew was dismissed with his answer, Kane found himself alone once more, and proceeded to confront this new dilemma.

Was there ever a more grotesque and puzzling or terrifying situation! The man whom he had shot, robbed, and left for dead at the other end of the world had returned to life and was that very night coming to dance under the roof of his assailant!

Kane laughed aloud at the bitter irony of the thing. Of course, he stood to be denounced on sight before all his guests as an assassin and a thief! A pretty ending to all his social strivings after honesty and respectability!

And Stella! What would she think of it all? How she would despise him! With what scorn would she lash the man who had dared to approach her with words of love upon his lips, while her brother's blood was upon his hands and her brother's property in his pockets!

A weaker man than Kane, physically, mentally and morally, would have turned tail and fled; a coward would have ended it all with a bullet. It was characteristic of him that he did neither; no thought of taking, either course entered his mind. He would see it through—not in callous bravado or because he could not realize the full weight of his impending punishment, but from a sort of heroic determination to "take his medicine" like a man, and from a half-recognized feeling that therein might consist part of his expiation.

There was but one possible loophole for escape—though even that could be only a temporary putting off of the day of reckoning. It might be that Richard Dysart had not caught a glimpse of his features on that memorable night; and if so, there was little danger of recognition or detection from any other source.

It was a bare chance, yet, the more he thought of it, the more probable it appeared.

However, a few hours would settle it one way or the other. So, with the cool fortitude which had stood him in good stead in more than one tight place hitherto, Rossiter Kane proceeded to devote himself to his guests for the rest of the day, and at dinner that night he presided with more than his accustomed polished brilliancy and urbanity.

CHAPTER VII.

Richard Dysart's first act, after setting foot on dry land at Southampton, was to dispatch two letters—one to Marcia at Gatewood, the other to Stella to Denecroft. All his boyish anger with Sir Arthur had long since evaporated, and he rightly judged that his brother would meet him half-way in his home-coming, and let bygones be bygones. He would arrive almost as soon as the letters.

Ninety minutes later he was in the metropolis via the steamer train, and after breakfast at his old club, the Raglan, he made sundry visits to the tailor, the haberdasher and his bankers, and then drove to the identical private detective agency in Wellington street which Rossiter Kane had visited only a few hours before.

If the case had gone to Scotland Yard he might—we do not say he would, but he might—have learned that there was a sort of polite hue-and-cry out after himself. But the private-inquiry people do not do business that way; they have for one of their mottoes, "Let not your right hand know

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Range of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEL

Pumpkin Seed -
Aloe-Senna -
Sulphate of Soda -
Aloe-Senna -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Soda -
Sulphate of Soda -

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and Loss of Sleep.

Fac-Simile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.

15 DROPS - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CANTON COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

what your left hand is doing," and then proceed to collect backsheesh from both. Which is all in the way of business.

Being a straightforward sort of fellow, Richard wrote his name on a sheet of paper, intimated that he would like to see the manager in person, and was forthwith shown into the sanctum of the great man, when the following colloquy ensued:

"What can we do for you, Mr.—Dysart?" inquired the manager, as though he had not heard the name of his visitor in that very room considerably less than a week previously.

"I want you to undertake a little inquiry for me," was the reply.

"Connected with any particular person?"

"No one that I can name to you now—that is for you to discover."

"Quite sufficiently vague," was the retort, "but if you will give me your instructions we will endeavor to carry out your wishes."

"I wish to find out whether there has suddenly appeared in London—or in Europe, for that matter—within the last year any man of great wealth falling from South Africa, and whether

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

CORVALLIS, OREGON.

Rates \$1.00 and \$2.00 per day according to the quality of rooms and class of service rendered.

Prices for regular boarders made reasonable on application. The house was freshly painted inside and papered throughout during last summer and fall, and supplied with new bath and toilets. The table is furnished at all times with the best the market affords. The beds are changed every day and all rooms aired and cleaned daily. Every effort will be made to please the traveling public of all classes.

Free sample room and the best of service for commercial travelers. Will be pleased to negotiate with all persons desiring good comfortable homelike accommodations. Free Bus to and from trains

H. M. BRUNK, PROPRIETOR

Corvallis & Eastern Railroad.

TIME CARD.

No. 2—For Yaquina:
Leaves Albany.....12:45 p. m.
Leaves Corvallis.....2:00 p. m.
Arrives Yaquina.....6:20 p. m.

No. 1—Returning:
Leaves Yaquina.....6:45 a. m.
Leaves Corvallis.....11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany.....12:15 p. m.

No. 3—For Detroit:
Leaves Albany.....7:00 a. m.
Arrives Detroit.....12:20 p. m.

No. 4—From Detroit:
Leaves Detroit.....1:00 p. m.
Arrives Albany.....5:55 p. m.

Train No. 1 arrives in Albany in time to connect with the S. P. south bound train, as well as giving two or three hours in Albany before departure of S. P. north bound train.

Train No. 2 connects with the S. P. trains at Corvallis and Albany giving direct service to Newport and adjacent beaches.

Train 3 for Detroit, Breitenbush and other mountain resorts leaves Albany at 7:00 a. m., reaching Detroit about noon, giving ample time to reach the Springs same day.

For further information apply to *
H. H. CRONKLE, Agent, Corvallis.
*Portland, Astoria, etc.

Our Clubbing List.

Subscribers to the CORVALLIS GAZETTE obtain the following papers in combination with the GAZETTE, at the very low prices stated below: cash in advance always to secure any the order. Those wishing two or more publications named with the GAZETTE, will please correspond with this office and we will quote the combination price. We can save you money nearly all publications you desire.

The abbreviations below are explained as follows: W, for weekly; S W, for semi-weekly; T W, for twice weekly; M, for monthly; S M, for semi-monthly. The first price represents the subscription rate; the publication alone, and the second the rate for the publication offered in conjunction with the semi-weekly GAZETTE.

Oregon Agriculturist and Rural Northwest, Portland, Or., S. W., 50 cents; \$1.50.

Oregonian, Portland, Or., W., \$1.50; 2.55.

Rural Spirit, Portland, Or., Contains a live-stock market report, W., \$2.00; 2.55.

Pacific Christian Advocate, Portland, Or., W., \$2.00; 3.05.

The Thirco-Week Journal, New York, T. V., \$1.00; 2.20.

Homestead, Des Moines, Iowa, A thorough stock and farm journal, W., \$1.00; 2.30.

The Republic, St. Louis, Mo., S. W., \$1.00; 2.05.

The American Farmer, Indianapolis, Ind., L. stock, farm and poultry journal, M., 50 cents; 1.00.

Boston Cooking School Magazine, B. M., 50 cents; 1.00.

Young People's Weekly, Chicago, Ill., W., 50 c.; \$1.00.

Cincinnati Enquirer, Cincinnati, W., \$1.00; 2.05.

The Fruit Growers' Journal, Cobden, Ill., 50 cents; \$1.75.

Farm, Field and Fireside, Chicago, Ill., W., \$1.21.

Farm and Fireside, Springfield, Ohio, S. W., 50 cents; 1.75.

Women's Home Companion, Springfield, Oh., \$1.00; 2.15.

Lippincott's Magazine, Philadelphia, Pa., \$2.50; 3.25.

Ev'ry Month (Music, Song and Dance), New York, \$1.00; \$2.15.

The Century Magazine, New York, M., \$4.00; 6.00.

Boards' Dairyman, Fort Atkinson, Wis., The best most up-to-date dairy journal in the world, 1.00; 2.50.

Oregon Poultry Journal, Salem, Or., M., 50 cents; 1.50.

The Designer, New York, Standard Fashions, \$1.00; 2.55.

Pocket Atlas of the World, 351 pages, contains colored maps of all the states and territories in United States, the province of the dominion Canada, and of every country and civil division the face of the globe. Also valuable statistical information about each state and county, giving population of every large city in the world, and other valuable information. A handy reference work for every person; with CORVALLIS G. \$1.00 year, 2.00.

American Agriculturist, Chicago, Ill., Includes copy of Year Book and Almanac, W., \$1.00; 2.50.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat, St. Louis, Mo., no rival as a great modern newspaper, T. W., \$1.00; 2.15.

The Weekly Inter-Ocean, Chicago, W., \$1.00; 1.75.

The Cosmopolitan Magazine, New York, M., \$3.00; 5.00.

Atlas of the World, bound in cloth, 56 pages latest maps, \$1.00; 2.25.

The Outing Magazine, New York, M., \$3.00; 5.00.

Pacific Homestead, Salem, Or., W., \$1.00; 2.50.

Table Talk, Philadelphia, M., \$1.00; 2.15.

American Homes, Knoxville, Tenn., M., \$1.00; 2.30.

McClure's Magazine, New York, M., \$1.00; 2.40.

Twice-a-Week Courier Journal, Louisville, Ky., one of the best papers from the great South, T. W., \$1.00; 2.50.

"Dairy Fortunes," a neat, well written book 204 pages on all questions concerning dairying feeds and feeding, the constituent properties of kinds of feed; 39 combinations forming well balanced rations for dairy cows. Every dairyman should have it. Price with the CORVALLIS GAZETTE one year, \$2.50.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING

When you take Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine put in tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay.