

# The Castle Comedy

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

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CHAPTER VIII—(Continued.)

Now the searchers stood perplexed. The simple room seemed to afford no hiding place. Suddenly Wilmerding caught sight of the closet door. He trembled as nothing since his entrance had made him tremble. Here was the quarry run to earth at last.

"The closet!" he exclaimed and rushed toward it, crying: "Watch the French scoundrel, Hal. Don't let him escape!"

Dubarre's lips were smiling. About the eyes he had grown ten years. Then Wilmerding stumbled against the clock. The Frenchman's smile seemed frozen on his face.

"Hang the clock!" cried the lover and reached for the closet door.

"Poor clock!" murmured the dancing master, and as Wilmerding paused before the door he added, "For a man who has sought so earnestly, Sir John Wilmerding displays rare diffidence at meeting his betrothed."

Sir John whirled that way and drew his sword. "Be still, Frenchman."

The other only continued in the same reflective tone. "If a titled lover cannot keep his betrothed from the room of a poor dancing master before mar-



"The closet!" he exclaimed and rushed toward it.

riage, how difficult afterward it should be to hold the wife from gentlemen of fashion and soldiers."

Wilmerding still wavered before the closed door.

"Hal," he said at last, "I'm not myself. I can't face her. Let me watch the Frenchman. You open the door. And as for you—raising his sword above Dubarre—" "Hil!"

With a quick jerk Captain Thornecliffe had pulled open the closet door. "It's empty!" he cried in joyful tones.

Wilmerding's sword fell to the floor with a crash. The lover shook a moment for joy.

"Thank God!" he said earnestly at last.

The Frenchman looked at both with a sneer. "Are you quite sure, messieurs?" he asked.

"I was before I came," declared Thornecliffe heartily.

Dubarre turned now on Wilmerding. "Twas a brave deed, monsieur. For the titled lover with sword on hip to assault the poor, unarmed dancing master."

"No harm was done," blurted Sir John, the more brutally to cover his confusion.

The Frenchman merely looked at him. "Doubtless Mistress Percy will be glad to hear that she was proved innocent," he said.

Captain Thornecliffe had to bite his lips at that. "Don't push Jack so hard, Dubarre," he urged.

The dancing master continued to Sir John: "But is monsieur sure—quite sure—that she is innocent? One never can tell of women. Is there not some other place to look? Possibly she may have hidden behind the face of the clock. It stopped this morning. A shaking up may do it good."

Captain Thornecliffe felt called upon to interfere. "Enough, enough, Dubarre!" he begged. "Don't you see he's sorry?"

"Yes," said Wilmerding angrily, "I'm sorry." He thrust his sword in its scabbard and stalked toward the door.

The Frenchman looked after the departing lover. "One would think he was sorry he had not found her," said the vindicated man sarcastically.

Captain Thornecliffe held out his hand. "I know you will say nothing of this, Dubarre. I am grieved and jealousy should have led Jack to such folly. You have acted splendidly throughout."

Dubarre smiled as they shook hands. "You should know," he said, then added: "Twas sad, Pierre came in wearing a long cloak 'gainst the rain, but away again without it. That

fooled him. Good night, monsieur."

Captain Thornecliffe followed Sir John Wilmerding out. Dubarre locked the door after them. Next he straightened, with a monstrous sigh of relief, and in the candle light his face was lined with a great fatigue. A moment he stood thus, then stepped quickly across the room. He turned the key and opened the door of the clock.

"They are gone, mademoiselle. Now I shall see you safely to the house."

From her narrow hiding place the girl looked out on him with her eyes full of a wonderful light that had never shined there so plainly before.

"For my good name what return can I make to the noblest gentleman I ever knew?" she asked.

Dubarre bowed low over her extended hand.

"None to the dancing master—just now, mademoiselle," he said, with meaning.

Then Mistress Percy stepped out from the clock, and as she did so the figures of two men passed the window. Sir John Wilmerding, on the outside, started forward, but Captain Thornecliffe thrust one hand over the lover's mouth and pushed him back into the shadow, and from the captain's lips came the muttered exclamation:

"By gracious! She was in the clock!"

## CHAPTER IX.

CAPTAIN THORNECLIFFE cast the week old Gazette aside with an impatient gesture.

"Nothing in the paper," he muttered; then went on smoking furiously and thinking just as hard.

Truly the genial captain had enough to occupy his mind. First, there was the Courtleigh girl, who had been most strangely perverse of late, even for her. She always took a large share of the captain's thoughts. Then loomed up Wilmerding's love affair, with the complication of May Percy's visit to the dancing master's room the night before.

When they saw her through the window by main force Thornecliffe had kept the jealous lover from rushing in to kill the Frenchman. They had followed Dubarre and the girl from the lodge to the big house and witnessed the most respectful adieu. With great difficulty the watchers had crept so close that they could overhear Dubarre thank Mistress Percy for her kindness in coming to tell him goodbye and deplore the necessity that compelled him to hide her in the clock to save appearances.

Dubarre had kissed her hand respectfully and gone away. The girl had seemed stung or sad or not herself or something, for Thornecliffe could swear she said only: "Adieu, monsieur. May heaven keep you safe!"

Now, all these things were sufficient to worry the blunt soldier. He had declared earnestly to Wilmerding that he believed the visit innocent and had induced the jealous lover to promise to wait until Dubarre had gone, then get a quiet explanation from Mistress Percy. Whether or not the hot tempered Sir John could keep his head and his promise was an open question. The captain had come out to his favorite bench on the lawn, the one at which Pierre had played for the feast, to consider the matter.

But thinking did no good, and impatiently he turned back to the discarded Gazette. He picked it up again, and almost as he did so his glance caught an item that made him start. He took his pipe from his mouth to whistle, then laid it on the bench while he read the item through. His eyes all the time growing bigger from astonishment until at the close he slapped his leg and burst out with a hearty roar:

"By the Lord Harry, it's just like him!"

Ethel Courtleigh, coming along the garden path, heard the enthusiastic roar.

"Just like who, captain?" she asked. Captain Thornecliffe sprang to his feet and snatched off his cap, all confusion.

"I—er—ah—beg pardon—deed I do, Mistress Courtleigh. I—er—didn't know you were there."

"I think you might ask me to sit down," she said, laughing at his confusion.

Now, the captain's idea of war was to go right after the enemy.

"May I have that rose?" It was his very first question after they sat down. She looked at him in mock surprise.

"Why, how impetuous you soldiers are! You'd take a town before you begin the siege."

"Some citadels are best taken by storm," he answered meaningly.

Mistress Courtleigh threw up her head. "No, sir," she sniffed. "This rose shall be a reward of merit. I'll give it to you when you tell me what interested you in the paper just now."

Thornecliffe shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, that!" he said carelessly.

"Oh, that!" he mocked him. "Yes, you said, 'It's just like him.' Now just like who?"

"Why, that harum scurum young fool, Percy Latapie, of course. The scapegrace is in England."

"The French Percy in England!" cried the girl in horrified tones.

"Truly."

"Why, we shall all be killed!" she exclaimed in mock terror.

"Or led captive," he laughed slyly. "But how do you know?"

"Listen." The captain picked up the paper and began to read:

"Word has just reached the war office that the notorious bandit known as 'French Percy' has left France and is supposed to be in England. Heretofore his appearance from the French army has always presented some disaster to England. He is the man who entered the English camp in the guise of a trooper and stole the papers of the commander in chief, escaping safely with them and delivering them into the hands of the French marshall. Numerous other desperate enterprises are credited to this Percy Latapie. It is said to be his boast that he has never failed in anything yet undertaken. From a source within the French lines it has been learned that 'French Percy' asked leave of Napoleon saying that he wished to visit his family home in England in accordance with the dying wish of his mother, who passed away a year ago. His mother belonged to the well known family of Percys on the east coast. She ran away years ago with the young Viscount de St. Croix. The family estate by entail has become the property of Sir Henry Percy, a staunch Tory, who would be only too glad to deliver over his renegade cousin. The place is now being watched. It is safe to wager that 'French Percy' will fall in this, his last daring escapade, or if he gets to the castle will certainly be captured. In that event the death of a spy awaits him. A reward of 500 guineas has long stood for the body of this Percy Latapie, dead or alive. The commander in chief himself offers, in addition, £100 for the capture of 'French Percy.'"

The captain paused and looked up. "And to think that little more than five and one-half feet of dead scapegrace should be worth £600!"

"But he is such a brave soldier," said Mistress Courtleigh.

"Do girls always love brave soldiers?" asked Captain Thornecliffe.

"Would Sir Henry Percy arrest his cousin?" she countered.

"Of course," answered the captain. "And you?" she persisted.

"Perhaps," he laughed. "You see, I owe him one. I'll ride over to the garison today and tell them to be on the lookout."

"Will you take your reward before you go?" she smiled, holding up the rose tantalizingly before him.

"And more, too!" he cried, seizing both hand and flower in his big grasp.

The girl gave a little scream. "What a grip, captain! Do you always—archly—'always squeeze so hard?'"

"I—I—didn't mean to hurt," he blundered. "You know, Ethel, I beg—I mean!"

She interrupted, laughing. "Come, I'll tell your fortune with the flower."

They bent over side by side with their heads close together. She held the flower, he pulled off the petals, and as one they repeated:

"One I love,  
Two I love,  
Three I love, I say;  
Four I love with all my heart!"

Unnoticed May Percy had slipped across the lawn. She crept just behind the pair on the bench, then put her hands over her eyes.

"I'm not looking."

As if by magic the soldier and the girl stood upright a good yard apart.

"We were—er—just seeing how many leaves there are on a rose," murmured Mistress Courtleigh confusedly, holding up a dilapidated flower.

May Percy came gayly around the bench to kiss her blushing friend. "And to think, sweet, that I never knew before you were nearsighted," she said sympathetically. Then, turning to Captain Thornecliffe: "And how hard it must be on a brave soldier to have poor eyes. How can you see to shoot? And yet they say you are a famous shot."

Captain Thornecliffe drew himself up stiffly.

"My eyes are very good," he said. "Sometimes they see strange things."

"Like a flash came the reply: 'And being an English soldier the tongue never tells them. But, captain, would you ask Sir John Wilmerding to meet me here? I wish to speak to him.'"

Her woman's intuition told her that they knew. The Percy headlong courage sought quick battle if it must come.

Captain Thornecliffe bowed ceremoniously. "Certainly, Mistress Percy," he said, and started away to find Sir John.

May Percy turned to her friend. "Now, sweetheart, what were you doing? Tell me all about it."

Ethel Courtleigh's face showed only blank surprise. "Doing? Why, nothing," she said, "but reading in the paper about your cousin."

"My cousin?" asked Mistress Percy.

"Yes, the French Percy, your over the water cousin. Here it is," and she offered the other girl the paper.

May Percy ran through the piece hastily. "Why, father would never give him up!" she exclaimed as she finished.

"Indeed he would, though," cried Mistress Courtleigh, with conviction. "Captain Thornecliffe said so, and the captain is going to ride over to the garison this evening and warn the soldiers to be on guard."

"Eff!" A sudden wonderful thought seemed to strike May Percy. Her cheeks became red, her eyes big and sparkling. "Suppose?" she began.

"Oh, I know what you were going to say!" cried the other. "I thought so, too, as I read it. You are thinking of the two Frenchmen who came yesterday and slipped away last night."

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ish froak. All will be right. You must not fight or kill him. You should not have worn your sword."

They were too close now for confidences, and the captain cried aloud to the girls, "Ah, Mistress Percy, see, I've brought your lover, and now I claim my reward."

"Do you think she is worth the service, captain?" laughed May Percy.

Mistress Courtleigh drew herself up with assumed haughtiness.

"Well, if you don't want me—come, captain." And they started for the garden.

Mistress Percy and Sir John looked at each other, and both knew that each understood.

## CHAPTER X.

FOR quite a minute the man and girl looked at each other.

"You sent for me?" he questioned after a pause.

Mistress Percy raised her eyes, steeled now, and looked Sir John over casually.

"I only wanted to tell you," she remarked in an even, polished tone, "that I marked in an obituary notice, 'that I think Dorothy Staanfield would make you a much better wife than I. She wants the position, you see.'"

"A mere excuse which means you don't," he blurted angrily. "You wish, then, to be released from our compact?"

Already she had forced him on the defensive.

"Do you wish so much not to marry me?" she asked with meaning.

"Certainly you must have good cause for your decision," he retorted.

Her eyes flashed a bit, but she controlled herself.

"I might say 'because'—that's a woman's reason—and, besides, it would save your self love a few wounds."

Sir John bowed. "Mistress Percy is strangely considerate. But do you remember you have promised to become my wife?"

The girl raised her hands protestingly.

"Don't, don't! Why remind me of my misfortunes? Remember it was my father's plan."

"True," he admitted, "your father's and mine. It was their plan first."

"Yes, Sir John. The eyebrows raised and the dainty nose tilted a bit more superciliously. "As I have remarked once before, you have always been a very dutiful son." Her tone was one of polite encouragement to a little boy for a good deed. Then as they faced each other Gaston Dubarre prepared for his going away and, wearing the coat left by Jacques Fournery, the spy, came along the garden path from the lodge. He started to cross the lawn, but seeing Sir John and Mistress Percy talking, paused at the bench to wait until they should move away. His eye caught the paper thrown aside by May Percy. He picked it up curiously. In a moment Dubarre was reading with eager haste.

Meanwhile the lover who came out to demand had instead drifted ignominiously into helpless supplication.

Continued next page.

## OREGON PRODUCE CO. IS INCORPORATED

The Oregon Produce Company filed articles of incorporation with the county clerk late Saturday afternoon. The incorporators are C. G. Hemenway, V. V. Hemenway and A. W. Kuykendall, and the principal place of business is Eugene. The capital stock is \$5000, and the objects and aims of the corporation are to buy and sell produce and to buy, sell, mortgage and hypothecate real estate.

This firm is the old Seattle Produce Company, which was established here several years ago by E. J. McClanahan and bought out during the past year by these young men. The old name was misleading and often their mail was directed to Seattle by mistake. The name, Oregon Produce Company, is very appropriate, and there will be no mistakes as to the location of the firm.

A. W. Kuykendall, one of the incorporators of the company, stated to a Guard reporter today that the \$5000 capital stock of the corporation is all paid up and it may be necessary to increase it at some future date. They will continue business at the old stand in the Gordon block and will enlarge the scope of their business in the near future.

The incorporators of the new firm are all young men of exceptional business qualifications, and as they are rustlers they are bound to succeed.

A Narrow Escape

G. W. Cloyd, a merchant of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago, when he ran a jimson bur into his thumb. He says: "The doctor wanted to amputate it, but I would not consent. I bought a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and that cured the dangerous wound." 25c at W. L. De Lano's drug store.

It's too bad to see people who go from day to day suffering from physical weakness, when Rocky Mountain Tea would strengthen them. Tea or tablets, 35 cents. Linn Drug Co.

DO YOU LOVE

your baby? You wonder why he cries. Buy a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and he will never cry. Most babies have worms, and the mothers don't know it. White's Cream Vermifuge rids the child of worms and cleans out its system in a pleasant way. Every mother should keep a bottle of this medicine in the house. With it fear need never enter her mind. Price, 25c. Linn Drug Co.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Run Always Buy

Signature of J. C. Watson

## JOHN COGSWELL AGED PIONEER IS DEAD

(From Monday's Guard.)

John Cogswell, one of the oldest residents and a pioneer of Lane county, died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Idaho F. Campbell, a few minutes before noon today. He had been ill for a long time and his death had been expected momentarily for several days past.

Mr. Cogswell, who was 92 years old in January, was born at Holly, New York. Early in boyhood he moved with his parents to Michigan, and in 1845 he came west to California. The next year, in 1846, he came to Oregon, taking up a donation claim several miles northeast of Eugene, in what is now known as the Cogswell hills. Here he spent most of the years of his life, leaving the old place at short intervals, riding across the plains and returning horseback three times before there was any other way to go. It was on one of these trips East that he saw Mary Gay coming to Oregon with an immigrant train. He did not learn her name, but when he reached the Mississippi valley it is said he told a friend he had seen the one woman in all the world for him, and he came back riding the country over in quest of her who afterward became his wife.

To them were born eight children, four of whom are living and were with their father during his last illness. These are Boliver Cogswell, of Muddy, Or.; Mrs. Idaho F. Campbell, of Eugene; Mrs. E. H. Inebam, Portland, and Mrs. Geo. M. Miller, of Eugene.

Mr. Cogswell was a member of the Oregon Pioneer Association and never missed their annual reunions, but when he came home from the last meeting in June he said he felt that he ought never to go to another one as there were so few of his old pioneer friends who had dropped out. He was a man of upright ideals and honest dealings with his fellow men, and all pioneers as well as those of the younger generation, will miss him. Funeral announcements will be made tomorrow.

## NEWS OF THE LOWER SIALUSAW COUNTRY

Items of Interest Culled From the Florence West—Remains to Lake Creek Bridge to Be Made.

The schooner Coquille came in across the bar yesterday and went to Acme to load with lumber from the Saubert mill.

A case of spinal meningitis was reported in Acme by Dr. Edwards the first of the week. A four-year-old son of Chas. Tuttle was attacked by the disease.

Miss Gertrude Hamble left Monday for her home in Eugene. She has been engaged to teach the high school here next year, and will return to Florence when school opens in the fall.

Mapleton item: W. L. Phelps, Jesse Phelps, and B. B. Jeans returned Monday from Eugene, where they had gone to make final proof on the homestead of W. L. Phelps.

The new road from the Kilgore place on upper Deadwood creek over to the Prindle place on Five Rivers, which was surveyed a few weeks ago, was reported favorably by the viewers and the county court has established it. The distance is about seven miles.

The steamer Washcalore arrived here Saturday evening and left Wednesday morning on her way to San Francisco. She took out another load of lumber from the Sialusaw Lumber Company's mill for the navy yard at Mare Island.

A farewell party was given at the Western House Saturday evening, in honor of Miss Hamble, Jon Beauchamp and Percy Robillard. About twenty young people were present and spent a pleasant evening.

The Eugene-Florence Stage Company has set its stages on fast time a couple of weeks in advance of the regular summer time this year, and the stage now arrives about 7 p. m., the roads being in good condition and the trip being made all in daylight.

Wednesday night of last week George Carle left his launch, the "Pistolnude," lying at the wharf near the Sialusaw Lumber Company's store at Acme. Some miscreant, for the lack of better employment, punched holes in the bottom of the craft and let the boat go to the bottom of the river. It was raised and repaired in a day or two.

Mapleton item: L. N. Roney and H. M. Price, county commissioner, arrived in Mapleton last night. They are looking over the bridges along the Eugene-Mapleton road, and making estimates of the lumber required in order to make necessary repairs. The Lake Creek bridge is to have new piers, the old ones being almost completely rotted away. The bridge was built in 1890.

The teachers of Florence public school were both given a pleasant surprise in the way of gifts from their pupils at the close of the term. The advanced department presented a beautiful album to their teacher, Miss Gertrude Hamble, the presentation being made by Miss Flossie Chapman, for the pupils. Miss Gertrude Schreuders received a copy of poems from her fifth grade class, and a beautiful vase from the fourth grade.—West.

STOP GRUMBING

If you suffer from rheumatism or pains, for Ballard's Snow Liniment will bring quick relief. It is a sure cure for sprains, rheumatism, contracted muscles and all pains—and within the reach of all. Price 25c, 50c, \$1. C. R. Smith, Tonah, Tex., writes: I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment in my family for years and have found it a fine remedy for all pains and aches. I recommend it for pains in the chest.

Linn Drug Co.

## TWENTY-FIVE SHRINERS KILLED IN TRAIN WRECK

Santa Barbara, Cal., May 11.—At least 25 persons have perished in a disastrous wreck on the Coast line on the Southern Pacific this afternoon, when a special train carrying three delegations of Eastern Shriners, returning from a week of merry-making at Los Angeles, left the track at Honda, a station 59 miles north of here, and piled up on the sandy beach. Engine, tender, baggage car and diner, with three coaches, were heaped in hopeless confusion, and terror was added by the wreckage taking fire, although the flames were quickly extinguished by the survivors, passengers and trainmen. Many were scalded and burned while buried beneath the shattered cars.

List of Dead.

San Luis Obispo, Cal., May 11.—Following is a list of the dead in the wrecked train of the Shriners, as far as is known tonight:

J. Douglas Hipple, Reading, S. A. Wasson, Buffalo, Mrs. Fisher, Cleveland, Miss Young, Cleveland, Charles Lowing, Buffalo, J. W. Cutler and wife, Birmingham, Ala.

Albert Slesse, residence unknown, Harry Hendie, Reading, Pa. Olivia Kauffman, Reading, Pa. Harry Stoltz, Reading, Harry Cutler, Reading, A. L. Roth, Lebanon, Pa. Roth, tourist agent in charge of the Buffalo Shriners.

V. Stoffe, Reading, Henry Canton, Ohio, Mrs. Mary Irens, Reading, Richard Effick, Reading, Pa. Alonzo P. Rogers, Pullman conductor.

Mr. Brombar, Reading, Fatally Injured, Miss Sulz, Reading, Brakeman Biekford, back broken.

Summary

Earned runs—Eugene, 3. Two-base hit—Jewett. Bases on balls—Off Mathews, 3. Struck out—By DeNeff, 11; by Mathews, 4. Left on base—Eugene, 5; Roseburg, 1. Stolen bases—Hill, Mosherburg (2), Edwards, Weed (3). Double play—Jewett to Effert. Wild pitch—Mathews. Hit by pitcher—McCormick. Umpire—Ben Bingham. Scorers—Pete Howe and Sid Smith.

## SPokane Wins Long Fight For Freight Rates

St. Paul May 13.—A freight conference of vast importance to the business interests of Spokane was held today in the offices of J. J. Hill between high officials of the Hill and Harriman systems.

Freight reductions were decided upon which have been contended for by the jobbing and mercantile interests of Spokane for many years.

FAIRMOUNT ITEMS

Last Saturday evening our citizens had a genuine treat by way of a lecture by Hon. S. D. Allen. His theme was "Some Great Christian Hygiene." The manner of treatment was especially pleasing to the audience. Should he ever be announced to speak here again on any subject he will be greeted by a much larger company.

Mrs. McCullough and her daughter Ethel departed for Leburg on Tuesday to join Mr. McCullough, who is engaged in logging.

Hugh Barr returned from Soda Springs not much improved in health.

L. Carter and son have gone to Marcola for work. Other members of the family expect to leave soon. Delay in public improvements promising to furnish employment to many is driving a large number to seek work elsewhere.

If Fairmount had possessed a fire-bell we would have had some fun the other day. A certain lady was sitting in her kitchen rocking the baby. Glancing upward her eye caught a fiery gleam through a crack in the ceiling. She immediately concluded that the attic was on fire. Knowing we have no fire bell she lifted up her voice: "Help come to her assistance and a board in the ceiling was torn away; no smoke, no fire, nothing but the sun shining through a pitchy shingle. It was simply another case of optical illusion.

The East Eugene Improvement Association held its regular meeting last Monday evening. A good attendance was reported. The club is getting into the way of regular study of timely topics. A committee was appointed to take up the topic of assessment and taxation as conducted in the different states and to present to the club its findings with recommendations. It was suggested that if the work was well done the club might undertake to put the results in print for circulation.

A silver medal contest was held in Fairmount church on Wednesday evening. The speakers and singers were all from different parts of the town. All we had to do with it was to pay our admission and listen. All attending expressed themselves as well pleased. We need something of this kind for our young people.