

# 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 other 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!"



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foiled him. Good night, monster."

Captain Thorncliffe followed Sir John Wilmerding out. Duharre 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.

CHAPTER IX. CAPTAIN THORNLIFFE 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 Thorncliffe had kept the jealous lover from rushing in to kill the Frenchman. They had followed Duharre 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 Duharre thank Miss 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.

Duharre had kissed her hand respectfully and gone away. The girl had seemed stung or sad or not herself or something, for Thorncliffe 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 Duharre had gone, then get a quiet explanation from Miss 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!" Eibell Courtleigh, coming along the garden path, heard the enthusiastic roar.

"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 marshal. 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 event 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 scapage should be worth £600!"

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

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

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

"Of course," answered the captain.

"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.

ish freak. 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."

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

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

"I only wanted to tell you," she remarked in an even, polished tone, "that I think Dorothy Staanfeld 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 to marry me?" she asked with meaning.

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

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 93 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.

NEWS OF THE LOWER SIUSLAU COUNTRY Items of Interest Cull'd 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 farewells party was given at the Western House Saturday evening, in honor of Miss Hamble, Jon Beauchamp and Percy Robillard.

The Eugene-Florence Stage Company has not 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 "Pleasantville," lying at the wharf near the Siuslaw 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.

A narrow escape G. W. Cloyd, a merchant of Plunk, Mo., had a narrow escape four years ago, when he ran a jimson bar 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.

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

Fatally Injured. Mrs. Mary Irans, Reading. Olivia Kauffman, Reading, Pa. Harry Stoltz, Reading. Harry Cutler, Reading. A. L. Roth, Lebanon, Pa. —Roth, tourist agent in charge of the Buffalo Shriners.

Spokane Wins Long Fight for Freight Rates

Spokane seems to have been full of robbers and desperate characters last night. Besides the safe robbery at DeLano's drug store an attempt was made to hold up Henry Gibbs, proprietor of the Theater cafe, as he was on his way home about 9 o'clock last night.

Mr. Gibbs reached the corner of West Fifth and Charnelton streets a man met him and asked him for a match. Mr. Gibbs had just noticed that the fellow had thrown away a cigarette and didn't need a match, and as his appearance was suspicious he drew a revolver and pointed it at the would-be hold-up, asked: "What do you want? The fellow was taken by surprise, and stepped back a few feet, whistled to some one across the street, and then ran. Another was seen running with him as he disappeared in the darkness.

Still Celebrating Advent of Heir Madrid, May 11.—The celebration of the birth of an heir to the throne continues. The queen and babe passed a satisfactory night and this morning the condition of both is pronounced excellent.

Colts Win Game From Roseburg McCormick's Colts won their third successive victory at Recreation Park Sunday afternoon when they defeated the Roseburg team in a well-played and interesting game of baseball. The score was 9 to 2, but this does not indicate the relative merits of the two teams. The game was very even save for one inning, when Roseburg went up in the air and the locals chased seven men across the home plate.

Routes Holdup Man With a Revolver Eugene seems to have been full of robbers and desperate characters last night. Besides the safe robbery at DeLano's drug store an attempt was made to hold up Henry Gibbs, proprietor of the Theater cafe, as he was on his way home about 9 o'clock last night.

Great Canal Begun At Cripple Creek Colorado Springs, May 11.—Work was begun on the Cripple Creek drainage canal today. The tunnel will be 100 feet long and permit the opening of virgin territory estimated to contain \$200,000,000 of gold ore and to prolong the mining life of Cripple Creek twenty years.

Mill To Be Crushing Star Rock By Autumn Portland Capital Developing and Equipping Property in the Bohemia District.

Mineral, Or., May 11.—C. H. Thomson, of Portland, the steamship man, accompanied by Dr. Black, of Vancouver, and Ms. Perkins, a mining expert of Portland, have been at the Star mine in the Bohemia district for several days and made a thorough examination of this fine property, which is owned by Portland and other capitalists.

Stop Grumbling 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.

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.

H. K. Shirk had promised the Sunday school a picnic for yesterday on the banks of the race. The weather not being favorable he concluded to hold the same in the hall last evening, so word was passed around. All came and a very pleasant evening was spent with games and refreshments. The boys and girls showed a great capacity for ice cream and cake.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Run Always Length. Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Richter.

FAIRMOUNT ITEMS

Still Celebrating Advent of Heir