

The Castle Comedy

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

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"They are necessary with desperate outthroats," replied the captain stiffly, bowing her out. Then he turned, all military, to Mistress Percy. "If you need me," he said, "or the prisoner becomes violent, call."

A moment more and the pair within the room heard the bar without fall into place. Quickly May Percy turned with shy, sweet impulsiveness to St. Croix, holding out both hands. "Now—now I can thank you, cousin."

He seized her hands and bent over to kiss them fervently.

"Ah, mademoiselle—cousin!"—and his voice shook. "You always so overpay a service." He was standing close beside her, still holding her hands.

"But your life!" she cried. "You risked that for me! Even now, because of me, you stand in the shadow of an outrageous death. Oh! She drew her hands away from him and began to walk up and down the room hurriedly. "I can't think of it! I must get you out some way. It's for that I am here—to help you back to France, to those you love and who love you and appreciate you."

"Mademoiselle." At his tone she paused, facing him. St. Croix came very close to her before he spoke, slowly, meaningly.

"If all who love me are in France—then indeed it was a useless throw!"

She tried to get away from the love in his eyes and could not. Then a great heart leap of joy sent crimson rushing to her cheeks; her bosom rose and fell quickly; her eyes softened.

"You do—yes!" she murmured. St. Croix only took her in his arms and held her close, so close that she could just hear his half whisper—"That gallows—death—hereafter—are as nothing if le bon Dieu but speak his message of perfect love through you, mademoiselle!"

Once she looked up, and her eyes invited him. Slowly his head bent down.

"My life for this!" he murmured, and their lips met. In a moment he raised his head. "And, oh, how cheap!" said St. Croix.

"Gaston! Gaston!" May Percy's arms were about his neck, and she was kissing him convulsively between little sobs and murmurings of love.

A hurried knocking at the door dropped them from heaven to earth again. The lovers sprang apart. May Percy rushed to the table. Dubarre brought the basket, and between them they began setting out the lunch. The bar without was raised, the door shot open, and Mistress Courtleigh, her eyes dancing from excitement, rushed into the room. She came to wreck the lovers' paradise—to tell them that their time was up, for Sir John Wilmerding would come on guard in five minutes.

"Have you shown him what you came for, May?" she asked, and then, seeing the girl smiling, trembling, blushing, Mistress Courtleigh understood that the reason for their coming among other things had been forgotten.

"Quick!" she commanded, and May Percy ran to the right hand wall. St. Croix sprang after. Turning her back sympathetically, Mistress Courtleigh made a great ado at setting out the dishes upon the table. May Percy was fumbling at a panel in the wall.

"What is it?" asked St. Croix eagerly. "A secret way!" she exclaimed. "Oh, where's that spring? I've known it since a child. Oh, that catch!" She was fumbling all over the panel excitedly.

"Quick! Quick!" cried Mistress Courtleigh from the table as there came a warning knock at the door.

"Does Captain Thorncliffe know?" questioned St. Croix.

"No, but at heart he'll be glad. Oh, here it is!" Mistress Percy cried out joyfully as she touched a spring and a small door slid back.

"It's dark enough," smiled the lover, sniffing at the dank smell that came out through the narrow patch of blackness.

"Yes, and small," continued May Percy. "Part of the way you must crawl. I've been through. It comes out at a big oak near the little lodge—our lodge, you know."

St. Croix nodded.

"Do hurry!" cried Ethel Courtleigh, interrupting for the door rattled a second warning of danger near at hand.

May Percy took up her explanation, speaking very fast. "Wait until you hear me talking to my father outside the door at 9 o'clock, then try it. I'll have my mare Nellie tied behind the lodge. Then—then—Her arms stole about his neck, a look and one word ended it—"sweetheart."

He held her to him, and straightway they seemed to forget all else. Now he spoke low:

"Do you think, dear, I can touch heaven and lose it? There must be two horses. Nellie could not carry us both. We'll meet the ship at midnight—the priest an hour before."

"But, Gaston," she murmured protestingly.

He kissed her hair and her eyes before he spoke.

"Together, sweetheart, from this time forward. Here or there?"

"There, there!" she cried impulsively.

"Then in the hut at 9." And, as though in answer to his words a shadow—the shadow of Sir John Wilmerding—crossed the stained glass window. Within the room they could hear Captain Thorncliffe ask:

"What brought you out so soon, Jack?" And Wilmerding's reply:

"I feared that Frenchman might escape. Hal. And I've decided to put my servant on guard here and stay in the room with him myself. It's best to take no chances."

"You must go at once," whispered May Percy. "Hide in the passage. The panel can be latched from within." Then Sir John, without, cried, alarmed.

"Why, Hal, you've left the door open!"

"Au revoir, sweetheart! Nine o'clock," and with a hasty snatched kiss St. Croix prepared to step within the passage.

May Percy moved over to the big prison door. Standing there beside

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began to glide slowly, cautiously toward the chair.

Sir John, fumbling at the panel, saw none of the play. The Frenchman was directly behind him now, still moving toward the chair.

"I hope his wound does not trouble monsieur extremely," ventured St. Croix over his right shoulder as he edged away. By this time the girl was close to him.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he exclaimed aloud, "you have dropped your handkerchief—permit me." Then, as their hands met over the dainty bit of lace, the girl felt her fingers pressed with sudden ardor.

"Trust me," he whispered low, and in a moment was away, bowing with mere politeness. Still, Sir John, angry at being baffled, struggled desperately with the panel. Now the Frenchman was turned that way.

"Yes," he said, "I tried only to disarm monsieur, but he was violent and, with his inimitable shrug, 'I was forced to wound him slightly.' The prisoner's tone expressed just a passing regret at having been compelled to perform a small, disagreeable duty."

"Lying comes easy to Frenchmen," blurted Sir John at the panel.

"And one must lie to catch a liar," retorted the other, "but—eh bien! as the French say—I'm glad the little comedy is played out."

The Englishman looked surprised.

"Comedy played out?" he sneered with British candor. "Not till you're hanged."

"I spoke of this comedy," said Dubarre, smiling with quiet amusement, sure in the consciousness of something yet to come.

Sir John turned toward him, puzzled now.

"I don't see that you have cause for laughter."

"Sir John does not see everything," answered the old dancing master gently, "but it is just as I have said." He unbuttoned his coat, took from the inside pocket the newspaper containing the story about "French Percy," and held it toward Sir John.

"Will monsieur read? Possibly this may explain many things."

Wilmerding came over quickly to take the paper. He stood beside the table on the Frenchman's right to read it. May Percy, eager, anxious, had stolen to his other side. As Sir John read, her eyes questioned her lover's, but his quick smile of encouragement told her only to be brave and wait.

Sir John looked up from his reading.

"Good! Good!" he cried. "We English can always fool you dull French spies. The government is awake."

"And, as usual, when awake it played the fool," broke in the Frenchman bitterly. "This, now—" He took the paper from Sir John. "It is safe to wager that 'French Percy' will fall in this, his last desperate undertaking, or, if he should get to the castle, will certainly be captured. The place is now being watched." The reader cast the paper down angrily. "Fools! Idiots! That's what spoiled it."

"Spoiled it?" questioned Sir John.

"Yes," blurted Dubarre, angry now clear through, "spoiled it, I said. Send a man down here to watch, then publish stuff."

"What's this? What do you mean?" interrupted the slower Englishman, while even Mistress Percy began to show some signs of uneasiness.

"Mean?" ejaculated Dubarre. "I mean that while I fooled with a country bumpkin over his pastoral love affair because of this paper 'French Percy' slipped through my fingers."

Sir John fell back to gaze at him in angry, blank amazement. "French Percy" gone! he blurted. "All know you are the renegade himself."

The other had recovered his temper by this time. Now he shrugged his shoulders.

"Only when it pleased me. I'm no more 'French Percy' than I am Gaston Dubarre." And with his old mocking laugh he looked at the two astonished faces before him. May Percy fell away from him with a little cry of horror.

"Who? What?" was all Sir John could mutter stupidly.

The self-confessed stranger drew himself up and bowed to them both deeply. "Jacques Fournier, the government's private emissary, at your service," he said.

"Jacques Fournier! Wellington's spy?" blurted Sir John.

Mistress Percy looked for a moment at the Frenchman, fright and amazement in her eyes, then sank into the chair and buried her face in her arms upon the table. The acknowledged spy appeared nettled. He drew a small case out of his coat pocket and extracted therefrom a bit of oiled paper, which he spread out and offered to the Englishman.

"Read this, sir, and change your mind." Then as Sir John glanced at it he added aloud, "Mistress Percy might like to hear."

The girl who had rested in the man's arms a few minutes before heard Sir John read of her lover:

This is to certify that the bearer, Jacques Fournier, is a faithful, loyal and highly efficient officer in the British service. All soldiers and loyal subjects to whom he may appeal are hereby commanded to do everything in their power to aid him in whatever way he may desire, especially in the matter of the capture of the notorious outlaw and spy 'French Percy.' This order is to be considered a pass through all lines and is to serve as a requisition in case anything is needed by the bearer. All soldiers will see that it is duly honored. It will be shown only in case of grave necessity.

WELLINGTON, General Commanding.

Up and down, back and forth, before the door of the waiting chamber paced Captain Thorncliffe and Sir Henry Percy, laboring in earnest argument.

"You, Captain Thorncliffe, you have fought the French, you have bled for England, yet you give such counsel. I cannot understand it."

Captain Thorncliffe dropped his head

with light touch on the old baronet's arm before replying seriously: "And believe me, Sir Henry, that is the very reason I advise you to permit his escape. The fighters are not the haters, Sir Henry."

The older one shook off the restraining hand angrily.

"But," he protested, "this man humbled you and the British arms in outrageous fashion. Do you forget the stealing of the headquarters papers that early morning in the Spanish pass?"

On the instant flashed back the soldier's question, "When came it the part of an English gentleman to bear malice against a gallant enemy?"

Sir Henry's face grew hard at the rebuke. His hands began to clench and unclench rapidly. He was working fast to a characteristic rage.

"Your duty, Captain Thorncliffe!"— "Will be in nowise evaded by letting this man go," broke in the soldier.

"He is counted one of the dangerous men in the French army."

"He is your cousin, a brave gentleman, here on private business and practically your guest," was the retort.

"He is an enemy to England, the minion of the Corsican spawn and practically a spy. Don't presume to teach me my duty, sir," roared the head of the Percys, advancing with threatening fist upon the soldier. But the man who had stood before the French Percy's sword did not fear the English one's anger. Instead—calm, contemptuous, accusing—he faced the old man down.

"Your cousin disclosed himself to defend your daughter's honor, Sir Henry Percy, and that done, he fought no more, though he might easily have got away. You seem to have forgotten that."

Sir Henry stood silent, overwhelmed with argument, too angry for coherent speech. With increase of the Percy stubbornness Thorncliffe's temper had been rising steadily; but now, fighting hard, he kept sufficient self control to resume his quiet, convincing argument.

He knew that behind that door he guarded two men, his friends, enemies to the death, faced each other before the woman they both loved. The door of heavy oak let through no sound. What was going forward within he could but surmise, only he knew there would be a tragedy should Sir Henry in his present mood cross the threshold or any one from within come forth.

And so for the life of a brave enemy he had come to love the gallant English gentleman fought hard with his friends.

"Sir Henry"—the question came forth sharp and straight—"if Colonel Latapie were not in love with your daughter would you wish to see him meet a felon's end?"

That shot struck home. The father's eyes opened wide.

"By my soul, Captain Thorncliffe, you take strange liberties!"

The soldier diplomat went on, unheeding the interruption:

"And yet he is a brave gentleman and asked you for her fairly."

"Sir, I'll—How do you know that?" roared Sir Henry, taken quite off his guard.

Thorncliffe tried hard not to show his triumph.

"Because," he said simply, "Latapie is a French officer and a Percy. Besides a man does not often throw away his life needlessly for a woman he does not love. And—and—as he said this the plowman watched the old baronet carefully—"she loves him much, Sir Henry."

Mistress Percy's father fairly exploded in rage and sorrow.

(Concluded Next Week.)

STATE GRANGE

MEETS IN EUGENE

NEXT SESSION

At the meeting of the state grange at Hood River this week Eugene, Corvallis, LaGrande and Tillamook City were placed in nomination for place of meeting of the next session. But just as the tide was setting heavy toward Corvallis F. M. Gill took the floor and made a telling speech for Eugene and Eugene won by a vote of 30 to 25. The friends of the State University are jubilant over the victory, as they believe that this will show that the grangers stand squarely for a square deal. It is thought that if any action has attached to the state grange on account of the referendum which has been called on the State University appropriation bill that this action by the state grange will clear up the situation.

ANNOUNCEMENT

I beg to announce that I have purchased of Wm. Staiger, of Salem, Or., his business and entire stock of monuments, which is without doubt the largest, best finished and selected stock in the state, and consists of Scotch, Swedish and Eastern granite and Vermont marble; monuments, tablets, etc., of nearly every design.

I have some exceptionally good things to offer the people of Eugene and Lane county at this time. I can make prompt delivery. Besides the stock on hand I have also on the sea and coming by rail Scotch and New England granites.

Now is the opportunity to make a good selection for summer and fall delivery, and have your work well set before the rainy season.

W. W. MARTIN, East Ninth St., Eugene, Or.

JUST RECEIVED

We have just received a carload of Cutting machinery, including the celebrated Champion mowers, rakes and binders, in all sizes. These goods are the best on the market and fully guaranteed. Call and inspect them. Ctd, 4th GRIFFIN HARDWARE CO.

The work of improving the south room of the Pratt block, formerly Pickett's, for Friendly's clothing department began today.

TAWNEY SPEAKS ON STATES' RIGHTS AT GETTYSBURG

Gettysburg, May 30.—At the Memorial Day exercises at the national cemetery, Congressman James A. Tawney, chairman of the house committee on appropriations, was the orator of the day. He spoke as follows:

Mr. Tawney's Address.

"The battle of Gettysburg, like those of Marston Moor and Runmede and Bunker Hill, was fought to determine the proper bounds of political and civil liberty. It was fought to settle a purely personal issue. There is but one great problem in politics today, and that is the adjustment of the central power of state or nation to the local self-government of the people. Has the individual state the right, and should it manage and control its affairs without regard to other states in the Union, or are we essentially one people, bound in all we do as individual states to respect the institutions and conserve the welfare of all. There has grown up in this country an intense national sentiment. We are inclined to boast of our American citizenship. National laws are scrupulously observed while state enactments are but little respected."

"In the early part of the nineteenth century there was fear and danger that the union of the states was as a rope of sand and would fall apart, or rather that the states would not come together and forever remain together under one comprehensive system of local self and national government."

Today there is more reason to fear that the several states and the local self-government which they represent in our dual form of government will, for all practical purposes, disappear from our politics as distance entities in our system of government and be swallowed up in one all-embracing federal power. The states today not only seem inclined to allow but in many cases are anxious voluntarily to surrender to the federal government the discharge of duties and the exercise of powers and privileges involving the expenditure of money. They are also today either soliciting or acquiescing in a federal supervision over their domestic affairs to an extent that less than half a century ago would have led to a revolution had the federal government attempted to force upon them such supervision."

These undertakings which belong exclusively to the states or private interests to do and to pay for, but which have been authorized by congress and must be paid for from appropriations made from the federal treasury, exceed the legitimate functions of the federal government as conceived by the founders of our political institutions and as declared by them in the constitution of the United States. The special agent and inspection service through which federal supervision and control over the domestic affairs of the people is exercised, shows an enormous increase in the past ten years. The number of men employed in the service in 1907 is one hundred and eighty times greater than in 1866, and the cost has increased over 700 per cent in ten years. This is the tendency of the times, the growth of which during the last decade can be comprehended only by a careful analysis of federal legislation and the aggregate annual expenditures of the federal government. If it is not checked, and the states continue to surrender to the federal government the exercise of their reserved powers, or fail to exercise them in harmony with interests of their sister states, then the federal government, as a dealer resort, may be compelled to assume practical control over the states and the domestic affairs of their people. In that case, with the varied and vast local and national interests of hundreds of people, how long would it be before the task and burden of government would be so complex and so stupendous that of its own weight our splendid system of government would fall?"

"The true reason for this dangerous tendency, or why the people are willing to let the national government perform and pay for so many things which properly fall within the obligations of the states and private citizens lies in the fact that they do not realize that they are themselves paying for things which the national government pays for. The legislator is slow to expose himself needlessly to the criticism and disapprobation of his constituents. Therefore needed legislation is postponed because of the expense it involves and the federal government is appealed to wherever possible."

"I do not plead for state's rights. I plead for the right of the federal government to protect itself and its treasury against the encroachments of the states' and private interests upon her powers, her duties and her revenues. Where will this tendency end? To what result think you does it naturally and inevitably lead—whether we are going in this centralization of power and mutilation of local self-government? I lay no claim to prophetic powers, but I bring to you today the thought of many of the ablest men in the public service when I say that we are drifting toward a highly organized, bureaucratic form of federal government such as has become the bane of most of the old-world governments of Europe."

THE TEXAS WONDER.

Cures all kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles; sold by all druggists on two months' treatment by mail for \$1. Dr. E. W. Hall, 2925 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Hull's Drug Store.

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GROUND BROKEN FOR ALASKA-YUKON EXPOSITION

Seattle, June 1.—With impressive ceremonies ground was broken today for the Alaska-Yukon Pacific exposition which will be held here in 1909, opening just two years from date. The day was a holiday and amid the blare of trumpets, the marching of a military pageant, inspiring speeches and banqueting the inauguration of active work on the Pacific world's fair was celebrated.

Many prominent men attended the ceremonies, and visitors from many nearby cities were present.

Hon. John Barrett, director of the International Bureau of American Republics, as the personal representative of President Roosevelt, was the principal speaker of the day and the guest of honor.

President John Edward Chilberg, of the exposition, after appropriate

afternoon by a banquet to John Barrett at the Rainier Club, Mr. Barrett is well known in the West. Before he entered the government service he was a newspaper man in Portland, Seattle, San Francisco and Tacoma. He began his diplomatic career as minister to Siam and since has held several important diplomatic posts.

It is thought by the management that two years of strenuous work on the \$10,000,000 world's fair will find it completed in every detail by June 1, 1909, the opening day.

The purpose for which the exposition is held is considered here to be worthy of the expenditure of so large a sum. Briefly, its primary object is to exploit the resources and potentialities of the Alaska and Yukon territories in the United States and Canada and to make known and foster the vast importance of the



MORDECAI BROWN. The sensational three fingered pitcher of the champion Chicago Nationals, who is duplicating his success of last year.

remarks, turned the first spadeful of earth, while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner" and thousands cheered.

Addresses were delivered by Governor Albert E. Mead, of Washington, and Mayor W. H. Moore, of Seattle.

The ceremonies started with a big military parade at noon. It passed through the principal downtown streets and ended at Union station, where a special train was taken for the exposition grounds. The exercises on the grounds began at 2 o'clock.

L. N. Nadeau, director general of the exposition, was master of ceremonies. W. A. Williams, of Portland, represented Governor Chamberlain, of Oregon.

The day's ceremonies will end this

trade of the Pacific ocean and the countries bordering on it.

The exposition site, which embraces the unused portion of the campus of the University of Washington, is 250 acres in extent and borders for more than a mile and a half on Lakes Union and Washington. The Olympic and Cascade mountains are in sight and an unobstructed view may be had of the peaks of Mount Baker and Mount Rainier.

Now that ground has been broken work will start immediately on the landscaping and the laying out of the roads, plazas and circles. The administration building will be erected at once in order that the management may have headquarters on the grounds. The exposition plans call for about 12 large exhibit places arranged in a unique manner.

NEW COMPANY TAKES OVER THE OREGON SECURITIES

Cottage Grove, June 1.—The West Coast Mines Company was incorporated under the laws of Oregon this week, the final papers having been filed on Tuesday last. The company takes over the property of the Oregon Securities Company of the Bohemia mining district. All the papers relative to the transfer of the mines and mills have been signed and they are now matters of record.

The capital stock of the new company is of the par value of \$1,500,000, divided in 1,500,000 shares. Four hundred thousand shares of this stock is preferred, 7 per cent non-cumulative stock and 1,100,000 common. A cumulative stock is one where unpaid interest accumulates and becomes a debt against the company. A non-cumulative stock is a class where interest does not become a liability if not paid when due. Wherefore if the West Coast Mines Company has profits at the close of the year to pay the interest on the preferred stock, the owner gets his money; but if there is no profit or only part enough, the stockholder sustains the loss of interest and the mine is left free from debt on interest account.

Preferred Stock at 60 Cents.

The 400,000 shares of preferred stock have been sold at 60 cents, and 400,000 shares of common at 20 cents, thus realizing \$220,000. With this money the new company has paid all the debts owing by the Securities Company and the mine enters upon its new life with 70,000 shares of unsold stock in the treasury and free from debt. A part of this stock will be offered to the Securities stockholders at 20 cents, the price paid by the purchasers of the first block of 400,000 shares sold as above noted. The remainder of the 700,000 shares of treasury stock will be offered in the open market at a price greater than 20 cents. The entire proceeds realized from the sale of this block of 700,000 shares will be used for deep development at the mine and for treating base ores.

During the past four months, while the mine was in the custody of the receiver, it has been operated at a profit and the work this summer will be continuous. The energies of the new company will be directed to the deep development of the mine.

GRADUATION ORATIONS ARE DELIVERED

(From Saturday's Guard.)

The graduating exercises of the High school were held in the Deane hall last night before a large audience, the house being comfortably filled with patrons of the schools and the friends of the graduates. The class, thirty in number, was seated in a circle, on the stage and in the front row to the left of the six orators were seated. The stage was beautifully decorated with the choicest flowers, while the "pennant" hung suspended from the curtain.

Rev. J. S. McCallum opened the exercises by a fervent prayer and was followed by a chorus, "Our Song School." The first orator was Jessie Calkins, who spoke of "The Need of a Finer Sense of Honor." The other orators were as follows: Within Our Spilling Palm, by Leon Ray; "Originality," by Mary De Bar; "The Something Within," by Aubrey H. Bond; "Its Value," by Miss Virginia Hurd; and "International Peace," by Percy Collier. All the orations were excellent and showed that the time and thought had been put into them.

At the close of the program Dean F. W. Osburn, of the school board, made the presentation of diplomas to the graduates, who were as follows:

Eva Vivian Allen, Edith Viola Mittleage, Aubrey H. Bond, Josephine Adams, Boone Coffey, Percy Collier, Mary DeBar, Ada Dunn, Ethel Lena Evans, Eva Hurd, Julia Mae Gibson, Dean Gibson, Becca June Gray, Madge Norton Hamble, Mabel Hill, Constance Hurd, Virginia Hurd, Doris Mae Effie Belle McCallum, Mrs. L. Manville, Guy Porter, Ruth Lila Carrie Pro