

The Castle Comedy

By THOMPSON BUCHANAN

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"They are necessary with desperate intentions," replied the captain stiffly, "but I will not allow them to be used in this manner. You are a soldier, and you know that the use of arms is the last resort in a dispute."

"A moment more and the pair within the room heard the bar without fail. Quickly May Percy turned to St. Croix, holding out both hands. "Now, I can thank you, cousin."

"But your life," she cried. "You saved me from a bad fate. 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."

"I can't think of it! I'll be sure to 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 turned, 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 you mean?" 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 I do not find but speak his message of perfect love through you, mademoiselle!"

"Once she looked up, and her eyes tried 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 deep!" 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. 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 her. 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 Thornecliffe know?" questioned St. Croix.



"Come back, you spy, or I'll stab her!" Mistress Courtleigh, she watched St. Croix. He was watching her.

Suddenly, without slightest warning, the big door opened, and Sir John Wilmerding stepped quickly in. One glance showed all. Hate gave him wit. Springing to May Percy's side, he seized the girl and whipped out his short hunting knife. Raising it, he cried:

"Come back, you spy, or I'll stab her!"

CHAPTER XIV. CAREFULLY St. Croix stepped back into the room.

"No, no! Go on, Gaston!" exclaimed Mistress Percy hysterically. But instead he closed the panel after him with elaborate attention, then turned and bowed deeply to Sir John.

"Monsieur has the advantage," sneered the Frenchman, "for he fights with weapons which are impossible for a gentleman to use." And, saying this, the man thus brought suddenly back to face a degrading death shrugged his shoulders and strolled to the window, where he stood drumming his fingers on the sill and straining his eyes against a murky outside through blue stained glass.

Sir John released the girl and put up his knife.

"I would thank Mistress Percy," he said, "for her valuable assistance in preventing the escape of so desperate a ruffian. But your father would like to see you. Will you go to him?"

He might have been a reptile, the girl drew back from him with such loathing, wiping her arm hard, as though his mere touch had defiled it. Without even a look for reply, she walked over and leaned against the mantel, a beautiful picture of collapsed defeat.

"As you will," sniffed Sir John, and, jauntily now in spite of his bandaged throat and generally dilapidated appearance, he strode over to the panel to block up the only remaining way of escape.

But, try as he might, the Englishman could not find the secret spring. All over the panel he fumbled, poking this way and that at every suspicious knob and smooth place, but still the secret point eluded his hardest efforts. From the window St. Croix watched him.

To the Frenchman, defeated now at every turn, with his last card of luck played out, it was the time for utter despair. Dejectedly he turned from Sir John and started toward the chair beside the table near the center of the room. As he moved he thrust one hand carelessly into the pocket of his coat—the coat once worn by Jacques Fournay, the spy.

May Percy, watching his face as only a loving woman watches, caught the sudden lightning look of joy that flashed upon it and was as quickly gone. With his eyes he told her to come to him, and, understanding, she

began to glide slowly, cautiously toward the chair.

Sir John, fumbling at the panel, saw none of the byplay. 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 immitable 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 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 blustered. "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 Fournay, the government's private emissary, at your service," he said.

"Jacques Fournay! Wellington's spy? Stuff!" cried 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 Fournay, 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 Thornecliffe and Sir Henry Percy, laboring in earnest argument.

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

Captain Thornecliffe dropped his hand

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 into a characteristic rage.

"Your duty, Captain Thornecliffe!"—

"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 spaw 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 Thornecliffe'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 Thornecliffe, 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.

Thornecliffe 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 plender watching the old baronet carefully—"she loves him much, Sir Henry."

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

(Concluded next Saturday.)

BIDS WANTED.

For Erection of the Eugene General Hospital.

Sealed proposals will be received by the board of directors, care of Dr. J. W. Harris, secretary, Eugene, Or., until 5 o'clock p. m. June 8 for the erection of a hospital building for the Eugene General Hospital Association, Eugene, Or. Plans and Specifications may be examined at the office of the architect, Jno. Hunzicker. A certified check for five per cent of amount of bid must accompany proposals, payable to Dr. J. W. Harris, secretary. Check to be forfeited to the Eugene General Hospital Association, Eugene, Or., if the successful bidder fails to execute contract, and furnish bond of 50 per cent of contract for the proper completion of said building according to plans and specifications. The directors reserve the right to reject any and all proposals.

DR. E. M. DAY, DR. GEO. WALL, DR. W. L. CHESHIRE, Building Committee.

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.

GRiffin HARDWARE Co.

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



SLUGGIE TIM JORDAN. Great heavy hitting first baseman of the Brooklyns.

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 claim 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.

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, 2926 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo. Send for testimonials. Sold by Hall's Drug Store.

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.

Nannie Davis, Plaintiff, vs. Monroe Davis, Defendant.

To Monroe Davis, the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court and cause and answer the complaint of the plaintiff therein within six (6) weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree of said court dissolving the marriage contract now and heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and giving to the plaintiff the care, custody and control of the minor children of the plaintiff and defendant, Cleo Davis and Rosalie Davis, and for judgment against you for the plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein to be taxed. This summons is served upon you by publication in the Eugene Guard for a period of six (6) weeks by order of Hon. J. W. Hamilton, judge of the above entitled court, dated April 30, 1907.

The first publication of this summons was made on the 6th day of April, 1907.

COSHOW & RICE, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Summons. In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for the County of Lane.

Flora Sutherland, Plaintiff, vs. Ray Sutherland, Defendant.

To Ray Sutherland, the above named defendant:

In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby required to appear in the above entitled court and cause and answer the complaint of the plaintiff therein within six (6) weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and if you fail to so appear and answer said complaint the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in her complaint, to-wit: For a decree of said court dissolving the marriage contract now and heretofore existing between the plaintiff and defendant, and giving to the plaintiff the care, custody and control of the minor children of the plaintiff and defendant, Vaude Sutherland and Olive Sutherland, and for judgment against you for plaintiff's costs and disbursements herein to be taxed.

This summons is served upon you by publication in the Eugene Guard, for a period of six (6) weeks by order of the Hon. L. T. Harris, judge of the above entitled court, dated April 23, 1907.

The first publication of this summons was made on the 27th day of April, 1907.

L. N. HARBAUGH, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Administrator's Notice. Estate of M. A. Hunsaker, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that E. L. Campbell has been duly appointed administrator of the above named estate by the county court of Lane county, Oregon, and all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same with the proper vouchers to said administrator on or before the said time fixed for said final hearing and for said final settlement.

Dated this 23th day of April, 1907. E. L. CAMPBELL, Administrator.

President Roosevelt Says

"Give every man a square deal." That is what we will do for you

CHIROPRACTIC POINTERS

Common sense is an ally of chiropractic. Chiropractic stands for reason and against superstition.

Are you a dyspeptic. You should know all about chiropractic. Oh, that headache! Is it distracting. Consult a chiropractor.

Drug medicine has its foundation in the days of fetishism. Medical literature teems with admissions that drugs kill more than cure.

Chiropractic's tower of strength lies in the fact that the people can understand it.

Be reasonable in your search for health and you will find yourself espousing chiropractic.

Go and talk with your nearest chiropractic physician, and you will find that his explanation of its principles appeals to your reason.

It is an old superstition that one must take a drug for every ill, but the people have gradually broken away from it.

Run down, nervous, sleepless people find life worth living after making the acquaintance of a chiropractic physician.

People are paying more attention to health matters than they used to. They understand disease better, also. That is why chiropractic is coming to the front so rapidly. The people demand it.

It helps health to think about health rather than sickness, but it helps health more to be treated by chiropractic when disease creeps in.

Taking cold easily shows a low state of the nervous system. Chiropractic tones up the nervous system. Why do you moan around with a lame back when that is just the sort of trouble that chiropractic is look-

ing for a chance to relieve?" In searching to find out how drugs act upon the body doctors have learned that the body acts best without any drugging whatsoever.

Every new principle in the curative art has at first been maligned and persecuted, then tolerated, and at length recognized. Chiropractic is proving no exception.

You say you don't believe in chiropractic—do you know what it is? You say you don't believe that "diseases all start in the bones." Well, neither do chiropractors. You will have to get your bearings better than that before settling out as a critic.

You can call chiropractors "bone doctors" or whatever you like, provided you call them in when other schools fail to relieve your ills, and give them a chance to show why they believe in this new science.

The chiropractor says, first, that this human machine should be in good mechanical adjustment, good anatomical form, in order to keep in health. Is that unreasonable? He says, second, that when this good order departs from the body, so that disturbance of the nerve or blood currents follows, that disease is the consequence. Is that hard to reason out? He says, third, that the way to remedy disease so induced is to correct the mechanical disorder whereupon bodily economy will rectify itself. Is that a violation of common sense? The basic idea of chiropractic adjustment, therefore, is that disease has a mechanical cause which usually may be found and rectified. How does that measure up for common sense with the germ idea, for instance, or any other current medical theory?

EXAMINATION FREE

Those bringing this ad with them will give a special rate for one month. Office Hours 9-12; 1:30-5:30; 7-8.

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McKenzie stage leaves 5:30 a. m. Florence stage 6:00 a. m.
Phone, Main 21—West Ninth St.

Registration of Land Title. In the circuit court of the State of Oregon for the county of Lane.

In the matter of the application of Joseph Nurte to register the title to the land in the said application described, as follows:

Beginning at a point on the south line of the Prior F. Blair donation land claim number 39, in section 36, township 17, south, range 4 west, north 89 degrees 19 minutes west 87 1/2 feet from the southeast corner of said Blair donation identified by two sandstones and an iron bar driven in the ground, thence south 27 minutes west along present fence 257.7 feet to the north line of Jas. Huddellston donation land claim in said section 36, thence north 89 degrees 55 minutes west along said north line 531 feet to the line of the present fence if extended, thence north 9 degrees and 14 minutes east 242 feet to the south line of the said Blair donation land claim, thence along said line south 89 degrees 19 minutes east 529 feet to the place of beginning. All in lots 4 and 5 of section 36, township 17, south, range 4 west, in Lane county, Oregon.

Against W. D. Combs. To all whom it may concern: Take notice that on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1907, an application was filed by said Joseph Nurte in the circuit court of Lane county for initial registration of the title to the land above described. Now unless you appear on or before the 17th day of June, A. D. 1907, and show cause why such application should not be granted, the same will be taken as confessed and a decree will be entered according to the prayer of the application and you will be forever barred from disputing the same.

E. U. LEE, Clerk. WILLIAMS & BEAN, Applicant's Attorneys.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Richard Hileman, administrator of the estate of James Bricker, deceased, has filed his final account in the matter of said estate in the County Court of Lane county, Oregon, and that Monday, the 3rd day of June, 1907, at the hour of 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, has been fixed by said court and by the order thereof for the hearing of objections to said final account and for the final settlement of said estate; and all objections to said final account are required to be filed with the clerk of said court on or before the said time fixed for said final hearing and for said final settlement.

Dated this 23th day of April, 1907. RICHARD HILEMAN, Administrator.

L. B. B. Attorney.