

IN THE FOG

BY
Richard Harding Davis.

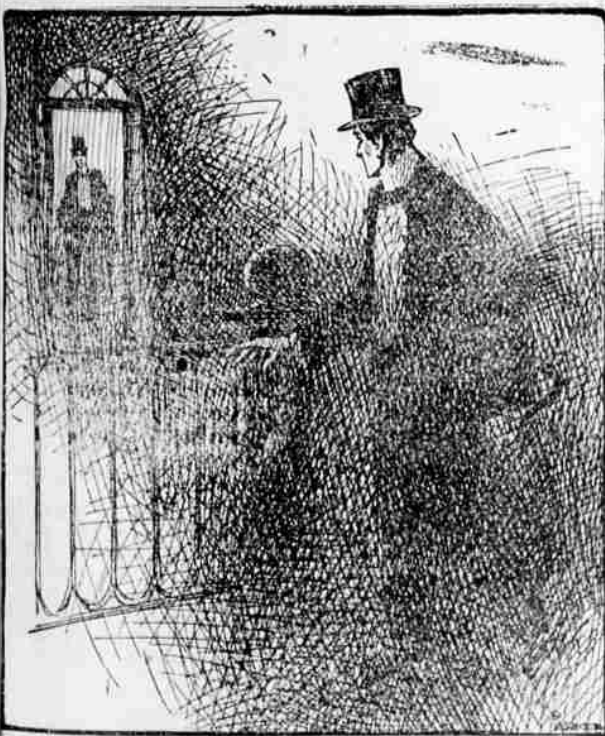
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CHAPTER 2—(Continued).

"To a sailor the course did not seem difficult, so I bade my friend good-night and walked forward until my feet touched the paving. I continued upon it until I reached the curbing of the sidewalk. A few steps further, and my hands struck the wall of the barracks. I turned in the direction from which I had just come and saw a square of faint

light cut in the yellow fog. I shouted 'All right,' and the voice of my friend answered, 'Good luck to you.' The light from his open door disappeared with a bang, and I was left alone in a dripping, yellow darkness. I have been in the Navy for ten years, but I have never known such a fog as that of last night, not even among the icebergs of Behring Sea. There one at least could see the light of the binnacle, but last night I could not even distinguish the hand by which I guided myself along the barrack wall. At sea a fog is a natural phenomenon. It is as familiar as the rainbow which follows a storm, it is as proper that a fog should spread upon the waters as that steam should rise from a kettle. But a fog which springs from the paved streets, that rolls between solid house-fronts, that forces cabs to move at half speed, that drowns policemen and extinguishes the electric lights of the music hall, that to me is incomprehensible. It is as out of place as a tidal wave on Broadway.

"As I felt my way along the wall, I encountered other men who were coming from the opposite direction, and each time when we passed each other I stepped away from the wall to make room for them to pass. But the third time I did this, when I reached out my hand, the wall had disappeared, and the further I moved to find it the further I seemed to be sinking into space. I had the unpleasant conviction that at any moment I might step over a precipice. Since I had not out I had heard no traffic in the street, and now, although I listened some minutes, I could only distinguish the occasional footfalls of pedestrians. Several times I called aloud, and once a jocular gentleman answered me, but only to ask me where I thought he was, and then even he was swallowed up in the silence. Just above me I could make out a jet of gas which I guessed came from a street lamp, and I moved over to that, and, while I tried to recover my bearings, kept



"A SQUARE OF LIGHT SUDDENLY OPENED IN THE NIGHT."

my hand on the iron post. Except for this flicker of gas, no larger than the tip of my finger, I could distinguish nothing about me. For the rest, the mist hung between me and the world like a damp and heavy blanket.

"I could hear voices, but I could not tell from whence they came, the scrape of a foot moving cautiously, or a muffled cry as some assembled, were the only sounds that reached me.

"I decided that until some one took me in tow I had best remain where I was, and it must have been for ten minutes that I waited by the lamp, straining my ears and hailing distant footfalls. In a house I saw some people were dancing to the music of a Hungarian band, and I fancied I could hear the windows shake to the rhythm of their feet, but I could not make out from which part of the compass the music came. And sometimes, as the music rose, it seemed close at hand, and again, to be floating high in the air above my head. As I was surrounded by thousands of householders, I was as completely lost as though I had been set down by night in the Sahara desert. There seemed to be no reason in waiting longer for an escort, I again set out, and at once bumped against a low iron fence. At that instant I felt that to be an area railing, but on following it I found it stretched for a long distance, and that it was placed at regular intervals with gates. I was standing uncertainly with my hand on one of these when a square of light suddenly opened in the night, and in it I saw a picture thrown by a biograph in a darkened theater. I followed from its elevation and distance from the sidewalk that it must come from the door of a house set back from the street, and I was determined to approach it and ask the young man to tell me I was. But in fumbling with the lock of the gate I instinctively

bent my head, and when I raised it again the door had partly closed, leaving only a narrow shaft of light. Whether the young man had re-entered the house, or had left it, I could not tell, but I hastened to open the gate, and as I stepped forward I found myself upon an asphalt walk. At the same instant there was the sound of quick steps upon the path, and some one rushed past me. I called to him, but he made no reply, and I heard the gate click and the footsteps hurrying away upon the sidewalk.

"Under other circumstances the young man's evidence, and his recklessness in rushing so hurriedly through the mist, would have struck me as peculiar, but everything was so distorted by the fog that at the moment I did not consider it. The door was still as he had left it, partly open. I went up the path, and, after much fumbling, found the knob of the door-bell and gave it a sharp pull. The bell answered me from a great depth and distance, but no movement followed from inside the house, and although I pulled the bell again and again I could hear nothing save the dripping of the mist about me. I was anxious to be on my way, but unless I knew where I was going there was little chance of my making any speed, and I was determined that until I learned my bearings I would not venture back into the fog. So I pushed the door open and stepped into the house.

"I found myself in a long and narrow hall, upon which doors opened from either side. At the end of the hall was a staircase with a balustrade which ended in a sweeping curve. The balustrade was covered with heavy Persian rugs, and the walls of the hall were also hung with them. The door on my left was closed, but the one nearer me on the right was open, and as I stepped opposite to it I saw that it was a sort of reception or waiting-room, and that it was empty. The door below it was also open, and with the idea that I would surely find some one there, I walked on up the hall. I was in evening dress, and I felt I did not look like a burglar, so I had no great fear that, should I encounter one of the inmates of the house, he would shoot me on sight. The second door in the hall opened into a dining-room. This was also empty. One person had been dining at the table, but the cloth had not been cleared away, and a flickering candle showed half-filled wine-glasses and the ashes of cigarettes. The greater part of the room was in complete darkness.

"By this time I had grown conscious of the fact that I was wandering about in a strange house, and that, apparently, I was alone in it. The silence of the place began to try my nerves, and in a sudden, unexplainable panic I started for the open street. But as I turned, I saw a man sitting on a bench, which the curve of the balustrade had hidden from me. His eyes were shut, and he was sleeping soundly.

"The moment before I had been bewildered because I could see no one, but at sight of this man I was much more bewildered.

"He was a very large man, a giant in height, with long yellow hair which hung below his shoulders. He was dressed in a red silk shirt that was belted at the waist and hung outside black velvet trousers which, in turn, were stuffed into high black boots. I recognized the costume at once as that of a Russian servant, but what a Russian servant in his native livery could be doing in a private house in Knight's bridge was incomprehensible.

"I advanced and touched the man on the shoulder, and after an effort he awoke, and, on seeing me, springing to his feet and began bowing rapidly and making deprecating gestures. I had picked up enough Russian in Petersburg to make out that the man was apologizing for having fallen asleep, and I also was able to explain to him that I desired to see his master.

"He nodded vigorously, and said, 'Will the Excellency come this way? The Princess is here.'

"I distinctly made out the word 'princess,' and I was a good deal embarrassed, I had thought it would be easy enough to explain my intrusion to a man, but how a woman would look at it was another matter, and as I followed him down the hall I was somewhat puzzled.

"As we advanced, he noticed that the front door was standing open, and with an exclamation of surprise, hastened toward it and closed it. Then he rapped twice on the door of what was apparently the drawing-room. There was no reply to his knock, and he tapped again, and then timidly, and cringing subversively, opened the door and stepped inside. He withdrew himself at once and stared stupidly at me, shaking his head.

"She is not there," he said. He stood for a moment gazing blankly through the open door, and then hastened toward the dining-room. The solitary candle which still burned there seemed to assure him that the room also was empty. He came back and bowed me toward the drawing-room. 'She is above,' he said; 'I will inform the Princess of the Excellency's presence.'

"Before I could stop him he had turned and was running up the staircase, leaving me alone at the open door of the drawing-room. I decided that the adventure had gone quite far enough, and if I had been able to explain to the Russian that I had lost my way in the fog, and only wanted to get back into the street again, I would have left the house on the instant.

"Of course, when I first rang the bell of the house I had no other expectation than that it would be answered by a parlor-maid who would direct me on my way. I certainly could not then foresee that I would disturb a Russian princess in her boudoir, or that I might be thrown out by her athletic bodyguard. Still, I thought I ought not now to leave the house without making some apology, and, if the worst should come, I could show my card. They could hardly believe that a member of an Embassy had any designs upon the hat-rack.

"The room in which I stood was dimly lighted, but I could see that, like the hall, it was hung with heavy Persian rugs. The corners were filled with palms, and there was the unmistakable odor in the air of Russian cigarettes, and strange, dry scents that carried me back to the bazaars of Vladivostok. Near the front windows was a grand piano, and at the other end of the room a heavily carved screen of some black wood, jacked out with ivory. The screen was overhung with a canopy of silken draperies, and formed a sort of alcove. In front of the alcove was spread the white skin of a polar bear, and set on that was one of those low Turkish coffee tables. It held a lighted spirit lamp and two gold coffee cups. I had heard no movement from above stairs, and it must have been fully three minutes that I stood waiting, noting these details of the room and wondering at the delay, and at the strange silence.

(Continued Next Page.)

If you are going to use coal this winter, it will pay you to get a night. Come and enjoy yourself a pleasant time assured. If

DIED.
In Portland, Oct. 29, 1907, John W. Williams. The deceased was born in New York in 1837. He came to Jacksonville in early life, and his family resided here until 1853, and settled at Corvallis. Later he moved to Eugene, where he spent many years. He married Miss Laura Gilman. Mr. Williams was the founder of the Old Farmers' Union at Corvallis, and was twice elected a member of same. He was also grand master of the state and was very prominent in I. O. O. F. circles. He leaves a son, Edward Lambert Williams of Portland, and a daughter, Mrs. F. G. Thayer of Wendling. The funeral was held in Eugene this afternoon and the remains interred in the I. O. O. F. cemetery, Rev. D. H. Trimble conducting the services.

RECOGNIZED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

In these days of strenuous opposition to adulteration of goods and drugs we note that the U. S. Department of Agriculture has recognized Knaps-Curo as an official sheep dip, and inspectors have been notified to this effect. This action is certainly gratifying to the Prussian Remedy Company, of St. Paul, Minn., who have been putting Knaps-Curo on the market for years. Inasmuch as the general government and many of the states require that livestock shall be free from any sort of disease before shipment, the shippers may feel safe in using Knaps-Curo Prussian Sheep Dip, or the Prussian Hog and Cattle Dip. Lice, ticks, and all vermin are destroyed effectively by the preparations of the Prussian Remedy Co. The company is to be congratulated for obtaining recognition by the Agricultural Department.

Preston & Hales are agents for Prussian Stock Food and remedies, 11

His Dear Old Mother.
"My dear old mother, who is now eighty-three years old, thrives on Electric Bitters," writes W. B. Brunson, of Dublin, Georgia. "She has taken them for about two years and enjoys an excellent appetite, feels strong and sleeps well." That's the way Electric Bitters affect the aged, and the same happy results follow in all cases of female weakness and general debility. Weak, puny children, too, are greatly strengthened by them. Guaranteed also for stomach, liver and kidney troubles by W. L. DeLano's drug store, 50c.

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A Criminal Attack
on an indolent citizen is frequently made in that apparently useless little tube called the "appendix." It's generally the result of protracted constipation, following torpid liver. Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, prevent appendicitis, and establish regular habits of the bowels. 25c at DeLano's drug store.

CHOICE LANDS FOR SALE

Say, I have some of the best farms, grass, hop and wheat lands in Lane county and some choice lots and acres in Springfield. S. N. B. Hunt.

\$10,000 Persian Carpet in Eugene.
M. Hanley, an oriental rug maker and expert, will show at Eaton's Book and Art store, beginning Wednesday, October 30, the largest and best selection of oriental rugs and carpets ever brought to Eugene. The prices are low for the quality of rugs.

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It costs no more to apply good paint—therefore use New Era. Sold only at the Berger-Dean Hardware Company.

Summons.
In the Justice Court, Eugene Justice District, Lane County, State of Oregon.
George T. Hall, Sr., Plaintiff,
vs.
J. P. Lindhurst, Defendant.

To J. P. Lindhurst, the above named defendant:
In the name of the state of Oregon you are hereby summoned and required to appear in said Justice Court for Eugene Justice District, Lane County, State of Oregon, on or before six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons, and answer the complaint of the plaintiff filed therein. And if you fail to appear and answer the complaint the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$114 and costs and disbursements of action. It is ordered by the Hon. H. B. Bryson, Esq., Justice of the Peace for Eugene Justice District, dated October 19th, 1907, that summons be served on you by publication in the Eugene Guard, a newspaper of general circulation published daily in said county for six consecutive weeks. The date of the first publication of this summons is October 11, 1907. DORRIS & SKELWORTH, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, guardian of Arthur Gethel, has filed his account for final settlement in the county court of Lane County, State of Oregon, and the 14th day of November, 1907, at 10 o'clock a. m. is set for the final hearing of said account.
ERNEST GETCHEL, Guardian.
WALTON & NEER, Attorneys.

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