

THE UNDOING OF A DOUBLE
BY HUGO ST FINSTERRE, M.D.
AUTHOR OF "WHO'S WHO'S WHO" ETC.

Continued from first page.

ent's, the noticeable difference being that he held a big revolver instead of a rifle in his lap. Jim Dungan had retained my weapon.

I placed myself close to the fireplace midway between the two and almost directly under the lamp. Expecting several hours of the most dismal sort of waiting, I accommodated myself as best I could to the wooden chair, which could not have been more uncomfortable.

The situation was this: I was without a single weapon with which to defend myself and was guarded by two fully armed and desperate men, both of whom were my deadly enemies. I recognized that it was utterly out of the question to bribe them. A million dollars would not tempt them to let me go. It was equally hopeless to appeal to their sense of fairness and justice. Neither had the slightest doubt of my identity and would have been glad to help me for one-tenth of the crime I was believed to have committed. It was equally hopeless to think of over-coming them by a sudden dash that would give me possession of one of their weapons. That shaggy ex-guerrilla had the strength of a lion and could crush me like an eggshell in his grasp.

Naturally the first thought that came to persons placed in a situation resembling mine is that of escaping through the aid of slumber—that is to say, by pretending to be unconscious himself he hopes to induce his enemies to let themselves up to sleep. This trick has probably been related ten times over, especially of captives in the hands of Indians, than it has ever occurred.

All the same, I could think of nothing else and straightway began turning it over in my mind.

The single window to which I have alluded had no curtain, and if it possessed shutters they were fastened open. It was of the old-fashioned kind, and so far as I could judge from a visual inspection, the latch was not fastened in place. It would have been a relief to raise it and admit air, but I dared not suggest it through fear of awaking suspicion of my motives.

As if the room was not already sufficiently stuffy, Mr. Walters brought out a cornb pipe, which he proceeded to fill, light and smoke with the deliberation of an old soldier who knows how to enjoy his nicotine. His son did not seem to use tobacco in any form, which was unusual.

After the words that I have recorded neither I nor my captors exchanged a word as the slow hours wore away, but if there were ever three wide awake individuals in that memorable October night in Mississippi.

When Jim Dungan announced that he was granted a respite until morning and I had surrendered my pistol, my intention was to remain quietly in the hotel without a move toward escape, unless it should prove too tempting to be resisted. I had scarcely thought that what he said he would become convinced of his mistake or at least his doubts would be increased to that extent that he would investigate further, with my quick freedom as the inevitable result.

But his last remark crushed that hope. He had no doubt at all that I was Hank Beyer, and the hours of grace that he had granted were simply to give me time to make preparation for death.

There was a thought which at first gave some consolation. It seemed that among the 15 or more men who had demanded my life there must be one or two into whose minds a doubt had thrust itself, but reflection made it clear that if such were the fact they would have declared themselves at the time of Dungan's dispute with his friends. But all remained mute, and the only one besides myself who knew the whole truth was the real criminal, and little fear, after what had occurred, of his coming to my assistance.

So far as I could figure out after two hours' thought, there was no earthly hope for me unless it should come from some whim of the mob on the morrow.

During the interval named neither of my captors made the slightest change of position or showed the first inclination to sleepiness. Mr. Walters finished his pipe and shoved it into the pocket of his ragged coat. The rank fumes of the tobacco lay in a thin stratum about midway between the floor and ceiling, absolutely motionless, and just far enough above my head to relieve me of the sickening odor. Not once did he uncross his legs or move one of his huge feet. His son held a corresponding posture with the same iron rigidity.

It was impossible for me to do likewise. I fidgeted in my chair until it became too irksome to be endured. Finally I rose to my feet.

"If you will permit me," I remarked, walking across the room, picking up another chair and placing it in front of me, so as to allow me to extend and rest my feet upon it.

Those two pairs of eyes followed my movement, and I fancied that each man grasped his weapon a little closer, but neither spoke or moved.

The repose to my feet was most welcome. I sat sideways in one chair, with its back under my shoulder, and I felt for a time that I could remain thus without inconvenience for several hours.

That night was one which will remain vivid to the end of my life. The air outside continued crisp and cool. Most of the men who had swarmed into the dining room after my life remained drinking at the bar, whence their voices came to me, muffled by the intervening walls and doors. I heard singing, exclamations and the shuffling of feet, then partial silence, with the racket gradually dying out, until somewhat past midnight it ceased. Probably it was the heavy tread of Landlord Bullfinch which shuffled through the hall without pausing in front of the door. In the stillness I could hear him climbing the stairs; then came the slamming of a door and stillness again. A half hour later the only persons in the old inn who were awake were myself and my two guards.

From my position on the two chairs I could look at the window without either of the sentinels observing any-

thing unusual in the act. Peering into

the

the

the

THE UNDOING OF A DOUBLE
BY HUGO ST FINSTERRE, M.D.
AUTHOR OF "WHO'S WHO'S WHO" ETC.

Continued from first page.

ent's, the noticeable difference being that he held a big revolver instead of a rifle in his lap. Jim Dungan had retained my weapon.

I placed myself close to the fireplace midway between the two and almost directly under the lamp. Expecting several hours of the most dismal sort of waiting, I accommodated myself as best I could to the wooden chair, which could not have been more uncomfortable.

The situation was this: I was without a single weapon with which to defend myself and was guarded by two fully armed and desperate men, both of whom were my deadly enemies. I recognized that it was utterly out of the question to bribe them. A million dollars would not tempt them to let me go. It was equally hopeless to appeal to their sense of fairness and justice. Neither had the slightest doubt of my identity and would have been glad to help me for one-tenth of the crime I was believed to have committed. It was equally hopeless to think of over-coming them by a sudden dash that would give me possession of one of their weapons. That shaggy ex-guerrilla had the strength of a lion and could crush me like an eggshell in his grasp.

Naturally the first thought that came to persons placed in a situation resembling mine is that of escaping through the aid of slumber—that is to say, by pretending to be unconscious himself he hopes to induce his enemies to let themselves up to sleep. This trick has probably been related ten times over, especially of captives in the hands of Indians, than it has ever occurred.

All the same, I could think of nothing else and straightway began turning it over in my mind.

The single window to which I have alluded had no curtain, and if it possessed shutters they were fastened open. It was of the old-fashioned kind, and so far as I could judge from a visual inspection, the latch was not fastened in place. It would have been a relief to raise it and admit air, but I dared not suggest it through fear of awaking suspicion of my motives.

As if the room was not already sufficiently stuffy, Mr. Walters brought out a cornb pipe, which he proceeded to fill, light and smoke with the deliberation of an old soldier who knows how to enjoy his nicotine. His son did not seem to use tobacco in any form, which was unusual.

After the words that I have recorded neither I nor my captors exchanged a word as the slow hours wore away, but if there were ever three wide awake individuals in that memorable October night in Mississippi.

When Jim Dungan announced that he was granted a respite until morning and I had surrendered my pistol, my intention was to remain quietly in the hotel without a move toward escape, unless it should prove too tempting to be resisted. I had scarcely thought that what he said he would become convinced of his mistake or at least his doubts would be increased to that extent that he would investigate further, with my quick freedom as the inevitable result.

But his last remark crushed that hope. He had no doubt at all that I was Hank Beyer, and the hours of grace that he had granted were simply to give me time to make preparation for death.

There was a thought which at first gave some consolation. It seemed that among the 15 or more men who had demanded my life there must be one or two into whose minds a doubt had thrust itself, but reflection made it clear that if such were the fact they would have declared themselves at the time of Dungan's dispute with his friends. But all remained mute, and the only one besides myself who knew the whole truth was the real criminal, and little fear, after what had occurred, of his coming to my assistance.

So far as I could figure out after two hours' thought, there was no earthly hope for me unless it should come from some whim of the mob on the morrow.

During the interval named neither of my captors made the slightest change of position or showed the first inclination to sleepiness. Mr. Walters finished his pipe and shoved it into the pocket of his ragged coat. The rank fumes of the tobacco lay in a thin stratum about midway between the floor and ceiling, absolutely motionless, and just far enough above my head to relieve me of the sickening odor. Not once did he uncross his legs or move one of his huge feet. His son held a corresponding posture with the same iron rigidity.

It was impossible for me to do likewise. I fidgeted in my chair until it became too irksome to be endured. Finally I rose to my feet.

"If you will permit me," I remarked, walking across the room, picking up another chair and placing it in front of me, so as to allow me to extend and rest my feet upon it.

Those two pairs of eyes followed my movement, and I fancied that each man grasped his weapon a little closer, but neither spoke or moved.

The repose to my feet was most welcome. I sat sideways in one chair, with its back under my shoulder, and I felt for a time that I could remain thus without inconvenience for several hours.

That night was one which will remain vivid to the end of my life. The air outside continued crisp and cool. Most of the men who had swarmed into the dining room after my life remained drinking at the bar, whence their voices came to me, muffled by the intervening walls and doors. I heard singing, exclamations and the shuffling of feet, then partial silence, with the racket gradually dying out, until somewhat past midnight it ceased. Probably it was the heavy tread of Landlord Bullfinch which shuffled through the hall without pausing in front of the door. In the stillness I could hear him climbing the stairs; then came the slamming of a door and stillness again. A half hour later the only persons in the old inn who were awake were myself and my two guards.

From my position on the two chairs I could look at the window without either of the sentinels observing any-

thing unusual in the act. Peering into

the

the

the

900 DROPS
CASTORIA
Vegetable Preparation for Assisting the Food and Rectifying the Stomachs and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.
The Kind You Have Always Bought, of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought, **CASTORIA**

School Opened Sept. 19.
And you need writing and pencil tablets. We have them with the picture of your school building or at five and ten cents.
Hillsboro Independent.

Portland Business College
Portland, Oregon
A. P. ARMSTRONG, LL.B., Principal. J. A. WESCO, Penman & Secretary.
THE BUSY WORLD OF BUSINESS gives profitable employment to hundreds of our graduates, and will to thousands more. Send for our catalogue. Learn what and how we teach. Verily, A BUSINESS EDUCATION PAYS

\$40 CASH \$40
That means YOU can now ride the highest type of cycle construction as represented by the
1899 Rambler Bicycles
FITTED WITH THE GREAT EASY RIDING **G. & J. TIRES** EASILY REPAIRED
A MIGHTY FINE COMBINATION AT MIGHTY LOW PRICES
YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO WALK with the line and prices we present; for if your purse will not admit the best you can still ride second only to the Rambler, the
\$20 \$22 IDEAL \$25 \$30
'98 RAMBLERS, New, while they last.....\$33.00
'98 RAMBLERS, New, '99 heavy tread tires.....\$35.00
'98 RAMBLERS, Slightly used.....\$27.50
W. H. GAULT, AGENT.
HILLSBORO, ORE.

A FEW INTERESTING FACTS
When people are contemplating a trip, whether on business or pleasure, they naturally want the best service obtainable so far as speed, comfort and safety is concerned. Employees of the Wisconsin Central Lines are paid to serve the public and our trains are operated so as to make close connection with diverging lines at all junction points.
Pullman Palace Sleeping and Chair Cars on through trains.
Dining Car service unequalled. Meals served a la Carte.
In order to obtain this first class service, ask the ticket agent to sell you a ticket over
THE WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.
Direct connections at Chicago and Milwaukee for all Eastern points.
For full information call on your nearest ticket agent, or write
JAS. C. POPE, or JAS. A. CLOCK, Gen. Pass. Agt., General Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. 246 Stark St., Portland O.

THE COURIER-JOURNAL
Twice-A-Week
\$1.00 a Year.
Issued Wednesday and Saturday Mornings.
Beginning January 1, 1907, the Weekly Courier-Journal was changed to the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal. Publication days are Wednesday and Saturday. The Wednesday paper will be devoted to news and political topics. The Saturday issue will be devoted to stories, miscellany, pictures, poetry, etc.—a perfect family paper.
Each issue will be six pages, or twelve pages a week—an increase of two pages a week, 104 pages or 832 columns a year. The policy of the paper will not be changed and the battle for pure Democracy and true Democratic principles will be continued successfully in the future as in the past. In spite of the expense involved in the improvement noted, the price of the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal will remain the same, \$1 a year. A feature during the coming year will be the editorials of Mr. Henry Watterson, on political and other topics of the day.
Daily Courier-Journal, 1 year \$6.00
Daily and Sunday, 1 year, . . . 8.00
Sunday, alone, 1 year, . . . 2.00

TWICE-A-WEEK COURIER-JOURNAL AND THE INDEPENDENT ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$1.60
We have made a special clubbing arrangement with the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal, and will send that paper and the INDEPENDENT for the price named to all our subscribers who will renew and pay in advance.
Sample copies of the Courier-Journal sent free on application.
All Subscriptions under this offer must be sent to the
INDEPENDENT HILLSBORO, OREGON
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
RIBBONS AND . . . CARBON PAPER FOR TYPEWRITERS AT INDEPENDENT OFFICE
ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure
50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c.
Scientific American.
MUNN & Co., 311 Broadway, New York

Denver and Rio Grande RAILROAD.
Scenic Line of the World
Weekly Excursions
TO THE EAST
Upholstered Tourist Sleepers
In charge of experienced conductors and porters.
Mondays To Kansas City, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston without transfer, via Salt Lake Mo. Pacific and Chicago and Alton Ry.
Tuesdays To Omaha, Chicago, Buffalo, Boston without change via Salt Lake, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.
Wednesdays To St. Joseph, Kansas City, St. Louis, without change via Burlington Route.
Thursdays To Kansas City and St. Louis, without change via Salt Lake & Missouri Pacific Railway.
A day stop-over arranged at Salt Lake and Denver.
A ride through the famous Colorado Scenery.
Ask your ticket agent for a ticket on the Denver & Rio Grande excursion.
For rates and all information, call on or address
R. C. NICHOL, E. B. DUFFY, Gen'l Agent, Traveling Agent, 251 Washington Street, Portland Oregon.
S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Denver Colorado.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS
We will give absolutely free, the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal for one year, to any one subscribing for the Independent and paying one year in advance. The Courier-Journal is a 6-page twice-a-week newspaper, giving you 12 pages of reading matter each week FREE.
We are still offering you the Independent and WEEKLY OREGONIAN, one year for only \$2.00.
Address all orders to
"INDEPENDENT,"
Hillsboro, Oregon.

EAST SOUTH
O.R.&N.
THE SHASTA ROUTE
SOUTHERN PAC. CO.
EXPRESS TRAINS LEAVE PORTLAND DAILY:
North
6:50 P.M. Lv. Portland Ar. 9:04 P.M.
8:15 A.M. Ar. San Francisco Lv. 8:50 P.M.
Above trains stop at all stations between Portland and Salem, Turner, Marion, Jefferson, Albany, Tangent, Shedd, Halsey, Hartsburg, Junction City, Eugene, Cottage Grove, Prain, Oakland, and all stations from Roseburg to Astland, inclusive.
ROSEBURG MAIL DAILY:
8:30 A.M. Lv. Portland Ar. 4:00 P.M.
9:30 P.M. Ar. Roseburg Lv. 7:30 P.M.
DINING CARS ON OGDEN ROUTE.
FULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPERS
Second-Class Sleeping Cars
ATTACHED TO ALL THROUGH TRAINS.
West Side Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS:
Mail Train Daily (Except Sunday).
7:30 A.M. Lv. Portland Ar. 5:50 P.M.
8:25 A.M. Lv. Hillsboro Ar. 4:50 P.M.
11:55 A.M. Ar. Corvallis Lv. 1:20 P.M.
Express Train Daily (Except Sunday).
4:50 P.M. Lv. Portland Ar. 8:25 A.M.
6:10 P.M. Lv. Hillsboro Ar. 7:15 A.M.
7:30 P.M. Ar. McMinnville Lv. 5:50 P.M.
Independence 4:20 A.M.
Through Tickets
To all points in the Eastern states, Canada and Europe can be obtained at lowest rates from C. E. FRYSLER agent or John H. Gault at the Independent office Hillsboro.
C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. F. & P. Agt.
H. KOEHLER, Manager, Portland, Oreg.

YOU INTERESTED?
THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK
On the Scenery of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the addresses of their Eastern friends and acquaintances and a copy of the work will be sent free. This is a matter all should be interested in and we would ask that everyone take an interest and forward such addresses to W. H. HURLETT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

Typewriter Supplies
Oil, Paper, Carbon, Ribbons.
Best of Everything Independent Office.

O.R.&N.
TIME SCHEDULE
Depart for From
Salt Lake, Denver, Ft. Worth, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, & East. Past noon 6:45 p. m.
Walla Walla, Spokane, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Milwaukee, Chicago & east. 8:30 a. m.
Ocean Steamships. For San Francisco sails every five days 4 p. m.
Columbia River To Astoria and way landings. 4 p. m. ex. Sunday
Willamette River Oregon City, Newberg, Salem & way landings. 4:30 p. m. ex. Sunday
Willamette & Yamhill Rivers Oregon City, Dayton and way landings. 4:30 p. m. Mon. Wed. and Fri.
Willamette River Corvallis and way landings. 4:30 p. m. Tues. Thurs. and Sat.
Snake River Riparia to Lewiston 4:45 a. m. Daily except Sun.
Address, W. H. HURLETT, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Dodwell Carill & Co., Gen'l Agts. Nor. Pac. S. S. Co., Portland, Oregon.

YOU INTERESTED?
THE O. R. & N. NEW BOOK
On the Scenery of Oregon, Washington and Idaho is being distributed. Our readers are requested to forward the addresses of their Eastern friends and acquaintances and a copy of the work will be sent free. This is a matter all should be interested in and we would ask that everyone take an interest and forward such addresses to W. H. HURLETT, General Passenger Agent, O. R. & N. Co., Portland.

FOR THE NEXT THREE MONTHS
We will give absolutely free, the Twice-a-Week Courier-Journal for one year, to any one subscribing for the Independent and paying one year in advance. The Courier-Journal is a 6-page twice-a-week newspaper, giving you 12 pages of reading matter each week FREE.
We are still offering you the Independent and WEEKLY OREGONIAN, one year for only \$2.00.
Address all orders to
"INDEPENDENT,"
Hillsboro, Oregon.