ROGUE RIVER COURIER, GRANTS PASS, OREGON, FEBRUARY 15, 1907.



(Continued from last week.)

ground passage which led to a point outside the city walls, "You go first," she whispered nerv-

"I'm afraid. There is a lantern ottaly. on the steps, and I have some matches. We'll light it as soon as- Oh, what was that?"

"Don't be frightened," he said. "I think it was a rat."

"Good gracious!" she gasped. "I wouldn't go in there for the world." "Do you mean to say that you intend-

ed to do so?" he asked eagerly. "Certainly, Some one has to return

the key to the outer gate. Oh, I suppose I'll have to go in. You'll keep them off, won't you?" plaintively. He was smiling in the darkness, thinking what a dear, whimsleal thing she was, "With my life," he said softly.

"They're ten times worse than lions," she announced.

"You must not forget that you re turn alone," he said triumphantly. "But I'll have the lantern going full blast," she said and then allowed him

to lead her into the narrow passage-She closed the panel and then way. felt about with her foot until it located the lantern. In a minute they had a light. "Now, don't be afraid," she said encouragingly. He laughed in pure delight. She misunderstood his mirth and was conscious of a new and an almost unendurable pang. He was filled with exhilaration over the prospect of escape! Somehow she felt an impulse to throw her arms about him and drag him back into the chapel in spite of the ghost of the game warden's daughter.

"What is to prevent me from taking you with me?' he said intensely, a mighty longing in his breast. She laughed, but drew back uneasily.

"And live unhappily ever afterward?' said she. "Oh, dear me! Isn't this a funny proceeding? Just think of me, Beverly Calhoun, being mixed up in schemes and plots and intrigues and all that! It seems like a great big dream. And that reminds meyou will find a rain coat at the foot of the steps. I couldn't get other clothes for you, so you'll have to wear the uniform. There's a stiff hat of Mr. Lorry's also. You've no idea how difficult it is for a girl to collect clothes for a man. There doesn't seem to be any real excuse for it, you know. Goodness, it looks black shead there, doesn't it? I hate underground things. They're so damp and all that. How far is it, do you suppose, to the door in the wall?" She was chattering on, simply to keep up her courage and to make her fairest show of composure.

"It's a little more than 300 yards." he replied. They were advancing through the low, narrow stone lined passage. She steadfastly ignored the hand he held back for support. It was skill with the sword to hope that the not a pleasant place, this underground ruse might be successful and that he world. The walls were damp and moldy; the odor of the rank carth assailed the nostrils; the sir was chill and deathlike.

ber hold on his arm, said timidly "Goodby!

"Am I to go in this manner? Have you no kind word for me? I love you better than my soul. It is of small consequence to you, I know, but I crave one forgiving word. It may be the last." He clasped her hand, and she did not withdraw it. Her lips were trembling, but her eyes were brave and obstinate. Suddenly she sat down upon one of the chests. If he had not told her of the other woman!

"Forgive me instead, for all that I have brought you to," she murmured "It was all my fault. I shall never forget you or forgive myself. I-I am going back to Washin'ton immediately. I can't bear to stay here now. Good by, and God bless you. Do-do you think we shall ever see each other again?" Unconsciously she was clinging to his hand. There were tears in the gray eyes that looked pathetically down there in the grewsome passageway with the fitful rays of the lantern lighting her face. Only the strictest self control kept him from selzing her in his arms, for something told him that she would have surrendered.

"This is the end, I fear," he said with grim persistence. She caught her breath in half a sob. Then she arose resolutely, although her knees trem bled shamelessly.

"Well, then, goodby," she said very steadily. "You are free to go where and to whom you like. Think of me once in awhile, Baldos. Here's the key. Hurry! I-I can't stand it much longer!" She was ready to break down, and he saw it, but he made no sign.

Turning the key in the rusty lock, he cautiously opened the door. The moonlit world lay beyond. A warm, intox leating breath of fresh air came in upon them. He suddenly stooped and klased her hand.

"Forgive me for having annoyed you with my poor love," he said as he stood in the door, looking into the night beyond.

"All-all right," she choked out as she started to close the door after him "Halt! You are our prisoner!"

The words rang out sharply in the silence of the night. Instinctively Beserly made an attempt to close the door, but she was too late. Two burly, villainous looking men, sword in hand, blocked the exit and advanced upon them

"Back! Back!" Baldos shouted to Beverly, drawing his sword.

Like a finsh she picked up the lan tern and sprang out of his way. Capture or worse seemed certain, but her heart did not fall ber.

"Put up your sword! You are under arrest" came from the foremost of the two. He had heard enough of Baldos would surrender peaceably to numbers

er tore clean through the man's chest and touched the wall behind "One" cried Baldos, gloating in the chance that had come to him. The swiftly on until they reached a little man gasped and fell. He was none too quick in withdrawing his dripping weapon, for the second man was over the obstacle and upon him.

CHAPTER XXV.

OLD the lantern higher, Bev"-H In the fury of the fight he remembered the risk and importance of not mentioning her name and stopped short. He was fighting fast, but warily, for he realized that his present adversary was no mean one. As the swords played back and forth in fierce thrusts and parries he spoke assuringly to Beverly: "Don't be frightened: As soon as I finish with this fellow we will go on! Ah! Bravo! Well parried, my man! How the deuce could such a swordsman as you become a cutthroat of Marlanx?"

Beverly had been standing still all this time, holding the light high above her head, according to her lover's or ders, for she knew now that such he was and that she loved him with all her heart. She was a weird pleture standing there as she watched Baldor fighting for their lives, her beautiful face deathlike in its pallor. Not a cry escaped her lips as the sword blades swished and clashed. She could hear the deep breathing of the combatants in that tomb-like passage.

started and listener Suddenly she keenly. From behind her, back there in the darkness, hurrled footsteps were unmistakably approaching. What she had heard, then, was not the scurrying or a rat. Some one was following them. A terrible anguish selzed her. Louder and nearer came the heavy steps. "Oh. Baldos!" she screamed in terror. "Another is coming?"

"Have no fear, dear one?" he sung out gayly. His voice was infinitely more cheerful than he felt, for he real ized only too well the desperate situa-He was penned in and forced to tion. meet an attack from front and rear. He fell upon his assailant with redoubled fury, aiming to finish him before. the newcomer could give aid.

From out of the gloom came a fiendish laugh. Instantly the dark figure of a man appeared, his face completely hidden by a broad slouch hat and the long cloak which enveloped him. A sardonic voice hissed: "Trapped at last! My lady and her lover thought to escape, did they!" The voice was unfamilliar, but the atmosphere seemed charged with Marianx. "Kill him, Zem." he shouted. "Don't let him escape you! I will take care of the little witch, never fear!" He clutched at the girl and tried to draw her to him.

"Marianx! By all the gods!" cried Baldos in despair. He had wounded his man several times, though not serious ly. He dared not turn to Beverly's aid. The scene was thrilling, grewsome, Within this narrow, dimly lighted underground passage, with its musty walls sweating with dampness and thick with the tangled meshes of the spider's web, a brave girl and her lover struggled and fought back to back.

To her dismay, Beverly saw the point of a sword at her throat.

"Out of the way, girl?" the man in the cloak snarled, furious at her resistance. "You die as well as your lover unless you surrender. He cannot es pe me

And if I refuse!" cried the girl, tryng desperately to gain time. 'I will drive my blade throu

her hand he led her out of the darkness

into the moonlight. Not a word was spoken as they ran clump of trees not far from one of the gates. Here Baidos gently released her hand. She was panting for breath, but he realized she must not be allowed to risk a moment's delay. She must pass the sentry at once.

"Have you the watchword?" he engeriy usked.

"Watchword?" she repeated feebly. "Yes, the countersign for the night. It is Ganlook. Keep your face we covered with your bood. Advance boldly to the gates and give the word. There will be no trouble. The guard is used to pleasure seekers returning at all hours of night."

"Is he dead?" she asked timorously. returning to the scene of horror.

"Only wounded, I think, as are the ather men, though they all deserve death

He went with her as close to the gate as he thought safe. Taking her hand be kissed it fervently. "Goodby! It won't be for long." and disappeared.

She stood still and lifeless, staring after him, for ages, it seemed. He was gone. Gone forever, no doubt. Her eyes grew wilder and wilder with the plty of it all. Pride fied incontinently. She longed to call him back. Then it occurred to her that he was hurrying off to that other woman. No, he said he would return. She must be brave, true to herself, whatever happened. She marched boldly up to the gate, gave the countersign and passed through, not heeding the curious glances cust upon her by the sentry, turned into the castle, up the grand stalrease and fied to the princess' bedchamber.

trembling and sobbing, FloverIv. threw herself in the arms of the prin-Incoherently she related all that had happened, then swooned.

After she had been restored, the promise of Yetive to protect her, whatever happened, comforted her somewhat.

"It must have been Marlanx," moaned Beverly.

"Who else could it have been?" replied the princess, who was visibly excited

Summoning all her courage, she went on: "First, we must find out if he is solly hurt. We'll trust to luck. Cheer up! She touched a bell. There came a knock at the door. A guard was told to enter. "Ellos," she exclaimed. "did you hear a shot fired a short time ngo? "I thought I did, your highness, but

was not sure."

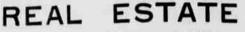
"Baldos, the guard, was escaping by the secret passage," continued the princess, a wonderful inspiration coming to her rescue. "He passed through the chapel. Miss Calhoun was there. Alone and single handed she tried to prevent him. It was her duty. He refused to obey her command to stop, and she followed him into the tunnel and fired at him. I'm afraid you are too late to capture him, but you may-oh, Beyerly, how plucky you were to follow him! Go quickly, Ellos! Search the tunnel and report at once." As the guard saluted with wonder, admiration

and unbelief he saw the two conspir ators locked in each other's arms. Presently he returned and reported that the guards could find no trace of

any one in the tunnel, but that they found blood on the floor near the exit and that the door was wide open.



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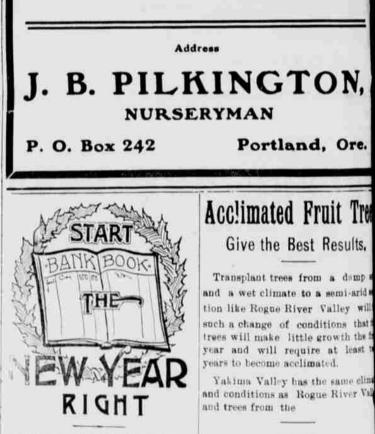
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"How do you know?" she demanded quickly.

"I have traversed the passage before, Miss Calhaam," he replied. She stopped like one paralyzed, her eyes wide and incredutions. "Franz was my guide from the outer gate into the chapel. If is easy enough to get outside the walls, but extremely difficult to return." he went on easily.

"You mean to say that you have been in and out by way of this pasmage? Then, what was your object, sir?" she demanded sternly.

to "My desire to communicate with friends who could not enter the city. Will it interest you if I say that the Particular object of my concern was & young woman?"

She gasped and was stubbornly silent for a long time. Bitter resentment filled her soul, letter disappointment in this young man. "A young woman?" he had said, oh, so itsodentis! There could be but one inforence, one concluston. The realization of it settled one point in her mind forever.

"It wouldn't interest me in the least. I don't even care who she was. Perand me to wish you much joy with her-Why don't you go on?" irritably, forgetting that it was she whus delayed approximation of he Marines. They but programs. The stude was havisible in mean should be file footstops for dive the third correction of a correction of the land of the second se Here the second wave wider There everyoned at he to them it the post were easily a structure in the flow, and density contribution and the flowt, with of this around theory is presence instant concern history in presence conclusively for the would show little more.

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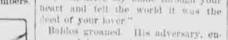
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"Fourt you dure to touch me, count else know of this?" Marlanx - I know you?" she history of and for diventation that you seek his self."

The sword came nearer. The words field in hor throat. She arew faint-Terror paralyzed her. Suddenly her heart gave a great licence of Joy The urging to her relief. The value of notice publical, the has tricked us all, the worth longed into life. The ex. Send Max to me at once." Maration or conflict best down all her terrs. "Tills in ay that sword, then: please" she cried her colce trendding, but not with forror new - It news exoffiction "Will you promise to spare women such limply upon a divannow Hear? Will foll sweene to let him.

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The two girls looked at each other in management. They were dumfounded. but a great relief was glowing in their 62.08

"Ellos," inquired the princess, considerably less agitated, "does any one

"No. your hickness; there was no one now what you would do with me. It on guard but Max, Baidos and my-

"Well, for the present no one else numer knows of his flight. Do you understand? Not a word to any one. I myself will explain when the proper time comes. You and Max have been conceptuases of the trapped way very careless but I suppose you should

"Yes, your highness," said Ellos, and he wont away with his head swimming. Max, the other guard, received like orders, and then the two young "this how clever you are. Yetive, came from the American girl "But withit most w

We may expect to hear something disagreeable from Count Marianx, my There is the rest of a second start of an annual of the perplexed but much has seen as in your starting confident princess. "But I think we have the game in our own hands, as your would say in Antonica."

CHAPTER XXVL

UNT FANNY, what is that A white thing sticking under the window " domanded Bey seriy late the next morning. which ows while the old negroes dressed.

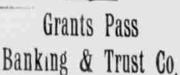
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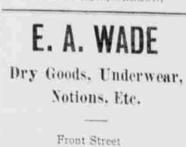
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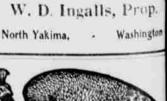
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