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Continued from page 2 that stood in the alley. A moment later

and they were whirling off uptown. All previous doubt vanished instant-

ly. It was agreed on all sides that they were probably acting on private information and had gone to bring in the prisoner. So strong was this conviction that a number of young men whose teams were hitched about the square promptly followed, and soon an anxlous cavalcade emptied itself into the

dusty country road. Just beyond the corporation line the North street, as it was called, forked. Mr. Brown and his companion had taken the road which bore to the west and led straight to Barrow's Sawmills. Those who were first to reach the forks could still see the road cart a black dot in the distance,

The afternoon passed, and the dusk of evening came. Those of the townspeople who were still hanging about the square went home to supper. Unless a man could hire or borrow a horse there was not much temptation to start off on a wild goose chase, which, after all, might end only at Barrow's Sawmills

Fortunately for him, Dan Oakley had gone to Chicago that morning, intending to see Holloway and resign. In view of what had happened it was impossible for him to remain in Antioch. nor could General Cornish expect him to.

Milton McClintock was at supper with his family when Mrs. Stapleton, who lived next door, broke in upon them without ceremony, crying excitedly.

"They've got him, and they're going to lynch him!"

Then she as suddenly disappeared. McClintock from where he sat, holding a piece of bread within an inch of his lips and his mouth wide open to receive it, could see her through the window, her gray hair disheveled and tossed about her face, running from house to house, a gaunt rumor in flap-

ping callco skirts. He sprang to his feet when he saw her vanish around the corner of Lou Bentick's house across the way. "You coat, he made for the door, but his wife was there ahead of him and threw her arms about his neck.

"For God's sake, Milt, stay with the boys and me!" she ejaculated. "You don't know what may happen!"

Outside they heard the trampling of many feet coming nearer and nearer. They listened breathlessly.

"You don't know what may happen!" she repeated. "Yes, I do, and they mustn't do it!"

unclasping her hands. "Jim will be needing belp." The sheriff was his wife's brother. "He's promised nie he'd hang the old man himself or no one else should."

There was silence now in the street. The crowd had swept past the house. "But the town's full of strangers. You can't do anything, and Jim can't!" "We can try. Look out for the childrep!

And he was gone.

Mrs. McClintock turned to the boys. who were still at the table. "Go upstairs to your room and stay there until I tell you to come down," she commanded peremptorily. "There, don't bother me with questions!" For Joe. the youngest boy, was already whim-The other two, with white, pering.

scared faces, sat bolt upright in their didn't know what this danger was. and their very ignorance added to their

stance that Oakley had left Antioch. A look of instant relief came into her to be hanged!" And there was a good face. He turned again to McClintock. "This is a bad business,

"Yes, we don't want no lynching, but it's lucky Oakley isn't here. I hadn't thought of what he'd do if he was."

"What a pity he ever sent for his father! But who could have foreseen this?" said the doctor sadly. McClintock shook his head.

"I can't believe the old man killed Ryder in cold blood. Why, he's as gentle as a lamb."

As they left the town off to the right in a field they saw a bareheaded woman racing after her two runaway sons, and then the distant shouts of men. mingled with the shrill cries of boys, reached their ears. The doctor shook out his reins and plied his whip. "What if we are too late." he said.

For answer McClintock swore. He was fearing that himself.

Two minutes later and they were up with the rear of the mob, where it straggled along on foot, sweating and dusty and hoarsely articulate. A little farther on and it was lost to sight in a thicketed dip of the road. Out of this black shadow buggy after buggy flashed to show in the red dusk that lay on the treeless hillside beyond. On the mob's either flank, but keeping well out of the reach of their elders, slunk and skulked the village urchins.

"Looks as if all Antioch was here tonight," commented McClintock grimly. "So much the better for us. Surely they are not all gone mad," answered

the doctor. "I wouldn't give a button for his

chances." The doctor drove recklessly into the crowd, which scattered to the right and left.

McClintock, bending low, scanned the faces which were raised toward them. "The whole township's here. I don't know one in ten," he said, straightening up.

"I wish I could manage to run over a few," muttered the doctor savagely. As they acared the forks of the road

Dr. Emory pulled in his horses. A heavy farm wagon blocked the way. and the driver was stolidly indifferent alike to his entreaties and to Mc-Clintock's threat to break his head for keep the children in, Mary," he said sharply. "Don't let them into the street." And, snatching up his hat and those in advance. The murderer was being brought in from the east road. "The brutes!" muttered the doctor,

and he turned helplessly to McClintock. "What are we going to do? What can we do?" By way of answer McClintock stood

up. "I wish I could see Jim."

But Jim had taken the west road three hours before and was driving toward Barrow's Sawmills as fast as McEiroy's best team could take him. When he reached there it was enough to make one's blood run cold to hear

"You wait here, doctor," cried Mc-Clintock. "You can't get past, and they seem to be coming this way now." Look out for yourself, Milt."

"Never fear for me. He jumped down into the dusty,

trampled road and foot by foot fought his way forward. As he had said, those in front were

turning back. The result was a horrible jam, for those behind were still struggling to get within sight of the murderer. A drunken man at Mc-Clintock's elbow was shouting, "Lynch him!" at the top of his lungs.

The master mechanic wrenched an arm free and struck at him with the chairs. Some danger threatened. They flat of his hand. The man appeared surprised, but not at all angry. He merely wiped the blood from his lips and asked in an injured tone, which conveyed a mild reproof: "What did you want to do that for? I don't know you." And as he sought to maintain his place at McClintock's side he kept afraid." But his mother did not hear repeating: "Say, neighbor, I don't know bim. She was at the window closing you. You certainly got the advantage of me.



His captors were three iron jawed, hard faced countrymen

those nearest the prisoner were reaching up to throw off the ropes that bound him. His captors looked on in stupid surprise, but did not seek to interfere.

The prisoner himself, now that he saw he was surrounded by well wishers and, being in a somewhat surly temper, which was pardonable enough under the circumstances, fell to complaining bitterly and loudly of the treatment he had received. Presently the mob began to disperse, some to slink back into town, rather ashamed of their fury, while the ever lengthening procession which had followed the four men in the buckboard since early in the day faced about and drove off into the night.

An hour afterward the prisoner was airing his grievances in sagacious Mr. Britt's saloon, whither he had been conveyed by the latter gentieman, who had been quick to recognize that, temporarily at least, he possessed great drawing powers. He was only a battered vagabond on his way east from the harvests in the Dakota wheatfields, and he knew that he had looked into the very eyes of death.

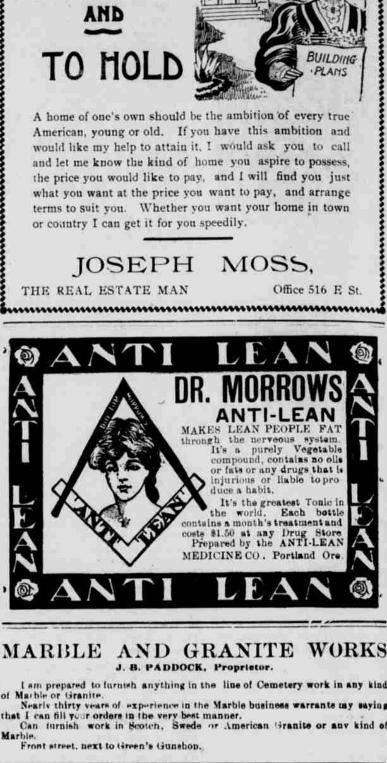
CHAPTER XIX.

HEN Roger Oakley fled from Antioch on the night of the murder he was resolved that, happen what might he would not be taken.

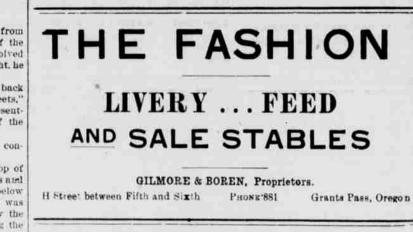
For half an hour he traversed back alleys and grass grown "side streets," seeing no one and unseen, and presently found himself to the north of the town

Then he sat down to rest and con sider the situation.

He was on the smooth, round top of a hillside. At his back were woods and fields, while down in the hollow below him, beyond a middle space that was neither town nor country, he saw the lights of Antioch twinkling among the trees. Dannie was there somewhere wondering why he did not return. Nearer at hand, across a narrow lane,



"Of course he did. He didn't want



the good man curse.

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terror

"Do what I say!" she cried. At this they left the table and marched toward the stairs. Joe found courage to say: "Ain't you coming too? George's

the shutters. In the next yard she saw old Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Stapleton's the house and scolding in a shrill, quernious voice.

McClintock, pulling on his coat as he ran, hurried up the street past the ed horses. His captors were three iron little white frame Methodist church. The crowd had the start of him, and the town seemed deserted except for the women and children who were exerywhere, at open doors and windows, some nullid and pitying, some unly with the brutal excitement they had

caught from brothers or husbands. As he passed the Emorys' he heard his name called. He glanced around and saw the doctor standing on the porch with Mrs. Emory and Constance.

Will you go with me. Mcclintock?

the physician cried. At the same moment the boy drove his team to the door. McClintock took the fence at a bound and ran up the drive.

There's n time to lose," he panted. But," with a sudden, scheming sense of helplesiness. "I don't know that we can step them "

was thinking of Oakley as struggling great five breath of relating. single handed to save his father from the howing, curving table which had ty. The iron fawed countrymen glanced rushed up the street ten minutes before.

"No, he won't be alone," sold McClintook, not understanding whom it was all right" she meant. He climbed in boddy risdoctor

nelved as he took the celles from the Thus.

Seen who?

"Immonkley."

"He is on his well to Chicago. Went Bos wrong man.

Soon McClintock was in the very mother, carrying her potted plants into thick of the mob, and then he saw the captive. Ilis hands were bound, and he was fied with ropes to the front seat of a buckhoard drawn by two fadfawed, hard faced countrymen. They were armed with shotguns and were enjoying their spiendid triumph to the rull

> McClintock gave only one look at the prishnet ha at is of fear was en him. The collar of his shirt was stiff with blood from a wounded face. His: hat was good, and his coat was torn. Seared and wondering, his eyes shifted manushi over the growd

> But one look sufficed Met'lintoek. and he lost all interest in the scene. There would be no tenching that night, for the man was not Roger Oak ley. Further than that he was grav

haired and burly. He was as unlike the old convict as one man could well be unlike another

Suddenly the cry was raised. "Inam'r a him! You follows got the wrong man" "At least he will not be none." The cry was taken up and bandlod It was Constance who spoke . She back down the road. The mob draw a entire good natured with a noisy hilari-

around sheepshly

It was hard to have to abandon the were grateful to him because he was next camp sensewhere close

"on, nothing much," uneasity, "only, and end his days there.

where the ragweed and Jimson and pokeberry dourished rankly, was the cemetery

The night was profoundly still, until suddenly the town bell rang the alarm The old convict's face blanched at the sound, and he came slowly to his feet. The bell rang on. The lights mmony the trees grew in number, dogs barked there was the murmur of volces. He clapped his hands to his ears and plumzed into the woods.

He had no clear idea of where he was going, but all night long he plodded steadily forward, his one thought to be as far from Antioch as possible by morning. When at last morning ame, with its song of half awakened birds and its level strenks of light oreing the gray dawn, he remem served that he was hungry and that he had eaten nothing since noon the day before. He stopped at the first farmhouse he came to for breakfast, and at his request the farmer's wife put up dunch for him to earry away

It was night again when he reached Barrow's Sawmills. He ventured obly into the one general store and a a number of purchases. The coper was frankly curious to

that he was doing and where he storing, but the old convict mor his ous with surly reserve.

When he left the store he took the e read out of the place, and half a purpose he was quite cheerful and hap the further on forstock the road for he woods.

If was nearly midnight when he went into camp. He built a fire and tonsted some thin strips of bacon. He made his suppor of these and a few crackers. "You are sure about that?" one in his supper of these and a few crackers. quired "He answers the description He realized that he must harbor his slonder stock of provisions.

He had told himself over and over ies of the rewards. "What have you that he was not fit to live among men "You haven't seen han?" the latter been doing to him?" asked half a dozen. He would have to dwell alone like a voices in chorus. They felt a friendly damperous animal, shumning his fel-imerest in the poor bound wretch in kows. The solitude and the inneliness the backboard. Perhaps, too, they suited him, He would make a perma to the linkes, in the without spon he could find.

LEMENS -SELLS BOOKS AND DRUGS. PRONGE GRANTS PASS, ORE.

marked out his course. That day, and was set, a long, low, black cloud lay for several days following, he plodded on the horizon. Sometimes the wind on and on in a tireless, patient fash- lifted it higher, and it sifted down dark ion, and with but the briefest stops at threads of color against the softer blue noon for his meager lunch. Each morning he was up and on his way with the first glimmer of light, and he kept his first it was almost imperceptible-a even pace until the glow faded from the sky in the west.

Beyond Barrow's Sawmills the pine woods stretched away to the north in one unbroken wilderness. At long inhe avolded these. Instinct told him that the news of Ryder's murder had traveled far and wide. In all that range of country there was no inhabited spot where he dare show his face. Now that he had evolved a definite py save for occasional spells of de

pression and bitter self accusation, but the excitement of his flight buoyed him up amazingly. He had distanced and outwitted pur-

sult, and his old pride in his physica strength and superiority returned. The woods never censed to interest him There was a mighty freedom about them, a freedom be shared and joyou n. He felt he could tramp on forever with the scent of the pines filling hi matrifs and the sweep of the wind ; is one. The hirts die seemed of ity there was emining and cruft, too, h the life by was living:

The days were sultry Angust days No pairs had follow in works, and th

He carried in his pocket a small rail earth was a dead, dry brown. A hot road map of the state, and in the haze quivered under the great trees morning, after a careful study of it. Off in the north, against which his face of the summer sky. Presently the wind brought the odor of smoke. At suggestion merely-but by and by h was in every breath he drew. The for

est was on fire ahead of him. He judged that the tide of devastation was rolling nearer, and he veered to tervals he passed loggers' camps and the west. Then one evening he saw more rarely a farm in the forest, but what he had not seen before-a dul red light that shone sullenly above the pines. The next day the smoke was thick in the woods. The wind, blow ing strongly from the north, floated little wisps and wreaths of it down upon him. It rested like a heavy mist above the cool surface of the lake, or the shores of which he had made his camp the night previous, while some thickly grown depressions he crossed were sour with the stale, rancid odor that clung to his clothes and rendered breathing difficult. There was a powdering of fine white ashes everywhere, At first it resembled a hoar frost and then a scanty fail of snow.

By 5 o'clock he gained the summit of a low ridge. From its top he was able to secure an extended view of the fire A red line-as red as the reddest sunset -stretched away to the north as far as the eye could see. He was profoundly impressed by the speciacle. The conflagration was on a scale so gigantic that it fairly staggered him.



this incenting " "On, nothing much," " ""On, nothing much," and he pull-ed to his lowner to can back to Cap.