



Copyright, 1911, by Bret Harte.

"And you—dare to repeat the cowardly lie of a confessed spy. This, then, is what you wished to tell me—this, the insult for which you have kept me here, because you are incapable of understanding unselfish patriotism or devotion—even to your own cause—you dare to judge me by your own base, Yankee trading standards. Yes, it is worthy of you!"

She walked rapidly up and down, and then suddenly faced him.

"I understand it all! I appreciate your magnanimity now. You are willing I should join the company of these chivalrous gentlemen in order to give color to your calumnies. Say at once that it was you who put up this spy to correspond with me—to come here—in order to entrap me. Yes, entrap me—I—who a moment ago stood up for you before these gentlemen and said you could not lie! Bah!"

Struck only by the wild extravagance of her speech and temper, Clarence did not know that when women are most illogical they are apt to be most sincere, and from a man's standpoint, her unreasoning deductions appeared to him only as an affectation to gain time for thought, or a theatrical display to dazzle, like Susy's. And he was turning, half contemptuously, away when she again faced him with flashing eyes:

"Well, hear me! I accept! I leave here at once to join my own people, my own friends—those who understand me—put what construction on it that you choose. Do your worst! You cannot do more to separate us than you have done just now."

She left him and ran up the steps, with an extravagant return of her old occasional nymph-like gracefulness—the movement of a woman who has never borne children—and a swish of her long skirts that he remembered for many a day after she disappeared in the corridor.

He remained looking after her—indignant, outraged and unconvinced! Then there was a rattling at the gate.

He remembered he had locked it. He opened it to the flushed, pink cheeks and dancing eyes of Susy. The rain was still dripping from her wet cloak, as she swung it from her shoulders.

"I know it all, all that's happened," she burst out, with half girlish exuberance, and half the actress' declamation. "We met them all in the road, posse and prisoners. Chief Thompson knew me and told me all. And so you've done it—and you're master in your old house again. Clarence, old boy! Jim said you wouldn't do it. Said you'd weaken on account of her! But I said 'No,' I knew you better, old Clarence, and I saw it in your face, for all your stiffness! He! But for all that I was mighty nervous and uneasy, and I just made Jim send an excuse to the theater, and we rushed it down here. 'Lordy, but it looks natural to see the old house again! And she—you poked her off with the others, didn't you? Tell me, Clarence,' in her old appealing voice, 'you shook her, too?'"

Dazed and astounded, and yet expressing a vague sense of relief with an odd return of his old tenderness towards the willful woman before him, he had silently regarded her until her allusion to his wife recalled him to himself.

"Hush!" he said, quickly, with a glance towards the corridor.

"Ah!" said Susy, with a malicious smile, "then that's why Capt. Pinckney was lingering in the rear with the deputy."

"Silence!" said Clarence, sternly. "Go in there," pointing to the garden room below the balcony, "and wait until your husband comes."

He half led, half pushed her into the room which had been his business office and returned to the patio. A hesitating voice from the balcony said: "Clarence."

It was his wife's voice, but modified and gentler—more like her voice as he had first heard it—or as if it were chastened by some reminiscence of those days. It was his wife's face, too, that looked down on his, paler than he had seen it since he had entered the house. She was shawled and hooded, carrying a traveling-bag in her hand.

"I am going, Clarence," she said, with gentle gravity, "but not fit anger! I even ask you to forgive me for the foolish words that I still think your still more foolish accusation," she smiled faintly, "dragged from me. I am going because I know that I have brought, and that while I am here I shall always be bringing upon you the imputation and even the responsibility of my own faith! While I am proud to own it, and, if needs be, suffer for it, I have no right to ruin your prospects, or even make you the victim of the slurs that others may cast upon me. Let us part as friends, separated only by our different political faiths, but keeping all other faiths together, until God shall settle the right of this struggle. Perhaps it may be soon—I sometimes think it may be years of agony for all—but until then good-by."

She had slowly descended the steps to the patio, looking handsomer than he had ever seen her, and as if sustained and upheld by the enthusiasm of her cause. Her hand was outstretched toward him, his heart beating violently; in another moment he might have forgotten all and clasped her to his breast. Suddenly she stopped, her outstretched arm stiffened, her finger

pointed to the chair on which Susy's cloak was hanging.

"What's that?" she said, in a sharp, high, metallic voice. "Who is here? Speak!"

"Susy," said Clarence.

She cast a seathing glance around the patio and then settled her piercing eyes on Clarence with a bitter smile.

"Already!"

Clarence felt the blood rush to his face as he stammered: "She knew what was happening here and came to give you warning."

"Liar!"

"Stop!" said Clarence, with a white face. "She came to tell me that Capt. Pinckney was still lingering for you in the road."

He threw open the gate to let her pass. As she swept out she lifted her hand. As she closed the gate there were the white marks of her four fingers on his cheek.

CHAPTER IV.

For once Susy had not exaggerated. Capt. Pinckney was lingering with the deputy who had charge of him on the trail near the casa. It had already been pretty well understood by both captives and captors that the arrest was simply a legal demonstration, that the sympathizing federal judge would undoubtedly order the discharge of the prisoners on their own recognizances and it was probable that the deputy saw no harm in granting Pinckney's request, which was virtually only a delay in his own liberation. It is also possible that Pinckney had worked upon the chivalrous sympathies of the man by professing his disinclination to leave his devoted colleague, Mrs. Brant, at the mercy of her antagonistic and cold-blooded husband at such a crisis, and it is to be feared, also, that Clarence, as a reputed lukewarm partisan, excited no personal sympathy even from his own party. Howbeit, the deputy agreed to delay Pinckney's journey for a parting interview with his fair hostess.

How far this expressed the real sentiments of Capt. Pinckney was never known. Whether his political association with Mrs. Brant had developed into a warmer solicitude, understood or ignored by her, and what were his hopes and aspirations regarding his future was by the course of fate never disclosed. A man of easy ethics but rigid artificialities of honor, flattered and pampered by class prejudice, a so-called "man of the world," with no experience beyond his own limited circle, yet brave and devoted to that, it were well, perhaps, to leave that last act of his ineffectual life to the simple record of the deputy.

Dismissing, he approached the house from the garden. He was already familiar with the low arched doorway which led to the business room, and from which he could gain admittance to the patio. But it so chanced that he entered the dark passage at the moment that Clarence had thrust Susy into the business room, and heard its door shut sharply. For an instant he believed that Mrs. Brant had taken refuge there, but as he cautiously moved forward he heard her voice in the patio beyond. Its accents struck him as pleading; an intense curiosity drew him further along the passage. Suddenly her voice seemed to change to angry denunciation, and the word "Liar" rang upon his ears. It was followed by his own name uttered sardonically by Clarence, the swift rattle of a skirt, the clash of the gate, and then, forgetting everything, he burst into the patio.

Clarence was just turning from the gate with the marks of his wife's hand still red on his white cheek. He saw Capt. Pinckney's eyes upon it, and a faint, half-malicious, half-hysterical smile upon his lips. But without a start or gesture of surprise, he locked the gate, and turning to him, said, with frigid significance:

"I thank you for returning so promptly, and for recognizing the only thing I now require at your hands."

But Capt. Pinckney had recovered his supercilious ease with the significant demand.

"You seem to have had something already from another's hand, sir—but I am at your service," he said, lightly.

"You will consider that I have accepted it from you, sir," said Clarence, drawing closer to him with a rigid face. "I suppose it will not be necessary for me to return it—to make you understand me."

"Go on," said Pinckney, flushing slightly. "Make your terms. I am ready."

"But I'm not," said the unexpected voice of the deputy at the grille of the gateway. "Excuse my interfering, gentlemen, but this sort of thing ain't down in my schedule. I've let this gentleman," pointing to Capt. Pinckney, "off for a minute to say good-by to a lady, who, I reckon, has just ridden off in her buggy with her servant, without saying by your leave—but I don't calculate to let him inter another business which, like as not, will prevent me from deliverin' his body safe and sound into court. You hear me!" As Clarence opened the gate he added: "I don't want ter spoil sport between gents, but it's got to come in after I've done my duty."

"I'll meet you, sir, anywhere, and with what weapons you choose," said Pinckney, turning angrily upon Clarence, "as soon as this farce—for which you and your friends are responsible—

is over." He was furious at the reflection that Mrs. Brant had escaped him.

A different thought was in the husband's mind. "But what assurance have I that you are going on with the deputy?" he said, with purposely insulting deliberation.

"My word, sir," said Capt. Pinckney, sharply.

"And if that ain't enough, there's mine," said the deputy. "For if this gentleman swears to the right or left betwixt this and Santa Inez, I'll blow a hole through him myself! And that," he added, deprecatingly, "is saying a good deal for a man who doesn't want to spoil sport, and, for the matter of that, is willing to stand by and see fair play done at Santa Inez any time tomorrow before breakfast."

"Then I can count on you?" said Clarence, with a sudden impulse, extending his hand.

The man hesitated a moment, and then grasped it. "Well, I wasn't expecting that," he said, slowly; "but you look as if you meant business, and if you ain't got anybody else to see you through, I'm thar! I suppose this gentleman will have his friends?"

"I shall be there at six with my seconds," said Pinckney, curtly. "Lead on."

The gate closed behind them. Clarence looked around the now empty patio, and the silent house, from which he could now see that the servants had been withdrawn to insure the secrecy of the gathering. Cool and collected as he knew he was, he stood still for a moment in hesitation. Then the sound of voices came to his ear from the garden room, the light frivolity of Susy's laugh, and Hooker's huskier accents. He had forgotten they were there—he had even forgotten their existence.

Trusting still to his calmness, he called to Hooker in his usual voice. That gentleman appeared with a face which his attempts to make unobtrusive and impassive had, however, only deepened his funereal gravity.

"I have something to attend to," said Clarence, with a faint smile, "and I must ask you and Susy to excuse me for a little while. She knows the house perfectly, and will call the servants from the annex to provide you both with refreshments. I will join you a little later." Satisfied from Hooker's manner that they knew nothing of his later interview with Pinckney he turned away and ascended to his own room.

He then threw himself into an armchair by the dim light of a single candle as if to reflect, but he was conscious, even then, of his own calmness and want of excitement, and that no reflection was necessary. What he had done and what he intended to do was quite clear; there was no alternative suggested, or to be even sought after. He had that sense of relief which comes with the climax of all great struggles—even of defeat. He had never known before how hopeless and continuous had been that struggle until now it was over. He had no fear for to-morrow; he would meet it as he had to-day with the same singular consciousness of being equal to the occasion. There was even no necessity of preparation for it; his will leaving his fortune to his wife—which seemed a slight thing now in this greater separation—was already in his safe in San Francisco; his pistols were in the next room. He was even slightly disturbed by his own sensibility and passed into his wife's bedroom, partly in the hope of disturbing his serenity by some memento of their past. There was no disorder of light—everything was in its place, except the drawer of her desk, which was still open as if she had taken something from it as an afterthought. There were letters and papers there—some of his own and some in Capt. Pinckney's handwriting. It did not occur to him to look at them—even to justify himself—or excuse her. He knew that his hatred of Capt. Pinckney was not so much that he believed him her lover, as his sudden conviction that they were alike! He was the male of her species—a being antagonistic to himself whom he could fight and crush and revenge himself upon. But most of all he loathed his past, not on account of her, but of his own weakness that had made him her dupe, and a misunderstood man to his friends. He had been derelict of duty in his selfish devotion to her; he had stifled his ambition, and underrated his own possibilities—no wonder that others had accepted him at his own valuation. Clarence Brant was a modest man; but the egotism of modesty is more fatal than that of pretension, for it has the haunting consciousness of superior virtue.

He reentered his own room and again threw himself in his chair. His calm was being succeeded by a physical weariness; he remembered he had not slept the night before and he ought to take some rest to be fresh in the early morning. Yet he must also show himself before his self-invited guests, Susy and her husband, or their suspicions would be aroused. He would try to sleep for a little while in the chair, before he went downstairs again. He closed his eyes oddly enough on a dim, dreamy recollection of Susy, of the old days in the little Madrono hollow where she had once given him a rendezvous. He forgot the mature and critical uneasiness with which he had then received her coquettish and willful advances which he now knew was the effect of the growing dominance of Mrs. Peyton over him—and remembered only her bright, youthful eyes, and the kisses he had pressed upon her soft, fragrant cheeks. The faintness he had felt when awaiting in the old rose garden, a few hours ago, seemed to steal on him once more, and to lapse into a delicious drowsiness. He even seemed again to inhale the perfume of the roses.

"Clarence!"

He started. He had been sleeping—but the voice sounded strangely real.

A little girlish laugh followed. He sprang to his feet. It was Susy, standing beside him—and Susy even as she

looked in the old days!

For with a flash of her old audacity, aided by her perfect knowledge of the house, and the bunch of household toys she had found, which dangled from her girdle, as in the old fashion, she had disinterred one of her old frocks from a closet, slipped it on, and loosening her brown hair had let it fall in rippling waves down her back. It was Susy in her old girlishness, with the instead of the grown actress in the arrangement of her short skirt over her pretty ankles, and the half-conscious pose she had taken.

"Poor, dear old Clarence," she said with dancing eyes, "I might have won a dozen pairs of gloves from you while you slept there. But you're tired, dear old boy—and you've had a hard time of it. No matter—you've shut yourself a man at last—and I'm proud of you."

Half ashamed of the pleasure he felt, even in his embarrassment, Clarence stammered: "But this change—this dress?"

Susy clapped her hands like a child. "I know it would surprise you! It's an old frock I wore the year I went away with aunts. I knew where it was hidden, and fished it out again with these keys, Clarence—it seemed so like old times. Lord! when I was with the old



He even seemed again to inhale the perfume of the roses.

servants again—and you didn't come down—I just felt as if I'd never been away, and I just rhapsodized! It seemed to me, don't you know, not as if I'd just come—but as if I'd always been right here—and it was you who'd just come! Don't you understand? Just as you came when me and Mary Rogers were here—don't you remember her, Clarence, and how she used to do gooseberry for us—well—just like that. So I said to Jim—I don't know you any more—get! and I just slipped on this frock and ordered Mamma around, as I used to do—and she in fits of laughter—I reckon, Clarence, she hasn't laughed as much since I left. And then I thought of you—perhaps worried and flustered yet over things and the change, and I just slipped into the kitchen, and I told old fat Conchita to make some of these tortillas, you know—with sugar and cinnamon sprinkled on top—and I tied on an apron, and brought 'em up to you on a tray with a glass of that old Catalan wine you used to like. Then I sorter felt frightened when I got here and I didn't hear any noise, and I put the tray down in the hall and peeped in and found you asleep. Sit still, I'll fetch 'em."

She tripped out into the passage, returning with the tray which she put on the table beside Clarence, and then standing back a little and with her hands tucked soubrette fashion in the tiny pockets of her apron, gazed at him with a mischievous smile.

It was impossible not to smile back as he nibbled the crisp Mexican cake and drank the old mission wine. As Susy's tongue trilled an accompaniment to his thanks.

"Lord! it seems so nice to be here—just you and me, Clarence—like in the old days—with nobody naggin' me 'round after you. Don't get greedy, Clarence, but give me a cake, she took one and finished the Oregonian glass.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

When you want bargains go to the racket store.

I have money to loan at 8 per cent interest on good farm or personal security.

J. M. RALSTON,
Mason Block, Albany, Or.

Measure your rooms accurately and bring size in feet and inches with you. It costs you nothing to have your carpets sewed by hand by the Albany Furniture Co., Albany, Oregon.

Ladies, I invite your attention to my new and extensive line of flowered fancy straws and beautiful ribbons. Opening day about the first of April.

MISS A. DUMOND.

Ladies cloth, all wool, 36 inches wide, 29 cts. per yard—cash, at Read, Peacock & Co's.

During our closing out sale no goods will be sold except for spot cash.

READ, PEACOCK & CO.

Ladies, Miss Dumond offers you better bargains in hats than ever before. Trimmed in hats from \$1 to \$5. Sailors, 20c and up. Look in at the windows as you pass by.

The Ladies' Bazaar, of Albany, Or., will send a fashion plate, of the latest styles, to all persons who write to them mentioning the EXPRESS. Their stock of goods is better than ever this year. Call on them when in Albany.

Young man, you are thinking something about your sweetheart, and you will want to look nice when in her presence, so buy the latest styles of clothing at Baker's. He has the prices way down to suit your ready cash.

Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco

Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

Victors Are Best.



Victor Non Puncturable Tire, No. 103, is the lightest running wheel on earth. The best is the cheapest in the end. Largest stock of second-hand wheels on the coast.

Everything as represented. Write for list.

Headquarters for sundries and athletic goods, 130 Sixth Street and 311 Alder Street, Portland, Oregon.

OVERMAN WHEEL COMPANY.
W. B. KERNAN, Manager.

H. Y. Kirkpatrick,
Local Agent, Lebanon, Oregon.

Albany Furniture Co., (INCORPORATED)

BALTIMORE BLOCK, Albany, Oregon.

Furniture, Carpets, Linoleums, matting, etc.
Pictures and Picture molding.
Undertaking a Specialty.

Oregon Central & Eastern, R. R. CO.

Yaquina Bay Route.

Connecting at Yaquina Bay with the San Francisco and Yaquina Bay Steamship Company.

Steamship "Farallon"

Sails from Yaquina Bay every eight days for San Francisco, Coos Bay, Port Orford, Trinidad and Humboldt Bay.

Passenger Accommodations Unsurpassed.

Shortest Route Between the Willamette Valley and California.

Fare from Albany and Points West to San Francisco:

Cabin.....\$ 6.00
Steerage..... 4.00

To Coos Bay and Port Orford:
Cabin.....\$ 6.00

To Humboldt Bay:
Cabin.....\$ 8.00

Round Trip Good for 60 Days—Special.

RIVER DIVISION.

Steamers "ALBANY" and "WM. M. HOAG" newly furnished, leave Albany daily, except Saturdays, at 8 a. m., arriving at Portland the same day at 5 p. m.

Returning, boats leave Portland same days as above at 6 a. m., arriving at Albany at 7:45 p. m. J. C. Mayo, EDWIN STONE, Sup't. River Division, Manager, H. B. SACKY, H. L. WALDEN, Ag't. Opp. Revere House Agent, Depot Albany.

To The Mothers.

You have nice children, you know, and nothing pleases them better than a nice nobby suit of clothes that keeps them warm and healthy. Baker has them and for but little money. Can you stand \$1.00 for a suit of clothes, or up to \$4.00? All these low prices you will find at Hiram Baker's.

BARBER SHOP

Best Shaves, Hair Cut or Shampoo

B. F. KIRK'S

Shaving Parlor.

NEXT DOOR TO ST. CHARLES HOTEL.

Elegant Baths.

Children Kindly Treated.

Ladies Hair Dressing a Specialty.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free handbook write to BUREAU OF PATENTS, Scientific American Agency, 312 Broadway, New York. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the Scientific American.

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Specially illustrated. No intelligent inventor should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year. Single copies, 10c. Address, SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 312 Broadway, New York City.

Ripans Tablets cure dizziness.