

"Then she turned and ran away from

"Yes," he said, swallowing painfully.

"That pleased you." I stormed, "to

I set about packing my traps, grum-

bling various sarcasms, the last mut-

terings of a departed storm, for al-

ready I realized that I had taken out

my own mortification upon him, and I

"I wouldn't have frightened her for

voice and his body shook with a

strange violence. "I wouldn't have

I stared at him helplessly, nor could

passion that my imbecile scolding had

"You think I told a lie!" he cried.

"You think I lied when I said I could

"No, no," I said earnestly. "I didn't

"Words!" He swept the feeble protest

You can't understand. When you want

to know what to do you look back into

your life and it tells you, and I look

back-ah!" He cried out, uttering a

"And what does it matter?

**"**I

frighten a woman in the woods!"

was stricken with remorse.

not help speaking to her!"

beaven!"

evoked.

mean"-

mence.

CHAPTER V.

Y ankle had taken its wonted you!" time to recover. I was on my feet again and into the woods.

July came, and one afternoon I sat in the month of the path just where I had played the bounding harlequin for the benefit of the lovely visitor at Quesnay.

I heard the light snapping of a twig and a swish of branches from the the world." he finally said, and his direction in which I faced. Evidently some one was approaching the glade, though concealed from me for the moment by the winding of the path. Taking it for Saffren as a matter of course-for we had arranged to meet at that time and place-1 raised my voice in what I intended for a merry yodel of greeting.

I yodeled loud. I yodeled long, and my best performance was not unsuggestive of calamity in the poultry yard. And when my mouth was at its widest in the production of these shocking ulla hootings the person approaching came round a turn in the path and away, drowned in a whiriing vehewithin full sight of me. To my horror it was Mme. d'Armand.

I grew so furiously red that it burped me. I was plainly a lunstic, whooping the lonely peace of the woods into



We were passing him when he uttered an ejaculation of surprise and stepped forward again, holding out his hand to my companion and exclaiming:

"Where did you come from? I'd hardly have known you." Oliver seemed unconscious of the proffered hand. He stiffened visibly and said: "I think there must be some mis-

take.' "So there is," said the other prompt-

"I have been misled by a resem-18. blance. I beg your pardon." He lifted his cap slightly, going on, and we entered the courtyard to find a cheerful party of nine or ten men and women seated about a couple of tables.

I went almost as quickly to my pavilion and without lighting my lamp set about my preparations for dinner. The party outside, breaking up presently, could be heard moving toward the archway with increased noise and laughter. A girl's voice (a very attractive voice) called, "Oh, Cressie, aren't you coming?" and a man's replied from near my veranda, "Only stopping to light a cigar."

A flutter of skirts and a patter of feet betokened that the girl came running back to join the smoker. "Cressie." I heard her say in an eager, lowered tone. "who was that devastating creature in white dannels?" The man chuckled, "Matinee sort

frightened her to please the angels in of devastator-what? Monte Cristo bair, noble profile"-

I find words to answer or control the "You'd better tell me," she interrupted earnestly, "if you don't want me to ask the waiter."

"But I don't know him."

"I saw you speak to him."

"I thought it was a man I met three years ago out in San Francisco, but I North Main street, the boulevard, was mistaken. There was a slight resemblance. This fellow might have been a rather decent younger brother of the man I knew. He was the"-

My strong impression was that if the speaker had not been interrupted at this point he would have said something very unfavorable to the character of the man he had met in San Francisco.

I caught a last word from the girl as the pair moved away.

"I'll come back here with a band tomorrow night and serenade the beautiful one."

looking in at my door five minutes later.

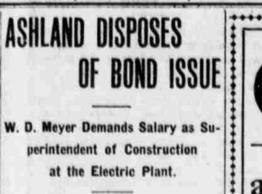
now, Amedee.'

"They are off for Trouville. I suppose?

"No, monsieur; they are on their way to visit the chateau and stopped here only because the run from Paris had made the tires too hot."

"Truly. But monsieur need give himself no uneasiness. I did not mention to any one that monsieur is here. His name was not spoken. Mlle. Ward returned to the chateau today," he added. "She has been in England." "Quesnay will be gay," I said, com-

ing out to the table.



ASHLAND, Or., Feb. 3 .- At Tuesday's council meeting the bid of the Warren Constduction company for \$24,000 of the street-paving bonds at par and interest, and of E. C. Cross of Salem for \$8000 of the issue at 1 1-8 premium and accrued interest were accepted. This disposes of all but \$600 of the entire issue for 1909.

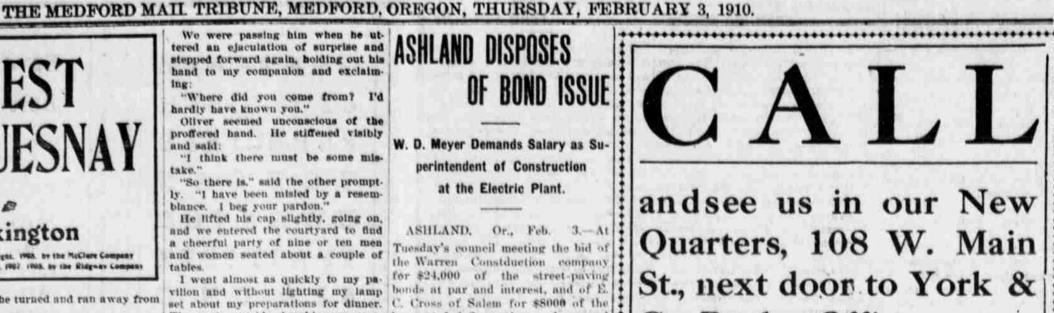
A demand was made on the city hy W. D. Myer for salary as superintendent of construction 'qn the lighting plant for the month of January. Myer was discharged by the city council for alleged incompetency, but claims that his contract was for one year. The council voted unanimously to have Recorder Eggleston notify Myers' attorneys that the city did not recognize his claim. The is the "suit for damages' upon which is based one of the charges in the Snell recall petition. A motion authorizing the street committee to take the initiative in securing petitions for the paving of Oak and B streets, was carred unanimously, an incident that augurs well for 1910.

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## To the Mail Tribune.

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Notice to Contractors and Builders. On and after April 1, 1910, the minimum scale of carpenter's wages will be \$3.50 for eight-hour days. CARPENTERS' UNION, Local No. 1840, January 1, 1910. 252



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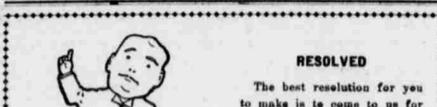
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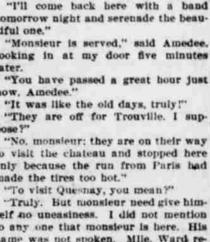
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Her dark eyes stared widely straight

pandemonium. She kept straight on. zling shame, a clear voice rang out from a distance in an answering yodel to mine. There was a final call, clear strange!" and loud as a bugle, and she turned to the direction whence it came. Then different in his look that, like any oth-Oliver Saffren came running lightly round the turn of the path. He stopped short.

Her hand pressed against her side. He lifted his hat and spoke to her, and I thought she made some quick reply in a low voice, though I could | love. not be sure.

She held that startled attitude a moment longer, then turned and crossed the glade so hurriedly that it was almost as if she ran away from him. She did not seem to see me. Her dark eyes stared widely straight ahead, her lips were parted, and she looked white and frightened.

I stepped out to meet him, indignant upon several counts, most of all upon his own.

"You spoke to that lady!" And my voice sounded unexpectedly harsh and ' sharp to my own ears, for I had meant | was instantly sorry, fearing with reato speak quietly.

"I know-I know. It-it was wrong." he stammered. "I knew I shouldn'tand I couldn't help it."

"You expect me to believe that?" "It's the truth. I couldn't!"

I laughed skeptically. "I don't understand. It was all beyond me," he added huskily.

"What was it you said to her?" "I spoke her name-'Mme. d'Ar- you tell me then?" mand.'"

"You said more than that!" "I asked her if she would let me see her again."

"What else?"

"Nothing." he answered humbly. seemed-for a moment she didn't seem to be able to speak"-

"I should think not." I should and burst out at him with satirical laugh- laughter and chattering voices. Beter. He stood patiently enduring it, fore the entrance stood a couple of his lowered eyes following the aimless open touring cars, the chouffeure enmovements of his hands, which were twisting and nutwisting his flexible straw hat.

"But she did say something to you, didn't she?" I asked finally.

"She said. 'Not now!' That was all." "I suppose that was all she had breath for! It was just the inconsequent and meaningless thing a frightened woman would say!"

"Meaningless?" he repeated and looked up wonderingly.

"Did you take it for an appointment ?" I roared.

"No. no, no! She said only that and thest.

emphasis "Well, well," I said, "let's be on our WBY.

He paused, wiping from his brow a

"But if it should distress the lady ?"

"Yes-then I could keep away. But

"I think you might know it by her

"No!" And his eyes flashed an added

"I don't believe she was distressed," he went on. There was something, but it wasn't trouble. We looked straight at each other. I saw her eyes They suddenly, while I waited in siz- plainly, and it was"-be paused and years, and have never had a comsighed, a sudden, brilliant smile upon his lips-"it was very-it was very

There was something so glad and er dried wo old blunderer in my place, I felt an instant tendency to laugh. It was that heathenish possession, the old insanity of the risibles, which makes a man think it a humorous thing that his friend should be discovered in

"But if you were wrong." I said, "if it did trouble her, and if it happened that she has already had too much that was distressing in her life"-

"You know something about her!" he exclaimed. "You know"

"I do not," I interrupted in turn. "I have only a vague guess. I may be altogether mistaken."

"What is it that you guess?" he demanded abruptly. "Who made her suffer?

"I think it was her husband," I said, I HAVE ALL KINDS OF DRY with a lack of discretion for which I son that I had added a final blunder to the long list of the afternoon-"that is," I added. "if my guess is right."

"Is he alive?" he cried sharply. "I don't know!" I returned emphatically. "Probably I am entirely mistaken in thinking that I know anything of her whatever. I'd rather not say any more until I do know.

"Very well," he said quickly. "Will

"Yes-if you will let it go at that." "Thank you," he said and, with an impulse which was but too plainly one of gratitude, offered me his hand. I took it, and my soul was disquieted within me, for it was no purpose of "And then she-then for a moment it mine to set inquiries on foot in regard to the affairs of Mme. d'Armand. It was early dusk. From the courtyard of the inn came the sounds of gaged in cooling the rear tires with buckets of water brought by a personage ordinarily known as Glougled, whose look and manner as he performed this office for the leathern diguitarles so awed me that 1 wondered had ever dared address him with any presumption of intimacy. As we turned to enter the archway

we almost ran into a tail man who was coming out, evidently intending to speak to one of the drivers.

The stranger stepped back with a word of apology, and I took note of him for a fellow countryman and a worldly buck of fashiou indeed.

(To be continued.)

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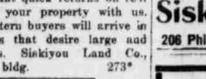
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