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until further notice At Carlton on se ond and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m., ar Saturday evening before at 7:30. At No. at 3 p. m. on second and fourth Sundays JAMES CAMPBELL, V. D. M. Pastor. St. James Episcopal Church-Lay-Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. St. James Catholic-First st., between

G and H. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Ves-pers 7:30. Services once a month. T. BRIODY, Pastor.

SECRET ORDERS. KNOWLES CHAPTER NO. 12, O. E. S.—Meets a Masonic hall the first and third Monday evening in each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

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J. D. BAKER, Becorder. H. C. BURNS, M. W.

Yambill Lodge No. 10 D. of H. meets in Union hall second and fourth Friday evenings of each Custer Post No. 9—Meets the second and fourth Saturday of each month in Union hall at 7:30 p.m. on second Saturday and at 10:30 a.m. on 4th Saturday. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend our meetings. B. F. CLUBINE, Adjt.

W. C. T. U.—Meets on every Friday at 3 p. m. in reading room, Union block CLABA G. ESSON, Pres.

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A 1, and first-class in every respect. Sails from Yaquina for San Francisco about every eight days. Passenger accommodations unsurpassed. Shortest tremble also. The air rang, it seemed to folk, the duke's figure being interposed. route between the Willamette valley and me, with one word, which a thousand As he came forward, the crowd making Fare from Albany or points west to

San Francisco: Cabin....\$12.00 Steerage ... Cabin, round trip, good 60 days 18.00

H. L. WALDEN, Agent, Albany, Or. EDWIN STONE, Manager, Corvallis, Or.

CHAS. CLARK, Supt.. Corvailis, Or. on the shoulders of the guards. "What is it?" I cried. "What is it?" I ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the County Court of Yamhill County, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the estate of Lars A. Newgard, deceased.

NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of Lars A. Newgard, deceased, by the county court of Yamhill county. Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them to me at McMinnville, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated at McMinnville, Oregon, this 1st day of July, A. D. 1895.

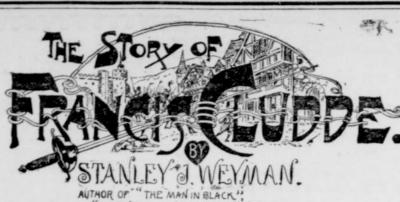
R. NELSON, Administrator.

strom answered, his face close to mine and the tears running down his cheeks. "It is cruel if it be not true! Cruel! They cry a pardon!"

"A pardon?" I echoed.

"Aye, lad, a pardon. But it may not be true," he said, putting his arm about my shoulder. "Do not make too sure of it. It is only the mob cry it out."

My heart made a great bound and seemed to stand still. There was a loud



surging in my brain, and a mist rose be

I muttered something, I know not what,

lence obtained, the magistrate continued

leaning on my friend.

out a paper.

"A pardon!"

better proceed at once.'

"Well?" I said faintly.

"A_GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE", ETCETC. COPYRIGHT 1891, BY CASSELLPUBLISHING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

The horse I was riding yesterday?" I fore my eyes and hid everything. The continued. "Ah, then, I understand. I clamor and shouting of the street passed was riding the horse which I took from away and sounded vague and distant. the Spanish trooper. The Spaniard must | The next instant, it is true, I was myself have annexed the haversack when he and again, but my knees were trembling unhis companions searched the house after

That is it, no doubt," Master Lind-"And in the hurry of yesterday's ride you failed to notice it.

It was a strange way of recovering one's property-strange that the enemy should have helped one to it. But there are times -and this to me was one-when the strange seems the ordinary and commonplace. I took the sack and slipped my a man whom he had knocked down in his hand through a well known slit in the lining. Yes, the letter I had left there was still there—the letter to Mistress Clarence. if at a signal, every face now turned to-I drew it out. The corners of the little packet were frayed, and the parchment was stained and discolored, no doubt by the damp which had penetrated to it. But the seal was whole. I placed it, as it was, in Master Lindstrom's hands.

"Give it," I said, "to the duchess afterward. It concerns her. You have heard us talk about it. Bid her make what use

I turned away then and sat down, feel-speaking in Spanish in a clear, loud voice. ing a little flurried and excited, as one about to start upon a journey might feelnot afraid nor exceedingly depressed, but braced up to make a brave show and hide what sadness I did feel by the knowledge that many eyes were upon me, and that nore would be watching me presently. At the far end of the room a number of people had now gathered and were conversing together. Among them were not only my jailers of the night, but two or three officers, a priest who had come to offer me his services and some inquisitive gazers who had obtained admission. Their uriosity, however, did not distress me. On the contrary, I was glad to hear the stir and murmur of life about me to the

I will not set down the letter I wrote to the duchess, though it were easy for me to do so, seeing that her son has it now. It contains some things very proper to be said by a dying man, of which I am not ashamed—God forbid!—but which it would not be meet for me to repeat here. Enough that I told her in a few words who I was and entreated her in the name of whatever services I had rendered her to dark valley was left behind did I comprelet Petronilla and Sir Anthony know how hend its full gloom-by heaven's mercy. I had died, and I added something which would, I thought, comfort her and her husband-namely, that I was not afraid

or in any suffering of mind or body.

The writing of this shook my composure a little, but as I laid down the pen though in all good humor before, even and looked up and found that the time with the aid of the soldiers, we could be was come I took courage in a marvelous manner. The captain of the guard—I think that out of a compassionate desire table and saw-but only dimly, for the not to interrupt me they had allowed me some minutes of grace—came to me, leaving the group at the other end, and told standing behind it. Then a strange thing me gravely that I was waited for. I rose happened. A woman passed swiftly round at once and gave the letter to Master Lind-strom, with some messages in which and then, with a smile—for I felt under all those eyes as if I were going into battle-I said: "Gentlemen, I am ready if you It is a fine day to die. You know,' proverb. 'The better the day the better the

feed!' So it is well to have a good day to have a good death, Sir Captain. "A soldier's death, sir, is a good death, he answered gravely, speaking in Spanish to the Duke of Cleves, who stood behind

Then he pointed to the door. As I walked toward it I paused momen strewn with rushes protruded itself-with swered gravely. "And do you, my cousin, eads from wall to wall, with faces all sit here beside me." turned one way-toward me. It was a row staircase.

There were guards going down before and more guards. The Dutchman reached lets and brown boots, with a broad leaved forward in the gloom and clasped my hat pinned up on one side, yet he looked a hand, holding it as we went down in a prince

firm, strong grip.

"Never fear," I said to him cheerily, the surrender. looking back. "It is all right."

He answered in words which I will not

write here, not wishing, as I have said, to make certain things common. I suppose the doorway at the bottom was accidentally blocked, for a few steps short of it we came to a standstill, and al-

and a roar of many voices outside 'What is it?' I asked the Dutchman. "It is the Duke of Cleves arriving, I expect," he whispered. "He comes in by the other gate.

spite myself, on hearing a sudden clamor

A moment later we moved on and passed out into the light, the soldiers before me stepping on either side to give me place. Are you noble, lad?" The sunshine for an instant dazzled me. and I lowered my eyes. As I gradually raised them again I saw before me a short but amid events such as those of this kept back by guards, and at the end of this two or three rough wooden steps leading to a platform on which were standing a number of people, and above and beyond all only the bright blue sky, the roofs and gables of the nearer houses showing dark against it.

I advanced steadily along the path left but at the foot of them I came to a standstill and looked round for guidance. The persons on the scaffold all had their backs turned to me and did not make way, while the shouting and uproar hindered them from hearing that we had come out. Then it struck me, seeing that the people at the windows were also gazing away and taking no heed of me, that the duke these people that they turned away to see

a fellow mortal ride by! Presently, as we stood there, in a pit, as enrolled in my chancery. Are you satisit were, getting no view, I felt Master fied?" Lindstrom's hand, which still clasped mine, begin to shake, and turning to him I found that his face had changed to a deep red, and that his eyes were protrud- abrupt entrance of the subdean. He took fix them on the floor. ing with a kind of convulsive eagerness in part of the situation at a glance—that which instantly infected me.

was a German word, and I did not under- me and scarcely smoothed his brow even stand it.

"Wait, wait!" Master Lindstrom exclaimed. "Pray God it be true!" He seized my other hand and held it as At the same moment Van Tree pushed past me, and bounding up the "It is so!" said the duke curtly, eying steps thrust his way through the officials the ecclesiastic with no great favor. "He on the scaffold, causing more than one is pardoned." fur robed citizen near the edge to lose his balance and come down as best he could

cried in impatient wonder. "Oh, my lad, my lad!" Master Lind-In the County Court of Yambill County, State strom answered, his face close to mine and yawning.

"A pardon?" I echoed.

"Aye, lad, a pardon. But it may not be true," he said, putting his arm about my shoulder. "Do not make too sure of it. It is only the mob cry it out."

"A pardon?" I echoed.

"Aye, lad, a pardon. But it may not be true," he said, putting his arm about my shoulder. "Oh! to Mistress A— B— But thinks. Where the doubt his document that gives us no clew," she added. "It is thinks? She does not know that this letter he travels," the priest answered hastily. It is only the mob cry it out."

"A pardon?" I echoed.

"A pardon?" I echoed.

"Oh! to Mistress A— B— But thinks? Who does not know that this letter has gives us no clew," she added. "It is do do that it be as Carey that gives us no clew," she added. "It is thinks? She does not know that this letter has been recovered. Not a word, mind, was said of it bear."

It is only the mob cry it out."

"They are represented to me as dangerous tleman, Master Francis Carey, otherwise letters of the alphabet."

Not a word, mind the seemed to stand still. There was a loud and obnoxious alike to the emperor, the nephew!"

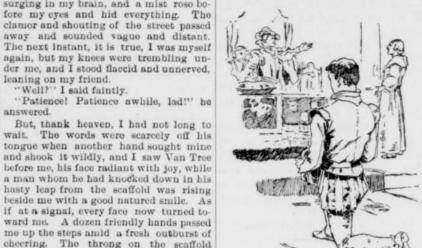
"They are represented to me as dangerous tleman, Master Francis Carey, otherwise letters of the alphabet."

So they were, and the initial letters of was said of it before she left the room."

Anne Brandon! I wondered that the "No," I allowed, "that is true." seemed to stand still. There was a loud and obnoxious alike to the emperor, the nephew!"

prince of Spain and the queen of England. king of France and the soldan of Turkey!" growled the duke. "Pish! I am not gothese people are not what you think them. Call you my cousin, the widow of the con-

He moved as he stopped speaking, so that the astonished churchman found himself confronted on a sudden by the smiling, defiant duchess. The subdean



president of the court. He smiled on me gravely and kindly-what smiles there seemed to be on all those faces!-and held 'In the name of the duke!" he said.

nor did it matter, for it was lost in a burst of cheering. When this was over and si-"The bishop of Arras"- the priest re-You are required, however, to attend the peated firmly.

> smoothly: "Your highness has, of course, considered the danger—the danger, I mean, of provoking neighbors so powerful cause your own. You will remember,

the duke in a rage, "where the emperor-

aye, and your everlasting bishop, too-fled never feared him young, and I fear him less now that he is old and decrepit and, as men say, mad. Let him get to his were not this table between us, I would pull your ears, Master Churchman!"

with the Duke of Cleves."

strom, with some messages in which
Dymphna and Anne were not forgotten,
and then, with a smile—for I felt under
all these eves as if I were going into her
all these eves as if I were going into her
all these eves as if I were going into her
all these eves as if I were going into her
all these eves as if I were going into her
and the some messages in which
arms round my neck and kissed me. It
was the duchess, and for a moment she
hung upon me, weeping before them all.

She drew back from me then and took tered. He knew her, and the rest you can | ranged that!" said Master Bertie emphat-

the world to me on that old May morning that I have another letter to open. It is

entered so oddly! very ill. Her eyes, in particular, seemed to have grown larger, and as they dwelt matically. I nodded. She took her hus-

'You have been wonderfully preserved," she said presently, speaking dreamily, and as much to herself as to me.

But she did not.

"I will ennoble you. You would have died for your lord and friend, and thereing my interruption, "there was the time when you were stabled in the passage, Here the duchess by and, again, when you had the skirmish turned on us a face full of wonder. "What

within a minute of death. You have been wonderfully preserved!" "I have," I assented thoughtfully. The more as I suspect that I have to thank Master Clarence for all these little

"Strange-very strange!" she muttered, removing her eyes from me that she might

who came bustling in at the moment. 'What is strange?" she repeated, with a sance brief and perfunctory. "I heard an Master Lindstrom in the morning, and so much value to him?" though he would protect me from some- uproar in the town and was told that this which, with a pardonable forgetfulness, I had failed to reclaim.

ter I had told her my story. "Only in part, I presume," the priest rejoined urgently, "or, if otherwise, I am sure that your highness has not received she continued as I opened my mouth, "I she oried. "It is just as on which we had fled from Master Lindstrom's house, when Mistress Anne had strom's house, when Mistress Anne had strom's house, when Mistress Anne had she continued as I opened my mouth, "I shook my head." am not going to keep your secret, sir. You ness and had almost opened the door look

thony Cludde of Coton End in Warwick- minded me. "To whom is it addressed?" "I have had letters from my lord bishop shire?" is cruel if it be not true! Cruel! They of Arras respecting him."

of Arras respecting him."

of Arras respecting him."

of Arras respecting him."

exclaimed the his elbow, while his face lit up, and I swered.

"No—

Sir Anthony's nephew? Yes, and the son of Ferdinand Cludde,

She stopped and turned quickly, inter-rupted by a half stifled scream. It was a saw nothing. Anne. The girl had risen and was gazing at me with distended eyes and blanched without taking her eyes from me, to retreat toward the door.

'Hoity, toity!" cried my lady, stamp- horrible. ing her foot in anger. "What has hap-pened to the girl? What"— What, indeed? The duchess stopped, still more astonished, for, without uttering a word of explanation or apology, Mistress Anne had reached the door, groped blindly for the latch, found it and gone now, I could find a confirmation of my out, her eyes, with the same haunted look | idea in a dozen things which had befallen of horror in them, fixed on me to the last.

looking from one to another of us when Anne had disappeared. "What has come to the little fool? Has she gone crazy?" I shook my head, too completely at sea even to hazard a conjecture. Master Bertic shook his head also, keeping his eyes glued to the door, as if he could not belove Anne had really gone.

CHAPTER XVII.

Nothing at all," I answered. For how should the announcement that my real name was Cludde terrify Mistress Anne Brandon nearly out of her senses? 'Well, no.'' Master Bertie agreed, his thoughtful face more thoughtful than usual, "so far as I heard, you said noth-But I think, my dear, that you had

The duchess sat down. "I will go by and by," she said coolly, at which I was not much surprised, for I have always remarked that women have less sympathy with other women's ailments, especially of the nerves, than have men.

For the moment I want to scold this brave, silly boy here!" she continued, looking so kindly at me that I blushed again and forgot all about Mistress Anne.
"To think of him leaving his home to beome a wandering squire of dames merely because his father was a-well, not quite what he would have liked him to be! I "I think"— He lost courage, hesitated remember something about him," she and broke off. She looked at him wonontinued, pursing up her lips and nodding her head at us. "I fancied him dead, however, years ago. But there! if every one whose father were not quite to his lik- said. ing left home and went astraying, Master Francis, all sensible folk would turn inn- ing one whit. keepers and make their fortunes.'

'It was not only that which drove me sternly. from home," I explained. "The bishop of

"That Coton was not the place for you!" exclaimed my lady scornfully. "He is a sort of connection of yours, is he not? watches and you to your prayers. If there Oh, I know. And he thinks he has a kind she whispered, "it is too borrible!" of reversionary interest in the property! With you and your father out of the way, * * * * and only your girl cousin left, his interest But tell me," I asked Master Bertie as is much more likely to come to hand. Do

Stephen Gardiner in this. He was not a dow, leaving the husband and wife to "Not quite that," he answered. "My man of petty mind, and his estate was gether. "Is i much to do with wedding the prince's sis- likely that his motive in removing me of?" she muttered. ing. "But you have not told me yet what think it the more likely to have been in the lurid light now cast upon them. I unhis mind because his inability to persuade The duchess was still asleep this morn- the gentry to such acts of restitutioning, fairly worn out, as you may suppose, when a great noise awoke her. She got up

the window, and seeing few people in the "The strangest thing of all," the duchstreets to welcome him inquired why this ess continued, with alacrity, "seems to was. Dymphna broke down at that and me to be this-that if he had not meddled told her what was happening to you, and with you he would not have had his plans that you were to die at that very hour. in regard to us thwarted. If he had not She went out straightway, without cover- driven you from home, you would never ing her head-you know how impetuous have helped me to escape from London she is—and flung herself on her knees in the mud before the duke's horse as he en-

Can guess? Ah, what happiness it was! "Well, at any rate, I am glad that you

As I turned from the window full of which had lain in my haversack. "It has

paler, graver, older, more of a woman and it is enough that her name is Clarence ess, much less, of a girl. And she looked We have suffered too much at his hands.' on me now there was a strange and sol- band's dagger and cut the green silk which emn light in them, under which I grew bound the packet and opened and read.

Only a few words. Then she stopped, and looking off the paper shivered. "I do not understand this," she murmured. 'What does it mean?' 'No good, I'll be sworn!" Master Bertie replied, gazing at her eagerly. "Read

it aloud. Katherine.' 'To Mistress A--- B---. I am adver-There was, firstly, the time on the riv- tised by my trusty agent, Master Clarence, er when you were hurt with the car," she | that he hath benefited much by your aid continued, gazing absently at me, her in the matter in which I have employed hands in her lap, "and then the night him. Such service goeth always for much, when you saw Clarence with Dymphna." and never for naught, with me. In which "Or, rather, saw him without her," I belief confirm yourself. For the present, interposed, smiling. It was strange that working with him as heretofore, be secret, she should mention it as a fact, when at and on no account let your true sentimore valuable to me, even as it is more "And then," she continued, disregard- easy to unfasten a barred door from within

Here the duchess broke off abruptly and "Is that all?" her husband said.

to it and reading: "Those whom you have hitherto served have too long made a mockery of sacred things, but their cup is full, and the business of seeing that they drink it lieth with me, who am not wont to be slothful in would fain have turned better women, I

hese matters. Be faithful and secret. Good speed and fare you well. 'STE. WINTON.'" Bertie slowly. "That you and I are the crushed next moment myself!" heightened color and dancing eyes. "Shall persons whose cup is full. You remember to tell you?" She paused and looked how you once dressed up a dog in a rochet the room and had nearly reached the door persons whose cup is full. You remember

"'Even as it is easier.' " I muttered I turned very red. "It was not intended from within than from without." What for you now," I said shyly, for in the letminded me? Ha! I had it. Of the night turn. may go down on your knees. It will be of ing upon the river in spite of all I could

> I asked abruptly. "To Mistress Clarence," my lady an-

duchess did not see it; that she did not at once turn her suspicions toward the right quarter. But she was, for a woman, sin-

scream full of sudden horror and amaze- I looked at Master Bertie. He seemed ment and fear, and it came from Mistress puzzled, discerning, I fancy, how strange ment's silence. "I suppose you are right. ly the allusions pointed to Mistress Anne, but not daring at once to draw the infer-but not daring at once to draw the infercheeks and hands stretched out to keep me ence. She was his wife's kinswoman by off-gazing, indeed, as if she saw in me marriage, albeit a distant one, and much some awful portent or some dreadful indebted to her. She had been almost as threat. She did not speak, but she began, his own sister. She was young and fair, and to associate treachery and ingratitude such as this with her seemed almost too

> Then why was I so clear sighted as to read the riddle? Why was I the first to see the truth? Because I had felt for days a vague and ill defined distrust of the girl. I had seen more of her odd fits and caprices than had the others. Looking back us. I remembered how ill and stricken she had looked on the day when I had first brought out the letter, and how strangely she had talked to me about it.

I remembered Clarence's interview with -not Dymphna, as I had then thoughtbut, as I now guessed, Anne, wearing her cloak. I recalled the manner in which she had used me to persuade Master Bertie to take the Wesel instead of the Santon road. No doubt she had told Clarence to follow in that direction, if by any chance we escaped him on the island. And her despair when she heard in the church porch that I had killed Clarence at the ford! And her utter abandonment to fear-poor guilty thing!-when she thought that all her devices had only led her with us to a dreadful death! These things, in the light in which I now viewed them, were cogent evidences against her.

"It must have been written to some one about us!" said the duchess at length. "To some one in our confidence. 'On our side of the door,' as he calls it.' Yes; that is certain," I said.

"And on the wrapper he styles her Mistress Clarence. Now, who"-"Who could it have been? That is the question we have to answer," Master Bertie replied dryly. Hearing his voice, I knew he had come at last to the same conclusion to which I had jumped. "I think you may dismiss the servants from the inquiry," he continued. "The bishop of Winchester would scarcely write to them

in that style.'

"Dismiss the servants? Then who is she protested. deringly. He turned to me, and gaining

ation from my nod began again. "I think I should ask A-- B--," he "A--- B---?" she cried, still not see-"Yes; Anne Brandon," he answered

She repeated his words softly and stood before a handful of Protestants like sheep before welves. A fig for your emperor! I stand"—

Winchester gave me clearly to underment stand a moment gazing at him. In that moment she saw it all. She sat down suddenly on the chair beside her and shuddered violently, as if she had laid her hand unwittingly upon a snake. "Oh, Richard, "I fear it is too true," he answered

I shrank from looking at them, from meeting her eyes or his. I felt as if this shame had come upon us all. The thought I recalled what Martin Luther had said that the culprit might walk into the room ered from something you or she said a about the cuckoo. But I have since at any moment filled me with terror. I short time back that you had no influence thought that probably they both wronged turned away and looked through the win-

> "Is it only the name you are thinking (19" she muttered." "No," he answered. "Before I left Eng-

"I see," she said quietly. "The villain!" name of a headstrong, passionate man."

would certainly have earned for the chantheaven keep him in it!" I said, smilcellor Queen Mary's lasting favor. I week, I found many things made plain by



"Not quite," she answered. derstand how Master Lindstrom's vase had come to be broken when we were discussing the letter, which, in my hands, ust have been a perpetual terror to the girl. I discerned that she had purposely sown dissension between myself and Van For full particulars address
E. P. ROGERS, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent,
Portland, Oregon. Tree and recalled how she had striven to persuade us not to leave the island; then how she had induced us to take that unlucky road, finally how on the road her horse had lagged and lagged behind, de-

taining us all when every minute was precious. The things all dovetailed into one another. Each by itself was weak, but together they formed a strong scaffold-a scaffold strong enough for the hanging of a man, if she had been a man! The others appealed to me, the duchess feverishly anxious to be assured one way or the other. The very suspicion of the existence of such treachery at her side seemed to stifle her. Still looking out of the window, I detailed the proofs I have mentioned, not gladly, heaven knows, or in any spirit of revenge, but my duty was rather to my companions, who had been true to me, than to her. I told them the truth as far as I knew it. The whole wretched, miserable truth was only to become known to me later. "I will go to her," the duchess said

'My dear!" her husband cried. He stretched out his hand, and grasping her skirt detained her. "You will not"-"Do not be afraid!" she replied sadly as she stooped over him and kissed his forehead. "It is a thing past scolding, Richard, past love, and even hope, and all but past pity. I will be merciful as we hope for mercy, but she can never be friend of ours again, and some one must tell her. I will do so and return. As for that man!' she continued, obscuring suddenly the fair and noble side of her character which she had just exhibited, and which, I confess, had surprised me, for I had not "Not quite," she answered, returning thought her capable of a generosity so uncommon. "As for that man," she repeated, drawing herself up to her full height, while her eyes sparkled and her cheek grew

red, "who has turned her into a vile

schemer and a shameless hypocrite, as he

presently, rising from her seat.

ever have him under my feet. I will crush "One thing is quite clear," said Master him as I would an adder, though I be She was sweeping with that word from

"Yes," I said quietly. "She left the

"Not return? But whither has she "I can only guess," I said in a low "I saw no more than I have told

"But why did you not tell me?" the duchess cried reproachfully. "She shall "It would be useless," Master Bertie swered. "Yet I doubt if it be as Carey

1 was puzzled on this point myself, now came to consider it. I could not see why she had taken the alarm so opportunely but I maintained my opinion nevertheless Something frightened her," I said,

'though it may not have been the letter. 'Yes," said the duchess after a mo

It turned out that I was right. Mistress Anne had gone indeed, having staid, so far as we could learn from an examination of the room which she had shared with Dymphna, merely to put together the few things which our adventures had left her. She had gone out from among us in this foreign land without a word of farewell without a good wish given or received, without a soul to say godspeed! The thought made me tremble. If she had died, it would have been different. Now to feel sorrow for her as for one who had been with us in heart as well as in body seemed a mockery. How could we griev for one who had moved day by day and hour by hour among us only that with each hour and day she might plot and scheme and plan our destruction? It was

We made inquiries indeed, but without result, and so abruptly and terribly she passed, for the time, out of our knowledge, though often afterward I recalled sadly the weary, hunted look which I had some times seen in her eyes when she sat listless and dreamy. Poor girl! Her own act had placed her, as the duchess said, beyond love or hope, but not beyond pity. So it is in life. The day which see one's trial end sees another's begin. We the duchess and her child. Master Bertie and I, staid with our good and faithful friends, the Lindstroms, awhile, resting and recruiting our strength, and during this interval, at the pressing instance of the duchess, I wrote letters to Sir Anthony and Petronilla, stating that I was abroad and was well and looked presently to re turn, but not disclosing my refuge or the names of my companions. At the end of five days, Master Bertie being fairly strong again and Santon being considered unsafe for us as a permanent residence, we went under guard to Wesel, where we were received as people of quality and lodged, there being no fitting place, in the disused church of St. Willibrod. Here the child was christened Peregrine-a wandererthe governor of the city and I being godfathers. And here we lived in peace, albeit with hearts that yearned for home,

for some months. During this time two pieces of news came to us from England-one that the parliament, though much pressed to it, had refused to acquiesce in the confiscation of the duchess' estates; the other that our joint persecutor, the great bishop of Winchester, was dead. This last we at first disbelieved. It was true nevertheless. Stephen Gardiner, whose vast schemes had inmeshed people so far apart in station and indeed in all else as the duchess and myself, was dead at last; had died toward the end of 1555, at the height of his power with England at his feet, and gone to his Maker. I have known many worse me

We trusted that this might open the way for our return, but we found, on the contrary, that fresh clouds were rising. To be Continued.

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cheering. The throng on the scaffold opened somehow, and I found myself in a second, as it seemed, face to face with the

"I would he were hung with his own tapes-try!" eated in the duke's presence he discerned at once that the game was played out, yet he rallied himself, bethinking him, I faney, that there were many spectators. He

duke at the courthouse, whither we had "I would he were hung with his own apestry!" retorted the duke, with a

"I am ready, sir," I muttered. A road was made for us to descend, and walking in a kind of beautiful dream I passed slowly up the street by the side of the magistrate, the crowd everywhere willingly standing aside for us. I do not know whether all those thousands of faces really looked joyfully and kindly on me as I passed or whether the deep thankfuless which choked me and brought the tears continually to my eyes transfigured them and gave them a generous charm not their own. But this I do know-that the sunshine seemed brighter and the air softer than ever before; that the clouds

to move delight, and that only when the So may it be with all! At the door of the courthouse, whither numbers of the people had already run, the press was so great that we came to a standstill and were much buffeted about. got through the throng. When I at last emerged, I found myself again before the light now fell through the stained window directly on my head—a commanding figure

trailing across the blue expanse were

things of beauty such as I had never met

before; that to draw breath was a joy and

'Madam,' I said softly, "then it is you who have done this!" "Ah," she exclaimed, holding me off I added gayly, "in England we have a from her and looking at me with eyes which glowed through her tears, "and it

me by the hand and turned impetuously smiling at her in frank amusement. 'This," she said, "is the man who gave tarily by the window and looked out on his life for my husband, and to whom the crowd below. It filled the sunlit your highness has given it back." street, save where a little raised platform "Let him tell his tale," the duke an-

She left me and walked round the table silent crowd, standing in hushed awe and and he came forward and placed her in expectation, the consciousness of which his own chair amid a great hush of wonsent a sudden chill to my heart, blanching der, r she was still meanly clad and my cheek and making my blood run slow showed in a hundred places the marks and for a moment. The next I moved on to stains of travel. Then he stood by her the door, and bowing to the spectators as with his hand on the back of the seat. He they stood aside began to descend the nar- was a tall, burly man, with bold, quick glancing eyes, a flushed face and a loud nanner-a fierce, blusterous prince, as I me, and behind me were Master Lindstrom | have heard. He was plainly dressed in a leather hunting suit and wore huge gaunt-

Somehow I stammered out the tale of-"But why, why, man," he asked, when I had finished, "why did you let piness to be loved! How very, very good pausing when she was half way across the them think it was you who wounded the urgher, if it was not?" "Your highness," I answered, "I had received nothing but good from her grace, I had eaten her bread and been received into most at the same moment I started, de- her service. Besides it was through my persuasion that we came by the road

> another way. Therefore it seemed to me and could be spared, and not her hus-"It was a great deed!" cried the prince loudly. "I would I had such a servant. I colored high, but not in pain or mortification. The old wound might reopen,

stances prevent me claiming kinship with He was about, I think, to question me further when the duchess looked up and said something to him, and he something to her. She spoke again, and he answered. for me and would have ascended the steps, Then he nodded assent. "You would fain stand on your own feet?" he cried to me.

morning it was a slight matter. "I come of

"It is, sire," I answered. "Then so be it," he replied loudly, looking round on the throng with a frown. fore I give you a rood of land in the common graveyard of Santon to hold of me, was passing the farther end of the street, and I name you Von Santonkirch, and I, and a sharp pang of angry pain shot through me. I had come out to die, but ders, prince of the empire, declare you that which was all to me was so little to noble and give you for your arms three swords of justice and the motto you may buy of a clerk. Further, let this decree be

is, he saw me kneeling before the duke, "What is it?" I stammered. I began to but he could not see the Duchess of Sufongues took up and reiterated. But it way for him, he cast an angry glance at to address the prince. "I am glad that your highness has not done what was reported to me," he said hastily, his obei-

certain information with which I can fur-

"Furnish away, sir," quoth the duke,

prince, starting and bending his brows in stood bashfully shifting my feet.

'I wonder you do not add also to the ing to be dictated to by Master Granvelle -no, nor by his master, be he ten times emperor! Go to! Go to, Master Subdean! You forget yourself, and so does your maser the bishop. I will have you know that sort of the late queen of France, an obnoxious person? Fie, fie! You forget your-

started, and his face fell, for seeing her

'Hoity, toity!" the duchess cried again,

'I said nothing to frighten her," my

better follow her and learn what it is. She made a last effort. "The bishop of Ar-'Pish!" scoffed the duke, interrupting

'Heaven forbid!" replied the ecclesiastic, his pale face reddening and his eye darting baleful glances at me. But he took the hint, and henceforth said no more of the bishop. Instead, he continued by shielding this lady and making her

'I will remember Innspruck!" roared

stood beside his couch an hour later, you see? how did the duchess manage it? I gath-

ter to King Henry 13-14 years back, is it? from Coton was chiefly the desire to use Queen Anne of Cleves was divorced, and
—well, we felt a little less confident on would have been possible had Sir Anthony

my memory for the time. that account, particularly as he has the died leaving his daughter unmarried and

and went to Dymphna and learned it was more than once exposed him to her resentthe duke's trumpets. Then she went to ment.

Outside the sun fell hotly on the steep red are you!" the duchess answered, rising roofs, with their rows of casements, and gayly. "A Cludde? Why, one feels at on the sleepy square in which knots of home again, and yet," she continued, her people still lingered, talking of the morning's events. I could see below me the ling with tears as she looked at me, "there guard which Duke William, shrewdly was never house raised yet on nobler deed mistrusting the subdean, had posted in than yours." front of the house, nominally to do the "Go, go, go!" cried her husband, seeing duchess honor. I could hear in the next my embarrassment. "Go and look to that room the cheerful voices of my friends. | foolish girl!''
What happiness it was to live! What hap"I will! Yet stop!'' cried my lady, and beautiful and glorious a world seemed floor and returning, "I was forgetting

in that quaint German town which we had very odd that this letter was never opened thankfulness, my eyes met those of Mis- had several narrow escapes. But this time tress Anne, who was sitting on the far I vow I will see inside it. You give me which led to this misfortune instead of by side of the sick man's couch, the baby in | leave?' a cradle beside her. The risk and exposure "Oh, yes," I said, smiling. "I wash right that I should suffer, who stood alone of the last week had made a deeper mark my hands of it. Whoever the Mistress upon her than upon any of us. She was Clarence to whom it is addressed may be,

> "I have, indeed," I answered, thinking she referred only to my escape of the

by the river, and then today you were does it mean?" she asked.

"What is strange?" The abrupt questioner was the duchess,

no use. Richard, you remember Sir An- say or do. It was of that the sentence re- you.'

brightly at me, holding something con- and dandled it before Gardiner? And it before I found my voice. Then I called coaled behind her. I guessed in a moment, from the aspect of her face, what ployed. Then who is it who has been cono good, madam, by going!" I said, risit was-the letter which I had given to operating with him, and whose aid is of ing. "You will not find her. She is gone." thoughtfully, "'to unfasten a barred door house 20 minutes ago. I saw her cross the

be brought back.'

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