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CHRISTIAN—Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. on the first and third Sundays; on the second and fourth Sundays at 7:30 until further notice At Cariton on second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m., and Saturday evening before at 7:30. At No. 8 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. Vespers 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.

C. H. McKINNEY, Sec. MRS. C. W. TALMAGE, W. M. A. O. U. W.—Charity Lodge No. 7 meets first and third Fridays of each month, 7:30 p. m. Lodge room in Union block.

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

J. B. STILWELL, Commander.

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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. In the County Court of Yamhill County, State of Oregon.

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

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

In the last is a line toy, in the bolster and concealed it under my cloak—"a fine and concealed it under a line of the last of

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

NOTICE is hereby given that the understand of signed 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 processon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated at McMinville, Oregon, this 180 Cross against and some at McMinville, Oregon, this 180 Cross against said estate are processon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated at McMinville, Oregon, this 180 Cross against said estate are processon, within six months from the date of this notice. Dated at McMinville, Oregon, this 180 Cross against said estate are processon, within six months from the date of this head with some the from the date of this head with some one corner. In the middle were a couple of stools, and on one of them a taper.

The room was a bare inn chamber. A pallet without covering lay in one corner. In the middle were a couple of stools, and on one of them a taper.

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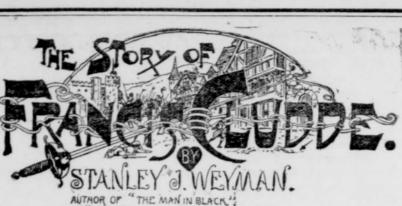
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AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN BLACK"

"A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE", ETCETO COPYRIGHT 189% BY CASSELLPUBLISHING CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

force to a halt.

"By your leave, good woman!" I said

But she foiled me with unexpected nim

and turned to pass round her.

frustrating my attempts to pass.

'Here is a groat," I answered peevish

But she would not. My companion

seeing that the attention of the room was

being drawn to us, tried to pull me by

of force there was no remedy. The hostler

ity he had not bestowed on us, "give us

passage." But she swiftly turned her eyes

on him in a sinister fashion, and he re-

treated with an oath and a paling face,

while those nearest to us-and half a doz-

"Let me see your face, young gentle-

man," she persisted, with a hollow cough.

it is not your cloak and your flap hat that

glance at my face, and looking down on

the floor traced hurriedly a figure with her

'Listen,' she said solemnly, and wav-

"The man goes east, and the wind blows west

Wood to the head, and steel to the breast! The man goes west, and the wind blows east,

The neck twice doomed the gallows shall feast!

not ashamed to say it, given back.

"Would you perish?" she quavered.

He opened the door for us, however, and

led the way up a narrow and not too clean

staircase. On the landing at the head of

this he paused and raised his lantern so as

'Man," Master Bertie replied sternly,

'No, but I fear her master," retorted the

"Then I do not," Master Bertle an-

swered bravely. "For my Master is as

good a match for him as I am for that old

woman. When he wills it, man, you will

Master Bertie did not look at me, though

die, and not before. So pluck up spirit.

I needed his encouragement as much as

the hostler, having had better proofs of the

woman's strange knowledge. But seeing that his exhortation had emboldened this

ignorant man I was ashamed to seem to

hesitate. When the hostler knocked at the door-not of 32, but of 15-and it present-

ly opened, I went in without more ado.

'do you fear that weak old woman?"

hostler, "and that is the devil!"

"Beware!" she went on more loudly

moment and then looked up.

"My eyes are not so clear as they were, or

But I could not use force, and short

The persecution of the reformers, which Queen Mary had begun in England, was carried on with increasing rigor, and her husband, who was now king of Spain and master of the Netherlands, freed from the prudent checks of his father, was inclined o pleasure her in this by giving what aid e could abroad. His minister in the Netherlands, the bishop of Arras, brought so much pressure to bear upon our protect or to induce him to give us up that it was plain the Duke of Cleves must sooner or later comply. We thought it better, therefore, to remove ourselves and presently did so, going to the town of Winnheim, in the Rhine palatinate.

We found ourselves not much more se cure here, however, and all our efforts to ly. discover a safe road into France failing, and the stock of money which the duchess had provided beginning to give out we were in great straits whither to go or

Providence opened a door in a quarter where we least looked for it. Letters came from Sigismund, the king of Poland, and from the palatine of Wilna in that country, inviting the duchess and Master Bertle to take up their residence there and offering the latter an establishment and onorable employment. The overture was unlooked for and was not accepted without misgivings, Wilna being so far distant and there being none of our race in that country. However, assurance of the Polish king's good faith reached us-I say us, for in all their plans I was includedthrough John Alasco, a nobleman who had visited England. And in due time we started on this prodigious journey and came safely to Wilna, where our reception

I do not propose to set down here our adventures, though they were many, in my movement of repugnance, her voice that strange country of frozen marshes was harsh when she spoke. and endless plains, but to pass over 18 months which I spent not without profit to myself in the Pole's service, seeing something of war in his Lithuanian campaigns and learning much of men and the world, which here, to say nothing of wolves and bears, bore certain aspects not ommonly visible in Warwickshire. I pass ly, "and for the fortune I will hear it anon to the early autumn of 1558, when a other day. So let us by. letter from the duchess, who was at Wilna, was brought to me at Cracovy. It was

was such as the letters had led us to ex-

"DEAR FRIEND-Send you good speed! Word has come to us here of an enterprise Englandward which promises, if it be indeed would have interfered on our be ruly reported to us, to so alter things at half and returned to bid her, with a civil-

home that there may be room for us at our own fireside. Heaven so further it, both for our happiness and the good of the reli-Master Bertie has embarked on it, and I have taken upon myself to answer en had crowded round—drew back and for your aid and counsel, which have crossed themselves in haste almost ludinever been wanting to us. Wherefore, dear friend, come, sparing neither horse nor spurs nor anything which may bring you sooner to Wilna, and your assured and loving friend,

"KATHERINE SUFFOLK." 7:30 A M Lv Portland Ar 5:40 P M 10:15 A M Lv McMinnville Lv 8:01 P M In five days after receiving this I was at 12:15 P M Ar Corvallis Lv 1:00 P M Wilna, and two months later I saw England again after an absence of three years. Early in November, 1558, Master Bertie be one able to recognize me was small inand I landed at Lowestoft, having made vessel of that place. We stopped only to sleep one night, and then, dressed as traveling merchants, we set out on the road to London, entering the city without accident or hindrance on the third day after

CHAPTER XVIII. "One minute!" I said. "That is the

Master Bertie turned in his saddle and looked at it. The light was fading into the early dusk of a November evening, but the main features of four cross streets. Baptist—Services Sunday 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m ; Sunday school 9:50 a m.; the young people's society 6:15 p m. Prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m. Covenant meeting first Sat. each month 2:00 p. m. E. B. Pace, Pastor. E. B. Pace, Pastor. dead wall ten paces down the street. "Opposite that they stopped," I said. "There was a pile of boards leaning

against it then. 'You have had many a worse bedchamber since, lad," he said, smiling. "Many," I answered. And then by a common impulse we shook up the horses, and trotting gently on were soon clear of London and making for Islington. Passing through the latter, we began to breast the steep slope which leads to Highgate, and coming, when we had reached the summit, plump upon the lights of the village pulled up in front of a building which loomed darkly across the road. "This is the Gatehouse tavern," Master Bertie said in a low voice. "We shall soon

know whether we have come on a fool's We rode under the archway into a great courtyard, from which the road issued again on the other side through another gate. In one corner two men were littering down a line of pack horses by the light of the lanterns, which brought their tanned and rugged faces into relief. In another, where the light poured ruddily from an open doorway, a hostler was serving out fodder and doing so, if we might judge from the traveler's remonstrances, with a niggardly hand. From the windows of the house a dozen rays of light shot athwart the darkness and disclosed as the expense of other souls seemed certain, many pigs wallowing asleep in the middle of the yard. In all we saw a coarse comfort and welcome. Master Bertie led the way across the yard and accosted the panion a man of rare mind, and besides of

The man staid his chaffering and looked a thing of the existence of which I have up at us. "Every man to his business," he replied gruffly. "Stalls, yes, but of beds I know nothing. For women's work of his opinions. "Peace, peace, woman! to the women." he said compassionately. "We shall live "Right," said I, "so we will. With while God wills it and die when he wills go to the women.' better luck than you would go, I expect, it, and neither live longer nor die earlier!

"Can we have stalls and beds?"

Bursting into a hoarse laugh at thishe was lame and one eyed and not very well favored—he led us into a long, many daunted. stalled stable, feebly lit by lanterns which here and there glimmered against the hobbled aside, muttering: "Then go on! walls. "Suit yourselves," he said. "First Go on! God wills it!"

He seemed an ill conditioned fellow, but the businesslike way in which we to where the hostler stood awaiting the went about our work, watering, feeding event with a face of much discomposure. and littering down in old campaigners' fashion, drew from him a grunt of commendation. "Have you come from far,

"No; from London," I answered curtly. about every eight days. Passenger ac- "We come as linen drapers from Westoute between the Willamette valley and alifornia.

"Aye, I see that," he said, chuckling.
"Never were atop of a horse before nor handled anything but a clothyard. Oh,

"We want a merchant reputed to sell French lace," I continued, looking hard at him. "Do you happen to know if there

is a dealer here with any?"

He nodded rather to himself than to me, as if he had expected the question. Then in the same tone, but with a quick glance of intelligence, he answered, "I will show you into the house presently, and you can CHAS. CLARK, Supt.. Corvallis, Or. see for yourselves. A stable is no place for French lace." He pointed with a wink over his shoulder toward a stall in which a man, apparently drunk, lay snoring. 'That is a fine toy," he ran on carelessly

The room was a bare inn chamber. A

"What lace do they want?" was the re-

"French lace," I answered 'You have come to the right shop then," the man answered briskly. Nodding to our conductor to depart, he care fully let him out. Then, barring the door behind him, he as rapidly strode to the pallet and twitched it aside, disclosing a trapdoor. He lifted this, and we saw a rrow shaft descending into darkness He brought the taper and held it so as to throw faint light into the opening. There was no ladder, but blocks of wood nailed alternately against two of the sides, at in-tervals of a couple of feet or so, made the descent pretty easy for an active man. 'The door is on this side,' he said, pointing out the one. "Knock loudly once and softly twice. The word is the same. We nodded, and while he held the taper

and hurrying bare armed serving maids as I remembered lighting upon at St. Albans above we descended one by one without much difficulty, though I admit that half three years back. But I had changed much since then and seen much. The bailiff way down the old woman's words, "Go or himself would hardly have recognized his and perish," came back disquietingly to old antagonist in the tall, heavily cloaked my mind. However, my foot struck the stranger, whose assured air, acquired amid ottom before I had time to digest them, wild surroundings in a foreign land, gave him a look of age to which I could not fairly lay claim. Master Bertie had as-signed the lead to me as being in less danand a streak of light which seemed to issue from under a door forced my thoughts the next moment into a new channel Whispering to Master Bertie to pause a ger of recognition, and I followed the hosminute, for there was only room for one tler toward the hearth without hesitatio 'Master Jenkin,' the man cried, with the of us to stand at the bottom of the shaft, same rough bluntness he had shown with-I knocked in the fashion prescribed.

The sound of loud voices, which I had out, "here are two travelers want the lace seller who was here today. Has he gone?" 'Who gone?'' retorted the host as loud-'The lace merchant who came this he is in No. 32," returned the landlord. "Will you sup first, gentlemen?" We declined and followed the hostler, who made no secret of our destination, telling those in our road to make way as the gentlemen were for No. 32. One of the crowd, however, who seemed to be crossing from the lower end of the room, failed apparently to understand, and interposing between us and our guide brought me peramong them. 'Lace," I answered.

"What lace?" 'French lace." Then you are welcome-heartily welne!" was the answer, given in a tone of relief. "But who comes with you?"

bleness, and I could not push her aside, she was so very old. Her gums were toothless, and her forehead was lined and wrin-Master Richard Bertie of Lincolnshire," I answered promptly, and at that moment he emerged from the shaft. kled. About her eyes, which under hideous red lids still shone with an evil gleam, a kind of reflection of a wicked A still more hearty murmur of welcome hailed his name and appearance, and we past, a thousand crows' feet had gathered. A few wisps of gray hair struggled from under the handkerchief which covered her were borne forward to the table amid a chorus of voices, the greeting given to She was humpbacked and stooped Master Bertie being that of men who joyfully hail unlooked for help. The room, from its vaulted ceiling and stone floor over a stick, and whether she saw or not and the trams of casks which lay here and there or near the table serving for seats, "Young gentleman," she croaked, "let appeared to be a cellar. Its dark, gloomy me tell your fortune by the stars. A fortune for a groat, young gentleman!" she continued, peering up into my face and

recesses, the flaring lights and the weapons on the table seemed meet and fitting suroundings for the anxious faces which were gathered about the board, for there in honor to the death. For the rest, who was a something in the air which was not so much secrecy as a thing more unpleasant-suspicion and mistrust. Almost at the moment of our entrance it showed it- will risk your life, but not your lands, self. One of the men, before the door had Master Bertie? That is the position, is it?" well closed behind us, went toward it, as if to go out. The leader—he who had oned me-called sharply to him, bidling him come back. And he came back, out reluctantly, as it seemed to me. I barely noticed this, for Master Bertie,

Thomas Penruddocke, a fair man as tall as myself, loose limbed and untidily dressed, Kingston who had suffered death the year | table before for conspiracy against the queenthe white feather. Kingston was a young sent. among the travelers present there would manish beauty, his sleepy dark eyes and dainty mustache suggesting a temper rather amiable than firm. But the spirit of revenge had entered into him, and I soon learned that not even Penruddocke, a Cornish knight of longer lineage than purse, was so vehement a plotter or so devoted to the cause. Looking at the others, my heart sank. It needed no greater experience than mine to discern that, except three or four whom I identified as stout professors of religion, they were men rather of desperate fortunes than good estate. I learned on the instant that conspiracy makes strange bedfellows, and that it is impossible to do dirty work even with the purest intentions—in good company! Master Bertie's face indicated to one who knew him as well as I did something of the same feeling, and could the clock have been put back awhile, and we placed with free hands and uncommitted outside the gatehouse, I think we should with one acdeed-I uncovered. She shot a pieroing cord have turned our backs on it and given up an attempt which, in this company could scarcely fare any way but ill. stick. She studied the phantom lines a for good or evil the die was cast now, and

retreat was out of the question. We had confronted too many dangers ing her stick round me she quavered out during the last three years not to be able in tones which filled me with a strange to face this one with a good courage, and presently Master Bertie, taking a seat, requested to be told of the strength and plans of our associates, his businesslike manner introducing at once some degree of order and method into a conference which before our arrival had-unless l was much mistaken-been conspicuously lacking in both.

and barshly, tapping with her stick on the floor and shaking her palsied head at me. "Beware, uplucky shoot of a crooked branch! Go no farther with it! Go back! "Our resources?" Penruddocke replied confidently. "They lie everywhere, man! The sword may miss or may not fall, but | We have but to raise the flag, and the rest will be a triumphal march. The people, If Master Bertie had not held my arm | sick of burnings and torturings and heattightly, I should have recoiled, as most of those within hearing had already done. ed by the loss of Calais last January, will flock to us. Flock to us, do I say? I will The strange allusions to my past, which answer for it they will!" I had no difficulty in detecting, and the "But you have some engagements, some

witch's knowledge of the risks of our pres- promises from people of standing?" "Oh, yes, but the whole nation will join ent enterprise were enough to startle and shake the most constant mind, and in the | us. They are weary of the present state of

midst of enterprises secret and dangerous | things.' few minds are so firm or so reckless as to "They may be as weary of it as you disdain omens. That she was one of those | say," Master Bertie answered shrewdly, unhappy beings who buy dark secrets at "but is it equally certain that they will risk their necks to amend it? You have and had I been alone I should have, I am fixed upon some secure base from which we can act and upon which, if necessary, But I was lucky in having for my comwe may fall back to concentrate our strength?

"Fall back?" cried Penruddocke, rising so single a religious belief that at the end of his life he always refused to put faith in from his seat in heat. "Master Bertie, I hope you have not come among us to talk no doubt myself-I mean witchcraft. of falling back! Let us have no talk of He showed at this moment the courage don would have been his! It was falling man and the block. Master Bertie shook his head. "If you

"When a fire is first lighted, the Kingston and Matthewson." "Aye, if so God wills!" he answered, unbreeze puts it out which afterward but At that she seemed to shake all over and

Master Bertie gave me no time for hesitation, but holding my arm urged me on

than one. "The late rebellion there was docke surprised me by calling out "Crewdput down very summarily, and I should son and Carey!" have thought that countryside would not | So Master Bertie was not to be my comto cast the light on our faces. "She has overlooked me, the old witch!" he said ware rise? viciously. "I wish I had never meddled in

"Oh yes, he will rise fast enough!" while we do the London business, Sir the table and took the book. Richard Bray will gather his men in "Do not count on him," said Master

Bertie. "A prisoner, muffled and hood-winked, was taken to the Tower by water this afternoon, and rumor says it was Sir There was a pause of consternation, during which one looked at another and swarthy faces grew pale. Penruddocke

was the first to recover himself. "Bah," he exclaimed, "a fig for rumor! She is ever a lying jade! I will bet a noble Richard Bray is supping in his own house at 'Then you would lose," Master Bertie rejoined sadly and with no show of triumph. "On hearing the report I sent a

This appeal was answered by an outburst of cries. One or two even rose, and waving their weapons swore a speedy the noise had subsided. Then he spoke. man!" 'You must not count on them either, Sir Thomas," he said firmly. "I cannot find him-he is a spy and traiter!" it in my conscience to bring my wife's tenants into a plan so desperate as this appears to be. To appeal to the people generally is one thing; to call on those who or whatever you call yourself, I denounce are bound to us, and who cannot in honor refuse, is another. And I will not risk in a hopeless struggle the lives of men whose fathers looked for guidance to me and

A silence, the silence of utter astonish ment, fell upon the plotters round the ta-In every face-and they were all turned upon my companion—I read rago and distrust and dismay. They had chafed under his cold criticisms and his calm reasonings. But this went beyond all, and there were hands which stole instinctively to daggers and eyes which waited scowling for a signal. But Penruddocke, sanguine by nature and rendered reckless by circumstances, had still the feelings of a already detected, ceased on a sudden, and gentleman, and something in him respond-I heard a shuffling on the other side of the ed to the appeal which underlay Master poards. This was followed by silence, and Bertie's words. He remained silent, gazthen the door was flung open, and blinded for the moment by a blaze of light I walked mechanically forward into a room.

ing gloomity at the table, his eyes perhaps opened at this late hour to the hopelessness of the attempt he meditated.

I made out as I advanced a group of men It was Walter Kingston who came to standing round a rude table, their figures the fore and put into words the thoughts thrown into dark relief by flares stuck in of the coarser and more selfish spirits sconces on the walls behind them. Some round him. Leaping from his seat, he had weapons in their hands, and others dashed his slender hand on the table. had partly risen from their seats and "What does this mean?" he sneered, a stood in postures of surprise. "What do dangerous light in his dark eyes. "Those you seek?" cried a threatening voice from only are here or should be here who are willing to stake ail—all, mind you—on the cause. Let us have no sneaks! Let us have no men with a foot on either bank! Let us have no Courtenays nor cowards! Such men ruined Wyatt and hanged my brother! A curse on them!" he cried, his voice rising almost to a

Master Kingston, do you refer to me? Bertie rejoined in haughty surprise. "Aye, I do!" cried the young man hotly. Then I must beg leave of these gentle men to explain my position. "Your position? So! More words?"

quoth the other mockingly. 'Aye, as many words as I please," retorted Master Bertie, his color rising. "Afterward I will be as ready with deeds, I dare swear, as any other! My tenants and my wife's I will not draw into an almost hopeless struggle. But my own life and my friend's, since we have obtained your secrets, I must risk, and I will do so in honor to the death. For the rest, who "Which?" Clarence doubts my courage may test it below ground or above.

The young man laughed rudely. "You My companion was about to utter a rejoinder, flerce for him, when I, who had hitherto sat silent, interposed. "The old witch told the truth," I cried bitterly. "She said if we came hither we should perish, and perish we shall, through bewho was known personally to many and ing linked to a dozen men as brave as I by name to all, was introducing me to could wish, but the biggest fools under two who were apparently the leaders—Sir heaven."

"Fools?" shouted Kingston. with a reckless eye and a loud tongue: fools, being at sea in a boat in which all and Master Walter Kingston, a younger must sink or swim, would fall a-quarrelbrother, I was told, of that Sir Anthony ing? Tell me that!" I cried, slapping the

the same in which Lord Devon had showed said, and half a dozen voices muttered as-

man hints that Master Bertie is here for continued, after a short pause, which I did not make too long lest Master King- Crewdson, a nameless man, says that I prudence. "Though I am young, I have and judge! Look!" een service. But I never saw battle won He was right to bid them look. As the yet with dissension in the camp. For savage murmur rose again and took from shame! Let us to business and make the the wretched man his last hope, as the best dispositions we may."

ruddocke cried, with a great oath. "Give | the most deadly witness against himself. me your hand, and do you, Kingston, hold your peace. If Master Bertie will not weapons half hidden or on the glittering raise his men to save his own skin, he will eyes of cruel men whose bloed was roused hardly do it for ours. Now, Sir Richard fell on nothing so dangerous as the livid, Bray being taken, what is to be done, my despairing face which, unmasked and eyed lads? Come, let us look to that.'

with heavy hearts that two of us fell to courage at least. He would die game. the discussion which followed, counting And even as I, with a first feeling of pity over weapons and assigning posts and debating this one's fidelity and that one's lukewarmness. Our first impressions had not deceived us. The plot was desperate, and those engaged in it were wanting in rangement-everything save sheer audac-When, after a prolonged and miserable sitting, it was proposed that all to and fro as he dragged his captors up should take the cath of association on the and down with a strength I should not gospels, Master Bertie and I assented

gloomily. It would make our position no have expected. But the end was certain, worse, for already we were fully committed. The position was indeed bad enough. We had only persuaded the others to a short delay, and even this meant that we must remain in hiding in England, exposed from day to day to all the chances | me as he lay helpless. of detection and treachery.

Sir Thomas brought out from some secret place about him a tiny roll of paper wrapped in a quill, and while we stood about him looking over his shoulders he laboriously added, letter by letter, three the rage and hate in his face so terrible or four names. The stern, anxious faces which peered the while at the document or scanned each other only to find their anxiety reflected, the flaring lights behind us, the recklessness of some and the distrust of others, the cloaks in which many were wrapped to the chin, and the occasional gleam of hidden weapons, made up a scene very striking, the more as it was no mere show, but some of us saw only too disthat. If Wyatt had held on at once, Lon- tinctly behind it the figure of the heads-

"Now," said Penruddocke, who himself, I think, took a certain grim pleasure have no secure base, you run the risk of in the formality, "be ready to swear, genbeing crushed in the first half hour," he tlemen, in pairs as I call the names. Lolling against the wall under one of

the sconces, I looked at Master Bertie, ex-"You will not say that when you hear pecting to be called up with him. He our plans. There are to be three risings smiled as our eyes met, and I thought at once. Lord Delaware will rise in the with a rush of tenderness how lightly I "But will he?" said Master Bertie could have dared the worst had all my aspointedly, disregarding the threatening sociates been like him. But repining small reason to feel sympathy for the looks which were cast at him by more came too late, and in a moment Penrud-

be prone to rise again. Will Lord Dela- panion? I learned afterward that men his eye, as, without moving his head, he who were strangers to one another were followed the motions of the two by the purposely associated, the theory being door. Some faint hope springing into be-Penruddocke replied carelessly. "I will answer for him. And on the same day, There was a slight pause.
"Crewdson" called Penruddocke sharp-

"Did you not hear, man?" There was a little stir at the farther end of the room, and he came forward, moving slowly and reluctantly. I saw that he was the man whom Penruddocke had called back when we entered, a man that he would explain the reason afterof great height, though slender, and close- ward. "We will meet again tomorrow at ly cloaked. A drooping gray mustache 4 in the afternoon, instead of at 8 in the covered his mouth, and that was almost evening. Until then two must remain on all I made out before Sir Thomas, with guard with him. It is right he should some sharpness, bade him uncover. He did so with an abrupt gesture, and reach- have it.' ing out his hand grasped the other end of the book as though he would take it from

ter?" he cried boisterously. "What we fronted that very face which now glared He spoke at random, but he knew how have lost in Bray we have gained in Mas-ter Bertie. He will raise Lincolnshire for bold and defiant, but low down in the us and the duchess' tenants. There should cheek I saw a little pulse beating furious- luctantly to the course he proposed.

stepped back.

"Look to the door!" I cried, my voice their fellows singled out and for sounding harsh and strange in my own to belong to the little knot of fanatics I vengeance. But Master Bertie sat silent till ears. "Let no one leave. I denounce that had before remarked—dark, stern men, pitilessly at my oath fellow. "I denounce | all the rest of the band put together

"I a spy?" the man shouted fiercely, with the flerceness of despair. "Aye, you, you! Clarence, or Crewdson,

CHAPTER XIX. The bitterness of that hour long past, when he had left me for death, when he had played with the human longing for life and striven without a thought of pity to corrupt me by hopes and fears the most awful that mortals know, was in my voice as I spoke. I rejoiced that vengeand had come upon him at last, and that I was its instrument. I saw the pallor of a great fear creep into his dark cheek and read in his eyes the vicious passion of a wild beast trapped and felt no pity. "Mas ter Clarence," I said and laughed-laughed mockingly. "You do not look pleased to see your friends, or perhaps you do not remember me. Stand forward. Master Bertie! Maybe he will recognize

But though Master Bertie came forward and stood by my side, gazing at him, the villain's eyes did not for an instant shift from mine. "It is the man!" my compan ion said after a solemn pause, for the other, breathing fast, made no answer. "He was a spy in the pay of Bishop Gardiner, when I knew him. At the bishop's death I heard that he passed into the service of the Spanish embassador, the Count de Feria. He called himself at that time Clarence. I recognize him. The quiet words had their effect. From full one-half of the savage crew round us

a flerce murmur rose more terrible than any loud outcry, yet this seemed a relief to the doomed man. He forced himself to look away from me and to confront the dark ring of menacing faces which hemmed him in. The moment he did so he appeared to find courage and words. "They take me for another man!" he cried in hoarse accents. "I know nothing of them!" and he added a fearful oath. "He knows me. Ask him!"

He pointed to Walter Kingston, who was sitting moodily on a tram outside the ring, and who alone had not risen under the excitement of my challenge. On being thus appealed to he looked up suddenly. "If I am to choose between you," he said Clarence murmured

"Which?" This time his tone was different. In his voice was the ring of hope. "I should give my vote for you," Kingston replied, looking contemptuously at "I know something about you, but of the other gentleman I know nothing!" 'And not much of the person you call Crewdson," I retorted fiercely, "since you do not know his real name.

"I know this much," the young man answered, tapping his boot with his scabbard with studied carelessness, "that he lent me some money and seemed a good fellow and one that hated a mass priest. That is enough for me. As for his name, "Aye, fools," I repeated. "For who but it is his fancy perhaps. You call yourself cools, being at sea in a boat in which all Carey. Well, I know a good many Careys, but I do not know you, nor ever heard of

I swung round on him with a hot cheek. "You are about right," Penruddocke But the challenge which was upon my said, and half a dozen voices muttered aswho drew me forcibly back. "Leave this About right, is her" shricked King- to me Francis" he said "and do you ston. "But who knows we are in a boat watch that man. Master Kingston and together? Who knows that, I'd like to gentlemen," he continued, turning again to them and drawing himself to his full "I do," I said, standing up and over- height as he addressed them, "listen if topping him by eight inches, "and if any you please! You know me, if you do not know my friend. The honor of Richard any other purpose or with any other in- Bertie has never been challenged until totent than to honestly risk his life in this night, nor ever will be with impunity. endeavor as becomes a gentleman let him Leave my friend out of the question and stand out, let him stand out, and I will put me in it. I, Richard Bertie, say that break his neck! Fie, gentleman, fie!" I that man is a paid spy and informer, come here in quest of blood money, and he ston's passion should get the better of his lie. Choose between us, or look at him

ugliness of despair and wicked, impotent 'You talk sense, Master Carey!" Pen- passion distorted his face, he was indeed The lights which shone on treacherous by all with aversion, still defled us. Trai-So the storm blew over. But it was tor and spy as he was, he had the merit of

for him, discerned this, his sword was out, and with a curse he lunged at me. Penruddocke saved me by a buffet which sent me reeling against the wall, so that the villain's thrust was spent on air. Beevery element which should command fore he could repeat it four or five men success-in information, forethought, ar- flung themselves upon him from behind. For a moment there was a great uproar, while the group surrounding him swayed

and we stood looking on quietly. In a minute or two they had him down, and disarming him bound his hands.

For me he seemed to have a special hatred. "Curse you," he panted, glaring at my evil angel! From the first day I saw you you have thwarted me in every plan, and now you have brought me to this!' "Not I, but yourself," I answered. "My curse upon you!" he cried again

that I turned away shuddering and sick at beart. "If I could have killed you," he cried, "I would have died contented. "Enough!" interposed Penruddocke Through Ticket iskly. "It is well for us that Master To and From ... briskly. Bertie and his friend came here tonight. Heaven grant it be not too late! We do not need," he added, looking round, "any more evidence, I think!" The dissent was loud, and, save for Kingston, who still sat sulking apart,

brief, stern nod. "Very well," the leader continued; "then I propose".

"One moment," said Master Bertie, interrupting him. "A word with you spart, with our friends' permission. You can repeat it to them afterward."

He drew Sir Thomas aside, and they retired into the corner by the door, where

man who lay there tied and doomed to die like a calf. Yet even I shuddered-yes and some of the hardened men round me shuddered also at the awful expression in turned away, thinking gravely of the early morning three years ago when he had tor tured me by the very same hopes and fears which now racked his own spirit. Penruddocke came back, Master Bertie

following him. "It must not be done tonight," he announced quietly, with a nod which meant have some time to repent, and he shall This did not at once find favor.

"Why not run him through now?" said His manner was so strange that I one bluntly, "and meet tomorrow at some looked hard at him, and he, jerking up place unknown to him? If we come here his head with a gesture of defiance, looked

be 300 stout men of the latter and two-thirds of them Protestants at heart. If Bray has been selzed, there is the more call for haste that we may release him."

Solve I saw a little pulse teating furious:

ly, a pulse which told of anxiety, and the jaws, half veiled by the ragged mustache, were set in an iron grip. Where? Ha! I knew. I dropped my end of the book and I looked at the men whom the glances of And raising my hand I pointed worth, if the matter ever came to fighting,



"He must be saved. Do you hear?"

Thomas concluded lightly. "Then we will deal with him, never fear! Now it is near midnight, and we must be going, but not all together, or we shall attract attention."
Half an hour later Master Bertie and I rode softly out of the courtyard and turned our faces toward the city. The night wind came sweeping across the valley of the Thames and met us full in the face as we reached the brow of the bill. It seemed laden with melancholy whispers. The wretched enterprise, ill conceived, ill ordered, and in its very nature desperate, to which we were in honor committed, would have accounted of itself for any degree of foreboding. But the scene through which we had just passed, and on my part the knowledge that I had given up a fellow being to death, had their depressing influences. For some distance we rode in silence, which I was the first to break.

"Why did you put off his punishment?" I asked. "Because I think he will give us in-formation in the interval," Bertle answered briefly. "Information which may help us. A spy is generally ready to be tray his own side upon occasion. 'And you will spare him if he does?' I asked. It seemed to me neither justice

"No," he said, "there is no fear of that. Those who go with ropes round their necks know no mercy. But drowning men will catch at straws, and ten to one he will

I shivered. "It is a bad business," I He thought I referred to the conspiracy, and he inveighed bitterly against it, re-proaching himself for bringing me into it and for his folly in believing the rosy accounts of men who had all to win and nothing save their worthless lives to lose.

'There is only one thing gained," he said. To be Continued.

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