OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE, FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1899



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PROPRIETOR

tion. It was no cheering prospect that met his eyc-a dead waste of sand hills to north, south, cast and west, white hot in the glare of the tropical sun. Two dark blots alone broke the pale surface of the wilderness, the stiffening bulk of the dead camel and the limp figure of the fever stricken camel driv-

yet possible.

ried off everything.

pass here.

to be made. "This" was a man, a brown skinned man of the upper Asian sand, his eyes unseeing eyes, wide open, motionless save for an occasional twitching of the limbs as the fever shiver shook him; silent, except when his parched lips moved in the inarticulying hard by the dead camel, and thenlate mutter of delirium. The professor's gaze did not linger upon this pitcons figure. It traveled to "that"-two loads of clay tablets, evidently of extreme antiquity and closely covered with a strange cuneiform character, which had just been carefully strapped might hope to revive the Khirgia whose by his companion to the backs of two kneeling camels.

"Seeing we are now reduced to two beasts only." he went on, his eve shifting for an instant to the body of a third camel, which lay dead some 20 yards off. "seeing also that we are in a waterless desert, probably 24 hours' ride from the nearest well and that this man is a dead weight on our hands"

"You don't dream of abandoning the poor chap?" Dick Harding broke in.

The professor glanced uneasily over his smoked spectacles. Harding was a puzzle to him, a man of distinguished scientific attainments, capable of strong scientific enthusiasm, yet occasionally betraying a vein of sentimentality altogether out of place in connection with scientific exploration. Kirkhoffer had had inconvenient experience of this peculiarity more than once during the year spent with Harding in the remote fastnesses of Tibet.

"You wouldn't leave him here to die ?" the Englishman persisted. The professor rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. "He's bound to die soon

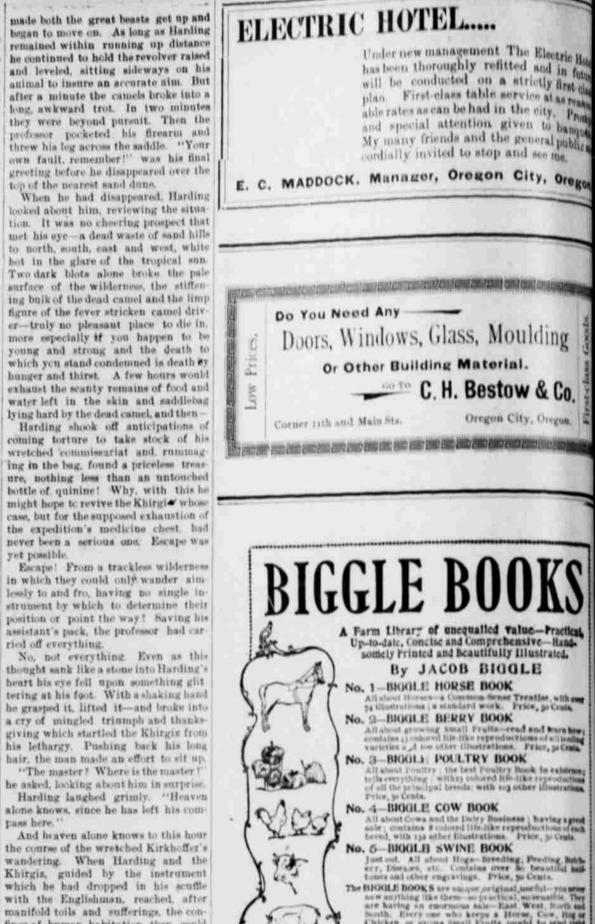
in any case. "I don't see that at all. If we can keep him alive till we get out of this"-

"Impossible, my friend. He cannot walk, and these two camels cannot carry him in addition to you and me and fines of human habitation, they could the tablets. obtain no tidings of their vanished chief. And, although Harding insisted "Then leave some of the tablets be-

hind.

The professor fairly gasped for breath. "Leave-leave behind some of the tablets ?" he stammered. "Leave the records of a civilization to which the pire whose records lie buried with him Arcadian is a thing of yesterday-to be in the sands of central Asia -- Chicago swallowed up by the next sandstorm? News.

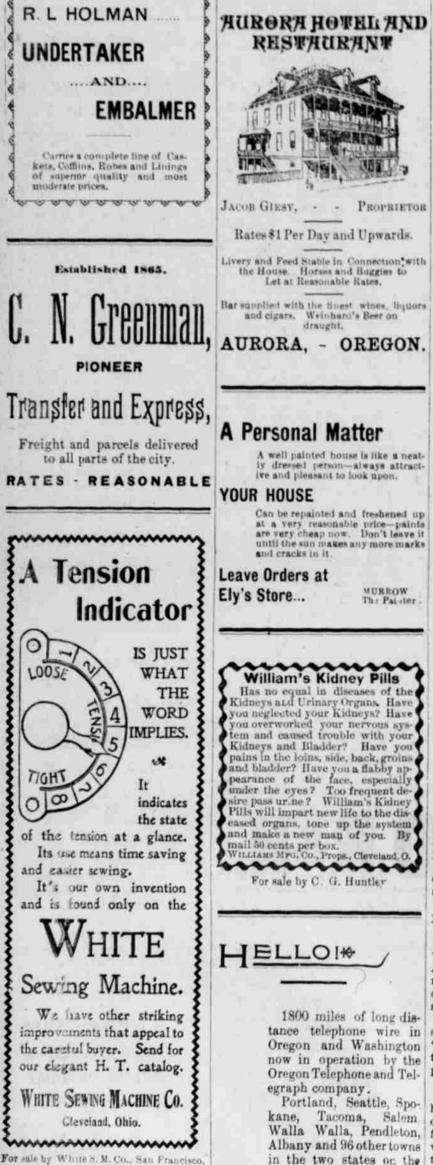
made both the great beasts get up and began to move on. As long as Harding remained within running up distance he continued to hold the revolver raised and leveled, sitting sideways on his animal to insure an accurate nim. But after a minute the camels broke into a long, awkward trot. In two minutes they were beyond pursuit. Then the professor pocketed his firearm and threw his log across the saddle. "Your own fault, remember!" was his final greeting before he disappeared over the



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top of the nearest sand dune. When he had disappeared, Harding looked about him, reviewing the situa-



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Give my great discovery, the gr of the century, maimed and imperfect, to the world? Harding, you must be mad. What's the life of a Khirgiz Tartar beside these priceless things "

Kirkhoffer's shortsighted eyes gleamed angrily behind his glasses; his voice was thick with passion.

"What's a Khirgiz Tartar?" he growled like a wild animal.

"He's a man, anyway," Harding retorted. "Suppose I refuse to leave this fellow ?"

"Then"-the professor became all at once ominonsly cool-"I shall be forced to remind you that I am the head of this expedition and you my salaried assistant; also that these animals are my property. I go, and they go with me. You can join the party or not, as you please." Harding grew pale. "That is the

choice you offer me? Then I say you are a blackguard.

"And I say," indifferently, "that von are a fcol. Come, will you mount?" "No!" furioualy.

The German shrugged his shoulders. "Have it your own way," he said. And, gathering up the long leading rein which he had fastened to the head of one camel, he prepared to seat himself on the other.

But here Harding sprang upon him suddenly. "No, you don't," he cried. "You shall leave me one, you brute, though it were a hundred times your property !"

"Stand off!" the professor cried. Harding's answer was to close with him silently, and there ensued a trial of strength whereof the issue seemed for several minutes doubtful. The men were not ill matched. Kirkhoffer was in the two states on the the taller and heavier, but then he was also the elder by 20 years, and Harding's naturally lithe habit of body had known an English public school and university training. The result of the conflict was still uncertain when the professor suddenly loosed his hold and fell back, leaving the prize of contention, the led camel, almost in the other's clutch. Harding stooped to seize the creature's halter and rose again, to find himself covered by his antagonist's revolver.

"Now, perhaps," the man of science observed, "you will consent to hear reason. No use, my good friend," as Harding's hand went briskly to his breast pocket. "I drew the charge while you were asleep this morning in view of possible difficulties. You see, I know something of your strange English character. There is nothing like being ready for difficulties as they arise.

Dick Harding, under the covering revolver, stood erect and-dumb. To argue further with a man prepared to commit murder on behalf of his tablets of baked clay were simple waste of breath.

Keeping the muzzle of his weapon pointed full at Harding's breast. Professor Kirkhoffer mounted his camel,

Misplaced Sympathy.

on organizing a new expedition to

search for him, its labors were fruitless.

world as the history of that ancient em-

His fate remains as unknown to the

There was once a paterfamilias who was eloquently indignant about the way his daughters imposed upon the laundress in the matter of white petticoats in winter. "It was a shame at all seasons," he said, "but in cold weather, with no excuse for wash skirts, it was cruel to ask that poor, hardworking girl to slave and toil over their washing as she was obliged to do."

One day the paterfamilias, happening to pass through the laundry, tore up stairs, white with rage, to where his daughters were. "Well, girls." he cried, "this is too much. White petticoats in winter are bad enough, but when it comes to such white petticoats as I saw Delia breaking her back over just now down stairs-ruffles from top to bem and tucks and lace and embroidery-why, it's a day's work to look at one of them. If you must have such extravagant fripperies, for heaven's sake have them plain.

The daughters investigated. Since the last paternal outburst they had given up white petticoats, either ruffled or plain, and in either spring, summer, antumn or winter. It was as they feared; the "extravagant fripperies," ruffled from top to hem, over which poor Delia was breaking her back, were the property of poor Delia herself.

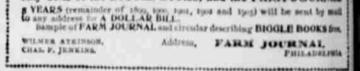
His Plan Was Simple.

Frederick the Great once requested his generals to submit to him plans of campaign for a supposititious case. Hans Joachim von Ziethen, the famous cavairy general, produced a queer diagram in black ink. It represented a big blot in the center, intersected by two black lines, whose four terminals ended each in a smaller blot. The king was furious and upbraided his old comrade in arms hitterly for what he considered disrespect.

In explanation Von Ziethen said; "Why, your majesty, I am the large blot in the center-the enemy is any one of the four smaller blots. He can march upon me from the right or left. from the front or rear. If he does, I simply advance upon any of the four lines and lick him where I find him." Frederick was satisfied.

They Ought to Unite.

Here is a story of a Milwaukee couple who agreed to separate after 15 years of married life: They continued to reside within a block of each other and to pass the time of day impersonally when they met. When the silver anniversary of the wedding came on, both celebrated it, although separately. Two church ceremonies were performed in the church where they were wedded 25 years before, the husband's ceremony being at 8 o'clock in the morning and the wife's at 9. That evening each gave a reception at the residence at the same hour, and the same friends called to pay their respects, successively going from one house to the other. -- Milwaukee Sentinel.



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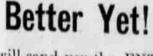
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