

Oregon City Enterprise

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THE UNCERTAINTY OF GRAFT.

The Ruef has gone to the California penitentiary to serve a long sentence for grafting. All of which adds emphasis to the truth of the old adage, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Many times in the past, as Ruef has sailed about over the city in his fine auto, have men envied him and wished that they might have presented to them the opportunity which Ruef found open to him.

And that is what Ruef thought—that he should some day side-step before it was too late; and many others have planned to do the same thing and have failed.

The man who thinks he can cheat Nature is in sore straits at the outset. There are innumerable examples of men who have tried it and failed.

With all these examples of men caught is it not wise for the young man of the present day to settle the matter once for all that he will not put himself in the way where to get caught will bring disaster and disgrace?

Discussion of road conditions in the county has led many men to stop and think who were inclined to the belief that what was good. Now it is seen by many that the county has not as many good roads as she should have considering the money she has spent.

Taft has done as he said he would, and called an extra session. Those politicians who thought they could do as they pleased with the interests of the people, trusting the President to protect them in doing so lest his party should suffer if he attempted to call them to account, have found that Mr. Taft could not be scared with what an extra session might do to his own party.

A peach tree in Missouri showed its bloom just in time to have a heavy snow storm come along and knock the blossoms off.

Among the Apple Trees

A Story of Farm Life

By CLIFFORD V. GREGORY

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(Continued From Last Week.)

CHAPTER IX.

BETH met the girls at the train and hurried them out to the university. She looked happier than they had ever seen her before.

"I believe you have good news for us," said Mabel, smiling. "Indeed I have!" cried Beth. "And of course it's about Harold. There's been such a change in him! Dean Russell told me yesterday that there wasn't a boy in school he would trust any quicker than he would Harold. And you just ought to see him play football!"

The other girls laughed with the contagious happiness. "I knew he had it in him to come out all right if he'd just got started in the right direction," said Mabel.

"Will we see him tonight?" questioned Gladys. "No, he's in training, you know, and can't be up nights. But tomorrow is the last game of the season, and he's promised to take us all to the theater tomorrow night. We're going to have a box too."

Over the Rau Ta Snipsilon chapter house there was trouble brewing. Harold came in from supper and started



"I DON'T CARE IF I DO—JUST ONE"

ed up to his room as was his wont when one of the boys called him into the parlor.

"Don't be in such a hurry, Du Val," he said. "Join us in just one game to take your mind off the victory tomorrow."

"Yes, you need a little touch of sporting life to get your blood up," spoke up another of the players. "You've been holding off a long time for you."

Harold hesitated. Cards had always had a fascination for him. Tonight, after the strain of weeks of hard training, the crowded, noisy card room attracted him irresistibly.

"I don't care if I do—just one," he said, and with something of the old reckless gleam in his eyes he slid into the seat that was promptly vacated for him.

He played and lost and played and lost again, so fascinated in the shifting cards that he lost all track of time and losses.

Then suddenly he straightened up with a start and threw down his cards. "Eleven o'clock," he cried, "and the night before the championship game! Why didn't you tell me?"

He reached in his pocket. "How much?" he asked. "One hundred and fifty dollars," he said.

Harold dropped limply back in his chair. "One hundred and fifty dollars!" he gasped. "Oh, why did I do it?" He buried his face in his hands.

"Cheer up," said one of the others, not unkindly. "You're not the kind to funk out on taking your medicine. But I want to be square with you," he went on. "I'll play you a game for the jackpot. Come on. Now's your chance."

Without a word Harold drew his chair up to the table and reached for the cards. The boys gathered around and watched breathlessly, for something in Harold's tense face and labored breathing told them that more than the mere money was at stake. They had never seen him lose before.

amounts than that with a careless smile on his face. But again the fates were against him, and again his plays were unlucky. With a groan he pushed back his chair and rushed from the room to pass a sleepless night tossing to and fro and living over again those few brief hours of the evening before.

His chin met him at the foot of the stairs as, haggard and worn, he came down to breakfast the next morning. "Here's a chance to make good yet," he whispered. "Minnesota has sent up \$300 to place on the game. We've all agreed to give you the first chance at it."

"I'll take it," said Harold quickly. "The fates may be against me, but in a football game I'm not afraid of even fate."

Long before 2 o'clock the crowd began to flow through the gate and up on to the long bleachers. Beth had secured seats near the center, and the girls were waiting excitedly for the appearance of the contending teams.

At about fifteen minutes of 2 the Minnesota team trotted on to the field. "Oh, see!" cried Mabel, catching Gladys by the arm. "There's Jeff!"

But Gladys had already seen him and was waving a Minnesota pennant with all her might. Jeff saw them at almost the same instant and waved his hand.

"Doesn't he look big and strong in those football things?" cried Mabel. "And oh, see, there's Harold!" as the Iowa team came running out. The crowd was on its feet in an instant, and the Iowa yell echoed across the campus as the two teams lined up.

Then the whistle blew, and the great game was on. Mabel put her handkerchief to her eyes as the two lines came together with a thud that shook the tense air. Gladys only wished that she had more eyes in order that she might see more of it.

"See!" she cried, seizing Beth by the arm as Jeff, who was playing quarterback, broke away for a twenty yard run down the field toward Iowa's goal. It looked for a moment as if he had got clear away, and then with a long jump Harold tackled him, and they went down together.

Play followed play in quick succession, but it seemed to the girls that it was largely a fight between the two opposing quarterbacks, with the rest of the players to lead color to the scene.

The first half passed with no score, and the whistles called the men up for the final struggle. Minnesota secured the ball on the kickoff, and their famous "flying wedge" took them back nearly to the center of the field. Then Jeff got away with the ball and advanced it to Iowa's forty yard line. A line smash took it five yards farther, and there it stuck. Twice the great human machines came together, and twice Minnesota failed to gain. As a last resort Jeff dropped back to kick goal. It was a magnificent kick, and the ball sailed squarely between the posts.

The handful of Minnesota supporters went wild with delight, and when Gladys came to herself she was waving a plug hat with one hand and her pennant in the other, while the bald-headed old gentlemen who sat in the seats ahead looked up at her in pained surprise.

Again the teams lined up, Minnesota flushed with victory, Iowa doggedly determined. Harold backed up Iowa's kickoff with a great run and a magnificent tackle, and Iowa held the ball on Minnesota's thirty-five yard line.

The Iowa supporters went wild yelling for a touchdown, but Minnesota's line was like a stone wall, and Iowa had no alternative but to kick. The ball was quickly passed back to Harold, but the hard game and the sleepless night were beginning to tell on him, and he fumbled. He immediately recovered and kicked, but the Minnesota men were on top of him, and the chance for a score was lost. Minnesota kicked the ball out of danger, and then followed ten minutes of steady hammering, with no apparent advantage on either side.

Harold was getting desperate. The disgrace of a defeat and the disgrace of a whole year's straight lying low away in a single night's dissipation stared him in the face.

They must not lose. He clinched his teeth as he called the signal for a quarterback run. He put the ball into that run. Two yards, twenty-five, thirty, he went. Only fifteen more and he could fall across the line and breathe when a human catapult struck him from behind and he went down, with Jeff hanging tightly to his legs.

Harold was filled with blind anger at Jeff. In every play he had made that day Jeff had opposed him. He went on. "I'll play you a game for the jackpot. Come on. Now's your chance."

Without a word Harold drew his chair up to the table and reached for the cards. The boys gathered around and watched breathlessly, for something in Harold's tense face and labored breathing told them that more than the mere money was at stake. They had never seen him lose before.

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over, and Minnesota was the champion of the west. The girls had seen Jeff carried away, but they had not seen how he was hurt. Beth hailed a passing sophomore and sent him over to the tent to find out if the injury was serious.

"He says he'll be all right in a little while," the boy said as he came back. "He said to give you his compliments and that he would be over to see you after supper."

But neither Jeff nor Harold put in an appearance after supper. Jeff telephoned over after awhile and told them that the doctor wouldn't let him come. But of Harold they saw nor heard nothing.

It was almost 9 o'clock when the maid brought a note up to Mabel. It was from Harold, and he asked that he might see her for a moment.

His face was so twisted with pain and remorse that she hardly recognized him, and his attempt at a smile of welcome was so pitiful that Mabel smothered an involuntary cry of sympathy.

"Won't you come out on the campus a few moments?" he asked. "I won't keep you long."

He led her along in silence till they came to a little clump of trees that stood back a short distance from the walk. Harold motioned Mabel to a seat in the fantastic shadow cast by the lopsided moon and threw himself down at her feet.

"I've got something to tell you," he began, and his voice was husky with emotion—"something that probably no one but you will understand." He went on, "and maybe you won't."

"He paused a moment, as if gathering himself together for the ordeal, and then, slowly, haltingly, but without omitting a single detail, he told the whole miserable story.

Mabel sat silent for a long time after he had finished. "Well," he said at last, "why don't you tell me what you think of me?"

"I think you're a poor unfortunate boy," said Mabel in a sudden flush of sympathy. "But it may not turn out to be as bad as it seems now. Have you made any plans?"

He shook his head. "Only that I'm going away somewhere and not coming back till I have paid in my hand. I can't ask father for it."

"That's the very thing I was going to suggest," said Mabel. "Six hundred dollars is a great deal of money, but you're young and strong, and I know you can earn it."

Harold leaped to his feet. "You don't know how much better you've made me feel, Mabel," he said. "I came over here tonight feeling as if I hadn't a friend in the world, but you have put some new hope into me. This has been a sad day's work, an awful day's work, but I'll live it down yet."

"Tell the girls about it," he went on as they reached the door of the dormitory. "I can't bear to have a father better brother than she's got. I won't show up again till these gambling debts are paid."

He closed the door as Mabel stepped inside and then turned and hurried away.

(To be continued.)

U'REN AT MOUNTAIN VIEW.

He Gives An Instructive Address on the Single Tax.

The Mountain View Improvement Club held its regular weekly meeting Friday night. As Mr. W. S. U'ren was present to talk on the subject of Single Tax, and there was a large attendance present to hear him, the usual routine business of the evening was set aside and the time given up to Mr. U'ren.

The usual literary paper was read, after which Mr. U'ren occupied the time and made a very interesting and instructive talk on the Henry George theory of the Single Tax philosophy. The house was well filled and much interest was manifested.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly reliable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

60,000 GAME FISH.

Commercial Club Asks to Have Local Streams Stocked.

The Commercial Club, alive to the needs of the community in more ways than one, has asked for the stocking of the small streams in the county with game fish, that fishermen may some day enjoy the diversion, and if successful the pleasures of a few nice fish. The Club wants 60,000 fish, as follows:

Five thousand rainbow trout for each of these streams—Mill Creek,

Castoria

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

REAL ESTATE

Extra and Minnie E. Stewart to F. W. Miller, 10 acres, section 17, township 3 south, range 3 east; \$400.

A. E. and Annie Mathews and T. I. and Ida H. McLaughlin to J. O. Russell, lots 7 to 11 and 27 to 40 inclusive, block 89, Minthorn Addition to Portland; \$10.

A. G. and Catherine Sager to Willie Richey, 15.61 acres, section 39, township 1 south, range 3 east; \$1500.

Rowland F. and Henrietta G. Walters to Frank and Dolly Rehberg, lot 14, Coolidge Home Tracts, 5 acres; \$625.

Vanda and William Walter Pestaak to Sarah L. McMillan, 6 acres, section 1, township 4 south, range 1 east; \$800.

Mary Mader to The Mount Hood Co., land in section 10, township 2 south, range 5 east; \$1500.

United States to Charles W. Henry, east half of section 22, township 6 south, range 3 east; \$1000.

United States to Harry Sawtell, lots 1 and 2, block 10, township 3 south, range 5 east, 39.55 acres; patent.

E. A. and Mabel E. Osmun to C. D. Roberson, lots 2 and 3 and south half lot 4, and south half lot 17, block 2, Fairview Addition to Oregon City; \$1.

son, west half of northwest quarter, section 22, township 2 south, range 4 east, 80 acres; \$1700.

United States to Harry Sawtell, lots 3, section 6, township 3 south, range 5 east, 39.55 acres; patent.

E. A. and Mabel E. Osmun to C. D. Roberson, lots 2 and 3 and south half lot 4, and south half lot 17, block 2, Fairview Addition to Oregon City; \$1.

Joseph B. and Martha A. Gross and C. E. and Bertha L. Clodfelter to Sheldon O. Murray, 1 1/2 acres, township Crow donation land claim, township 2 south, range 1 east; \$10.

The following transfers of real estate were filed yesterday in the office of County Recorder Williams:

Robert Alstrup to Lawrence Hein, lots 4 and 5, block 15, Windsor; \$1.

William H. and Alice M. Curtis, to Clarence N. Curtis, lots 6 and 8, block 5, Robertson; \$10.

Otto Meling to Ronald E. Eason, lots 1 and 2, block 10, Otto Meling's First Addition to Sandy; \$1.

Charles H. and Florence M. Maginnis and Samuel H. and Allene Rothermel to Eleanor L. Rothermel, 80 acres, township 2 south, range 4 east; \$1.

A. E. and Frances Koessel to Herman and Dora Frey, 5 acres, section 29, township 2 south, range 3 east; \$1.

Herman and Dora Frey to A. E. Koessel, land in section 29, township 2 south, range 3 east; \$1.

Thomas F. and Inez M. Ryan to Minda Church, lots 11 and 12, block 7, Gladstone; \$500.

O. C. and A. M. Yocum to Mary R. Thompson, land in section 21, township 3 south, range 8 east; \$250.

Perrina Hornquist to I. S. Bushen-ville, tract A, Saffran's Peninsula, section 23 and 31, township 2 south, range 1 east, except 5 acres; \$2000.

James and Nettie J. Roley to Fannie L. Hamilton, lot 7, block 119, Oregon City; \$1000.

George L. and Marie Lindsay to Martha Gosslin, northeast quarter and north half of northwest quarter, section 24, township 6 south, range 4 east; \$40 acres; \$10.

George W. Bondurant to Alonzo Gilron, 7 acres, section 25, township 1 south, range 2 east; \$10.

Edwin R. and Edna A. Spooner to Bruce Keith, lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, block 1, and lots 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17, block 2, Pleasant Little Homes No. 3; \$1000.

Sandy Land Co. to Ida M. Miller, lot 6, block 11, First Addition to Sandy; \$65.

W. H. and Isabel E. Cochran to Philip Mohr, 3.8 acres, township 4 south, range 1 east; \$11.

Meta and John Mathiesen to Gustav Leithorn, lot 10, block 7, Estacada; \$500.

W. E. Hauser to Sarah N. Rincker, 20 acres, section 12, township 3 south, range 1 west; \$100.

Sellwood Land & Improvement Co. to E. D. Olds, tract 33, Oak Grove, 5 acres; \$1.

H. and Elnora Greenstone to W. J. Furnish, 40 acres township 4 south, range 1 east; \$10.

H. and Elnora Greenstone to W. J. Furnish, fractional parts Claim No. 32, section 35, township 2 south, range 3 east, and of Claim No. 42, section 1, township 3 south, range 3 east, 71.25 acres; \$4000.

CLACKAMAS ABSTRACT & TRUST COMPANY.

Land Titles Examined. Abstracts of Title Made. Office over Bank of Oregon City.

JOHN F. CLARK, Mgr.

Not a Word of Scandal

married the call of a neighbor on Mrs. W. F. Spang, of Manville, Wyo., who said: "She told me Dr. King's New Life Pills had cured her of obstinate kidney trouble, and made her feel like a new woman." Easy, but sure remedy for stomach, liver and kidney troubles. Only 25c at Jones Drug Co.

Is Your Kitchen Equipped

With An

Electric Steel Range?

Have you investigated our New

Rate for Electric Cooking?

THREE CENTS PER KILOWATT HOUR

Mrs. Hawley will demonstrate

Electric Bread Baking Monday,

Wednesday and Friday of each

week. Cooking Lessons Daily

at 2 P. M. at THE ELECTRIC

STORE.

PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT

& POWER CO.

ALDER AT 7TH

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

EXPLOSION KILLS SIX AT ESTACADA

(Continued from page 1.)

Richard White, one of the killed, was the rigging man. R. W. Smith was the whiffle boy. The others killed and injured filled out the usual force for a small yarding engine in logging operations. There was only one person who could say what the steam pressure on the boiler gauge was when the men began assembling there after eating their breakfast, and he has since died. In the confusion of the camp following the explosion there were some men asserting that the steam did not register above 40 or 50 pounds.

The woodman who happened to be looking in the direction of the engine at the time of the explosion, and who stood fully 1000 feet away, saw nothing but the disastrous results. The big pile of wrecked iron and steel shot far up into the air, a distance which seemed to him from 100 to 200 feet, and came hurtling in his direction, landing about 25 feet away. A deep hole was plowed into the ground where the engine struck, but the momentum was so great that the wreck bounded on again and went a distance of 25 or 30 feet further before coming to a stop.

There was abundant evidence of the dreadful power of the explosion to be found in the trees hard by. Young fir fully 12 inches in diameter had been blown down and broken off near their roots, as if a tornado had swept the spot.

Estacada responded to the call of distress with all the physicians and nurses that could be mustered. Everything possible was done to alleviate the suffering of the injured men.

A call was at once sent to this city for Coroner Fox, who, accompanied by District Attorney Stipp, went to the scene of the disaster. The bodies were laid out for his inspection, and that he might get as much information as possible from the surroundings.

After viewing the scene of the accident and taking that testimony it was possible to glean, the Coroner returned a verdict of accidental death due to an explosion caused by too much water in the boiler and a defective safety valve.

For Group Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey is the best known remedy. Do not experiment, get the genuine Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. Geo. A. Harding, Druggist.

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