

A SINGULAR WILL CASE

By ARTHUR W. BREUSTER

Of all the strange coincidences I have ever heard none is stranger than one happening in my own life, and it led to important results.

One day, happening in at my lawyer's office, he said to me: "By the bye, we have a big lot of papers in your case against Runsbey. It has all been settled up, and I would like to turn them over to you. We are overburdened here with dead documents."

He called an office boy and sent for the papers. They came to me in one large bundle, which I tucked under my arm, walked home with it, and threw it, without opening it, into an iron box kept for family records.

Ten years passed, during which period I went on an average to the box once or twice a year to toss into it some document that would probably never be needed again. I had no occasion to look into the box during all this period, but the time came when I found it necessary to overhaul it in a search for a missing paper. By the time I found my paper every separate bunch had been unrolled and their contents were all in confusion. Picking up a paper marked "Last will and testament of James Chieningsby," I was somewhat surprised to find such a document.

I opened and ran my eye over its contents. There was nothing to indicate the value of the estate, nor were the names of any of the legatees familiar to me. There were a few small bequests to different persons, and the residue was to be given to a minor. How the paper got into my box was a mystery. I was not interested in the will, but I was deeply interested in how it came to be where I found it. It must have been there a long while, but not more than twenty years, for the date it was executed was no further back than that. But it might have been put in my box much more lately than that.

I should have attached more importance to it if persons could not make more than one legal will. It struck me that this might be an old one which had been rolled by a later one and had got mixed with old out of date papers. But that did not explain how it came to be in my possession, for it was not a paper in which I or any of my family, so far as I knew, had any interest. I looked it over carefully to see if there was any clue by which I could discover who were the legatees, but there was nothing to give me the slightest information concerning it. I took it to my desk in a room I occupied for smoking and placed it in a pigeonhole, intending to advertise it. But time passed, and I took no action.

Some time after this I married my stenographer and typewriter. She was very poor, and I was not rich. I was making a bare living and until our first child was born she retained her position in my service. Indeed, it was essential that she should, and when children came and I was deprived of her assistance in spite of all my efforts I was losing my grip and could not afford to hire another stenographer.

One morning while looking over my newspaper my eye drifted to real estate items. One of them mentioned the sale of a piece of property belonging to the Chieningsby estate. The name was an old one, but it seemed to me that I had seen it somewhere before.

"My dear," I said to my wife, "did you ever hear of the name Chieningsby?"

"I had an uncle by that name, though I never saw him. He disappeared when he was a boy and was never heard from. All I know of him is that I heard my mother speak of him before she died."

I kept thinking of the name till suddenly it flashed upon me that I had seen it in the will found in my iron box. I went to my desk, took out the document and read the name of the testator—James Chieningsby. I called my wife and read the will to her. When I came to the name of the heir to the residue of the estate I stopped, wonder stricken. It was her maiden name.

She was as much mystified as I. All she knew of the name of Chieningsby was what she had told me. But we were both in a flutter of excitement. What did it mean? Then I remembered that a man may make a will every day if he likes and only the last one is of any value. Nevertheless I was aroused. I rushed out to my attorney, or the one who had once had my law business, showed him the document and was about to ask him to make an investigation for me when he exclaimed:

"By thunder!" "Explain!" I cried impatiently. "Instead of answering me he called out to his partners, 'Here's a will for the Chieningsby estate.'"

"For heaven's sake tell me!" "Where did you get this?" "Found it in a box of mine where it has probably been for years."

"It represents an estate that has never been settled since no one has been found near enough of kin to claim it. If this is genuine all but these few bequests goes to Miss Katherine Miller, whoever she may be."

"She's my wife!" "We were rich. The will had been left by the testator with my attorneys. Had got mixed with the bundle of papers given to me and had come to light when most needed."

CURLS FOR COIFFURES.

Some of the New Designs From Across the Ocean.



Light and lovely are the curly coiffures shown in the illustration, recently designed by European artists in hair dressing.

To fully appreciate their remarkable charm and fascination they must be seen and handled, since their extraordinary lightness of weight is one of their chief attractions. As a matter of fact they are literally as light as the proverbial feather, and even the most sensitive sufferer from neuralgic headaches would never realize that she was wearing anything in the way of additional or applied hair.

The entire transformation which is shown in the center of the group of curls will be found most useful, since a lady's own hair can be drawn up through the center and then parted and brushed in with the other hair, which is dressed so becomingly on the other side of the face. A very light fringe, scarcely perceptible, softens the general effect delightfully and is allowed to mingle with the wearer's own hair, where it is turned off from the forehead in the center of the front. To complete the headress at the back any of these curls can be applied with an equal certainty of success.

Will Entertain King George. Louise, the duchess of Devonshire, is a woman much envied these days by other English ladies of the nobility. She is to take a leading part in the social functions attending the coronation of King George V. next June.



DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. Prior to the coronation the king will be her guest at Kimbolton castle, where she will hold a large house party, with many notable persons present. For a whole month in the latter part of April and the first half of May the children of King George and Queen Mary are to be entertained by the duchess at her castle. A series of elaborate fetes will be given by the duchess in connection with the coronation ceremonies.

Lobbyists For Suffrage. Mrs. W. R. Stubbs, wife of the governor of Kansas, and Mrs. W. A. Johnson, wife of the supreme justice of the state supreme court, have registered their names as lobbyists for the women's suffrage constitution amendment. The law of Kansas requires all lobbyists to register, and many of the leading women already have inscribed their names.

When the Roses Waken. When the roses waken And the wood doves coo And the sunny shadows Trail the valley through In my heart a longing Wakes and calls for you.

When the green is glowing In the violet bed And the robins chatter In the leaves overhead Then my heart goes pleading For a dream long dead.

Strange when time is running Such a happy race, Sun and summer crowding All about the place, How the soul goes sobbing For an absent face!

THE SCHOOLM'AM

By WILLARD ELAKEMAN

We had no luck with our school at Turuerville—that is, with the teachers, for what's a school but a teacher, any way? At last, when we'd just fired one of 'em, a good looking gal applied for the position and got it just because she wasn't like any of the rest of 'em. She was soft spoken and said she preferred managing the children by kindness rather than any other way. Some of the teachers we'd had were great trouncers, and the boys didn't like 'em.

Miss Hathaway—that was her name—was engaged, and I must say the school settled right down to business. I don't know how much tarnation the children got, but they were quiet as lambs. Some of us tried to find out how she done it by questioning the scholars, but they didn't know. Some of 'em said that when she told 'em to keep quiet she looked at 'em in a way that convinced 'em they better had.

The cashier of Boodie's bank fell in love with Miss Hathaway and wanted to marry her. She kep' him on the rack, not givin' him any decided answer. We who had children to educate hoped she wouldn't have him, for the school was doin' mighty well and had never succeeded before. The mothers were especially anxious, lot that they was particular about their children gettin' tarnation, but because if the school wasn't runnin' and they had to take care of their young uns they hadn't no time to gossip over the fence that divided the back yards.

But somehow if Miss Hathaway brought us good luck with the school a heap of trouble came with her. There was raids made on the town by boss thieves one after fother till nearly every boss in town was stole. It looked as though some one who had lived in the town was leadin' 'em, for they seemed to know just where every boss was located. When there wasn't but a few bosses left their owners tried to hide 'em. But it didn't do no good—the thieves seemed to smell 'em and went right to where they was hid.

All this time Shinkley, the cashier of Boodie's bank that I tole you about, was a-settin' up to Miss Hathaway. He had a fine iron gray boss he paid \$600 for that he used to drive her out with. He was awful afraid he'd lose the animal, and Miss Hathaway suggested that he keep him nights in the schoolhouse. Nobody wouldn't think of lookin' there for a boss. He done it, and, sure enough, in the mornin' there was the boss, safe and sound. But he only kep' the critter there a few nights when somepin happened that he didn't need to keep him there any longer.

One night Shinkley visited the teacher, and when he went away they both went to the schoolhouse, which was close by, and put in the boss. Then Shinkley kissed her good night, for she'd promised to marry him. He went home and to bed. He couldn't get no sleep because he was so happy at gettin' the only gal he'd ever seen that he wanted to marry.

That was in June, when the day breaks early. Between 3 and 4 o'clock in the mornin' Shinkley was awake by a clatter of hoofs comin' down the street. Thinkin' it was the boss thieves and wishin' to get a sight of 'em, he jumps out of bed and runs to the window. He was in plenty of time to see all he wanted to. Five men was ridin' down the street, headed by a woman ridin' straddle, just as they was. When they got opposite the window where Shinkley was looking out he see that the woman was the schoolteacher, and she was ridin' his iron gray boss. She looked up at him and tarred.

"Much obliged," she said, "for givin' me the combination of the safe. My friends have been after somepin better than hosses this time. We got all the currency in the bank."

The feller ridin' next to the schoolmarm he sung out, "Take that for kissin' my wife!" And he fired a shot that went through a panel of glass just above the cashier's head.

Well, bow, I reckon that cashier was mad. Nothin' makes anybody so mad as to get fooled. Shinkley had been fooled as to his affections, had lost his fine boss and given away an entrance into the bank's safe. Maybe he didn't git a move on him! Without stoppin' to git into his clothes he run down and out, and, seein' a friend of his that had a bicycle, he got him to follow the robbers while he got up a posse. Inside of ten minutes men was leavin' the town on wheelers; they wasn't no hosses to ride—all armed with rifles. They didn't wait for one another, but as fast as Shinkley got a man out he sent him on. When Shinkley had started a dozen men he lit out himself.

The robbers, knowin' there was no hosses in the town, forgot about bicycles, and they didn't expect such a quick chase. They didn't hurry much. The bicycles closed up and made chase together. A boss gits tired, and a bicycle doesn't, so every one of the robbers was taken.

Shinkley couldn't revenge himself on a woman by hurtin' her. The way he did it was by hangin' every one of the men, includin' her husband, who had shot at him. She was forced to see one after another swung off, includin' her husband. When the ceremony was over they left her lyin' in a heap in the middle of the road. She was all gone up.

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THE BAR SINISTER

By FRED L. YOUNG

We are apt to prize what we are not used to. I suppose one reason the daughters of our multimillionaires are inclined to marry foreigners with titles is that titles are not an American institution. What gives them their glamor is that they are not American.

When on a visit to England I visited the Earl of Bannerton. We were sitting one evening together drinking port wine and smoking. The walls were covered with portraits of his ancestors. "We Americans," I said, "envy you your family histories, your blood, your ancestral homes. What a fine thing it is to feel that you have pure blue blood in your veins, especially when there is no taint in it."

The earl smiled. "What would you say," he replied, "if I told you that my grandfather was a highwayman?" "I should say you were amusing yourself."

"He was." "A highwayman?" "Yes. Come, I will show you his portraits and that of his wife, my grandmother."

He led me into a room used exclusively for family likenesses and stopped before two portraits, a young man and a young woman. The man must have been extremely handsome. We sat down, and he told me their story while I was looking at them as they were when the events narrated occurred.

"The young bloods of England in olden times were not as vicious in some respects as they are today. They drank pretty hard, but they were not fighting foreign enemies or engaged in cruel warfare as outlet was required for their surplus vitality. One day Sir Roger Smartleigh was driving on a road with his daughter Clarissa—the girl faced lady you see before you—when his coach was stopped. A horseman appeared at the window and demanded what he called 'almos.' He was masked, of course, but he had the manner of a courtier. Captivated by Clarissa's beauty, he swung his hat in deference to her like the hero of a sixpenny novel of the present day. Sir Roger emptied his pockets, holding out the contents, with his watch, to the highwayman.

"Never mind those," said the robber. "If the young lady will give me that bit of lace she wears about her throat I will ask no more."

"Glad to escape with so little damage," Sir Roger bade his daughter give up her lace. She obeyed like a dutiful child, handing it to the highwayman.

"I only ask it as a loan," he said, "and will bring it to you in person." "If you do," said Sir Roger, "you will be taken and hanged to the highest gibbet in England."

"That prospect will only enhance the rest of the visit," replied the man. "Besides, to see this beautiful girl once more I would be willing to dangle from a rope's end."

"The coach was driven on and the highwayman left behind." "Several months after that Sir Roger and Lady Smartleigh gave a masked ball. The dancing was at its height when Clarissa observed a figure dressed as a Spanish treader which seemed to her the same of many form. Determined to discover if possible who he was, as soon as the dance was finished she resorted to join him. When he parted from his partner he made her a bow, sweeping the floor with his hat, and she knew there was but one man in England who could make so grand a salute.

"She stood undecided, her heart beating like a kettle drum, for she knew the highwayman had come on his promised visit, and she remembered her father's threat. At the moment the highwayman turned and, seeing her, came toward her, thrusting into her hand a bit of lace. His own hand touched hers, and he felt hers tremble.

"That touch, that quiver, precipitated a love affair. The man knew she was trembling for him, and she was infatuated by the frightful risk he ran to visit her. He drew her hand through his arm and led her out on to the dimly lighted terrace.

"There was the usual melting of the woman under the warm sun of love. At first she demanded in an assumed tone of severity what right he had there, and when the rascal told her that he had come to see her and die she threw her arms about him and begged him to see for his life—How he could see when she wouldn't let him go I don't know. Sir Roger had got a glimpse of the fellow when he was making his courtly bow and, having seen it before, knew his guest. He made his way through a crowd of dancers as fast as he could, but before he reached his man the latter had disappeared, for Clarissa, hearing her father roaring and swearing and crying 'Where is the villain?' opened her arms, and the robber was in the garden and over the fence like the boy of twenty-two he was.

"Clandestine meetings between the lovers followed the ball, and a secret marriage followed the meetings. The highwayman—the handsome chap was the second son of my great-grandfather—did not live with his wife for two years after their marriage, for if he had showed himself he would have got the rope. But after his elder brother died childless and he inherited the title he got a pardon and acknowledged his wife, and I am one of their descendants."

FORKED BALL THE LATEST CREATION.

Every season there is some new ball sprung on the fans, and this year is no exception. In the Northwestern league, where the timber is typical of the tall and uncut, a pitcher named Jim Hall is credited with having discovered the new terror, which for ferocity lins the spitter looking like a busted automobile tire. Hall has named his creation the forked ball, and twirlers at several of the training camps are giving it rather serious consideration.

The ball is held between the index and second fingers. This position gives to it the name "forked ball." The ball is said to break something on the style of the "spitter," but drops quicker and shoots more to one side. None of the pitchers has succeeded in mastering it as yet to the degree of perfect control, but that credence is given to the story is proved by the number who are trying to do so. In order to thoroughly control this new creation the twirler must have large hands.

PENN'S RELAY RACES.

Event Will Be Bigger, More Important and Interesting Than Ever. Pennsylvania's relay races promise to be even more important and more interesting than ever before. Practically all of the big colleges, such as Harvard, Michigan, Chicago, Princeton, Columbia, etc., have already sent word that they will have teams in the meet. This guarantees a repetition of the magnificent racing that has made the relays a synonym for all that is highest class in track and field sport.

Chicago will send on such a wonderful runner as Davenport, who won both the quarter and half mile western college championships last June in 48.45 seconds and 1 minute 56.35 seconds respectively. Michigan will send on Craig, who won the 200 yard intercollegiate championship, equalling the world's record of 21.15 seconds. Foster, the Harvard captain, the sprinting champion of 1909, will also run in the sprints. Burdick of Pennsylvania, the eastern intercollegiate champion, will meet French of Kansas, the western champion in the high jump. Chisholm of Yale, the eastern high hurdle champion, will meet Edwards, the western champion. And so it will be in the special events—namely, the 100 yards, 120 yard high hurdles, shot, hammer, discus, broad jump, high jump and pole vault.

"The college relay championship" will, as usual, bring together the fastest teams of the year. The success of Harvard and Cornell this winter, with the fast running of the western teams in recent western sports, guarantee that Pennsylvania will have to do almost the impossible to retain the three championships she won last year.

Cornell, Harvard, Chicago, Michigan, Illinois and Princeton are all out for one or other championship. In fact, Yale seems about the only one of the big colleges that has not at least one team up to the championship caliber. At present writing nearly 200 school and college teams have entered, so it is a surety that April 29 will see more than 250 college and school teams in competition. Many big things lack quality, but the work that has been done at the relays in the last ten years proves that these sports are not only the biggest of the year, but that they are also the best.

FIX DATES FOR POLO MATCHES

Hurlingham Club to Play For International Cup May 31, June 3 and 7. The Hurlingham club of England, challenger for the international polo cup, has formally accepted the dates suggested by the American committee for the international match. The first game of the match will be played May 31. A second game is scheduled for June 3, and if a third game is necessary it is to be played June 7. All contests will be played on the Meadowbrook grounds, New York.

The American team went to England in 1909 and carried away the trophy that had been held on the other side for twenty-five years. It is probable that Harry Payne Whitney, Devereux Milburn and L. and J. M. Waterbury again will represent America.

PITTSBURG GETS A. A. U. MEET

National Championships to Be Decided in Pittsburgh June 30 and July 1. Announcement was made recently that the National Amateur Athletic union outdoor track and field championships will be held in Pittsburgh June 30 and July 1. It was generally believed the plum of the outdoor season would go to Cleveland, and the announcement came as a surprise to followers of the sport in other cities.

National Motorboat Carnival. Announcement has been made that the annual national motorboat carnival will be held at Huntington bay, beginning Sept. 4 and lasting throughout the week. It also was decided to hold the carnival in 1913 at Put-In-Bay, Lake Erie.

Sheridan Likely to Quit. Martin Sheridan, the former all round athletic champion, is likely to abide by his recent decision to retire from the athletic game.

Width of Washington Street Reduced. The property holders on Washington, between Ninth and Eleventh streets, wish to have the width of the street reduced to forty feet between the curb, and petitioned Council to that end Wednesday night. After due consideration Council granted the request and voted to permit the narrowing of the street.

Center Street Accepted. One of the things for which Council assembled on Wednesday evening was the acceptance of Center street at the hands of the contractor, Harry Jones. There was not a property holder present to enter protest and Council voted its acceptance by the city.

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