

# A Mandarin And a Mummy

It Was Not All a Dream

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Paul Hunting ducked his head from the fierce onslaught of the November gale and ran quickly up the wide stone steps that led to the old fashioned house where he had his bachelor apartment. Once within the warm red lighted hall its genial atmosphere seemed to infold him like a crimson mantle. He was mounting the red carpeted stairs with lingering backward glances into the hall below when one of the tall mahogany doors opened from the parlor and a head was thrust forth and then hastily withdrawn as the owner's eyes met Paul's startled glance of admiration.

The door closed softly and there was nothing for Paul to remember save a vision in pale blue, with a crown of golden hair and a pair of the most heavenly blue eyes he had ever seen. As he fitted a key into his own door he wondered who the girl might be. There were two other bachelor apartments besides his own, while the Mason, who owned the house, occupied the entire lower part. Perhaps the girl was some relative of that elderly couple, but he had never dreamed of associating the rather dried and mummified Masons with such a bright, beautiful creature.

He had snapped on the electric lights and was standing before his mantel-piece as his thoughts uttered utterance. "She is the loveliest creature I have ever seen," he said slowly.

The little Chinese mandarin on the mantel suddenly nodded approval in the most uncanny fashion. Paul started for an instant, and then he realized that there was a heavy vehicle rum-



CRUSHED OUT THE FLAME.

bling past and that all the odds and ends of bric-a-brac on the shelf were tinkling and rattling in unison.

"So you think so, too, old man?" laughed Paul as he shook off his overcoat and tossed his hat after it on the wide couch. The mandarin continued nodding in the wisest manner while Paul drew a comfortable chair to the grate, stirred the coals into a red glow and thrust his feet into a pair of gayly embroidered oriental slippers. "I don't suppose there's the slightest chance in the world that I'll ever have an opportunity of meeting her—the old mummy down there is so crabbed, always looks at me as if he thought I was coming to do good in the end. I don't know a morsel sorer or a harder working chap than yours truly—do you, Wa Shing, or whatever your name is?" Paul eyed the mandarin quizzically as the head nodded violently in the affirmative.

"That passing dray? So you do know a better fellow, eh? Well, out with it—who is he?" He leaned forward, spreading his brown, capaline fingers to the hot coals and looked upward at the grotesque face on the shelf.

Then to his unutterable astonishment, his question was answered in just the high, thin, reedy voice one might expect from a Chinese mandarin who sits on a shelf all day long.

"Why, Penlow is a most estimable young man, my dear. He's superintendent of a Sunday school and librarian of the Culture Club and—"

"Penlow! Well, of all the mollycoddies!" Paul's disgust got the better of his astonishment at finding his mandarin endowed with speech. "If you admire Penlow's sort, why, I'll give you to him tomorrow! Poof!" He lighted a pipe and leaned back in his chair, drawing slowly through the stem while he surveyed the now violently agitated mandarin.

"Don't know your own mind; that's what the matter with you, Wa Shing! Now you're saying 'Yes' and then the other thing. When the traffic ceases you'll settle down and go to sleep like the funny old beggar you are, eh?"

"I'm surprised, Paul," nodded the mandarin, his thin voice growing peevish—"I'm surprised at your taste. Hunting is a most respectable young man and pays his rent regularly, but so far as I know he doesn't attend any church. In fact, I know he lies abed Sunday mornings until a most disgraceful hour, while Penlow—"

"Rubbish, Paul! It's most indelicate to speak of Mr. Penlow in that manner. I shall take especial pains that you do not meet the young man you profess to admire. Is my day?"

A phonograph in the room overhead suddenly blared into activity, and the mandarin's voice was drowned in the chaos of band music that followed, but he continued to nod wisely while Paul gazed back at him with a puzzled frown.

"Mighty queer, disconnected sort of conversation you hold, Wa Shing," he expostulated, reaching up for the ornament and folding it close to the light. "How do you manage that talk-talk business? Your head seems hollow, but of course that's no criterion that your vocal organs may not be in good working order. What is it they say about empty vessels making the most noise? If rather guess I've been asleep?" yawned Mr. Hunting, in conclusion, as he returned the mandarin to the shelf, where he continued to nod foolishly for several minutes. "Lost your power of speech, eh? Good for you!"

He leaned back with closed eyes and immediately forgot all about the mandarin and his strange conversation, which he firmly believed to be the result of a short nap. In his fancy Paul found an occupant for the other large chair beside his hearth. It would be somebody gowned in pale blue, with a tuft of golden hair and a pair of forget-me-not eyes. Where had he seen just such a face before?

Suddenly he leaped toward his desk and opened a drawer. He fumbled there for a while, tossing aside papers and pictures with furious zeal until he brought forth a small photograph of an ideal head. He propped it against the pedestal of the electric fan and studied it silently.

At last he drew a deep breath. "No wonder her face seemed familiar," he said in a low tone. "If she didn't pose for this picture I'm a sinner, and, fool that I am, I never tried to find out the artist! I was just satisfied to be in love with her without discovering her name. How in thunder can I get to know her? For I must even if I hold old Mason at the revolver's mouth and demand an introduction." He stared intently into the coils of fire, and for several moments there was dead silence in the room and without. Even the shrill complaining of the wind had ceased for awhile.

Then there came a piercing scream from the room underneath, a terrified cry for help, and there was the sound of running feet across a floor.

It was the work of an instant for Paul to open his doors and reach the staircase. Afterward he remembered that his slippers feet only touched three stairs in descent. Then he pushed open the parlor door and met an appalling sight.

One of the long lace curtains at the windows was fiercely blazing, while the girl with the golden hair was trying to tear it down with the little desperate, shrieking hands.

As Hunting came through the door the blazing curtain fell to the carpet, and as the girl tried to stamp out the charring remnants her own soft volute gown ignited and the flames swept upward.

It was then that Paul Hunting snatched up a white fur rug from the floor and, throwing it around the girl, crushed out the flames before they reached her hands or face or even burned much of her gown. At last she lay in his arms, limp and white as the rug that enveloped her.

"I'm all right now, thank you," she said in a soft voice.

She released herself from Hunting's arms, and the white rug dropped to the floor, revealing the skirt of her pretty gown scorched and charred.

She held out a hand to her rescuer with a charming smile. "This gentleman has saved my life, Cousin Leander. Will you and Cousin Sarah add your thanks to mine?"

"Bless me, child, it's Mr. Hunting from upstairs! I thought it was Penlow. Your hand, Mr. Hunting!" The mummy extended a dry brown paw, and Paul's strong fingers closed around it, while his head swam dizzily as the old man's voice rambled on in a monotonous speech of gratitude, for the voice of Mr. Leander Mason was like the voice of the mandarin, high and thin and piping in quality.

Cousin Sarah stopped screaming and gave another dry hand into Hunting's grasp and made a prim little speech.

Paul Hunting and the golden haired girl looked at each other across the width of the fireplace, and the forgotten blue eyes fell before his betraying glance. With a sudden impulse he told her the story of his little nap and the whimsical dream he had had of the nodding mandarin who had found speech.

When he had concluded she laughed merrily. "You were not asleep, after all, Mr. Hunting. Cousin Leander made a fire in the grate tonight to please me, and he opened some little ventilator in the chimney that must communicate with your room. We were talking, and you really heard Cousin Leander's voice."

"Was he talking to you?" demanded Paul suddenly.

"Yes," she said, with embarrassment. "Did you hear what we said?"

"I heard only one voice—his," explained Paul, with growing enlightenment. "Who is named Paul down here?"

"I am," said the girl in a small voice. "Pauline is my name, but they call me Paul. But now, Mr. Hunting, we are to drink to your bravery. Here come my cousins."

That night before he went to bed Mr. Hunting patted his mandarin lovingly on the back. "Good for you, Wa Shing," he said softly. "You made an opening wedge for conversation. She's the dearest girl in the world, and I'm going to win her. Wish me good luck, old fellow!"

As he replaced the mandarin on the shelf the foolish head nodded congratulations.

## FROM THE EMERALD ISLE

Irish Colleens Come to Teach Us How to Make Lace and Rugs.



COLLEENS RIGHT FROM IRELAND.

Here are four pretty Irish colleens who have come to America to teach us how to make real Irish lace, how to weave rugs and to do other useful things that have been done in the Emerald Isle for ages. They will visit all the large cities in the country and show specimens of their handiwork both completed and in the process of making.

Miss Marian J. O'Shea is in charge of the party, her companions being Colleens Eileen Noone, Bridget McLaughlin and Bridget McLaughlin. Only one of the girls expressed any desire to vote, and she denied that she was a suffragette. "I don't believe the women would make any worse mess of politics than the men have," explained Colleens Noone, who is a skilled leather carver and who also paints landscapes when she has the time.

The girls came to America under the auspices of the Gaelic league. It is believed that through the exhibition of the laces, rugs and embroideries Irish Americans may be stimulated to help revive the Celtic arts on this side of the water.

"It would be so much better for our girls to make these beautiful things than to wear out their young lives over machines in dingy factories," explained one of the representatives of the league.

## Frock Trimmed With Beads.

It is evident that this is one of the very newest frocks for the coming season for the reason that the waist is a one piece affair embroidered in an



ARTISTIC MANNER WITH PORCELAIN BEADS.

The skirt, a shallow plaited model, has a deep hem of Russian lace and is also trimmed with beads. Black velvet is used to finish the gown at the neck and belt.

**Do You Get Your "Beauty" Sleep?**

As a race we sleep too little. An infant's life is nearly all sleep. Gradually as the child grows older the hours of sleep are shortened to half the day, or about eight hours.

Youth until the age of twenty is reached requires fully ten hours' sleep. Although nature demands fewer hours of sleep in summer than in winter, it has been proved that eight hours of sleep are required for the average adult in good health.

By this is meant not simply eight hours in bed, but that amount of good, sound, restful sleep night after night.

Our power to work is intimately related to our ability to sleep, and there is no more reliable indication of sound health than the capacity to sleep naturally, and the more active and energetic the waking life the deeper the sleep.

**Change Color.**

Now Helen pink, the papers say, is Washington's new hue. Well, if the shade has come to stay, that must make Alice blue!

—New York Times.

## Read the Morning Enterprise.

OWEN G. THOMAS BLACKSMITHING AND REPAIR WORK.

Best of work and satisfaction guaranteed. Have your horses shod by an expert; it pays.

All kinds of repair work and smithy work. Prompt service; greater portion of your work can be done while you do your trading. Give me a trial job and see if I can't please you.

OWEN G. THOMAS Cor. Main and Fourth Sts., Oregon City

## ASKS AN INJUNCTION RESTRAINING COUNCIL

E. F. STORY RECITES THAT CITY LAWMAKERS WOULD CHANGE GRADE ON STREET.

E. F. Story, owner of lot 8, block 4, abutting on Sixth street, between Jefferson and Madison streets, has filed suit in the Circuit Court to restrain Oregon City from changing the grade on the street which is now being improved by Contractors Moffat & Parker. Story is represented by Attorneys U'Ren & Schuebel.

After reciting the legal history leading up to the letting of the contract, Story contends that the city is about to change the grade along his property to make a fall of more than five feet to his irreparable damage and injury, and Story also says that Council is threatening to violate the conditions of the contract and the ordinances by cancelling the contract and discontinuing the improvements. The court is asked to grant a permanent injunction restraining the city from cancelling the contract or changing or modifying the grade. The suit is the direct result of a controversy over the improvement that has prevailed for several weeks.

## Pays \$1000 for Cow.

The news dispatches in the papers tell of the purchase of a Guernsey cow at a sale held during the annual meeting of the Waukesha County Guernsey Breeders' Association at Oconomowoc, Wis., the price paid being \$1000 and the buyer being W. S. Turner, of Portland, Oregon. At the same sale a bull of that breed was sold for \$2375, the animal going to a resident of Wisconsin.

## LITTLE NOISE MADE BUT MUCH WORK DONE

WORKMEN WALKING THROUGH THE BRUSH AND SMALL TIMBER ON RAILWAY LINE.

There is little new to chronicle in the matter of the Clackamas Southern Railway, for the reason that little effort is being put forth to keep this enterprise in the public eye. While men outside the county who know the field and the opportunities for a successful local railway are taking stock in small blocks, sending in their subscriptions by mail, no effort is being put forth to sell except in the case of local people and to people along the line to be opened up. At that stock is being sold and money raised faster than the requirements of the two gangs of men who are out on the right of way clearing off the timber and brush, and burning the same, in preparation for the gang of graders that will be turned loose the first of the week.

Many people drift out through the day to see what is really being done to build the line and they all come back impressed with the fact that while there is little noise being made, and no hot air being peddled about, the brush cutters are opening up a wide swath in preparation for those who will turn the ground over in preparation for the rails, beginning the first of the week.

## NO WATER AT HAND

To Fight Fire, So the Firemen Were Powerless.

SALEM, Or., March 30.—On account of the absence of hydrants or streams from which to draw water, the Salem fire department was compelled to stand by yesterday afternoon and see the home of M. A. Nash, on North Front street, burn to the ground. The alarm was turned in, in ample time to allow the department to save the dwelling, but without water, nothing could be accomplished. Mr. Nash says he suffered the loss of \$1000 and carried no insurance.

The department says the city annexed territory in which there is no fire protection, and steps will be taken at the next meeting of the Council to provide water for the outlying districts before further damage is done by fire.

## FREIGHT TRAFFIC HEAVY.

Business on the Willamette River Best for Years.

SALEM, Or., March 30.—According to M. P. Baldwin, the local agent of the Oregon City Transportation Company, Willamette River steamers plying between this city and Portland are doing 25 per cent more business this season than ever before. He says his company is swamped with way freight business and that even old river men are astonished at the increase in the traffic.

It will be a matter of only a short time when the O. C. T. Company will be compelled to place additional boats on the river to care for the traffic, as the country between Salem and Portland, especially on the east bank of the river, is settling up at a rapid rate and steamer shipments are becoming more in demand every day.

## Wants to Recover on Note.

John Kekel has filed suit against D. M. and Sarah B. Rowland to recover \$320.75 due on a promissory note for \$5200, executed March 19, 1909. The Rowlands gave Kekel a mortgage on 35.50 acres in section 4, township 3 south, range 1 east, to secure the payment of the note. U'Ren & Schuebel are attorneys for Kekel.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Licenses to marry were issued

Put Yourself in the Ad-Readers Place...

When you write your classified ad—of any kind of an ad—try to include in it just the information you'd like to find if you were an ad-reader and were looking for an ad of that kind.

If you do this—to even a small extent—your ad will bring Results!

## Thursday to Elsie Gabriel and D. L. Elster, and to Wilhelmina Rakel and Samuel L. Stevens.

Two More Items in Try-Out. Two items were forgotten in reporting the High school try-out that are worthy of mention. The pole vault, with Kent Wilson first and a tie for second place between Corliss Andrews and Lyle Kellogg. Broad jump, with Kent Wilson first, covering 17 feet and 10 inches, John Telford second and Joe Sheehan third.

Sponge cake made in this way will keep fresh and moist longer than the old-fashioned kind: To seven eggs take a half a pound of flour and three-quarters of a pound of sugar and the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Pour over the sugar a half-cupful of boiling water and let it boil. Beat whites and yolks of eggs well together, and when sugar is boiled to a clear syrup, pour it over them, beating the whole until it is thick and light. Stir in the flour lightly and add the lemon last of all. Bake in a slow oven. If properly made it will be wonderfully light and delicate.

## TWO SOULS UNHAPPY IN WEDLOCK'S BONDS

ASKS THE JUDGE TO KINDLY CUT THE GORDIAN KNOT THAT BINDS.

Suit was filed Thursday afternoon by Emma Lothrop against Harry O. Lothrop for a decree of divorce. They were married in Fresno, Cal., August 8, 1908, and Mrs. Lothrop says her husband charged her with infidelity, naming a Mr. Marx, of Seattle. He is said to have been sarcastic and mean and his conduct mortified her proud and sensitive nature, and they separated September 1, 1910. Mrs. Lothrop, who desires to resume her maiden name of Buckman, charges that during their entire married life she was obliged to support herself, with some assistance from her own people.

Frank Van Hoeter has filed a suit for divorce against Meta M. VanHoeter, to whom he was married in California, in December, 1890. They have four children. VanHoeter says his wife deserted him in January, 1908. He is willing to give her the custody of the children and \$50 a month alimony.

## COUNCIL LACKS QUORUM.

No Meeting Held Thursday Afternoon From Lack of Members.

Council was called in special session Thursday afternoon but failed to get a quorum. There were only four present—Burke, Holman, Roake and Meyer. Messrs. Anderson, Pope and Strickland were out of town and Mr. Michaels could not be found to serve the notice of meeting on him. It was the wish of the Council that the question of the sidewalks out Canemah way and the roadway of the O. W. F. be considered and some settlement made in the matter.

## WOMANLY WISDOM.

Yellow turnips are greatly improved when served mashed, by mixing with them a small quantity of Irish potato. A very little sugar, unless the turnips are unusually sweet, is a pleasing addition.

A wholesome breakfast dish may be made from wheat fresh from the granary. Soak it over night and cook it all day on the back of the range. This makes a food unequalled as to nutriment, and a great favorite with all who have been served with it. A bowl of this wheat, served with rich milk, makes a good breakfast for a growing child.

The right way to poach eggs: Have a saucpan of water boiling hot, but not actually bubbling. Break the eggs one at a time, in a saucer and slide them into place in the water. Draw the pan aside where they can not boil, and haste the water over them with a spoon till they are covered with a thin veil of white. Have ready slices of bread toasted, buttered and cut in pieces the size of the eggs and arranged on a hot platter. As each egg is lifted out on a skimmer, trim off the ragged edges and slide it on the toast.

## WANTS MEETING IN WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON, March 30.—(Special)—Dr. Vasquez Gomez has doubts as to the good faith of Diaz's promises to the rebels in Mexico. He fears that in case the men were once in Diaz's power if there would not be a shocking tragedy. He favors conducting the negotiations here, where there would be safety to all.

## CITY NOTICES.

### Notice Closing Streams.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That, Whereas, the Board of Fish Commissioners of the State of Oregon and the United States Bureau of Fisheries have propagated and stocked, and are propagating and stocking the waters of the Willamette, Clackamas rivers, and their tributaries, in the State of Oregon with salmon fish; and, Whereas, said streams are frequented by salmon fish, and for the purpose of protecting the same, the said Board of Fish Commissioners has decided to close the said Willamette River and its tributaries, below and north of the falls thereof, at Oregon City, and all of the Clackamas River and its tributaries, to prevent fishing therein, in any manner whatever, for salmon fish, during the period of time herein specified.

Now, therefore, notice is hereby given by said Board of Fish Commissioners that said Willamette River and its tributaries, below and north of the falls thereof, at Oregon City, and all of said Clackamas River and its tributaries, are, and each of them is hereby closed to fishing, in any manner whatever, for salmon fish, between twelve o'clock noon, on the 15th day of April, 1911, and twelve o'clock noon, on the 1st day of May, 1911; and it is and will be unlawful to fish for, or take, or catch any salmon fish in any of said waters during the said period of time above specified.

Any and all persons whosoever so fishing in violation of this notice will be prosecuted, as by law provided.

BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS. By OSWALD WEST, Governor. By THOS. B. KAY, State Treasurer. Attest: R. B. CLANTON, Clerk of the Board.

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