How the Mills

By ELLEN F. MORSE

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Mine was a case of stepmother at

themselves, but that's not so easy for

girls. Nevertheless, 1 did that very

After mother's death father tool

too late. There was something about

the woman, or perhaps some weak

dominate him. And as for me, she

When I was seventeen, having stood

well in my classes at school, I was

Opdyke family. I accepted it to get

away from my stepmother. I taught

the younger children of the family.

There was a son, Harry, a year or

two older than I, who was a clerk for

his father, a manufacturer of paper.

The Opdyke family considered them-

selves very well off when I went to

live with them. They were dreadfully

afraid that Harry would fall in love with me. They had no objection to me

except that they wished him to make

a good match, which, being interpret-

I didn't know it at the time, but my

father had considerable property. It

was in securities in which he had in-

vested what money he had after a

panic. When I left home be still had

these securities, but they were not

available. He was keeping them for a

time when the commercial depression

had passed and the property they rep-

resented would resume the payment of

dividends. Therefore either he was

not in a position to give me any in-

come, or if he was his wife prevented

him from doing so.

I remained in the Opdyke family

five years. Meanwhile Harry had be-

come his father's right hand man at

the mills. He had permitted himself

to fall in love with me, but I knew

that although the family thought a

great deal of me they were looking

higher for him; consequently I would not yield to his wishes for a be-

Several matters of importance to us

all came about at very near the same

time. In the first place, Mr. Opdyke.

who had been carrying a debt on his

milis, found himself unable to provide

for it any longer. In the second place,

my father died and my stepmother

produced a will leaving all his prop-

erty to her. Harry told me confiden-

tially of the condition of the family

ffairs and said that, now we were on

the same financial basis, we had bet-

ter join our fortunes. "What a pity."

leave me some of his property; I might

I gave way to Harry's persuasive

efforts and we became engaged.

although we kept the engagement a

secret. Under these conditions Harry

took an interest in my personal affairs.

I told him a great deal about my step-

mother, and he suggested taking legal

steps to break the will. But after talk-

ing the matter over we both agreed

that there were no grounds for break-

ing it-at least none that we could

prove. My father was probably of

sound mind at the time he made it.

and I could not prove that his wife

had used undue influence to induce

him to make it in her favor. The only

objection I could bring up was that my

father had told me shortly before his

death that my stepmother had tried to

force him into making a will in her

favor, but he was firmly resolved to

I made up my mind to have a look

at the document. I took Harry with

me to the court where it had been

filed, and it was shown to me. It was

not in my father's handwriting, but I

was familiar with his signature, and it

that the witnesses and and the notary

were all of my stepmother's choosing.

At least, there were none of father's

friends among them. The document

had not been executed on a regular

form, but on a sheet of ordinary paper.

After examining it thoroughly I hand-

Persons in the paper business are

apt to acquire a babit on taking up a

sheet of paper of holding it up to the

light and looking at the watermark

on it. Harry did this, at the same

time rubbing the surface with his

thumb and finger. I saw by the ex-

pression on his face that he had made

a discovery. Hurriedly looking at the

date on which the will was made be

"How do you know?" I exclaimed.

"The paper was made in our mills

Though I was delighted, I was mad

and resolved to send my stepmother

to state prison. But I afterward com-

promised by her signing off her wid-

ow's dower and my not prosecuting her for forgery. I saved the Opdyke paper mills, which my husband now

turned to me and said:

catching my breath.

"Are you sure?"

milis to prove what I say."

Daper."

"That will is a forgery."

make no will.

ed it to Harry.

have helped your father

through your difficulties."

trothal

ed, means one with money

made my life one of misery.

Were Saved

My Unobtrusive Typewnter

By EDWARD L THORNTON

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While I was in Russia trying to get a contract for steel rails, requiring a typewriter, I engaged one who spoke a little English. I kept him busy typing letters, contracts, specifications

and other such documents. Alexis Breutowski was his name, and he was born in Russian Poland, a quiet, unobtrusive fellow, very poor and out at the elbows. I took a fancy to him and told him that if he cared to go with me I would take him to the United States and secure a position for him in the steel works I rep-

resented. He accepted the offer, That was at a time when nihitisn was threatening every man prominent in the government, from the czar down to the superintendent of police I tried to learn something about the nihilists from Alexis, but he appeared to take no interest in what they were doing, or, rather, said he did not approve of their methods. The only man be appeared enthusiastic over was Count Tolstoy, whose policy was

However, when I made a friend of a Russian and Alexis saw that I was with him a great deal he told me that it was dangerous to be seen with the man. When I asked him why he replied that he had heard through a relative who was connected with the police that the man was a suspect, which meant that he was being watched by the government for complicity with nihilism. Having no wish to become a suspect myself, I dropped the man

I was successful in getting an order for rails and after the contract was signed applied for permission to depart. I understood from Alexis that he had also made application. I had hired a suit of rooms which I used both for living and office apartments, and that I might at all times have my typewriter handy I gave him one of m for a sleeping room.

When the time came for my departure Alexis had not yet received his passport. I told him that I had been dealing with representatives of the government and I thought that if I told them I wished to take my typewriter to America to give him a business position they might hurry the delivery of the document. But Alexis shook his head, saying that there was so much suspicion of persons entering and leaving Russia that my making such an application might deter rather than hasten the granting of the passport, but if I would wait a few days he was quite sure he would receive it. I told him that I must leave the next day, but since I intended to remain in London until the ship on which I had engaged passage sailed he could join me there. I offered to leave with him the price of the tickets, but he declined, saying that the money would be advanced by his relatives.

morning on arising from my bed to find the suit of clothes I had taken off the night before missing. I looked in Alexis' room; his bed had not been slept in. Had be stolen my clothes and decamped? My money was all right; he had not taken that. But my passport was gone.

I ran over the probabilities in my mind and remembered that he was about my age, height and build. I was a blond; so was he. The eyes of both were blue. Then it occurred to me that he who had worn a full beard had the day before cut it off. leaving only a mustache, as in my case "Fearing." I said to myself, "that he would not get his passport in time to go with me, he has taken mine, made himself as much like me as possible in order to pass on it as his own and gone away with it.

Thinking that he had left me some written word. I looked about, but not a scrap did I find.

Taking another suit from my trunk I put it on and went out to get some breakfast. In the restaurant I noticed several men talking in low tones. I heard one of them speak the word nitroglycerin. Somehow I suspected from their peculiar manner that some government magnate had been assassinated. I bought a newspaper, but there was no notice of anything of the kind. The man Alexis had warned me against came into the restaurant and looked about. Seeing me, he beckened me to follow him and went out. He paid no attention to me till we reached a little street simost deserted: then he turned and said. "Go at once to the chief of police and report that your Massport has been stolen."

"How did you know? Who stole it? What's the matter?"

"Your typewriter is beyond the bor der. He wishes no harm to come to you. Go at once and do as I say."

"Has anything happened?" "Yes," he whispered. "Last night the chief of police was killed by a bomb as he was entering his home." I took the man's advice and escaped tion. I got out of Russia as soon as

they would let me go. On arriving in London I had not been at my hotel as hour before I received the card of Alexis Breutowski. I sent for him to come up to my room, where we had a long interview. I am not year endowment policy maturing this going to divulge what passed between us except that the principal burden on his mind seemed to be his stealing of my passport. I persuaded him to go to America, and he now occupies the position I intended for him.

CHILDREN OF UAP.

They Don't Have to Worry About Food, Clothes or Shelter.

In describing Uap, one of the Caro-line islands, Dr. W. H. Furness says that children become more or less pub-He property on that Island as soon as they are able to run about from bouse

They cannot without extraordinary exertion fall off the Island, and, like little guinea pigs, can find food anywhere. Their clothing grows by every roadside, and any shelter or no shelter is good enough for the night. They cannot starve. There are no wild beasts or snakes to harm them. What matters it if they sleep under the high, star powdered celling of their foster mother's nursery or curl up on mats beneath their father's thatch?

There is no implication here that parents are not fond of their children. On the contrary, they love them so much that they see their own children in all children. It is the ease of life and its surroundings which have atrophied the emotion of parental love.

When a father has merely to say to his wife and children. "Go out and shake your breakfast off the trees," or, "Go to the thicket and gather your clothes," to him the struggle for existence is meaningless, and without a struggle the prizes of life are held in

Somebody's children are always about the houses and to the fore in all excitements, and never did I see them roughly handled or harshly treat-

MASTERING A TEMPER.

The Method by Which Marion Craw

ford Controlled His Anger. Mrs. Hugh Fraser, sister of the late F. Marion Crawford, tells some interesting stories of him in her book, "A Diplomatist's Wife In Many Lands." It was at the Villa Negroni, Rome, that Crawford was born, an event which so delighted his father that, as Mrs. Fraser says, "my father was beside himself with joy and showered presents on all of us to make us understand and share it."

When young Francis was about ter years old it dawned upon him that be had a violent and uncontrollable temper, and with the simplicity which marked all his character be decided to

get it in hand. "One member of the family constantly irritated him to the verge of frenzy. and he invented a form of self discipline which very few children would have thought of imposing on themselves. My mother entered his room one day and found him walking round and round it, carrying on his back a heavy wooden shutter which he had lifted off its hinges at the window. "'My dear child,' she exclaimed.

what are you doing? "Getting over a rage.' be replied doggedly, continuing the exercise When I am so angry that I want to kill somebody I come in here and carry the shutter three times round the room before I answer them. It is the only

Women and Tea In Japan.

Way.

No Japanese society woman has completed her education unless she can tell to ber-Uji, Mikado or a hundred others-and at least be able to distinguish by taste at least a dozen "blends" in a brand that has that many or more. Such accomplishments are partly a matter of inheritance and environment. for Japan is a country where tea has been raised and used for centuries. With tea plantations five centuries old and tea blants 200 years of age there is no need for tea commissions to fix customs standards. As for the household standards, the Japanese bousewife decides them herself.

The Cook Lane Ghost.

St. John's, Clerkenwell, is a mean structure architecturally, but possesses two interesting historical associations. one romantic and the other ludicrous. It is the headquarters of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, part of the choir of whose ancient priory can still be seen in the early English crypt. This crypt was the haunt of the "Cock ane ghost," which excited all London in February, 1762, and attracted Johnson, Goldsmith and Horace Walpole. The "ghost" proved, as Dr. Johnson surmised, to be the mischievous little daughter of a parish clerk.-Westminster Gazette.

A Regular Attendant.

As the new minister of the village was on his way to evening service be met a rising young man of the place whom he was anxious to have become a member of his church.

"Good evening, my young friend," he said solemnly. "Do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir, regularly every Sunday night," replied the young fellow with a smile. "I'm on my way to see her now."-Metropolitan Magazine.

His Complete Triumph. "Uncle Rastus, I thought they had sent you to jail again on the usual

charge." "No, suh; I's vindicated dis time. De jedge couldn't quite make up his mind, an' he turned me loose an' said arrest for complicity in the assassina- I mustn't do it again."-Chicago Trib-

An Uphill Job.

Figg-Don't you wish you could live your life over again? Fogg-Well, I should say not! I've got a twenty month.-Boston Transcript.

When you have chosen your part abide by it and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world.-

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VARIED HIS VIEWS.

A Broad Minded Candidate and a Pa-

Farmer Gordon was engaged for a cortnight to drive a political candidate about the county in his buggy. They traveled by day, each town being a stage, and the politician spoke every

The man was bonest and well mean ing, but careful local partisans had one of the worst cases of the kind on tried the temper of each community in advance and reported to him with record. Stepmothers are not all bad by suggestions. So it happened that from any means, but when they are it's his extreme anxiety to please his exmighty hard on their stepchildren. pressed conviction on the issue varied Boys, when they become old enough. considerably from time to time. can go away and fight the world for

"Well, Mr. Gordon." said the candi date one day at the beginning of the second week, "how do you stand on the election? How are you going to

into the house to take care of me-be The former was silent, thinking said-a woman about his own age. He "I really don't know." he said. "I saw the folly of this plan when it was can tell better, maybe, at the close of

our engagement. "Can't make up your mind yet spot in father, that enabled her to You've beard all of my speeches. "Yes, and I like you personally, and

I'm boping to get to vote for you Dou't worry—at least, not yet."
"Not yet! Why do you say that?" asked the puzzled candidate.

offered a position as governess in the "Well, you're had several points o ing maybe before the end of the week you'll get round to mine too."-Youth's

MISSED THE KANGAROO.

The Hunter Was After Mest, but Go Instead a Stone.

In 1889 a huster to New South Wales took a fancy for some kangaroo meat, so be made a trip through the mulga with no companion but his gun He had no need of either guides or dogs, as he was an experienced bush

first kangaroo sighted was wounded by him, but not badly enough to disable it. Before he could get in another shot it made off through the sait bush at a terrific pace, but leaving a plain trail in drops of blood so the hunter followed as fast as he

The trail gradually grew fainter as the wounded animal bled less freely. and its pursuer was often obliged to stoop and examine the ground closely for the telltale signs. After several hundred yards had been covered without seeing any more crimson spots the hunter began to think his quarry had escaped, when he saw a single fleck of red before him.

As he bent to look for more flecks the red changed to an tridescent pale green, and he say it was a gem stone that lay before him. The kangaroo was not bagged, but the White Cliffs opal fields were discovered.-New York

A Fish Aids Science.

There appears to be no limit to sel entific curiosity, especially in Germany. Not long ago a scientist of Leipzig, wishing to ascertain whether fish are warmer than the water they live in, stuck a needle connected with a thermoelectric circuit into a living I said to him, "that my father didn't fish in an aquarium. The needle formed one element of the circuit, while the other element was immersed in the same water that contained the fish. The latter was not seriously injured by the needle and quickly became indifferent to it. Then as the fish swam about, carrying the needle, the ingenlous savant closed the circuit and kept watch of the galvanometer. It showed no deflection whatever, from which he concluded that the fish and the water were precisely equal in temperature, for had either been warmer than the other a current would have been generated in the circuit.-Chicago Record-Heraid.

> The Furtive Look. Here is something worth while for bachelors to consider.

A Boston woman says she can detect a bachelor as far as she can see him. She always knows a bachelor by his furtive look. The furtive look, she explains, is something akin to that of a hunted animal, always on the watch for snares and pitfalls. Of course this may apply only to Boston bachelors, but it would be well for all other single unfortunates to take a good look at themselves in the mirror and find that telltale look. If they do there is seemed to me to be genuine. I noticed an easy way to efface it.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A noted comedian condemned at dinner in New York a new comedy. "Its climax," to said, "is false and unsatisfactory—as false and unsatis-factory as Rowndar's excuse. On Rowndar's return at a very late hour his wife said repreachfully:

"You used to yow I was the sun shine of your life, but now you stay out night after night."
"'Well, my love,' said Rowndar, 'I don't ask for sunshine after dark."—

New York Tribune.

Impertinence. Mr. Todgers-Why have you sent Maria, the servant girl, away so suddenly? You told me yesterday that she was the best girl you ever had.

Mrs. Todgers—She's an impertinen

not a year ago, and the will was made three years ago. In other words, the bussy. I wanted to borrow her rub will was made two years before the bers, and she said she was afraid I couldn't get them on. "Yes, and we have the date in the

The world is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other

A man should be grateful even to his enemies when they open his eyes to a sense of his own faults and failures.

Put Yourself in the · Ad-Readers Place...

THE DEACON'S DOG

By M. QUAD

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Deacon Goodhue had lived in the rillage of Derbyville for thirty years. and no one had ever seen him out of temper. One day when his character was under discussion a tin peddier said of the deacon:

"That man is too serene. He will break loose some day and astonish You all."

The deacon had got to be fifty years old. He was a widower and was look ing out for a second wife. There was an old maid over at Grafton, seven miles away, who filled his eye, and one day he harnessed his horse to the rattling old buggy and drove over there to ask her to be his.

"Waal, Martha, I've been thinking this thing all over, and I've concluded that I want you for a wife." "But you are just a day too late,

deacon," was the answer. "Has somebody got you?"

"Yes. I gave my promise yester-

"Can't you bust It?"

"No. I can't. I'm sorry to put you to the trouble of driving over here, but I can't break my word."
"Oh, wanl, I'll just have to look a little further."

"And I hope you will find some one to suit. Have a cup of tea, descon?" "No. I guess not."

"But it's a dusty drive, deacon, and I don't want you to go back entirely empty handed. Have you got a dog?" "Never had one." "There's one here that came along

two weeks ago. He's a lost dog, and I don't want him. Why not take him home with you?" "Why, I might. I've beard that a dog gets to love you like everything

after awhile. He's also purty good company for a lone man." The deacon was taken out into the back yard to view the canine. It was a big one eyed dog with a stump tall. He was a blend of different colors,

and he shambled when he walked No other man in the state would have taken him, but he just hit the deacon's fancy, and he also felt the sentiment connected with the gift. He had come to ask a woman to marry him, but was a day too late. She seemed to regret it and wanted to show that there were no hard feelings by presenting him with a one eyed dog.

If the deacon had figured on taking a

month to get a line on that canine's character he soon discovered his error. In driving the seven miles back home sixteen dogs belonging to sixteen dif ferent farmers came rushing out to in terview the strange canine and make him wish he had never been born. Each and every one of the sixteen was duly and thoroughly chawed up and half killed.

"Rayther forward in his views-rayther forward," said the good man to himself after about the eighth conflict, "but mebbe it is better so."

For two days after reaching what was to be his bome the dog, which was named Sambo by the deacon, stuck to the back yard and the soiltude of an empty barrel. Then he went forth to see the town. As was natural, the village dogs approached him either to welcome or throw out a bluff. It made no difference which to Sambo. He treated all alike. His one eye burned like a live coal, his hair stood up like bristles, that stump tall ceased wagging, and with a roar like a lion he descended upon the ca-nine before him and made things sad

for him.

There are dog owners that will stand by and see their dogs rolled in the dust and more or less crippled and make no sign, but such men are few and far between. In one day the deacon had more men down on him than in all the years before. They even forgot what good man be was and swore at him and threw stones at his dog. As it was on the first day, so it was on the second and third. Then every dog in the fown had been licked, and none of them would pass beyond the gate. If there was a hero in Derbyville it was Sambo Goodhue, He was a detested hero, however. The deacon was told that if he didn't get rid of him the dog would be shot or poisoned off, and it was then seen that be had spunk back of his serenity. He took the side of the dog. He talked right back to those who talked to him, and once he spat on his hands and was about to take off his coat.

The deacon had broken loose at last, and the prophecy of the peddler was being realized. There were wonder and ishment in Derbyville that night.

A crowd of fifty men came to kill Sambo. The deacon shed his cost and vest and sailed in. He whooped and be yelled. He struck and be kicked. He rolled up the enemy before him, and behind them was Sambo to do his full part. The full moon came up to look down on the broken and the bitten, and the deacon didn't stop yelling for an bour afterward.

Then Sambo was missing. He had come and seen and conquered. He had cleaned up the town and set out for other worlds to conquer. His master whistled and called, but in vain. It whistled and called, but in vain. It was a year later before they started to forgive the descon and three years before his reputation for screnity and good nature was restored, but ft came at last, and when death called him he had a funeral procession half a mile long and the horses on the walk at that.

DESERTION IS CHARGED.

Wife Claims That Hubby Has Been Direlect for Four Years.

Mary B. Skirvin has filed a suit for divorce from her husband, Harvey E. Skirvin, to whom she was married in When you write your classified ad—or any kind of an ad—try to include in it just the information or you'd like to find if you were an ad-reader and were looking for an ad-reade

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