From Taking It

By THOMAS BROWNELL Copyright by American Press Asso-

I was sleepin' sound enough to miss bearin' the last trump, even if Gabriel bad blown it right in me ear, when a bed. At first I had an idea the house was comin' down over me nead, for at the moment a clap o' thunder like I was bound to be too late, had gone big guns fired one after another seemed to be right in the room with me-I was waitin' to be crushed, but the roarin' died away, and I beard Pat Du-

gan say: "Mike. git up! Ye're wanted." "By the divil?" I asked, tryin' to

"No, by the divil's enemies. There's them that's goin' to rob St. Patrick's of the silver plate."

Not yet bein' more than half awake and not knowin' what else to do, I did what any one would do at hearin' of a crilege-I made the sign of the cross. "Git up. t say: ye're to ride to bead off the robbers and save the plate.

By this time I'd got some of the stiffness out of me and. gittin' out of



THE DIVIL KEPT GAININ' AND GAININ'

bed, was puttin' on me britches, when I was blinded by a flash, and with it came another roarin'. I clapped me hands first to me eves, then to me ears. stoppin' puttin' on me clothes.

above the thunder. "Don't ye know the divil is sendin it to delay ye? Your horse is standin' ready without and ye have a matter of eight miles to ride to save the plate."

"How do ye know it's to be taken?" says I.

"How do I know? Didn't one of 'em weaken at committin' a sacrilege? And didn't be come to me not ten minutes agone and tell me what his pals were goin' to do? He's gone down the road a bit to warn Father Conover. hopin' be may find some way to git to the church and take away the plate before the comin' of the robbers. But there's nothin' in that, for Father Conover has no way of gittin' there."

Out we goes to the front of the house and there, sure enough, was me horse, a boy tryin' to hold him, the horse rearin', frightened by the storm. And I, by this time awake and ready for the mad ride I was to take, leaped into the saddle and, diggin' me beels into his flanks, went off like a ball out of a gun, a thunderciap comin' down from beaven at the same moment.

"It's a signal of St. Patrick for yer startin'," I heard Pat say, the last word soundin' far behind me like an

The road lay windin' down to the stream, white for a moment in the lightnin', then all as black as a million crows. But I, trustin' part to me knowledge of the way and part to me horse's better seein' in the dark, never a bit drew rein, curved with the road and, knowin' I was right by me horse's boofs soundin' on the stones. Then suddenly the tramp was changed from rock to wood, and by that and boilin' of the stream beneath screechin' like lost spirits I knew I was ou the bridge.

Then came another flash, and I saw a pictur of the white pike ahead of me, with never a twist or a turn. The first mile we made in pitch

dark, I not seein' me borse's head before me. But I trusted in St. Patrick. was guidin' me, and a trifle in me horse. I knew by the way he made here and there a turn or swerved suddenly to pass something in the way that he could see what was

Then for awhile the storm slackened and, seein' a misty light to the heavens, I thought St. Patrick had called It off, but a bolt was the signal for a new openin', another army of clouds came frampin' up from the east and again I was under the beavenly battleground betune the good and the evil At that moment in the middle of two sary and how it nappened to be caught thunderclaps, I heard the sound of on me saddle noru.

orses' hoofs behind nearin' me like a

"It's the divis comin' to block me." said, crossin' meseif with one hand white I insued me norse with the oth-

But in spite of me whip and me spurs and me prayers the nend bealing me, seemin to be pushed on by the windstorm, kept gainin' on me, till at inst I could bear him runnin me neck and neck, for divil a bit of him I could see for the blackness. The divit has power over the aghtnin', for, although there was thunder, not a flash came bright enough to show him to med plain. Once one brighter than the rest gave the a glimpse of him but he was not like Satau at all. He wore a dress tike a woman, black as the night, and a long cloak stood out behind nim in the wind, and, worst of all, he was slowly gainin' on me. I make did the business and i sat up in howled to the saint to give me borse wind and strength, but it did no good. and I was thinkin' that he, knowin on to prevent the ion of the plate in' and gainin, drawin on pefore me till at last I could hear the ciatterin far ahead.

About that time, tookin' up in the sky, I saw a rift in the clouds and the moon, with a little star beside itmebbe for protection or companionship in the big beavens-tookin' as serene as a saint just out of purgatory But all about rolled the black clouds. now and then lightin' up like big fireflies, some of 'em sendin low roars tike a sullen army that's been beaten and movin' away in the distance. And somehow it set me to thinkin' that after all the forces of good had beaten the forces of evil.

It was at that time that I saw some thing shinin in the moonlight just over the withers of me borse. Putting the hand down near where it was, what did I feel but a little cross, I tried to take it away, but somethin held it. Runnin' me hand up to the horn of me saddle, I found hangin to it a string of beads. I took it off, and it was a rosary.

Then I changed me mind, not bellevin' it was the divil that had been ridin' beside me, but St. Patrick himself, who in passin had hung the land. rosary to my saddle born to tell me that he was himself goin' to save his which young Mrs. Burden has done own and that I needn't trouble meself about the matter.

After this I rested me horse a bit, giftterin' with stars, and the moontrees. In the east the black clouds were rollin' away and no sign left of the storm except water runnin' beside the road and the streams roarin' and boilin' down under the bridges to his name. And what made me feel better than I might at somebody-for I wasn't sure it was St. Patrick or the divilsittin' ahead of me in the race was and her grandfather's well known the moonlight on the drops of water hangin' on the trees and the fences like

dered what new miracle was on foot, but when I came nearer I cried out: "Bedad, it's the church!" Thinkin' the robbers were there, I polo games, where this photograph pushed ahead, wonderin' what the beggars would be doin' lightin' up their the extreme of the mode, created a sacrilege, but hopin' to scare 'em off sensation. Mrs. Burden is said to be before they could git away with the a peerless horsewoman, capable of plate. I galloped up to the front door, holding her own on the back of the leapt from me horse and was goin' in most spirited or unruly horse. Golf, but for the door bein' locked. I ran tennis and all the sports of the fasharound to the door in the rear, where lonable set have found in her an arthe priests are used to goin' in, and dent champion. As a whip few wom-

tiny diamonds. I went on till, lookin'

ahead, I saw a high buildin' all lit up.

It bein' the middle of the night I won-

stood still, speechless. There was Father Conover at the

altar reciting the Litany. I went in. crossed meself, bendin' me knee at the same time, and when the father had finished be saw me standin'

"If you've come for the plate," he said, "you'll have to pass over me body to get it."

"Father!" I cried. "Don't ye know me? I'm Mike Mulcahey!".

"And what are ye doin bere?" "I come to save the plate."

"Ye're too late. I'm here ahead of

"And how do ye think to save the plate by lightin' up the church and sayin' the Litany?" "I'm hopin' that if they come to

take it, seein' me here at the altar. they'll fall on their knees instead of committin' a sacrilege."

"How did ye git bere?" "One of them that weakened came to me and told me what was brewin'. I borrowed a horse and set off, pass-

in' one of the beggars on the road." "Ob. father, it was me ye passed At first I thought ye were Satan, then I thought ye were St. Patrick."

"And what made ye think me St. Patrick?"

"Because I found this resary bangin' to me saddle born." With that he put his hand to his waist and said:

"I've lost me own rosary. When passed ye I rubbed ye. Me rosary fell off and caught on your saddle

"And I thinkin' that it belonged to By that time persons that had hap-

cened to see the lights in the church came runnin' in, every one askin' what it meant. When they beard that robbers were intendin to take the plate they all stayed till the day was breakin', and never a robber was seen at all at all.

I've never got over wonderin' how it happened that I first misrook a priest for the divil and afterward for St. Patrick. But the most cur'us fact of all is how the father lost his roRENOUNCED A TITLE.

Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden Prefors to Remain an American.



MRS. ARTHUR SCOTT BURDEN.

One of the most interesting and original young matrons in New York soclety is the beautiful Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden, formerly Miss Cynthia Burke Roche, daughter of the famous beauty, Mrs. Fanny Burke Roche, and the Hon, James Boothby Burke Roche, heir presumptive of Baron Fermoy of the peerage of Great Britain and Ire-

One of the very original things in the past is formally to renounce all allegiance to the British government, of which she was born a subject. As he blowin' like a porpolse. Then I her father or brother is certain evenwent on at an easier pace. By this tually to become a baron of the realm. time half the west was quiet like and with the reversion to herself of the right to bear the title of honorable, light was soft on the wet hills and this is all the more remarkable in an age when fashionable American women are-so enamored of titles that they are willing to marry almost any dilapidated pauper who can attach a title

The union of the lovely Mrs. Burke Roche and her Irish busband was an unhappy one, and no doubt this fact aversion to foreigners may have influenced Mrs. Burden, although she is known as a young woman with well defined opinions of her own. She is particularly devoted to outdoor sports, and, with her husband, she was one of the most interested and intelligent spectators at the recent international was taken. Her gown, which is in

found it open. Runnin' in, I was ready en excel her, and as a swimmer she to cry, "Avast, ye robbers!" wuen I might wrest the title of society champion from the fair "Bobby" Sears of

NOVEL NEW CHAPEAU.

It Is of Turkish Toweling and Is Called the Wash Rag Hat.

The wash rag hat, as it is called, is one of the most dashing creations that fashion designers have put upon the market this season. Turkish toweling is the material used as the foundation



OUTING HAT.

[Designed by Ora Cne. Photo by Ameri-

for this fetching chapeau, which is now to be seen upon the counters of the fashionable shops. A wire frame, usually one of the round crowned type, is covered with the toweling, a fine quality in pure white or ecru being chosen. The hat brim is then faced with veivet, and a bow of the material is then knotted at the front or sides. Royal purple velvet was used in trimming this hat. Blue makes a handsome decoration, while black is perhaps the most harmonious of all.

Canale In England. Canals in England date back to an early period, for the Romans built two in Lincolnable-the Foss dike, forty miles long and still navigable, and the Caer dike. The first British made canal was constructed in 1134 by Henry t. and joined the Trent to the Witham, It was toward the end of the eighteenth century that the greatest amount of energy was expended in the building of vanats, mainly due to the Duke of Bridgewater and the skill of his engineer, James Brindley, in the last decade of that century a THE "NIGGER TEACHER"

B. WALTER B. HENDRICKS

Copyright by American Press Asso-ciation, IRL. Were you here when the war broke

out?' I asked a citizen of Alabama during a visit to that state in 1868. "Waat, yes, I reckon ! war byar about that time."

"Do you remember Cyrus Vanderveer?"

"Reckon I do remember Cyrus Vandeveer. Nobody who was hyar when he was hyar 'li forgit him, I reckon." "Do they remember him kindly or unkindly?"

"They remember him mighty kindty about the time be went away, but when he first came down hyar they didn't take to him at ail."

"What changed them? Tell me al'

about it." "Weil, sub, Cyrus Vandeveer was know enough to let the southern people alone to do what they fiked with their niggers. At that time we didn't want our slaves to know too much, fo' if they did we would lose our property. Vandeveer set up a school fo' the blacks. Some of our most influential citizens went to him and protested. He said that he believed it to be his duty to teach 'em, and he proposed to go on with the wo'k.

"They went away and consulted, but they didn't say anything mo' to wandeveer, who continued teachin' the uiggers. That was just befo' the wab. and we was all gittin' mighty bot down hyar. Finally one night Vandeveer's schoolhouse was observed to be on flah. The darkies ran fo' buckets to put water on it, but the committee stopped 'em. tellin' 'em they couldn't put on any water. Co'se the niggers was mighty cut up about this, and it made a heap o' trouble among 'em. The schoolhouse burned to the ground. and there was nothing left but a few charred timbers. Vandeveer wasn't nigh. He had gone to see a sick darky that had been one of his scholars and didn't get back till his schoolhouse was burned to ashes.

"That was a very dry season, there not having been any rain fo' months After the flah everybody went to bed The wind rose, and-well, some s'pose it carried a spark, and some s'pose the spark got lodged in the shingles of the roof when the schoolhouse was burning. Anyhow, about 11 o'clock there was an ala'm o' fiah at Cunnel Woodbridge's house. The cunnel was playin' a game o' draw at Majo' Atwater's with Captain Sykes, Cunnel Thorpe and 'several other influential citizens. They had burned the schoolhouse and afterward gone to Majo Atwater's fo' a julep and a game of cyards. Cunnel Woodbridge sta'ted up when somebody rushed in and tole him his house was afiah, sayin' he had left his little gal tha' alone. The cunnel was a widower, with this little daugh ter, about twelve years old.

house the downstairs was burnin', and nobody could get upstairs. Little Mary Woodbridge ran to a windo' and, see in' her father below by the light o' the flames, stretched out her a'ms to " 'Papa, save me!'

"I was lookin' myself at the cunnel, and I neva' saw such an expression of agony on a man's face in my life No one could get up to the child, fo' everything below was afiab.

"Just then a man come along and took in the situation. He was that cursed nigger teacher. He was young and active as a cat. There was rusty lightning rod in a corner of the house runnin' up right to the window wha' the gal was. Vandeveer be tuk hold of it and shinned up to the window and reached out an arm. The gai tuk hold of it and swung down beside the abolitionist, who held on to the

rod with the other hand. "Waai, there he was. He couldn't come down hand ovab hand with only one hand, and he couldn't hold on long. Anyhow, it was gittin' hotter all the while, and be and the gal would burn to death. But he hung on. While he was that the room what the child had been burst into a flame. It looked as if both of 'em must perish when some one come with a ladder and, puttin' it up to 'em, Cy dropped Mary on to it and she got down. Then Cy foi

lowed her. "You just orter seen Cunnel Wood bridge when he got his daughter from the man whose schoolbouse he had helped to burn. And his burnin' the schoolhouse was what burned his own house, and if it hadn't been for Cy Vandeveer would 'a' burned Mary The cunnel couldn't look the nigger teacher in the face. He just put out

his hand and said nothin "That was the night befo' Fo't Sum er was fired on, and the next mawnin' when they tooked fo' Cyrus Vandeveer he wa'nt no wha' to be found. They reckoned he'd lit out to the no'th to light the south."

"What's become of Mary Wood-

"Ob, she's fivin here with her aunt. She's grown up now. Lots o' young fellers want to marry her, but she says she's waitin' fo' that nigger teacher that saved her from burnin'.' "Where can I find her?"

"Over the' in that white house." As walked away be called: "Say, stranger, what do you want of her?" "I'm the nigger teacher. I've been waiting for ner too."

The Adder's Poison. One of the most wonderful things in nature is the arrangement of the teeth in the mouth of the common adder or viper. The creature does not use its poison fangs when it bites the animals on which it feeds, and so by a very curious arrangement these faugs are laid back flat to the roof of the mouth out of the way of the ordinary teeth which are used for feeding. By this means the adder can use whichever set of teeth it pleases; one set will polon its enemy and the other is more suitable for enting its food.

***************** "BUGS" RAYMOND EN-COUNTERS NEW WORD.

Somebody told "Bugs" Raymond that "Rube" Marquard was ambidextrous. "Yes," said "Bugs," lowering his voice, as "Rube" was near, "you want to watch that guy; he'd just as soon shoot you in the head as look at you." ***********

REIDY'S LIMIT WAS REACHED.

Former St. Louis Twirler Shone as Comedian, But-

"I often wonder," says Jimmy Callahan, the veteran outfielder of the Chicago Americans, "what has become of Bill Reldy, the sweet singer and vaudeville performer. Bill was supposed to be a pitcher and as such was signed by Jimmy McAleer for the St.

Louis Browns some years ago. "Bill never pitched more than three or four innings, his arm being on the blink, but he managed to stay on the payroll for many days-namely, through his vaudeville abilities.

"One afternoon he was conching at one of them abolitionists that didn't third base and ran one of his men into a double play. When he came back to the bench McAleer addressed him. "Bill," said McAleer, "you have sung for me, whistled for me, danced for me and told me funny stories. You have used up all of your material at least eight times. Now, then, you elther have something new for tomorrow or else you'll have to pitch "

BARROW MAKING GOOD.

New President of Eastern League Try ing Hard to Stamp Out Rowdyism. For the first time in its history the Eastern league appears to have a man at its head who is determined to stop senseless kicking and umpire baiting on the ball field. Edward Barrow bas started out as if he intends to make a record in this respect regardless of the outcome. He comes up for election again next winter, and, while there will undoubtedly be opposition to his continuation in office by some of the club owners, the public will be for the man who is trying to stamp out rowdyism.

Baseball has prospered ever since brawls were eliminated from the ball field, and the Eastern league would be a more powerful organization if it had had a man of the Barrow type at its head years ago.

ALEXANDER FIND OF SEASON.

Philadelphia Nationals' Young Twirler Now Sensation of Old Circuit. . Grover Cleveland Alexander, the sensational young member of the Philadelphia team is the leading pitcher of

the National league, with a record of twelve won and two lost. In twelve games but sixty-two hits have been made off his delivery He has fanned



Photo by American Press Association. ALEXANDER, PHILLIES SENSATIONAL

eighty-one men and walked forty-three. Alexander has proved to be the pitching find of the season. The club obtained the young twirler for a song by drafting him from Syracuse last fall. He not only struck out ten of the Pirates in one game recently, but fanned Clarke. Wagner and Miller in

FIND FOR SOME CLUB.

Joe Jackson Says His Brother Is Phenomenal Player.

Joe Jackson, the Cleveland American crack outfielder, offers a free tip to the "greatest ball player I know," and he says the club that can shackle the man will land the best man in the bush engues.

"The man I'm talking of," said Jackson, "is my brother Dave, but he will not leave Carolina. He-can do-everything I do. I think he hits the ball harder. He likes the south, and I don't think he will leave, no matter how much money they offer him. I don't pose as a judge of ball players, but Dave is a better player than I am, and the club that can coax him away from home will land a wonder."

Sugge Has New Twister. Pitcher George Suggs of the Cincinnati Nationals has a new curve called the rural delivery.

CHARITY.

Charity is a naked child, giving honey to a bee without wings naked because excuseless and simple, a child because tender and growing, giving honey because honey s pleasant and comfortable, to a bee because a bee is labonous and deserving, without wings because helpless and wanting. Deny such and thou killest a bee; give to other than such and thou preservest a

At the Portland Thea

LAST CAR LEAVES FOR OREGON CITY AT MIN

FERRIS HARTMAN COMING

Popular Comedian in "The Toymaker at the Hellig Theatre.

The most popular comedian which the West has ever known, Ferris Hartman, who has just completed the most successful season he has ever had in Los Angeles, will visit Portland where he will appear at the Heilig theater, in his wonderful creation of "The Toymaker." This charming and delight.

created a tremendous Davies will be jo season. In scenic tume splendor "T be the most elabor



WALTER DE LEON WITH FERRIS HARTMAN AT HEILIG.

Favorite player will be seen with Fe rris Hartman in the musical e "The Toymaker," at The Heilig T heatre for three nights, beginn day, July 2. Popular price souven ir matinee, Tuesday, July 4.

become thoroughly identified with it atmosphere of light and galety, and his conception of the part of the it peculiarly attractive. In additional conception of the part of the it peculiarly attractive. old toymaker of Nurenburg. "Jo-hannes Guggenheimer," has become a contain the names of Oliver L classic with him. Mr. Hartman comes Joseph Fogarty, Miss Josle H the largest company, which he has comic opera been given such a ever had and "The Toymaker" will be rendered in a most claborate and fitting manner. The contumes and "The Toymaker" and rendered in the contumer that the contumer that the content is the content to the conten fitting manner. The costumes and scenery are all new bright and most attractive. The company consists of delight.

ful comic opera has been played by its huge revolving drum, its did. Hartman for so long that he has clad and beautiful girl chorus manner of the Ferris Hartman Company, it proves a

Popular prices will prevail to featured Walter De Leon and Miss engagement. See display "Muggins" Davies, who have just ment in this issue.

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BUMPSTEAD-LEIGH

An American Comedy by Harry James Smith Seat Sale opens Tuesday, July 11 July 17, 18, 19

ETHEL BARRYMORE.

The Water In the Oceans. One per cent of the water of the ocean would cover all the land areas of the globe to a depth of 200 feet.

Swift Falcons.

A falcon trained to carry messages has been known to cover 750 miles in

Cripples are seldom seen in China. When a deformed child is born it is at once put to death

A Chinese Custom.

Bathe tired feet at night in very warm water to which a generous handful of salt has been added. A Clever Mute.

Emanuel Philibert, prince of Savoy,

deaf mute, who died 1700 at the age

of fifty, mestered four languages, Hewitt-I don't feel like myself. Jewett-It's too bad you don't look the

way you feet.-New York Press.

Superstitious Musicians. Musicians are often singularly superstitious. Paderewski once ordered an

expensive apartment in London, but refused to enter when he found it was No. 13 of a certain street, although he paid for it. Massenet has written twenty-one operas and many other compositions, but on all of his manuscripts page 12% is written in place of

It must have been a corking hot day that prompted the following ad., which appeared in the New York Tribune on

Aug. 7, 1861: "Hot. Hotter, Hottest.-The dog star rages. The sun pours a flood of burn ing rays. Music pours its melting strains, and the people, sweating at every pore, are pouring into Nos. and 6 Burling slip to purchase ice pitchers of Lucius Hart."

Mrs. Smith's Funeral He The funeral services over the mains of Ars. Lizzle Smith, wheat the family home at Canama Thursday afternoon, were constant the residence in Canamah 7 afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, the A. Hayworth, pastor of the B church officiating. The intermed in the Canemah cemetery. friends of the deceased attended floral tributes were numerous beautiful. The pallbearers were bors of Mr. Smith, and were M A. F. Stokes, John Carothers, I Porter, Dodson, Rutter and B

Hotel Arrivals.

The following are registered Electric Hotel: W. A. Baldwin, by; H. G. Sona, San Francisco F. David Freeman, Mulino; Mr. Mrs. H. J. Hamson, Rainier: Harris and wife, B. Franklin, Francisco; J. Wolfer, city; W. Brait, Von C. Divon, cit. Pratt, Van Kay, C. Dixon, clu N. Brown, Colfax, Wash.; J. H. St. Louis; H. M. Alderman.

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