

HE ESCAPED THE GALLOWS

By R. G. MARTIN
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An old sailor was run into his last port—the Suller's Mang Harbor. After his first supper he sat on a bench outside, filled a pipe with a short stem and smoked lugubriously. Several of the inmates of the institution approached him, pulling on their own pipes, and sat down near him, and one of them said to him:

"Mate, we uns have made a rule here that every new-comer introduce himself by spinnin' a yarn. That way we can judge him. A man generally gives himself away when he's tellin' his experiences."

"About meself?"

"In course. How can we judge o' you if your yarn's about some one else?"

"Well, here goes," said the new-comer after a few thoughtful whiffs at his pipe. "My yarn happened when I was aboard the bark Sarah Blake. I was young then and full o' life, and, though I say it myself, no man could get afloat quicker and hang on tighter, furtin' at the same time, than I could. But I had the misfortune to get the comin' o' the first officer, McWhahey, and after that my life wasn't worth livin'."

He did everything he could to get me overboard, sendin' me out to the end of a yardarm when the ship was rollin' and dipplin' me in the crests of the seas. Another time he sent me on to the bowsprit when it was covered with ice and pokin' itself into every wave that came along. Well, one day he knocked me down with a maulinpike, and I picked up a captain bar and hit him on the head."

The old fellow took his pipe out of his mouth, cocked his eye at his hearers and asked if the Suller Harbor was a locker for secrets. Being assured that it was, he proceeded:

"I was desperate and didn't know how hard I struck. I cracked his skull, and he died the same afternoon. In course I was put in irons to be taken into port and tried for both mutiny and murder—either one o' which, as you know, mates, is enough to hang a man."

"There wasn't a seaman aboard that didn't like it because I'd downed the mate and got rid o' him. The captain and the other officer didn't think that way. They didn't believe in mutiny nobow, and they was bound to bring me to trial. They didn't know who to trust to guard me in the brig, but it didn't make much difference, for so long as we were at sea there was no way o' gittin' ashore, even if I had my liberty. But the afternoon after I killed the mate my guard, as soon as he was put on watch, put his finger aside his nose, and he said in a whisper:

"Mate, we seamen has been consiltin' a way to git you out o' hangin'. We're nearin' the coast, and the mate who killed is to be buried at two bells tomorrow mornin'. He's sewed up in his hammock now, with a ten pound shot tied to his ankles. Nay the worst and we'll take him out and put you in. We kin give you a sharp knife to cut yourself out with, some cork from the lifeboats, a bottle o' water an some herrings."

"I told him I'd rather die that way than be swingin' at a rope's end, and I might get picked up. No that night when the men that was my friends was on watch they tuk off the irons, give me the things, tyin the cork around my body under the arms, the herrings in a bag the sailmaker had got up for the purpose around my waist, a bottle o' water hung from the waist between my legs, and the knife I put in my pocket. Then they watched their chance to get rid o' the mate's body and after dumpin' it overboard put me in the hammock and sewed me up."

"In the mornin', soon after two bells struck, I heard footsteps on the deck, nobody sayin' nothin' and then quiet for awhile, when the captain's voice sounded solium readin' the burial service. This was more'n I'd counted on. I knew I'd probably die, but I objected to the burial service bein' read over me before I was dead."

"Howsomever, I lay still, and when the skipper got through I felt myself lifted up, laid on a inclined plank and skidded off into the water."

"Dye know, mates, that was a mighty mean feellin', a weight hangin' to my ankles, draggin' me down. But I didn't have no time to be thinkin' if I didn't cut the shot loose quick enough I'd go down where the water pressure would keep me down. Besides, I couldn't hold my breath more than fifty seconds, though I'd been practicin' doin' o' it. I whipp'd out my knife, ripped open the hammock, got my arms out and cut the cord in about twenty seconds."

"The bag fell off while I was risin'. There was a danger that I'd be seen from the ship. So I was, but this had been provided for. As soon as I was afloat some of my friends tuk up the attention o' one o' the officers, and nobody saw me except men who was in the plot."

"I floated on the water all that day and the next. I'd had a good breakfast before bein' h'istred overboard and didn't eat nothin' till evenin', when I pulled out some herring from the pouch around my belt and took a little water. I saw several ships that day, but none o' em came near enough to hail. The next day one passed me about a mile away. Another, twelve hours later, pretty near ran me down. I yelled, and they took me aboard."

Stories from Out of Town

SANDY.

With overhanging dark clouds threatening rain; amid the booming crackers and roaring cannons the morning of the Fourth of July dawned, and patriotic people awakened from their slumbers very much disappointed to see that a gentle mist was falling, but soon the sun broke through the threatening clouds and everything brightened up and the disappointing frowns of the many people disappeared and a smile that didn't come and remained during the day while the gaiety and festivities were going on and everybody seemed to appreciate the beautiful day that blessed us after all.

Early the crowds came in wagon loads, autos, buggies, horse back and every other imaginable mode of traveling, also quite a few came over from Bull Run, having come on an excursion, the first ever given on the Mt. Hood Electric line from Portland to Bull Run, and early in the forenoon hundreds of people had gathered in town to observe the nation's birthday. The exercises began with the parade

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE

LIVE BY THE DAY.

You are under contract to live your life.

How will you do it—by the day or by the job?

If you live by the job you are apt to be always getting ready to enjoy the performance.

If you live by the day you are likely to get something out of life.

It is well enough to plan for the future and work to your plans, but you should get something out of life every day.

We live too much in prospect. We will enjoy life—when we get fixed for it. We will be happy—tomorrow or next day. We will be useful to our generation—when we get time for it. We will read and think and love—as soon as we get to it.

In consequence we live and die in expectancy.

If we are to live at all and love and help and study and enjoy it must be today.

Marcus Aurelius, the Roman emperor, learned the secret 1,800 years ago and in his golden book has revealed it. I know of no book, aside from the New Testament, that is so well adapted to the use of the average person whose lot is hard and disappointing.

Marcus Aurelius had to do about everything he did not want to do.

He despised pomp and circumstance, but had to be an emperor. He loved study and had to spend much of his life at the head of an army.

Nevertheless he discovered how to live every day so as to get something out of that day.

He was never so tired that he could not find something worth while in the conditions. One of his methods was to study some person about him, select the best quality—never the worst quality—and try to imitate that person at his best.

He never had a crutch. He lived every day as if it were the only day. Let us also live today.

Today you can get a little reading, a little exercise, a little diversion, a little love—do not economize on the love; and a little inspiration.

Count that day lost whose low descending sun has brought you neither joy nor sympathy nor entertainment nor betterment.

Live by the day.

The contract is big and complicated considered as a job. It is greatly simplified when you work on it by the day.

Beating Him at His Own Game.

A solicitor looked in great astonishment at a joker who had just offered him a threepenny bit in payment for advice. "What is this for?" he asked. "My fee is six and eightpence."

The countryman smiled. "That be all right, rurr?" he replied. "His and eightpence make fourteen pence, fourteen pence be one and twopenny, and, sure enough, one and twopenny make threepence. Good day, rurr!"—London Mail.

The Dairy as a Temple.

The people called the Todas, living in the Nigiri hills, India, have a curious religious ritual evolved out of the ordinary operations of the dairy. The priest is the dairymen, and the temple is the dairy. Only the milk of the sacred buffalo is churned in the dairy temple. The milk of buffaloes that are not "sacred" is churned in the front part of the huts in which the people live. The dairy temples are of different degrees of sanctity, corresponding to the different degrees of sanctity of the buffaloes tended in each. Even the vessels used in a dairy temple vary in sanctity, those that contain the milk being more sacred than those that only receive the products of the churning.

Canaries.

Canaries, those wee cage birds whose tuneful notes are familiar to every one, frequently live sixteen years.

headed by the Currinville brass band and Grand Marshal Mike McCormack, followed by several floats, one worthy of special mention, arranged by Oscar Dahlgren of the Sandy Confectionery store, and a large number of citizens constituted the first parade ever given in Sandy. After reaching Meinig park the exercises were opened by Chairman E. F. Bruns, followed by a song by the little boys and girls, trained by Mrs. P. T. Shelley, who sang stirring patriotic airs and was vigorously cheered by the great crowd, followed by selections by the band. George Hennessey, Sandy's favorite little singer, sang a popular air.

Howard Brownell was then introduced as the orator of the day. He, in a most forcible, interesting and instructive manner, delivered one of the best orations ever heard in Sandy. At the conclusion of his address three cheers were given this young silver-tongued orator, which were given with a vim and vigor. Also three cheers were given to the 15 little boys and girls who entertained the people with patriotic songs and recitations.

The Declaration of Independence was read by Miss Anglia Canning, who, as usual, in a most interesting way, read that sacred statement in such a pleasing manner to arouse the patriotism of the people to a high standard.

In the afternoon the numerous contests and races took place, the Currinville band filling the air with sweet strains of music. With the cheering crowds Sandy closed the most successful celebration ever held.

MILWAUKIE.

The barber's union, of Portland, celebrated at Crystal Lake park July 4th. The usual features took place—baby shows, races of all kinds, dancing and a general wind-up-of-fire-work. A large crowd gathered. Mr. Walsh, Owen Walsh was the only unfortunate boy at the celebration. A fire cracker exploded in his hand and injured his eye. Dr. Townley dressed the wound and the boy will wear a bandage for a few days.

Milwaukee grange will meet Friday evening. Regular routine business. Pomona grange will meet with the Highland grange at Clarkes July 12. The Milwaukee grange will attend also.

Work was started on the Catholic church building Wednesday morning. Sunday at 8 a. m. communion will be given to six girls and two boys by Father B. Hugenroth. High mass will be held at 8 a. m.

The Milwaukee band and a large crowd went to Estacada to celebrate the Fourth; they all report a good time.

The street work is moving along slow but sure. Main street will soon be ready for its finishing touches.

Mr. Keller has a fine new fence around the property on Foster road.

The moving picture show opened July 4th and was well attended.

London Circle 148, W. O. W., will hold a public installation on July 14. The following officers will be installed: Mrs. Fisher Guerding Neighbor, re-elected; Mrs. Hicks Banker, re-elected; Mrs. Arnold Clark, re-elected; Mrs. Dowling, manager; Mr. W. H. Council, manager; L. Fisher, manager; Mrs. Anna Mullen, advisor; Mrs. Templer, magician; Oliver Skogge, outer centinel; Miss Sally Warren, inner centinel; Mrs. Townley, captain of the guards, re-elected. Friends are invited. Refreshments will be served and a good time expected.

Twins were born to Mrs. Schrem Monday. Mother and babies are doing nicely.

The State Bank Examiner spent last Tuesday at the First State Bank and found everything in fine condition. He complimented Mr. Bolsted highly on the condition of the bank.

A number of the Milwaukee people attended the funeral of the late Dave Campbell at Portland Thursday afternoon. The mayor ordered the town flag half-mast as a mark of respect to the dead hero fire chief of Portland.

Remember the I. O. O. F. installation Monday evening.

The moving picture show will open July 4.

Miss Bessie Holt entertained the Milwaukee High School graduate classes of 1910 and 1911 Thursday evening.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Graale gave them a surprise last Monday evening, when they gathered at their home to assist in celebrating their twentieth wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Graale were presented with a beautifully hand-painted china cup and saucer.

LOGAN.

This sunshine will be appreciated by the farmers now as hay, especially clover and vetch that has fallen, will rot on the ground if not harvested soon. The rain has been of no real benefit but has done damage too in causing heavy hay and grain to fall.

Ball game Sunday between Logan second and Damacus was 7 to 5 in the latter's favor and was a closely played game.

The Logan boys will play William Hill's team from Portland, Sunday, July 9, at Logan.

G. Frederick is going to build a new barn.

J. Minder's new house looks very neat and adds much to the appearance of that neighborhood.

Autos by the dozens were out looking for cozy nooks along the Clackamas Tuesday. One crowd came and the driver seemed to have business elsewhere, anyhow they had to phone Portland at night for another car.

Most everybody and his dog went to Gladstone the Fourth and, like Yankee Doodle, could not see the crowd, there were so many people.

There was a picnic at Stone at the park and everybody of course had a good time.

Dame Grundy has two weddings announced for Stone in the near future.

At the rate applications are coming in it looks as if we will have a school this winter.

All report a good time at Logan Tuesday night; ice cream, all you could eat, then some. Mrs. James Young furnished the supper and Mr. Mendenhall the refreshments.

Thirty members were in attendance at Grange Saturday.

N. L. and P. M. Kirchem delivered a lot of logs to the Mumpower saw mill at Stone. The river being low made the task somewhat difficult.

Miss Louise Duns, of Eagle Creek, visits relatives here this week.

Miss Sylvia Brown went home to spend the Fourth.

Mrs. N. S. Anderson is camping at Chautauqua.

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MACKSBURG.

Willie Etzel suffered a painful injury to his hand last Friday by catching it in the pulley of a hayfork. Two fingers were badly crushed.

Phil Scheer, who was struck in the eye by a staple last week, is still in the hospital, but is reported much better.

Ferdinand Crayberger's new house was the scene of a pleasant party Saturday night. A good size crowd of neighbors and friends were present and everyone had a good time.

A. A. Baldwin was a Portland visitor Saturday and Sunday.

Albert Bribbs enjoyed a visit from his son Allen with his wife, of Portland, last Sunday.

The Gibson house is newly painted and looks fine.

J. W. Smith's new barn is shingled and shows up in grand style.

The Hubbard Whites defeated the Macksburg Juniors last Sunday, at Smith park in an exciting and well-played game, by the score of 4 to 3.

We regret, most deeply, to record the death of Charles Hepler, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hepler, of Macksburg, which occurred on the morning of June 30, following an operation for abscess of the brain, at the St. Vincent hospital in Portland. Mr. Hepler was just twenty years of age and was a young man of fine promise and engaging qualities. His early death is much lamented by the people of Macksburg, among whom he had grown to manhood.

STAFFORD.

The Fourth of 1911 has come and gone and we are all sane, sound of sight and limbs as far as heard from and the day seemed like a Sabbath day in June. The younger set got up a little picnic in Gage's Park from which the older set were excluded. They had a swing, croquet, a dinner with lemonade and a pleasant time generally, and went home tired but happy. A few received friends and many went stayed a couple of hours. She has

abroad, some to see the much talked of game of chautauqua.

Mrs. Elligsen rode over to Mr. Gage's in Mr. Holton's machine, and been quite sick since Sunday but is better at present writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Powell went to Portland Saturday to attend the wedding of a niece and attended Chautauqua on Tuesday.

One of the children left a fork at the park which was found next day and can be had by calling at Mr. Gage's house.

Relatives, neighbors and friends met at Mrs. Mient Peters on the Fourth and had a little neighborhood picnic with ice cream, which was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. Mays and her son, Amos, and daughter Esther, with the little grandson of three years, came to Mrs. Sharp's to pick cherries for home consumption.

We are informed that something in the Stafford items seemed to offend some one.

The meetings at the big tent are to continue through this week and perhaps longer.

Mrs. Nusabum made a pleasant call at Mrs. Elligsen's on the Fourth.

CLARKES.

Mrs. Washburn, from Gladstone, is out taking care of her daughter, Mrs. KleinSmith.

Mrs. Bottemiller is working for Mrs. KleinSmith at present.

Grange meeting was held last Saturday.

Sam Elmer was hauling oats last week.

Mr. Bottemiller is painting his house Mr. Wettlaufer and Mrs. Sorenson went to town last week.

JENNINGS LODGE.

The Community Club held its regular meeting on Wednesday, July 5th. Reports from the social committee of the previous social and the discussion of whether it is advisable to levy a two mill tax to finish the vacant room of the school house took up the entire evening. The majority present being in favor of tax.

Mrs. Barker, of Tacoma, and Mrs. Grout, of Portland, called at the Lodge this week.

Mrs. Thompson entertained a number of the young girls of this place at her home on the afternoon of July 5th. Mrs. Webb favored the guests with instrumental music and with a vocal selection. Wafters and punch were served. Those present were Vera Lewis, Ellen Hart, Helen Paintow, Grace Rose, Allen Warner, Anna Russell.

Mrs. Harvey, of Rose City Park, has returned home after a visit at the Emmons home.

Mr. and Mrs. Standish Shepard, upon to mourn the death of their youngest daughter, Margaret Belle, who passed away at her home on June 30th, after a brief illness with pneumonia. Little Margaret Belle Shepard was born in Portland, Or., on May 3, 1910, and was 1 year, 1 month and 27 days old at the time of her passing away. The funeral was held from her parents' home on the East county road, Rev. Speiss officiating. The little casket was borne by four little girls who are neighbors of the bereaved parents, Caletta and Clara Lehman and Francis and Lillian Sandstrom and the interment was at the Clackamas cemetery. Many beautiful floral tributes were sent with condolences to the parents in their bereavement.

Mrs. T. S. Clarkson was a visitor at the Lodge on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Emmons and Miss Sarah Kaminski and a party of friends were week-end visitors in Yamhill county.

Ed Johnson, of Portland, spent Sunday with Hugh Roberts.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Joe Bailey, of Portland, entertained at the Anderson with a lunch in compliment to Mrs. Emmons of this place. Additional guests were Mrs. Melsner and Mrs. Cleveland and Miss May Cleveland, of Gresham.

Rev. Cocklin occupied the pulpit at the Grace Chapel on Sunday afternoon and preached a very able sermon, supplying this place for Rev. Hornshub, presiding elder, who was to have charge of these services.

Word has been received from Mr. Paintow and he arrived at Calmar, Ia., on July 3.

L. MacFarlane, who has been quite ill, is slowly improving and on Monday made a visit to his physician.

Miss Mabel Morse returned from Seattle last week and on Saturday was accompanied by Mary Jane Paintow to Seaside where they will spend two weeks with Mr. and Mrs. George Morse.

Children's Day exercises will be held next Sunday afternoon at the Chapel and a program in which the members of the Sunday school will take part. All are cordially invited to these services at 3 P. M.

Ahlow Welch underwent a surgical operation at the Oregon Sanatorium on Tuesday of last week.

The dance given in the open air pavilion by the dancing people of this place, was quite largely attended on the night of July 4th, and those in attendance report a good time.

Many private picnics were formed who spent the Fourth on the west bank of the Willamette and a large picnic was held in John Jennings' grove. The river was dotted all day with various kinds of water crafts and many of the homes on the river entertained Portland friends.

Mr. Heathman is enjoying a visit from his two sons and their families from Eugene and Washington.

Grant Lewis rescued two people whose canoe had capsized in the river at this place on July 4th.

On Friday Mrs. Emmons entertained at tea for Mrs. Cleveland and daughter, Miss Maud, of Gresham. The Cleverlands are soon to leave for California where Miss Maud is a teacher at Stanford.

Mr. and Mrs. Steinhaus are enjoying camp life at the Clarkson camp. Mrs. Steinhaus was formerly Miss Inez Cravatte and her many friends here are glad to hear them at this place.

Mr. Grimwald and daughter, Miss Ethel, are visiting at Mr. and Mrs. John Jennings.

Miss Bronie Jennings left on Tuesday for New York and will leave next week for London.

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IT IS LITTLE

YET THAT IS THE TOTAL COST TO YOU CAN YOU AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT IT?