

**A Disappearance**

By RUTH B. SEVERANCE

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There was a ring at the telephone. Mrs. Martindale answered the call and received an inquiry from her husband's office asking if he were at home. Mrs. Martindale replied that he was not and asked why the inquiry was made. The answer was that a gentleman who had an appointment with him was waiting for him; that Mr. Martindale had gone out to lunch and had not returned.

Mr. Martindale did not come home to dinner. His wife telephoned to his club and to every other place where he was likely to go without finding any trace of him. He did not come home that night. The next morning a newspaper contained an item stating that a well dressed man had been seen at 9 o'clock the previous evening to jump off a ferryboat. It was so dark that those who had seen him jump could give very little description of his personal appearance.

Mrs. Martindale was frantic. She feared that this suicide was her husband. Unfortunately the body was not recovered. A body changed beyond recognition was fished up weeks afterward, but there was no certainty that it was the remains of Mr. Martindale. After the police had searched several months for the missing man without finding him his wife reluctantly came to the conclusion that he was the man who had jumped from the ferryboat. Since his business and domestic affairs were in the most satisfactory condition it was supposed that he had committed suicide under a fit of temporary mental aberration.

A man ragged, unshaven, furrows in his face indicating suffering, appeared at the door of a dwelling and rang the bell. A maid came to the door, and seeing one who bore the appearance of a tramp and being alone in the house, she was about to shut the door in his face when he asked if Mrs. Martindale was in.

"No," was the brief reply.  
 "Where is she?"  
 "In the country."  
 "Is Mr. Martindale in the city?"  
 "No. Mr. Martindale is dead."  
 "Mrs. Martindale hasn't married again, has she?" the man asked.

"No. What's that to you?"  
 Without waiting for a reply she shut the door. The man turned away. He was Oscar Martindale, the man who had disappeared several years before. He stood on his own doorstep for awhile, looking out on the passing throng, apparently deliberating what to do next. Then, starting down the street, he hailed a trolley car and, riding to the outskirts of the city, stopped at the gate of a cemetery. Entering, he walked into the interior and stopped at a lot of which he was the owner. There was a central monument with the name Martindale on it in raised letters. Underneath was Oscar Martindale, with the date of birth.

But this shaft held Mr. Martindale's grave only for a second; then it turned upon a little headstone on which was the name Edith. The returned man gave a convulsive shudder. One of his children had gone, his little daughter.

Mr. Martindale walked back to the city. He had expended his last nickel. Besides, he preferred to walk. Reaching the business center, he turned into a bank and, going to the cashier's desk, said:

"How are you, Somers?"  
 The cashier looked at the supposed tramp and asked what he wanted.  
 "Five hundred dollars."  
 Somers glared. "For whose account?" he asked presently.

"Martindale. I am Oscar Martindale."  
 The cashier peered into the man's face for fully half a minute; then, arising and taking both of Martindale's hands in his, exclaimed:

"For heaven's sake, Oscar, have you come to life?"  
 Half an hour later the cashier sent a telegram to Mrs. Martindale saying that he had news of her husband. Mrs. Martindale replied that she would be at home by the first train.

Mr. Martindale left the bank with a roll of bills in his pocket, purchased new apparel and, going to his house, rang the bell. When the maid opened the door he simply said, "Maggie, I'm Mr. Martindale," and walked upstairs. An hour later, after having shaved and taken a bath, he came down, and the maid, who had been in doubt what to do in the matter and was about to call the police, recognized her master. He informed her that her mistress would soon be at home and later that he would go out and order something for dinner.

At 6 o'clock the table was set and a good dinner prepared, while Mr. Martindale awaited the return of his family. Presently a carriage drove up to the house, and there was a ring at the bell. As Maggie passed through the hall to answer the summons her master directed her to ask her mistress to step into the dining room.

Mrs. Martindale entered in a state of excitement, followed by her children.

"There's a gentleman in the dining room," said the maid.

Mrs. Martindale led the way to the dining room, and there stood her husband. She fell into his arms.  
 At the family reunion dinner, which was later brought in, the husband and father told them that he had undoubtedly suffered one of those sudden lapses of memory that are not of infrequent occurrence.

**His Gentle Rebuke.**  
 Fenimore Cooper gave a friend a copy of his last work, inscribing on the flyleaf the words:

"To John Blank, with the author's affection and esteem."

A few months later Cooper came upon this same book at a secondhand dealer's. He bought it in and sent it back to his friend again with a second inscription:

"This volume, purchased at a secondhand shop, is re-presented to John Blank, with renewed affection and reiterated expressions of esteem."

# HERE IT IS

## That Extra Special Offer

### GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS

(NOT CHIPS)

**HERE IS THE PLAN:** To the contestant in each district sending in the largest number of Subscriptions, new or old between now and 6 P. M. August 14 will be awarded one of these GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS purchased from and now on display at Burmeister and Andresen Oregon City Jewelers. Subscriptions for the Daily Enterprise will be counted as double those for the weekly. The winners will be announced and Prizes awarded Sept. 2 the closing night of the contest. Should the winners of the Capital Prizes; the \$400 Kimball Pianos be the ones who send in the most subscriptions under this offer they will be awarded to the next highest in each district. This will give each candidate an equal chance to win a prize, and surely these beautiful rings are worth making an extra effort to win. Under this offer each yearly subscription to the Daily Enterprise will count 2,000 votes and each yearly subscription to the Weekly Enterprise 1,000 votes. Now you who are at the bottom of the list get in and work if you can't win one of the Capital Prizes your chances are as good as the next to win one of these GENUINE DIAMOND RINGS.

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ON PAID-IN-ADVANCE SUBSCRIPTIONS OR RENEWALS DURING DOUBLE SPECIAL VOTE OFFER ARE AS FOLLOWS:

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Two years' subscription \$8 by carrier, \$6 by mail, 5,000 votes.

Three years' subscription, by carrier \$12, by mail \$9, 10,000 votes.

Five years' subscription, by carrier \$20, by mail \$15, 20,000 votes.

One year's subscription Weekly Enterprise, \$1.50, 1,000 votes.

Money must accompany all subscriptions before votes will be issued.

## FIRST PRIZES

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VALUE  
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VALUE  
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Each

Purchased from Portland's Leading Music House  
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## Second Prizes

Two "20th Century" Sewing Machines



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## Third and Fourth Prizes

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WHICH?

Four Prizes to be Awarded

The Enterprise has used every care in the selection of these prizes, and has secured scholarships in two of the foremost educational institutions in the State of Oregon.

## FIFTH PRIZES

TWO SOLID GOLD WATCHES (Ladies size)



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Burmeister & Andresen  
The Leading Jewelers

of 619 Main St., Oregon City, Or.

The above prizes will be awarded Saturday night, September 2nd. If the name of your favorite candidate is not entered in the race, send it in to-day.

For further particulars address the **Morning Enterprise** OREGON CITY OREGON