

A Mystery In A Freight Car

By ADOLPH SNYDER

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I am a brakeman on a freight train. One day during the winter season, when we had come to a stop, I was walking alongside the train and saw a thin smoke coming out from under one of the cars.

"Well, I'll be jinged!" I said to myself. "Here's a freight car, sealed with lead, that hasn't been opened since it started three days ago, and a steam engine in it. Am I in my right mind, or have I tumbled off the brake wheel, where I was sitting a spell ago?"

I stooped a trifle lower and craned my neck in a little further in order to get a better view. There was the pipe, evidently a part of a leader from a gutter belonging to the roof of a house. It extended a few inches downward, then turned with an elbow, the second part extending about a foot rearward.

What to do I didn't know. I was afraid to notify the conductor for fear I'd find out that I'd had a stroke and saw things that didn't exist.

There wasn't any connection between a steam engine and a girl shut up in a box car, especially a sealed box car, but there was a good deal to excite curiosity. I stopped worrying about myself and began to wonder what there was inside that car.

Besides these, I got a view of the car. There was a carpet on it, the worse for wear; in one corner was a mattress with bedclothing; in the center was a pine table, and at one side was a cook stove.

"Please don't give us away," said the girl, going for me with a pair of blue eyes not many could resist.

"You'd better let me come in," I answered. "If the conductor or any of the train hands should come along there'd be no need of giving you away."

"On our wedding trip," the girl added.

"A bride and groom on your wedding trip?" I exclaimed. "How did you get in here?"

"I'll tell you all about it," said the boy. "We're not only on our wedding trip, but we're a runaway couple."

"Are you sure you're not a pair of escaped lunatics?"

"The girl laughed; the fellow looked kind of queer and talked on.

"We were engaged, but neither her dad nor mine would let us get married till we were older. I had a clerkship in a railroad freight house, and I managed to get hold of this car, and one night when you men were making up this train I gave the engineer a signal to hook up against it, and the next time he backed up against a car this was in the train. I'd fixed the door and put in the bridal furniture."

"The bridal furniture?" I said, looking around. "So this is a bridal chamber, is it?"

"Well, it's all we got," he answered. "What have you had to eat?" I asked.

"Bread, bacon, eggs and a few other things. There's our stove. We get a good enough draft when the train's moving."

"And when it isn't moving you fan the fire?"

"Just so."

Hearing some one coming, I put my finger to my lips, and when the sound had passed I went out and shut the door. That was the most original wedding trip I ever saw or heard of, and I wouldn't have given the children away for a farm. I couldn't make up my mind whether they were really on a honeymoon journey or playing they were married, as children do.

When we got to the end of the run they disappeared, and I never found out what had become of them.

A Manly Man. He—You say you like a manly man. What is your idea of a manly man? She—Well, for instance, one who doesn't stay and stay and stay just because he knows the girl isn't strong enough to throw him out.

Her Mistake. Settlement Worker—Mercy, little boy, are you fighting with that child? The Little Boy—Me! Naw, I ain't fightin' wit' him. What's estin' youse? He's me sparrin' partner.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

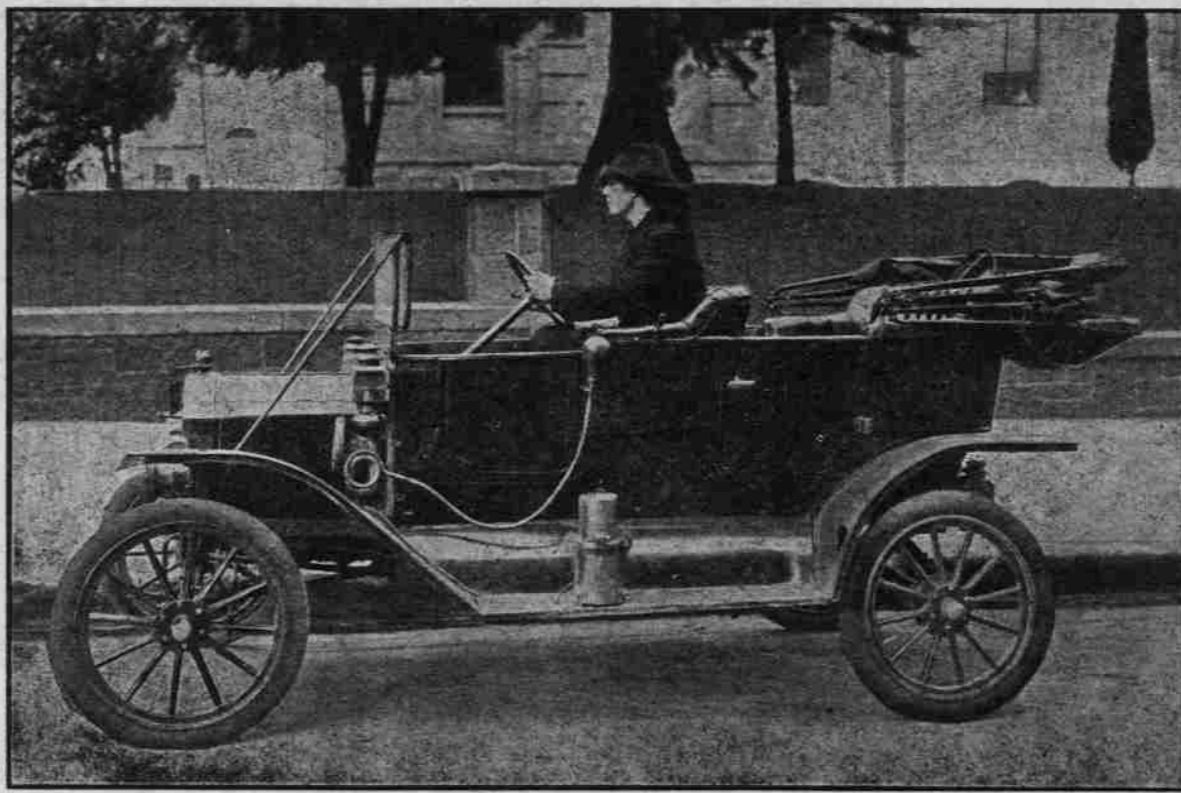
ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE GRAND AUTOMOBILE CONTEST

STARTS FEBRUARY 19th, 1912

ENDS SATURDAY JUNE 1st, 1912

CONTEST OPEN TO ANYONE IN CLACKAMAS COUNTY EXCEPT EMPLOYEES OF THE ENTERPRISE OR THEIR FAMILIES. HERE IS A CHANCE TO WIN A PRIZE THAT IS WORTH EVERY BIT OF EFFORT YOU CAN PUT INTO IT.

IF YOU ARE A QUITTER DON'T ENTER, BECAUSE THIS CAR WILL BE WON BY THE ONE THAT HUSTLES MOST.



\$785 FORE DOOR FORD

Table with columns for DAILY, WEEKLY, and VOTES, listing prices for different terms and corresponding vote counts.

Car on Exhibition at Elliott's Garage

OWING TO THE PERSISTENT DEMAND THAT HAS BEEN MADE TO KNOW WHAT THE RULES OF THE CONTEST WILL BE WE PRINT BELOW A SCHEDULE OF VOTES.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

A FALSE PHILOSOPHY.

"There's nothing in it." Which was my friend's way of expressing the result of his inventory of human life and the values supposed to reside in human living.

I knew his manner of life. He was inordinately selfish. From boyhood he had sought only his own personal pleasure.

Jack Denning, the New York welterweight, the day after he defeated Marcel Moreau, the Frenchman, went to a doctor to have his hand examined, and when he returned to his manager, Dan McKetrick, John's face was black with gloom.

"What's the matter with your mitt?" blithely asked Dan.

"Terrible!" replied Denning. "The doctor says it's suffering from phlebotiphthisis."

McKetrick made one jump to the phone. "Hey," he shrieked to the doctor, "is that thing going to kill Denning?"

"No," piped the M. D.; "that's Latin for an abrasion."

John McGraw is right when he says that it is just as important to watch what the players eat as it is to have morning practice.

It is a fact that the average manager does not give the matter of eating of his players enough attention.

There will be a singular condition of affairs in the major leagues this year in the National league.

A minor league player named Katz was fined \$2.50 for assault and battery last summer.

Not long after the expulsion from Eden, Eve saw Adam digging in the ground with something.

"What is that implement?" she inquired.

"That? Why, that's a spade!" replied Adam, thinking no wrong.

Whereupon Eve blushed violently.

"Oh, mercy!" she cried, and averted her face. In other words, it was long enough after the expulsion for the sense of propriety not only to have come into being, but to have gained considerable headway as well.—Puck.

SPICY SPORT CHATS

By TOMMY CLARK.

John L. Sullivan wishes to announce that the crop of heavyweights is "not like the old days."

Quite true, John. There is not a heavyweight in the land who would not gladly meet Jack Johnson. In the "old days," John, there was one heavyweight who could not be coaxed to fight Peter Jackson, the real champion.

And that same heavyweight, who posed as the champion of America, persistently sidestepped Frank Slavin, Joe Goddard and several others who looked at all dangerous.

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Obedy the Call. Wife—Mercy! Look at your face! What's happened? Hub—A truck driver nearly ran over me, and I called him down. Wife—But your black eye? Hub—Oh, he obeyed my call.—Boston Transcript.

Not Satisfied. "Well," said the Rivlin neighbor, "I reckon your John is satisfied now that he's safe in congress."

Envious. Louis—They say she will get a million the day she marries Fred. Louise—Well, it's worth it.—Chicago News.

BIG IMPROVEMENT IN PRICE OF APPLES

There is a better feeling in the apple market. Prices are giving response to the improvement but no serious advances are at present anticipated.

The improvement affects principally the ordinary quality offerings and prices are generally 25c a box higher. This is due to the decreased supplies of ordinary quality and the greater demand.

Apple prices are ruling along Front Street, Portland, from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a box for good quality. Extra fancy apples are practically out of market but fancy stock is not quoted above \$2.20 to \$2.50, and there is plenty of this quality at the price.

Apples that formerly sold around \$1.25 are now firm at \$1.50 per box. This is the quality that finds the principal call at the present time and any scarcity of offerings naturally brings quick response from the price.

According to information, no large lots of apples are available at any point. For that reason the shipments must of necessity be confined to the local territory.

Prevailing Oregon City prices are as follows: DRIED FRUITS—(Buying)—Prunes on basis of 6 1-4 pounds for 45-50's.

Fruits, Vegetables. HIDES—(Buying)—Green hides, 5c to 6c; salters, 5 to 6c; dry hides, 12c to 14c; sheep pelts, 25c to 75c each.

Hay, Grain, Feed. HAY—(Buying)—Timothy, \$12 to \$15; clover, \$8 to \$9; oat hay, best, \$9 to \$10; mixed, \$9 to \$12; alfalfa, \$15 to \$16.50.

OATS—(Buying)—Gray, \$27 to \$28; wheat, \$28 to \$29; oil meal, \$53; Shady Brook dairy feed, \$1.25 per 100 pounds.

FEED—(Selling)—Shorts, \$36; rolled barley, \$33; process barley, \$40; whole corn, \$39; cracked corn, \$40; bran \$25.

FLOUR—\$4.50 to \$5.25. BUTTER, Poultry, Eggs. POULTRY—(Buying)—Hens, 10c to 11c; spring, 10 to 11c, and roosters, 8c.

Butter—(Buying)—Ordinary country butter, 25c to 30c; fancy dairy,

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