

Adams Department Store
The Most in Value, The Best in Quality

Ask For The Red Trading Stamps

House cleaning time is here. You may want some new furniture. Come to the Adams Furniture department and look over the many handsome pieces of new furniture just put in stock

**Lace Curtains
Portieres
and
Draperies
in Large Variety
to Select From**



Stoves and Ranges

A large stock of stoves and ranges. Your choice of the Queen, Charter Oak, Real Estate and Jewel ranges. We can suit you in price and terms.

**Ostemoor
Mattresses
from
\$10 to \$20**



WE ARE AGENTS FOR THE FAMOUS OSTERMOOR

**Good Quality
Mattresses
from
\$2.50 to \$10**

Wall Paper
New, handsome patterns in large assortment.

Oregon City's Big Department Store

The Spotted Death

A Story of
Vengeance

By F. A. MITCHEL

Years ago in the little town of Frejus, France—the same Frejus at which Napoleon I. landed when he escaped from Elba—located on the shore of the Mediterranean sea, there lived in adjoining places a veritable Paradise and Virginia. The young man, Edouard Le Fevre, at eighteen was rather of the girthier than the southern type, having a profusion of light curly hair and blue eyes. Helene Boucenoit was at seventeen a tall, slender girl with hair and eyes contrasting with those of her lover. Both were strikingly handsome, and when together the difference in type rendered them especially noticeable.

Then, too, they delighted to climb to the heights behind their homes, where they could look down upon the long tortuous line of foam extending northward and southward, fringing the sea a deep blue, a pale green or liquid silver. Their companionship grew into love without their being conscious of the transition. Loving was like breathing, and, not having been sensible of its beginning, they took no thought of its ending.

When the break came it was a great shock to both. Edouard was sent to Paris to complete his education and study a profession. For some time before his departure there was scarcely an hour that the two lovers were not together. It is usually the man who encourages the woman, but in this case it was the woman who encouraged the man, though of the two it is probable she suffered the more. She held up before him pictures of his return at vacation time and finally, after he had acquired his profession, their



"I AM THE SPOTTED DEATH!" SHE SAID.

home together in Marseilles or some of the larger places on the French Mediterranean coast. But Edouard seemed to have a foreboding that these pictures would never be realized. The lovers counted the days between vacations, and as one vacation after another brought a realization of Helene's prediction Edouard's forebodings seemed likely to have been merely the result of some physical depression. He completed his academic studies, then began a course to fit him for the law. A brilliant scholar and prominent in other respects, he was marked by his fellow students one day to take an active part in the political doings of France.

One evening when young Le Fevre was dining with some of his associates in a cafe a man entered and sat at a table near them. As soon as he appeared the conversation among the students was hushed, while they cast covert glances at the newcomer. "Who is he?" asked Edouard. "The spotted death," whispered one of the party. "Why is he called that?" "The name is given him from the Asiatic plague, which occasionally finds its way into Europe and kills every person it attacks. He has fought many duels and has never failed to kill his man." "Does he seek quarrels?" "Yes; he delights in them. Don't talk so loud. If he should hear you speak ill of him he would call you out and kill you."

"Why has no one undertaken to put him out of the way? He should be shot down like a dog."

The spotted death's eye flashed. He had overheard Le Fevre's words. He had ordered a bottle of wine and had poured out a glass. Rising with it in his hand, he advanced a few steps toward Edouard and threw its contents in his face.

Every member of the party of students was horror-stricken. Le Fevre saw the position in which he was placed and, though he regretted his rashness, did what was expected of him. He asked one of his friends to go to the man who had insulted him and secure his address, then, without waiting for a reply, arose with the others and left the cafe.

In Le Fevre's rooms a consultation of his friends was held to determine what was to be done. Considering the sentiment prevalent at that time, it was determined that if Edouard did not meet the spotted death he might as well give up his career so far as his native country was concerned, and there was then no civilized land where a man was excused from resenting an insult. Edouard resigned himself to his fate. He sent a challenge, and the meeting was arranged for the following morning at sunrise.

That night Edouard wrote a letter to Helene couched in the terms of one

who expected to die within a few hours. He had no skill at any weapon and knew he was to be murdered. The main trouble that occupied his mind was the suffering his murder would occasion her. He begged her to do all in her power to forget him.

As was to have been expected, the spotted death the next morning made short work of his antagonist, running him through the heart with ease. The student expired immediately. His comrades regretted the want of caution that led to his death, and in a short time he was forgotten.

One night at a masked ball a figure entered the hall on whose mask was painted the spotted death. Evidently an artist had designed the mask, for nothing could be more horrible, representing, as it did, a man dying with the dreaded Asiatic disease. The spots had been so artistically painted as to appear those of the veritable infection.

Every one shrank from the loathsome looking masker, who gazed about the room till his eye fell on a man dressed as a Spanish grandee, then walked across the floor, every one withdrawing before him with a shudder, till, reaching the Spanish gentleman, he stood very close to him and spat in his face.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the aggressor, "we two—I and this man—are twin brothers. We are both the spotted death. I wear my colors on my person, his are in his mane."

At receiving the insult the Spaniard recoiled for a moment then, recovering himself, tore off his mask and revealed the features of the duelist who had killed Edouard Le Fevre.

"Umph! as I have done and let me know who you are," he said to the man who had spat upon him.

"That is unnecessary. I am the spotted death, the person of your twelve victims. The thirteenth is about to die."

"And he is?"

"Yourself."

Whether it was the confident tone in which the word was spoken or the livid agony expressed in the mask the duelist could not repress a slight start. "Enough of this!" he said. "Your coming here to disturb these festivities shall be punished. I will send a friend to any address you name."

"Pardon me; but let the insult I have given you should not be sufficient, I will duplicate it."

Bending forward quick as lightning, the speaker struck the duelist on the cheek with the palm of his hand. A drop of blood followed the blow. The duelist did not notice it at once, but in a moment, putting up his hand, he wiped it away.

"Your address?" he cried, irritated at this second insult.

"You shall have it in time. Messieurs and mesdames, pardon for interrupting your festivities. On with the dance! It is now 10 o'clock. By midnight or within an hour later my twin brother shall have my address. I desire to accord him a few hours of meriment before I embrace him!"

The duelist with difficulty maintained his composure.

At midnight the revellers unmasked. The duelist, who after the altercation had resumed his face covering, on taking it off a second time was seen to be suffering. He attempted to leave the hall, but staggered, and before reaching the door fell. It was noticed by those who went to his assistance that his face was covered with spots such as were painted on

LOWER ELECTRIC RATES

As a result of economic methods and the acquirement of additional facilities, the **PORTLAND RAILWAY, LIGHT & POWER COMPANY** takes a great deal of pleasure in announcing to the citizens of Oregon City and the surrounding territory an important reduction in its electric light and power rates.

IMPORTANT

It has been the constant policy of the Company to give good service at reasonable rates. The Company is more interested than anybody else in building up a bigger, busier and better Portland, and it fully recognizes the important influence of low rates and good service. The new lighting rate is 9, 7 and 4c per kilowatt hour. Details of this reduction and the conditions involved can be secured upon application at any of the Company's offices. Several months will be required to change over the 31,000 accounts which this reduction in lighting rates will affect. In order that our patrons may be put to the least possible inconvenience, new contracts will be mailed beginning May 1st. The Company earnestly requests that these be signed, witnessed and returned to the Company's representative in Oregon City as promptly as possible, thus avoiding the possibility of waiting in line at the office.

Portland Railway, Light and Power Company

MAIN OFFICE SEVENTH & ALDER STS.
PHONES MAIN 6688 AND A. 6131.

LIVE STOCK MARKET HAS SHARP ADVANCE

The Portland Union Stock Yards Company reports as follows: Receipts for the past week have been as follows: Cattle 1770; Calves 10; Hogs 1829; Sheep 2017; Goats 261; Horses 18.

The general tone of the market on all classes of livestock has been strong with a sharp advance in all lines. Steers brought 10 to 15c better than last week's best sales, one load of tops brought \$6.90. Cows and heifers were in good demand at \$5.85 for the best. Bulls advanced about 50c per hundred, highest sale being at \$5.50. Very few calves offering and those of inferior quality, though the best brought \$3.50.

Hogs closed last Saturday at \$7.50 and opened on Monday at \$8.00 to \$8.95 at which figures they have remained during the week. Market is steady to strong at these quotations. Heavy hogs sold as high as \$7.50 with majority of sales around \$7.00 to \$7.25. Scarcity of mutton sheep continues, quite a bunch of spring lambs on the market which brought from 8c to 10c a pound. The demand for this class of sheep is not very large and butchers are well supplied at this writing. Mutton sheep have advanced all around, ewes being quoted as high as 5c, yearling 6c, lambs with wool \$6.75, wethers \$5.75 to \$5.85.

The following sales are representative:

25 steers	1252	\$6.90
54 steers	1100	6.85
448 steers	1095	6.75
78 steers	1150	6.50
6 cows	1212	5.85
15 Cows	1082	5.80
8 cows	1084	5.85
15 cows	960	5.00
3 calves	243	8.50
1 bull	1700	5.59
4 bulls	1210	4.50
25 bulls	1325	3.25
192 hogs	172	8.05
1227 hogs	195	8.00
13 hogs	326	7.25
12 hogs	350	7.90
250 lambs	52	10.60
6 WpI lambs	76	6.45
353 Sheared lambs	76	5.85
171 Ewes	92	4.85

FINAL TRIBUTE PAID GILBERT S. RANDALL

The funeral of Gilbert Samuel Randall of Central Point, eldest son of Mr and Mrs. George Randall, of this city, was held at the Central Point Methodist Episcopal church Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. Wilson, pastor of that church officiating. The interment was in Mountain View cemetery. Many friends of the deceased living in this city attended the services at the grave while many of his friends and neighbors attended at the church. The pallbearers who were China, August Staehley, Jacob Rettinger, Harry Eastman, Mr. Gregory and J. R. Carworth.

Mr. Randall was born at Rockville, Conn., November 7, 1867, and came to Oregon with his parents to Oregon by way of the Isthmus of Panama when he was six months of age. The family settled at Central Point on a large farm, where Mr. Randall grew to manhood, and where he has since lived.

BRUTUS at the Grand TOMORROW.

MISS HOLMES HONORED BY KING'S DAUGHTERS

The Daughters of the King of the St. Paul's Episcopal church met in the church Monday afternoon and elected officers to serve for the ensuing year, as follows: Miss M. L. Holmes, president; Mrs. H. S. Mount, vice-president; Miss Elizabeth Roos, secretary; Mrs. J. J. Tobin, treasurer. Mrs. Carl Joehneke, Mrs. T. P. Randall and Mrs. L. A. Morris were appointed as a committee to visit the sick. Other business of importance was brought up for discussion, and an adjourned meeting will be held at the home of Miss Gertrude Fairclough April 19.

Heart to Heart Talks.

By EDWIN A. NYE.

CHARLES DICKENS.

Throughout the English speaking world the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens was celebrated on Feb. 7.

Dickens! What a picture gallery of characters appears at the mention of his name—Pickwick and his friends and the immortal Samuel; Tiny Tim, the embodiment of cheerfulness and love; David Copperfield; Oliver Twist and Fagin; the Cherrybloss brothers; Marley, who was dead as a dornail; and Scrooge; Dick Swiveller and Little Nell.

He was a preacher of righteousness and kindness and justness.

And purity—There is not a word in all those thirty volumes of his thirty years of writing that, dying, he would wish to blot out a word that a pure child cannot read.

And—How he hated cruelty and hypocrisy and meanness! And how he exalted goodness and truth and beauty! His high purpose and earnestness are a living rebuke to the flimsy novel writers of our day who are all for art and nothing for the heart.

He put an end to the prison for debtors.

He closed the doors of the Yorkshire type of schools.

He made hypocrisy hideous in the tumble Urial Heep and crime repulsive in Bill Sikes.

He made Dickensian an adjective and wrote it in front of very pious humbug. Every pompous "u'er-do-well is a Micawber."

Why does the world continue to read and love Dickens? Because he photographed life. He of all artists held the mirror up to nature. His wonderful power of observation made the portraits clear.

Note this: One reads Dickens and gains the faculty of seeing humans and things. The same sort of people he pictured live about us today, and we know them not until we have learned to look at them with his eyes.

To know Dickens is to have an observant, kindly friend at one's elbow. He is also an inspiration.

He saw the good and emphasized it. He saw the bad and characterized it. If there is any book of his you have not read, read it. It will not hurt you. It will help you.

Honor to his memory!

The Morning Enterprise is the best breakfast food you can have.

F. M. Gill



Republican candidate for nomination for representative, only candidate from east end of the County.

GENTLEMEN:—It will not be possible for me to meet each voter in the county. I am a farmer and have my spring work to do. Hence I have taken a page in the State Voter's Pamphlet to place before you my record of service in the last House of Representatives. PLEASE READ IT. It will probably be the last page of the pamphlet. Let me remind you that I voted against more than \$1,000,000 one million dollars of appropriations, that I voted against useless commissions; and against every effort to weaken the initiative and referendum. I voted for Dimick's 8-hour bill and fought for the rights of Clackamas County's fishermen. I was the recognized leader of the farmers' fight against cross state roads and Portland road bills. The farmers won. I believe their victory was at least partly due to my efforts in organizing the House against those bills. I am one of the authors of the grange road bill. If people living along the Pacific Highway or Capital City Highway desire to use their tax money on these roads, well and good. It is their own business. But people in the east end of this county should not be taxed for such purposes.

A large majority of the people desiring the repeal of the school supervisor law, I will work for the repeal. I will vote against needless appropriations, useless commissions, and offices and all attempts to weaken the initiative and referendum and recall.

F. M. GILL.

PIONEER OF 1845 VISITS FRIENDS HERE

John B. Fifers, one of the prominent Oregon pioneers, was in this city Monday, and while here visited Mrs. M. M. Carver, of Thirteenth and Washington streets. Mr. Fifers came from McConville, O., to Oregon by team in 1845. There were thirty persons in the party and many hardships were endured. Mr. Fifers also visited several other Oregon pioneers and enjoyed the day relating experiences. He is in his 82nd year, and is enjoying the best of health. He has been spending the winter as is his custom in Southern Oregon, and is on his way home to Tekoa, Wash., where he will spend the summer.

Bird Reservations.
The federal government owns fifty-five bird reservations in different parts of the United States.