deacon, "but I can't say that his disbe-

lief is goin' to keep him out of heaven

·I've met some good, men that kinder

"But there were some puddles left,

shied off from that story"

go home and say nothing more."

even if the waters rolled back."

going to beaven when she dies."

sense not to bring up other subjects of

dispute, but those who have once start-

ed a wrangle on religious matters are

off. The newly weds found it so

There were more doubts, -more dis-

natured man, and for weeks and

Then Philetus came again, and Eu

nice came again, and the deacon's lim-

it was finally reached. He didn't con-

sult with the parson, his wife or any-

card from his brother in Vermont.

out knocking.

"What is it, deacon?"

"But, deacon"-

his coat

Philetus and Eunice were having a

hot dispute over the loaves and fishes

as the deacon walked in on them with-

"I'm giad you came!" cried both in

"So'm I!" he said as he began to shed

"Philetus, I am going to give you a

gaul durned good whaling, and, Eu-

nice, I'm going to lock you down cellar

for two whole days. You've disputed

"No buts about it. You either prom-

ise to quit here and now or I'll pro-

The deacon had them on the run.

He'd never made use of such language

unless he'd reached the jumping of

place. He had his coat off and had

spat on his hands in a business way.

when the couple cried quits. And from

job at good pay and could now and

A Hair Restorer.

"You promised me," she said coldly,

"to return the lock of hair I gave you

ceed to raise thunder and blazes!"

weeks he bore with the disputants

feet wet."

did or not."

liever.

Dan Forsythe rode moodily along the boundary of Nickleson's ranch. From the rise of ground at the southwest corner he could get a glimpse of the roof of the ranch house that sheltered Kitty Nickleson.

Even as Dan rode slowly along the boundary he saw a horseman in the distance and recognized him as Forbes. The latter was approaching the Nickleson ranch at an easy pace and, as Dan thought, with all the confidence of a newly accepted lover who knows that his sweetheart is waiting for him.

Rather than have his secret discovered-and news travels fast in the cattle country, even though the population is composed largely of the masculine sex-Dan swung his horse around and dashed toward the north. He rode fast and furiously, just as though he was out looking for stray cattle or on some other urgent business bent.

When at last he drew rein he was many miles from home in the open country that was known as the "free range."

Then Dan Forsythe was startled by a black object that hurtled toward bim out of the distance and then, when near enough to observe him, whirled about and dashed away.

Dan rubbed his eyes. "That's Kitty Nickleson's horse," he muttered. "It must have broken loose, I'll have to catch it before somebody else puts a brand on the critter."

In a second Dan was flying after Kitty Nickleson's black borse, Beauty, which was famed the countryside through for its spirit and thorough breeding. Beauty's mother had been a pure Arabian, and Beauty was fleet footed as the wind.

Dan Forsythe's horse was not ill named Cyclone. If Beauty was as fleet



"DON'T BE AFBAID, MISS NICKLESON," HE

as the wind Cyclone certainly deserved his name, for he tore after the fleeing horse like a black whirlwind. As Dan drew nearer to the runaway

he saw with tightening throat that a saddle was girted on Beauty's back. That meant one of two things-either Beauty had bolted from the ranch before his mistress had mounted-and that appeared unlikely, for no one seemed to be in pursuit of him-or he had thrown Kitty and left her somewhere, hurt or dying. Pursuer and pursued had torn over

the plain for twenty miles before Danrealized what was happening. Beauty had swerved to the right almost imperceptibly and continued on that course, with Dan in pursuit until all at once the man realized that their positions had changed.

Beauty was the pursuer, and Dan Forsythe was the pursued. It was a vicious Beauty, too, that chased him relentlessly, a frenzied animal with frothy lips parted over long, ugly teeth and wild eyes reddened with

Kitty Nickleson's horse had gone crazy

What had become of Kitty? These words whirled around and around in Dan's mind as he made every effort to urge his tired horse out of reach of the approaching mad horse,

Cyclone was losing his wind now, and Dan beard the hoarse, straining wheeze in his throat as he sprang forward, leap on leap, each time losing a little ground to Beauty. Dan knew that if Beauty caught them it would mean death to both himself and Cycione. He also realized that Cyclone was handicapped by his master's 180 pounds of bone and muscle.

Without his rider Cyclone could outdistance the smaller horse. With Dan

on his back it meant death. Over to the left there now appeared the group of rocks that marked the entrance to Cotton canyon. Among the rocks there grew a bunch of ragged cottonwood trees. If he could reach the trees there would be a chance for Cyclone to sutdistance his pursuer. At any rate, if worse came to worst Dan had a revolver that would effectually put an end to the combat, only he did not have the heart to kill Kitty Nickle-

son's pet horse. He pulled the rein, and Cyclone swerved to the left, and Beauty's boofs pounded menacingly behind. Dan slipped his right foot from the stirrup and crouched low on Cyclone's straining neck. He whispered in Cyclone's laid back ear, and just as the horse swept past the group of rocks Dan slipped to the ground and fell staggering sideways just out of reach of Beauty's flying heels as he thudded

Dan got up on his feet with a strange

singing in his ears. He climbed the rocks and saw that Cyclone was getting away from Beauty, whose mania was burning out his own strength with each shrill scream of defiance that be sent after Cyclone.

All at once Beauty stopped short whirled about and came tearing back toward the rocks.

Despairing of reaching Cyclone, he had remembered Dan.

He was coming back for revenge. Dan glanced hastily around. The canyon was too far away to gain refuge there before Beauty returned. The rocks on which he stood afforded no protection from a crazed horse. There only remained the cottonwood trees. The largest one sprouted among the rocks where he stood. He climbed it. Just as he reached the lower branches the crazy horse came to a standstill underneath and screamed shrilly up at

his escaped quarry. Then he pounded the turf with his feet. Dan looked down and saw something on the ground that sent the blood back to his heart, leaving his face white as

death itself. A pretty soft gray felt bat with a Spanish leather band about the crown was trampled in the grass. A little

gray gauntlet glove lay beside it. Those had belonged to Kitty Nickle-Where was Kitty Nickleson now?

Sudden rage filled Dan's heart, and draw his gun, "Don't shoot," said a soft voice

above his head. Dan stared upward.

On the branch over his head sat Kitty Nickleson berself, rather pale.

"Please don't shoot Beauty-yet," she quavered. "Perhaps be'll go away, and after he is out a distance you might fire-where I couldn't see him fall!" A tear splashed down on Dan's back into his pocket.

"If you don't mind telling me, I'd Dan practically.

So Kitty related her story in disjointed it with dogged persistency.

Beauty had acted queer for several days. They had thought it was the hot killed by one of the line riders. But was generally favored in his home sec-

acted fiendishly from the first. He had snapped at her once or twice as she leaned over his neck to pat him, as she was accustomed to do, and then, all at once, just before she reached the bunch of cottonwoods Beauty had suddenly reared himself and unseated her.

Kitty had managed to roll herself out of reach of his vicious hoofs, and as he searched for her with his little bloodshot eyes she had scrambled to her feet and made for the cottonwoods. She had climbed up somehow, just escaping his first angry lunge as he discovered her retreat.

There she sat, watching him trample her hat and gloves into the ground, shuddering, because she knew what would be her own fate if she lost her hold on the cottonwood tree.

"I am so giad you came," she "So am I," said Dan devoutly, and then he added rather awkwardly, for he felt flercely jealous: "I should not be surprised if some one came to resone us. I happened to see Forbes riding toward your house. He will be looking for you."

"Oh, no he won't," she said confidently. "He was coming to say good by. He's going east for good."

"Why?" was Dan's involuntary question

"Oh, I guess he's tired of ranching," said Kitty Nickleson Just then Beauty made one last effort to dislodge the couple in the cottonwood tree. He was partially suc-

Kitty Nickleson lost her hold and slipped

as she fell. Dan lifted his strong arms and | fought seventy times and never lost a caught her easily. There was just decision. room for them to stand there in that crotch of the tree, while his arm sup-

It was very wonderful.

"Kitty." be whispered boldly, "do you-do you mind?"

Kitty's cheek-yes, the rosy cheek of baughty Kitay Nickleson -came closer, closer and leaned against his own. "Oh, Dan; you are such a slow

coach!" she murmured. A little later, while her sweet eves were hidden on Dan's broad shoulder, Dan's revolver spat forth a bullet that buried itself in poor Beauty's heart. And Dan was there to comfort Kitty.

"What are you studying there. Cla-

"About how to make delightful dishes from left over food. The cook has left." "Well, you can make some nice dishes

from left over food." "Yes, and I have plenty of material. There's a great deal of food left over since I began doing the cooking."-Washington Herald.

Experienced. Mrs. Smiff-What do you say when you play poker? Mr. Smiff-Me? Oh, I say, "That's good."-Baltimore Sun.

INDIVIDUALITY.

No process is so fatal as that which would cast all men in one mold. Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to be what no other is, to do what no other can do. Our common nature is to be unfolded in unbounded diversities. It is to wear innumerable forms of beauty and glory. Every human being has a work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert. which are peculiarly his and which no conscience but his own can

OF PRIZE RING

Bantamweight Champion Is Possessor of Matured Brain.

IS CALLED BOXING SCIENTIST.

Has More Knowledge In His Head Than Majority of the Boys In His Class Will Ever Acquire-How He Handles Himself.

Some one once called Johnny Coulon the little old man of the ring. He is that. And nobody is going to take his bantam honors away from him while he keeps that mature brain working regularly. There is not great danger that he will fail in this regard. Coulon is always serious and always conditioned for any fight he goes into.

He is one bantam that can scale at the weight, which, according to his his hand flung around to his hip to own manner of reasoning, is 115 pounds at gong time, and retain the strength and vigor that are contained in a man of his size. At this weight, which is generally the only figure governing his matches, he being a youth that never gives away a pound, he is a master fighter of proportionate rank with Johnson, McFarland and Kilbane.

Coulon's title of champion of the world has often been disputed, but the upturned face. He shoved the gun fact remains that he stands out prominently abong the midgets and that no other sawed-off, outside of Frankie like to hear how it happened," said Burns, has given him a real fight in two years. Eddle O'Keefe and Johnny Daly humped him some out west, vet ed sentences caused by the constant vi- we all know what the result would be bration of the tree as Beauty attack- if these boys boxed the Chicagoan over a distance or even in a ten round affair where something was at stake.

New York and Brooklyn hurrahed weather. Another horse had gone mad vigorously for Young Johnny Solzberg on the ranges and had been instantly a short time ago. The Brooklyn kid they had not suspected anything seri- tion as a formidable opponent for Couous to be the matter with Beauty, who lon. Some sentimental supporters had was petted and always had the best of visions of the champion doing the sleep stretch, for Solzberg is a good puncher. She had started forth that morning He is likewise the best boy of his for a solltary ride, and Beauty had weight developed in the east during



the past year. Coulon convinced his admirers that Solsie didn't have an out

side chance. In six rounds he plucked the am bitious kid as he willed, and once he had him on the mat. That is usually the way when a youngster strolls into port with eyes dilating for bantam

glory at Coulon's expense Coulon became a fighter in 1906 in an amateur tournament in Chicago Rather it was in that year he made his first public appearance, because he had been a pugnacious individual when riled ever since his first day in school. "Oh. Dan, catch me!" she screamed In the same year he had his first professional bout. Since then he has

The champion is twenty-three years old, but he looks thirty. This may be ported her slender form. Her smooth attributed to a serious outlook upon cheek was dangerously near to his life and a sparse growth of hair, which own. Her long lashes drooped over gives him the appearance of being her eyes, and her curling, sunny hair bald. At the same time his oldish touched his lips. His arm tightened features belie the youthful activity of about her, and she did not seem to his body, but they show this-that Coulon's brain has matured in studying his profession considerably faster than his body has. That's why he holds his title. His old head knows what his younger opponents are playing for, and he has more boxing knowl. edge stored away in that cupola than most boxers will get in a decade and more than some of them will ever acquire. That's why Coulon is called "the little old man."

Young Johnny Solzberg, who was Coulon's opponent recently, is a Norwegian. He was born in Norway, but came to America when eight years of age. He is now eighteen. Solsie had a unique experience on the occasion of his first professional fight. He knocked out his opponent in a round and got \$1 for winning. The police raided the club, and Johnny and the other parties concerned were taken to the lockup.

With his one "Iron man" in his pockst, Solzberg was arraigned in court next morning. When the magistrate fined him \$10 he was a badly scared kid, for he knew that, lacking \$9 of the amount, he would be required to work it out in jail. Paddy Roche, a neighbor of his, came to the rescue, however, and Johnny was let go. Roche is now managing him.

A Bear and a Log Jam. A big log jam that on one occasion blocked an Illinois river was broken in a peculiar manner. A brown bear was noticed by one of the rivermen prowling around the skids and later was observed crawling over the piled up timber. Gradually bruin worked his way down to the key log and at tacked it frantically. Instantly the mass of logs broke. The bear was crushed to pieces. Later it was learn ed that the key log was filled with

VERNON TAKES CLOSE GAME FROM BEAVERS



LOS ANGELES, June 19, (Special.) Vernon beat Portland today, 3 to with the deacon, but such was not the Koestner pitched well allowing only 5 hits. His support was good. Portland made 4 hits off Carson's de-

A DEACON'S REMEDY

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1912, by Associated Lit-erary Press.

When Philetus Smallman and Eunice a good think and then told his wife Carter were married Deacon Roberts he guessed he'd drop down to the rubbed his hands together and said to postoffice and see if there was a postal

"A happy match, my dear-a very "Both are religious," answered the

"Very religious. Neither has skipped a sermon or a prayer meeting for years." chorus. "It will be one long, happy day for

them. "It surely will. This match was made in heaven, whether any others have been or not. I shall be only too glad to take them by the hand and congratulate them."

and wrangled and come to me till I'm The fact that Philetus was an old bach and Eunice an old maid and that sick and tired of it. I thought you had some religion and a little sense, they had courted for three years before but ding my buttons if you've got marriage had nothing to do with it. This is a free country, and one may fall either!" in love at sixteen or wait until he is

Yes, the happy pair were religious and belonged to the same church; but. though many things were discussed before marriage, religion was laid away on the shelf and left undisturbed. That they had it and lived by it was enough And yet there was a surprise in store for both. While church members, there that bour argument ceased, and the were certain things open to doubt in their minds. It was Philetus who first dove of love and peace had a steady gave expression to one of his doubts. They had been married a month when then take a week's vacation without one day he called attention to the phys risk of a dispute arising over whether cal fact that Jonah would have suffo- Judas Iscariot needed the money or cated inside of two minutes in the not. whale's belly had he been swallowed. "But he didn't suffocate," replied Eu-

"Because he wasn't swallowed."

"What! You doubt it?" "I must say I do." Eunice said no more. She sat down and gasped for breath and an hour later visited the deacon in his real change,

estate office to relate the incident and ask for advice

and"-"Gee whiz!" he interrupted. "Do you take me for a hair restorer?"-Ex-

Borax,

The enameling industry consumes "I'd a leetle rather Philetus believed about one-half of the total borax prothat Jonah was swallowed." replied the duction of the United States.

WILLAMETTE CLUB GIVES BIG DANCE THIS EVENING MISS ALDA BROUGHTON

The Willamette Club will give a "But of course he was swallowed" big dance tonight at Busch's Hall "Of course, but it shouldn't get up Parson's orchestra of Portland any hard feelings in the family. Better will furnish the music and refreshments will be served on the It was Eunice that expressed the veranda overlooking the river, next doubt. She did it by asking Phi-The hall has been heautifully dec. letus if he really believed the children orated. Dr. Clyde Mount is schedof Israel crossed the Red sea dry shod. uled for a speech. "Why, of course they did." was the

PARKPLACE TO LEVY TAX TO REPAIR SCHOOL fair being in the form of an announce-

"You never mind about the puddles There wasn't any sidewalk built for At a meeting of the school board nounced her engagement to Mr. Samthem as I know of, but nobody got his of Parkplace E. L. Pope was uel H. Pierce, an attorney of Portland elected school director, and W. A. the date of the wedding not having "I've often wondered whether they Holmes, who has been director been decided upon. The luncheon was elected clerk. The election was followed by a reception, which Then away went Philetus to Descon of teachers will be held tomorrow was attended by about sixty friends Roberts to relate the incident and said: evening. A 10 mill tax will be of the bride-elect. Miss Broughton "It will be a dreadful thing it it levied for improving the building was assisted at luncheon by her sisturns out that I have married an unbe and for the salaries of the teach- ter, Mrs. Walter Durham, and at the "Oh I guess Eunice is all right."

drawled the deacon. "It's a woman's CO-OPERATION BRINGS 1600 PER way to kinder doubt. Even my wife, CENT GAIN who got religion when she was 'leven pretty as well as unique. The table

years old, seems to be a leetle shy on The recent annual report of the and from this to each place were pink some things. Eunice is purty sure of Rockwell farmers' co-operative association of Rockwell City, Ia., shows Both Eunice and Philetus ought to have been satisfied after an interview totaled \$559,460 during the last year, case. And they ought to have had the increased 1600 per cent.

was expended. It is probable no other society in the country can make a like showing. The past year's busiagreed that it is a hard thing to break ness showed an increase of \$135,084 Miss Broughton is ness showed an increase of \$135,084 Oregon City ,where she was born, ciation has declared dividend after putes, more calling on the deacon for dividend; two years ago \$50,000 was sympathy and advice. He was a good set aside as surplus.

Shares that originally cost \$10 are worth today \$161. According to Farm and Home this co-operative society was not organized primarily to make money, but was organized that its members might be able to obtain the highest market prices for their grain. body else. He just sat down and had They also have been able to buy coal and lumber at reasonable prices. The

> Finger Prints. Finger prints for identification were used by the Chinese as long ago as the

> > Season Tickets on

Sale June 1st

ed handpainted cards with approprithat the business of the association are wording, and the bride-elect drew from the bouquet a handsome and the value of the stock issue has mond ring, this being attached to the ribbon extending to her place at the To conduct the business only \$5540 table. The dining room as well as the other rooms of the Broughton home were in pink, sweet peas and roses being used in profusion

TO BECOME BRIDE

Miss Alda Broughton, formerly of

Oregon City but now of Portland, en-

tertained nine of her young women

friends at the home of her parents,

Mr. and Mrs. George Broughton, of

Irvington, Tuesday afternoon, the af-

ment luncheon. Miss Broughton an-

reception by her mother, Mrs. George

Broughton, and sister, Miss Mildred

The table decorations were very

was centered with pink sweet peas,

ribbons, the ends of which were fasten-

Broughton

and resided until about ten years ago, when she moved to Portland with her parents. She has devoted much of her time to music, and for several years has been presiding at the pipe organ of the St. David's Episcopal months has been substituting in several of the larger churches of Portland including the Congregational

Mr. Pierce was graduated from the net assets of the society are \$20,000 of the Delta Chi Fraternity, and the Stanford University, and is a member

If you saw it in the Enterprise it's

Now for the Seashore!



3- Day Tickets on Sale Saturday and Sunday to

TILLAMOOK AND NEWPORT BEACHES

Season fares from the principal stations to Beaches are as follows: FROM Newport Tillamook Beaches Portland \$ 4.00 Oregon City Salem 6.00 Albany 4.00 7.30 Corvallis 3.75 7.10 Eugene 9.00 Roseburg 8.75 12.00 Medford 12.00 17.20 Ashland 12.00 Tickets to above points on sale daily good all season, with corres-

on sale from various points. Sunday Excursion Train on the C. & E. R. R. Leaves Albany at 7:30 a. m., Corvallies at 8 a. m. and connects with S. P. Trains 16, 14, and 28 from points south.

pondingly low fares from other points. Week end tickets are also

Call on our nearest agent for "Vacation Days in Oregon," a beautifully illustrated booklet describing various outing resorts, or write

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OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE

church, and for the past church and White Temple. Acacia Fraternity.