

CUPID—POSTMASTER A Fortunate Mistake By Clarissa Mackie

The postmaster at Saltwater Canyon took his feet down from the counter and lounged over to the little pigeon-hole box where the letters were distributed. The door opened, and a man strode in and pressed a bronzed face close to the stamp window.

"Howdy! Any mail for the Lone Bull?" he asked. Simeon Carter reached down a packet of letters and thrust them over deliberately. Occasionally he paused to expectorate over his shoulder, improving each opportunity by indulging in a prolonged stare at the face in the window.

"I don't know," admitted Simeon sheepishly, and then gruffly. "I don't know as I'm inclined to give the Lone Bull mail to anybody that comes along."

"I hope you don't feel that way," said the other cheerfully, "but I guess you had better give it to me. I've got Boss Clinton's order somewhere about me, but I reckon my face is order enough to get the mail from a little 2 by 4 cracker box like this."

"Young feller, that face of yours will be your passport to a much better place than Saltwater Canyon," grunted Simeon as he leaned an elbow on the window ledge. "To get down to business, here's a letter for Theodore Crane, a hull bunch for the boss, a paper for Jim Lewis, and let me see, there's a postal card for Harry Barry from his uncle at the Springs saying—um—ah, yes; here's a postal card for Harry Barry, and that's all."



"I RECKON MY FACE IS ENOUGH ORDER TO GET THE MAIL."

a favorable opportunity before presenting it to its rightful owner. At the supper table they were scoffing at Jim Lewis' use of cheap tobacco. Harry Barry was passing around his handsome new Stetson with all the solemnity of a deacon passing the contribution plate.

WHY FIGHTERS DO GO BROKE But Few Pugilists Know How to Hold Money.

Lightweight Champion Has Lost a Fortune in Games of Chance—Abe Attell Another—Nelson Has Made a Number of Foolish Investments.

Quite an interesting conversation was started the other day as regards the finances of various modern ringsters, most of whom have cleaned up handsomely in their fistie encounters, and it was surprising to hear the gossip of this man or that one who apparently hasn't as much of this world's goods as he was supposed to have in his possession.

Champion Lightweight Ad Wolgast, for instance, is commonly supposed to be financially strong; but, according to no less an informant than Promoter Tom McCarrey, Ad had no more than \$30,000 prior to his bout with Joe Rivers in Vernon, Cal., July 4. Of this a portion was invested in beach property near Los Angeles and some in a farm at Cadillac, Mich.

"It doesn't surprise me in the least," said one man to whom this story was told. "In fact, I had heard long before the July bout that Wolgast and Jones were pretty nearly broke, which might account for Tom Jones going to work for Jeffries after Wolgast's operation for appendicitis. Wolgast has always been more or less of a gambler and a speculator, and in a nice, quiet way he likes to get out and have a time."

Wolgast has not alone bet on his own bouts, but he has been known to wager large sums on other matches. That being true, it stands to reason that he might make wagers on other propositions, and a gambler is up today and down tomorrow.

PACIFIC HIGHWAY IS LAUDED BY RILEY

"The Pacific Highway will soon be one of the finest thoroughfares in the world," declared Frank B. Riley, vice-president of the association in Oregon, who was in this city Tuesday. Mr. Riley has been checking up the guide posts and signs on the highway in this county. "The highway will mean more to the Pacific Coast than anything else one could imagine at the present time," he continued.

Mr. Riley has probably done more work in connection with building the highway than any other man, and declares he will continue his efforts until the thoroughfare is the finest in the world. It probably will be extended to Mexico City.

BOYLES' FUNERAL TO BE ARRANGED TODAY

Arrangements will be made today for the funeral of Daniel Boyles, who was killed near Cottage Grove Saturday by a blast. The family is awaiting the arrival of relatives from Michigan before announcing the time of the funeral. Mr. Boyles was married here about one year ago to Miss Anna Railing, of Parkplace, and they have a child only a few months old. Mrs. Boyles' father and brother brought the body to this city, and the funeral will be held here. It is probable that the interment will be in Mountain View Cemetery.

Vision

When the steamer bearing the rescued arrived I was at the dock. One by one I saw them come ashore, but not Margaret. Then upon inquiry came the blow. She had been removed with others to one of the boats, had been taken from it into the rescuing steamer in a serious condition and had died on the inward trip. I will not dwell on my loss. That is one of the constantly recurring recollections that concern us as individuals. The other part of my story concerns us as human beings. Each is welcome to draw his own inference. The only conclusion I have arrived at is that Margaret was gifted with the power while living and in the face of death to draw me to her that I might take part with her in what she was enduring.

KIDNAPPER OF GIRL KILLS 2, SHOTS SELF

BELLEPLAINE, Kan., Aug. 20.—James Thompson, 16 years old, was killed, and Matt Manahan, a farmer living near here, was fatally injured today by Sam Wood, 35 years old, in a fight at the Manahan farm. Wood and Manahan were neighbors and the trouble occurred, it is charged, when Wood tried to kidnap Manahan's 22-year-old daughter, Ethel. The girl eluded Wood by hiding. Gaylord Manahan, 16 years old, a son of Matt, was hurt in the fight. Wood escaped, and a posse started in pursuit. He shot himself when overtaken by the posse of farmers this afternoon near his own farm, two miles north of Belleplaine. He ran from a cornfield into the road, and fired three bullets into his breast. He was taken to Belleplaine, where he is dying. Thompson's home is in Wellington, Kan., and he was employed at the Manahan farm. He refused to tell Wood where the Manahan girl was hiding, and Wood shot him through the heart, killing him instantly. The girl's father, who had retired, heard the shot and rushed out after Wood, who went into the yard after shooting Thompson. Wood grabbed an iron bar and beat Manahan over the head until he was unconscious, and then returned to the house to make a further search for Miss Manahan. Gaylord Manahan was on his knees praying that his and his sister's lives be spared. Wood attacked him, but did not inflict serious injuries. He promised the boy he would be spared if he would help him get away. Wood made a second search of the house, but failed to look in a closet under a stairway, and it was there that the girl was hiding.

GOVERNOR JOHNSON SAYS MEN MUST DIE

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Aug. 20.—Because the agitation for the abolition of the death penalty in California failed to enlist more than a few thousand signatures to the petition seeking to make hangings impossible henceforth today that all of the seven men whom he had reprieved from time to time because of the existence of this petition, must die. He declared that he had no other alternative and that the law must be enforced. Alexander Szafcor and George Figueroa are under sentence to be hanged at San Quentin September 6, the week just preceding the celebration of Admission day; Willis Lutz, a Chinese; William Burk and Frank Baurwaerts are to die Friday, September 13; Charles Carson, whose sanity has been denied by the warden and prison guards, is to give up his life September 20, and Ed Williams is under sentence to be hanged September 27. These are only the men whose sentences have been reprieved. There are five or six others awaiting execution, whose hope of securing commutation to life imprisonment is shattered by the governor's decision. Governor Johnson has at no time expressed any sympathy with the movement to abolish capital punishment.

YOUNG DAUGHTER OF PASTOR KILLED

EUGENE, Or., Aug. 20.—When Rev. H. A. Green went upstairs to call to breakfast his 12-year-old daughter, Mildred, this morning and looked into her bedroom he beheld her lying with her head cut almost off. Without his having heard a sound during the night, someone had entered the child's bedroom and cut her throat clear across with a razor or sharp knife. The perpetrator of a crime that has horrified Eugene beyond description then departed as he came, noiselessly and without leaving apparently any trace. The murder had been committed several hours when Rev. Mr. Green went upstairs at 8 o'clock this morning. The body was already cold. Rev. Mr. Green is pastor of the Baptist church and resides at 268 West Sixth street. He and Mildred having been living alone recently, for three of the older children are visiting at McGregor, Iowa, having left here for Iowa in July. The child's room was directly above her father's. Nothing downstairs or upstairs was disturbed, indicating that no robbery was committed. The police and sheriff's forces, which are working together, are at a loss for a clue. They have examined the premises thoroughly but have been unable to find the least trace of any finger marks of blood or of any footprints in the rear yard that might lead to any clue. The have visited the railway construction crews nearby with the hope of learning something of the crime among the many foreigners at work in and around the city, but no satisfaction has been gained thereby. If you saw it in the Enterprise it's so.

Here---everywhere---in the frozen north---in the fever ridden swamps of the tropics they look to me for aid. To the invalid, the convalescent, the old, the infirm, I give real helpful service. A little of me goes a long way.

Cyrus Noble, pure and old. W. J. Van Schuyver & Co., General Agents, Portland, Oregon

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