A Fortunate Mistake

By Clarissa Mackie

The postmaster at Saltpeter Canyon took his feet down from the counter and lounged over to the little pigeonholed 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 thumbed 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. Presently his curiosity found utterance. "Seems like I've seen you before," he hinted,

"Where?" asked the other with disconcerting promptness.

"I-I don't remember," 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 Clintock'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 yourn will be your passport to a much hotter place than Saltpeter 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 sayingum-ah, yes; here's a postal card for Harry Barry, and that's all."

"Thanks," said the other briefly as he bestowed the mail matter in his various pockets and turned away.

Now Simeon Carter's leathern face was pressed to the window.



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

ler," he insinuated, "only I don't happen to know your name." "I'm not looking for a letter." said

might be a letter for you, young fel-

the other imperturbably. "I never get The postmaster's face reddened an-"Think you'll string me, eh?

'Spose you'd rather go without your letter than tell your name." "I don't mind telling my name," said the other cowboy carelessly, "only you

didn't ask me outright. Ask me plumb out, and I'll tell you. Fair and square is my method." Simeon swallowed his indignation and grinned back at the handsome

youth. "What's your name, young man?" he asked bluntly. "Timothy Lewis," said the other

promptly.

"Well, that does beat the bugs!" chuckled the postmaster. "Here's your letter, Mr. Tim Lewis, and a big fat one it is too," He shoved a large square manila envelope through the opening, and the other glanced at it curiously and thrust it in an inside Arrived at the ranch office, he gave

the mail into the hands of Mr. Clintock and went on to the bunk house. There was no doubt about the matter. The envelope was addressed in a feminine hand to "Mr. Tim Lewis, care the Lone Bull ranch, Saltpeter office." Springs, Mont." The postmark was Sloux City.

Timothy drew out his knife and slipped the blade under the flap. Inside | postmaster!" was something wrapped in white tissue paper.

With wondering curiosity Timothy unfolded the wrappings and disclosed a photograph-the picture of the prettiest girl he had ever seen.

Yet she was an utter stranger to Timothy Lewis. Across the bottom of the picture a

few words were penned in the same handwriting, only here the "J" was unmistakable, "To Jim, with Nell's love." That "Jim" proved the owner of the picture to be Jim Lewis, who was doubtless waiting impatiently below for his weekly budget of mail. A slim allotment was his this time-a folded newspaper; that was all.

sharp, pained breath. Of what was grade talcum powder. It is so impalhe thinking? There was every evi- pably fine that it stays on.

this was the girl! tions, of course, and possibly Jim is nothing too good to say about it, shoulder and tucked the picture away | Store. Hunter | Store | Hunter | Store | Hunter | City, Canby, Hubbard, Molalla. in his brenst pocket. He would await

a favorable opportunity before pre-

senting 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.

"For Jim's marriage license," explained Mr. Barry as he poked the hat under Timothy's nose. "We're all doped with that brand of herbs he's smoking. Get back to the Broncho brand, Jimmy., We'll raise the money

for the wedding." Timothy frowned a little as he thought of the face pressed against his heart, but tact required that a contribution be made, so with what grace he could muster he dropped a handful of cigarettes in the hat and went on with his supper.

Jim Lewis was growling over his newspaper. "I'll eat old Simeon alive if he's keeping back any more of my letters.

Tim and Jim letter?" asked Crane from behind his coffee cup

"Nary. Maybe it's because I haven't days. I've thrashed it out with him for the last time. I feel pretty biling mad tonight, and I've got a mind to go over and thrash him good and plenty," said Mr. Lewis savagely.

"We might go over and wipe out the hull place, take your letter and git," suggested Harry Barry eagerly. "It's mighty dull newadays. I feel like I could lick a regiment."

"I'll attend to my own licking," observed Jim dryly. "When I go to hunt down a weazened old scalawag like Simeon Carter I guess I ain't feeling so poorly that I have to take along six picked men, a battery of machine guns and an airyplane scout to help me out. Nixey. That is to be a duetjust Simeon and me, and me coming home with the letter which he says is not for me."

In this mood Mr. Lewis was not to be trifled with, and one by one the men dropped away to indulge in a quiet game of poker near the glowing

Timothy Lewis resolved to postpone his interview with his comrade until morning had brought the gloomy one to a more amiable frame of mind. Incidentally Timothy could have another look at the picture, which he hesitated to surrender.

Toward morning he was awakened by a touch on his shoulder, and he started up to find Jim Lewis sitting on the edge of the bed in a flood of moonlight.

"Well," said Timothy sharply, 'what's wanted?"

Lewis crossed one leg over the other and pulled reflectively at his mustache. "I just been over to Saltpeter Canyon and licked that postmaster. On the side I've rifled the United States mail, and I'm liable for most anything. and when it was all over but the shouting old Simeon barks out he'd part his losses at cards. give the letter to Mr. Tim Lewis, which was dangerously silky.

given to me by mistake. It surely was agers. the morning."

"Honest?" demanded Jim Lewis. such was his reputation among his practically worthless. comrades that his word was never and drew out the letter "Here it is,"

he said. "You're taking plenty good care of it," commented Jim Lewis as he peered curiously in the end of the letter and then drew forth the photograph, He held it to the moonlight and stared little Nell! Of course I thought it coin that way." must be from Lulu!" The disappointment in his tone emboldened Timothy

to ask a question. "Who is Nell?" he asked bluntly. "My sister," said Jim Lewis proudly, "She teaches school in Sioux City, and she's the purtiest girl out-except Lulu Gilbert-of course always except the future Mrs. Lewis." He tucked the picture away in his pocket and seemed smitten with some happy thought, for he asked suddenly, "What'd you have it under your pillow for? Now, that's pretty good, Tim. Don't you blow to the chaps about my end, and I'll keep it dark about your blushing over Nel-

lie's picture. What say?" "Agreed!" said Timothy promptly. "And I say, Jim, the next time you go to Sioux City will you take me along?" Lulu there in about two weeks, so you brother-in-law, Tim Lewis, you can to almost any one who approached thank that old scalawag at the post-

"Scalawag!" breathed Timothy fervently. "The only name that's good should go broke? enough for Simeon Carter is Cupid,

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chemically pure—the most exquisitely perfumed—the talcum that in every way pleases the most dainty and ex- exception. acting woman, is Violet Dulce Tal-

cum Powder. cum Powder that you can learn all Farland and Johnny Kilbane. He propped the picture on his shelf light to the skin and to the senses. its superlative qualities. It is a deand studied it closely. She was the It leaves that soft, velvety feeling onsweetest- He stopped and drew a ly imparted by the finest, highest-

that that gentleman was economizing the particular woman or man. It has his arms.-Cleveland Plain Dealer. on tobacco in an endeavor to raise the a true floral odor, imparting a delicate price of a marriage license? And so subtle perfume, and antiseptic, healing qualities that leave the face cool There would have to be explana- and soft. It is purity itself. There Lewis might take offense because Tim and you will agree with that sentihad opened the letter. Nevertheless ment when once you have used it. It was up to the postmaster at Sait- Price, 25 cents. Sold in this communpeter Canyon. Timothy shrugged his shoulder and tucked the picture away

### WHY FIGHTERS DO GO BROKE

But Few Pugilists Know How to Hold Money.

#### WOLGAST IS GREAT GAMBLER.

Lightweight Champion Has Lost a Fortune In Games of Chance-Abo Attell Another-Nelson Has Made a Number of Foolish Investments.

was started the other day as regards "Heard anything more about that the finances of various modern ringsters, most of whom have cleaned up handsomely in their fistic encounters, and it was surprising to hear the gosbeen near the old scalawag for ten | sip 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 less an informant than Promoter Tom McCarey, 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 be 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.

Abe Attell's reputation as a card player has been so thoroughly established that it needs no comment. Abe has always been addicted to gaming and has won and lost many fortunes in his day, although since he has gone under the management of Billy Nolan he has cut loose from that sort of life.

It can't be said, however, that the former featherweight champion of the world is plentifully endowed with money, as he is a good liver and when he lost the title was about up to the limit, although there was a story to the effect that he recouped in large

It seems to be the general opinion is you, I believe." Mr. Lewis' voice that Battling Nelson has rid himself of much of the money that he was "That's my name," snapped Timothy, paid by the promoters, by moving viduals. The other part of my story now wide awake. "That letter was picture concerns and theatrical man-

addressed so it looked like 'Tim,' and 1 | Indeed, if the Battler has anything | The only conclusion I have arrived at opened it. Of course as soon as I saw it is a safe bet that he is land poor is that Margaret was gifted with the what was in it I knew it wasn't for He was always a speculator more power while living and in the face of me. I was going to give it to you in than an investor, and his speculations death to draw me to her that I might have never been of the best, as wit take part with her in what she was ness the roko game, for which clap- enduring. 'Yes," returned Timothy quietly, and | trap he paid \$15,000 and found it was

His land purchases have also been doubted. Jim Lewis held out his hand, anything but profitable, and it has just power to bring me over hundreds of forts to keep its leaves above water. and Timothy reached under his pillow come to light that the Battler always miles to her, was an expression of the considered himself something of a fact that two individuals may become

poker player. Billy Nolan, "I am quite sure he was What has happened to him since that ed I am as one detained in a foreign Tatler. and stared again at the face. Then he | time I don't know. I do know that he | land. scanned the superscription on the en- liked to play poker, which will probavelope. "Well, I'm hanged if it isn't bly surprise you, and he lost a lot of

Jim Jeffries is comfortably fixed. and his saloon in Los Angeles, now owned by Jeffries and his brother, is a small mint. Before the Johnson fight, which brought Jeffries something like \$100,000, it is said he was in financial straits and not only lacked ready money, but was hard up.

That fight, whatever it may have done to his pride, put him on his feet, from a business point of view, and since then he has been able to loan out large sums. But Jeffries cannot be considered a fair example of a fighter, as he is in reality out of that game altogether.

Stanley Ketchel ran through a fortune and left little or nothing, except a mortgaged ranch, when he came to an untimely end. Ketchel was never "Sure thing. I'm going to marry much of a gambler, but he spent money like the wind, and his predilection can go along and be best man. It's to for automobiling must have cost him be done in style. If you ever call me a pretty penny; also he loaned money him.

> What is the reason, you ask, that fighters with such large incomes

The answer is chiefly because theyare in no sense of the word business men. They don't know what it is to save money or how to invest it. Usually they have never had much money, and when it comes in large amounts it is altogether too much for them. Then they proceed to spend it as if they were millionaires, and the consequence is that they are living from one fight to another Their life-that The most delightful talcum powder of the sport, with plenty of time and we have ever handled-the nearest a world of hangers-on-is to some extent responsible. At all events, the fighter who can save his money is an

And the only exceptions writers can call to mind are Mike and Jack (Twin) It is only by using Violet Dulce Tal Sullivan, Jimmy Britt, Packey Mc-

Trapped.

"Don't you love me, or do you?" asked the western girl. The eastern man studied for a minute and answered dence that this girl was Jim Lewis' The soft, fragrant clinging, pure the former." And he tried to conceal sweetheart. Was it not well known Violet Dulce Talcum Powder is for his surprise when she thew herself into

> Swedish Sleep Wooer, Swedish method of producing sleep is to wring out a handkerchief in ice water and lay it across the eyes.

> Division of the Minute. To the Romans we are indebted for the separation of the minute into sixty

## PACIFIC HIGHWAY IS KIDNAPPER OF GIRL

"The Pacific Highway will soon be BELLEPLAINE, Kan., Aug. 20 .one of the finest thoroughfares in the James Thompson, 16 years old, was cause the agitation for the abolition H. A. Green went upstairs to call to world," declared Frank B. Riley, vice- killed, and Matt Manahan, a farmer of the death penalty in California fail- breakfast his 12-year-old daughter, president of the association in Ore-Mr. Riley has been checking up the today by Sam Wood, 35 years old, in signatures to the petition seeking to her bedroom he beheld her lying with guide posts and signs on the highway a fight at the Manahan farm. Wood make hangings impossible henceforth her head cut almost off. Without his in this county. "The highway will and Manahan were neighbors and the Governor Hiram Johnson announced having heard a sound during the night, mean more to the Pacific Coast than anything else one could imagine at the present time," he continued. "Reports from San Francisco, where the convention was held recently are most encouraging. About thirty automobile parties which passed through this city en route to San Francisco to attend the convention , are now on a Ouite an interesting conversation trip in the southern part of Californ-They went to the Mexican line ia. and will return to their homes in their cars. The reports regarding the conditions of the roads are fine, and along the entire route the residents are enthusiastic over the prospects.

farming districts in the world." Mr. Riley has probably done more ork in connection with building the highway than any other man, and declares he will continue his efforts unfinancially strong; but, according to no | til the thoroughfare is the finest in the world. It probably will be extended to Mexico City.

Arrangements will be made today Michigan before announcing the time girl was hiding. 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

strange vision

When the steamer bearing the res cued 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 bereavements that concern us as indi concerns us as human beings Each is welcome to draw his own inference

ence, though I admit it is entirely my own-that this desire, made good by a one in soul by the power of love. Be "When the Battler and I split," said this as it may, I am living out the remainder of my life impatiently wait-

# LAUDED BY RILEY KILLS 2, SHOOTS SELF

Wood tried to kidnap Manahan's 22luded Wood by hiding.

on of Matt, was hurt in the fight. Wood escaped, and a posse start-

ed in pursuit. He shot himself when overtaken by the posse of farmers this afternoon near his own farm, two miles north of selieplaine. 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 Weilington, The highway will join the greatest 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 e spared. Wood attacked him, but did not inflict serious injuries. He promised the boy he would be spared for the funeral of Daniel Boyles, who if he would help him get away. Wood was killed near Cottage Grove Sat- made a second search of the house, by a blast. The family is but failed to look in a closet under a awaiting the arrival of relatives from stairway, and it was there that the

of the funeral. Mr. Boyles was mar-ried here about one year ago to Miss ed by loud talking in the yard after Anna Railing, of Parkplace, and they Wood drove up in a buggy last night have a child only a few months old. and, overhearing the conversation Mrs. Boyles' father and brother fled to the closet and locked the door After making the rounds of the rooms again, but failing to find the young woman, Wood ran out into the yard. Young Manahan recovered and on his knees again pleaded with Wood to save the lives of his father and sister. He promised to do so i the boy would help him get away. The two jumped into Wood's buggy and drove rapidly to the south. Two miles distant Wood entered a carn field, deserting the vehicle and order-

ing Manahan to "return home." Arriving home young Manahan spread the alarm and soon after day light the posse had started in pusuit Wood. A physician who treated the elder Manahan stated his condi-

ion was dangerous. Wood was indicted at the March erm of the Federal Court in this city for sending an obscene letter and post card to Mrs. Minnie Owen, a music teacher in a Wichita music college. He was released on a \$1500 bond to be tried at the September term of court. A bottle of chloroform and a gold bracelet were found in the buggy in which Wood drove to the Manahan residence.

Quick Growing Rice. In Siam there is under cultivation a common sort of rice which in flood twelve hours, so that the plant often attains a height of ten feet in its ef-

She-1 was reading in some paper the

other day that a pint of milk contains simply millions of germs. He-By worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000 and ing for a reunion with my other soul Jove! Well, everything is so jolly overhad quite a supply of ready cash part. Since the events I have describ crowded nowadays, isn't it?-London

### **GOVERNOR JOHNSON** SAYS MEN MUST DIE

trouble occurred, it is charged, when today that all of the seven men whom someone had entered the child's bedbe had reprieved from time to time ear-old daughter, Ethel, The girl because of the existence of this petition, must die. He declared that he Gaylord Manahan, 16 years old ,a had no other alternative and that the

law must be enforced. Alexander Szafscor and George Figueroa are under sentence to be hanged at San Quentin September 6, the week just preceding the celebration of Admission day; Willis Luis, 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

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 novement to abolish capital punish-

Every Way. "Did you tell that fellow we would proceed against him if he did not fumigate those apartments?" "Yes, sir.'

"Well?" "I left him fuming."

### YOUNG DAUGHTER

SACRAMENTO, Cal., Aug. 20.—Be- EUGENE, Or., Aug. 20.—When Rev. chamber 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

been living alone recently, for three of the older children are visiting at McGregor, Iowa, having left here for sentence to be hanged September 27. Jowa in July. The child's room was directly above her father's. Nothing downstairs or upstairs was disturbed, indicating that no robbery

Sixth street. He and Mildred having

was committed. The police and sheriff's forces, which are working together, are at a loss for a clew. 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 clew. 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

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