

Obliging Orders.



Aunt-Willie, why didn't you show your face this morning? Willie-The doctor said to be careful and not get my feet wet, and I guess my face is just as good as my feet.

LOCAL BRIEFS

Enterprise classified ads pay. A visitor in the county seat Saturday. J. Lewis, of Molalla, was visiting in town Saturday. J. Sumner, of Stafford, was in the county seat Saturday. W. A. Shaver, of Molalla, was in the county seat Saturday. Miss Ethel French has been visiting friends in Albany. Ben Cole, of Molalla, was a county seat visitor Saturday. S. N. Lee, of Canby, was in the county seat Saturday. Wm. Jones, of Beaver Creek, was in Oregon City Saturday. E. C. Boardman, of Canby, was in the county seat Saturday. David Jones, of Beaver Creek, was in town on business Saturday. Jack Rossy, of Donald, was a county seat visitor Saturday. C. L. Staudinger, of Molalla, was in the county seat Saturday. C. W. Dolan, of Molalla, was in town on business Saturday. C. A. Freeman, of Elwood, was in the county seat Saturday. A. M. Miller, of Molalla, was in the city on business Saturday. A. Fellenstine, of Sellwood, is visiting with Edward Sheahan. Roland Edwards, of Molalla, was a county seat visitor Saturday. W. F. Haberlaugh, of Clackamas, was in Oregon City Saturday. Miss Ethel Erickson, of Alsea, was in Oregon City Saturday. G. Kakeas, of Clackamas, is visiting in Eugene with relatives. George Olsen, of Gresham, was in the city on business Saturday. Miss Mamie Thompson, of Salem, was in the county seat Saturday. J. S. Lamoreaux was visiting friends in Kelseo the past week. Mrs. B. F. Bennett, of Portland, was visiting Mrs. Geo. Hoeye this week.

Samuel Adler, of Oak Grove, made a business trip to Salem Friday. A. W. Moore, of Salt Lake City, was in this city on business Saturday. J. Davis, of Molalla, was in the county seat on business Saturday. H. H. Wolf, of Corvallis, was visiting in the county seat Saturday. George W. Jackson, of Molalla, was in this city on business Saturday. Miss Beattie Congdon, of Estacada, is visiting with Miss Ella Linton. H. A. Webster, a Portland attorney, was in town the last of the week. Miss Sadie Richards, of Woodburn, was a county seat visitor Saturday. John Larsen, of Troutdale, was a visitor in the county seat Saturday. E. A. Shaver, of Molalla, made a business trip to this city Saturday. E. L. Paifrey, of Molalla, made a business trip to this city Saturday. F. J. Painter, of Molalla, was in the county seat on business Saturday. M. V. Anderson, of Portland, was in the county seat on business Saturday. W. W. Green, of Albany, was visiting friends in the county seat Saturday. Miss Muriel Berger, of Eugene, is visiting with friends in the county seat. W. S. Bagly, of Molalla, made a business trip to the county seat Saturday. G. E. Haulin and wife, of Gresham, were visiting friends in this city Saturday. C. W. Austen, of Molalla, made a business trip to the county seat Saturday. W. M. Stone will deliver the main address at the 4th of July celebration at Sandy. Miss Marie Ekel, of Woodburn, was in the county seat the latter part of the week. Miss Ethel Percival, of Monitor, is in Oregon City, taking teachers' examinations. L. E. Bellis, cashier of the Estacada State Bank, was a county seat visitor Saturday. Paul Deukalb, of San Francisco, was in his county seat sight-seeing with old chums Saturday. W. H. Cochran, of Brownsville, was in the county seat visiting old friends the latter part of the week. W. A. Schoufeldt, of Los Angeles, was looking at real estate in this vicinity the latter part of the week. Mrs. J. B. Leithwaite, Jr., and young son left Saturday for a ten-day visit at Mt. Scott with relatives. Clarence Palmer, a prominent prune grower of Vancouver, Wash., was in Oregon City Saturday visiting Attorney H. M. Brownell. They were classmates at Pacific University 15 years ago. Howard Conover, an employee of the Willamette Paper & Pulp company, sustained fractures of the arm and ribs, and severe wounds on the head Saturday afternoon. He was removed to the Oregon City hospital. Rev. T. B. Ford was surprised at his home Saturday evening by members of his church, who called to assist him in celebrating his birthday. Sunday will be Dr. Ford's wedding anniversary, and Saturday night's celebration was dual in form therefore.

OREGON CITY WOMAN HEADS STATE RELIEF CORPS, G. A. R.



Mrs. Rosina Fouts, of Oregon City, was elected department president of the Women's Relief Corps of the G. A. R. by a unanimous vote at the grand army encampment at Newberg last week. Mrs. Fouts has long been prominent as a member of Meade Relief Corps No. 18, of this city, and her election is generally regarded as a tribute to the interest she has taken in the work of the organization.

On the Spanish Main

A Story of the Buccaneers

By EVAN MAC HUGH

One evening about a century and a half ago a British ship, the Helen Dole, rode at anchor in a bay on the southern coast of Jamaica Island. She had come down through the Windward passage bound for Kingston, but had been blown by a hurricane past that port and had drifted into the bay that lies beyond, for the wind had ceased as suddenly as it had come, and, being disabled, the ship was uncontrollable. Another vessel had met the same experience as the Helen Dole. This was a small schooner, the Pelican, under the command of a young New Englander, Harry Spencer. He was on his way to Vera Cruz with a cargo of blasting powder to be used in the mines there. He, too, had suffered from the storm and put into the bay to



TOSSED IT ON THE PIRATE'S DECK.

fix a new rudder post, the old one being full of seams and liable to be twisted apart. A third ship of a very different shape from the other two was standing eastward before a very light breeze. She was low on the water, and her masts leaned astern. This and the abundance of sail she carried indicated that she had been built for fast sailing. Suddenly she veered to the northward and stood directly in to the bay where the two vessels were lying.

The crews of the anchored ships could read only too plainly what was in store for them. During a long sea war between England and Spain British privateers had preyed on the Spanish galleons carrying gold from the Mexican mines to Spain. The war had ceased, and privateering had degenerated into piracy. Every one on board the Dole and the Pelican knew that the incoming vessel had sighted them and was intending to destroy them. They looked upon her as a fleet caught in a web would regard the spider advancing to devour them.

And that was the intention of Captain Crocker of the pirate. But, unfortunately for his purpose to carry out his design at once, he could not get near enough to either of them. The wind was so light that darkness fell before he came within range of them, and then it failed altogether. But Crocker was not troubled; his glass had shown him that both ships were disabled, and he saw no chance of their escaping him during the night. In the first place, there was no wind, and even if a breeze should spring up and they could take advantage of it he could hear the raising of the anchors. So he dropped his own net far from either of them to wait for morning.

On board the Dole was no such quiescence as on the pirate. There were men, women and children passengers who had come from England to settle in Jamaica. For them as well as the officers and crew was every prospect of death as soon as day came. Men were praying; women were hugging their children to their breasts; the sailors were standing about gloomily. There was not a cannon aboard. They had some muskets and cutlasses, but what would these avail? At any show of resistance the pirate could stand off and sink the ship by broadsides.

Nevertheless Captain Seymour of the Dole ordered the men to bring up what arms there were, with a view to repelling those who might attempt to board him, his object being to force the pirate to sink the ship with her guns and thus save the women from any worse fate than death. He divided the arms among the men and assigned each man to his station.

The night was still, and both the pirates and those on the little Pelican could hear the sounds of distress that came from the Dole. Now it would be a prayer, now a wail, now the cry of a child. None of these moved the pirates, who were hardened to them, but they caused the crew of the Pelican to forget their own coming death in sympathy with these defenseless beings on the neighboring ship.

Spencer, who was but twenty-five years old, heard the wails, and they incited his brain to action. But what could he do to avert the calamity? He had some ammunition, but not enough to protect his own vessel, to say nothing of the Dole. He had two six-pounder guns, one on the port, the other on the starboard bow, and he had painted his ship's side to represent openings for ordnance, his object being to make it

appear that he was armed with twenty guns instead of two. But the pirate would soon discover his deficiency, and with more guns than Spencer feigned to have and of higher caliber he could make short work of the Pelican.

"We'll fight him, boys," said Spencer to his crew, "and we have one advantage—we won't have to walk the plank. As soon as one of her shots strikes our blasting powder we'll go to Davy Jones' locker."

But his active Yankee brain during the whole of that fearful night never ceased trying to find some way to circumvent the pirate that he might save all the lives that were to be sacrificed on the morrow. When daylight came all of the crew of the Dole and many of the passengers were on deck. There was a ghost of a hope for them in the Pelican, for they had been deceived by her painted ports. The first object that stirred on the pirate was a man walking to the stern. When he reached it he hauled up a ball of blasting powder and broke the skull and crossbones. Those on the Dole shuddered. Then men appeared here and there, some of them carrying arms from point to point. One of them, who appeared to be the captain, stood on the poop deck giving orders.

The Pelican lay perfectly still, but presently men were seen raising her anchor. This evidently attracted the pirates' attention. Suddenly a puff of smoke broke from her bow, and a shot went skipping toward the schooner. Exclamations denoting hope came from those on the Dole. Would there be a fight? But no. The pirate fired several shots and elicited no reply. The only comfort for those on the Dole was that the Pelican would be first destroyed.

The Pelican's single shot was in accordance with a plan laid by Captain Spencer after midnight—a plan yet little more than a hope. His object in firing at the pirate was simply to indicate that he had better dispose of the Pelican before attending to the Dole. Such was Captain Crocker's decision. Having got up his anchor and having failed to elicit any more firing from the schooner, he prepared to go to her and take possession.

Those on the Dole saw with agony that the Pelican must soon be taken. All on board would be dispatched or forced to walk the plank, and then the pirate would do the same by those on the British ship. Some went below to tell the others that there was no hope; others remained to see a slaughter that would soon be visited upon themselves. The pirate hoisted a jib and foretop-sail, which gave her headway enough to take her to her victim. The latter had raised her anchor, but did not hoist a sail. The crew stood in a group, apparently waiting to die without resistance. One man was in the rigging. Had it not been for the hopelessness of the situation perhaps his being there might have excited attention. Captain Seymour noticed an arm extending from where the man was located, from the outer end of which a rope dropped to the deck, but so full of anguish was he that it made but little impression upon him.

On went the pirate, like a great bird on its way to pounce upon a fish. On the doomed vessel not a man moved. On the poop deck stood the captain, now and again diverting his glance from his coming enemy to the man in the rigging.

Suddenly Seymour gave an order, and the crew ran to the balyards. Up went the sails and the Pelican began to move.

Then for a few minutes followed a maneuvering, the pirate trying to get near enough to his enemy to board her, the Pelican aiming to keep her off. The latter had an advantage in having up more sail. The pirate, being sure of its victim, did not add to its own canvas. Presently, when the two vessels were but half a dozen yards apart, those on the Dole saw the arm that has been mentioned by means of the rope attached swung outward by men on deck so that it was turned toward the pirate. Then the man in the rigging, holding something in his hand that looked like a glass carboy, climbed out on the arm and, swinging what he held, tossed it on to the pirate's deck.

The passengers on the Dole saw a sight that filled them with a delirium of surprise and joy. They flew to each other's arms, laughing and weeping. The pirate was blown to atoms! A few minutes later she went down, and from the deck of the Dole arose a shout that was echoed from the Pelican. The pirate had taken the place of its intended victims.

Captain Spencer had laid his plan well, though there were many chances against its success. Had he lain quiet when his enemy came down on him, instead of maneuvering, he would probably have blown up his own ship as well as the pirate. During the night he had thrown overboard all his cargo of blasting powder except what he needed for defense, and his own vessel suffered but little from the explosion. As for the crew of the Pelican, when they saw the big bomb swing off every man dropped to the deck.

Scratching the Head. Do savages scratch their heads? All puzzled or bewildered Europeans scratch their heads—the German slowly, the Frenchman jerkily, the Italian nervously, the Englishman vigorously. It is difficult to account for this universal white man's expression of puzzlement unless he has an instinct that the titillation of the scalp wakes up the brain. Uncle Remus scratched his head when the little boy's questions were particularly perplexing, but Uncle Remus may have learned the trick from his white masters. Did his aboriginal forbears scratch their heads in the presence of an aboriginal problem?—Chicago News.

Her Postscript. "Why does a woman always add a postscript to her letter?" "Well," answered the ungallant wretch, "she probably figures out in her own mind what her letter has made you think and then tries to have the last word."

The Demure Thing. Edith—You haven't seen my engagement ring yet, have you? Marie—I don't know, dear. Who's the man?—Boston Transcript.

The beginning of wisdom is not in the mind, but in the heart.—Abbott.

FORUM OF THE PEOPLE

Councilman Beard's View.

Editor, The Enterprise: Your report of Friday evening's session of the city council contains the following: "Councilman Beard turned the light on another angle. He said that he had not been in favor of Seventh street, but believed that was what the rest of the council wanted, so had sided with the majority, etc." Now, Mr. Editor, what I did say was this: That I had always favored an "incline" starting from the intersection of Main street and Eighth, and landing at or near the top of the stairway on Seventh street, but finding that that idea was not popular, I had fixed upon the Seventh street site as being the logical place for the lift, and that I believed that the majority of the people (not the city council) wanted it at that point, but that recently the claims of Fourth street had been brought to my attention, and in such a forcible manner that I believed

ed they should be given due consideration. Now this may appear to be a small matter in your estimation, but I do not wish to stand before the people of Oregon City as voting on an important matter as the expenditure of \$12,000 to \$15,000, just because the rest of the council wanted it so. As stated before, I believe that Seventh street is the logical place for the first elevator, and I further believe that within two years after its completion there will be recognized the necessity for a second elevator, and possibly, my dream of an incline may materialize after a few more years.

Respectfully, WM. BEARD, Councilman 3rd Ward.

WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT MEET

The women of Woodcraft had a delightful meeting Friday evening. Members of the Portland lodge were in attendance and gave short talks. The drill team did some excellent maneuvering, and was well applauded. Refreshments were served at the conclusion of the evening.

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MRS. C. F. BUTLER, Oregon City Manager

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Summer Vacations SEASHORE OR MOUNTAINS VIA THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC



Table with columns: FROM, TO, FARE, TO, FARE. Rows include Portland to Newport, Portland to Tillamook Beaches, Oregon City to Newport, Salem to Newport, Albany to Newport, Corvallis to Newport, Eugene to Newport, Roseburg to Newport, Medford to Newport, Ashland to Newport.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TRAIN ON THE C. & E. R. R. Leaves Albany at 7:20 a. m., Corvallis 7:50 a. m. and connects with the S. P. trains 16 and 14 Northbound and No 13 Southbound

Excursion Fares East

Tickets will be sold from all main and branch line points in Oregon to Eastern destination one way through California or via Portland. Stop-overs within limit. TICKETS ON SALE DAILY TO SEPT. 30 FINAL RETURN LIMIT OCT. 31ST



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to the charred, or brittle, or soggy kind made in the tedious old-fashioned way, is relatively the same as the superiority of grilled steak to fried steak. For one-tenth of a cent a slice the General Electric Radiant Toaster makes Perfect Toast faster than you can eat it. It is Perfect Toast because the radiant heat forces the necessary chemical change in the bread. This insures delicious golden Toast that fairly melts in your mouth.

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