

Trespassers

By Arthur Boltonwood

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Baxter had followed the stream all the morning with indifferent success. Four trout, by far too small to make matters at all interesting, had risen to the fly and now slid about in the creel as he made his way through the underbrush to the open field, where the stream widened and deepened and gave promise of better sport.

At the edge of the field was a wire fence, and posted conspicuously upon it was the notice:

THESE ARE PRIVATE GROUNDS.

No fishing allowed. Trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Baxter read the sign and grunted. There was no one in sight, and the stream twisting through the field was decidedly tempting. Moreover, four small trout are very unsatisfactory in a creel made to accommodate more and



"I'M A POACHER TOO."

larger fish. Baxter grinned ironically at the forbidding black letters on the fence and climbed over it.

Halfway down the field was a little clump of pines through which the stream flowed. Baxter entered the shadows of the trees, and scarcely had he cast when his reel whirred merrily and the line cut the water sharply. His pulses quickened. Here was fishing worth talking about. The line slackened, and he began to reel in gently.

At that moment the bushes behind him crackled, and a calm voice said: "Pardon me, but have you a permit?"

Baxter gave no heed until he had landed the trout; then he turned to find himself face to face with a young woman. She was regarding him steadily, with a little frown of disapproval. A creel hung from a broad strap across her shoulder, and she carried an unjoined rod in a leather case.

Baxter had momentarily forgotten the warning on the fence. Now her words recalled it to his mind. He was evidently caught redhanded at his poaching, and the only thing to do was to frankly admit it. He looked at the girl before him. She was tall, well formed and undeniably attractive. Indeed she was quite striking as she stood there calmly awaiting his reply.

"You have a permit, of course?" she asked again.

Baxter smiled quietly. "I regret to state," said he, "I am a deep dyed poacher."

The girl lifted her brows. "You must have noticed the signs," she said.

"I noticed one," said he, "but the stream was too tempting to a man who had landed but four small trout during the morning. I am very sorry that my zeal got the better of my discretion, and I offer every apology for my unwarranted intrusion. Whatever the damages are I'll settle. I plead guilty."

"I should be inclined to follow the signs," she said, "and prosecute you to the full extent of the law" but for the way you just landed that trout. It was splendid and shows you to be an experienced angler. If you'd bungled it I should have let the law do its worst. If you promise not to trespass again you're quite free to go this time."

Baxter bowed. "You are very generous," he declared, "which makes me doubly ashamed of my trespass. Rest assured I shall not repeat the offense. May I ask to whom I'm indebted for allowing me to go unmolested?"

Something in his eyes made the girl flush.

"Oh—it's—it's all right!" she said

happily. "Now please go—at once." Still Baxter hesitated. He was not given to pretty speeches nor to staring at young women whom chance threw in his way, but some indefinable charm about the girl made him do the latter and regret his inability to do the former.

"I'm very grateful," he said lamely enough, "and—and"—

"And what?" she said almost sharply.

"I'd like very much," said he, "some time in the future to express my gratitude to you when we stood on an equal footing—that is, you understand, when I'm not poaching your stream."

He spoke so earnestly that the girl flushed again. "It's all right," she reiterated. "You've been quite grateful enough. Now please go!"

Baxter, trying vainly to think of some plausible excuse for prolonging the conversation, reeled up his line and began to unjoin the rod. Suddenly a man came crashing through the bushes and stood before them. The girl gave a little startled cry of dismay. Baxter noticed the man wore leather leggings and was clothed in tweeds.

"'As the marster given you fishin' permits?" he asked, glaring at Baxter. "No," said Baxter, "but the lady"—The man wheeled to the girl. "Ave you got one?" he asked. "N-no," she said humbly, and, without looking at Baxter, she added, evidently for his benefit, "I'm—I'm a poacher too."

Baxter's heart jumped at the words. He mastered an overpowering desire to laugh and turned to the girl.

"Well, by George!" was all he managed to say.

"It's the marster's order to take you to the house then," said the man solemnly.

"See here"—Baxter began protesting.

"For \$2 apiece I'll let you go this time," the man said insinuatingly.

Baxter handed him a \$5 bill, and, after warning them to leave at once, the man departed.

As the man stumbled back through the bushes Baxter turned to the girl. Her face was scarlet and her eyes refused to meet his.

"It was frightfully mean of me," she explained. "I thought it would be a great joke to frighten you off by pretending I owned the stream and then fish it myself. Then that frightful man came—and—and—to tell the truth, I should have been dragged to the house, for I hadn't a cent of money with me."

She lifted her eyes to his. "Oh, what must you think of me?" she cried contritely.

But Baxter was laughing happily.

A Special Favorite.

"Here's a story of a man who died while eating watermelons." "My, my!" exclaimed the old colored brother. "How de Lawd does favor some people!"—Atlanta Constitution.

High Temperature.

"Your temperature is pretty high this morning," said the doctor. "I hope it's no higher than I can afford to have it, doctor," said the cautious patient.—Youkers Statesman.

Both Bad.

Gunner—I just met Stogie down the street. He fairly took my breath away. Guyer—That so? Did he tell you a story or give you one of his cigars?—Detroit Tribune.

The Liquid Kind.

Medium—Do you believe in spirits? Busyman (off guard)—When taken in moderation, yes.—Detroit Free Press.

The city committee of the New York City Citizens' union unanimously recommended municipal ownership of all public utilities provided the people cannot get much better terms from the corporation for their use than now prevail.

Cost of Telegraph.

In order to keep the 30,000 miles of telegraph lines in order in Great Britain an expenditure of about \$25,000 a year is necessary. In order to keep the stomach strong and the liver active it is only necessary to take a few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is the best health maker and preserver in the world and has the hearty endorsement of physicians everywhere. It will restore the stomach to its normal condition, stimulate the flow of digestive juices and prevent the bowels from becoming clogged. Then you'll not be bothered with sick headaches, dizziness, heartburn, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, cramps, insomnia or liver troubles. We urge you to give it a fair trial. The genuine must have our private stamp over the neck of the bottle.

Roosevelt is Too Swift.

Washington, June 19.—It developed today that President Roosevelt's chauffeur was overhauled for speeding yesterday afternoon while carrying the President, his son, Theodore, and two of the latter's friends along the conduit road to Great Falls. Two policemen, considering that the chauffeur was going at a speed greater than that allowed by law, gave chase and overhauled the automobile. When they learned who the occupants were they hastily withdrew after the President had cautioned the chauffeur to slow up a little.

The two policemen had pursued the automobile for half a mile, and, on catching up with it, charged the chauffeur with running at the rate of 25 miles an hour when the police regulations permit but 15 miles an hour. The policemen informed the chauffeur that he would be required to appear in the Police Court today, when the President, who was in the rear seat, inquired the reason, the latter's identity by this time becoming known, the matter was dropped.

Because of complaints of reckless riding, Major Sylvester, the Chief of Police, had cautioned the officers along the road to watch for offenders. When the policemen started after the automobile, the chauffeur, it is thought, probably concluded it was part of the programme for the protection of the President.

The state agricultural college this year graduates a class of 50—the largest class ever graduating from one institution in the state of Oregon.

Gazette and Oregonian \$2

Cleared for Action.

When the body is cleared for action, by Dr. King's New Life Pills, you can tell it by the bloom of health on the cheeks; the brightness of the eyes; the firmness of the flesh and muscles; the buoyancy of the mind. Try them. At Slocum Drug Co.'s drug store, 25 cents.

Makes digestion and assimilation perfect. Makes new red blood and bone. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain T. A. will do. A tonic for the sick and weak. 85 cents, Tea or Tablets.—W. P. McMillan, Lexington, Oregon.

Corporal punishment was some time ago abolished in the New York schools, by order of the board of education. Since then the New York courts have held that whipping is legal and that the teachers may resort to it according to their individual discretion.

Everybody wants to know what The Oregonian has to say.

Weekly Oregonian—Heppner Gazette.

Terrific Race With Death

"Death was fast approaching," writes Ralph F. Fernandez, of Tampa, Fla., describing his fearful race with death, "as a result of liver trouble and heart disease, which had robbed me of sleep and of all interest in life. I had tried many different doctors and several medicines, but got no benefit, until I began to use Electric Bitters. So wonderful was their effect, that in three days I felt like a new man, and today I am cured of all my troubles." Guaranteed at Slocum Drug Co.'s drug store; price 50c.

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