SPRINGTIME

Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

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Chapter 4

MADELEINE DE VALETTE hurried on and on along the long path that led from the acres that had once been of Valette. A heron, trailing long legs, rose from the marsh by the bayou's edge. She did not stop to look. Butterflies innumerable, of innumerable glorious colors, fluttered across her path, but she steeled her heart against their beguilements. She was late. She was late in meeting her betrothed. Surely that was a very grave crime indeed

HE LIFTED HER LITTLE HAND AND KISSED IT, BRUSHING IT WITH HIS LIPS.

A tiny strand of hair golden brown kissed of the sun fell from its fastenings and, tossed by the playful fingers of the breeze, quivered about a pink cheek—a cheek made more than usually pink by exertion. She brushed it back with slender fingers, but it would not stay.

Aunt Marguerite saw her as she came through the garden gate—the gate of fallen bricks and with the heavy, clinging vines. They were waiting for her there in the great, somber room—her father, the priest, Aunt Marguerite and the betrothed whom she had never seen. She looked at him with the round, wondering, curious eyes of a little child.

She looked for a long moment. Then she remembered herself and courtesied profoundly, as she had been told to do. Her father came to her then and took her by the hand. He introduced her formally to the man that was to be her husband.

"M. Raoul de Valette," he said, "I have the honor to present you to my daughter, Mlle. Madeleine de Valette."

M. Raoul de Valette bowed gravely. Madeleine in watching herself almost forgot to courtesy. But then she remembered, and so she returned his greeting, as Aunt Marguerite had taught her. And all the while her violet eyes were round with the wonder of it all.

He came across to her. [illegible] de Valette. He took [illegible] He lifted [illegible] it, brushing it with [illegible] guerite [illegible] she [illegible] then [illegible]

He [illegible]

be [illegible] to do anything which she [illegible] you."

She was looking wonderingly at the hand that he had kissed, so she did not quite hear what it was that he said. But then she saw Aunt Marguerite beside her. She said quickly:

"That is my wish also, monsieur."

But then she saw Aunt Marguerite's expression, and she remembered that which she had been taught. She said quickly:

"I mean—and, for my part, monsieur, it is my devout wish—that you shall find me obedient to your interests, so that my conduct in all respects shall ever continue to merit your considerate approbation."

She looked up eagerly. Aunt Marguerite nodded. And she knew that she had said well. But she could see Father O'Mara laughing. She wondered why. But she had not time to wonder long, for her betrothed again was speaking.

"It is my profound trust, mademoiselle," he said, "that nothing may ever mar our profound accord."

This time she remembered. She said:

"That is my wish also, monsieur." She looked up at Aunt Marguerite.

"Is it all over now?" she queried.

Then she almost bit her lip, for Aunt Marguerite "sshed" so suddenly, and there was on her face such an expression of horror! But Father O'Mara was before her now, his broad, sun browned hands extended to take hers. She placed her own therein.

"My dear," he said, "let me be the first not of your family to wish you all the joy in the world. On my soul, you deserve everything that the blessed angels do."

She queried wonderingly:

"Does marriage bring all that, father?"

The good priest turned to M. Raoul de Valette.

"Neither a jewel nor a flower, sir," he said. "We were both wrong. A little white butterfly, she is—a little white butterfly."

"Oh, Father O'Mara," she cried eagerly, "I caught that big one—the one that had red and gold on its wings—but I let him go. That was better for him, wasn't it?"

"To be sure it was," he returned very seriously. Then her father came and kissed her on the forehead. He and Father O'Mara left her with Aunt Marguerite and with her betrothed.

M. Raoul de Valette brought her a chair. He brought one for Aunt Marguerite, too, and then for himself. And they all sat down. She watched him interestedly—watched him, that is, until Aunt Marguerite whispered in her ear, "Cast your eyes down!" And then, of course, she had to look at the floor.

At length she heard M. Raoul de Valette speak to her. He said:

"Doubtless you have been informed, mademoiselle, that this very day your honored father will decide the date upon which I achieve the greatest felicity of my life."

She looked up artlessly.

"You mean our wedding?" she asked.

Aunt Marguerite was whispering again. "Too bold!" she said, and then, "Keep your eyes on the floor!" She again looked down, but she didn't know what to do, quite, about that which she had been too bold. Should she apologize or—

"What else could I mean," her betrothed was asking, "when I speak of my greatest felicity?"

Again she forgot. She queried quickly:

"It will make you happy that we should marry, you mean, monsieur?" She turned to Aunt Marguerite. "Isn't it strange that"— Then she stopped quite suddenly, for Aunt Marguerite had "sshed" again.

"I presume to hope," went on M. Raoul de Valette, "that you yourself by that time may regard the alliance with some favor."

This time she remembered. With eyes on the floor, she said:

"I am confident that a mutual felicity, monsieur, can be only the result of our alliance. I have been carefully instructed so that I understand quite well that not only the excellence of a daughter's character, but her happiness also, consists in obedience to her parents' wishes."

He said, smiling:

"Yet my own present happiness does not spring from obedience."

"How is that?" she asked quickly, then yet more quickly, "Oh, I forgot!"

"Forgot what?" he asked, again smiling.

"To keep my eyes on the floor," she returned naively.

He laughed. "My dear cousin," he said, "I hope you will not keep your eyes on the floor. I much prefer that you keep them on me."

It was Aunt Marguerite who this time rebuked M. Raoul de Valette.

"Monsieur!" she cried.

M. Raoul de Valette rose. He turned to Aunt Marguerite.

"Dear lady," he said, "permit me. It will hasten the acquaintance. I might even presume to look forward to a time when she will like to look at me. When one likes to look at a certain person one likes that person."

"Oh, how true that is!" cried Madeleine, clapping her hands a little. "I love the people I like to look at."

"Ah!" exclaimed M. Raoul de Valette gravely. "May I ask at whom you like to look, mademoiselle?"

"At my father," she answered, all in a breath, "and at Aunt Marguerite, of course, and Father O'Mara, and—and old Louise and sometimes at myself."

He said lightly:

"I presume you speak of another feeling."

Aunt Marguerite again warned him.

"Monsieur!" she cried.

"No; let him!" besought Madeleine.

He continued evenly:

"Of a feeling that sometimes comes in one instant, it may be with the very first glance into another pair of eyes—a feeling which absorbs and overpowers the whole being, a feeling which makes one soul cling to another in spite of fear or shame or death, which makes one soul lose itself in that other and find its whole universe there."

Aunt Marguerite half rose protestingly.

"Indeed, indeed, monsieur," she began, but Madeleine interrupted.

"Oh, but Aunt Marguerite, do listen!" And then, half to her betrothed, half to herself: "How strange it would be to feel like that. Does it come to every one?"

He replied, smiling:

"Perhaps not to every one."

"To me some time?"

"That is my hope."

Madeleine was quiet for a moment; then she cried suddenly:

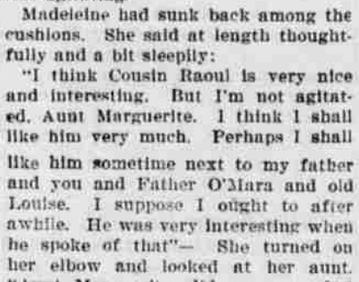
"It must have come to you, monsieur! You have known it!"

Aunt Marguerite was again militant.

"My niece!" she cried in protest.

"But it must have!" persisted Madeleine. "How would he know?"

"My cousin is right," said M. Raoul de Valette calmly. "My presence here on this occasion is proof of it." He bent, taking Madeleine's hand. "Mademoiselle," he said gently, "I thank you for the honor of this interview." To Aunt Marguerite he said, "Cousin, your servant." Then, bowing again, he was gone.



"I MUCH PREFER THAT YOU KEEP THEM ON ME."

They watched him depart. Then Madeleine, running to the great seat by the chimney, perched herself upon it. To her Aunt Marguerite turned.

"My dear," she said solicitously, "are you not faint? Shall I bring my salts?"

Madeleine turned on her round, wondering eyes of violet.

"Why, no, aunt," she replied. "Why should I be faint?"

"But you ought to be," asserted Aunt Marguerite. "It is not quite maidenly not to be. The excitement of this interview"—

Madeleine said musingly:

"It was exciting, wasn't it—trying to remember all the things you told me?"

Aunt Marguerite shook her head a little dubiously.

"He was very daring," she commented. "The next interview must be less agitating."

Madeleine had sunk back among the cushions. She said at length thoughtfully and a bit sleepily:

"I think Cousin Raoul is very nice and interesting. But I'm not agitated, Aunt Marguerite. I think I shall like him very much. Perhaps I shall like him sometime next to my father and you and Father O'Mara and old Louise. I suppose I ought to after awhile. He was very interesting when he spoke of that"— She turned on her elbow and looked at her aunt. "Aunt Marguerite, did you ever feel that way he said?"

"Such topics," returned Aunt Marguerite shortly, "are not for the young."

"But M. Raoul isn't young."

"It was indelicate of him to mention it."

Madeleine was silent for a moment. At length she said slowly, drowsily:

"He is quite an old gentleman, isn't he?"

Her aunt went to her, bending over and smoothing her tumbled hair.

"Child," she said gently, "you are tired. You walked too far."

Madeleine de Valette stretched her slender limbs out upon the great seat. One delicate little arm was thrown above her head. She yawned. She said sleepily:

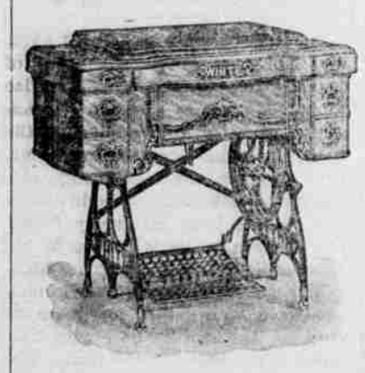
"M. Raoul de Valette is quite an old gentleman"—she yawned again—"isn't he?"

And by and by she slept.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"I LOVE THE PEOPLE I LIKE TO LOOK AT."

The White



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Fred S. Ashley

handles the WHITE MACHINE in Enterprise.

DIRECTORS' MEETING OF THE W. C. M. & D. CO.

The board of directors of the Wallowa County Mining & Development Company held its regular meeting in this city last Monday for the transaction of the business of the company. This company is composed of well known citizens of the county who are showing their faith by their works. H. N. Williams, of Wallowa, is the president and general manager; Jesse Walker, of Lostine, is the vice president; G. W. Williams, of Wallowa, is treasurer, and J. A. Burleigh, of Enterprise, is secretary and attorney.

From Secretary J. A. Burleigh we gather the following facts relative to the property and work of the company:

The head office of the company is in this city, and was organized about ten months ago, for the purpose of taking over and developing a group of fourteen mining claims located twenty miles southeast of the town of Joseph and ten miles northwest of Homestead on Snake river. The claims are only seven miles from the head of the Sheep creek wagon road. The company is incorporated for the general purpose of locating, leasing and purchasing mining property, the development, sale or operation of the same, the construction of reduction and smelting works and other general mining business. The corporation has a capital of two million shares of the par value of $1.00, fully paid and non-assessable, of which one million shares are in the treasury for development work and promoting the business of the company.

The company has been pushing development work vigorously on the above described group of claims during the past ten months and at present has over six hundred feet of tunnel constructed with approximately two hundred tons of ore ready for milling or shipment. Over two hundred feet of the tunnel is in the ledge which shows a width of over forty feet at the last cross-cut.

It is the intention of the company to go ahead with the work with all rapidity and as soon as sufficient ore is blocked out to place machinery upon the ground to properly handle the product and the stockholders have every assurance that within eighteen months the property will be paying a dividend.

A small block of the stock has been placed on the market at ten cents per share, most of which has been taken by home people and with the prospects before the company for the coming year it certainly affords a fine field for investment. The development of this property until it reaches a dividend paying bases means much to Wallowa county and it should receive the encouragement of all who are interested. The next few years are going to demonstrate that Wallowa county is great in mineral resources as well as other things, and those who have the foresight to take hold of these opportunities will reap the reward.

PROMISE NEWS.

Promise, April 22—Mr. John W. Weaver closed a successful six months term of school on "River Side," near Promise, April 21.

The last day was celebrated by a dinner given by the patrons of the district, after which a program was rendered by the school aided by pupils of the adjoining district. An enjoyable time was had by all present, and Mr. Weaver returns home feeling well satisfied with the result of his labors.

PARADISE.

Paradise, April 18—Still too wet to plow here.

Steve Thomas has traded for the Cloninger ranch and moved there.

Henry Sturm and wife deeded to Harry D. Miller 80 acres of land in township 5, range 45, east, W. M. Consideration $1.00.

Araminta A. Sturm deeded to Henry Sturm 80 acres of land in township 5, range 45 E. W. M. Consideration $1.00.

William Cline has some horses missing from the range.

The news reached here that Emeline Akin died in Asotin, Wash., on April 16.

The mail from Paradise to Anatone could not cross the river on account of the high water.

Three combine harvester machines were sold here recently by an agent. We are going to buy a flying machine as soon as we can get around to it.

OPPORTUNITY GROWS HERE IN WALLOWA.

(Continued from page three.)

tion of bread and other foodstuffs has increased, during the past fifteen years, some four per cent annually in excess of the production. Wheat and flour are in greater demand today than they ever were before. The future promises a still greater demand, which means that the "35-cent" wheat of some years ago is now and for the future a bad dream of the past. Dollar wheat is the modern slogan, and it will be the slogan of the future. Wheat and, therefore, like corn land, is rapidly coming into a prominence never before seen nor felt, and the world is grasping for such land. Wallowa county, as stated, has thousands upon thousands of acres of some of the best wheat land of the world, and these acres are being settled up rapidly. This means that Enterprise as county seat and county center will grow as rapidly, present always a multiplication of opportunities, and offer always a developing number of openings for the man or woman of initiative and industry and money.

With $2,000 the workingman of the east can do more in Wallowa county than with five times that amount in the settled sections of the east. His $2,000 will grow by the sheer force of settlement here. It grows in Wallowa county quickly. If he invests it in land and works the land, he will find a ready market for everything he can raise, and this will be an added percentage to his original investment.

Heavy Immigration.

This year will witness perhaps the heaviest immigration of settlers that Oregon has ever experienced. The entire northwest is preparing for such. Every big realty company on the coast and all the railroads agree that the influx of population during 1910 will be enormous.

This means that the eastern settler who desires to get Wallowa wheat and fruit lands must act promptly, or there will be no such lands to be had. It is simply good business to settle at the earliest date. It means that the settler who arrives first and buys and locates will have holdings to be quickly increased in value by the influx of people who are already beginning to come.

And Enterprise is the proper place—the safe place—to stop. The name of the county seat is significant. It came of the spirit of her builders and her present residents. It has never been lost sight of by her business men. Moreover, it is the logical center to which the settler will come to transact his legal and other business.

SUMMER NORMAL.

The annual Summer School for teachers will be held in the High School building at Enterprise, commencing July 6, 1910, and continuing five weeks.

All teachers who are planning to take the August examination should attend, as special review work will be given in all subjects required for county certificates. Methods of teaching a specialty.

If a sufficient number to justify enroll a special primary teacher will be employed. Tuition for term $10.

Please notify the instructors of your intention to attend.

J. C. CONLEY, County Supt.,
HARL H. BRONSON,
Principal Wallowa Schools,
Instructors.

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Geo. A. Harrison
River Street