

# SPRING TIME

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

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[CONTINUED.]

## Chapter 8

ON, on, down the winding forest trail, followed the lover and his lass. The girl drew close to Gilbert among the shadows which began to deepen. Her face upturned to his, glowed with the glory of a newborn love, and in her wondrous eyes shone the mysterious dancing lights that reveal to him who searches them the purity of the soul of a woman whose abiding faith is in her God.

Came fainter the sound of the shrill fife, fainter the rattle, rattle of the brass rimmed drums, fainter the vibrant refrain of the singing men, and soon not a sound came to the ears of the enraptured forest wanderers save the rustling of the leaves above them as the evening breezes rocked to sleep in their nests the song birds that had made glad the day.

"Gilbert, Gilbert—her voice rested fondly on his name—"I am getting so very tired. You must take care of me."

far as were concerned these two young people, untried in the ways of a suspicious, formality bound world.

Now Gilbert Steele saw that something must be done. Madeleine must have rest, she must have food, and she must have a place to sleep.

She began to falter.

"Madeleine," he said tenderly. He stopped in the tree fringed path and supported her with his arm around her waist. He pointed upward toward the heavens with his other hand. There in a patch of sky gleamed brightly the glorious orb of Venus.

"See, my dear," he whispered. The girl rested her head against his shoulder, and her gaze followed the line of his pointing hand. "See, that is the evening star. It has risen in the sky and overshadows all else in the heavens, and that is the way you have risen in my life to outshine everything else to guide me in the way I should go. You are my evening star, and as well you are my morning star, and—"

He looked down into her eyes and saw that they had closed in contented sleep.

Tenderly—ever so tenderly—he wrapped his strong arms about her frail little body, and, holding her close to his breast, he started along the winding pathway. One of her arms he bent

son's arm.

Passed almost an hour ere Gilbert Steele reached with his precious burden the house of a plantation manager whom he was certain would be able and willing to provide shelter for the girl for the night.

Throaty baying of dun coated hounds sent Gilbert, startled, aback as he drew near the dwelling, and the sleeping girl, with a cry of terror, lurched dazedly from his arms. The planter, aroused by the disturbance, appeared in the doorway, his figure silhouetted boldly in the glare of yellow light that streamed forth into the darkness. He carried a musket, in readiness for immediate action. These were dangerous times, and night prowlers were usually bent on questionable errands.

"Stand back or I'll fire!" he cried threateningly leveling the weapon at the figure of the man, his eyes dimly discerned.

But no sooner had he spoken than the householder lowered the gun, for, much to his amazement, he beheld coming into the path of light a young man whose face was familiar to him, and resting on his arm was a pale faced, wan eyed young girl, whose dainty raiment of white was torn through contact with briars and stained here and there with dirt marks.

"This young lady is far from home," announced Gilbert, "lost her way, needs food and rest. Will you keep her here until morning? I will pay you well."

The planter glowered suspiciously at them.

"I will have to ask my wife," was his reply as he drew back into the house, slammed the door and left the travel worn couple standing disconsolately in the blackness of the night.

The girl clung to Gilbert in nervous fear of the doors, which, however, were washed in a woodshed near by. He comforted her, though he also was dismayed—for another reason, however.

Suppose the planter's wife would not take Madeleine in! What was to be done then? Not another dwelling within miles!

There would be only one resource, and that was practically no resource at all, was probably out of the question, for it meant the taking of the girl through the lines of the distant military camp and the procuring of shelter of some sort for her there.

The door finally opened. Gilbert awaited tensely the answer. The planter again appeared.

"Come in," he snapped. "Come in and explain to my wife, and if you can satisfy her that you're all right you can leave the young person here for the night."

With a sigh of relief at the glimmer of hope held out to him Gilbert half carried his charge across the threshold and into the living room of the planter's house.

He explained that the girl had strayed into the woods in search of wild flowers, had lost her way, that he had fortunately come across her and had guided her to the planter's house, from whence she could return home in the morning.

No; he had had no opportunity to take her to her own home, because the distance was very great and he was compelled to join his soldier comrades or else prove disobedient to his superior officer—something he would under no circumstances do.

The planter's mate surveyed them both with keenly penetrating eyes. Perhaps she guessed that the handsome soldier had had not told her all of his story or very much of the truth of the situation.

Perhaps she knew that the bewilder-

ed gaze of the woe-worn young girl as she listened to her companion's story revealed it to be a pure and, so far as she was concerned, an entirely unnecessary fabrication.

Perhaps the kindly woman knew intuitively that before her were two hearts that throbbed solely for one another, and she questioned not the story.

She gave them food and drink, and when it came time for the soldier to face the long tramp to his camp she withdrew quietly from the room, leaving them to bid each other farewell.

"Do not leave me; do not go," the girl pleaded with Gilbert. "You must never be away from me again, and—her voice quavered—"they will shoot you—you will be killed."

Her eyes filled with tears as she clung to him.

"No, no; it is a soldier's duty to brave unflinchingly whatever danger may occur. My country has called me, and I must respond. Besides, dear one, there is no danger. Those red-coats don't know the country. They stand up in line in the open, while we shoot them from behind trees and from ditches where we lie concealed."

She shuddered at his description of the horrible thing which she vaguely understood to be war. A strange, terrified look came into her eyes.

"You say that is not so," she fluttered. "There is danger. You will be killed. I feel it; I know it. I can see you now—her eyes closed, and she clutched his arm with both her tiny hands—"I can see you now lying beside a rock; there is a hole in your forehead; there is blood on your face, Gilbert, and lying all around you are men whose arms and legs are gone." She reeled away from him and swayed backward. He sprang to her and saved her from falling.

"Yes," she went on prophetically, her voice rising—"yes, Gilbert—my Gilbert—and I can see the man who killed you. There he is crouching over there." She pointed hysterically before her. "He is laughing and loading his gun, and his face—oh, his face is the face of Raoul de Valette!"

As she cried out these last words her voice broke into a despairing wail.

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Gilbert Steele was not a coward. Yet for the first time in his life he was possessed by physical fear. In his elementary young life he had not been accustomed to analyzing his feelings or his emotions. Events had come too quickly to permit him to discover that there was such a form of self examination as psychology. Had he known something about this in perspective as well as projective science he would have been able to comfort himself with the reflection that the unnerving fear that threatened to master him was solely the result of the overwrought and temporarily distracted mind of the girl he loved.

But to Gilbert Steele, stumbling through the abyssal pitch of the night, the closed eyes that saw had penetrated into the hidden world of the things that were to be, and try as he would he could not shut out from his own vision the crouching body that reloaded a gun and the face that laughed—the face of Raoul de Valette!

account that creese wounds are so dangerous. Old specimens are so eaten away by this practice that the blade seems formed from a bunch of wires roughly welded up. Such creeses are highly valued, and some of the ancient ones, heirlooms of chiefs, with grotesquely carved and inlaid hilts and sheaths, are almost unobtainable.

**The Antiquity of the Organ.**

The organ is the most magnificent and comprehensive of all musical instruments. While the pipes of Pan, aside from that mythical personage, indicate a very ancient use of pipes as a means of producing musical sounds, the "water organ of the ancients" furnishes to the student of organ history the first tangible clue regarding the remote evolution of the instrument. In the second century the magrpha, an organ of ten pipes with a crude keyboard, is said to have existed, but accounts of this instrument are involved in much obscurity. It is averred that an organ, the gift of Constantine, was in the possession of King Pepin of France in 757, but Aldehelm, a monk, makes mention of an organ with "eight pipes" as far back as the year 700.

**Punning His Specialty.**

"So you have made up your mind to be a specialist—in what line?" was the question put to a struggling doctor by a friend.

"I don't know," was the answer. "I have been considering various advantages in different branches. A chiropodist can generally get a foothold, no matter how bad business is; a manufacturer has usually something on hand, and an ear and eye specialist can often get a hearing when there is anything in sight. I haven't dwelt on the possibilities of throat or dental or hair exerts because the two former always look down in the mouth and the latter may get but a bald living or be expected to dye for his patients."

**GOES TO ROSEBURG TO HANDLE REAL ESTATE**

C. E. Vest, well and most favorably known in and around Enterprise, left Wednesday morning for Roseburg, where he will engage in the real estate business. He leaves here a wide circle of personal friends who dislike to lose his citizenship, but who wish for him every measure of happiness and prosperity wherever he goes.

Mr. Luther Greeno and Miss Hatie Biggs of near Lostine, were married at Lostine May 6. Mr. Greeno is from Joseph. He has been employed by the Contact Mining and Milling company, south of Lostine, and will camp out at the mines with his young bride for the summer, continuing to work there.

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"THIS YOUNG LADY IS FAR FROM HOME. WILL YOU KEEP HER HERE UNTIL MORNING?"

The young soldier noticed that the girl's steps had become slower; that she dragged heavily on his arm and her cheeks had begun to pale. The daughter of the house of De Valette, he knew, was unused to continued physical exertion, and the roughness of the path added to her burden. In the first flush of his joy at Madeleine's confession of her love for him and her determination which followed to accompany him he had not stopped to consider just what complications might arise from her action. She had said that she must go with him, which seemed to settle the entire matter.

around the tree. Her fingers of golden hair fell against his cheek as he walked. Her bosom gently rose and fell as she dreamed herself away into the magic realms of fairyland, with her gallant fairy prince, Gilbert Steele, as her protector and guide. As he looked down into her innocent face and understood in his way the unfathomable depth of the trust she had placed in him and in his honor Gilbert Steele vowed a vow with himself and with his God that he would hold sacred the trust and strive manfully to justify it, as was the duty of a true man; and a soldier in Andrew Jack-

son's army.

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## Professional Directory of Wallowa County

**THOS. M. DILL**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Office first door south of New Fraternal Bldg., Enterprise, Ore.

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**BURLEIGH & BOYD**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

Practice in all State Courts and Interior Department. Careful attention to all business.

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**D. W. SHEAHAN**  
LAWYER - ENTERPRISE

Practice in State and Federal Courts and Interior Department.

The Power of the Pocketbook.

Huh—I really think, wife, you should have that ball dress made a little higher in the neck, to say nothing of the back. Wife—I'll have it changed if you wish, but the material costs \$10 a yard. Huh—Um! Well, never mind.—Boston Transcript.

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Two Ways of Saying It.

"Then I am to consider myself rejected?" asked the young suitor.

"You are to consider your proposal returned with thanks and the regret that it is impossible at this time to accept it," said the daughter of the magazine editor.—St. Louis Star.

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**CHARLES THOMAS**  
LAWYER - ENTERPRISE, ORE.

Practice in State and Federal Courts and Int. Dept. Abstract Bldg., opposite court house.

**W. C. KETCHUM**  
DENTIST - ENTERPRISE

Office Berland Building, Home Independent Phone.

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**C. T. HOCKETT, M. D.**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office upstairs in Bank Building, Int. Home phone in office and residence.

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**DR. C. A. AULT**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office in Bank Building. Home phone both office and residence.

KLAMATH FALLS—Work looking toward the reclaiming of what is known as the Klamath Marsh, on the Klamath Indian Reservation, in the Fort Klamath country, 35 miles north east of here, has been taken up again by the Government officials and it is said will be prosecuted this Summer. This will put 25,000 acres of the best tillable land in the country under irrigation.

FOREST GROVE—Farmers north of town are plowing their wheat crop because the Hessian fly, or an insect resembling it, is working at the roots of the plant. The wheat looks thriving, green and healthy, but where it emerges from the ground the plant is slightly yellow. In pulling the wheat out of the ground two or three bugs are seen gnawing at the tender stem.

BAKER CITY—Judge Smith handed down a decision in the case of the Baker Mutual Irrigation Company against Baker City, making perpetual the injunction restraining the city from interfering in any way with the ditches of the company, and ordering the city to remove the obstructions which have been placed on First street by the construction of a storm sewer, and giving the ditch company a vested property right.

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Of all kinds. If you believe in beautifying Enterprise, you must believe in making that beauty enduring. Concrete is enduring—it will render city beauty a "Concrete Reality."

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MARKS BROTHERS, General Contractors.

**L. BERLAND**

Dealer in Harness, Saddles, Chapps, Spurs and Leather Goods of all descriptions.

I will fit you out with the best goods for the least money. When in need of anything in my line, call and inspect my stock before purchasing.

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**Ia Grande Iron Works.**

D. FITZGERALD, Proprietor.

Foundry and Machine Shop. Casting and Machine Work done on short notice.

WE ALSO MANUFACTURE FEED MILLS

Sawmill break down jobs promptly attended to

GIVE US A TRIAL

John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is so simply impossible, and so says every one that has used it. Sold by all druggists.

All phone orders for bus to and from depot promptly attended to. White Front barn, Home phone. 97b