

# 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 5

In all the fullness of life at its full—in the utter joy of life that comes to boys of twenty newly freed from that exacting task-mistress education, Gilbert Steele threw loose the reins upon the withers of his mount and let the dainty bay have her will. She shook her head, curveting, making great pretense of fear at blowing leaf or swinging moss. And he laughed in sympathy with her mood, riding erect, lithe, his well set up body swaying to her every move.

Down the old road they sped. His eyes caught frequent vista of bayou and marsh and meadow and sometimes the spreading sweep of the river beyond. Now and again he bent to avoid swaying branch or dead gray cluster of Spanish moss.

At length he came to the head of the old live oak avenue that led to the great house that was his destination. He swung his mare around the huge old post and sped forward. At length he could see the house.

He dismounted. There was no one about, so he tied his horse and mounted the crumbling steps.

Coming to the door, he knocked. There was no answer. He knocked again and again and again. It was an important mission that he was on. Surely some one must be about. He hesitated for a moment, then, thrusting the door open, entered.

It was an old room and very somber. He could see no one in it.

He called: "Mr. de Valette! Mr. de Valette! Mr. de Valette!" No one answered.

Then suddenly he saw asleep on a mahogany sofa by the fireplace a girl. He turned to tiptoe from the room. But then he had never seen before a girl quite like her—so delicate, so fragile, of such perfect beauty. There was within him something that made him stop. He stopped. There was something within him that bade him go very silently to her and to look at her more closely—she, so wonderful. And he went to her silently, obeying that within him, and looked, bending over the high back of the great seat. Yes, she was beautiful—very—and more wonderful far than he had thought—the lips half parted—red lips—and be-

"It's a wonderful name!" "Gilbert is wonderful, too," she declared very seriously.

There was a little pause. He asked at length: "Do you live here?" "Yes," she replied.

"How long have you lived here?" "All my life. M. de Valette is my father."

"But why didn't I know?" he demanded. "I live within five miles!" "Only five miles!" she cried. "Why didn't you know?"

He said slowly, appalled with the thought: "I might never have known if my father hadn't sent me here to see your father!"

"Do you want to see my father now?" she asked.

He replied, with a reluctance all apparent: "Yes; I must."

"Shall I go and tell him?" "If you please."

"Then I will." "Thank you," he acknowledged humbly.

But she did not move, nor did he, and for a long time they stood, looking at one another.

"Have you always lived only five miles away?" she asked at length.

"Well," he replied, "I've been away a good deal. They sent me to be educated."

"And are you?" she asked. "Are you all educated?"

He said seriously: "Yes, it's finished."

"Then you won't have to go away any more, will you?" "Not to school."

She said, at length, thoughtfully: "You must know a great deal. And yet—"

"And yet what?" "It will be a long time," she replied



"MADELEINE—IT'S A WONDERFUL NAME," seriously, thoughtfully, "before you'll be quite an old gentleman, won't it?"



"I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN MY DREAM."

tween them. Her hair was as brown as the sun was in the sky, and she was wondering, deep in the focus of admiration that comes to the lover's

mant. She stirred a little. He knew that he should go. But there was within him something that would not let him, so he stayed. At length she stirred; wonderful eyes of violet opened. They looked at him. A tiny white hand rose, fluttered, then went toward him, touching his coat.

He cried breathlessly: "Oh, pardon, pardon!"

She said in hushed voice of great wonder: "I thought you were in my dream!"

He took a step back, embarrassed, fingers clutching his hat.

He said boyishly: "Why, no! I'm twenty already."

"You're twenty years old," she repeated, marveling.

"And," he went on, "I'll be twenty-one in less than a year."

"But," she protested, "you're only twenty now. I'll be twenty in less than three years."

"Then," he said impressively, "I am just three years older than you. Well, I think a man ought to be three years older than a woman."

"Will you give me one?" he asked, a bit diffidently.

She replied, in emphasis as his own: "I should say I would!"

She plucked from the mass upon the table a rose, tendering it to him.

"After you've seen my father, will you have to go home?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered. "I'll have to take the answer to a letter."

"But you'll come back again?" "Yes, I will."

"Can you come back this very day?" "Yes."

"And tomorrow, too?" she persisted. "Will you come tomorrow, too, perhaps?"

"Tomorrow," he repeated; then, with sudden gloom, "No, I can't come tomorrow."

"Why?" she queried.

He said slowly: "It's a secret."

"But," she cried brightly, "you can come the day after."

For a moment he was silent. Then he said abruptly: "Do you always wear a white dress like that?"

She asked wistfully: "Do you like it?" "It's wonderful," he cried. "I think all women in the world ought to wear white dresses! And you always wear a white dress—like that?"

She said lightly: "Well, until after I'm married to Raoul!"

He started back from her, eyes wide, lips apart. He said slowly, almost dazedly: "Until—after—you're—married!"

She nodded. "Yes," she replied casually. She was not looking at him now. "You see, I'm to be married to my cousin."

"You mean it?" he asked. He could not quite believe.

She responded cheerfully. "It's all arranged. M. Raoul is quite an old gentleman. I have just met him. He is very pleasant."

"You're promised?" "Why, yes!" She spoke with faint surprise. To her it was quite a matter of course. She was very young—she did not know.

Liberty in Three Nations. An Englishman loves liberty as he does his lawful wife. She is a possession. He may not treat her with much tenderness, but he knows how to defend her.

A Frenchman loves liberty like an affianced bride. He will commit a thousand follies for her sake. A German loves liberty like his old grandmother. And yet the surly Englishman may some day in a fit of temper put a rope around her neck, and the incontinent Frenchman may become unfaithful to his adored one, but the German will never quite abandon his old grandmother. He will always keep a nook for her in the chimney corner, where she can tell her fairy tales to the listening children.—Herald.

Not Much Work. "Some folks think that people in the show business have an easy time of it," said a minstrel star, "and that reminds me of what an old farmer in a little town said one day as he saw me carrying the bass drum in the minstrel parade. We had walked nearly five miles in the hot sun, and I was about ready to drop. That big drum was heavy. When we reached our car after the parade my feet were sore, my back ached, I was perspiring all over my face and was completely tired out. As I almost staggered past the old farmer he looked at me contemptuously.

"Huh," he said, "these actors 'll do anything to get out of workin'."—Denver Post.

One Good Point. Mrs. Starvem—How do you like the chicken soup, Mr. Newbord? Mr. Newbord—Oh—er—is this chicken soup? Mrs. Starvem—Certainly. How do you like it? Mr. Newbord—Well—er—it's certainly very tender.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Parliamentary Undertakers. "Parliamentary undertakers" was the name given to the little group of great nobles who till William Pitt's administration returned fully half the members of the house of commons.

More than sixty seats were in the hands of Lord Downshire, the Ponsonbys and the Berestfords alone. They undertook to manage parliament in their own way, on their own terms and largely in their own interests.

His Lawyer's Fees. A London workman, having had a sum of money left him by the death of his father, went to see his solicitor, who had the matter in hand for a final settlement.

The bill of costs having been presented to him, the man glanced over the figures and, thinking the charges were excessively heavy, turned to his legal adviser and exclaimed in astonishment: "Ma father left his money to me, I believe, and not to ye!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Celebrated Goat. On April 28, 1772, there died at Mile End a celebrated goat. She had been twice round the world, somewhat of a feat in those days, once on the discovery ship Delphin, under Captain Wallis, and once on the Endeavor, under Captain Cook. She was admitted to the privileges of an in pensioner of Greenwich hospital by warrant of the lords of the admiralty, but before she could avail herself of the honor she died. Dr. Johnson wrote a couplet which the distinguished animal for some time wore round her neck.—London Opinion.



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Error. If those alone who "sowed the wind did reap the whirlwind" it would be well. But the mischief is that the blindness of bigotry, the madness of ambition and the miscalculations of diplomacy seek their victims principally among the unoffending. The cottage is sure to suffer for every error of court, cabinet or camp. When error sits in the seat of power and of authority and is generated in high places it may be compared to that torrent which originates indeed in the mountain, but commits its devastation in the vale.—Colton.

Dirty Patagonia. "Patagonians are not giants, as some have supposed and as the geographers teach," said a man who has traveled. "They are large in comparison with the other South American natives, that is all. Everything is relative, you know. But they are very fat. That is why they can stand the cold so well. I have seen Patagonian men and boys running around unclad while I was wrapped in warm garments, with the snow falling upon them in quantities and the wind-blowing bitterly. They are kept warm by their fat and dirt. Patagonia is one of the dirtiest places imaginable. Don't go there if you hate dirt. That is my advice to all who contemplate a journey to the jumping off place of South America."

Another Solomon. A horse dealer in a Scotch town having hired a horse to a solicitor, the latter, either through bad usage or some other cause, killed the horse, when the dealer insisted upon payment by bill if it were not convenient to pay cash. The lawyer had no objection to grant a bill, but said it must be at a long date. The dealer told him to fix his own time, when the man of law drew a promissory note, making it payable on the day of judgment. An action was raised, when the solicitor asked the presiding judge to look at the bill. Having done so, the judge replied: "The bill is perfectly good, and as this is the day of judgment I decree that you pay tomorrow."

Church Services. Communion services at the M. E. church next Sunday at 11 a. m. Evening service at 8 p. m. Epworth league at 7 p. m. Other services at regular hours. C. E. Trueblood, Pastor.

Beginning with Sunday May 1st, evening services will begin in all the churches at 8 p. m. instead of 7:30 during the summer.

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, 97h13 Instructors.

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[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Answer. "A Boston woman," said an author, "asked Lowell to write in her autograph album, and the poet, complying, wrote the line: "What is so rare as a day in June?"

"Calling at this woman's house a few days later, Lowell idly turned the pages of the album until he came to his own autograph. Beneath it was written in a childish scrawl: "A Chinaman with whiskers."

Hard on the Steward. T. P. O'Connor while in America told many a story about absentee land lords. "One of these met," said Mr. O'Connor, "wrote to his Kerry steward from a Pleadilly club in the troublous days of Land league and moonlighters: "Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will frighten me."—Detroit Free Press.