

OSPREY 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 7

COMING out of the woods into the little clearing, Gilbert saw her—this girl so wonderful. But bitter, resentful, all the mingled emotions that spelled for him unhappiness, were heavy in his heart. He stopped. She advanced.

"Gilbert," she called, with infinite pleading. In pathos unutterable, "I was afraid I wouldn't find you. I've walked such a long way looking for you."

"Why?" he asked, unconvinced.

"I had to—such ugly things—to you. You hadn't done anything wrong, and they—they hurt you, didn't they?"

"I didn't care that," he answered.

"Then you set angry with me? I couldn't understand. What had I done?"

Welling eyes were turned up to meet his own.

He turned away a little.

"Nothing," he said.

"Ah, tell me!" she besought. "It hurts me so."

He gulped swiftly.

"Not if you want to marry him," he said.

She cried earnestly:

"But I haven't anything to do with that, Gilbert! They arranged it all."

"And you're going to do it?"

"But I'm not doing it," she protested.

"My father and Raoul, they do it!"

"But you couldn't marry him unless you cared something for him," he declared.

"But how could I care for him?" she cried. "Why, I never saw him until today!"

He said quickly:

"And yet you're going to marry him—going away to his house, where I'll never see you again; going to be his wife; going to be with him all the time for the rest of your life?"

He went on:

"He'll be your husband! He wouldn't let me see you! He'll hate me because I hate him! I hate him because you're going to marry him!"

"No, no!" she cried, and then, "But, Gilbert, you don't hate me too?"

"I don't know."

"But you mustn't! You mustn't! You mustn't hate me, Gilbert!"

He turned to her.

"I do!" he cried tensely. Her eyes were on his—deep eyes, wonderful

very close. Her atoms went around his neck. For a long time they stood like that. At length he said:

"Now you can never marry any one but me!"

She stepped back a little. In her eyes was the wonder of it all—the great, great wonder.

"No," she said softly, "never. I didn't understand before. This is what he meant—something that makes one soul cling to another in spite of fear or shame or death—something that comes all at once!"

"It's true," he whispered. "That's the way it comes!"

There was a long, long pause.

He said, at length, tremulously:

"Madelaine."

She looked up at him.

"Say my name again," she breathed.

"Madelaine," he said again—"Madelaine, I—I love you."

Came to her lips the ghost of a smile.

"And I," she whispered—"I love you, Gilbert."

"Always?" he asked.

"Always," she repeated—"always and always and always! There'll never be anything else in the world. Only this morning Father O'Mara called me a child," she went on. "But I don't think he will any more. I think I'm a woman now, Gilbert." She paused. Came to them only the shrill notes of a bird, far above amid the sun flecked leaves. At length she said "And only to think that if it hadn't been for this you'd have gone off to the war."

It broke his dream. Swiftly he started to his feet. She rose, too, frightened.

"Madelaine," he cried, "we must be married without any delay! The priest here!"

"Father O'Mara!" she exclaimed.

"But he wouldn't do it! He'd take me home. He thinks he has to marry me to Raoul."

"But," he said in despair, "what can we do? If I have to leave you here!"

"Leave me!" She clung to his sleeve.

"I've got to go with the company. I've enlisted, I've promised."

She cried piteously:

"You could leave me—now?"

"They'd call me a coward if I didn't! It's a question of honor. Listen, Madelaine, I'm running away to join them. I gave them my word, and I must keep it. You mustn't speak of my going when you get back home!"

"Home!" she cried brokenly, aghast.

"You want me to go home?"

"You must!" he cried. "It's growing late. And we were to meet at sunset, and I don't know where. I haven't even found Wolf."

There had come the sound of life and drum.

"And I haven't even my rifle!" cried Gilbert despairingly. "They are coming now. If they think I've broken my word!"

She had been standing silent, eyes wide. She had not known, but she had been learning many things. At length she said, with a pronounced effort:

"They are to meet here. Your rifle is there." She pointed to the hollow tree. He leaped to it. He took therefrom gun and powderhorn, slinging the latter across his shoulder.

"There," he cried exultantly, "that makes a soldier of me!" He turned to her. "And you'll be a soldier's wife yet, sweetheart!"

"No!" she cried, fingers intertwined.

"Say goodbye to me," he besought.

"Say goodbye, like a brave girl. There's no other way."

Her face was buried in her hands.

"I can't!" she moaned. "Gilbert, I can't!"

He placed his arm about her in affectionate manner.

"They mustn't see you," he said.



"HE IS GOING TO WAR."

"You must go quickly!"

But even then it was too late. Men were coming from all sides. Gilbert looked about him.

They came, rugged backwoodsmen, bronzed and gaunt, callow recruits, awkward, red faced—all manner of men in all manner of garb. And with them was Wolf. He marshaled them with confident manner, and boasting words. He arrayed them in semblance of order. L'Acadieune had come with them. She, suspecting that Madelaine was still there, made that suspicion a certainty, and during all the confusion that had come to the silent glade found time to say to the crouching little figure in white:

"He cannot stay. But you could go with him!"

Came the voice of Wolf:

"Now, then, boys, off we go! You've got a fifteen mile march ahead of you, but you can sleep in the boat as we drop down the river. Form up! Get yourselves in fours or sixes or something!"

It was then that Gilbert stepped forward. He said quickly and very earnestly:

"Wolf, you know me. I want a little time. Let me follow. I'll be with you when you reach the river. I give you my word."

Wolf, looking at him, rejoined:

"Mr. Steele, your word's good with me. You'll be there. Catch us if you can. We move fast." He turned away. Came from his lips a shout, "Well, boys, it's up and off for Andrew Jackson's army!"

Life and drum broke into the shrill squeal and piercing rattle, and with them were the voices of men, throaty, husky, loud:

"Then it's up and off for Andy Jackson's army!"

I'd like to see the Briton that can scare me!

Andy'll drive 'em out o' Zion, and he'll skin their mangy lion.

So it's up, and off for Andy Jackson's army!"

They had gone. Gilbert turned to Madelaine. His voice was choked.

"Madelaine," he whispered brokenly, "Madelaine!"

She did not move. Only she was looking at him.

He murmured softly:

"Goodby."

"No!" she breathed.

"You must go," he said. "You must go while I have the strength to let you."

She whispered:

"I can't. It came all at once. I can't!"

"But—"

She moved a little toward him. Her face was near to his.

"I am going with you," she whispered, and again, "I am going with you."

They were both very young. Many many things they did not know. Yet



"I AM GOING WITH YOU," SHE WHISPERED

the greatest of all things that are of this world had come into their lives, and this then they did know, and this only:

Side by side, through the darkling woods, they went, following the shrill squeak of life, the rumble of drum and the sound of the singing men. And then the little glade was empty.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WALLOWA COUNTY MINERAL FIND

(Continued from first page.)

Sample at this Office.

Mr. Nedrow kindly left a sample of the ore at this office, which can be seen by anybody so interested. It shows a talky trace, like chalk dust, in portions, giving good promise of carrying platinum. With depth there is probably no doubt that these gentlemen will find that they have discovered a primary deposit of everlasting low grade ore; and when it is remembered that the primary deposit is the prospect that makes the big producer, there is room for hopes of mineral development north of Enterprise.

HEADQUARTERS AT THE SPINE.

In almost every case of disease the original cause is some interference with the nerves. So the Osteopath devotes most of his attention to the spine, where the chances of interference with the nerves are greatest. Slight misplacements of parts of the spine, vertebrae, are very common; much more common than is generally known. Indeed careful examination of a great number of persons will reveal the fact that there are very few perfect spines. If the slip in the spine be at a place where the nerves go to the stomach, the nerves in question are certain to be pinched, irritated or strained. And the stomach, with its blood and nerve supply interfered with, is certain to lag in its work. Just so with any other organ in which like interference may take place. Correcting these slight displacements is what Osteopathy is.

DRAW DOWN \$15 BOUNTY FOR COYOTE SCALPS

Ralph and Weldon Makin, two brothers living near Enterprise, brought into the county clerk's office Tuesday five scalps of coyote pups, taking in exchange \$15 of the county's good hard coin, and receiving also the gratitude of every sheep rancher of the county. The boys ran upon a den of the varmints and took the pups, killed them, and returned the scalps to the county.

Wallwa Defeats Joseph.

In the game last Sunday at Wallowa, attended by several from Enterprise, the Wallowa baseball team defeated Joseph by a score of 8 to 7. The game was hotly contested throughout, but fans who witnessed it remembered the very keen game between Enterprise and Joseph the preceding Sunday, and were pardonably disappointed. In the latter game Joseph put up a stiff contest, singularly free from errors, as also did the Enterprise team.



"YOU MUST GO WHILE I HAVE THE STRENGTH TO LET YOU."

"I am not angry," he said.

"I was so happy," she declared simply. "You and I were talking, and then suddenly—suddenly you were different. It was like being angry, and it must have been my fault. Was it something I said?"

He cried quickly:

"You told me that you were going to marry your cousin, Raoul de Valette!"

There was in her eyes surprise. She was puzzled.

"Why, yes," she said. Then: "Was it that? Does that make you unhappy, Gilbert?"

Suddenly he drew her to him. He kissed her.

He thrust her from him. She stood dazed, silent, motionless.

He cried tensely:

"There! Now go and marry your Raoul de Valette!"

She drew a white hand, palm out, across her eyes. She said at length, very slowly—her voice was low and vibrant, and very soft:

"No! No! I want to go with you."

"Go with me!" he repeated huskily.

"Go with!"—Then he took her in his arms again, holding her to him, very,

Professional Directory of Wallowa County

THOS. M. DILL
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
 Office first door south of New Fraternal Bldg., Enterprise, Ore.

BURLEIGH & BOYD
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
 Practice in all State Courts and Interior Department. Careful attention to all business.

D. W. SHEAHAN
LAWYER - ENTERPRISE
 Practice in State and Federal Courts and Interior Department.

W. E. HAMMACK, a rancher living some seven miles from Enterprise, paid this office a visit last Saturday. Mr. Hammack remembers the time, only a few years ago, when he could have purchased for some \$3,000 a farm that has recently sold for something like \$8,000. This is evidence of the growth of Wallowa county realty values.

Frank Melotte, well and favorably known in and around Enterprise, returned from an extended trip into Canada this week. Oregon and Wallowa county look good enough to Mr. Melotte.

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.

C. T. HOCKETT, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 Office upstairs in Bank Building. Ind. Home phone in office and residence.

DR. C. A. AULT
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 Office in Bank Building. Home phone both office and residence.

DR. MOORE HERE UNTIL AUGUST FIRST

Owing to the convention of the American Osteopathic association at San Francisco being set for the first week in August instead of July, Dr. and Mrs. Moore will continue their practice in Wallowa county until they leave for the national meeting. The average case of chronic trouble requires about two months osteopathic treatment, we are informed, while more stubborn cases may need three or even four months. However many cases are discharged within a month. Prolonged cases will have the opportunity of completing treatment under the successors of Drs. Moore, as it is their intention to permanently locate osteopathic physicians in Wallowa county, but the majority of cases starting treatment this month will be discharged before Dr. and Mrs. Moore leave for their year of special school work.

Agent L. O. Davis and wife, who have been substituting for Agent Butler during the latter's flying visit through Washington, left Tuesday morning. Agent Butler returned Monday. Mr. and Mrs. Davis go from here to Bridalveil, Oregon.

Japalac, varnish stains, linseed oil at Burnham & Mayfield's. Agent Butler arrived home after a week's visit to Washington cities,

reaching here Monday on the afternoon train. Mr. Butler's little son met with a high mishap, suffering a hard fall while engaged with a

boy companion running down a hill side. No serious damage was done, and the little fellow is as lively as ever.

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