

SPRING TIME

Novelized by PORTER EMERSON BROWNE From the Play of the Same Name by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

[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 life, 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 enthralled 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, untutored 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 army.

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, started, 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 dogs, which, however, were leashed 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 on 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 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 wearied 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 what is not so," she muttered. "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.

row.

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 prospective as well as projective science he would have been able to comfort himself with the reflection that the unerving 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 abysmal 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!

THE GOOD TOBACCO SHOP IS HUMAN'S

If You Prefer the Best Brands of Cigars or Smoking Tobacco you can always get what you want here. Fine line of PIPES

The same is true of all our Stock. Come in and see.

PRENTISS HUMAN'S

Next Door to Bank Enterprise, Oregon



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

around his neck. Her ringlets 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 this trust and strive manfully to justify it, as was the duty of a true man and a soldier in Andrew Jack-

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Fairies in Ireland.

There are many sorts of fairies in Ireland. The trooping clans, the friendliest, wear green jackets, and the solitary fairies wear red. According to McAnally, a peasant once witnessed a battle between them, and when the trooping fairies began to win he was so overjoyed "to see the green above the red" that he gave a loud hurrah. Immediately all vanished from view, and he found himself thrown headlong in the ditch. In Mr. Peats' classification the weird but not unkindly merrows, or sea fairies, come next, then the fairy doctors and witches, who inhabit puddings and pots, bewitch butter, steal milk and the like; the banshees, not always harbingers of death; the leprecaun, or fairy shoemakers, "the only industrious persons among them," for they dance their shoes away in a single night; the pookas, first cousins of the Scotch brownies, who for their sins are obliged to help the housewife with nightly elfin labors; the giants, the ghosts and the satanic race of demon cats, and last, the "kings, queens, princesses, earls and robbers."—Sarah H. Cleg-horn in Atlantic.



"THERE! NOW GO AND MARRY YOUR RAOUL DE VALETTE!"

Malay Weapons.

The national Malay weapon, the creese, is said to have been invented by a Javanese monarch of the fourteenth century. Its varieties are said to exceed a hundred, and there are in Java no fewer than fifty names for them. It varies in size from the two foot wavy blade of Sulu down to a mere toothpick. But the peculiarity is that the weapon is never ground, but kept rough and sawlike in edge by scouring with lime juice or the juice of an unripe pineapple, sometimes mixed with arsenic, and it is on this

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 chiropractor can generally get a foothold, no matter how bad business is; a manicurist 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 experts 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!"

CONCRETE WORK

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."

See us for any and all kinds of Concrete Work.

MARKS BROTHERS, General Contractors.

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.

John D. Rockefeller would go broke if he should spend his entire income trying to prepare a better medicine than Chamberlain's Colic,

The Power of the Pocketbook.

Hub—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. Hub—Um! Well, never mind.—Boston Transcript.

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.

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.

VIOLENTLY INSANE.

A young woman who for several years had been confined in the asylum in St. Joseph as violently insane was taken to Kirksville under guard about three weeks ago, according to the Kirksville Express, and since that time has been apparently cured by osteopathy.—Kansas City Star of January 29.

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,
97113 Instructors.

L. BERLAND

Dealer in Harness, Saddles, Chaps, 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.

ENTERPRISE, OREGON

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