

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 10

THERE was despair at Valette, despair profound. A night had come and gone, and now it was morning, and still she had not been found. Leagues they had traveled through wood and brake, through road and forest path—a father grim eyed, grim jawed; a priest with close set lips and anxious eyes; a bent, little old man who could do nothing but play the organ. And the bride-room to be—had hunted a little too. Only the fragile old aunt and the bent old servant had remained where had once been the splendor of Valette, the one too delicate, the other too slow to be of assistance. And now it was morning again.

Lemaitre had come from the woods—Lemaitre, who played the organ in the chapel. Aunt Marguerite saw him as he entered the gate. She was waiting as he neared the house. He answered the look of eyes, shaking his head.

She cried softly: "My poor brother!" "Come, ma'm'selle," said Louise; "one must not give up hope that she has been safe all the time."

"Safe!" exclaimed Mile. de Valette. "Little Madeleine alone in the forest! And all I may do is to pray that my brother has found her!" Louise shrugged her bent shoulders. "That cold blooded M. Raoul there—he does not need any one to pray for him! See him! How calmly he sits on the porch yonder! He gave up the search pretty early, eh? Ah, that is one sort of bridegroom! And I think if one sort of misfortune has befallen him he deserves it."

"One sort of misfortune," repeated Mile. de Valette. "What do you mean by 'one sort of misfortune'?" "I have my ideas," replied old Louise sagely. "Now it is more than twenty-four hours that Mile. Madeleine has been lost. Ha! If she had wished to be found, she would have been. She went away without telling anybody. I have thought to myself: 'Why did she do that? Was it because she did not like this marriage, perhaps?' You want the answer. I think you can see it, sitting on the porch yonder."

"Silence," commanded Mile. de Valette angrily. "You're a fool!" The old servant watched her go. She did not see M. Raoul de Valette as he left his chair upon the porch and came toward her. He was beside her when, at length, she repeated to herself:

"Fool!" He said, smiling at her shoulder: "I trust you address yourself, good woman."

She turned. "It might be that I spoke to the blind, M. Raoul."

"And who is blind here?" She shrugged her shoulders. "All of you perhaps," she returned. "Because we have not found Mile. Madeleine?"

"Perhaps because you search only in the woods for her."

He asked slowly: "Where do you think we should look for her?" She answered deliberately: "Nowhere where you are, M'sieur Raoul."

"Then," he said mustily, "you do not think that she is lost."

"Oh, maybe."



"ALL I MAY DO IS TO PRAY THAT MY BROTHER HAS FOUND HER."

"You mean because she wishes to be lost?"

"Who can tell?"

"That is, she hides."

"Who knows?"

He said, with a half smile: "I find the idea singularly unflattering to myself."

He turned to find himself face to face with Father O'Mara, tired of face, with broad shoulders bowed a little.

"You bring good news, I trust, sir?" inquired Raoul.

O'Mara shook his head.

"None," he said, and then: "M. de Valette is coming back. I persuaded him. If he does not rest—Not a word, not a trace, of her anywhere. At any other time we could have had all the neighborhood to help us. But the young men marched last night, and the rest won't assist—not out of heartlessness. There's come a rumor that General Jackson fought a great battle above New Orleans this morning, and one army or the other, they don't know which, was almost massacred. Try to think of something to say to your cousin. If anything has happened to her—"

He shook his head again.

De Valette had come now. The long night had told upon him sadly; yet eyes and jaws were still set grimly. In them there was no weakening.

He looked at them both—at his cousin, at the priest.

"Mind this," he said—"I have not given up."

Raoul said slowly: "If I may suggest, isn't there just a possibility—Could it be that you seek in the wrong direction?"

"She was seen to enter the woods," returned De Valette.

"But," persisted Raoul, "suppose she herself had not wished to be seen. It is a test to my modesty, but I am willing to admit that Mile. de Valette may not have been captivated by the alliance you proposed to her."

"That is unthinkable, sir!" cried De Valette. "Her obedience is unquestioned."

"Obedience!" repeated Raoul. "Yes, perhaps. But the circumstances are peculiar, even significant. I am presented to her as her betrothed. Then she vanished. Her motive? I argue a previous fancy."

"Be more definite," commanded De Valette.

"But what is more natural," insisted Raoul, with a light shrug of his shoulders, "than that a young lady, in her chase for butterflies, perhaps, may

meet a youth to her inclination?"— He stopped. De Valette had come close to him and was looking at him with his grim eyes.

"M. Raoul de Valette," he said, his voice low and tense, "you speak of a demoiselle De Valette. I could forget that you are my cousin. I cannot forget that you are a guest in my house."

He turned on his heel and left him, and Father O'Mara followed.

Raoul de Valette watched them go. He smiled a little, flicking from his cheek with his handkerchief an imaginary bit of dust. The sound of singing came to him. It was a voice that he knew. He listened to the words:

"Tete de nuit est le temps le plus. Pour les amoureux amants qui cherchent le repos. Le coupou a veia le nid de l'oriole. Pauvre p'tit mari! Pauvre l'oriole!"

He repeated the words, translating:

"In summer at night the mating is best. At twilight they're winging their way home to rest. The cuckoo has stolen the oriole's nest. Poor little husband! Poor oriole!"

And then she came following her song. She saw him; she stopped; the mocking smile was on her lips.

He said sternly: "I told you to go!"

She returned with great pretense of sympathy—of concern:

"Ah, my Raoul! Could I leave you alone, unprotected, among these people! They might fool you. They might marry you, after all, to that little one who yesterday was a child!"

"What do you know of her?" he demanded swiftly.

She laughed wildly.

"M'sieur Raoul de Valette is quite an old gentleman!" she cried. "Quite an old gentleman!" Her mirth rang loud.

"If M. de Valette hears that you know anything of his daughter," he said through his teeth, "he'll not stop at half measures to get it out of you."

Again she laughed, this time scornfully.

"Half measures!" she repeated. "They are not needed. I came to tell. Only I stop to observe that M. Raoul is not half so young and not nearly so pretty as—"

"As whom?" he demanded violently.

She looked at him over one rounded shoulder tantalizingly.

"As—shall we say M'sieur Gilbert Steele?"

"That boy who found her asleep yesterday!" Yet again she laughed.

"He has awakened her!" She continued in altered tones swiftly. "She came looking for him in the woods. She had forgotten you. He had to go after the soldiers, and she went after him!"

He stood for a moment in silence. Then he said slowly, harshly:

"Last night! That ends it!"

"That ends it!"



"LAST NIGHT! THAT ENDS IT."

"That ends it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Somebody has dug up a contemporary account of the food. But Noah scooped him. He knew about it before it happened.

The Festive Codfish.

A correspondent of the New York Post says that the codfish frequents "the tablelands of the sea." The codfish no doubt does this to secure as nearly as possible a dry, bracing atmosphere. This pure air of the submarine tablelands gives to the codfish that breadth of chest and depth of lungs that we have so often noticed. The glad, free smile of the codfish is largely attributed to the exhilaration of this oceanic atmosphere. The correspondent further says that the "codfish subsists largely on the sea cherry." Those who have not had the pleasure of seeing the codfish climb the cherry tree in search of food or clubbing the fruit from the heavily laden branches with chunks of coral have missed a very fine sight. The codfish when at home rambling through the submarine forests does not wear his vest unbuttoned as he does while loafing around the grocery stores of the United States. —Bill Nye.

A High Priced Fricassee.

Lord Alvanley, a noted wit and high liver in England a hundred years or so ago, insisted on having an apple tart on his dinner table every day throughout the year. On one occasion he paid a caterer \$1,000 for a luncheon put up in a basket that sufficed a small boating party going up the Thames. Being one of a dozen men dining together at a London club where each was required to produce his own dish, Alvanley's, as the most expensive, won him the advantage of being entertained free of cost. This benefit was gained at an expense of \$540, that being the price of a simple fricassee composed entirely of the "noix," or small pieces at each side of the back, taken from thirteen kinds of birds, among them being 100 snipe, 40 woodcocks and 20 pheasants—in all about 300 birds.

Our Eccentric Phrases.

Why do we always talk of putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before a vest? We also say putting on shoes and stockings. Who puts on shoes before the stockings? We also put up signs telling people to wipe their feet when we mean their boots or shoes. And a father tells a boy he will warm his jacket when he means to warm his pantaloons. We are a little eccentric in our phrases at times.

An Odd Epitaph.

The following epitaph is to be found in a cemetery within seven miles of New York's city hall: Reader, pass on; don't waste your time. O'er his biography and bitter rhyme. For what I am this crumbling clay insures. And what I was is no affair of yours.

In the Game.

"I am in the hands of my friends," said the political sidestepper. "Yes," replied the harsh critic, "and every time your friends look over their hands they seem impatient for a new deal."—Washington Star.

The Proper Tree.

Curious Charley—Do nuts grow on trees, father? Father—They do, my son. Curious Charley—Then what tree does the doughnut grow on? Father—The "pantree," my son.—Purple Cow.

Never Good.

Fogg—That's a bad cold you have, old man. Fenderson—Did you ever hear of a good cold, you idiot?—Boston Transcript.

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

Her Diamond Necklace.

Brown is a very careful man. He is superlatively careful. So careful is he that he has insured his insurance money.

Now, Brown has a wife. Wives have to be given birthday presents, and on his wife's first birthday after their marriage he gave her a beautiful diamond necklace. This was not as reckless as you might think, for each stone on the necklace represented a year of Mrs. Brown's life, and he let every one know that. And he arranged to give Mrs. Brown a new diamond each birthday. And he let the neighbors know that too.

He has just missed giving his wife a birthday present for the ninth successive year.

As to when greed will conquer pride and his wife will ask for another birthday present, we shall have to wait and see.—Pearson's.

The Salt Charm Failed.

Some three years before the Franco-German war broke out Count Seekendorf accompanied King William I. on his visit to Napoleon III. and was present at the celebrated déjeuner given in the Pavillon de Diane at Fontainebleau. King William, who was sitting next the empress, was asked by her to pass the salt, and in complying with this request he threw a little salt over his shoulder. Upon the empress exclaiming, "Why do you do that?" the king explained that in his country it was the custom to do so when passing the salt to ward off bad luck and any chance of a quarrel. The empress in a prettily turned speech at once replied, "But surely there is no danger of anything interfering with our friendship." In less than three years the Germans had crossed the Rhine.—London Spectator.

Osteopathic Profession Grieves.

A telegram has been received by Dr. Moore announcing the death of Mrs. Andrew Taylor Still of Kirksville, Mo., the wife of the illustrious founder of the science of osteopathy. Mrs. Still was about 77 years old, and held a unique position in the osteopathic profession.

It is realized that her loyalty and faithfulness during the years of severe denial at the time of the "Old Doctor's" (as he is lovingly called) discovery and development of osteopathy was one of the sustaining factors in giving the world this great healing science. The early period of osteopathic development meant being scoffed at as well as poverty of the direct kind, for people were slow to give Dr. Still any encouragement and through years and years of reverses he continued to study the body and build his foundation for a true system of healing and through it all Mrs. Still showed loving loyalty and lived her sweet life uncomplainingly. So Mrs. Still likewise was considered a great benefactor, and was finally blessed with the contentment which follows success after great trials, and lived to see the "Old Doctor" reap his just reward of one of the world's greatest benefactors, while she enjoyed the love and admiration of the osteopathic world.

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Tales Out of School.
Sultor—I suppose your father is altogether taken up with business?
Her Little Brother—Yes, dad thinks of nothing else. That must have been why ma said to sister last night that if you meant business it was about time you talked to papa.—Brooklyn Life.

Heard at the Hub.
"And how old are you, little girl?"
"Six."
"And how is it you are out walking without your mamma?"
"Oh, mamma doesn't go in for exercise. Really, we have very little in common."—Houston Chronicle.

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Something new—Kirsch curtain rods and portier poles for the first time in Enterprise. Come in and see them at F. S. Ashleys.

Our entire stock of men's and boy's clothing goes on sale at greatly reduced prices, Saturday June 4. W. J. Funk & Co.

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 in each subject a specialty. Tuition for term \$10.

Please notify the instructors at once of your intention to attend.
AUBREY G. SMITH,
Principal Lathrop School.
J. C. CONLEY, County Supt.,
97b13 Instructors.

IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE MEETING MONDAY NIGHT

The Improvement League will hold its next regular meeting Monday evening. The Library association has kindly given the league the use of the library room until the Commercial club room is ready. The members of the league and all ladies interested in city improvement work are urged to be present.

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