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On his way to the Frenchman's he stopped at the hotel, where he found Shottle strapping up their baggage—and a police official paying an informal but suggestive call. An hour's grace remained. Drace paid his score at the desk, sent his baggage to the boat and then, summoning a cab, drove off with Shottle to the house of the Frenchman. It proved to be a mean abode, both wine-shop and dwelling. Drace knocked eagerly. A small man, his mustache dyed, came to the door, blinking.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am a friend of Mr. la Vitte, and—"

"Pardon, monsieur, but you do not look like him, se friend."

"But I am. And I came with word that will be of advantage to him. The police are after him—"

"Aw, he know zat. Monsieur would trouble himself for nothing. Good morning."

"Just a moment, please. You have no need to look on me with suspicion. I am his friend—and—"

"If you his friend," interrupted the man, "you know he gone—to Europe, on steamer to France."

(To be continued.)

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 at a big saving in price and terms as low as \$10 monthly to good people. Piano located in vicinity of Halsey. For particulars write CLARK MUSIC CO., Astoria, Ore.

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THAT SALEM VISIT
A Civics Student Describes What He Saw

We arrived at the state capitol about 10 o'clock. We first went to the senate chamber and they were discussing a bill intended to stop the sending out of voters' pamphlets before election at the state's expense. After some discussion this bill was resubmitted to the committee. After the clerk read the bill a third time he called the roll. All in favor answered "aye" and those opposed "no". The president and the clerk merely mumbled through a form of carrying on business. Some senators paid no attention to the proceedings; some read the newspapers, smoked cigars or did anything to kill the time.

In the house of representatives it was much the same, but here a vote was sometimes taken by standing. A bill providing that the school districts furnish the school books was introduced, but was indefinitely postponed. A bill concerning the voting of land owners only on road taxes was also introduced, but did not pass.

In the senate each senator has a private secretary. There are also pages seen running about the floor in both houses.

In the house of representatives pictures of all the former governors may be seen hanging about the walls. Both chambers are large, well finished and well furnished. For both the speaker and the president of the senate large, raised desks are provided.

After lunch we drove out to the state penitentiary, but were not admitted until 2 o'clock. Ordinarily visitors must register, but the school children did not, as those in charge registered for all.

We were first shown the cells and the way they are looked at night. These small rooms are very well furnished for that kind of place. Then we were shown into the library. Here many beautiful paintings, were to be seen.

In another room we could hear a band playing. This band was made up of inmates of the "pen." We were then shown the kitchen and the dining-room. As we were taken through the building the wardens explained everything to us. In the kitchen was a large range, an electric oven about six feet square and three large kettles for cooking vegetables and meat. Their dining room was a large, bare room with several long rows of tables with benches on each side. Immediately after each meal the plates, cups and knives and forks are washed and lined up along the tables. Everything about the place was very clean and neat.

During the day the men are turned out into a large yard behind the living quarters. Here there are several large buildings for them to work in. Around the wall seven guard houses are built, in which guards are stationed to prevent criminals from escaping.

After spending an hour or so in the "pen" we went to the insane asylum. This was not so interesting as the others, but it gives a person an idea of the state burdens. Everything is kept very clean and neat. The inmates are well fed and cared for. Their kitchen and dining-room are sanitary and well furnished. The building is a very large one; it is three stories high and contains 1,910 patients.

From the asylum we visited the

blind school. The globes and maps in this school are raised, so the blind children can feel the different countries. The print is also raised, so they can read with their fingers instead of eyes. In a small building behind the school is a manual training room. Here blind children make different articles with ordinary carpenter tools just by feeling. They also make baskets, brooms, hammocks and cane bottoms for chairs. It seems that they are given some of the hardest kind of work to be done without sight. They receive half the money from their work, and the other half goes to the school.

From here we started on our journey homeward.

EVERETT CORBIN.

Left-over Again
 Again last week the Enterprise force was unable, on Wednesday and Thursday, to put in type, in time to start the press Thursday at noon, all the matter that came to hand, so the following local news items were left out:

Last week Wednesday Mesdames Stafford, Walton and English spent shopping at the county seat.

Mrs. George Mornhinweg and her daughter, Mrs. Hazel Wallace, were in Albany Wednesday.

Mrs. H. C. Wickham has returned from Cottage Grove, where she has been visiting her sons. Mrs. Wickham now lives in Oregon City. John Putman of Brownsville is her son and she visited there on her way home.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bayly came from Eugene Friday morning and spent the day with Mrs. Wheeler.

Mrs. Meda Forbes and Mrs. Hazel Moyer drove over from Brownsville Friday afternoon to visit at the Wheeler home. Mrs. Dunlap, mother of Mrs. Forbes, has been seriously ill, but is better.

Miss Mary LaRue spent Monday at the county seat.

John M. Swank of Plainview pleaded guilty to a charge of moonshining with two stills and was sentenced to \$1500 fine and 60 days in jail. Sheriff Dunlap found that the galvanized iron of one still had been eaten through and Swank's customers are supposed to have swallowed the poison so produced.

L. E. Walton has been limping around after dropping a stick of wood on his foot.

F. O. Salmon and family dined at O. W. Frum's Sunday.

Miss Mildred Hovey came home from Willamette university with Geraldine Cook as her guest over the week end.

Shedd contributed about \$80 to the near east relief at the Bristow meeting.

The Brownsville public library is to be open three nights a week.

Miss Alberta Kountz was home from Willamette university over the week end.

Grant Taylor went back to his mail delivery job soon after the grip and J. C. Bramwell has been carrying for him again.

County Commissioners Isom and Thoms were viewing roads hereabouts Tuesday.

R. W. Kessell, proprietor of the Rialto theater here and one each in Harrisburg and Junction City, has purchased the Grand at Brownsville.

Nineteen grown animals in George S. McCart's fine herd of Holsteins at Harrisburg have been

ducing you to Nadine la Vitte. The poker tables were full, so I nipped in modestly at the faro-bank. That's not a very swift game, but sometimes it is as sure as buying houses and lots, if you've got the patience. I invested cautiously till about daylight, cashed in exactly two hundred, and here I am as refreshed as a horse grazing on clover.

"Colonel, I congratulate you!" said Drace.

The two breakfasted together, and then Drace set out to find again the house at the scene of the riot—the house at the window of which he had seen the face of Nadine la Vitte. At length he found himself in the side street where he had taken refuge the night before, and turning out of this he came to the tree from the limb of which he had cut down the half-strangled victim of the mob. There opposite was the house and there was the window at which he had seen Nadine's face; but across the window, boards had been nailed! The other windows, too, and the doors, were nailed up; the place was deserted. Could that face at the window have been only a creature of his imagination?

An old negro in nondescript livery came down the walk from a house a few doors away. He might have been footman to a baron. But when Drace spoke to him, the dignified change in his countenance appeared to alter even the aspect of his attire; and now he might have been usher to a governor. This quick change had been brought about by his intuitive discovery that Drace was a man of consequence.

"Do you know anything about the people who lived across the street?" Drace asked.

"Wall, no sah; da wus po' folks, sah."

"Then you don't know where they went?"

"No sah. My 'pleymint is ter look after folks ob er higher 'dition, sah. An den ter preach on Sunday."

"Oh, you are a preacher."

"Called, sah, wid er blast from de trumpet."

"Does your church ever need money?" In a moment he lost his dignity.

"Look yeh, boss, whut's er nigger church fur ef it ain't ter need money? Co'as it need money. But what you gwine do erbout it?"

"Yasuh," he said, when Drace had warned him with a greenback. "I reckon dey don't moved away. There was er kind of rumpus last night. And I reckon they'll thought it wasn't no place for dey, no mo'; dey la' mighty sudden-like, 'ahly dis mawnin'."

And that was all Drace could learn; no one in the vicinity would admit that they knew them or their destination. Disliking to call too much attention to himself, Drace walked away heavy-hearted. For a long time he wandered the streets. He came to the levee, and the French market. He went into the old St. Louis cemetery, and looked upon the novel sight of bodies sepulchered in a wall with doors like a furnace. These compartments, he learned, were rented by the month to the poor; and a short tenantry it was for many a son and daughter of penury answering Eternity's call, for when the grim agent failed to collect the pittance promised by sorrow, the shrouded renter was evicted—an old Spanish custom, Drace was told.

Recalled by these grim surroundings to the purpose that had brought him to the South, Drace now determined

to give himself wholly to his quest for Stepho la Vitte. He returned to the hotel, and found Shottle nervous in a cloud of smoke. The floor was covered with burned matches and the stubs of cigars.

"Lib, I'm crushed," announced Drace. "So am I. But how does it happen that the dust-cart drove over you too?"

"Nadine is gone. The place is nailed up."

"That's tough, all right. But what are you going to do about it? Are you going to come to your puritanic senses and give the whole thing up, or do you expect—"

"I expect to fulfill my sacred mission. I must find Stepho la Vitte."

Shottle got up and shook hands with his friend. He swore that he would make the search the aim of his life.

"Suppose you hire me by the day," he suggested. "A man does better work by the day. He always has fresh stimulus every time the sun rises."

"Very well—ten dollars a day."

"That's liberal, Virgil, and I'll take it. And let's get Old Josh to help us. He is more or less acquainted with Stepho's habits."

CHAPTER V
 An hour later Drace and Shottle returned to their hotel after a ceremonious visit with Colonel Josh. The Colonel knew of Stepho, had indeed met him once, and he promised to make discreet inquiries that should without fail disclose the creole's whereabouts.

Hardly had Drace reached his room, however, before a visitor was shown in—a visitor who introduced himself as an agent of the New Orleans police department and who had a most distressing communication to make:

It was known that Mr. Drace and his friend had taken part in a recent riot. Mr. Drace was one of the leaders, had severely wounded more than one man, and without cause, being from the North, just arrived, and having no possible interest in the city. However, he was to be treated with more of lenity than would rhyme with his crime, for instead of punishment he was only to be banished, along with his friend. A steamboat, the Bumblebee, bound northward, would leave next morning. The chief of police would give if Mr. Drace and his friend failed to register among the passengers.

With scarcely twelve hours left in which to find Stepho la Vitte, Drace paced the streets in an agony of anxiety, making a hundred plans to find Stepho or to outwit the New Orleans officials and prolong his stay, but all in vain.

Colonel Josh did not appear, but he seemed to have embarked upon the quest, for when the distracted Drace called at his quarters about midnight the old fellow was still absent. Dawn brought Drace back again, for all his other endeavors had been unsuccessful, and but two hours remained before the Bumblebee's departure.

Routes out of bed, the Colonel kept Drace waiting a full half hour before he put in an appearance. Then, however, he offered a faint ray of hope. He had discovered that a certain Frenchman, a wine dealer, living at an address he produced scrawled on paper, was reported to be an intimate of Stepho. Possibly from him Mr. Drace might—

Drace hurriedly explained the decree which had banished him; then he "presented" the Colonel with a check on account, asked him to convey his respects to Miss Lucy and took his

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