

A Trapper Trapped

It was 6 o'clock on an autumn evening. The streets of Birmingham were swept with rain. I had had a tolerably successful day, and there reposed in my pockets the sum of £20, which I had collected from my firm's customers. Having nothing particular to do, and the torrents of rain absolutely prohibiting all open air enjoyment, I went to the hotel I was staying at, and, although I had already drunk during the afternoon more than I ought and much more than I needed, I called for a further supply of brandy and while sipping it was joined by a stranger, who seemed eager to enter into conversation with me.

Nothing backward and with tongue fairly set a-wagging, I talked, too, and I believe that before many moments he had ascertained that I had £20 belonging to my employer in my possession.

The brandy finished, nothing would satisfy my new found friend but that he should take me to the theater, where the well known play of "Drink" was being performed. I remember well how, half tipsy as I was, I shuddered at the realistic portraiture by one of the artists of a victim to delirium tremens. I remember how the horrors of drink were delineated and was sane enough to remark to my companion: "Bosh! They are overdrawing it."

"Certainly," he replied, "they are overdrawing it. But it's only a play. There are drinking bars here; they are a reality. Come, let's go and get something."

So we went and "got something," and, to cut a long story short, when I left the theater leaning on the arm of my friend I was helplessly intoxicated.

The next thing I knew was this: The rain clouds had rolled away, and fitful gleams of moonlight revealed to me the fact that I was in a strange room, lying on a strange bed. Two o'clock chimed out from a neighboring steeple. Sobered with fright, I raised myself, and then, quick as a lightning flash, came the thought—my money! My clothes were thrown across the bottom of the bed. I searched the trousers pocket. The gold was there.

Then I heard voices in soft conversation coming up from below. Noiselessly I opened the bedroom door and listened.

"Sure he's all serene?" queried one voice, to which another responded, "He won't wake till 6 at the earliest."

"Very good," said the first voice. "Mind, if he wakes while you're doing it"—The sentence was punctuated by the unmistakable click of a pistol, and I shivered—not from cold.

"And at 6 or 7 or whenever he does wake," continued the voice, "tell him you picked him up drunk in the street and carried him in here out of compassion for safety, and you will easily convince him that he was robbed out of doors. But, mind, I have done my part in plying him with drink and in deceiving him here. See you do yours in gracefully relieving the poor fool of his £20."

Here a step on the stairs warned me to close the door, and I got back to bed. Hearing the knob of the door turn, I began to breathe heavily after the fashion of a drunken man, and the next instant, shading the candle with his hand, there appeared the form of a strange man, who was soon peering fixedly into my face.

Satisfied apparently with his examination, my visitor searched my pockets, pounced upon the gold, of course, and quickly transferred it from its erstwhile resting place to—where do you guess? He went to a birdcage, which now for the first time I observed hanging up, drew out its sliding door, quietly emptied my gold into it, replaced the slide and undressed and lay down beside me. He was soon asleep, and hope sprang up within me; but, alas, of all the light sleepers he was the lightest I ever knew! Whenever I moved he appeared to be on the alert. It was impossible to crawl out of bed without his being conscious of the fact. Besides, under his pillow I knew was the pistol, and, in despair, I had reluctantly to rest on as calm and unconcerned as I possibly could.

All wakeful I passed that horrible

night, and the slow hours dragged on interminably. But at length a project presented itself to my now sharpened senses, which project I put into execution when 6 o'clock struck.

"Failure," said I to myself, "means simply death. Success means a saved reputation with my employers and a vow of strictest sobriety."

Everything being perfectly quiet, I simulated a gradual waking up and my first yawn opened the eyes of my bedfellow. The second had the effect of raising him from his recumbent position in the bed, and when I slowly and painfully awoke he was bending over me, all solicitude.

Daylight was now stealing into the room.

"My poor fellow," exclaimed the assiduous one, "how do you feel now? You will wonder, no doubt, it being in my bed, but the fact is you were ill last night, were you not?"

"Ill?" I said. "Ill?" And I put my hand mechanically to my head. "Well, I think I must have been. My head does ache so!"

He smiled and replied, "Well, my dear fellow, not to put too fine a point upon it, I found you late last night in the gutter just a little bit the worse for liquor, and two somewhat disreputable looking men who were with you asked me if I could manage to look after you for the night."

I expressed my profound thanks to my good friend for his unselfish kindness, but he modestly waved them aside, saying deprecatingly:

"Duty, sir, duty. I cannot neglect a genuine case of human suffering or danger without some attempt, however slight, at succor."

I thanked him again. "I am ill," I said. "I had too much brandy yesterday. I must have a hair of the dog that bit me. I must have a nip now. It is the only thing which will put me right. If you have any brandy in the house, for heaven's sake, sir, bring me a drop!"

He hesitated a moment, then rejoined:

"Certainly. Lie there, and I'll be back with it in a moment," and disappeared.

Much quicker than I can relate it, I sprang up, went to the birdcage, drew the sliding tray, transferred all the contents into my handkerchief and thence into my coat pocket, finally replacing the tray. Not a moment too soon was I back between the sheets, for in an instant my good Samaritan arrived with the brandy. I drank and professed to be much better. I dressed; so did he.

Would I have breakfast? No. I most reluctantly asked to be excused, being in haste to catch the first train I possibly could back to town, and I pointed out to my noble host that either breakfast or that train must of necessity be given up. Would he forgive me if I felt compelled to choose the train?

I searched in my trousers pocket for my money, gave a start of surprise, shrieked out: "They have robbed me, those villains. Robbed me last night!" And I simulated as ably as I could a most woeful expression of grief and despair. My good friend sympathized deeply with me. He invoked maledictions on the head of any one who could be base enough to rob an unfortunate stranger, and with a generosity well nigh unparalleled he pressed upon me to accept, seeing I was penniless, as a temporary loan if I liked, the sum of 10 shillings.

"Do take it," he urged. "It is, you know, more blessed to give than to receive. I am not rich myself, but a few shillings in the cause of philanthropy I shall not, cannot miss."

So, with renewed assurance of indebtedness, I wished my estimable benefactor adieu; told him I should never forget him as long as I lived (here I really was speaking the truth) and departed. What the locality was I knew not, but I wandered—nay, I rushed on and on—until I saw a sleepy looking jehu, whom I bade drive me with all possible speed to the station. The train was just starting, and I jumped into an empty compartment. Hastily I untied the bag and scanned the contents. Lo and behold! I found that I had swept the birdcage clean, for when I counted the money there were £42 in gold and two £5 Bank of England notes, making the very respectable total of £52.

Now I am happily and peacefully settled in life, and when round the

fireside at night I am called on for a story nothing delights me better than to tell my tale of how the trappers were trapped.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

Drawn work, lace applique and insertion are certain features of white stocks and collars.

The blouse that buttons in the back and has the collar built on it is the best liked model for a trimmed waist.

We do not hear much about silk mitts, but the wearing of them is permissible this summer. They come in eight and twelve button lengths.

Skirts of fine India linen to be worn under the fine white summer gowns are marvels of elaboration and archly trimmed with lace, ribbon ruffling and tucks.

Oyster white is the latest oddity in names for tints of color. It is that peculiar gray hitherto seen in floor linens, and irregularly woven flaxen products displaying it are now used for shirt waists and costumes.

Linen of all kinds are still the favorites for both morning and simple afternoon summer gowns, but old fashioned French percale, which is one of the most serviceable cotton materials ever made, is being widely employed for tub dresses.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

Nancy Hanks, 2:04, is to be bred to an outside sire this year.

Anaconda, 2:03 1/2, continues to train to Fred Noble's satisfaction.

Sport on the Buffalo speedway is reported very lively these days.

Tuesdays and Fridays are the "regular" work out days at Charter Oak park, Hartford, Conn.

A green trotter by Homeward, 2:13 1/2, is said to have shown a quarter in 30 1/2 seconds at Fresno, Cal., recently.

Bessie Bonhill, 2:05 1/2, the erratic gray pacing mare of checkered history, is in training at New Milford, Conn.

There is a fast green trotter at Stockton, Cal., called Monochrome, by Mr. Kinney, 2:14 1/2, out of the dam of Monterey, 2:09 1/2, and Montana, 2:19 1/2.

Geers has already broken a record this season. His campaigning stable has been made up, and there is not a Village farm horse in it. However, he reet Hal, 2:04 1/2, soon returns to it.

In the Jungle.



Elephant—Is the dentist engaged? Alligator—Well—er—yes. He's filling some of my back molars. I find he can get at them much better from the inside.



Many a man would better go without lunch at all than eat the hurried lunch which forms the noon-day meal of many a business man. Hasty eating, foods hard to digest, and no time allowed for digestion are the cause of many a case of stomach "trouble."

Disease of the stomach seriously threatens the health of the whole body and should be promptly cured. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. It enables the perfect assimilation of food and the proper nutrition of the body on which physical strength depends. "Nine or ten years ago my health became very poor, and in 1892 was so far gone that good doctors pronounced my case the worst they had ever treated," writes Mr. Harvey Phlips, of Florence, Ala. "I had acute stomach trouble, liver complaint, catarrh and was nervous to such an extent I could not sleep. I finally got three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and some 'Pellets.' Took them according to directions on the bottles, and in a few days noticed a decided improvement. I commenced to get more rest at night and could eat with pleasure, where formerly food was like chips to me. When I had used three bottles of the 'Discovery' I was a new man; could eat mince pie for supper, go to bed at seven P. M. and sleep until seven A. M. I am now working at my trade (carpentry), every day in all kinds of weather, and think if I had not taken your medicines I would now be under the sod."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the clogged system from accumulated impurities.

Klamath - Lake - Railroad

... TIME TABLE ...

In Effect June 28th, 1903.

WEST		DAILY		EAST	
No. 1	No. 2	Passenger & Freight	No. 4	No. 3	No. 5
8:30 p. m.					
9:30		POKEGAMA			6:30
9:30		Junction Station			6:30
9:30		WASHTON			6:30
10:15		Upper switch 6:00 Spout			5:30
10:15		Lower " "			5:30
10:22	5:30	Hot Springs Station	2:29		5:14
10:27	5:35	Fuller Creek Spout	2:24		5:09
10:43	5:51	Upper bridge	2:30		4:43
11:28	6:30	LAIRD	1:15		4:00

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WOODMEN OF THE WORLD Lakeview Camp No. 526
Meets on the 3d and 4th Wednesday of each month in Masonic Hall at 8 o'clock.
LOREN BAILEY, Grand Commander.
E. S. JAYSH, Clerk.

LAKEVIEW ENCAMPMENT, No. 18.
L. O. O. F. meets the 1st and 3d Thursday evening of each month in Odd Fellows' Hall, Lakeview. W. S. BLAIR, C. P. W. J. MOORE, Sec'y.

M. E. CHURCH DIRECTORY.

LAKEVIEW—Preaching services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7:30 P. M., every second and fourth Sunday.

Sunday School every Sunday at 10 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

NEW LINE CREEK—Preaching Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7:30 P. M., every first Sunday.

Sunday School every Sunday at 10 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

BETHEL—Preaching Services at 11 o'clock A. M., and 7:30 P. M., every third Sunday.

J. B. STARK, Pastor.

NEVADA CALIFORNIA SIERRA NEVADA ROUTE OREGON RAILWAY

To take effect, Tuesday, A. M., 1, 1902

No. 1	No. 2
9:30 a. m.	5:30 p. m.
9:47 a. m.	4:50 p. m.
10:05 a. m.	4:28 p. m.
10:30 a. m.	4:10 p. m.
11:15 a. m.	3:30 p. m.
11:55 a. m.	2:45 p. m.
12:08 p. m.	2:18 p. m.
12:18 p. m.	2:10 p. m.
12:28 p. m.	1:47 p. m.
12:53 p. m.	1:35 p. m.
1:15 p. m.	1:35 p. m.
1:40 p. m.	12:50 a. m.
2:20 p. m.	12:10 p. m.
3:00 p. m.	11:30 p. m.
3:25 p. m.	11:12 p. m.
3:57 p. m.	10:47 p. m.
4:26 p. m.	10:20 p. m.
5:25 p. m.	9:40 p. m.
5:50 p. m.	9:10 p. m.
6:20 p. m.	8:30 p. m.
7:15 a. m.	7:55 p. m.
7:40 p. m.	7:30 a. m.

SIERRA VALLEY RY

5:00 pm 10:55 am Lv. Plumas Ar. 4:00 pm 9:30 am
5:45 pm 11:20 am Lv. Vinton Ar. 7:45 pm 8:40 am
6:30 pm 12:05 pm Lv. Rockwell Ar. 2:30 pm 7:55 pm
7:20 pm 12:55 pm Lv. Fairville Ar. 1:40 pm 7:00 am

CONNECTION WITH STAGE AT:

Termeo—for Lakeview, Paisley and Fish, Ore, and Ft. Bidwell, Lake City, Cedarvale, Adin Altura and Huerfano, Calif.
Hot Springs—for Mandish and Susanville, Calif.
Doyle—for Millerton, Jamesville and Buntinville, Calif.
Vinton—for Laydon, Downsville and Campbell's Hot Springs, Calif.
Rockwell—for Genesee, Taylorsville and Greenville, Calif.
Fairville—Molokah and Guley, Calif.
Reno—connecting with So. Pac. Co. for all points East & West; V. & T. R. R. for all points South

The Harney County Live Stock Association, of which I am a member, pays \$250 toward evidence leading to the conviction of parties stealing stock belonging to its members. In addition offer \$500 reward. Horse brand horse-stealer on either or both jaws. Recorded in 8 counties Range, Harney, Lake and Crook Counties. Horse vended when sold. Horses sold to pass through this section will be reported in this paper. If not so reported, please write or telephone The Times Herald, Main St., Burns, Oregon
W. W. Browns, Filer, Ore.