

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 bridegroom to be—had he 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'mselle," said Loutse; "one must not give up hope that she has been safe all the time."

"Safe!" exclaimed Mlle. 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 Mlle. 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 Mlle. Madeleine has been lost. Had it 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 Mlle. 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 Mlle. 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 was arrayed at the altar, 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 Mlle. 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, flickering from silk-embroidered 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 lesseaux amants qui cherchant le repos. Le coucou a vote le nid de l'orior. Pauvre pit mari! Pauvre l'orior!"

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! Last night! That ends it."



"LAST NIGHT! THAT ENDS IT."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Somebody has dug up a contemporary account of the flood. 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 "cod fish 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 \$50, 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 wood-cocks 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 over bad biography and bitter rhyme. For what I am this crumbling clay in-sures. 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

United States Land Notices

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—ISOLATED TRACT.

PUBLIC LAND SALE.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, May 7th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 7th day of July, 1910, at this office, the following-described land:

The S½ NW¼ Sec. 40, T. 1 S., R. 44 E. W. M., Serial No. 96791.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

38c5

F. C. Bramwell, Register.

Colon R. Eberhard, Receiver.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—ISOLATED TRACT.

PUBLIC LAND SALE.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, May 14th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 12th day of July, 1910, at this office, the following-described land:

The SE¼ NW¼, E½ SW¼ &

SW¼ SE¼ Sec. 28, T. 1 N., R. 45 E. W. M., Serial No. 07391.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

39c5

F. C. Bramwell, Register.

Colon R. Eberhard, Receiver.

JOSEPH

will have the greatest celebration on
July 3, 4, and 5
ever held in Wallowa County

There will be all kinds of Games, Sports, Races, Boot Races, Etc., for valuable prizes. Fine music, dancing, and every amusement the heart could wish

It will be held at the head of beautiful Wallowa Lake, the finest summer resort in Oregon

Low Excursion Rates

from all points on the O. R. & N., tickets on sale Sunday, July 3, good for return until Tuesday, July 5

Everybody cordially invited to celebrate with us

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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.

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LAWYER - ENTERPRISE

Practice in State and Federal Courts and Interior Department.

Tales Out of School.
Suitor—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.

CHARLES THOMAS
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W. C. KETCHUM
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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.

the best standing in the Pocatello high school where he was graduated this spring. Virgil is a son of W. A. Samms, well known here, and who is a civil engineer and U. S. deputy mineral surveyor located at Pocatello. The relatives and many friends here are justly proud of the young man's fine record.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—ISOLATED TRACT.

PUBLIC LAND SALE.

Department of the Interior.

U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, May 16th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stats., 517), we will offer at public sale to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 8th day of July, 1910, at this office, the following-described land:

The NW¼ SE¼ and the NE¼ SW¼ Section 29, T. 1 S., R. 44 E. W. M., Serial No. 06756.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

39c5

F. C. Bramwell, Register.

Colon R. Eberhard, Receiver.

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

Something new—Kirsh curtain rods and portier poles for the first time in Enterprise. Come in and see them at F. S. Ashley's.

Virgil Samms, grandson of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Samms, of this city, has been awarded a four years' scholarship in Whitman college for

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