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SUBSCRIPTION: One Year, \$1.00 Six Months, .50 Strictly in Advance.

It is easy enough to take things as they come, but more difficult to part with them as they go.

It is better to keep busy doing foolish things than to do nothing. The active man is very seldom a criminal.

Very few people look in the mirror when they feel real mean. If they did, they might reform, as there is nothing so horrid as an angry face.

The only way to size up the action of a man is to discover his motive. Some men appear to be all right when as a matter of fact they are all wrong. As a rule men who love money and desire to accumulate it are always on the side of the capitalists. Very few men are really patriotic. When you see a man who is really working for the interest of the people and there is no opportunity for him to gain anything by doing so, you may be certain that he is a patriot.

What do you know about Jerusalem? That town has received more free advertising than any other municipality in history. And there is good reason for it. You know the Jews are always good advertisers and that fact accounts for their unusual business success. The man who hides his candle beneath a bushel has always been a dead one. It is now 1840 years since there was something doing in Jerusalem. Then it was destroyed by our friend Titus.

Buffoonery in "Hamlet." The buffoonery once tolerated in provincial theaters is illustrated in an anecdote set forth in the memoirs of Harry Sullivan. Wright, who was the first gravedigger, prepared himself to take the house by storm by having incensed his person within a dozen or more waistcoats of all sorts of shapes and patterns. When about to commence the operation of digging the grave for the fair Ophelia Wright began to unwind by taking off waistcoat after waistcoat, which caused uproarious laughter among the audience. But as fast as he relieved himself of one waistcoat Paul Bedford, the second gravedigger, incensed himself in the castoff vests, which increased the salvo of laughter, for as Wright was getting thinner Paul grew fatter and fatter. Wright, seeing himself outdone, kept on the remainder of the waistcoats and went on with his part quite crestfallen.

An Awkward Selection. The first Baron Keoyon was rather fond of telling the story of how while en circuit with Justice Brock they entered a village just in time to accompany the population to the little village church. The parish clerk, anxious to have the congregation show due appreciation of the honor conferred by the presence of the distinguished jurists, gave out two verses of one of the metrical psalms: "Speak, O ye Judges of the earth, if just your sentence be, or first not innocency appeal to heaven from your decree? Your wicked, heinous and judgments are alike by malice swayed, your scriping hands by mighty bribes to violence betrayed." By this time most of the adults had woken up to the application of the psalm and remained silent, allowing the children to continue the second verse.—London Tit-Bits.

Keep Pounding Away



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FRATERNAL INSTALLATIONS

United Artisans.

Mrs. A. M. Thompson, Past Master Artisan. Mrs. Eliz. M. Porcell, Master Artisan. Mrs. Sarah A. Moore, Superintendent. Mrs. Maud L. Dory, Inspector. Mr. R. M. Duncan, Secretary. Mr. J. P. Farley, Treasurer. Mr. J. W. Thompson, Senior Conductor. Mrs. Susie T. Gray, Master of Ceremonies. Mr. Harry Lackey, Junior Conductor. Mr. Noel Moore, Warden. Mrs. Eliza P. Long Instructor. Increase in membership in last month being 26 with a total now of 74 members.

Modern Woodmen of America.

The Modern Woodmen of America held their installation Monday evening, followed by a banquet. From reports it was a most enjoyable evening. The lodge at Boise is taking in a class of one hundred this week, the largest ever taken in a western lodge. The officers installed were: Council, J. E. Hardman. Adviser, Adolph Grames. Banker, H. E. Duffey. Secretary, G. H. Shearer. Sentry, Stewart Sharp. Watchman, R. E. Tharp. Chief Forester, Pearl Crane. Escort, Mr. Winegar.

Encampment of I. O. O. F.

Joseph Shoel, Chief Patriarch. W. H. Brooke, High Priest. C. M. McGonagill, Senior Warden. R. S. Rutherford, Junior Warden. Chas. Platt, Scribe.

There will be several installations within the next week and reported later.

Comets.

We know positively that comets attain their immense extension in space on account of the material comprising them being excessively tenuous, thinner than the lightest filmy haze of summer, says Professor Harold Jacoby, for we know the comets are not massive; they are almost entirely without weight. And this we know with certainty, because their arrival produces no perturbations of motion among the planets of the solar system, while the inexorable laws of mechanical science tell us that a massive comet must surely disturb the usual orderly planetary orbits. A comet might, indeed, strike the earth, though such a collision is most improbable. But even if it should ever occur the visible effects would probably be no greater than those produced occasionally by meteorites, or "falling stars."

Doubtful Praise.

A fullback in a football team once had the misfortune to put the ball through his own goal. This regrettable error lost his side the game, and he suffered agonies of self reproach on the long journey home. "I'm no more use than a chocolate footballer," he said to his sweetheart, who had traveled many miles to see him play. "A slip of a boy from school would have slugged better than I did." "Now, George, I won't let you say such horrid things about yourself!" declared his loyal sweetheart. "You've no idea how popular you are. I heard a gentleman praising you up to the skies this afternoon." "Never!" emphatically exclaimed the incredulous player. "Oh, but it's quite true!" she said proudly. "He said you'd brought his club the best bit of luck they'd had for ages, and he heartily wished you were playing against them in every match."—Exchange.

A Soft Answer.

Jewel—Arrah, Jimmy, why did I marry ye? Just tell me that, for it's meself that's had to maintain ye ever since the blessed day that I became your wife. "Swate jewel," replied Jimmy, not relishing the charge, "and it's meself that hopes I may live to see the day when you're a widow weeping over the cold sod that covers me. Then I'll see how you'll get along without me, honey."—London Tit-Bits.

Read the Argus.

Daughters of Rebekah.

The members of Beatrice Rebekah lodge installed their officers on Wednesday evening. Noble Grand, Mrs. Lizzie Purcell. Vice Grand, Mrs. Clara Clement. Right Support Noble Grand, Emma Pogue. Left Support Noble Grand, Neoma Wright. Warden, Hattie Draper. Conductor, Beulah Rutherford. Inside Guardian, Kate Long. Outside Guardian, Roy Rutherford. Chaplain, Mrs. Johnson. Left Support Vice Grand, Right Support Vice Grand, Martha Farley. Recording Secretary, Edith Blackaby. Financial Secretary, Angie Lyella. Treasurer, Sadie Moore.

I. O. O. F.

The I. O. O. F. held their semi-annual installation on Tuesday evening with the following in the chairs: Joseph Shoel, Noble Grand. J. H. Seaward, Vice Grand. Charles Platt, financial secretary. D. P. Dearborn, recording secretary. J. T. Clement, treasurer. George Lyle, warden. J. F. Doty, conductor. G. A. Pogue, right supporter. B. W. Stone, left supporter. C. McGonagill, right supporter vice grand. C. A. Cook, left support noble grand. Thomas Logan, scene supporter. Thomas Seaward, scene supporter. W. J. Doty, inside guardian. Amos Johnston, outside guardian.

Local News.

Fresh home made candies at the Bakery. Con Ryan is laid up with an attack of pneumonia. Wilson-Duffy Drug Co. All kinds of drugs. Where is the man that predicted a warm open winter? The great Prescription No. 1, for coughs, at Wilson-Duffy Drug Co. Judge King was visiting old friends at Weiser, the first of the week. Twenty-five shares of Owyhee Ditch stock for sale. Inquire Barbridge & Doolittle. Mrs. E. B. Conklin returned home from Cove, Ore., where she spent the holidays with friends. New and second hand goods bought and sold. We can save you money. Second door north of Argus office. Any engraving you want done? Take it to C. C. Payne. He will do the work of an expert engraver while you wait. He will not have to send out of town. W. S. Mayberry, who has been principal of the Vale public school for the past two years, has accepted a position at Summit, Idaho. He left for his work Sunday. The W. C. T. U. will hold meetings on the first and third Fridays of each month in the Baptist church, Mrs. A. Zimmerman president, Mrs. M. Shearer secretary. The government now recognizes 7,000 different kinds of intoxicating liquors, and the way some of them staggered they must have sampled them all.

ON A CAPITAL OF TWO CENTS.

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS. (Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)

Sam Calkins was strapped. There was no doubt whatever about his financial condition. It was 2 cents in hand—literally in hand, for he was looking at the copper coins indignantly, remembering at the same time that there was not even a crust of bread in the house for his wife and two little children. He had taken a chair on the porch of the Sandwich hotel because chairs there were free and he didn't belong anywhere. Sam was a miner and had worked in many mines. He had been caught in a labor storm with the result of loss of employment. His savings were all gone, there was no prospect of work where he was, and he had no means of taking himself and his family anywhere else.

Two men were sitting at the other end of the porch talking together excitedly, though in a low tone. Calkins heard the word "strike" and, supposing it referred to labor matters in which he was interested, he pricked up his ears and soon discovered that they referred to a strike of paying ore in some mine the name of which they did not mention. One of the men took a package from his pocket—the wrapper was a piece of newspaper—and, unrolling it, showed his companion specimens of ore. Calkins caught the words "six hundred to the ton." This told him that the specimens mentioned assayed to produce this amount out of a ton of ore. After passing the samples back and forth for awhile, they were rolled again in the bit of newspaper, and the man who had produced them put them again in his pocket. Soon after both men arose and went away.

Calkins would have gone away, too, if he had had any place to go. But he hadn't. Being restless, he got up and walked over to the other end of the porch. In a chair in which one of the men had been sitting he noticed a little dark lump about the size of a hickory nut. Taking it up, he looked at it scrutinizingly.

"If the constant vein hadn't run out," he remarked to himself, "I'd swear the chunk came out of it." It was a brownish quartz and full of gold. Calkins had worked in the Constant mine, which had proved inconstant. While there he had taken out just such ore as this. But he had seen the vein grow narrower and narrower till it was nothing more than a crack. The mine, after a search for a reopening of the vein, had been abandoned, and Calkins had gone to work elsewhere. Personally he believed that if the vein were followed deep enough it might be found to reopen. But the stockholders were discouraged and would not stand assessment. Suddenly it occurred to Calkins that the vein had been followed and paying ore again struck. Then came the quick thought, "Can I, with only 2 cents in the world, profit by what I suspect if it is true?"

He went into the hotel, where a printed list of quotations of mining stocks was hanging on the wall, and glanced at sales of Constant. There were sales at 4 cents a share. The stock had recently stood at 4 cents. Then Calkins walked up the street to the office of a man of the name of Fisher, whom he knew held some of the shares. "I've got some information," said the miner. "Do you want it or shall I take it elsewhere?" "I'm your man." "What'll you give?" "Ten per cent of the profit." "Make it 20 and I'll out with it." "All right, 20 it is." Calkins produced his chunk of ore and told Fisher that it had come out of the Constant mine. Fisher asked how he knew it, but Calkins declined to satisfy him. He felt sure that if his man knew he was guessing the transaction would end then and there. Fisher had that morning sold part of his stock at 6 cents a share. He sent in an order to buy in back and 10,000 shares more at the market price. He got 1,000 at 6, 2,000 at 6 1/2 and the balance at figures rising by fractions till the price paid was 7 1/2 cents. The sales were larger than for many months, but not considerable.

Calkins wished to ask Fisher for a little money in advance to buy a supper for his family, but dared not lest he should lead him to suspect that the whole affair was simply a game to beat him out of a paltry sum. So great was his suspense that he preferred to keep away from home. He was hanging between heaven and hell. The next morning when he turned out of an outhouse where he had slept he spent his 2 cents for a paper. There in big headlines he saw the announcement that the Constant vein had been recovered richer and broader than before. When the Mining Exchange opened the stock went up to \$5 a share and stayed there. Before noon Fisher gave his informant a check for \$12,000.

Fortune had favored the man whose capital was but 2 cents. Those in the secret had bought up what stock they wanted at private sale, knowing that if they all went into the exchange together they would advance the price. When Calkins went home loaded with good things he found his wife crying, his children clamoring for something to eat. His bankbook dried his wife's tears, and his bundles stopped his children's clamor.

Blue Prints of any Township in the Burns Land District, showing names of entrymen, kinds of entry, dates, etc., and topography. Price \$1.00. J. C. Turney, Burns, Oregon.

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W. W. Hinton, Stock Inspector of Malheur County.

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