

Big Demand for Diamonds.

The demand for diamonds all over the world so far exceeds the supply that the stocks of importers and cutters are practically exhausted and they are unable to fill the orders of their retail customers. This condition was attributed by New York jewelers chiefly to the prosperity of the country. The war-time period of bonanza wages has made the working people the nation's greatest diamond buyers. This class, it was said, had absorbed a large portion of the small stones on the market, but the rich man is as badly off as the man of moderate circumstances, because the larger and more valuable diamonds are scarce and higher in price.

To Make Mother-of-Pearl.

The secret of another German key industry has been discovered, the manufacture of artificial mother-of-pearl. J. W. H. Dew, a fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, found the process after much patient experimenting.

Doctor Dew was engaged during the whole period of the war in reconstructing, step by step, the method of manufacture. Artificial mother-of-pearl is used for making fancy buttons, dress trimmings and many other articles. Before the war most of it came from Germany.

Farmers' Loan in Jamaica.

The agricultural loan bank movement was initiated in Jamaica in 1912 to provide relief for the small planters of sugar, bananas and coconuts whose holdings were injured in the destructive hurricane and drought of that year.

What to do with Your Savings

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PLAN.**INDIAN THIEF HAD INGENUITY****Remarkably Clever Stratagem by Which Piegian Escaped With His Booty of Stolen Ponies.**

Among the many interesting stories told by members of the Canadian mounted police is one that has to do with the cleverness of an Indian.

One snowy morning a band of Crees awoke to find that about a dozen of their ponies had been stolen during the night. A band to go in pursuit was immediately organized, and in the course of an hour the trail was struck. The band followed it for thirty miles or more, till it entered a river and headed for a little wooded island. Smoke was rising from the trees, and an opening, apparently the mouth of a cave, was in plain view. Presently a Piegian Indian showed himself in front of the opening. At his heels was a dog.

Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees, who were lying low, and began growling and barking. The Piegian looked up, glanced about him for a moment and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds, another Piegian came round the rocks and also went in; then another, and another and another. The Crees lay silently in the bushes, counting, till upward of fifty Piegians had come round the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. Each carried a rifle.

When at last seventy men had disappeared in the cave, the superstitious and cautious Crees concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it. So thoroughly were they filled with this idea that even when re-enforcements came, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island.

That night, however, one Cree, less credulous than the others, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave, he found that it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side.

There was the remnant of a single camp fire, the ponies were gone and not an Indian was in sight. The ingenious Piegian thief, by making the circuit of the passage, and the end of the island seventy times, had so deceived his pursuers as to gain the time necessary for his escape.

Want to Rent Old Castle?

If anybody wants to buy a ruined castle, described as "of great historical and romantic history," now is their chance, according to advertisements inserted in the British papers.

It is not exactly modern, dating, as it does, from 1096, and the advertiser states that "considerable outlay will be required to reconstruct it." The purchaser is assured, however, that it reconstructed, "a unique and charming home would result."

Nothing is said about ghosts, but it stands to reason that a castle of this age must have a large and lively flock of such insects. So here's a chance for some of America's millionaires to acquire at small cost a castle—and all that goes with it.

An added inducement is that there is good trout fishing near by, so that when tired of gazing at his unique and charming house the purchaser can rest his mind by going fishing.

JAMIE'S FATHER

By MARJORIE PHILIPPS.

In the very midst of his joy, James Burnie was filled with distrust and contempt for himself. After all, what right had he to claim this favored woman's love, so willingly given? Between her ways and the ways of his people, a great gulf was fixed, and in the eagerness of his love for Madeline he had been too cowardly to refer to the humbleness of his old home, where his father still lived.

James Burnie had climbed rapidly the ladder of success and would gladly have shared its benefits with the rugged old Scotchman who stubbornly refused them all.

"I'll live as I like to live, Jamie," he had said, "New ways and new friends would bring no new pleasures."

So James continued in his splendid bachelor apartment in the city, while old Burnie Senior went happily about his household duties just a little farther away, keeping the floors as clean and the dishes as shining as when his faithful wife had been there to fulfill these duties. But the weekly visits of the younger James, were to himself a continual source of humiliation. When he had first met Madeline, he had adored her from afar, never dreaming that this crowning conquest might be his.

Madeline, the accomplished, reared in luxury, as mother and grandmother had been before her. Her love had gone out to join him as naturally as a flower seeks the sun, and their betrothal was inevitable. Now, only as they planned their future together, did he compare mentally this father of hers, this polished accustomed man of a successful world, with the contented Scotchman bending in comfortably shabby clothes over his flowerbeds, or whistling cheerily as he placed the blue cups back in their cupboard.

What would Madeline say—what would she think—when he must bring this stooped old figure into her presence and present him as his father; hers, to be.

Jamie Burnie was not a snob. In his soul he loathed himself for the trepidation this fancied picture occasioned. So, time went on, and in his anxiety he neglected to urge the setting of the wedding day.

The entertainments with which Madeline's irreproachable friends favored the engaged couple were brilliant and many. But beneath the strain of gaiety, perhaps, the girl's health began to fail; the color left her cheeks, and her eyes seemed to take on an appealing light. James Burnie and Madeline's father were alike concerned.

It was after the doctor had forbidden the acceptance of invitations, and suggested long rides in the open air instead, that the pretty color came back again, and Madeline's spirits grew brighter accordingly.

James Burnie often wondered at the curious looks she gave him. He wondered too, at a sort of gentle softness in her manner. Never had she been so endearing; more and more like a cloud before the sun of his happiness was the consciousness of this growing shame of his—of the inevitable fact of his crude old father. And then one evening when James Burnie called, Madeline came, seriously to sit upon the garden bench at his side.

"I have had such a gloriously restful afternoon," she said, "one of many recently spent in the same way. It has been like leaving the stage of a theater for a play, James; and going back into real life—simple life, and sweet." Madeline threw out her arms with a free gesture.

"A place, where no critical audience forever awaits one's acting. So, I cast aside my acting, James, and I was just a tired girl, comforted and cheered by the kindest human heart that ever beat. It has been an experience, James, to meet such a nobly simple soul," she said.

"During one of my first afternoon drives I became faint and left my car in the road, while I asked at a little cottage for some milk to drink. An old Scotchman who keeps house there alone brought it to me. But first I must obey his commands and take the milk seated in a great comfy chair on the porch. Afterwards, I must see his neat house and his garden, and as we walked together his shrewd old eyes seemed to read my very life. I did not need to tell him that my doctor had ordered rest and country air, or that I was sick unto death of committees and various public affairs. The old Scotchman knew it all—he had read it in my face. And he planned, with a planning which I did not realize at the time, that I must stop to-morrow to pick the big roses in his garden, and the next day, to look at his purple plum-laden tree. So every day I came to rest in the bolstered old chair on the porch with the glass of cream waiting and growing larger each time, while the old man talked to me of life, of books, of people, until I felt that I had failed before in much knowledge that was true and needful. He spoke of his boy, and his tone was as tender as it was proud."

Madeline stood up, her eyes were shining.

"My dear old man, tells me that his name is James Burnie. But when he speaks of his son, he calls him just—'Jamie.'"

With a happy laugh the girl put out her hands.

"I have not seen this garden by moonlight, 'Jamie,'" she said. "Will you take me there now, to visit—your father?"

Madeline stood up, her eyes were shining.

"I also, love you," she answered simply. "And I am going to say yes, because I believe that I may be—a help to you. And now, when you drive me to the end of the road, will you stop for a moment at my father's office. I am Angela Wells. Father is your senior partner. It was in visiting him here that I became interested in Jamie, and the rest of my friends."

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TONIE'S FRIEND

By JACK LAWTON.

John Burrows brought his automobile to a standstill, before the last cottage of the dingy factory street.

Antonio Mangella, the disturbing element of the great industrial plant, had but a few days ago reached the zenith of his crimes, by flinging in a rage, his little son down a narrow stairway.

The senior member of the factory firm, now sent its junior member to investigate. The errand was distasteful to John Burrows, and he knew that his influence here, would be as impotent as it was against the evil power of the man, at the works.

Small Tonie hailed his visitor from his cot stretched before the window.

"Are you my father's rich boss?" he demanded defiantly.

"That depends," John Burrows answered in his quizzical way, "sometimes I think it is your father who is my boss. How are the liguises?"

Tonie made a grimace.

"Hurts every time I move," he said, "an' the visiting nurse has me all plastered up, too. She," Tonie's tone was contemptuous, "don't help much, but when Angela comes, she tells stories an' plays picture games with me an' I forget all about it. Father likes Angela, too," the boy added triumphantly. "He told her that he was sorry he throw me down stairs."

John Burrows remembered having heard that the dreaded Antonio's wife had died some time ago; this Angela might be, perhaps, a coming stepmother for the boy; he was thinking over the possibility of gaining her influence to conquer the stubborn spirit of the man, who persistently sowed dissension among his fellows. So strong was his power, that to displease him would mean a loss of valuable followers. And as John Burrows considered, the door opened and a girl came swiftly into the room.

"Angela," cried the boy, his thin arms outstretched.

The head bent over Tonie's was as dusky as his own, and when the girl turned to look questioningly at Burrows, her eyes were deep and dark.

Admiration was in the gaze John Burrows gave her. Her face was like a glowing flower above the plainness of her dark blue dress.

"You are Tonie's friend, I hear," he said.

The girl nodded, as she drew some bright picture cards from a bundle and spread them out before the invalid. Then, mechanically almost, but with a radiant smile at the boy, she began her game.

"I," John Burrows told her, "am a member of the factory firm, and I wonder if you can agree with Antonio in his grievance."

"I—do not," the girl answered briefly.

"Then, I still wonder," he added and came close to look down into her face. "If you might not influence him to our point of view. The man could be a power for good as well as for harm."

"I can only influence through kindness," answered the girl. "I—try."

John Burrows rode away with a memory picture of her, rocking very gently, the maimed small Tonie in her arms. The picture haunted him strangely. He found himself forced to return again to the dingy room.

"Angela came every day to see him," Tonie told Burrows. "Sometimes she made good things and brought them for his and big Tonie's supper. Big Tonie spread them out on the little table as she told him to, and sometimes, he even stayed awhile at evening, playing one of the picture games."

John Burrows formed a habit of stopping in his car before his homeward ride each evening. He too, left surprises for—small Tonie, an orange maybe, or a new game to play. And if Angela was there, he carried her in the front seat beside him to the end of the street. Angela would not tell him where she lived.

The mystery of her tormented him. The refinement of her manner so at variance with her rough friends of the court, and the simplicity of her dark dress with its white collar, so different from their gay clothing.

When he left her at the end of the street, she always stood waiting with a parting wave of her hand, until he was out of sight. And as the summer passed, the wild spirit of Antonio showed undoubted improvement.

John Burrows reflected savagely that it would be preposterous for a creature like Antonio to win the hand of such a glorious woman. Then to John Burrows came the illuminating discovery, that the unknown woman undoubtedly had won his own heart. And when he saw her again bending tenderly over the convalescent Tonie, he found it impossible to withhold his secret.

"I love you," said John Burrows.

"I want you—to be my wife."

And even as he spoke the words, the consternation which such a union would cause among his friends, the disapproval of the senior member of his own firm, were as nothing compared to the suspense of Angela's silence.

Then her radiant smile flashed upon him.

"I also, love you," she answered simply. "And I am going to say yes, because I believe that I may be—a help to you. And now, when you drive me to the end of the road, will you stop for a moment at my father's office. I am Angela Wells. Father is your senior partner. It was in visiting him here that I became interested in Jamie, and the rest of my friends."

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