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## Old and Young Patriots Unite in Ceremony



G. A. R. and Hill Military Academy Cadets Salute the Flag.

One of the features at Hill Military academy recently was a patriotic ceremony in which the honored guests were prominent members of the Grand Army of the Republic. The tiniest cadets and the elderly heroes of the Civil War united in the service. These inspiring ceremonies are frequent occurrences at the academy in Portland. Among the juniors were three little lads whose mother passed away a few months ago. The father who lives in California could not leave his business to care for them and so sent them to the Hill Military academy saying, "Keep them through the grades and high school." The private schools of Oregon are carefully caring for many orphans and half orphans who would be most directly injured if the so-called compulsory educational measure should become a law. For that reason many taxpayers are working to defeat that measure. In addition if adopted the bill would cause a great increase in taxes as the private school children, numbering nearly 8,000, would have to be cared for in public institutions and schools.

### NOTICE OF DRAINAGE DISTRICT ELECTION

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a meeting of the owners of land situated in the Valley View Drainage District, Malheur County, Oregon, will be held at the Valley View School House on Monday, November 6, 1922, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing one supervisor for said district, for a term of three years, and to conduct such other business as may come before said meeting.

By order of the board of Supervisor of the Valley View Drainage District this 11th day of Oct., 1922.

E. C. INGRAHAM, President  
W. J. SHAFFER, Secretary

SEAL

Chewing Gum Gave Him Away. A gob of chewing gum has disrupted a family. In a recent divorce case the wife, who was suing, testified that she was sure that her husband was unfaithful, but did not know for certain to which one of several charmers he was paying attention.

One morning she found a gob of gum that he had been chewing the night before when he returned home late. In the lump of gum was the fatal red hair. She caused a watch to be placed on the woman who had locks to match the hair she found and discovered that her husband was a frequent visitor at the red-head's apartment and got a divorce in record time. Talk about your detective stories, what a plot!—Portland Oregonian.

### NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior . . . U. S. Land Office at Vale, Oregon.

September 20, 1922. Notice is hereby given that Charles F. Hager, of Klamath Falls, Oregon, who, on December 28, 1908, made desert land entry No. 0240, for SE¼, Section 13, Township 17 South, Range 46 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final Proof, under the third paragraph of the act of March 4, 1915, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Vale, Oregon, on the 23rd day of November, 1922.

Claimant names as witnesses: Rosa E. Hager, of Klamath Falls, Oregon. J. H. McKinnon, of Payette, Idaho. Oren Boyer, A. J. Whiteside, both of Ontario, Oregon. Thos. Jones, Register.

In Your Garden. It is truly wonderful how many birds will visit modest gardens during a year. They will, during the spring migration, be most in evidence from early daylight till breakfast time, and then again as evening comes on, says the American Forestry Magazine. When autumn approaches, the migration that takes place is equally interesting. In winter we may look for various finches, sparrows, crossbills, hawks, owls, and not a few other species that come to us during that time of the year.

## Comrades in Dead Valley

By CHARLES E. BAXTER  
(©, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.)

Mike Maloney had traversed many wild places during his sixty years of life, but Dead Valley seemed likely to be the last of them.

For five days he had set his face steadily westward over the burning, barren alkali lands, toward the mythical mine, in spite of warnings that no man had ever crossed Dead Valley from end to end. And now Mike saw his own end approaching.

He had trusted to luck and to his own dogged will power. The will burned as unquenchably as ever, but the luck was out—dead out. It was twenty-four hours since he had tasted water.

Twenty-four hours under a Dead Valley sun! If he could go on twenty-four hours longer, he could reach safety. But the blood in his veins had turned to sirup and cinders, and he had staggered to the thin shade of a cactus and fallen there.

"I guess this is all, Bill," he said. The great wolfhound stood beside him, panting, its tongue hanging from its mouth. In its appealing eyes old Mike, too, read the presentiment of death.

Mike stretched out his hand. "We been good friends these four or five years, Bill," he said. "It's kinder hard."

Suddenly a thought flashed through his mind that made him wince with shame and humiliation. But it returned unbidden.

As if sensing it, the great hound leaped back with a whine and laid its ears forward.

Old Mike had one bullet left in his revolver. He had planned that for himself, in case he failed to win out in his fight with Dead Valley. Now another use for it had occurred to him.

After all, if death for both was certain, was it not more merciful to end the hound's sufferings quickly—and to restore his own life by the sacrifice of the animal's?

In lonely places thoughts become almost as things. As Old Mike drew the loaded revolver from its holster and called the animal, Bill snarled and began running in circles round and round him, just out of revolver range.

He might suddenly have gone mad, for he was snapping and snarling, and showing a marked inclination to dash in upon his master.

"He's gone mad," thought Mike. "That fixes that." He drew aim and fired.

A few hairs flew from the hound's tail. Mike Maloney had missed. And, like an arrow, Bill darted at his throat.

Mike was just in time to spring to his feet and greet the animal with a vicious kick that hurled it, snarling and whimpering, a dozen feet away.

And then Mike knew that the same awful thought that had come to him had come to the dog too. And like primitive man he had to face his canine foe unarmed, trusting in his wits against its superior speed and the grip of its fangs.

Hours must have gone by, while the two circled about each other, watching each other. Mike still had his jackknife. If it came to close quarters he felt confident that he could plunge through the shaggy hide into the heart—provided his strength held out. But already the first coma of unconsciousness was overcoming him, and the brilliant alkali desert swam before his eyes.

The dog seemed to have become a pack of six, ever circling round and round him, sometimes uttering a feeble yelp from the parched throat, out of which the tongue, swollen to a frightful size, protruded.

Mike lay down at last, his jackknife in his hand, waiting. Slowly the hound came nearer. Its bloodshot eyes gleamed wickedly. It showed an almost human cunning in the way it approached, fawning, whimpering—

Mike thrust. He missed. The hound leaped back with a yelp. But it had been almost too cunning for him. Mike had been half unconscious without knowing it. Another instant and those fangs would have been in his throat.

The hound was lying in the distance, panting, looking at him. Mike stole cautiously toward it. He must make an end before unconsciousness supervened. Then he would be refreshed, to take up his terrible journey. He walked with hand outstretched.

"Good ole Bill!" he said thickly. The animal watched him; then, seeing the knife, it suddenly turned tail and disappeared into the distance. And Mike fell prone and unconscious upon the alkali.

Water! It was trickling into his throat, the sweetest drink that he had known in all his life. Mike opened his eyes. A tent was over him. And beside him stood Jim Lavery, his old partner.

"Lie still, ye darned old fool. Ye'll be all right now," said Jim.

"You—where am I?"

"Right in the middle of Dead Valley. We got up a search party out in Larrabee. Guessed we'd find you purty nigh finished. But we'd never have found you if that hound of yours hadn't found us."

A soft tongue caressed Mike's hand. Mike looked into the faithful eyes of the watcher at his side and understood.

**CITATION**  
IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR THE COUNTY OF MALHEUR  
In the matter of the estate of John A. Gregory, deceased.  
To Effie Miers, Marilla Yeek, Lizzie Wakefield, Jennie Wildman, Ethel Ryne, Olin Hicks, Helen Hicks, Guy Hicks and Harriet Hicks, being all the heirs and devisees of John A. Gregory, deceased, and to all other persons interested in the estate of said deceased:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, and under and by virtue of the law and an order of the Hon. E. H. Test, County Judge of Malheur County, Oregon, duly made and entered in the matter of said estate on the 19th day of October, 1922, you and each of you are hereby cited and required to appear in this court on Friday, the 17th day of November, 1922, at the hour of one o'clock P. M. of said day, at the court house in Vale, Oregon, to then and there show cause, if any you have, why an order of said court should not be made and entered authorizing and empowering J. H. Wolf as administrator with the will annexed of the estate of John A. Gregory, deceased, to sell at private sale the following described real estate belonging to said estate, to-wit: The SE¼ of SW¼ of Sec. 19, Twp. 19, S. R. 47 E. W. M. in Malheur county, Oregon, together with twenty shares of stock in the Owyhee Ditch Company, and also a sheriff's certificate of sale to said premises issued on Dec. 28, 1920, by the sheriff of Malheur county, Oregon, to J. A. Gregory.

An undivided one-half interest in and to all that portion of the n. w. ¼ Sec. 2, Twp. 21 S. R. 46 E. W. M. lying Southeast of the Owyhee River where the same crosses said quarter section, flowing from the South side in a Northeasterly direction to the East side of said quarter section, said land being a triangular piece in the Southeast corner of said quarter section, containing about ten acres, more or less, and situated in Malheur County, Oregon.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of said County Court at my office in Vale, Oregon, this 19th day of October, A. D. 1922.

County Clerk.  
H. S. Sackett,  
By Roy Daley, Deputy.  
(COUNTY COURT SEAL)  
First publication Oct. 19, 1922.  
Last publication Nov. 16, 1922.

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