

Opening of BOWLING ALLEY

Billiard and Pool Hall

I have opened a Bowling Alley and Pool and Billiard Hall in my new building on the corner of Sixth and E Sts., Redmond, and equipped it as a place of amusement for all classes. Everything first-class.

A Cordial Invitation is Extended to the Public to Visit my Place

I will carry a FINE LINE OF CIGARS, TOBACCOS and SMOKERS' GOODS. If you want a place to pass away your idle moments, drop in and roll the balls.

F. M. WHITE, Corner Sixth and E Streets, Redmond

THE IMPRACTICAL

Why Business Failure is Inevitable to Some Individuals.

So many individuals with limited business aspirations fall so hopelessly short of a practical business point of view that failure is inevitable.

I listened long and patiently the other day to the hard luck story of a small farmer practicing the intensive system with fruits and vegetables. He lived on the edge of a considerable village, and fifty miles away was a growing city of 200,000 population. But the farmer was sore and discouraged.

"Nobody in this whole section begins to touch the stuff that I'm growing," he said hotly. "I'm a past master in the business. But what is the result? Every year I have stuff rotting here on the ground. I wouldn't haul it into town for the prices they pay. It's ridiculous!"

To me, however, that farmer himself was the most ridiculous single thing in the whole story.

In an age of specializing he had specialized in the growing of fine fruits and vegetables. They were his hobby. But he overlooked the fact that after his fruits were grown and ripened his work was only half done. Without connecting with a profitable market he might as well have put in his time making mud pies in his back yard. Fifty miles away was a city which would have grabbed for his produce. A main line of railroad ran eight passenger trains into it every twenty-four hours. Why didn't he complete the work by establishing market connections?

But this was a sore spot with the farmer. A few years before he had kept three or four Jersey cows, and the farmer's wife was an expert buttermaker. In some way an official of an express company operating over the line of road through the village heard of this famous butter product and arranged to take the surplus without transportation cost and paying a sharp premium for it.

But the farmer had made only one shipment and had quit in disgust. Why? Simply because the farmer's wife always had used glazed crockery in which to handle milk and butter and in making the first six or eight pound shipment in a vessel that had cost her 50 cents the city purchaser had failed to return the empty crock! Why had she used the crock for shipment? Oh, well, she had never used anything else in the handling of butter!

Yet not a few of the big business concerns of the country that are seeking foreign outlet for trade are no wiser than this farmer's wife. They are producers of goods that are in foreign demand. Transportation rates are reasonable and direct. Prices are satisfactory. But, would you believe it, these bidders for foreign trade will not pack their

goods for shipment as the market requires?

A few years ago a manufacturing concern in Chicago sold a consignment of neckties to a retail firm in British India. Instructions for packing were that tin boxes should be prepared, with covers, the ties placed inside and the covers soldered on closely. The Chicago house balked at this. It packed the ties as it would have done were they to go to Baltimore or Denver and made the shipment. Several weeks later notice came that the whole shipment had arrived in a ruined condition. A small grub, recognized in those seas, had penetrated the cardboard and wooden coverings and eaten the silk into rags!—Chicago Tribune.

A Mighty Autocrat.

A misguided woman once ventured to remonstrate with Worth, the man milliner, because he charged her \$600 for a dress. "The goods," said the lady, "could be bought for \$100, and surely the work of making up would be well paid for with \$25 more." "Madam," replied the outraged tailor, "go to M. Constant, the painter, and say to him: 'Here is a canvas and colors, value \$1. Paint me a picture on that canvas with these paints, and I will pay you 33 1/3 cents.' What would be the answer?" "Madam, this is no payment for an artist." No, but I say more—if you think my terms are too high keep the dress and pay me nothing. Art does not descend to the pettiness of haggling." History does not record the lady's reply.

He Beat the Baker.

His name was Johnny, and he was the idol of his mother's heart in spite of what the neighbors might say to his detriment.

"You'll get my bread today before returning to school, John," remarked his mother to the boy while he indulged in his midday meal.

"Yes, mother," answered he and shortly went forth to carry out his mother's wishes.

"A quarter of bread—yesterday's, please," murmured John sweetly as he tendered fivepence halfpenny in payment of the two loaves forthcoming.

"Bread has gone up, my boy, one halfpenny," remarked Mr. Dough as he held out his hand for the useful balance.

"When?" queried John thoughtfully as the prospect of a distasteful double journey flashed across his mind.

"This morning, my lad, if that is any consolation."

Johnny's face brightened visibly. "Yes, I think it is," he remarked spasmodically, "for it was yesterday's bread I ordered."

The baker concluded he had no claim.—London Telegraph.

Unusual, but Right.

"Curtis," said the teacher, "suppose I had two squash pies and cut one into six pieces and the other into twelve pieces. Which pie would you rather have a piece of?"

"The one divided into twelve pieces," answered Curtis. "I don't like squash pie."—Chicago News.

Matching the Braid.

After ten years he returned, footsore and weary. His wife met him at the door.

"I thought you were dead," she told him.

"You should have known better than that," he said. "Do you remember that last piece of net I tried to match for you? You scolded because there was a difference of an eighth of an inch in the width of the folds, and I vowed that I would never again return from matching anything for you until I had found the exact thing you wanted."

He handed her a package. "Here is that old rose binding braid that you told me to buy. I found it last Monday in Billings, Mont. I have looked for it in thirty-seven states."

She tore off the wrappings.

"It is a little too dark," she said.

"But the sample has faded some in ten years," he reminded her.

"It is a little too heavy besides."

"But handling by thousands of clerks has worn the sample away some. It was heavier when I started out."

"I suppose I can make it do," she said.—Newark News.

Her Dime.

Somebody had given the east side woman a bad dime. It was composed largely of lead. She tried to pass it at several places, but they are wary for some reason or other on the east side. They invariably ring a dime on the counter once or twice and bite it besides. When she got home with the dime it had several holes in it from the pressure of east side teeth. "It is more impossible than ever," she said.

The suspicious man called that evening. He had a dollar with him which was wholly intact—that is to say, it had no sample broken.

"I am afraid they'll give me bad money for it," he said upon taking his departure, "over here in these east side cars. Will you change it for me?"

"I shall be delighted," said she.

He called a week later with a grinch.

"You can't seem to get away from the bad money over here on your old east side," he complained. "Somebody or other stung me with an old lead dime that was full of holes."—New York Press.

Convincing the Waiter.

"I have learned how to make the foreign waiters in the restaurants where I eat think I have lived in Europe half a lifetime," said a woman who never dines at home. "I dawdle over my dinner twice as long as anybody else in the place. It requires no effort for me to do that. By nature I eat in the same leisurely manner that I do everything else. Most of my compatriots bolt their food. As a consequence the foreign waiters who are used to leisurely dining regard them with amazed horror."

"Ah, those Americans!" they exclaim. "Some day they choke. But as for madame—meaning me—well, madame is different. Madame nibbles, she slips, she lingers; therefore she is not as those of common American clay. It takes madame never less than two hours to eat her dinner. That marks her as one of the European elect."—New York Globe.

Deferred.

The pessimist—"We'll pay for all this fine weather later on. The Optimist—"Well, cheer up! That's the regular time for paying for things, isn't it?"—Puck.

BIG REDUCTION SALE

Mrs. J. W. Wrights Store CLINE FALLS, ORE.

In order to reduce my large stock and make room for new goods I have made the following reduction in prices on the goods listed below, for CASH:

Tomatoes, Blue Ribbon, per can	12 1/2c	Violet Oats, 3 pkgs for	50c
Peas, Meco, per can	12 1/2c	Best Rice, per lb	7 1-2c
Corn, Blue Ribbon, per can	12 1/2c	Cocoa, per can	25c
Table Peaches, best grade, per can	25c	Bakers Chocolate, per lb	45c
Table Peaches, Blue Ribbon, 2 1-2 lb size	20c	Sweet Chocolate, per lb	30c
Pie Apples, 8 pound cans, per can	45c	Corn Meal, per 10 lbs	45c
Pie Peaches, " " "	50c	Star Soap, 6 bars for	25c
Evaporated Peaches, best grade, lb	10c	Tar Soap, 4 " "	25c
Evaporated Apples, per lb	12 1-2c	3 Heart Naptha Soap, 4 bars for	25c
Italian Prunes, large, per lb	8 1-3c	Bacon and Hams, per lb	21c
Beans, any kind, per lb	8 1-3c	Coffee, best 30c grade	25c
Shredded Wheat, per carton	15c	Cylinda Tea, per lb	35c
Corn or Egg-O-See Flakes, pkg	10c	Sugar, 13 lbs of granulated for	\$1.00

20 per cent. off on all NOTIONS

15 per cent. off on all SHOES

The above