

# Big Horse Sale

THE CENTRAL OREGON LIVESTOCK ASSOCIATION, OF REDMOND, announce their first monthly sale day,

## MONDAY, JULY 17th

and continuing until all stock listed is sold.

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#### REAL SOLID WEALTH.

Cart Wheel Currency of the Island of Stone Money.

In a land where food and drink and ready made clothes grow on trees and may be had for the gathering it is not easy to see how a man can run very deeply in debt for his living expenses. But in "The Island of Stone Money" W. H. Furness 3d explains that nature's ready made clothes are not ornamental and the soul of man, especially of woman, from the equator to the poles demands personal adornment.

Like all adornments, polished shells, tortoise shell, variegated beads, and so forth, demand labor in the making. Here, then, the natives of Yap, one of the Caroline islands, have solved the problem of political economy and found that labor is the true standard of value. But this medium must be enduring and, as their island yields no metal, they have had recourse to stone—stone on which labor in fetching and fashioning has been expended and as truly representative of labor as the mined and minted coins of civilization.

This medium of exchange they call fei. It consists of large, solid, thick stone wheels, ranging in diameter from a foot to twelve feet, having in the center a hole varying in size with the diameter of the stone, wherein a pole may be inserted sufficiently large to bear the weight and facilitate transportation.

These stone "coins" are not made on the island of Yap, but were originally quarried and shaped in one of the Pelao islands, 400 miles to the southward, and brought to Yap by venturesome native navigators in canoes and on rafts over the ocean by no means as pacific as its name implies.

A noteworthy feature of this stone currency, which is also an equally noteworthy tribute to Yap honesty, is that it is not necessary for its owner to reduce it to possession. After concluding a bargain which involves the price of a fei too large to be conveniently moved its now owner is quite content to accept the bare acknowledgment of ownership, and without so much as a mark to indicate the exchange the coin remains undisturbed on the former owner's premises.

There was one family whose wealth was acknowledged by every

one, and yet no one, not even the family itself, had ever laid eye or hand on this wealth. It consisted of an enormous fei which was lying at the bottom of the sea. Many years ago an ancestor of this family secured this remarkably valuable stone, which was placed on a raft to be towed home. A violent storm arose, and the party was obliged to cut the raft adrift, and the stone sank out of sight.

When they reached home they all testified that the fei was of magnificent proportions and lost through no fault of the owner. It was therefore conceded that a few hundred feet of water over it ought not to affect its market value. The purchasing power of that stone therefore remains valid.

#### Two Great Soldiers.

Lack of petty jealousy is one of the distinguishing marks of the great. To be entirely frank in the appreciation of a rival is better than to win a battle. Lee and Jackson, the two great generals of the south during the civil war, were absolutely free from even a trace of rivalry. Theodore A. Dodge quotes a remark from each in his article on Chancellorsville.

"He is the only man I would follow blindfolded," said Jackson of Lee.

When General Lee heard of Jackson's wound he exclaimed: "He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right!"

#### Part of the Talent.

A church once gave a charity concert where the best talent volunteered—the city's leading singers, elocutionists and actors. At the end of the concert the chairman went up to the organ loft and said to the little boy in patched clothes who had blown the organ:

"Well, Freddie, what do we owe you for your work this evening?"

The little boy looked at the chairman in genuine astonishment.

"Why, sir," he said, "didn't the rest of the talent give their services?"

#### The Beautiful.

I am of opinion that there is nothing so beautiful but that there is something still more beautiful, of which this is the mere image and expression—a something which can neither be perceived by the eyes, the ears nor any of the senses; we comprehend it merely in the imagination.—Cicero.

#### The Monument Dwindled.

The widow of a French deputy came the day after the funeral to consult a great sculptor on the subject of a monument for her husband's tomb. The sculptor suggested a portrait bust. "Only a bust!" she cried indignantly. "I wish at least a statue with allegorical figures."

A week later, when the sculptor had the model of the group well in hand, came a note saying that she had decided that the bust, after all, would be in better taste. For some weeks the artist worked on the bust. At length the young widow arrived on the arm of an attaché of legation. She opened her loggionette and inspected the bust. "It is very like him," she said finally, "but a bust is so commonplace. A bronze medallion would be in far better taste."

The monument actually bears a medallion in bronze under the niche intended for the full length statue of the deputy.

#### Something Else to Consider.

A young cotton worker and his wife had been married only a few months, but it was quite apparent to the wife that her husband's affection for her was on the wane. John developed a tendency to stay out late at night, and now it was early morning when his wife heard a violent knocking at the door. "Who's there?" asked she from the bedroom window.

"It's me," replied John meekly. "I've just come from the meeting. We have been considering the present strike."

"Oh, have you? Well, you can sit on the doorstep and consider the present lockout!" was the retort.—London Tit-Bits.

#### Hotel Keeper and Robber.

A remarkable exhibition of presence of mind stands to the credit of James Dennis, an Australian hotel keeper. One day he found himself behind his own counter looking down the muzzle of a revolver held by a villainous looking fellow who was requesting him to put up his hands. He raised them, but protested. "Surely it doesn't take two of you to hold me up." The robber, who had come alone, turned his head to see who the other man might be. In a flash Dennis' own revolver was out and the rascal's opportunity was gone.—Westminster Gazette.

#### SNAPPED A BURSTING BOMB.

Luck of a Photographer in Getting a Wonderful Picture.

One of the most remarkable photographs ever obtained was that of the actual exploding of the bomb which was thrown at the king and queen of Spain on the occasion of their wedding.

It was secured by an operator for one of the largest firms of press photographers and, according to the London Strand Magazine, proved a veritable gold mine, appearing in close on 3,000 publications.

The photograph was secured more or less by a piece of good luck. The operator was on a stand with his camera in the place allotted to him by the police, waiting for the procession to appear. The camera was placed facing down the street up which the procession was to come.

From the moment it came in sight until the royal carriage was within about thirty yards of him the operator secured three pictures. He then readjusted the camera so as to get a good picture of the king and queen in their carriage, which was about ten yards from him.

At the instant that the operator pressed the ball and exposed a plate a dark object was hurled at the royal carriage from a balcony window, and then followed instantly a blinding flash and a noise like a thunderclap. The operator was hurled half stunned to the ground, his camera following him. When he was able to stand he saw a terrible scene below him. The large crowd was stampeding in all directions.

Any one luckless enough to fall in that storm of rushing humanity was instantly trampled to death, and several did fall. Some thirty people in all were killed on that occasion, of whom at least half were simply crushed or trampled to death in the panic that followed the explosion. It is very remarkable that all the plates in the operator's camera were broken with the exception of the last one he had exposed, which depicted the actual scene at the moment of the explosion.

#### Couldn't Fool Rastus.

Uncle Rastus always contributed to the coal fund of the A. M. E. church in a small town just across the river from Cincinnati. Year after year he dug down into his jeans for his little donation until finally the edifice was remodeled and a new heating plant installed. At the usual time the parson approached Rastus and again asked him to be a cheerful giver.

"Not on your life!" retorted Rastus, with large emphasis. "Yo' ain't gwine ter git no money out ob me fo' coal dis wintah."

"What am de mattah?" the surprised dominie asked. "Hain't yo' always guv up fo' de coal fund befo' widout de necessity ob usin' stress?"

"Yes, sah," was the reply of the obstinate one, "but yo' kain't fool me a little bit, Mistah Parson! Doan' I know dat yo' had steam put in dat det church las' week?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

#### Walking Sticks.

Probably the patriarch's staff was the first adaptation of the walking stick, and from its first inception to the present day it has undergone almost endless changes. In 1701 footmen attending gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, these being replaced by a porter's staff. Thirty years later gentlemen were forbidden to carry swords, but allowed to carry large oak sticks. Before many years varnished and polished woods with ornamental heads came into use and in one form or another have held their own.

#### His Father Didn't Know.

A little lad was found on the street crying very bitterly because his cart was broken.

The kindly disposed stranger endeavored to cheer up the little fellow by saying, "Never mind, my boy; your father can easily mend that."

"No, he can't," sobbed the boy. "My father is a preacher and don't know about anything."—Ladies' Home Journal.

#### A Dry Scot.

Farmer—You had a fire at the manse this morning. Any serious loss?

Minister—Yes. Ten years' sermons were completely burned.

Farmer (with the memory of many a weary Sunday morning)—Weel, but they made a gran' blaze; they were so dry, ye ken.—Dundee Advertiser.

#### Degrading His Muse.

"Mamma wishes you to enter papa's factory, darling. That would do away with all his unwillingness."

"But, dearest, I'm a poet." "All the better. You can write verses for our vinegar advertisements."—Fliegende Blatter.

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