

Table with subscription rates: ONE YEAR \$1.50, SIX MONTHS .75, THREE MONTHS .50

Major Animated Windbag Sears, was in evidence at the meeting of the Irrigation Convention and aired his peculiar views.

At this time of year we should look into the future and in this regard we should examine into the matter of high water in the spring.

A recent issue of the Oregonian stated in effect, that there had been ignorance displayed by the State Land Board in the matter of some of the irrigation schemes in this county.

One of our exchange editors has evidently been a school teacher at some stage of his life judging from the following: 'A public school principal finds a reckless school boy trespassing on the school grounds and using vile and abusive language.'

wise man of the olden time was eminently correct when he warned, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."

About fifty representative citizens of this county were present at the irrigation convention in Portland and did good work for Grand Old Crook.

The best physic—Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Easy to take. Pleasant in effect.

HERE TOO.—The engagement of Miss Mabel Canfield Cowles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford S. Cowles, of Carrol street, Merriam Park, and Mr. Franklin Menefee, of The Dalles, Oregon, is announced.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches.



Dr. C. A. Perrin, Helena, Mont., Oct. 4, 1902. I wish to thank you for my relief. I was suffering agonies from piles and was taking morphine to relieve me when, on the advice of a friend, I procured a bottle of your Perrin Pile Specific and took a tablet at night and another in the morning.



It even deceives the bees. Rieger's California Perfumes.



AS A

"Do you know what I am going to fetch home from my way from the office this evening?" inquired Mr. Jobson of Mrs. Jobson at the breakfast table one morning about ten days ago.

"What for?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"What for?" repeated Mrs. Jobson, with a surprised expression. "Now, what do you suppose powdered sulphur and molasses are generally used for—catnip tea?"

"There are no 'buts' about it," said Mr. Jobson, in his most impressive judicial tone.

"Sulphur and molasses make the greatest spring medicine that ever came over the hills. And that's the stuff that we're going to take every morning before breakfast for a month or so."

Mr. Jobson, having assumed his I-have-poke manner, Mrs. Jobson didn't make any reply for the sake of peace, but it was obvious that she wasn't looking forward to the sulphur and molasses scheme with any great degree of equanimity.

"It won't do you any good if you only take it once in awhile," he explained. "You've got to stay right with it every day for a month or so to get any good out of it."

"When Mr. Jobson made his appearance for breakfast the next morning Mrs. Jobson was already presiding over the creek of sulphur and molasses.

"Have you taken yours yet?" inquired Mr. Jobson.

"No," she answered. "I was waiting for you to come down, so that we could take it at the same time. Ugh! It looks so nasty!"

"Don't try to be quite so girly-girly, Mrs. Jobson," said Mr. Jobson, sarcastically. "Ain't like that aren't exactly becoming in a person of your years."

Mr. Jobson produced a couple of table-spoons and handed one of them to Mrs. Jobson. But if she expected that he was going to be the first to go against the spring medicine she was mistaken.

"Do you like it as well as you did when you were a young one?" inquired Mrs. Jobson.

"It's great!" spluttered Mr. Jobson, but he didn't say it in a convincing way. He didn't have his usual appetite for breakfast, and he looked thoughtful throughout the meal.

"Well, the spring medicine is stirred up and waiting," said Mrs. Jobson. Mr. Jobson pretended to be so interested in the headlines of the morning paper that he didn't hear her.

"Are you ready for the blood purifier?" inquired Mrs. Jobson again, and again Mr. Jobson pretended that he hadn't heard. Then Mrs. Jobson walked right over to where he had plumped himself in a chair and said:

"My dear, shall we take our sulphur and molasses now?"

"Oh! spring medicine, you know," said Mrs. Jobson.

"Oh!" said Mr. Jobson, sternly, "you mean that beastly deception that you forced upon me yesterday morning, do you. No, Mrs. Jobson, I, for one, ain't not—not a no—going to take it this morning or any other morning. You can take all you want of it—gallons and hogheads of it, if you choose—but if you think for an infinitesimal fraction of time that you're going to bullyrag and bulldoze and hector me into sozzling my system with a poisonous mess that makes me feel as if I'd been living on poisoned snails for a month, that causes me to wake up in the morning with a taste in my mouth like a motorman's glove, that puts every tooth in my head on edge and that's liable to make me break out in boils and carbuncles until I'd look like a twentieth-century Job—then you're dreaming, Mrs. Jobson, and it's pretty near time for you to wake up."

The creek of sulphur and molasses went into the garbage can by the time the stop gentlemen got around that morning, and Mrs. Jobson never deposited anything in that receptacle that did her so much good—Washington Star.

Slim Chance for McCarthy. "I understand the doctor has just been to see your husband, Mrs. McCarthy," said Mr. McCarthy's employer.

"For a moment Mrs. McCarthy was submerged in a sea of doubt, but she rose triumphant."

"No, sorr," she said, confidently, "he left it to me, him saying I was well able to do it, sorr. It's to be made wid lined on a stout maslin, sorr."—Youth's Companion.

SOWERBY'S COURTING

There had been a lull in the conversation around the stove. It had lasted for nearly ten minutes, during which Waab Hancock had industriously sliced nearly all the bark from a four-foot stove length of hickory.

"Old Man" Sowerby was long and lean, with a long, serious face, a brush of white hair and twinkling eyes.

"Have a segar on me, Uncle Jake," he said, cordially, as the old gentleman fumbled in his pocket and drew out a corn-cob pipe.

"I'm seasoned," remarked "Old Man" Sowerby, biting off the end of a cigar and striking a match.

"You started to," said Hancock, "but Mr. Sowerby headed you off. I never seen you sleet up so meek. You said that was in reference to your bekin' her pap."

"Old Man" Sowerby chuckled. "So it was," he said. "I'll tell you about it, 'cuz' she ain't around now. It was when I was scurkin' ber. Her pa had a reputation of being one of the toughest old men in the district."

"Seemed like I was in luck, for Sarah was in an' Jeff was out. I wasn't naturally bashful, an' I made the most of my time. I don't know how late it was when we walked down to the gate together, but it was a lovely eve. The first thing we knew we heard a horse coming down the road an' my horse began to whinny. Sarah started for the house, but she hadn't got there an' I hadn't got my horse untied before old Jeff come ridin' up."

"It's me," I says, handlin' the hick'ry ribs I cut on the way down kind of keener. "I thought I'd come down an' see how you was. Some of the boys said you was sick an' I allowed it'd be neighborly to call."

"I'm a little sort o' suspicious, but I followed him into the house an' he got out a me 48-hour-old corn wisky an' a couple o' pipes an' a twist o' terbacker as long as your arm. I had to take a sociable smoke with him. I reckon he knew I'd never smoked before. I took half a dozen whiffs an' my head began to swell. It got bigger an' bigger—us big as a bucket—us big as a barrel—us big as a barn—an' everything else in proportion. I could see old Jeff loomin' through the smoke with a smile a yard wide, an' his voice sounded for away like, 'Then I broke out into a cold sweat an' my hair began to bristle on my innards (to stand) an' I drooled like a two-month-old baby. Finally I couldn't stand it no longer, an' I got up an' said I believed I'd mosey along home."

"I hoped the old rip would have give me a chance outside, but he never let on he seen there was anythin' wrong an' stood by the door with a light. Before I got half-way to the gate Jeff commenced to whoop an' 'off an' holler, an' then blamed if he didn't loose his dog on me. At first I con-sidered I wanted to die, an' bin' cetera raw was a good death as any, but I changed my mind as I kicked against my lick'ry shoe, an' as the dog come up I hit him a belt. Then I crawled on old Roan an' rode off until I got out o' sight o' the house. Then I got down an' held close communion with nature for a spell."

"I met ol' Jeff four days after in town an' I walked up to him an' I says, says I: 'Jeff Walker, you're an infernal no-account oveyr old limb an' I can whip you.'"

"That was all he wanted. We come to-gether right there, an' I want to say he was about all I care to handle. When I did get him down he held on like a bull pup. Finally I pushed him off an' pounded him until he holered 'Nuff! I reckon it was a week later that I met him at a housewarming at Perry Spencer's. Sarah was along, but she seemed to be tryin' to keep away from me. Fimeely I got her cornered an' I ast her what was the matter an' what she was mad about."

"What did you lick pa for?" she says. "Because it was strictly new'ry," I says. "If I've got to lick your pap, seven days in the week, hand runnin', to see you I'm goin' to do it."

"She sorter looked tickled an' then all of a sudden she looked skeered. I didn't know why until ol' Jeff teched me on the arm."

"You won't need to, Jake," he says. "I've had all I want, an' if you want to come up to the house any time come up. I'll learn you to smoke."

"He learned you, did he?" asked Hancock.

Old Man Sowerby looked attentively at the cigar that he had smoked half-way through, and tried to roll up the wrapper where it had come loose. "I thought he did," he said, at last, as he threw the cigar into the wood box, "but I'll be g'd'urned if I can smoke this."—Chicago Daily News.

Comparison. She—Was Nellie prompt in accepting his proposal? He—Well, I understand there wasn't any government contract business about it.—Chicago Daily News.

The EDWARD C. PEASE CO. Shaniko, Oregon. NEW STOCK. We have filled our Store Building to overflowing with a Complete Stock of New Up-to-date Merchandise. YOU ARE INVITED. Mail Orders. We are Your Dealers.

Fall and Winter Opening Mens and Womens Under-clothing in the latest styles and weaves. SWEATERS IN GREAT VARIETY. A complete line of Ladies', Gents' and Children's Shoes. RED FRONT BAZAAR. N. A. TYE & BROS., Props. Reliable Merchants.

FRANK BONNEY. RESTAURANT AND BAKERY. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Table with menu items like Sirloin Steak, T-Bone Steak, Porterhouse Steak, etc. Regular Dinner 25c from half past 11 till one.

A BIG CONSIGNMENT OF CONFECTIONERY, TOBACCO AND CIGARS has just been received in addition to our already complete stock. GIVE US A CALL. REMEMBER. J. E. CAMPBELL & CO.

Have You Seen Mrs. Slayton's Store? The largest stock of Fall and Winter Millinery in Eastern Oregon. City Styles, Artistic and Satisfying. MRS. SLAYTON, Milliner.