



Heaters.

We Invite You to Inspect Our Heaters, CAST or WOOD LINED

LENOX After comparing them with Eastern goods of the same designs you will see why ours are better values for the money.

Nickle trimmed, cast lined. No. 18 \$11.00 No. 20 13.50 No. 22 15.00

We show every practical size and style from the inexpensive Sheet Steel Lined Airtight to the large handsome Cast Lined with Nickle Trim-mings. If you intend installing a new Heater this fall or winter, we invite you to inspect ours. We will give you better values than you can get elsewhere. PATTERSON, 2ND STREET.

ELIAS W. ROBINSON

Elias W. Robinson, residence four and one half miles Southeast of this city, died at his home Wednesday morning, October 13, 1909, of an extended illness, his affliction being astma and heart trouble. He was born in LaPere County, Michigan, in 1852, and was married to his surviving wife, whose maiden name was Rose Lathrop, in 1880. The family came to Oregon in 1904, settling first in St. Johns. He came to this county a few months ago, and bought the John Iverson farm. The widow and three children survive: Hazel, aged 18; Nellie, aged 16, and Present, aged 8.

Deceased was a member of the Macabee Lodge, in which he carried \$1,000 insurance, and the Odd Fellows, the St. Johns Lodge being in charge of the burial, which takes place at St. Johns.

Advertised Letters

Prof. E. K. Barnes, M. S. Barnett, Albert Brandt, Mrs. John Barrett, Mrs. Mina Brooks, Mr. H. I. Fuller, E. P. Foster, Tom Foster, C. Hiller, Joe. Harich, A. Hansen, Mrs. G. F. Harris, Dale Haskins, W. H. Jacobson, J. C. Johnson, J. M. Kahn, John Lehman, Guy Menger, Miss Rosalie McDonald, C. L. McCracken (2), Mrs. Alice Phipps (2), Mrs. A. L. Phelps, Mrs. E. Fly, Mrs. Minnie Peddicord, Peter Kiedway, Miss Lena Robertson, Miss Adah Ryerce, Miss Joe Ryerce, Lena Stewart, Mrs. E. Sears, Bill Smith, F. C. Stanley, Albert B. Smith (57), Miss Latema Stubbs (57), Mrs. William Unson, Eddie Walker, Mrs. Mac Wolf, Ph. Zenger (2), Max Zastrow.

B. P. Cornelius, P.M.

LUMBER FOR SALE

About 50,000 feet of rough and dressed lumber, at private sale, at reduced prices, at the Thompson Bros. Lumber yard, above Mount Ainsdale, Pacific States Phone, Glencoe 138.—G. P. E. aner. 313

After several years of residence in Portland S. J. R. Fly and wife have moved to their Mount Ainsdale farm, and will again be residents of that fertile section. Sam is busy these days getting the glad hand from his old friends.

Mrs. G. L. Biggers, of LeGrande, an I who has been visiting here and in the Valley for several months, returned home Monday. Mrs. Biggers is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Abbott.

Napa-Tan shoes have proved their wearing qualities with people who like good footwear. Just received a new line in black and tan, direct from the factory—H. Wehrung & Sons 312

A HAPPY OLD MAID.

By M. QUAD.

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

There was no doubt that Martha Baker, thirty years old and unmarried and the housekeeper for her widower brother, was homely. She admitted that she was, and in telling you that a woman, old or young, black or white, has got to be at the jumping off place before she will admit that. Yes; she was homely and ungainly, and the future held no hopes for her. If she had had the money to buy paints and powders and false hair and fine hats and good clothes she could have concealed much of the homely and ungainly, but she didn't have, you see. Some pitied her, and some made fun of her, and she bore it with such philosophy as she could summon up. Her brother Bill needed her services until he could bring home a second wife, and yet that same brother Bill seemed to take pains to say to her a dozen times a day:

"Martha Baker, I believe you are the homeliest woman in the state. By John, but you'd make a crab apple tree look sick!"

"Well, if anybody's to blame it's the Lord," Martha would reply as she dismissed the matter from her mind.

Sometimes a still, small voice would say to her that her time would come, but she had waited so long that the voice ceased to cheer her. When a woman has worn the same hat all the year round for nine long years, with only changing ribbons from red to blue, she loses hope and can't be blamed for it. That hat of hers was the guy of the village. It never appeared on the street without causing smiles, and it never appeared in church without provoking titers that the minister could not suppress.

However, that still, small voice kept on coming, and one day it turned up trumps for Martha Baker. She had once been extra kind to an old woman, and that old woman was kind enough to die and leave her a hundred dollars in cash. The lawyer came for her signature and brought the greenbacks. Martha had never had even \$2 at a time in her life before. There were people in the village who were fairly well off, but to have a hundred dollars in cold cash put into one's hand all at once—why, it looked like the Monte Cristo business. The news went all over the place in an hour. Children stood at the gate with open mouths, and their mothers went in to count the money and to tender advice. There was advice as to robbers, investments, different advice to give, and Martha was kind enough to listen to each caller. It was wonderful how her stock came up. It started at zero and went to 150 in a day. She was the It. No one else was talked about. The grocer who tried to sway public opinion by hanging out a sign of "Two Bars of Soap For 7 Cents" didn't make two sales. The minister came with home hints. They were not about her hat this time. They were about repainting the church, new pew cushions and the heathen in Africa instead.

"What was Martha Baker going to do with her windfall?" became the absorbing topic of the day and night. It has been said that she had worn the same hat for nine years. Do you believe that she had done so without its racking in her soul? Indeed, she had got the idea that it was the old hat's fault that she was called homely and ungainly. More had been said against the hat than against nature, and her conclusion was a feeling if not a logical one.

Very well. She would discard the hat at last and replace it with a new one. She would do even better than that. She would make certain high-browed women and girls in that town look dizzy. Martha was four weeks in coming to this conclusion, and then she didn't take even brother Bill into her confidence. When she announced that she was going to Boston to do a little shopping he tried all sorts of arguments to dissuade her, but she was firm. She refused to believe that the cars would run off the rails or that she would have her throat cut from ear to ear and come home begging for sticking plaster to bring the edges of the cut together. It was a terrible picture that brother Bill dangled before her vision, but she walked to the depot as calmly as an old goose and boarded the train.

There was no rest for any one in the village that day. Martha Baker had gone to Boston to spend or bank her money. Which would it be? No one knew when she came home safe and sound. No one knew for the next four days. Then the cat got out of the bag. In other words, two big dry goods boxes came for her by freight. Brother Bill had them hauled to the house and opened them with his own hands. She refused to name the contents to him or any of the score of callers. It was only when the papers were removed that he stepped back with a "By thunder!" on his lips. It was only when a certain object was held aloft by Martha to be gazed at that the women and children cried out:

"A hat! A hat! Martha Baker's got a new hat!"

"Yes, friends, thirty-six of them," replied Martha as she dived down for others.

Yes, thirty-six—three for every month in the year. There were winter, spring and fall hats. There were all shapes and sizes. There were thirty-six styles of trimmings. Martha had bought the thirty-six for \$95, and the balance of the money had gone for freight and fare. The windfall had been made use of, and she was a happy old maid.

that he had secured a prize began to darken. But, remembering that he had the play locked in his safe, his complicity returned to him. At 11:30 the author was announced. He was received with distinguished consideration. The manager handed him the contract he had prepared.

"What's this?" asked the author, glancing at the document.

"You think," said the manager, "that \$5,000 advance payment is not enough. Very well, I will make it \$10,000."

"Ten thousand," repeated M. Nostand in amazement.

"And the royalty I will double as well."

"Do you consider my poor efforts worth so much?"

"Certainly. It is the work of an expert."

"How do you judge of that?"

"As an expert. It is plain that the scenario received an enormous amount of attention before a word of the dialogue was written, though the dialogue shows the influence of the author of 'Cyrano.' The play will be a grand success."

"Where is the manuscript?"

"Never mind the manuscript. Let us proceed to business. Read the contract."

"The manuscript!" cried the author impatiently. The manager unlocked his safe and produced it. Seizing it, the author tore off the wrapper and showed only blank pages.

"You are the man," he said, "who a year ago received a play from me. You have never read it to this day, and I have not been able to secure its return. I have played this trick to show that you buy plays simply on the name of the author. I wrote the anonymous letter giving myself away. My name is neither Nostand nor Nostand; it is Jones."

Snelson was engaged as permanent counsel for the Empire Mining company at a salary of \$4,000 a year.

Sentence Commuted.

"But," said the merchant to the applicant, "you don't furnish any reference from your last place."

"You needn't worry about that," replied the man with the close cropped head and strange pallor. "I wouldn't be here now if it hadn't been for my good behavior in my last place."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Measured by the Human Standard. "Those people on Mars must be a very stupid lot."

"What makes you think so?"

"Why, if they haven't time to flash us a signal or two they might at least drop us a picture postcard."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Sad Story. Belinda longed for slender grace And said it would be wise To seek some outlines to efface By constant exercise. And so she walked and rode in hope To cheat relentless fate And tugged in patience at the rope That held the pulley weight.

She pushed the dumbbells right and left, But found—oh, cruel plight!—That when she lost a bit in left She gained in appetite. The more she works—scared half to death, She swells life's bitter cup— The more she has to hold her breath To get her dress hooked up. —Washington Star.

The Turning Point. "Some girls," remarked the home grown philosopher, "are like elder."

"What's the answer?" queried the youth.

"They are sweet until it's time to work," replied the philosophy dispenser.—Detroit Free Press.

Get a Move On! Come, you goat, Locomote! Get a move on. Get a shove on. Never mind which way you're moting. Locomote, locomote! Grab your rival by the throat. Tear his coat. Get his goat. Call his bluff. Make him sweat off. Bite his ear off! That's success. What? Yes! "Mote, you goat! Locomote!" —Chicago Tribune.

A Diplomatic Way. "Even if Peary had doubted Cook he needn't have come out flat and called him a liar."

"He might have grinned, chucked him in the ribs and said, 'Oh, you kidder!'"—Kansas City Times.

The Frozen Utopia. Oh, take me to the north pole, Where the mighty glaciers groan, Where ice is free and bills for coal Are things that are unknown! One suit of clothes will last all year; No fashions stir up strife. On the frosty spot that caps this sphere You'll find the simple life. —Chicago News.

Why He Cried. "Why are you crying, Johnny?"

"We was playing train and I was the engine."

"Yes?"

"And pa comed in and switched me." —Judge.

Speed the Speeder. He took his auto for a spin And sped in the town around. He quickly ran into a span And spilled upon the ground. They sped him to the speeder's jail. He spent his two months and ten. He's never had the spunk to spin And spill a span again. —Boston Herald.

Reminded. "What do you think of this polar business?"

"You scoundrel—just as I had almost succeeded in not thinking about it!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Growth of Arbitration. Who says the world is growing worse? Who says that peace is not in sight When e'en the pugilists converse Instead of getting up a fight? —Washington Star.

Critical. "I have heard that you intend to kill me if I argue this case. To kill me you must get your hand in your pocket. The first motion you make in that direction I'll fill you full of bullets and then go for your carcass with these knives."

Snelson then presented undoubted evidence of the title of the Empire Mining company to the property in litigation. Traphagan let the case go by default, and the jury without leaving their cracker boxes gave a verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

But it was evident from the look on Traphagan's face that the case had not been settled between him and the tenderfoot. As soon as the verdict against him had been recorded he said to the latter:

"I don't want to kill a gal, but I do want to give you a thrashing. I'll allow my gut here to disarm me, and we'll go out with nothin' but our fists to find out which is the best man."

"I have no quarrel with you," replied Snelson, "but if you insist upon it I'll accommodate you."

Traphagan was relieved of his weapons—there was one in each of his coat

EVERYBODY HELP A LITTLE

The Ladies' Coffee Club

Will give an entertainment on the evening of Friday, October 15

The net proceeds to go toward a fund for the building of a REST ROOM

Do your part Be at the Crescent Theatre

and witness a splendid evening's entertainment, and help out a worthy project. See reading notices for particulars.

Judge Rodolph Crandall and wife have returned from an extended trip to the East, where they visited in Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Montana. While at St. Paul they were joined by their son Robt. Crandall, who has made himself famous as one of the best scenic photographers in the world. The three journeyed together to Rancho, Mont., where they spent a few days with Jesse Crandall, well known here as a boy, and who is now ranching on a big scale in the plateau region. Robert accompanied them home and will remain for an extended visit.

Carlos Hensley, who has been visiting his parents, for some weeks, coming here from the Walla Walla county, left here the last of the week for California, via steamer. He may yet down into the Panama belt before he gets back up into the Oregon country.

"Ted" Zimmerman has bought at Orenco, and built him a little home, which he will improve next year, while he is working for the Nursery Co. Mr. Zimmerman has been working for the condenser for some years, and was well liked by his employers and his associates.

Wm. Wolf and wife, of North Hillsboro, departed today for a month's visit with friends at Shelburne, Linn Co., and The Argus will follow them to keep them in formed while absent.

G. Essner and Earl Hollenbeck, of Mount Ainsdale, were in the city yesterday.

Jake Smith and wife, of beyond Glencoe, were in the city Tuesday.

Miss Ona Ford, with a Portland abstract firm, was out Sunday, the guest of her mother.

Edward Bayles and wife, of West Union, were in the city yesterday. They own one of the big orchards in that section.

Thos. Gheen, who has been with the condenser for several years, has taken the position of janitor at the public school building.

E. E. Watts, of near Farmington, recently bought a registered bull for the head of his herd of Jerseys, which will return him a fine financial profit.

Frank Kelsey, who has been at St. Martins Springs for about a fortnight, returned Saturday evening, much improved by his trip. The religious weekly reached him and he read the news while sweating out in his baths.

Do not forget that Greer keeps all kinds of field seeds.

Wyatt & Co. have painted the exterior front of the corner now occupied by them, and have decorated the interior, Schwarz Bros. doing the work. Readers are requested to look over the announcement of Wyatt & Co., in another column.

Larkin Reynolds recently filed his patent to his homestead, signed by President Grant, away back in 1871.

Seed oats and tare, mixed, for sale, on Bailey Farm, West Union.