TWO OLD-TIME MASONS

Wathington County old-time Masons attended the Holbrook A. P. & A. M. de last week at Forest Grove. One was Almoran Hill and the other p. Ewing, both of whom were charter members of the lodge Zhoth get W. D. It the pioneerage of the county as men of eminent respectability to the pioneerage is sauch above Gaston, where he moved in 1845. It Saved Mary's Lover When She Alexand Hill still lives on life Mo. Dec. 26, 1822, and in 1841 was wedded to lie was born in Chariton County, Mo. Dec. 26, 1822, and in 1841 was wedded to lie was born in Chariton County, Mo. Hill first settled, that Fall, on what is known as Jesse Applegate. Mr. Hill first settled, that Fall, on what is known a Jesse Applegate. Billey, but 18 months later sold it for 400 bushels of wheat Hallett place in his present home, two and one had miles east of the Hallett thes moved to his present home, two and one had miles east of the Hallett m, where he had ever since resided. After he built his cabin on his present farm where he is some a white wom in other than his wife crossed the ger W. D. Hwing, aged 78 years, is a pioneer figure here, but now lives He came to the coast in 1852, and was one of on Mississippi Avenue. He came to the coast in 1552 and was one of the M H faith to hold services up in the Greenville section first preachers.

Griffin, widow of the late Rev. Griffin, a pioneer of 1839.









PROTECT YOUR HORSE PROTECT YOURSELF

This is the season when you need blankets for your animal. Come and see our

AT YOUR GROCER'S

HORSE BLANKETS Now \$1.75 and up. When you are driving you endanger your health

unless you keep warm. Take a look at our hand-some PLUSH ROBES, STORM ROBES Prices to Suit

Give me a call when you want new harness. We have what you want and our prices are below competition.

Substantial Repairing a Specialty A. M. CARLILE, Second Street.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The Royal Bakery & Confectionery Incorporation, sole manufacturers of Royal Table Queen Bread, have made arrangements with the enterprising

whereby, the said firm of Wyatt & Co., will be ex-

clusive agents for ROYAL TABLE QUEEN BREAD

The best bread on the market. Delivered fresh every day. Appetisingly delicious, wholesomely good.

C. E. Kindt, justice at Kinton, the county clerk's office.

or at the court house.

John Overroeder, who has just was up Monday, on business with finished his potato harvest was up from this side of Orenco, Tuesday.

Hon. A. B. Flint, of Scholls, was and a sob gathered in her throat as Manager Kirzer, of the Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co, was in town Tuesday, and thinks that she saw the white little figure watchdown to the city yesterday, a visit- the open season for automobiles is the me." was all it said. over.

SAM'S STRATAGEM.

Herself Would Have Failed.

By ARTHUR W. PEACH. Copyright, 1209, by Associated Literary Press.]

The slim girl, busy in the garden patch, straightened suddenly as she heard her name called softly and aux-

"Here I am, Sammy," she answered

A little fellow shot from round the corner of the shed, his eyes wide and fearful. He swung himself on his crutches close to where she was standng and whispered hoursely:

'Mary, they're going to shoot Jim tonight. I heard them say so."

With a low cry she dropped the trowel in her hand and grasped the little crippie's shoulder. "Sammy, where are they?" she asked.

They're in the buck room of the barn," was his answer. And she was

Word had come among the mountain people that the government was sendng spies among them in an attempt to discover where they were carrying on their illegal distilling, and Mary had known for some time that Jake Emmons, whom she and the cripple knew as their father, was trying to direct the suspicion of his friends toward the fine looking stranger known as Jim Symons, who had recently come among you're wounded."

Symons in his rendy, friendly way had made friends with her, and he often came to the little cabin to see her. She had warned him of his danger, but he had carelessly told her not

Now, as she slipped softly down the walk to the shed, her heart beating fast and hard, her only fear was that she would not be able to save the brave, feariess young fellow who had won her beart. She heard the low matter of voices, and, kneeling close to the boards of the barn, she listened. Emmons was speaking

"There's only one way to stop this once for all. If we don't some of us are going to spend the rest of our days



"MARY, GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?" HE CRIED.

in a brick cell. The thing to do is for some one to walk up to his window about supper time and finish him. That's-did you bear any noise then? All right! We must finish him and have it over with."

Another voice went on: "It's the only way. Let's draw for the man." Mary, quivering with the tension, "It's you, Emmons," the listened.

voice said. She started to leave, when suddenly, with a swift bang, the door was flung open. She had a dizzy sensation of being seized and shaken hard. Then things steadled, and she found herself

looking into Emmons' cruel eyes. "Oh, you would, would you?" be snarled, his eyes burning into hers. "You would put that spy wise to what we're going to do to him? We'll see whether you will or not!"

His strong hands seemed to crush her flesh where he held her. "You come with me!" he shapped at her. He went into the house, and, opening a door into her own room, he threw her in and sild the heavy bolt. He turned to the little cripple, who stood eying film steadily from the doorway. "Now, you leave that door alone or

I'll"— He stopped, but the threat in his eyes made the little fellow quali. Mary heard it where she had fallen in her room. Through her brain, crased with the thought of her lover in danger, sounded the last words she had heard. They were planning to shoot him in the night, and she was

powerless. Night came swiftly and stiently. She stood near the small window and looked out. There was nothing to do save mark the hours as they passed until Emmons should return with his work accomplished. Sammy, with his deep dread of Emmons, would not dare to help her, nor, knowing the price he must pay, would she ask him,

Suddenly, when the dusk was heavy on the hills, the sound of Emmons footsteps grew heavy and passed out on his murderous errand. Still as a statue, she listened. She caught the soft, low shuffle of the little cripple's crutches. There was a ratting at the door. She walted in nervous fear. Slowly she heard the iron slide back. She was free!

She swung back to the door and gathered him in her arms. He gripped her tightly. "My brave little Sammy?" she whispered.

He answered bravely, yet trembling, "He said he'd kill me, but I dast!" In a few moments her preparations were made. She turned at the door,

take me," was all it said. "How can 1? I will come back." she

answered hurriedly. "I am going to

Down the broken path she fied, through the pasture, and turned up the narrow trail, hoping against hope that Emmons would take the long road to Symons' cable and that she might reach him in time. Once she lost the path, and feverishly she hunted until she found it. At last she reached the slope above the creek, where among the low brush Symons had his shack. The light was burning; it looked peaceful, but well she knew that somewhere between her and the light Emmons was creeping with his rifle ready.

Her feet found the path. She pressed on as carefully as she could, determined to reach him in time to save him, but as she commenced the climb she wavered. The strain was telling. Suddenly she saw the face of a man show for a moment in the yellow light as he peered stealthily into the winlow of the cabin. The face disappeared. Then a long, shining thing was leveled. All her will power she forced into her cry of warning, but it blended into the sound of the rifle as it gushed livid fire through the night into the window.

There were a crash of wood, the sound of speeding feet, a sharp cry and stience. Mary staggered to the door, expecting to see her lover writhing in the death agony, but as she neared it the door was thrown open wildly, and a strong face black with powder and set in line of battle bent over hers as she fell

"Mary! Great heavens, what does this mean?" he cried. "Jim, they were planning"- She

paused as she saw the look of understanding in his eyes. Then suddenly she saw the stain on his face. "Jim

He rubbed the powder from his face. "No, but I ought to be. That gun went off full lif my face. Come," be said shortly, "you and I must get out of this quick! Mary, will you go with me wherever I go, for good and all?" His face was anxious and grave. Her answer was not in words, but it

cemed satisfactory. A little later they rode away swiftly. At the pike Mary stopped her horse short. "Jim, there's Sammy. I told him I would come back for him." "We will," was Symons' simple,

quiet answer. They had ridden only a short distance when sharply out of the darkness a little figure scuttled. It was Sammy, "Mary, Mary! I knowed

you'd come. It's me." Symons reached down from the saddle and gathered the frail little form in his arms. As they rode on she told him how the little fellow had released her that she might come to warn him. When she had explained it in a few tender words Sammy broke in:

"I fixed his gun too." "How's that?" Symons asked, starting at the statement, for he knew be had looked squarely at a rife mussle and yet was unburt.

"He loaded his gun while I was there and put it in a corner. I've loaded guns and knew what to do. I took the cartridge out when he wasn't in the room and squeezed the bullet off and put the cartridge back, and"-"Sammy"-Symons' arm went round

him tight-"it was you who saved my

Sammy snuggled close to him. "He keeps licking me, and I want to go- the dead, took in the only man left and asked interestedly

Symons laughed softly, a laugh of happiness. "I'm going to take you and Mary to a home where we can all be happy together."

Sammy sighed a long contented sigh as if he felt that at last he was on his way to peace.

Notions About Bleep. One of the rudest acts in the eyes of native of the Philippine Islands is to tep over a person asleep on the floor. Sleeping is with them a very solemn

matter. They are strongly averse to waking any one, the idea being that during sleep the soul is absent from the body and may not have time to return if slumber is suddenly broken. If you call upon a native and are told

he is asleep you may as well depart. To get a servant to rouse you, you must give him the strictest of orders. Then at the time appointed he will stand by your side and call, "Senor, senor!" repeatedly, each time more loudly than before, until you are half swake. Then he will return to the ow note and again raise his voice gradually until you are fully conscious.

Time to Go.

While at sea between Malaga and Melilia rather an amusing incident occurred which shows us Englishmen "as others see us," says a writer in London Black and White. After dinner an orderly approached me unasked and produced a whisky and sods. After a pause of ten minutes he repeated the performance. At the third repetition I remonstrated and at the same time asked what I owed him, "Nothing, senor," he replied. "But we were told you were an Englishman and that we were to give you a 'wisha soda' every ten minutes before you went to bed, and we have to obey orders." I went to bed.

STRATEGY WITH GOOD RESULTS.

By SUMNER CHILDS. [Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

"A love story in my life?" said the ex-stage driver. "You bet. It hapned on the last drive I made, and that drive was between Virginia City and Sacramento. At that time there was frequent stage robberies o' the Wells Fargo express treasure owin' to the fact that some one connected with the company was passin' word to the road agents wherever a large

amount o' gold dust was to be shipped. "Well, one day a lot o' treasure boxes was hoisted aboard the stage and the inside was full, o' passengers when a little schoolma'am from New England came a-trippin' along from the tavern, makin' straight for us. When she come up I was on the box and told her the coach was full and she'd better take the next one. She looked aw-

ful disappointed and said she was due at one of the stations on the road the sext day and there wouldn't be an other coach goin' for three days. The passengers was all men, and they poked their heads out o' the winders, etarin' at the gal, but not one of 'em offered to git outside and give her his seat. She looked mighty astonished at this, for she'd been travelin' in coaches in the west and knew what deference was usually shown to wo-

"What'd the little gal do but climb right up beside me. The express agent who was superintendin' the loadin' of the boxes told her she couldn't go on that coach. She asked why, and he said the coach might be attacked by road agents. She answered him by sayin' that the road agents was wel come to all she had. I tipped the lead ers on the ear, and we were off

"I was a young man then, and I didn't let stip a chance to say soft things to the little schoolma'am. I told her that if we was attacked she mustn't be frightened, for road agents wouldn't hurt such a tender little thing as she But I noticed she souggled pretty close to me. We'd gone past the second re lay when suddenly, on makin' a turn around a bluff, a man stepped out and said good naturedly:

" I'll take your Wells Fargo freight, if you please." "You'll find it in the boot,' I re

marked, pullin' in. "The feller had no rife, but I knew that his pals was coverin' me from behind the bushes. He went to the boot, unstrapped the cover, and one by one his backers joined him and helped him off with the boxes. One o' the men come up front and said be'd take the mail bag if I didn't mind. I reach-

dropped it down to bim. "'Goodness gracious,' exclaimed the little schoolma'sm, 'what a lonely place for a postoffice!"

ed under my seat, pulled it out and

"l'oor little innocent! She never mistrusted that she was sittin' on a volcano. And I didn't want ber to. I told her the bag would be taken to a town off the road where the postoffice was located.

"By this time the boxes was un onded on the grass beside the coach. The robbers was tryin' to git off the covers by rippin' 'em up with their big knives when all of a sudden there was a crackin' o' rifles from within the coach. Four road agents toppled over, one tried to crawl into the bushes, and three ran for their lives. The little schoolma'am threw her arms around me and buried her face in my whisk-

"You see, the company had sent the coach out for a decoy. A few days before they had let it leak out that on that date they would send \$50,000 worth o' dust over the road. Of course this was reported to the band, who lay in wait to relieve us o' the treasure. The boxes were filled with sand, and in every seat inside the coach sat a nan with a concealed gun. They had leader, who watched till the agents got careless, when he gave the word to ire and scooped the party.

"Well, I left the little schoolma'am with her arms around my neck, and I was in no burry to unwind 'em. The men in the coach got out, examined

"'I was very much mortified.' I said to the gal, 'at what appeared the bad manners o' the men in the coach not makin' way for you when you got on. Hut, you see, to have had a woman in that party would have spoiled the game. The express agent knew what was a goin' to happen and tried to stop you goin' with us, but when you climbed up here so confident-like I hadn't the heart to make you git down. I'm glad you come, though."

Why? "Well, I found it mighty nice to feel

"She blushed red as a rooster's comb and moved as far as she could get on the other end o' the seat.

"I dropped her off at her station. When I got back to Virginia City the Wells Fargo superintendent asked me why i consented to let a gal go on such an expedition. To throw the road agents of their guard, I told him. They'd never suspect danger with a little chick like that perched on the box. The idea struck him all o' a heap, and when the wounded rob-ber said that's what snished 'em the

superintendent drew me a check for \$1,000 as a reward for my foresight. "I entered a quarter section, bought farmer's implements with the money and married the schoolma'am."

INTERSTELLAR TELEPHONE.

HELLO, central! Give me Mars. Want long distance to the stars. That you, Mars? Why, bowdido?

That you, Mars? Why, howdido How's the weather using you? Feeling pretty fit today? How's things in the Milky way? Bow's the fishing? Bully! Fine! Caught's squidgeon weighing nine? Don't know what a squidgeon is. But it sounds like Al bia. Bay, old man, from where you be. Starfing right square down on me. How d'you think I'm looking, ch? Out of sight? That's bully! Bay. You're a humorist all right. What's that? Tired? Out all night? Well, By Jingo-bar-has-built!

Hello, central! Venus-yes. Venus, V-e-n-u-s!

Howdy, Venus-howdido?
Wish I looked as sweet as you!
How's your mother? Oh, too bad!
Really? That is very sad.
Thought I'd ring to tell you that
I admired your new spring hat.
Tee, it's quite becoming—grand.
Not exactly what you planned?
Soll, perhaps it's just as well.
Lyou looked a bit more swell
alf the women on this sphere
shon would die of envy, dear.
Is it on straight? Well, not quits.
But the tilt strikes me just right—
Gives you quite a piquant air Olves you quite a piquant air
With the marcelle of your hair.
Tell me, does your new spring sack
Button up along the back,
Or is it—bas-bas-bas-baut!
Wire's busted again? Oh, tut!

Hello, central! What's the bill?
Fourteen what? Not fourteen millPourteen million dollars? My!
Wire's busted—so am I!

John Keadrick Bangs in Harr

Translation. What do you suppose Jim meant when he said that haughty Miss Prim had a marceled smile?"

"I suppose he meant her lips were curied."-Baltimore American.

BOWSER HUNTS SNIPE

Starts Early In Morning on Annual Quest For Birds.

NATIVES DENSELY IGNORANT.

After Fruitless Efforts Samuel Reaches Home, Believing He Is the Victim of a Plot-Wife Tries to Console Him, but It's No Use.

By M. QUAD. [Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Fress.]

R, BOWSER should have due credit. Dinner had been finished half an hour when he suddenly said to Mrs. Bowser; "Tell the cook to put me on a little something for breakfast. I'll be up at 6, and I'll want a bite before 1 go. Neither of you need get up."

"What is it you are going to do?" saked Mrs. Bowser in astonishment. "Why, I go on my annual snipe hunt tomorrow. I have been going for seven years now. The druggist is going to lend me his shotgun."

"Are you going alone?"

"Yes. I don't propose to take any one along to scare the snipe away. The snipe is a wary bird, Mrs. Bewser. He must be trailed down with caution." "Yes, he must be very wary. You

have hunted him for seven years and haven't found him yet. Not a snipe have you ever brought home. You brought home an old crow once, but that was your only game."

"You know what you are talking about, do you?' he asked as he flushed

"About snipe."
"Then let me fell you that I don't go out to create a slaughter. I take a day off; I get out into the country! I am satisfied with killing a bird or two. There has never been a time that I could not have brought home at least couple of dozen had I wanted to make a butcher of myself."

"Your sentiments do you credit, Mr. Bowser. The snipe is an innocent bird.



HE WAS UP AND AWAY AT DAYLIGHT.

Why should any one seek to dabble in his blood? Just wade around in the swamps all day and bring home one snipe-just one. I want to see if you can tell one from a robin. Your break-

fast shall be ready." Mr. Bowser sprang up to say some thing, but changed his mind. Why should he lose his temper? Mrs. Bowser was jealous and envious because she couldn't go, too, and it was better to treat her as a child. To get real mad on the evening before his annual hunt might disturb his aim on the morrow. Therefore, like a wise man, he dropped the subject and picked up his paper and went to reading. That night

Once Mrs. Bowser heard him growLout: "Oh. I don't know a snipe from a

he was restless and muttered in his

robin, eh? We'll see about that!" He was up and away at daylight to catch the first suburban car. He had a double barreled shotgun and 100 cartridges. He didn't propose to be hemmed in by snipe and run short of ammunition. On the car he looked the real thing, and after working up his nerve a little the conductor made bold

"You are going after 'em for sure."

"Wolves or bears?"

"And I'll bet you get a wagon load You are just the fellow to do it. If you get in a hole sell your life dearly."

Natives Had Never Seen Snipe. There was a young farmer on the train who had come to town the night before and gone on a boose. He was now better of it and going home, and, hearing the conversation between Mr. Bowser and the conductor, he started off singing:

"Oh, I went out to shoot the snips And make a dreadful alaughter! I killed five hundred and a crow, Though sure I hadn't orter."

At the end of the line Mr. Bowser made his start, followed by a wave of the hand from the conductor. He had gone about forty rods when he came spon a farmer cleaning out the roadside ditch and pleasantly asked: "My friend, can you tell me the be

place around here for snipe?"
"What's them?" queried the man aftor a minute. "A snipe is a bird." "He can't be an engle?"

"Nor a wild tokey?" "Then I never saw one. If I was

you I'd be mighty careful how I hanfied that gun. You'd better leave it here and do your huntin! with a club." Haif a mile farther on Mr. Bowser found a pond in a field. It looked a tikely place for snipe, and he went over. After he had circled the pond a bird rose, and he banged. The bird not fall, but a young man who was mending the cornfield fence and had not been noticed came sauntering down to say:

"Want to kill some robins to eat?"

"I fired at a snipe."

"A snipe? Why, man, there hasn't been a stipe around here in 500 years! There's the bird you fired at aitting on

the fence, and if it ain't a robin thesi

"Then there are no snipe around

"Not a one. You come out to sho

snipe, did you?" "I did." "It's too bad to disappoint you, but if you'll come up to the barn I'll let you shoot at a calf for 10 cents a

shot. You may shoot all day long. Some snipe hunters would have be-come discouraged, but Mr. Bowser plodded along until he came upon a farmer mowing the grass in his front dooryard. He stopped to ask about

"No; if he's passed this way I haven't sawn him."

snipe, and the man came to the fence

"I asked you about snipe-a bird," corrected Mr. Bowser. "Snipe-a bird? What does it look

"He's a small bird and good to eat." "Never heard of him. Say, wife, come out here."

Distressed Family Didn't Knew. The farmer's wife came slowly out, followed by three children, and the husband asked:

"Mary, did you ever hear tell of a

spipe?" "Lor', no!" she replied. "You are sure you don't mean a

duck?" was queried of Mr. Bowser. "Can a snipe be a duck? Can a duck be a garder? I said snipe. A child four years old ought to know what a snipe

"Yes, I recken so, but we are a distressed family and don't try to know much. We have chills and biles and fevers and lots of other things and taxes are raisin' all the time. Mebbe they'll tell you at the next house. They are Democrats there and don't have nothing but good luck. I'm goin' to

turn my coat this fall." The next house was more than half a mile distant. Mr. Bowser reached it to find a woman and a dog at the gate. The one surveyed him with suspicion and the other with distrust.

"Madam," he said, "I am out from town to hunt snipe." "Wasl, hunt away," was her bringue

"Are there any around here!" "If there was I'd pick 'emmyself." "Pick 'em? How do you pick snipe?" "Never you mind, but go on about our business or you'll get into trouble. We had a calf stolen last night."

"But you can't for one moment think

But she started to open the gate, and

"I've got my suspicions, and you can see how bad the dog wants to get bolt "My dear woman"-

Mr. Bowser started off, banded for town this time. As he came along to where the "distressed family" dwelt the farmer accosted him with: "Say, stranger, my hired man says he knows what a snipe is. He says

they are baldheaded on top of the head and have duck legs." As the car was reached there was the same conductor, and as he took up the fare he whispered:

"Left 'em in cold storage out in the country, I see. That's the way I al-ways do. Let the butcher that buys em go after 'em." "Well?" queried Mrs. Bowser at 5

in the afternoon as Mr. Bowser walked in, hot, tired and dusty. "Not a word from you, woman-not a word! Some fiend in human form spent last night driving every saipe out of the country, and I can lay my

hand on the person who hired him to do it to spite me!" New Sport. Hired Man—Shooting at airships? Farmer-Yep; trying to bring down

sumpin' to trim Mirandy's hat -Puck Father Mends the Furnace Father said he thought he'd fix the fur-

nace; Sald it wouldn't take him very long; Didn't know just what there matter; Only knew that there was someth

Took his coat off, then went down th cellar.
Bumped his ships and made a dreadful

Mother said: "Run out and play, my d ling. Father's talk is not for little boya." sneaked out and by the coal chut

listened To the sounds that came up from b Then he stopped awhile to puff and blow.

Pretty soon there was a dreadful clatter. And then things down there got awful still.

Ms let out a scream—"Oh, what's the Then I heard pa moaning fit to kill.

Pretty soon pa crawled up from the cellar Blacker than a pot, and when he spoke Sadly of the cinders that he'd swallowed I just laughed so much I thought Fd Ma she patched him up and rubbed his

bruises,
Bathed his face and made him chang
his shirt.
Vowing she would rather have the fur Always out of fix than see him burt.

Pa limped out and hurried to his office.

Looking like he'd just been in a fight.

When he left he said he ought to lick me,
And he may when he gets home tonight.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Back to the Home Roost. A. traveler in Arkansas came to a cabin and heard a terrifying series of groans and yells. It sounded as if murder was being committed. He rushed in and found a gigantic negro woman beating a wizened little old man with a club, while he cried for

mercy.
"Here, woman!" shouted the traveler. "What do you mean by beating that "He's mah husban', an' I'll beat bim

all I likes," she replied, giving the man a few more cracks by way of emphayou have no right to murder

"Go 'long, white man, and luf me alone. I'll such beat him some moch." "What has he done?" "Wha's he done? Why, this triffia', no 'count nigger done lef' de door of

my chicken house open, an' all was chickens done gone but."
"Pshaw, that's nothing! They will

come back." "Come back! No, sub, they'll so back."-Saturday Byening Post.