T. PAER eased himself down into a capacious chair in the Imperial lobby, mopped his perspiring brow and fanned himself with his battered hat, languidly.

"How de do," he remarked in a friendly spirit to the large man with the genial face sitting next to him, "it seems to me I've seen you some place before."

"Maybe you have," the stranger responded, "my name's Dutton. Bill Dutton of Heppner and Morrow county, the best town and the best county in the state, if I do say it myself."

"You ain't Judge Dutton are you?" T. Paer asked, "I use to hear of him a long time ago."

"That's me," the other admitted. "Judge Dutton of Morrow county."

"These is easy chairs," T. Paer sighed contentedly, "I kinda like to loaf around here once in a while 'nd watch the different kind of people you see."

"They'll do in a pinch," the judge answered, "but you ought to sit in them they got in the hotel up at Heppner. You can sleep in 'em easier than in most beds."

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"Is that right?" T. Paer said. "They must be good ones. Gosh but it's hot ain't it?" he added.

"Hot!" the judge exclaimed, "Man it ain't hot enough to raise a thirst. If you want hot days you ought to go up to Morrow county. We've got hotter days than any place in the state up there when our climate gets to working good."

"No?" T. Paer said. "If you can beat this you'll win the blue ribbon all right. Who's that curly headed young fellah over there with his hat pulled down over his left eye. He's a blamed good lookin' kid ain't he?"

"Him good lookin'," the judge scoffed. "That's Pat Gallagher 'nd say friend, we got flocks of sheep herders up in Morrow county that'd skin him in a beauty contest with a week's beard on their chins."

"Well, of course I ain't seen them alongside of Pat," T. Paer conceded, "but who's that slim guy talkin' to him?"

"The one with the cigarette 'nd the rah rah spectacles?" the judge asked, "that's Denton Burdick."

"I heard about him durin' the legislature," T. Paer said. "They say he's a doggoned smart young fellah."

"He ain't no idiot," the judge admitted, "but we got boys up at Heppner that could make him look like a kindergarten kid at anything from playin' poker to runnin' a bank."

"I just heard about him in the papers," T. Paer responded. "It seems like," he added, "I've seen that kinda fat fellah leanin' against the post smokin' a segar."

"The one that's makin' a speech?" the judge asked. "That's Sanfield Macdonald."

"So that's Sanfield," T. Paer said. "He's got to be quite a politician since he got acquainted with Hi Johnson ain't he?"

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"Maybe he is, for Portland," the judge answered, "but he'd better keep away from Morrow county or he'll lose his rep pretty pronto, now take it from me."

"Who's that brunette fellah talkin' to Sanfield?" T. Paer asked. "The one that's makin' motions wtih his hands like a Frenchman?"

"That's Doc. Dayton," the judge replied. "When he ain't talkin politics 'round here he's in the eye glass business."

"He's a great friend of Ben Olcott's ain't he?" T. Paer asked. "It seems to me Ben appointed him to some job that ain't got no wages attached to it."

"The Doc may know Ben a little bit," the judge admitted, "but there's scads of people up in Morrow county closer to Ben than him?"

"Well, well," T. Paer said, "there's Phil Metschan over there by the counter. I ain't seen him for a long time but, golly, ain't he gettin' fat though?"

"Yes," the Judge answered, casting a stockman's practiced eye across the lobby. "Phil'd dress out in pretty fair shape, but he'd look like he was range run 'nd just over a hard winter alongside of some of the boys up at Heppner."

"You must feed 'em right up there," T. Paer grinned. "I'm glad I met you," he added as he struggled to his feet, "but I guess I'd better be peggin' along or Ma'll bawl me out for bein' late to supper."

"So long,' said the Judge, "but if you want to get bawled out you ought to come up to Heppner. Our women folks've sure got that system worked out right."

Bowser the Hound Slips Away

By Thornton W. Burgess

Who feels a guilty conscience tweak
Best heed lest he turn out a sneak.
—Bowser the Hound.

BOWSER THE HOUND stood out back of Farmer Brown's barn looking across the Green Meadows toward the Old Pasture. It was early in the morning, very early. It was so early that Farmer Brown's boy was not yet up. But he would be very soon. Bowser knew that. His master was not the kind to oversleep when there was work to be done, and the haying was not yet finished.

"There are young Foxes over in the Old Pasture," thought Bowser. "I know it because I smelled them when Master and I found the home of Reddy Fox the other day when we were over there after berries. I believe I could have dug those young Foxes out if he would have let me. But he wouldn't. He wouldn't let me stay around there. He's funny. He certainly is queer. If those Foxes grow up they'll steal his chickens, or try to, and that will mean I will have to be watching every minute. I believe I'll run over there and dig them out. Master won't know anything about it."

Bowser started across the Green Meadows for the Old Pasture, turning his head to look behind him with a guilty air every few minutes. He wouldn't feel comfortable until he was hidden by the bushes in the Old Pasture. He was soon there and started straight for the place where he knew those young Foxes were. Half way there he rounded a turn in a crooked little cow path, and there right in front of him sat Reddy Fox. Bowser stopped short for just a second. He was as surprised a dog as ever lived. Reddy sat facing him and grinning. It was for all the world as if Reddy had been waiting for him.

Reddy had been waiting for him. The truth is Reddy had seen Bowser out behind Farmer Brown's barn looking over toward the Old Pasture. He had guessed just what was in Bowser's mind. You know Reddy Fox has very keen wits. Of course, he knew that Farmer Brown's Boy and Bowser had found that hidden home in the Old Pasture. He and Mrs. Reddy had been tempted to move that very night to another home. But Reddy had been quick to note how Farmer Brown's Boy had pulled Bowser away, and right away he shrewdly guessed that there was nothing to fear from Farmer Brown's boy. So they had decided to stay.

Reddy turned lightly and sped away.

But Reddy knew Bowser so well that he was sure Bowser would return the very first chance he got, and he had kept watch for that very thing. The instant Bowser started across the Green Meadows toward the Old Pasture, Reddy knew just what Bowser had in mind. He grinned. Then he trotted back into the Old Pasture and sat down in the path he knew Bowser would take. And as he waited Reddy grinned again. "Once he sees and smells me he'll forget all about that home of mine and those youngsters, and by the time he does think of them again he'll be too tired to give them a second thought."

Reddy barked twice. There was an answering bark. He knew then that Mrs. Reddy was near and would be ready to do her part. Reddy grinned again. Then he waited impatiently for Bowser to appear. He had a plan, had Reddy Fox, and he was in a hurry to try it.

When Bowser rounded that turn in the path and came face to face with Reddy Fox he was a ssurprised a dog as ever lived. He stopped short for a second. Then with a roar he sprang forward. Forgotten were those young foxes. Here, right before him, was Reddy Fox, who had so often fooled him, and whom he was bound he would get some day. Reddy turned and lightly sped away, and you may be sure it was in quite another direction than that in which lay his home and children. Bowser, with his nose to the ground, followed.

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The next story: "Bowser Has High Hopes."

Mt Hood Climbers Find Ascent Easy

Sandy, July 13.—Tourist travel up the mountains is increasing Sunday a party of 18 from Ohio and Minnesota climbed Mount Hood and stopped in Sandy on their return. Monday another party of six climbed the mountain without a guide. Conditions are said to be fine now for climbing.

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Gosh, Maybe You Think Shrimp Wasn't Scared