

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

FOR ASSESSOR

Through the solicitation of friends, I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of assessor, subject to the decision of the county democratic convention, Apr. 14, 1902.

J. J. ROBERTS.

LEXINGTON AND ENVIRONS.

since, emigrating from Illinois. He owns a valuable ranch, located immediately north of town, where he lives in peace and comfort, surrounded by a competence, which is the result of the last eight years' labor. Mr. Boothby, although having retired from active labor, still superintends his large farming enterprise. Mr. Boothby is public spirited in the fullest sense of the word. He is ever ready to do anything that will promote the best interests of the neighborhood. Would recommend this country to any one seeking a home, as it possesses marked advantages over plenty of other farming sections that are regarded first-class. Mr. Boothby estimates the cost of wheat raising at \$4.75 per acre.

The balance of the "city farmers" are W. B. McAlister, Wm. Blair, J. H. Gammell, Wm. F. Barnett, M. Owens, Frank Owens, J. R. Cyphert, Andrew Kenney, C. G. Boon, J. T. Boothby, Eli Summers and Frank Summers.

Lexington needs more store-keepers, more merchants, more people in every capacity. This is no reflection on the present representatives of the town, for they are all doing the best they can for the place, but that is not enough. There is a grand opening here for some one with a general merchandising establishment. A large volume of trade could then be secured from the great area of farming country that is tributary to Lexington that now goes into other business channels.

If the reader will follow us we will give some idea of what the farmers are doing in the country that surrounds this promising young town.

CLARKS CANYON.

Rich in Agricultural Resources, Picturesque in Formation, and "Chuck Full" of Romance.

Leaving the busy scenes at Lexington and driving southwest, one enters the enterprising farming section known as Clarks Canyon. The land slopes gradually to the north in gentle waves and there is little in the general appearance of the country that implies the propriety of the rough-hewn title. The first stop was made at the quarters of

NELSON MAGNUSON.

Who has a pleasant place, is well situated for any class of farming, but is paying his attention chiefly to stock raising. Nels has a number of fine horses, keeps himself pretty busy minding his own business and is well liked by the men and—well, the women would like him, too, if he would take the pains to make their acquaintance.

HARRY FARNSON.

Was driving a fine team on the next ranch, where he has started to build a home on a quarter-section of good soil; will break 75 acres. Harry came here from the Willamette valley and is well pleased with the change.

A little farther on, as the shades of night were falling, we drove into the yard of

J. F. WILLES.

Who lives at home and possesses the happy faculty of making everybody feel at home around him. He located three years ago and has three quarters of fine land and 125 acres in crop. Raised a fair crop last year. Has a good supply of water, a small orchard and everything around the place indicates careful management. In regard to farming Mr. Willis said: "To insure success one must apply the same rules to farming that he would to any other business. The farmer must raise his own living and be thorough about the farm. Land must be deeply plowed and well worked to insure a crop." Mr. Willis is not inclined to boast of his achievements from a farming standpoint, but regards himself as being very fortunately surrounded by good neighbors. He came here three years ago in very poor health, but has since that time supported his family and surrounded himself with a comfortable home. He does not act like an invalid at the table, and if good cooking will save him, Mrs. Willis will bring him through all right.

A little further down the valley is to be found

C. K. PECK.

Who located here nine years since. He came from Marquette, Mich., and has, by strict attention to business, acquired title to a square mile of No 1 farming land; has 125 acres in crop. Forty acres of wheat turned out 1,100 bushels; yield of barley on 40 acres, 33 bushels per acre; out 2 tons of hay per acre; fine orchard of 150 trees, four years old, in excellent condition, consisting of apples, pears, peaches, plums, prunes, crab apples and a variety of small fruit; had an abundance of fruit last year; has an unfailing supply of water, and the situation admits of irrigation, which trebles the results in fruit raising. It's truly wonderful to note the extraordinary results of irrigation in fruit culture. Mr. Peck is paying some attention to stock raising; has a number of Polled Angus and Holstein cattle. His fine horses also show the marks of a careful, prudent farmer. The only unfortunate feature about this interesting place is the entire absence of "women folks." Mr. Peck is a gentleman and a scholar and—there, don't all speak at once.

Away down at the lower end of the canyon you will find

R. D. PALMER.

Jogging along in his own quiet way. He never makes much fuss about his work, and you will find him running 800 acres of land, 400 in cultivation; average, wheat, 23 bushels; barley, 27; has seeded 280 acres; will summer-fallow 200 acres; has an abundance of water, and thinks the prospect excellent for a good crop.

ALLEY CHARLES.

Was the next man to stand the test of interrogation. He said: "I am farming;

The Sham and the Real.

Every good thing has its imitators, every genuine article its counterfeits. The Ammonia and Alum Baking Powders sold over the counters are no more like Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, than the paste is like the real diamond, or a counterfeit is like one of the old master's genuine paintings.

When greedy and merciless manufacturers claim their adulterated and harmful baking powders are as good as Dr. Price's, they know they are not telling the truth. These people know they are destroying the stomachs and the complexion of the consumers, and there are many grocers recommending such powders over their counters—knowing same to be injurious and worthless—simply to make a large profit.

Dr. Price, a conscientious physician, has spent a lifetime in perfecting and popularizing his Cream Baking Powder, the only Pure Cream Tartar Powder now to be obtained.

Multitudes of imitators all over the land have sprung up, not to imitate the purity of Price's Cream Baking Powder, but to see how cheap they could make their counterfeits and hoodwink the public.

Some use Ammonia and others Alum, but all these shams cry in chorus, "Buy this, its just as good as Dr. Price's and much cheaper."

Price's Cream Baking Powder is the standard for purity and perfection the world over, and is beyond comparison.

Dr. Price stands for Pure Food and a foe to all shams.

have three quarters of land; had a passable crop last year; have seeded 70 acres and will break some soil; have a nice little orchard of mixed fruit. The outlook for a crop was never better. This country is good enough for me."

GEO. SHICK.

Saw the Gazette man coming and mounted a horse to escape the ordeal, but in turning the corner of the barn lot his cayuse's fore legs became tangled and he saw the futility of trying to get away. He said he was farming some and had thus far managed to make a good living for himself and family. He thinks the prospect above the average. Has "oodles" of small fruit—raspberries, gooseberries and strawberries. "Come out some time."

JOE FRIEND.

Stopped harrowing long enough to say that he was putting in a larger crop than ever, and will break more land if the season is favorable. Don't think the prospect very good. Joe needs the brightening influence of a wife and then he will see things in a fairer light.

ROBERT FRIEND.

Controls a large tract of land. Will seed 140 acres; has a good supply of water and believes there will be a large yield.

ELIAS FRIEND.

Was handling the finest 2-year-old colt seen on the rounds. He is raising some fine horses. Farm of 480 acres, 250 in crop; last year had 3,800 bushels of barley on 100 acres; average wheat crop, 23 bushels per acre; prospect for a crop is A1.

Some time after dark the jaded horse and driver found a place where hospitality will ever welcome the weary traveler.

"Our accommodations are none the best, but you are perfectly welcome to stay," the man said; "I've just moved in and have not got things 'dead to rights' yet."

After a hearty meal and a "pull" at an old cob pipe, we were shown to a spacious, well-furnished sleeping apartment.

"Do you skeer easy?" said our host. "You see," he put in before we had time to answer, "they say this house is haunted, and if you hear strange sounds, don't be alarmed." In order to follow up an ancient practice, we asked as to the locality, in order to write a letter, so if anything happened, our wife's people might at least know where we were on the fatal night.

"You don't seem to know this country," he said, "and maybe never heard about we 'uns. This is Lovers' Lane and the story is a true one—true as the good book, hits self. There war a miraculous beauty—a woman just chuck full of beauty, botany and loveliness, and she sot the boys wild hereabouts. No you kain't get a peep at her, for she skeddaddled last week. She runned away and married a rich merchant in the city. He keeps a big store—runs a tonsorial bazaar and things like that. Well, this gal was fine-lookin', and she knowed it, too. Some of the boys tried to steal this gal and carry her off to Germany, where good-looking girls ain't so plenty as they is here, but I'm keepin' you up, and Jane is calling me to eat some breakfast wood, so good-night."

Sure enough, here was a strange story, and the very room where the marvelous beauty had been serenaded night after night by the gay Lotharios.

Could it be possible that the incident would furnish the groundwork for an article that might appear in the great story paper entitled "Week After Next."

After carefully surveying the room the light was turned nearly down to the Sunday night focus, and through the drapery that fell in rich folds one could see the beautiful lawn below. The night was bright as a circus morning and the gentle zephyr toyed with the branches of the magnificent gooseberry tree.

It was only a brief moment of waiting and one of the gay cavaliers presented himself near the window and poured forth a tale of love that made us feel much better. Could it be possible the poor crazy cuss was stuck on our shape!

No; it must be only a dream—a horrible nightmare. Hear him rave! "Madaline, I saw thee, midst the bunchgrass the lowly boy plowed, unmarked by thee, a spirit of joy, and bloom, and freshness, as if spring, itself, were made a living thing, and wore thy shape. I saw thee, and the passionate heart of man entered the breast of the wild dreaming boy—I

grew—" At this juncture a voice from behind the curtains, in tones that were full of tenderness, bade this growing youth to stop it, as he had already outgrown his clothes by several inches. He vanished. Then came wandering by a creature with hair like gold and pants of a heavenly blue, though patched at seat and knee with gunny sack. He, too, was smitten of the fair one, and would fain worship her as did men of old the golden Hathor in Egyptian fable.

He started from the jump to give us great chunks. He said: "Lady, by yonder blessed moon, I swear, I love thee!" This love business was getting to be monotonous, and to undecieve the jay, we said: "Sir, your number don't draw a prize tonight, and you had best get a curve on you." He didn't like the racket, and would have been as well pleased if some one had broken a corner off the blessed moon and beat him with it. Hardly had he passed from the stage of action when another one waltzed up and began to tell his experience something like this:

I have another life I long to meet, without which life my life is incomplete. Oh sweeter self art thou like me stray seeking with all thy heart to find the way to mine?

There was no use to tell him that we stood in with him, for he tooted his toot and was away before his ears had drunk a hundred words from our rich bass voice. He waltzed gaily over the hill-side to the tune of "Hogs in the Corn."

The next one was more persistent, and played several short pieces on a harmonica as a prelude and then began his story which ran as follows:

The river forever glides singing along, The rose on its bank beads down to its song, It floats in my fancy the orange in bloom, The rose by the river that gives its perfume, Would the fruit be so golden—so fragrant the rose.

Who knows, who knows? But whither who knows, who knows? Let me be the breeze, love, that wanders alone, The river, that ever glides in song, He float to my fancy the orange in bloom, The rose by the river that gives its perfume, Would the fruit be so golden—so fragrant the rose.

If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them, Who knows, who knows? He capped the climax and forbearance was no longer "in it." Seizing the first movable object in the room which chanced to be an earthen Egyptian vase, we launched it on this young man with unerring aim and

Down went Melindy to the bottom of the wall, Oh he must be wet, for it hit him on the seat, Dressed in his best suit of cloth.

Sleep was murdered and in looking over books and albums we found a likeness of the lovely creature, no wonder the boys all went mad for

Her hair was black as night, And her eyes were starry bright, Olives on her brow were blooming, Roses red her lips perfumeing, And her step was light and airy As the tripping of a fairy, When she stroke you thought each minute 'Twas the tripping of a fairy, When she stroke you heard the gush of low voiced sweetness like the gush of a sweetener running, Than the morning breezes make Through the lime trees when they shake.

Yes, you are evidently overdone with this gushing and feel inclined to shake the subject, therefore to prevent your getting into a straight by breaking your crockery on our head, we will drive back to Clarks Canyon, at the head of which you will find

SCOTT STONE.

A new settler, who recently came from Marshall Co., Kansas, and has decided to try his fortunes among the bunch-grassers.

A. M. MARSHAM Owns five quarters and cultivates 180 acres. Seeded 120 acres last fall. Plenty of fruit and a good supply of water. Believes there will be an extraordinary crop. The next ranch is occupied by

T. A. DRISKELL, Who located here eight years ago. Has 580 acres with 70 in crop last year. Will seed 100 acres and break some new land. Plenty of water running through ranch. Is raising some stock and believes this to be a good country. Mr. Driskell is a good entertainer.

DENNIS SPILLANE Is farming in an adjoining neighborhood or rather a branch of the Canyon proper. He owns a square mile of land and drives fine horses.

SAMUEL LEFFLER Has a comfortable home on a quarter section with a portion under the plow. Small orchard and plenty of water.

Continued on 8d page.

W. B. McAlister,

LEXINGTON, : :: : OREGON.

TAKES PLEASURE in announcing that he is prepared to supply the farmers of Eastern Oregon with all kinds of Farm Machinery and makes a specialty of

THE BUFFALO PITTS THRESHER.

THE GENUINE HODGE HEADER. FLYING DUTCHMAN GANG PLOWS.

MONITOR Press Drills Disk Harrows.

Cassidy Gang Plows, Oliver Chilled Plows and Other Kinds of Farming Apparatus, Including WAGONS, BUGGIES, CARTS AND CARRIAGES.

Remember a dollar saved is better than a dollar earned. Examine goods and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

OFFICE OF

FRANK H. SNOW, REAL ESTATE AGENT AND NOTARY PUBLIC.

Lexington, Morrow Co., Oregon, April 4, 1892.

J. W. KNOX,

Tiffin, Ohio.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your inquiry would say that you have been rightly informed. Land is cheap in this county at present, but conditions and prospects are such that a sharp advance in values is expected within the next ninety days. Can now sell you good quarter sections at from \$4 per acre upward, according to location and amount of improvement. Detailed information on application.

Respectfully,

FRANK H. SNOW.

Leach & Armstrong,

GENERAL DEALERS IN

AGRICULTURAL : IMPLEMENTS !

..... SPECIAL LINE OF FARM MACHINERY.

HODGE HEADER

BUCKEYE MOWERS, REAFERS,

SEEDERS AND DRILLS,

JOHN DEERE PLOWS, HARROWS

AND CULTIVATORS.

DISK HARROWS AND CULTIVATORS.

➤ Schuttler & Milburn Wagons. ◀

SECHLER MOLINE BUGGIES, HACKS, CARTS & CARRIAGES.

Repairs for all Lines.

IN ADDITION TO THE ABOVE, THEY CARRY A CHOICE LINE OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.

They invite a careful inspection of goods and prices. Will not be undersold.

LEACH & ARMSTRONG, Lexington, Oregon.

