

His Excellent Judgment.

[Original.]
From my boyhood I marked out for myself a political career. Some boys in their hero worship run to great military or naval heroes. My heroes were always statesmen. I didn't aspire to be a statesman myself, but I did aspire to be politically prominent. Before I was old enough to vote I was running the politics of the ward in which I lived. Every one said, "Watch him; he will some day be a great political manager."
But if there were elements in me to advance me there seemed to be those to pull me back. I didn't seem to forge steadily onward. I would go up a peg and fall back two pegs. Yet I was energetic and pushing. Whenever a campaign was on I would go to the leaders of my party and give them my views as to how the campaign should be managed. They always listened to me attentively and seemed to be impressed. Sometimes they took my advice and sometimes they didn't. But, while I was always prominent in a general way, somehow I was not selected to fill any prominent position.
One day my friend Crook said to me: "There is one thing of supreme importance that is a blank in your mind. You don't realize that no great success can be made in this world except by hanging on to some one else's coat-tail. If I should give you a glass to enable you to see it in that light, you would behold a line of men each hanging on to the skirt of the man ahead of him, like the tail of a kite reaching clear up into the sky. These are the successes. Those who are drifting about below figuring by themselves never get anywhere. Now, I know Phunnyman, who is our candidate for governor. He is an original and a genius; never does anything like anybody else. I have influence with him, for in one small respect he is a hanger on to my coat-tail. He told me the other day he was looking for a secretary for the coming campaign work. If you like I'll get the position for you."
"Shake, old man," I said. "You've hit the nail on the head."
The next day my friend informed me that he had told the candidate for governor all about me, frankly including my ill success. Phunnyman had thought a moment, then said in his quick way: "Send him to me. I can make use of him."
I was engaged by the candidate at a salary of \$200 a month as assistant secretary. He had a secretary who did all the work, I occupying a much higher position. I became a sort of political confidential adviser. Whenever anything of importance would come up he would take me into his private room, tell me all about it and ask my opinion as to the best course to pursue. The right way always came to me at once. It seemed, by intuition, and I never had to deliberate. Phunnyman was a very secretive man and never said, "You are right" or "You are wrong." He made no comment whatever; but, since he continued to consult me, I concluded he found my advice valuable.
Of course my position was a very pleasant one. A box of cigars was always at my disposal, and a decanter with glasses was kept in a closet for me. Phunnyman almost always took me out to lunch with him, for it was then that he could best confide all the various problems that came up before him. There's no sphere which requires such constant exercise of judgment as politics. Not a day but a number of questions came up, and many of them had to be settled at once. There's where my faculty for recognizing the pith of a question came in.
Well, Phunnyman was elected by the biggest majority any candidate had received for sixteen years. When it was all over I supposed he would take all the credit to himself, but he didn't. I was at his house the night of the election, where a telegraph apparatus had been set up, and as soon as sufficient returns had come in to insure his election he grabbed me by the hand, exclaiming joyfully: "It's all due to you, my boy. If it hadn't been for your advice I'd have been defeated in every county."
Now, that's what I call honor where honor is due. The governor retained me in my position, for you must know that the position brings more problems than a campaign to get it. He doubled my salary, and there wasn't a man in the state that had a better position than I. Besides, I had lots of opportunities to make money through information I possessed, and I made it every time, though in this no judgment was required. I simply bought when I got the tip.
When Phunnyman was sent to the United States senate he took me with him. He didn't have much use for my advice there, for he was obliged to do as the party leader directed, so I asked him to make me a secretary in reality as well as in name. This he declined to do, and, having secured a competency, I left him.
Phunnyman died in the senate. After his death Crook, who had got me my position with him, showed me a letter of thanks the governor had sent him the day after his election to that office. In it he said:
"There is a right and a wrong decision on most questions. I judged from what you told me of his failures that your friend always decided wrong, so I took no step in the campaign without consulting him and doing the opposite from what he advised me to do. It is lucky I held to the rule, for I often agreed with him."
OSCAR COX.

BERLIN BEER HALLS.

Where One Must Display Great Formality and Preciseness.
Berlin is organized for eating and drinking, and so are the Berliners organized for it. Scattered all over the city are enormous places where food is served, wine halls where only wines are served and beer halls which deal in beer alone, some of them most respectable and some not so impeccable. It is the rule that it is perfectly proper to take your mother or your wife or your sister to a beer hall or a wine hall that is frequented by the officers of the army. They go only to the proper ones—publicly.
The etiquette of these places is most formal. If the hall is crowded and tables are scarce, before you sit down you draw your heels together and make a military bow to everybody sitting at the table you select; then also you raise your glass or stein to those at the table when your refreshment is served. On leaving you bow all around again, or the other people at the table bow if they leave before you do. The American way of asking the others at the table for permission to sit down is not ceremonious enough for the Germans, who are the most formally polite people in the world.—Samuel G. Blythe in Everybody's Magazine.

A FAMILY MIX.

The Story as It Is Recorded on the Tombstones.
In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who, in the course of his pilgrimage through this vale of tears, was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot. In his old age it became necessary to remove the bodies to a new cemetery. This melancholy task the much-bereaved widower undertook himself, but in the process the bones of the lamented quartet became hopelessly mixed. Priding himself on possession of a New England conscience, Mr. Church would not, under the painful circumstances, permit the use of the original headstones, but procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription: "Here lies Hannah Church and probably a portion of Emily." Another: "Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda." Then followed these lines:
Stranger, pause and drop a tear.
For Emily Church lies buried here.
Mixed in some perplexing manner
With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Star Arcturus.

It is probable that the star Arcturus is one of the six greatest of all the stars in the sky. Notwithstanding its brightness, it is so far away from us that it is not displaced in position in the slightest measurable degree, as we change our position 186,000,000 miles in our annual journey around the sun. Could we be placed midway between Arcturus and our sun we would receive thousands of times more light and heat from the star than from our sun, and this notwithstanding that the star's radiation is smothered by a dense blanket of metallic vapors. In spite of its immense distance the star is drifting slowly in a southwesterly direction over the face of the sky, its motion changing its apparent position by an amount equal to the diameter of the moon in the course of about 1,000 years. So great an apparent motion must indicate an enormous velocity in space.—New York Press.

Peppermint and Tobacco.

If you have a boy who has begun smoking too early and whom you wish to cure of the habit, feed him peppermints. Dr. O. Clayton Jones of Silverton, England, writing in the London Lancet, is authority for this simple cure. Dr. Jones writes: "To break the smoking habit in a youth there is nothing better than peppermint drops. He cannot smoke with a 'bullseye' in his mouth, and even for some time after it is dissolved tobacco will not blend kindly with the taste that remains. Socially the cure may seem worse than the disease, but from a medical point of view the sucking of peppermints is far less hurtful. A common 'bullseye' will prevent smoking for nearly an hour, so the amount of sweets used need not be great."

His Discharge.

A touching instance of the humor which never deserts a true Irishman even in his worst troubles is recorded. A soldier was seen in the trenches holding his hands above the earthworks. His captain asked:
"What are you doing that for, Pat?"
He replied, with a grin, as he worked his fingers:
"I'm feeling for a furlough, sir."
Just then a rifle ball struck his arm just below the wrist. Then a queer expression of pain and humor passed over his face as he exclaimed:
"And faith it's a discharge."—London Answers.

So There Is.

"I didn't know you intended to move."
"We don't."
"But your wife told me she was out looking at houses all day yesterday."
"Well, that's true enough, but don't you know there is a vast difference between looking at houses and looking for houses?"

Not Very Consoling.

Humorist—The editor makes fun of my jokes. Spacer—Well, I don't see that you have any kick coming. That's more than you are able to do.—Chicago News.

He that blows upon dust fills his eyes with it.—Danish Proverb.

At Last.
"Ah, ha," exclaimed the great explorer joyfully, "at last I have found the missing link!"
And, crawling from under his bed, he proceeded to put the small gold affair in his clean cuff.—New York Journal.

First Necessity.
"How would you define a 'erying need?'" asked the teacher of the rhetoric class.
"A handkerchief," replied the solemn young man with the wicked eye.—Chicago Tribune.

The great and the little have need of each other.—Shakespeare.

Hood River people have nearly all laid in their supply of wood for the winter.

The agricultural college at Corvallis may have a total attendance of over 1,200 this year.

A man living on Mill creek near The Dalles picked over 1,200 pounds of cherries from one of his cherry trees last year, and over 1,100 pounds this year. The tree from which they were gathered is about 20 years old, and he sold the fruit for 3 cents a pound.

Summons.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County.

Cora Johnson, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas J. Johnson, Defendant.

To Thomas J. Johnson, the above named defendant:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby commanded to appear in the above entitled case on or before Monday, the 12th day of November, A. D. 1908, to make answer to the complaint of plaintiff filed herein against you and in case you fail so to appear the allegations of the complaint will be taken as confessed against you, and the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit: for a decree of said court dissolving the bonds of matrimony existing between plaintiff and defendant, and for the restoration of plaintiff's maiden name and for such other and further relief as may be just and equitable.

The time prescribed for the publication of the summons is six weeks, and the date for the appearance of the defendant is on or before the 12th day of November, A. D. 1908.

That the summons is published by order of the Hon. C. C. Patterson, Judge of the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, which order was made on the 30th day of September, A. D. 1908.

The date of the first publication of this summons is the 1st day of October, A. D. 1908.

SAM E. VAN VACTOR, Oct-1-Nov-12 Attorney for Plaintiff.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned Administrator of the estate of E. F. Zespell, deceased, will make final settlement of his accounts with said Estate as such Administrator, at the next term of the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, to be held at Heppner, Oregon, on the 2nd day of November, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day. Objections to said final account should be filed on or before said date.

J. L. YEAGER, Administrator Estate of E. F. Zespell, deceased. Oct-12-08

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Sarah A. Hughes, deceased, and has qualified for said trust. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me daily, with vouchers at the office of Sam E. Van Vactor at Heppner, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Administrator of the estate of Sarah A. Hughes, deceased. Sam E. Van Vactor, attorney for the administrator. Dated and first published this first day of October, A. D. 1908. Oct-1-29

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Isaac Ahalt, deceased, and has qualified for said trust. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me daily, with vouchers at the office of Sam E. Van Vactor at Heppner, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Administrator of the estate of Isaac Ahalt, deceased. Sam E. Van Vactor, attorney for Administrator. Dated and first published this 1st day of October, A. D. 1908. Oct-1-29

Notice.

In the District Court of the United States for the District of Oregon.

In the matter of The Wise Furniture Co. (Involuntary Bankrupt).
Notice is hereby given that on the 25th day of September, A. D. 1908, The Wise Furniture Co. of Heppner, Oregon, was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of their creditors will be held at Rooms 301-302, Patten Building, Portland, Oregon, on the 1st day of October, 1908, at 10 o'clock, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before such meeting.
Dated Sept. 25, 1908.

HESTER B. MURPHY, Receiver in Bankruptcy.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION (Isolated Tract).
Public Land Sale.

La Grande, Oregon, Land Office, Sept. 25, 1908.
Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1908, Public No. 328, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 12th day of November, next, at this office, the following tract of land, to-wit: NW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 28, NE 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 24, T. 18, R. 27 E. W. M., Serial No. 9522.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

Oct-1-Nov-5 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register. A. A. ROBERTS, Receiver.

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Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Liberty Meat Market

Boyer & Wherry
Fresh and Salted Meats
Fish on Fridays
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Modern six story, fire proof building.

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Rates \$1.00 and up.

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PHIL METSCHAN, JR., Asst. Manager.

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in fact, anything

in our line.

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Office in Palace Hotel Heppner, Oregon

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Special attention given to diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses properly fitted.
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Office in Odd Fellows Bldg Heppner, Oregon.

Frank B. Kistner
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office in Patterson & Son's drugstore Residence in Morrow building over Patterson & Son's Drugstore.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon.
October 5th, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Leander Copley, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on Sept. 30th, 1908, made Timber Application No. 01213, for W 1/2 SW 1/4, NE 1/4 SW 1/4 and NW 1/4 SE 1/4, Section 4, Township 4 S., Range 28 E., W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Timber proof, to establish his claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 23rd day of December, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
David McCullough, Samuel McCullough, Paul Hiesler, and George Stevenson, all of Heppner, Oregon.
Oct-5-Dec-9 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon
September 8, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that James M. Hager, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on Sept. 30, 1908, made Timber Application No. 01293 for 8 1/2 NE 1/4, SW 1/4, section 22, T. 4 S. R. 24 E. W. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Timber proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. P. Williams, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Heppner, Oregon, on the 24th day of November, 1908.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Horace Yakum, Sherman Shaw, Claude Herren and Willard H. Herren, all of Heppner, Oregon.
Sept 17-Nov 1907 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior,
United States Land Office
La Grande, Oregon, Sept. 17, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that C. A. Minor, of Heppner, County of Morrow, State of Oregon, has filed in this office his application to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress, approved June 4, 1897, the W 1/2 SE 1/4 Sec. 15, T. 4 S., R. 27 E., W. M., Serial No. 0321.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 4th day of November, 1908.

F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.
Sept 24-Oct 29

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.
United States Land Office
The Dalles Oregon, August 20th, 1909

Notice is hereby given that State of Oregon has filed in this office its application, Serial No. 0723 to select under the provisions of the Act of Congress of August 14, 1848, and the Acts supplementary thereto the SW 1/4 NW 1/4 of Section 27, Township 4, South Range 25, East Willamette Meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the lands described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or for any other reason, to the disposal to applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office, on or before the 10th day of November 1908.

C. W. MOORE, Register.
Sept-9-Oct-5

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
CONTAINS NO HARMFUL DRUGS

The Genuine is in the YELLOW PACKAGE