

AT A RUMMAGE SALE

The Little Pouch That Was Bought by Its Maker.

By SYDNEY PHELPS.

Mother looked up from the bundle of old clothes which had just arrived at the parsonage. They represented all that my wealthy Aunt Florence and my cousins could do to help us in our rummage sale.

"I don't believe we have \$10 worth of things all together," she said. A hopeless expression crossed her face as she thought of the needed \$50.

"How hateful all one's rich relations always are!" I burst out. "I believe they sell their things to old clothes men."

"We must do the best we can," said mother patiently. "The poor people who get them will be pleased anyway. I wonder if any one will look in and help us at the sale."

"No one," I answered, with conviction. "Between hockey and—"

"Here worship," mother interrupted, laughing. "If we could only get John Gray to come we would not have standing room."

I did not answer. John Gray was just home from the Philippines. As an interesting conversation and hero he was in great demand among the girls. But, though I had known him from childhood, I refused to add one to the ranks of his admirers, so a coolness had fallen between my old playmate and myself.

"Mrs. Denzil is in the parlor, ma'am," said the maid, and we went in to be cheered by the gayest little lady in the town.

Mrs. Denzil had a husband in the Philippines and appeared to get along very well without him. We would not have willingly spared that brilliant face with its wealth of fair hair, audacious blue eyes and wickedly curved red lips from our midst. It was vain to try to look askance at Mrs. Denzil, her absolute frankness was so disarming.

"You look worried," she said. "What is it?"

"It is only our rummage sale," I said sadly. "The things which have been sent in will bring but a song, yet we know of no other way in which to raise the money."

"Are men's things any use? Why not ask young Gray?"

"I hardly liked to," said mother.

"All right, I will. He must have heaps of things he doesn't want."

Off went Mrs. Denzil, promising to write to John Gray and send us the results of her appeal. Sure enough, a few days later she brought in her dog-eared huge bundle which she opened triumphantly.

"There, I told you I would get something out of him—shoes, lots of them, brown and black; two suits, very little worn; socks, collars, ties."

"Splendid!" we said. "Did he send them all the way to your house?"

"No, I told him I would call for the bundle this afternoon. It was to be ready in his own special sanatorium. He was out, but old Jenkins showed me in. I found a note from him asking if this sort of thing would be of any use and saying that if we wanted anything more Jenkins could get it for me."

Pursued by our grateful thanks, Mrs. Denzil drove off in her usual whirlwind. She promised to come to our sale next day and especially begged to be allowed to act as auctioneer for Gray's things.

Mother and I returned to the examination of the bundle. "Actually, two of his pipes," she said. "How very good of him!"

"I said nothing, for just at that moment I had caught sight of something which gave me a sharp stab of pain. Many years ago, when John Gray first went to college, I had worked its coils on a tobacco pouch. There had been something more than mere kindness in our farewell on that occasion. He surely need not have sent the pouch to a rummage sale."

The sale came off the next day. In the midst of a little argument with a stout woman as to the value of a red flannel dressing sack mother said to me:

"Clare, both of the Whites have come. That is rather nice of them. They have brought another girl with them."

I looked up and smiled at the three. Just then, to my surprise, the daughter of our bank president appeared, followed closely by a fairly representative gathering of the young ladies of the neighborhood.

"There must be some mistake," I thought. "They must think there is an entertainment to follow."

Just then I heard Mrs. Denzil's voice. "Here I am," she said, "in plenty of time. Hurry up, girls; the auction is going to begin. Can I have a chair put on that table? Thanks. The handle of my riding whip will be the hammer." And, flinging herself with rapture into the part, she began the auction.

The buyers were as wax in her hands.

"Look at those ties," she said in tones of ardent admiration—"college colors, club colors, rainbow colors. Girls, you will never forgive yourselves if you let such a chance as this slip. Six ties, all worn—well worn. Did I hear you say a quarter, Miss Smith? Oh, I hope not! I could not listen to such an offer from you. Fifty cents, Linda. That is better, but not good enough." In the end she extracted an offer of \$1.50 from the bank president's daughter. Never once did she mention the name of the donor of the effects, and the ladies gazed in undisguised amazement at each other's frantic bids.

"This pair of boots," Mrs. Denzil

pursued, "was worn in the Philippines."

This was entirely untrue, but the spirited bidding ensued, and another girl became their proud possessor at the extravagant price of \$2.50.

At last, to my mingled relief and rage, the little tobacco pouch was held aloft in Mrs. Denzil's grasp. I had decided to buy back again my despised gift if only for the pleasure of seeing it burned.

"A tobacco pouch—look!" said the gay voice. "What memories may surround it?"

"Twenty-five," squeaked Linda White.

"Fifty," I growled.

Mrs. Denzil nearly dropped the pouch in amazement at my intervention.

"One dollar," from the oldest Miss Smyth.

"One twenty-five," I said, my cheeks burning. Through the hush I could hear mother's surprised voice:

"Clare, my dear!"

How long that horrible auction lasted I do not know. I only know that at last, at the cost of \$5, which I could ill spare, the horrid little pouch became once more my own property. The rest of the scene is a dream to me.

When all the lots were disposed of all the girls quietly withdrew, each eyeing her neighbor with stern distrust.

Mrs. Denzil sat down and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. "Do you know how I did it?" she asked. "I told each of them—in the strictest confidence—that some trifles belonging to John Gray were going to be sold. They thought they would pick up some little souvenir cheaply, but—and she carefully weighed a purse in her hands—"I don't think they did, exactly."

I turned toward the big fireplace. I would get rid of that pouch at once.

The door flew open, and John Gray burst in. "Oh, I say, Mrs. Denzil, I came rushing down to see whether by mistake one or two little articles had not been put into that bundle of mine."

"Oh, I hope I did nothing wrong," she said lightly. "I only added one or two nondescript things."

"Would you tell me whether two of my pipes were among them?"

"Yes, but they were both quite old ones, I am sure," said Mrs. Denzil.

"Then if you don't mind I will buy them back myself. They were favorites of mine."

Mrs. Denzil looked very thoughtful.

"Miss Mortimer bought one and Miss Rawson the other, but no doubt they were delighted for you to have them back."

The young man's face was a study. "There was one thing more," he grew very red and looked across to where I stood rigidly by the fire watching the slow flames struggling with the remnants of their prey—"a little tobacco pouch," he said.

"Very shabby," said the lady firmly; "quite a disgrace to you. That is why I took it."

"But I really want that back again," he urged. Please tell me who has it."

"You had better ask Clare," she said. "Mrs. Warren and I have to make out our accounts."

She drew mother out into the hall. John Gray strode over to me. I never saw such a slow fire in all my life.

"Do you know where it is, Clare?" he began, and then his eyes fell on the grate. One end of a bit of gray fabric still ornamented with a shield lay among the coal.

"You burned it?" he asked reproachfully. "Why?"

I could find nothing to say.

"Clare, you could not have thought that I meant to give that to any charity under the sun?"

Still no answer.

He bent over until he could look into my downcast face.

"Clare," he cried, and even in his bewilderment I heard the note of joy in his voice. Then he took me in his arms, and I straightway forgot that there had ever been such a thing as a rummage sale.

He Didn't Bet.

"A man in my county," said a Kansas congressman, "was always anxious to bet on his game of checkers. One time he was about to play a game for \$10 with a fellow called Three Fingers Jack. Suddenly one of his friends exclaimed:

"Don't bet, Charlie. Don't you know that fellow wore off two fingers playing checkers? That's why he's called Three Fingers Jack."

"That settled it. The bet was never made. A man who had worn off two fingers by brushing them up and down the checkerboard was too much for my friend."—Kansas City Journal.

A Bitter Disappointment.

"When I was in Paris," remarked the collector of curios, "I discovered in a bookstall a volume which I knew at first glance to be of extraordinary value. I could scarcely believe my good luck. Breathless, I inquired the price of the dealer. Just think of it! I could have had that treasure for a song!"

"Well, why didn't you get it?"

"Never could sing a note in my life," cried the collector, bursting into tears. —New York Times.

The Audience Moved.

He had been trying to start a revival fervor, but the audience was unresponsive. "O ye of flinty hearts," he cried, "will nothing move you?" "Pass the hat, boss," answered the gamins, "and we move immediately."—Florida Times-Union.

What the wind gathers the devil scatters.—Greek Proverb.

THE SOLDIER'S BURDEN.

Uncle Sam to Attempt to Reduce the Too Heavy Load.

For years infantry officers have been carrying on much discussion concerning the weight which should be carried in the personal equipment of the foot soldiers in the field. That weight has gradually increased until it is now about 40 per cent of the weight of the man who carries it, and of this weight nearly fifty pounds are represented by arms and accoutrements, with twelve or thirteen pounds additional in the way of clothing. All sorts of suggestions have been made in the hope that some way of reducing the burden might be found. The experts agree that the soldier's load should be reduced to the rifle, ammunition, canteen, one lightweight blanket, rations for three days and perhaps a light rainproof shelter. It is maintained that the remainder of the kit should be carried in the wagons and distributed to the men as they need it. If that can be accomplished the soldier will be in a position to cover more ground. It is the mobility of infantry which makes for its fighting efficiency. The war department has arranged for some elaborate experiments and a thorough investigation of the subject, to be conducted at the Rock Island (Ill.) arsenal, where the plant will be placed at the disposal of a special board of infantry officers of various grades. If the board should desire some equipment manufactured for its examination the plant at Rock Island will be placed at its disposal. In addition the war department has arranged to send to Rock Island a battalion of infantry, so that various samples of equipment may be practically tested under war conditions. The board will probably be in session several months, as the subject cannot be easily disposed of. It is probable that a similar board will be detailed later with a view to establishing the personal equipment of the cavalrymen and the enlisted men of the field artillery.—Washington Star.

The Antarctic Continent.

Strange have been the historical vicissitudes of the antarctic continent. A fragment of geographic fancy evolved by Ortelius in 1570, the great Captain Cook thought that he had demolished it in 1773. Resuscitated by an American sealer, N. B. Palmer, in 1820, it took form and definite location under Wilkes' daring and persistent explorations of 1840, supplemented by those of D'Urville, Enderby and Kemp. Ross eliminated Wilkes' discoveries from his charts, but the continent was theoretically and scientifically reconstructed by the great physicists, Carpenter and Murray. Slowly evolving its tangible shape through the discoveries of the German Drygalski, the Scotsman Bruce, the Belgian Gerlache, the Frenchman Charcot, the Norwegian Larsen and the Englishman Scott, through the late labors of Shackleton, the antarctic continent now appears to extend from Victoria Land west to Enderby Land and from Wilkes Land across the south pole to Palmer Land.—Major General Greeley in Century.

The Dulcitone.

The dulcitone of Thomas Machell of Glasgow has the keyboard of a piano, but the key hammers produce sound by striking steel forks—like shankless tuning forks—instead of wires. A semicircular steel spring carries the vibrations from each fork to the sounding board. The tone is softer than that of the piano, but it has great clearness and carrying power and is adapted for solo playing as well as for accompanying other instruments.

ments or the voice. Important advantages are the lack of necessity of tuning and the portability. A dulcitone of five octaves weighs but forty-five pounds, but a piano of the same range has a weight of 250 pounds or more.

Limit of Praise.

The limit of praise for food was reached the other day in a Sixth avenue restaurant where the old-fashioned confidential Irish waiters are still to be found. A man well known to the place came in very late at night for supper and asked the man who had taken his orders for years, "What's good today?"

"I'll tell you, sir," was the reply; "we've just got some clams in, fresh from the water, and (this in a whisper) I don't mind telling you, sir, they're so good the waiters are eating 'em themselves."—New York Sun.

Reclothing Pelee.

The vegetation on the area laid waste by the Mont Pelee eruption of 1902 is gradually reappearing, and the indigo plant, castor oil plant, sensitive plant, guinea ferns, silver ferns and other plants are spreading over the ground. Roots not killed by the hot ashes falling above them have readily penetrated the thin crust. In other places the trampling of animals and water action have been breaking up the lava, giving a slowly forming new soil or bringing the old soil to the surface.

Saved by His Helmet.

Brass helmets worn by English fire-fighters occasionally prove useful. At a recent fire fourteen tons of glass fell on one man's head and completely buried him, and when he had been dug out down to his shoulders another shower of glass came down and buried him again. He was in a hospital for four months, and glass was coming out of different parts of his body for six months afterward, but he is still one of the best men of his company.

Too Much Expense.

"Yes," said Mr. Tyte-Phist, "I was just stepping on the car when the conductor gave the motorman the signal to go ahead, and the car started. My foot went out from under me, and I sat down on the muddy crossing, ruining a twenty-two dollar suit of clothes."

"Then you sat there, swore like a trooper and gnashed your teeth in rage, I suppose," remarked the sympathizing listener.

"No," said Mr. Tyte-Phist. "I may have sworn a little, but I didn't do any gnashing. My teeth are new and cost me \$30."—Chicago Tribune.

Waked Them Up.

Dr. Hans Richter, the famous conductor, while supervising a rehearsal in a London theater once was much annoyed at the calm way the players were taking the impassioned music.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, suddenly stopping short. "You're all playing like married men, not like lovers."—Westminster Gazette.

Not His Fault.

Howell—A good deal depends on the formation of early habits. Powell—I know it. When I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since.—London Mail.

On Time.

"Does he ever do anything on time?" "Oh, yes. He quits work."—Detroit Free Press.

When you sell an article by weight, remember that other people have scales.—Acheson Globe.

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Proposals Invited.

"Well Irrigation of Small Farms in the Willamette Valley" is the title of a booklet recently issued by the passenger department of O. R. & N. and Southern Pacific Company lines in Oregon, of which Wm. McMurray is the general passenger agent. The author is R. M. Brereton, of Portland. The publication is devoted to an explanation of the well-irrigation system and the advantages which may be derived therefrom, and a copy of it should be in the hands of every farmer and agriculturist in Oregon. Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained free of charge on application to Wm. McMurray, Portland Oregon.

The County Court of Morrow County will receive sealed proposals for furnishing materials and building a bridge across Willow Creek at Cecilis, according to plans and specifications on file with the County Clerk, said proposals to be filed with the County Clerk of Morrow County before one o'clock p. m. September 24th, 1909, each bid to be accompanied by a certified check for Five per cent of the amount of the proposal, a required by law.

The County Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

C. C. PATTERSON,
County Judge.

Knights of Pythias.
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