

# THE NEWS RECORD

(Twice-a-Week.)

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER

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WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1910.

The late General Newton M. Curtis was a picturesque figure in American civil life as well as a war hero. He was six feet six inches tall, with force of character equal to his stature. A born politician, he ever stood for squareness in political life. When Curtis was teaching school "out west" he met Lincoln, then a lawyer, always admired him and gave him a Democratic vote in 1890 and 1894.

Soon orators and scribes will be dilating on what "Honest Old Abe" and "Truthful George" used to do in Washington. But only a rash man would venture a guess as to what they would do there now.

It will be interesting to hear what the congress investigating committee has to say about high prices; still more interesting to see what congress will do in the premises.

As we are cleaning up after Zelaya in Nicaragua, it might be well to add liberal rations of soap to the "four quarts of soup" supplied daily to his prisoners.

**Adjourned Unanimously.**  
Correspondent (approaching Irish sergeant)—I am told, sergeant, that you had a skirmish with the enemy this morning.  
Sergeant—We did that, sor.  
Correspondent—And did you come off with flying colors?  
Sergeant—Floyin' colors, is it? Be-dad, it wasn't owly the colors that was floyin', but lvery mother's son of us in the bargain.—London Telegraph.

**To Make a Glass Cutter.**  
A glass cutter can easily be made with an ordinary mapping pen and a small piece of carborundum or carbide of silicon. Cut off a part of the nib to form a small tube. Fit a crystal or part of one of carborundum into the tube, take it out again and dip one end in cement and replace it. Next wind a piece of fine wire tightly around the tube and part of the handle and fix it in a notch cut in the latter. Put it aside for a day to allow the cement to harden. A glass cutter made thus will do its work as well as the expensive diamond and a great deal better than the ordinary wheel cutter.

**Why He Is Disappointed.**  
"I am disappointed," said the doctor, "if I don't make a hundred dollars a day."  
"Oh, come off!" they cried. "What are you giving us? You know you never make a hundred dollars a day."  
"I know it," he assented plaintively, "and so I'm always disappointed."  
—New York Press.

**Queer Custom.**  
Comanche Pete—Yeh, pard, I knowed 'im. He died with his boots on. Foreign Tourist—Death me! How very singular! Is that one of your—aw-fads out here?—Chicago Tribune.

**Wanted Her to Have the Best.**  
Nell—Rather conceited, isn't he? Belle—I should say. He said the best was none too good for me, and then he proposed.—Philadelphia Record.

It's usually when a man speaks without thinking that he says what he thinks.—Philadelphia Record.

## QUESTION OF DESCENT

Settled to the Satisfaction of All Concerned.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.  
[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

"There's no use talking, Addison, I've got it all fixed in my mind plain as can be that you're descended from 'Over the Mountain Dodge,' who used to live in the white farm on the east slope."

Mr. Luke Goddard knocked the ashes from his pipe and carefully refilled the bowl.

When he had returned it to his lips and applied a match, he lifted his keen gray eyes to the obstinate face of the young man on the other side of the hearth.

"What say, Addison?" he insisted. Addison Dodge arose to his great height and looked down on the little gray bearded father of Emily Goddard.

"I ought to know who my great grandfather was," he said with cold dignity. "Over the Mountain Dodge wasn't any ancestor of mine. I'm descended from Philemon Dodge of Exeter and nobody else, sir."

Emily Goddard's father shook a crooked forefinger at Emily's lover, and his shrill voice quavered with rage.

"Don't you dare contradict me to my face, Addison Dodge! I'd like to know who 'twas that taught school on the mountain here for thirty years—eh?"

"You did," returned Addison crisply. "Who is it that's allowed to know the genealogy of every man, woman and child in Peters county, eh?"

"You."

"Who is it that's referred to when the committee wants to find out who fit in the wars, eh?"

"You."

Luke Goddard's voice rose triumphant. "And who are you that sets up and tells me that you ain't descended from 'Over the Mountain Dodge' when I say you are, eh?"

"I'm Philemon Dodge's great-grandson," retorted Addison firmly, "and nobody else."

There was a long silence after that while the two men measured the depth of each other's obstinacy with narrowed eyes.

Pretty Emily came and peeped at them through the kitchen door, and at sight of their angry faces her own went quite pale.

Finally her father spoke. "My daughter Emily shan't marry any one except he descends from 'Over the Mountain Dodge.' No need to make that any plainer, eh?"

Addison Dodge grew white to the lips, and for the first time his eyes met the pleading ones of his sweetheart.

His teeth snapped angrily, and he turned his miserable glance away from Emily's face.

"I don't know what you're getting at, sir," he said hoarsely. "Do you mean to say that if I don't admit I'm a descendant of 'Over the Mountain Dodge' that you'll forbid Emily's marrying me?"

"That's what I mean," snapped Luke Goddard.

Addison turned toward the door. "Very well, sir. I'm not going to lie about the matter to gain anything, not even Emily. She wouldn't want me to, would you, dear?"

His voice dropped into tenderness as she came forward and slipped her hand into his.

"No," said Emily with trembling lips. "Father knows I shall never marry without his consent, and if he feels that he is justified in making me unhappy over the question of some man who is dead and buried this hundred years, why, I have nothing to say."

She broke into sobs and hid her face in her hands.

"Except goodby," added Addison Dodge, kissing her golden head.

The outer door opened and closed and left Luke Goddard and his daughter alone in the mountain cabin.

Outside the door Addison Dodge thrust his arms savagely into the sleeves of his heavy jacket, belted it snugly about his waist and pulled his cap down over his ears.

Then he strapped on the snowshoes that he had left beside the door and, throwing his gun over his shoulder,

strode away up the steep mountain path.

Great pines heavy with snow leaned above the narrow trail.

As he crashed through the thin crust with fiercely placed steps a light wind sent the snow crystals in icy stinging gusts against his face.

As he plodded upward the crust was thicker, and when he reached the top of Bald Knob walking was difficult.

He paused and looked around at the mountains of snow glistening with icy caps in the bright sunshine.

Overhead was a sky of deep blue. Below nestled the village, with his school in the center, and under the shoulder of Bald Knob was Luke Goddard's comfortable home.

Addison could see the smoke pouring from the wide chimney. It crept like a blue mist up over the shoulder and curled away into nothingness in the light air.

The house was long and low, and it was built so snugly under the mountain that the kitchen opened directly into a great natural cave in the rocks, and that cave was Luke Goddard's woodshed.

Addison's strong arms had hewed vigorously that long autumn to fill the woodshed. Every night after school he had come up the mountain and, with Emily sitting near by to gladden his eyes, he had cheerily reduced the pile of cord wood to kindling.

In the spring he and Emily were to be married and come to live with Luke, and their plans for the future had been so long in making and so interwoven with love and little self sacrifices that now, standing alone on the mountain top, with a loveless future before him, Addison Dodge was very miserable.

His was a nature that would never yield to an unjust claim. Neither would he lie to save his soul.

Luke Goddard, in his own way, was obstinate. He loved Addison Dodge as his own son, and yet his domineering spirit would not concede one inch in the controversy which had separated them that morning and in which the old schoolmaster believed himself to be in the right.

Genealogy was his hobby. That any one should dispute him upon his beloved subject was unbearable.

Pretty Emily would have fared hardly between these two unrelenting men she so dearly loved, but kind Providence intervened and made clear the descent of Addison beyond all doubt and quite to the satisfaction of his future father-in-law.

Addison roamed over the mountain top all the afternoon, rejoicing in the keen wind that arose and chilled him to the bone.

His snowshoes glided over the frozen crust and bore him along against the bitter wind with startling swiftness.

He always remembered that day on the mountain as one of pain and self torture.

His love for Emily sent him toward the trail a dozen times, and his pride sent him back again as many more.

At sunset, when the whole west was a glorious blaze of crimson and purple and gold and the expanse of frozen snow was blinding in the glare, Addison skirted the shoulder of Bald Knob, seeking for a short cut to the village below.

He had made up his mind. He would not take back what he had said to Luke Goddard.

When he reached a point above the cottage of his sweetheart he paused and looked down the glittering slope to where the blue smoke curled upward from the chimney.

While he gazed Emily and her father came out of the cottage and looked toward the west, as was their custom at sunset. He could see the pink shawl about Emily's head, and in the clear air he heard Luke Goddard's sharp cough.

In another second they would see him silhouetted against the sunset sky, and he turned abruptly away.

As I said before, Providence intervened. The mass of snow upon which he stood suddenly slipped forward, and before the young man could throw himself from the little avalanche he was speeding downward, downward with startling swiftness.

He heard Luke's shout of dismay and Emily's frightened scream as he swept down toward them—toward a goal which could be no other than the roof of their home.

It was growing larger, larger now, and the stinging blue smoke of the chimney smote his eyes, and then—the avalanche of snow struck the stout roof and packed itself into a high plateau about the tall chimney.

Addison clambered out of the great bank of snow to find Luke Goddard, poised on a tall ladder, staring at him over the eaves of the roof.

"Boy, I thought you were killed," said the old man hoarsely as he helped Addison to descend to the ground.

Emily's arms were around her lover. "Father and I came out to look for you. Father made a mistake"—She looked at Luke with loving, sympathetic eyes.

Luke smiled grimly. "I looked up that Dodge matter after you went out, Addison, and—and as near as I can make it out 'Over the Mountain Dodge' was a crabbid old bachelor that lived and died a hermit. So I'll have to give in that you came from Exeter after all." He held out his hand, and Addison grasped it warmly.

"We're both wrong and both right," asserted the young man as he stood between his sweetheart and her father. "I was wrong not to give in about an insignificant matter, yet I am descended from Philemon Dodge of Exeter, and at the same time I might be called 'Over the Mountain Dodge,' because I just came down that way."

"You've established an independent line of descent," chuckled Luke from the doorstep, "and now you two can watch the moonrise while I get that birthday supper ready."

## To the Citizens of Wallowa County:

It is our purpose to handle any business entrusted to us in such a fair and liberal manner as to make the customer's relation with this bank satisfactory and profitable. Aside from our excellent facilities, this bank has the advantage of a large capital and substantial list of stockholders. It is also a State Depository. If you are not a customer we invite you to become one.

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### United States Land Notices

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office, La Grande, Oregon, February 2, 1910.

Notice is hereby given, That the State of Oregon has this day filed in this office its application to set aside under the provisions of the Act of Congress of August 14, 1818, and the Acts supplementary and amendatory thereto, for the N. E. ¼ N. 3, ¼ Sec. 15, N. E. ¼ N. W. ¼, N. W. ¼ N. W. ¼ and S. E. ¼ N. V. ¼, Sec. 14, Tp. 1 S. R. 45 E. N. M., Serial No. 07586.

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 of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office at any time prior to the approval or certification of said selection by the Honorable Commissioner of the General Land Office.

F. C. BRAMWELL,  
Register.

Range 46 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, an Enterprise, Oregon, on the 16th day of March, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: William T. Bell, of Enterprise, Ore. Church Dorrance, of Enterprise, Ore. William E. Endicott, of Joseph, Ore. Thomas K. Edgman, of Chico, Ore. 24c5 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, January 24th, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Fannie E. Weaver, of Enterprise, Oregon, who on November 17th, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 02342, for SW¼ SE¼ Sec. 22, W½ NE¼, NW¼ SE¼ Section 27, Township 1 North, Range 45 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 5th day of March, 1910.

Claimant names as witnesses: Theodore E. Wood, Patrick Loftus, Joseph P. Averill, of Enterprise, Oregon, and Lorenzo D. Roberts, of Chico, Oregon. 24c5 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,  
Department of the Interior,  
United States Land Office, at La Grande, Oregon, January 24, 1910.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph T. Edgman, of Chico, Oregon, who, on February 17, 1903, made Homestead Entry No. 12463, Serial No. 03357, for SE¼ SE¼ Section 1, NE¼ NE¼ Section 12, Township 2 N. R. 45 E. and lots 6 and 7 Section 6, Township 2 North,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION,  
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