

NOTES FROM MAUPIN SCHOOLS

With Jesse Crabtree and Earl Greene as members, Miss Richards is organizing a mixed economic-political class for the second semester.

Miss Tillotson's class in third-semester algebra has been dissolved and the one who desire will continue in advanced arithmetic. The algebra is completed at mid-year.

Last week we sent in no items in regard to the play, players and the coach, we have said nothing but we have heard and read beautiful comment. Since we are of but few words we will say "ditto." But to the pleased public we want to say thank you for the near seventy dollars taken in as proceeds.

The High school debate team is wrestling hard with the state debate question. Misses Crofoot and Mathews are going to uphold the state ownership and operation of hydro-electric power, Miss Bonney and Mr. Crabtree, the negative.

Nina Matthews, Merle Snodgrass, Ailene Greene were absent one of the examination days and Richard Crabtree both of them. Edna Ward, only one-half.

The Junior Spanish class will have a vocabulary contest in their language each week. Captains Martin and Ward have authority to save from failure any of their staff who may be delinquent in the meaning of Spanish word. Report of the fray next week.

The number of pupils in the Primary room seems to be shifting about considerably. Within the last three weeks three new pupils, Geraldine Peters, Lawrence and Oliver Radtke, have entered the First grade and one of the other members of the class, Viola White, has moved away, leaving eighteen children in the room.

The Second grade arithmetic class has been carrying on a system of store keeping in which each mem-

ber has a turn at selling and the others enjoy buying. Although they seem to enjoy it the purpose is not for play, but to teach the use of money—the kinds and making change.

Both the First and the Second grades are learning some of the important principles of keeping healthy by means of posters and stories.

Several of the pupils in the Fifth and Sixth grades are nearly sick with colds. Douglas Bothwell has been neither absent nor tardy for three and one-half years, but this week a severe cold got the better of him, and he must remain in bed.

The industry of the two Oakerman girls from Harney county is a credit to the Burns schools. This spirit prevails among the Maupin students and any added stimulus is welcome.

As the half-year class subscription to the "Current Events" for this room has expired, Jim, Ralph and Dorothy are renewing individual subscriptions for home reading. We are pleased to note the many homes which provide worthwhile juvenile literature. "Child Life," "The Youths Companion," and "St. Nicholas" furnish stories, besides news items and literary bits.

The Seventh and Eighth grades have just finished their six weeks' exams and have apparently done pretty well.

The Eighth grade tried the state mid-term examinations and found them to be fairly easy, according to their estimation. All papers are not yet graded so standings are not determined.

The first basketball game that Maupin plays for the pennant offered by Mr. Semmes will be played on February 10, with Shaniko-Antelope. Of course Maupin has high aspirations for the trophy and will do all in their power to win it.

The Maupin Times

C. W. Semmes, Editor
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Entered as second class mail matter September 8, 1914, at the post office at Maupin, Oregon, under the act of March 3, 1879.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

To one of humane tendencies it is distressing to witness the utter disregard of animal suffering which is shown by thoughtless or vicious persons.

Acts of unnecessary cruelty to dumb animals are an indication of either a lack of education or a serious moral defect on the part of those who practice them. Children should be taught very early to treat animals with kindness. Without such teaching a child is very likely to develop cruel tendencies, particularly when the example of unfeeling indifference is set by older persons.

As a prominent educator recently said, any system of education which neglects training in the humane treatment of animals is failing in its duty.

We have noticed another thing: Any person who is cruel to animals will bear watching in all his other relations of life.

The man who knowingly destroys a great forest by throwing away a lighted cigarette, is an arsonist as well as he who purposely fires houses and factories.

Although silver is essentially a more and more by industries and more and more by industries and arts. But very little in the newspaper game.

LIGHTS ON THE FARM

Of course everyone has known for a long time that electric lights on the farm reduce fire hazard, increase property values, develop cleaner homes, lessen labor, prevent eye strain and make for better health. But many probably do not know that electricity in the barn reduces chores 5%, in the house reduces woman's work 5%, and in the poultry house doubles and trebles winter egg production. Lights on a flock of 200 pullets will earn \$100

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(INCORPORATED)

more per season than otherwise would be earned.

The bee and the silk worm are the only two insects which have been domesticated.

Good Price For Wool

The Condon Globe-Times has information that the price of good wool in that vicinity this year will be 35 cents a pound and that most of the Lake county sheepmen have already contracted their clip for 33 cents a pound.

CLASSIFIED LOCALS

FOR SALE—About 80 tons of fine alfalfa hay, part baled, the rest loose, for sale at my ranch near Wapinitia. Address F. M. Conifer, 988 Pre cott Street, Portland, Oregon. 12-11*

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about 1,700 pounds. A reward will be paid for its return or information regarding its whereabouts. 12-12*

YONG COUPLE wants work on farm. Write particulars to Jack Savage, Wamic, Oregon. 10-12.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of The Interior U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Jan. 11, 1928. Notice is hereby given that

James P. Abbott, of Wapinitia, Oregon, who, on Apr. 23, 1923, made Homestead Entry under Act Dec. 29, 1916, No. 018,224, for W 1/2 NE 1/4, S 1/2 NW 1/4, N 1/2 SW 1/4, SE 1/4 SW 1/4, Lot 1, NW 1/4 SE 1/4, S 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec 25, and Lot 5, Sec. 26, Township 6-South, Range 13-East, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Frank D. Stuart, United States Commissioner, at Maupin, Oregon, on the 25th day of February, 1928.

Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur L. Pechette, Thomas Kienzie, A. R. Wilcox, Frank McCoy, all of Wapinitia, Oregon. J19-F16 J. W. Donnelly, Reg.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION Department of The Interior U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Oregon, Dec. 12, 1927. Notice is hereby given that

Anson T. Lindley, of Maupin, Oregon, who, on Nov. 13, 1920, made Homestead Entry under Act Dec. 29, 1916, No. 020,920, for NE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 22, T. 3 S., R. 14 E., Lot 4, S 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 1, SE 1/4 SE 1/4, Sec. 2, NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 12, E 1/2 SW 1/4, Sec. 14, W 1/2 NW 1/4, Sec. 24, T. 5 S., R. 14 E., NE 1/4 NE 1/4, Sec. 7, and NW 1/4 NW 1/4, Sec. 8, T. 5, S., R. 15 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before F. D. Stuart, United States Commissioner, at Maupin, Oregon, on the 1st day of February, 1928.

Claimant names as witnesses: John Donaldson, Floyd McLeod, Elmer Hornquist, Al. Kennedy, all of Maupin Oregon. D15-J12 J. W. Donnelly, Reg.

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KING'S MATE BY ROSITA FORBES

CHAPTER X.

As the party spurred out of the headman's yard, they met a youth leading the German's hastily-saddled pony. Behind him were several figured muffled in stained djellabas, and it was not till they were a mile from the village that Heinz realized Rosemary was among them. Wrapped in a borrowed mantle, the dark camel's hair hood over her face, she was astride her own horse, cool and determined, now that the strain of waiting was over.

Heinz did not stop their headlong downward pace. "You must go back," he said, his eyes between his pony's ears. "This is madness! The track's impossible. It'll take us all we know to get over it ourselves. If we have to look out for you, we'll never make it." He had a vision of the flood sweeping rocks and trees in its rush. Perhaps the whole lot of them would go down with it. "You can't come," he repeated. "If you want to help your husband, go back now. Don't hinder us."

"Hinder?" exclaimed Rosemary. "All my life I've ridden. Do you think I can't stand a few hours of this? You're mad if you imagine you can send me back. I'm coming, if I have to go on my feet. I'm a fighter, wouldn't you say of you, and I'll see you all out!" She hardly knew what she said, but her intentions were quite clear. Heinz argued no further. Reflectively, he measured the strength of his hand. No, he could not spare two men to take the girl back and he could not make her go, except by force. The little German was silent. He never wasted energy unnecessarily. That was the secret of his force.

The river bed was in a deep gully and the path, which was little more than a mud track, dropped by sidralls into thickets of shrubbery and trailing thorns. The mountain ponies picked their way like cats among the rocks, but at times, ill-fitting native saddles slipped over their withers and necessitated agonized halts for re-adjustment. When, for the third time, Heinz found himself draped round the neck of his beast, he slipped off, flung the rein over the animal's head, and plodded down on foot. The Riffs followed suit. Only Rosemary clung to the saddle, because, by this time, she was too cramped to move. Her thighs and the muscles behind her ankles were stiff with the incessant strain of leaning back, as her mare jerked

get on a bit." Clinging with knee and calf, he literally lifted his rattike pony over the holes. They bucketed down the last slope and slipped rather than stepped into the stream bed. Heinz was unusually excited. Now they were in for it, he thought! The stream was already swollen and the ponies were girth deep before they were half way across. The bowlders, worn smooth and slippery, impeded them. "Keep close behind me," ordered Heinz. "The ford's narrow. I've got to pick the best place."

Strung to that pitch of tension where time is marked by heartbeats hammering on an anvil of bruised senses, Rosemary clung to the mane. Often she was nearly swept from the saddle, but her mare was gallant. With a heave of strong withers, she breasted it, nostrils wide. In this fashion, swimming till her hoofs struck the submerged bank, she struggled across and up, shaking herself like a dog as she reached dry ground. One by one, drenched and buffeted, the Riffs struggled across, and Heinz urged them up the cliff. He had set his mind on a certain line of bushes. Surely the flood would not mount beyond that. They must get up there somehow. The Riffs padded silently, dragging their ponies after them. Rosemary hung loose in the saddle, righting herself automatically against the mare's blunders. Darkness caught them while they were still far short of the safety line.

Heinz, least imaginative of men, felt his ears were stretched on wires, for the first rumble up the valley. Instead, he heard the breath of Rosemary's mare whistling through belated tufts.

"Your beast's blown," he said. "You'll have to get off." He lifted her, the Riffs half pulled, half carried her on. The forced movement stimulated the girl. "I'm getting my second wind," she told Heinz, as they clambered through straggling shrubs which made a line along the hillside. She never understood the German's passionate, "Got be thanked!" He mopped his shaven head with a sleeve. "Now we shall soon come to the path." They were safe, beyond reach of the destruction imminent below, but he hurried them on.

It was decided that the party should divide. Two Riffs would go back towards the dam. "Keep to the high level," ordered Heinz, "and watch out." With gusty, guttural sighs and a shivering "Allah, keep us!" the men dragged their soaked djellabas round them and headed into the south wind. The rest turned north. Once on the path, the going was easier, but, if Westwyn was ahead, speed, and only speed, could save him. The horses were buckling in. They stumbled at every step.

"We'd do better afoot," muttered Heinz.

"There are houses near," returned a Riff.

"Tusha-Allah, we can get mules there and, if Allah is generous, news of the Kaid." The German raised a last amble out of his beast and then light glimmered at them from squares of mud wall, sheltered by a protecting buttress. It was not necessary to thunder on the closed doors. Dogs gave warnings of their approach and a muffled figure awaited them, his rifle ready.

To Rosemary, uncomprehending, the exchange of question, explanation, and comment was interminable. She made a move to go on, but her mare was rooted where she stood, head hanging, danks heaving. "Be still," said Heinz. "The Kaid's not far ahead, and there is a short cut." It took some minutes, though not as many as Rosemary imagined, to make the villager understand the urgency of the situation. Once he grasped it, he wasted no more time than was necessary to shout in Shillih to some one within the yard. A voice answered in the same dialect. Then the mountaineer started, goatlike, straight over the rocks which bounded the path.

The Tehehdi Riffs followed him and Heinz waited only to urge Rosemary. "Stay here, for God's sake; your husband is only half an hour ahead. We'll catch him this way—it's a certainty, but you're finished. You can't manage it."

CHAPTER XI

Heinz panted stubbornly after the Riffs, but he was a long way behind when they topped the shoulder. The guide turned and called impatiently. There was a swift colloquy among the mountaineers. Finally the local man went on, running with incredible agility down the sheer hillside, leaning

from rock to rock, his sandals flapping from his heels. Far away they heard him shout and the sound galvanized them into fresh endeavor. A Riff caught Heinz by the arm and, in a bunch, they crashed downward, oblivious of anything that lay in their route. "Look out!" yelled a tribesman and pulled up short. In their blind rush they had almost overshot the path. The Riff remained motionless, pointing ahead. Heinz blinked sweat out of his eyes, rubbed them with the back of his hand, and saw a solitary rider silhouetted against the next bend. Beside him stood the guide who had outstripped them.

The German was conscious of immense stillness. Everything in his body was relaxing. Gott! How tired he was! Amidst the fatness that is the aftermath of relief, he plodded to speak to Westwyn. The Englishman had grasped the bare facts of Martengo's plot from the villager who had appeared suddenly above him, like a great bat flapping among the bowlders.

"But how did you get here?" he asked, bewildered; and then, taking in Heinz's appearance, "Good Lord, man, you're done in!" Dismounting hurriedly, he grasped the German's hand, for the Riffs were involved in simultaneous and dramatic explanation. Their exploit was magnified by success, but their eloquence could not beat Heinz's appearance. A branch had torn a jagged rent in his forehead; an unexpected snag ripped open the leather above one knee. He was sodden, his boots still squeaking, and his plump cheeks sagged into grooves caked with mud.

Westwyn pumped his arm up and down. "You're a d-n good chap. Lord, what a ride! That ford's rotten even in daylight."

"It was the thought of the dam that worried me," confessed the German, naively. "I had a picture of it coming down on top of us. But you must get on. I don't know what time it is."

The guide plucked at Westwyn's sleeve. "We must go high up. Sidl, to get round that dog!"

"I'm coming." He turned again to Heinz. "I don't know what to say, man. It was a jolly fine show. I owe you my chance to be in at the death!"

"No," you owe it to your wife."

"What?"

"She got the story from Zarifa. She pulled me out, roused the village, and insisted on coming with us." He stopped, caught in the blaze of light, grim eyes.

"She came across the river?" asked Westwyn in a voice so hard repressed that it sounded uninterested.

"The whole way! She's waiting at the house back there." The Englishman stood still. He wanted to shout, to race back along the path, but all he said was, "I must get on. Take her back tomorrow by the top road above the dam—you'll look after her tonight, won't you? Tell her"—he hesitated—"tell her I'll join her" (Continued next week.)



downward, with mutalike softness of her forelegs. Their progress was silent, except for the cascades of loosened stones. Each man had an eye on the sun, which dropped relentlessly behind the ever-torn range. Heinz alone realized a greater danger than darkness. As they chattered around the fast bends into the ravine, his ears were alert to catch the roar of waters released. The short Afghan twilight fell over them. The bushes were ghostly gray, and the bowlders faintly as crumpled animals. Though it was cool, sweat broke out on Heinz's forehead. They must get through before it was dark and now they were below flood level, shut in between the cliffs. In an hour, in a few minutes, heaven alone knew when this path would be gone, the whole place lost in a hurrying mass of water. He measured the overgrown banks looking cavernous in the twilight, and wondered how far up the torrent would reach. With a smothered exclamation he flung himself back into the saddle. "Come along. We must