

The Maupin Times

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DEEP SEATED MEANNESS

We have often wondered why some people are so downright mean. Why they carry their antipathy to lengths that work to the injury of others and why they persist in using their "hammer" on each and every occasion.

Common sense should teach them they cannot get away with such actions forever, that there will come a day of reckoning and that they will be brought to the bar of public opinion to answer for their knocks.

No man exists who has not a friend. Those friends always defend and support the man who is the subject of abuse and defamation by others, and they usually take matters to themselves when their friend is picked upon.

There are three men in Maupin whose chief aim in life seems to be the downfall of one other. They leave no stone unturned to vilify and malign him; they are sneaking in their ways and insinuate their malicious slurs into all conversations where the one man is spoken of. Not one of the three men but who has a past, and that past is not much to their credit, but their victim is too much of a man to bring what they have been to public view. Self preservation is said to be the first law of nature, and in self defense the victim of the dirty slurs cast by the three men may be compelled to take up the cudgel and appeal to all right thinking men and women for vindication. A word to the wise is sufficient and should work likewise on backbiters and fools.

ELEVEN YEARS AGO

From The Times Feb. 2, 1917
Will Carson son of "Kit" Carson of Maupin was knocked down while coupling cars at Messner station on the O. W. & N. railway Saturday. He was taken to The Dalles hospital, where he suffered an amputation of his left arm. It is thought that he will recover.

Mrs. A. A. Bonney is at the Good Samaritan hospital, Portland and recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. This was the second operation sustained by Mrs. Bonney since last August, and that lady is reported as making satisfactory gain.

The matter of separate telephone line for Maupin business houses was discussed at a meeting held at the drug store last Wednesday night. As the line is up and in operation from the exchange to the depot it will be but a matter of a few days before the business houses are connected up. Two lines from Criterion and Ridgeway, with 40 subscribers, will be connected with the Maupin switchboard in a short time. It is also expected that two lines from Juniper Flat and the Tygh Valley line will be connected with the local board before long.

A deal has been closed whereby Ollie Bothwell becomes owner of the A. A. Derthick ranch on the Flat. Mr. Derthick is advertising a sale of his personal property.

Word comes from Wapinitia that rabies have appeared among coyotes on the reservation, also that several dogs have been bitten. Last week an infected coyote attempted to enter an Indian home via a window, but was shot and killed before gaining entrance.

It is reported that the Wapinitia Ditch company has bargained or a township with Chas. Cox and J. S. Brown, the tract lying on the edge of the timber and along the main mountain road.

Lewis Woodside is having trouble with his drilled well. One day recently, while trying to pump water the pump broke off about half way down the well, and while trying to extricate it the machinery gave way and fell against the well, letting the raised pipe fall down the hole again. Dec Woodside is also enjoying a functionless pump, and is hauling water.

Bend—Fire losses here for 1927 were only \$7,830.



KING'S MATE
BY ROSITA FORBES

for he could see nothing above him but the low-hanging disk of the moon. With a curse, he rolled into what he prayed would prove cover, but the Riffs were spread over a wide triangle, and they were enjoying themselves very much. There was no one to tell them not to waste ammunition and they had no intention of killing their enemy, as yet! From rock to rock they drove him, their bullets purposefully wide. It was great sport. Picked marksmen, as they were, with the light behind them, they harried their quarry over the path and down to the barren slope below, laughing when his bullets went wild.

"His courage fails him!" he said. "He would not shoot like that on a range!" They crept forward, peering down at their prey. Martengo was outlined, a dark splash on the tawny stones, and it was an easy matter to ring him with bullets. "The dog wriggles! See—his nerve is gone!" The Spaniard found small purchase on the slope and, as he strove to dig in toes and elbow, a sudden roar came down the ravine. At first it was deadened by distance. A bullet flattened a foot from his head and, as he jerked away from it, he saw the valley. A white mass was hurtling down it. "Dios!" he shrieked, leaped to his feet. Like wild animals, maddened by caging, the flood raged between the cliffs, swirling trees and rocks into its maw, racing against its barriers, foam whirling far above the path. The Riffs had ceased their game. They scattered back up the hill, but one turned to finish off the Spaniard. He pulled the trigger carelessly, his eyes on the torrent, and the bullet struck Martengo in the leg. Defeated by the tumult of waters, blinded by the first spray, he lost his footing. The next instant he was a straw flung from wave to wave in the flood, dashed senseless against a rock and sucked under as the river bore down.

Rosemary heard the thunder of the flood as she lay on a soiled mattress in the guide's house. The women had given her coffee and pulled off her damp boots and breeches. She had submitted, spent beyond power of movement, almost beyond power of life in three days. It's a promise, man; we're going to put this through." He strode up the rock as if it were a ladder to Olympus. "Queer cuss," reflected Heinz, proud of his English!

The shuffling of the tribesmen's feet recalled him. He mounted heavily, and a Riff padded up to his stirrup. The others turned down the path, walking slowly and talking in lowered voices.

"What are they after?" asked Heinz.

"The Spaniard," replied his companion. "I hope they bring him in tomorrow. I'd like to see his meeting with Menebbhe."

But the tribesmen had no intention of gratifying his wish. They knew a game twice as good! When the moon rose, they scattered on the hillside, stalking their prey with the cunning of the mountain lion. Martengo was well hidden from any one on the path below, but he had not troubled to shield his rear. The Riffs gathered like hawks above him and his first intimation of their presence was the smack of a bullet on a stone alongside. Hastily he wriggled into cover. He'd cut it too fine, he reflected—the enemy had pushed their snipers into the hills. Another bullet spat up the sand unpleasantly near his elbow. He was at a disadvantage.

He found Rosemary in the long, dimly lit room, where he had once made love to her, and he stopped, reluctant, on the threshold. The girl was on her feet in an instant. "I thought you would never come!"

"I came as soon as I could. I

feeling. When Heinz returned she was rolled into a none-too-clean barracan, her hair pushed back from her forehead, her eyes like cinders in a bloodless face. She might have been a statue of anxiety, so still was she, so fixed the dreadful expectation in her gaze. Heinz was shocked. He felt he was looking at something raw, and it made him uncomfortable.

"It's all right," he said, "the Kald's safe."

"You saw him yourself?" asked Rosemary, her lips scarcely moving.

"Yes, I spoke to him and I told him it was all your doing. He sent you a message." The German embellished Westwyn's words and he had to repeat them continuously before the girl was satisfied.

Patently Heinz developed his story. All was going miraculously well. What was left of the enemy tomorrow—no, today—would have to be picked up on blotting paper!

All the time he was listening for the explosion of the dam. When it came, he was sitting in the doorway, rolling native tobacco, a djellaba clumsily covering his lack of clothes, which were drying by the fire. "There is our ally!" he exclaimed, and, with unthought swiftness, stumbled to his feet. "Gott! It is tremendous! Come here and look."

Rosemary dragged herself across to him and, together, they watched the white leopards charging down to the plain. The moonlight made it fantastic, an irresistible host spitting the earth in its passage. "I think the last trick is to Abd-el Krim," said the German, with a return to his normal placidity.

Telehd! welcomed Rosemary, as it might have done a chief returned from battle. Menebbhe actually rode out to meet her, consoling himself for such an unprecedented act by the reflection that, from Heinz, he would get first news of their adventures. It was unnecessary to ask for any other news. Triumphant runners, sometimes mere boys with a wisp of sheepskin round their shoulders, brought tales of an overwhelming victory.

"We shall drive them into Ceuta. That, too, we could take if we wished," gasped the last excited news-bearer.

"It is the end of the war," said Menebbhe. "The French will make peace, as they have always wanted to do."

Rosemary made suitable reply, but all she wanted was to be alone, to be able, at last, to think. Night crept round them before the last visitor left and while Zarifa was still fussing among the coffee cups.

oughtn't to be here now. My place at Alt el Kamaru."

"You mustn't go there—not yet." "Not till I've thanked you." Westwyn's eyes took in every detail of the girl's appearance. Her pallor was transparent, as if lit by a flame behind.

"What can I say?" he stumbled over his words. "I was never much good at thanks and you saved my life. Rosemary. It was grand! How you could stick such a ride, I can't imagine!" He had both her hands and was kissing them. "All my life I'll remember it. Do you realize what you've done?"

"It's all nonsense," she broke in. "I did nothing but follow Heinz; and even if I had saved your life, what about your duel with Martengo? I owed you something, didn't I? She tried to keep her voice light. She mustn't let things get out of her control. This time she would make no mistake.

"You certainly pay your debts in full," said the man, "but I think there's a bit over this time."

His eyes held hers, and she met them bravely. "You gave me this Riflan victory, the thing I've put three years' work into. Martengo might have dishied it. In any case, he'd have prevented me seeing it."

He smiled down at her. "All my life I'll want to repay you."

"You can do it now," said Rosemary. She remembered that frantic climb up the cliff and her prayer for the second chance, denied to so many. She'd got it now, but she found it needed courage to take it.

"What can I do?" asked Westwyn. "The half of my kingdom and the whole of myself are at your service." But he said it lightly, swinging away from her and seating himself on the arm of a chair. "Whew! We made good time coming up here."

Rosemary's heart was beating somewhere in her throat. She felt cold, and her fingers clenched stiffly on the silver ring with its motto: "What West Wynne won, let West Wynne hold." Had she won anything yet? Could she hold it?

With a great effort she spoke. "Do you remember that night—it seems so long ago—when you kissed me and I was a fool"—words would not come. She searched for the direct cool phrases she had planned.

"My dear, don't worry about that. So much has happened since," said Westwyn gently, but his eyes were narrowed and alert.

"So much for you, but not for me. War doesn't mean an awful lot to women, you know." The girl said it rather charmingly, with the ghost of a smile. "It's love which matters to us."

"I offered you love and you turned it down," retorted Westwyn, immobile; but Rosemary felt that he held her and that he would never let her go again.

"Because I wanted it so much! I was afraid of it for that reason. I suppose every woman is afraid at the last moment." She waited, gazing helplessly at Westwyn, conscious that he was smiling at her, of the warmth and strength behind that smile, and of the faintest tinge of mockery "You brute!" she said, "did you really mean it? Must I ask you to love me? I do, I do!" Swift laughter spouted between them, and the next moment she was in his arms.

"Beloved," he began, and stopped to kiss her eyelids and the faint mark on her temple. "I always thought I was a pretty poor hand at proposing, but you're worse!"

"How could you make me do it?" "I wanted to see if you'd have the pluck!"

Remorsefully he picked up her left hand and kissed it, as he held her close against his shoulder. "It was rather rotten of me, but I'll have all the years to make up to you for it! We'll get out of this as quickly as possible, and then"—he looked at her with boyish excitement—"And then?"

"Well, for one thing, I'll never let you out of my sight again."

Pete, having knocked three times at the door to announce a superlatively important messenger from Abd-el-Krim, glanced cautiously round it. "I thought so," he muttered. "The best men get caught by it." And he went gloomily across the yard to announce that the Kald was very busy. "A matter of importance," he added. "I guess he'll be some time."

[THE END]

Visited in Portland.
Ernest Kramer spent a few days last week in Portland. He went to The Dalles, where the urge to visit the big city overcame him, and he followed the hunch. He returned to Maupin Sunday.

New Garage Equipment.
J. F. Kramer will soon have in operation one of the latest and best pieces of garage shop equipment, it being what is called a "burning-in" machine. With the new piece of shop tool Mr. Kramer will be enabled to adjust all motor parts as well as bearings before assembling them in the auto. This mode is followed by manufacturers of autos, and it is what enables them to determine just how parts fit before the gas buggies are put together.

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Maupin State Bank
(INCORPORATED)

weather and absence of snow covering to protect the young grain. There was a strong demand among foreign buyers for future delivery and the millers were also active in their demand. The market was further strengthened by the late estimate that the Argentina crop is five million bushels short of the previous forecast. The prediction at the opening of this week is for substantial advance in prices.

OREGON NEWS NOTES

Klamath Falls—J. H. Koshland Co. buys 70,000 wool fleeces.

Madras—Work will soon begin on new city waterworks system.

Canyon City—55 cars cattle sold, averaging above \$100 per head.

During 1927, Salem built 391 homes, and total building cost was \$2,626,427.

Baker—Latter Day Saints will build \$20,000 chapel here.

Vale—Growers shipped 218 cars of farm produce from here in 1927.

Vale—W. H. Harris sells 17 tur-

keys for \$138.84, or \$8.16 each.

Pendleton—\$23,866 contract let for four miles road near Echo.

Hood River—Negotiations begin for 50-ton pulp, and perhaps a paper mill.

Klamath Falls—Work begins on site for Great Northern terminals.

Athena—First National bank has \$110,000 capital and surplus.

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