

July Clearance

On account of the great success of our first July Clearance we will continue the same for 30 days longer with another big cut in prices. How can we undersell all other merchants? Because we have no overhead expense, we have no high-salaried managers nor clerks to pay. We also do our own freighting. All this we give to the benefit of the public in our low prices. Make the Weinstein Mercantile Company your trading point. The more you buy from us the less you will pay. The more we buy the less we pay.

PURE CANE SUGAR, 100 Pounds, \$10.50

WITH AN EQUAL PURCHASE—\$10.50—OF SHOES, UNDERWEAR, PANTS, BEDDING

We are reducing our entire line of shoes, pants, underwear and bedding from 15 to 25 per-cent.

| TOMATOES | | CORN | | PEAS | | BEANS | | MILK | | SOAP | |
|--|--------|-----------------------------|--------|--|---------|---|--------|--|--------|---------------------------------|--|
| Case | \$4.00 | Case | \$4.00 | Case | \$4.00 | Case | \$4.00 | Case | \$7.00 | | |
| This is below the present market price | | This is a 15 percent saver. | | Earley June Wisconsin peas | | A number one bean with strings cut. | | Carnation or Borden's another 15 percent saver | | Crystal White, case of 100 bars | |
| PURE HONEY 1 Gal. | \$2.50 | LIMAS lb. | .12 | SHOES | | | | DRY GOODS | | | |
| KARO SYRUP 1 Gal. | \$1.20 | PANCAKE FLOUR 10 lb sack | .85 | | | | | | | | |
| K. C. BAKING POWDER 5 lb. | .75 | RICE FLOUR 10 lb sack | .60 | Regular \$8.50 work shoe reduced to | 6.50 | Corduroy, our regular \$6.50 reduced to | 5.00 | | | | |
| TRIPLE TEA 1 lb. | .45 | CORN MEAL yellow 10 lb. | .60 | RIDING BOOTS | | | | Corduroy, our regular \$5.50 reduced to | 4.00 | | |
| FOLGER'S TEA 1 lb. | .45 | CORN MEAL white 10 lb. | .60 | \$18.50 Riding Boot, the Best Made, | \$15.00 | Corduroy, our regular \$4.00 reduced to | 3.00 | | | | |
| HERSHEY'S COCOA, 40c can | .25 | OAT MEAL 10 lb. | .80 | \$15.50 Riding Boot Reduced to | 11.00 | Heavy Cotton Pants Different Pattern reduced to | 2.75 | | | | |
| TEA GARDEN PRESERVES, jar | .40 | CORN FLAKES package | .10 | DRESS SHOES | | | | Worsted Pants, our \$4.25 seller reduced to | 3.25 | | |
| MACARONI per lb. | .10 | BEEF and TOMATO SOUP can | .10 | Our regular \$9.00 Dress shoe reduced to | \$7.00 | Dress Pants, Wool, reduced to | 5.00 | | | | |
| SMALL WHITE BEANS per lb. | .08 | | | Our regular \$8.00 Dress shoe reduced to | 6.00 | We are also going to sell our complete stock of Ladies' and Men's Summer Underwear at Greatly Reduced Prices. | | | | | |
| | | | | Our regular \$6.50 Dress shoe reduced to | 4.90 | | | | | | |
| | | | | English Last Shoes, leather soles and heels or rubber soles and heels Regular \$10.00 reduced to | 6.50 | Have a ride to Lawen at our expense. Purchase over \$20.00 worth and we furnish you gas and oil. | | | | | |

Wigwam flour—bbl.—\$11.50

If you want to save money on Binding Twine buy it at the Weinstein Merc. Co. We have reduced our twine to 25c a lb.

**Weinstein Merc. Co.
Lawen, Ore.**

The
River

When the Colorado
Burst Its Banks and
Flooded the Imperial
Valley of California

By
EDNAH AIKEN

(Copyright, Bobbs-Merrill Company.)

Molly Silent had seen her husband's train pull in. She watched for it to go out again. The whistle blew twice. Something was wrong. She left her place in line to see Silent, his face shining ghastly pale under the soot, pull himself up from the "battleship"



"God, Man, You Can't Go Like That!" where he had been leaning. Estrada, sent by Rickard to find out why the train did not pull out, saw him the same instant as did Molly. Silent swayed, waving them back unseeingly, like a man who is drunk.

"God, man, you can't go like that!" cried Estrada.

"Who's going?" demanded Silent, his tongue thick with thirst and exhaustion. The whistle blew again.

"I will!" The train moved out on the trestle, as the whistle blew angrily twice. Only Molly and Silent saw Estrada go. Silent staggered unseeingly

up the bank toward the camp, Molly following.

The river was humping out yonder; the rolling mass came roaring, flank-on, against the dam.

"Quick, for God's sake, quick!" yelled Rickard. His signals sounded short and sharp. "Dump it on, throw the cars in!" Marshall was dancing, his mouth full of oaths, on the bank edge. Breathlessly all watched the rushing water fling itself over the dam. For several hushed seconds the structure could not be seen. When the foam fell a cheer went up. The dam was standing. Silent, it was supposed, was bringing in his train.

Above the distant jagged line of mountains rose a red ball. A new day began. And again the Dragon rose; a mountain of water came rolling downward.

Three trains ran steaming on the rails.

"Don't stop now to blast the big ones. Pour 'em on!" ordered Rickard. There was a long wait before any rock fell. Marshall and Rickard waited for the pour. The whistles blew again. Then they saw what was wrong. The morning light showed a rock weighing several tons which was resisting the efforts of the pressing crew. Out of the gloom sprang other figures with crowbars. The rock tottered, fell. The river tossed it as though it were a tennis ball, sent it hurtling down the lower face of the dam.

Things began to go wild. The men were growing reckless. They were sagging toward exhaustion; mistakes were made. Another rock, as heavy as the last, was worked toward the edge. Men were thick about it with crowbars. They hurried. One concerted effort, drawing back as the rock toppled over the edge. One man was too slow, or too tired. He slipped. The watchers on the bank saw a flash of waving arms, heard a cry; they had a glimpse of a blackened face as the foam caught it. The waters closed over him.

There was a hush of horror; a halt.

"God himself couldn't save that poor devil," cried Marshall. "Have the work go on!"

Four rocks on that wretch down there? Pin him down? Never had it seemed more like war! "A man down? Hide over him! to victory!" Soberly Rickard signaled for the work to go on.

The rock-pour stuttered as if in horror. The women turned sick with fear. No one knew who it was. Some poor Mexican, probably.

"Who was it?" demanded Rickard, running down to the track.

"The young Mexican, Estrada. 'E tried to 'elp. 'E wasn't fit."

"Who was it?" Marshall had run down to see why the work paused.

Rickard turned shocked eyes on his chief. "Estrada!" The beautiful mournful eyes of Eduardo were on him, not Marshall's, horrified. Now he knew why Estrada had said, "I can't see it finished."

"Rickard!" The engineer did not recognize the quenched voice. "The work has got to go on."

It came to Rickard as he gave the orders that Eduardo was closer to Marshall than to him. "As near a son as he'll ever have." He turned a minute later to see his chief standing bare-headed. His own cap came off.

"We're burying the lad," said Marshall.

The minute of funeral had to be pushed aside. The river would not wait. Train after train was rushed on to the trestles; wave after wave hit them. But perceptibly the dam was staidying. The rapid fire of rock was telling.

Another ridge of yellow waters rose. The roll of water came slowly, dwindling as it came; it broke against the trestle weakly. For the first time the trestle never shuddered. Workers and watchers breathed as a unit the first deep breath that night. There was a change. Every eye was on the river where it touched the rim of the dam. Suddenly a chorused cry rose. The river had stopped rising. The whistles screamed themselves hoarse.

And then a girl, sitting on the bank, saw two men grab each other by the hand. She was too far away to hear their voices, but the sun, rising red through the banks of smoke, fell on the blackened faces of her brother and Rickard. She did not care who saw her crying.

(To be continued next week.)

Notice of Hearing of Final Account

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON COUNTY OF HARNEY.

In the matter of the Estate of Jose Canto, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN That the Undersigned, Joe Garcia, as Administrator of the Estate of Jose Canto, Deceased, has filed his Final Account as such Administrator in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Harney County; and that by Order of said Court, Monday the 11th day of August, 1919, at the hour of 10:00 o'clock a. m. of said day is fixed as the time, and the court room of said court at the court house, Burns, Oregon, as the place, for the hearing of said Final Account, and objections thereto, and the settlement thereof.

JOE GARCIA
Administrator of the Estate of Jose Canto, Deceased.

First Publication—July 12, 1919.
Last Publication—August 9, 1919.

Desiring to commit suicide, Prince Charles of Roumania shot himself in the leg. He must have a singular idea of the location of the vital organs.

When we think of the high price of milk, our only way of relieving our feelings is to go into a neighboring field and scold the cow.

Some of the senators are already taking off their coats and rolling up their sleeves in anticipation of the president's return with the League of Nations covenant in his pocket.

NOTICE FOR COUNTY BIDS

Bids will be received by the county clerk of Harney county at Burns, Oregon, until noon July 17th for the construction of 33.4 miles of fence on the Burns-Lawen section of the Central Oregon State Highway. Specifications may be had from the county clerk or seen at his office.

20,000 Acres

--- SAGEBRUSH LANDS ---

with water rights for sale on Blitzen River in tracts of 80-Acres or more. Reasonable prices---one-fifth cash balance easy terms, six per cent interest.

**Eastern Oregon Live Stock
CRANE Company OREGON**

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Only when the man inside the PLUMBER is crooked. Our aim is to give honest service, and install honest goods ALWAYS. If you want any such goods and such service in your repairs or in new work, it's easy to get it. Just call us

**Our Specialty Plumbing, Sheet Metal Work, Repairing
Agents for the De Laval Dairy Supplies
Paint, Oil Limited Supply Ammunition
Economy Fruit Jars at Right Prices
THE BURNS HARDWARE COMPANY
In our new building opposite Lampshire's garage
CALL AND INSPECT IT**

Will SOMETHING Happen to make you rich?

A rich uncle may die and leave you a roll, but few rich uncles have this habit.

If you get rich, the chances are you will first have to save enough money in order to make an investment that will pay.

There are plenty of investments for the man with a little ready cash.

But it is up to you to save cash. The best policy is to deposit a portion of your salary.

A Bank is better than a hole in your pocket through which your money can slip away.

Make our Bank YOUR Bank.

**CRANE STATE BANK
CRANE, OREGON**