

OPPORTUNITY



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Lawen, Oregon



MUSINGS OF HOBO ED.

Several years ago I wandered into the much abused state of Arkansas. Now, as luck would have it, my wanderings led me away from the slender ribbon of steel which binds remote districts to the world of civilization. Drifting aimlessly, I at last found myself stranded in a certain Ozark village, known by the Bible name of Mt. Carmel, in a county contemptuously called by its more fortunate neighbors "Varmint" county.

Mt. Carmel—sleepy, stolid, old-fashioned—a village left thirty-odd miles to the southward when the railroad cut trough from Kansas City to Memphis twenty years before.

It had not always been a sleepy, unprogressive town. The first settlers were rugged pioneers, coming for the most part of aristocratic Virginia stock. In their long westward journey they had found at last a spot that took their fancy and settled down to lives of peace and prosperity under the protection of the old Bible name of Mt. Carmel, with all that such a name meant to the good people who named it so. Their descendants to this day are a proud and it is to be lamented rather a clannish people. In these early days Mt. Carmel was a thriving frontier town. Its people were of the adventurous, ambitious pioneer type; ever bent on civic advancement, improvement; throbbing with abundant vitality; awake and ready to grasp every opportunity—making their own opportunities if need were.

But as the years drifted by many of the original settlers were laid to rest in the little cemetery on the heights which they had named Mt. Carmel. Others saw the ideals of youth well realized in the present Mt. Carmel, forgetting in their isolation that the great outside world

had, during those years, taken giant strides. And so it was that the older settlers, one by one, dropped out of the progressive activities of the village, while the younger generation knew nothing of the great throbbing life that pulsed in the world that lay beyond the sand-rimmed hills.

Feeling that there was something lacking in the life of their community, but yet not able to say what or why, each naturally fell to blaming his neighbor. Not a man or woman in the community but believed himself a model progressive citizen and called his neighbors and relatives "a bunch of mossbacks." So the village slowly, but surely lost step with the modern world, drifting back into the yesterdays—even into the yeateryears.

Now the only link which joined Mt. Carmel with civilization was a wretched wagon road. Mule teams dragged passengers and freight over the seemingly endless, weary miles. When it rained the road was utterly impassible. For weeks at a time the passage of mail would be suspended.

The system of working this road was unique in the extreme. All along the road an abundance of rock in convenient sizes was to be had. In winter a small crew would sally forth and diligently proceed to throw this rock into the wheel-ruts to prevent the vehicles from sinking completely in the mud. In the summer they, with equal diligence, threw them out again.

Into this country came one who understood the necessity of better roads. Not only so. He also was an engineer, with long experience in the building of modern highways. To these people he pointed out the need—the compelling necessity—that a modern highway be constructed to connect the inland village with

the railroad.

And did they see it? Did they eagerly band themselves together and organize a progressive road club? Was publicity and encouragement given to the incipient enterprise? Well, I should say not. The old-timers declared the road better than it was forty years before, and told grousing tales of the hardships they underwent. The younger generation talked about high taxes and low market prices for farm products. Nobody took the trouble to figure just how much the building of the highway would reduce the exorbitant freight rates to Kansas City, except the engineer—and they all agreed in saying that he lied.

In fact the old-timers were either so well satisfied they didn't consider it worth while to make any extensive improvements, or else so disgusted that they wouldn't help in any public enterprise.

"Wal, now, Jim, I ben in Mt. Carmel pretty nigh onto forty year. I've give my whole life to this here damn valley—and what do I get? I blowed all the money I ever had and what my father left me—just sorta gambling on this valley. And I aint got nothin'. Why, Jim, corn aint worth haulin' to the station. If I feed it to the hogs, I can't sell 'em for more'n enough to pay the freight to K. C. Jim, I got a right to be sore. What's the use? This here country aint no good. It never has been and it never will be. I tell you, Jim, I'm sick an' tired of hearin' you and your crowd allus a-boostin' every fool project that happens to come along. Taxes are certainly fierce anyway."

"Matt, you've got six hundred odd acres of land out there in the valley. Both of us have gambled our lives on this valley. The only difference is that I am not ready to quit just yet. Someday there will be a real highway to the railroad. Also that land of ours will be drained and be growing rice or something like that. I guess I've lost as much as you have on this valley, Matt; but I still have faith in the country. Now if this irrigation project works out all right—"

"Oh, hell, Jim. You make me sick. Grafters—that's all they are—look at 'em! same old crowd. What did they do ten years ago? Spent twenty thousand dollars fooling around—and all they did was run a few surveys—and draw their fat salaries."

"Well, maybe so, Matt. Still, they are now using the surveys and maps made ten years ago. No one

doubts there is some needless expense. No doubt there are some grafters. Most of us will take all we think we can get away with. But even so, what if a little money is wasted? The results will be worth it."

I got a letter from Jim the other day in which he said: "At last the irrigation project has proved successful. We are all rejoicing in our opulence. The highway was completed some time ago, reducing our freight rates materially and proving one of the most important factors in marketing our products at a profit."

You no doubt remember Matt Greeley, Dear old crab that he was, he has warmed up lately. He was offered a small fortune for his farm this spring, but refused.—Says since irrigation came this is God's country—you know what he used to call it. And would you believe it, he actually voted for a higher local school tax!"

ESTEEMED LADY PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Harry Withers died at her home near Harney last Sunday morning from heart trouble. Mrs. Withers had a baby daughter born to her on September 25 and following the birth of the little one she did not recover as rapidly as she should but had improved sufficiently to leave the hospital some time before her death and return to her home. She developed heart trouble and before her husband had time to get her to a lower altitude she died.

Mrs. Withers was formerly Miss Christians Irene Gorrie and was born in Springfield in this state on June 25th, 1885. She was married to Harry Withers on September 4, 1912 and about five years ago they returned to Mr. Withers's boyhood home near Harney to make their permanent home. Two children were born to them, Harry Jr., aged five and Jeannine M. born on September 25, last.

In addition to her husband and little ones, Mrs. Withers is survived by her parents at Springfield and four sisters and four brothers.

Funeral services were conducted at the family home on Tuesday afternoon by Rev. J. J. Tickner of the Baptist church of this city after which the body was shipped via Crane to Springfield where interment will be made.

"Ye Old Curiosity Shoppe" has nothing on some of the rubbish you can find in stock accumulations.

Advertise and turn these into money. Many a business has missed its calling. It would make a better tombstone as it stands for a "dead one."

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that all persons having accounts against Harney County, should file their claims with the County Clerk, not later than the Monday prior to the first Wednesday in each month, otherwise the Court will not take action on the claim until the following session. Dated December, 9, 1920. By order of the County Court.

CHESTER DALTON, Clerk.

NOTICE OF SALE

Notice is hereby given that, pursuant to an Order of Sale duly made by the County Court for Harney County, Oregon, on the 6th day of December 1920, and to me directed, I will on Monday the 10th day of January 1921, at 10 o'clock A. M. of said day, at the front door of the Court House in the city of Burns, County of Harney and State of Oregon, in the manner provided by law and upon the terms and conditions in said Order set forth, sell to the highest bidder for cash, all of the real property herein described to which Harney County has heretofore acquired title by virtue of sale for delinquent and unpaid taxes:—
N 1/4 N 1/4 NE 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 25, Twp. 36 S. R. 36 E. W. M.
N 1/4 N 1/4 NE 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 25, Twp. 36 S. R. 36 E. W. M.
N 1/4 N 1/4 NW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 19, Twp. 35 S. R. 33 E. W. M.
N 1/4 NE 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 16, Twp. 35 S. R. 33 E. W. M.
N 1/4 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 19, Twp. 35 S. R. 33 E. W. M.
S 1/4 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 25, Twp. 36 S. R. 36 E. W. M.
S 1/4 S. R. 36 E. W. M.
SW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 2, Twp. 22 S. R. 36 E. W. M.
N 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 11, Twp. 22 S. R. 36 E. W. M.
SW 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 11, Twp. 22 S. R. 36 E. W. M.
S 1/4 SE 1/4 SE 1/4 Sec. 27, Twp. 35 S. R. 33 E. W. M.
S 1/4 S. R. 33 E. W. M.
S 1/4 NW 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 7, Twp. 35 S. R. 34 E. W. M.
S 1/4 NW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 31, Twp. 35 S. R. 31 E. W. M.
N 1/4 SW 1/4 NE 1/4 Sec. 3, Twp. 34 S. R. 32 E. W. M.
N 1/4 NE 1/4 NW 1/4 Sec. 9, Twp. 34 S. R. 33 E. W. M.
N 1/4 NW 1/4 SW 1/4 Sec. 7, Twp. 34 S. R. 33 E. W. M.
W. A. GOODMAN, Sheriff of Harney County, Oregon.
By P. T. RANDALL, Deputy.
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A fellow gets a lot of sport out of keeping tab on his neighbors until they begin to keep tab on him.



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