

Republicans throughout the country have hailed the nomination of William Howard Taft, of Ohio, with spontaneous acclaim. It is right that it should be thus for Secretary Taft is a big man, physically, morally and intellectually and fitted by training and experience for the high office to which he has been called by his party. James S. Sherman, of New York is practically unknown in the West and the old idea that a New Yorker must be on the national ticket to carry the Empire state is largely responsible for the selection of the New York congressman and banker as a running mate for Taft. The platform is a clear-cut, vigorous, enunciation of the Roosevelt policies which the people desire to be carried out. In November, the voters will demonstrate their appreciation of the administrative ability and exceptional equipment of the man chosen by the Republican party to perform the arduous duties of the greatest office within the gift of the people.

Probably the most sensational contribution made at the inception of a great national campaign is the offer of Thomas H. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" fame who chagrined at the failure of Theodore Roosevelt to nominate the presidency, guaranteed last Saturday to finance the Democratic campaign. Lawson says he will raise \$1,000,000 on the condition that Johnson secures the nomination and that Bryan consents to take second place. This is a remarkable offer but it merely emphasizes the craving of its author after publicity. Lawson's "breaking outs" are always of such a sort as to attract attention and to demand the glare of the press's spot lights. This offer is as unqualifiedly absurd as it is startling. Lawson takes himself too seriously.

In the little town of Reardan, in Washington, there has been held for the past four years an annual mule show. The last exhibition took place June 18 and was pronounced a success. One of the features of the show was the presence of a twenty-mule team and upon it were riveted the eyes of hundreds of spectators. The mule in spite of its proclivities, has always been a most serviceable animal and a husbandman who is in need of a good, strong, steady, and enduring mule, should know that it possesses the qualities. Oregon Washington breeders are renewed attention to the mule and shows as they create rivalry among breeders and further the interests of the mule business in general.

Tell it to your neighbor; ask him to pass it on—"Condon will celebrate the Fourth."

The "Prosperity Blast" is the latest innovation of the national campaign and to Los Angeles belongs the honor. Last Saturday at the noon hour, with the election spirit prevailing, the metropolis of Southern California started the campaign by blowing the whistles of her 250 large manufacturing plants in a great "prosperity blast." Banners bearing pictures of Taft and Sherman were strung across the main streets and thousands of campaign buttons were distributed. Here is once, at least, that Los Angeles points the way and scores over Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Tacoma, Gooseberry and Skamokawa.

Main street should be sprinkled during the celebration. The dust on the business streets of Heppner is conspicuous for its absence. The Dalles puts 40,000 gallons of water on its business streets each day. The Dalles is a "wet" town but Heppner is as "dry" as Condon. Even Arlington has settled the dust problem. At least during the three days' festivities Condon should be on the water wagon.

That real poetess, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, says that pain is her dearest friend. We have known other girls with tight shoes laboring under the same delusion.

The official count made by Secretary of State Benson shows that George E. Chamberlain defeated H. M. Cake for United States senator by 1,522 votes. The returns show that the Socialists have a larger vote than the Prohibitionists throughout the state.

Political Information.

Registration reopens Sept. 20. Close for election October 20. Presidential election November 3.

Citation.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE OF OREGON FOR GILLIAM COUNTY.

In the Matter of the Estate of John Harley, deceased.

To Ann Kennedy, Charles Harley, Katherine Deen, and — Deen, her husband, and Mary Harley, and to all other persons interested in said estate.

Whereas, application having been made in the form to the above named Court on the 23rd day of June 1908, by James D. Burns, executor of the said Estate for an order and license, directing and authorizing him to sell the Real Estate belonging to said Estate, and described as follows, to wit:

Southwest quarter, and the East half of the Southeast quarter of Section Two (2), and the West half of the Northwest quarter of Section One (1) in Township Two (2) South of Range Twenty (20) E. W. M. in Gilliam County, Oregon. And whereas, said Court sized Monday the 22nd day of July 1908, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M. at the Court House, and in the Court Room of this Court in Condon, Gilliam County, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing any and all objections to said Petition and the granting of said order and license of sale.

Therefore, in the Name of the State of Oregon, You and each of you are hereby cited, directed and required to be and appear at said time and place then and there to show cause, if any you have, or if any exist, why an order of sale should not be made, as in the Petition prayed for, and why said Petition should not be granted, and said order and license should not issue.

Witness The Hon. Edward Dunn, Judge of said Court with the seal of said Court affixed this 22nd day of June 1908.

[SEAL] PEARL JARVIN, Clerk.

Notice for Publication-Isolated Tract. Public Land Sale.

The Dalles, Oregon, Land Office, May 21st, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., on the 29th day of June next, at this office, the following tract of land, to-wit: SW1/4 SW1/4 of Section 11 T.38. R.21 E.W.M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

C. W. Moore, Register. Louis H. Arneson, Receiver.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. Isolated Tract. Public Land Sale.

The Dalles, Oregon, Land Office, June 18th, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land office under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906, Public No. 303, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10:00 o'clock a. m., on the 23rd day of August, 1908, next, at this office, the following tract of land, to-wit: N1/2 SW1/4, N1/2 SW1/4, Sec. 12, T. 3 South, Range 19, E. W. M.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the day above designated for sale.

C. W. Moore, Register. Louis H. Arneson, Receiver.

AN UMBRELLA EPISODE.

By Temple Bailey.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Luttrell, coming down the steps of the elevated station, saw ahead of him a girl with cherries in her hat.

The cherries and the dark blue ribbon were really about all that he could see of her, for he looked down on the top of her head, but as she turned the corner going down he caught a glimpse of wavy brown hair and of a trim white collar that came up to meet it.

When he reached the door of exit he found the girl with the cherries there. Seen thus at close range she proved to be about as high as Luttrell's heart. Her gown was of dark blue like the ribbons of her hat, and she carried a book in her hand.

She was gazing anxiously into the street. It was raining hard, and the street lamps, lighted early, cast glistening reflections across the wet pavement.

The girl with the cherries had no umbrella. As Luttrell passed her she unfolded an infinitesimal square of



"IT'S MY BIG BROTHER," SAID THE LITTLE CLEAR VOICE.

handkerchief and laid it carefully over the big front bow of her hat. It left the cherries out in the rain, but with a quick glance around she sped up the sidewalk.

Luttrell, taking long steps, reached her without effort.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will hold my umbrella over the cherries."

She looked up, startled. In the gloom she could not see his face, but there was no hint of disrespect in his voice, and her hat was new.

"Oh, if you will"— she said in a prim little way, and for a few minutes they walked on in silence.

"We might talk," Luttrell suggested, "about the weather. It's a good conventional subject and won't commit you to anything in the way of acquaintance."

The girl laughed at that. "I am not quite sure how to treat the situation. You see, it's a little unusual to let a man you don't know walk home with you."

"Suppose we act as if we had known each other all our lives and say the things we would say under those circumstances."

"Under those circumstances," said the little clear voice in the dark, "I should say, 'Goodness, what an awful night!'"

"And I should say," was Luttrell's grave response, "'Little friend, why are you out so late alone?'"

"Oh," came flutteringly, "I went to the library, and when I came out it was almost dark and, to cap the climax, it rained."

"And your hat would have been ruined if fate had not kept me downtown late too. And it's such a pretty hat," he added reflectively.

"Oh," said the clear little voice again, and then there was another silence.

Far up the street under a corner lamp they could just discern a big man plodding along, weighted down by two umbrellas.

"It's my big brother," said the little clear voice, and then timidly: "Would you mind—going on alone? You see, he might not understand my letting you—but my hat is new—and—"

"I understand perfectly," Luttrell told her. "But big brothers are sometimes dense. I have a little sister myself, and I like to look after her pretty closely, and that's why I looked after you."

He had gone into the darkness before she could thank him. But from the shadows he watched her fly along the intervening space and come up to her big brother. And he heard her say in that clear little voice: "It was so good of you to come after me, Bob." And then they went along together through the driving storm, and Luttrell was left alone.

After that on his way home from office he found himself looking for the girl with the cherry hat. But girls came and girls went, but never the right one, and so the months passed and the winter came, and there were no cherries on any of the hats, and Luttrell gave up his quest in despair.

But always he held in his heart the memory of the clear little voice that

had talked to him so confidently in the darkness of the rainy autumn night.

One night he dropped into a fashionable downtown restaurant for dinner, and at the next table were a big man and a girl in a drooping hat of pale blue. Her gown was of the same color, and around her neck she wore a collar of pearls.

She was a vision of exquisiteness, and there was about her a haunting quality that made Luttrell look at her more than once. Where had he seen her?

And even as he questioned the vision said in a clear little voice: "Bob, I do believe it is raining. If we go out, we will have to have a cab."

It was the girl with the cherry hat. No other had such a voice, and there was the wavy brown hair. And in the brilliant light he beheld clearly for the first time the gray eyes and the delicate pink and white of the oval face. Why, the little girl was a beauty!

"You shall have two cabs if you wish," he heard the big man say genially. "We wouldn't want to christen that stunning gown with rain."

At the sound of that big, booming voice Luttrell stared, and then he bridged the distance between the two tables and dropped his hand on the other man's shoulder.

"Bob Raymond," he said, "I thought I couldn't be mistaken in the voice. But you've grown some, Bobbie, since I used to pitch you off of the campus fence."

Raymond wrung his hand, beaming "Sis," he said to the vision in blue. "It's Mark Luttrell. You've heard me tell about our college pranks. Mark, this is my kid sister."

She smiled up at Luttrell from under the brim of the broad hat. "Bob forgets that I am grown up," she said, and Luttrell saw that as yet she had not recognized him as the man of the umbrella episode.

"I remember your picture stood on Bob's chiffonier," he told her. "You wore your hair in pig tails, but you were awfully pretty, and I fell in love with you."

"Oh!" she said, blushing beautifully. "Sit down and have dinner with us," Raymond insisted. "Felicia and I have the evening before us. It's raining, so we might as well stay here for awhile."

He turned to give an order to the waiter, and Luttrell leaned toward Felicia.

"If you will let me," he said, "I will hold my umbrella over the cherries."

There was dead silence for a moment, and then she whispered nervously: "Oh, you are the man! Oh, what did you think of me?"

"I wished that I might hold an umbrella over you for the rest of my life," he said fervently.

Her dimples came out in full force. "I am afraid you would get awfully tired," she said, but her eyes drooped before his glance.

"Come up and see us," Bob said that night as they parted.

"On one condition," said Luttrell as he held the fur lined wrap for the vision in blue, "that you let me fall in love with your sister."

"Felicia?" Raymond scoffed. "She's nothing but a kid."

"I am old enough to know my own mind, Bob," said Felicia with spirit.

"And what is your mind?" Luttrell asked as they went down the hall together.

Her eyelashes swept her cheeks and hid her eyes. "I don't know," she said demurely. "Perhaps—perhaps you had better come—and find out."

Professional Directory

D. R. PARKER
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Condon National Bank Block.

G. W. PARMAN
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
U. S. COMMISSIONER
Careful attention given to all business entrusted in my care.
Concrete Block : Condon, Oregon.

WOOD & GAVEY,
Physicians and Surgeons
Day and Night Calls promptly answered.
Office, Second Floor Barker Building, corner Main and Spring Streets.
Condon, Oregon

L. L. TAYLOR, V. S.
Veterinary Surgeon & Dentist.
Dental Work on Horses a Specialty.
Office in Pauling's Drug Store
Residence phone No. 31 A
Condon, Oregon.

J. W. DONNELLY, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
Diseases of Women a Specialty.
Condon, Ore.

B. F. BUTLER
DENTIST
Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty. Office upstairs in Gilliam Co. Bank Building.
Condon, Oregon

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals lungs

SUMMER DRESS GOODS

They'll soon be gone! If you want any, ORDER NOW!

Now this instant before its too everlasting late.

From June 26th to July 1st

We will give 10 PER CENT DISCOUNT on all Summer goods

and on July 2nd and 3rd Market Days

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20 PER CENT OFF

NOW SHOUT—A Show is better than a talk. We would like to show you that it means money in your pocket, to buy from us. What do you think of it? Want to be showed? Remember—Special prices in our Furniture Department. Ask us about Linoleum. Something doing!

THE S. B. BARKER CO.

Condon Meat Company

JOHN HARRISON, Proprietor

Fresh and Cured Meats, Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal

A SHARE OF YOUR PATRONAGE IS SOLICITED

Corner Spring and Oregon Streets

CONDON, OREGON

WHEAT BARLEY

INTERIOR WAREHOUSE Co.

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., Managers.

Highest Prices Paid For Grain. General Warehouse Business Conducted. Wool Storage and Baling a Specialty. Dealers in Sacks, Wire Nails, etc., etc. Lime, Sulphur Cement, Sheep Dip, etc.

OATS RYE

CHACAL

Imported. No. 59846

Five-year-old Black Percheron Stallion

Sire: Harpistle 19815. Dam: Bijou 19443. CHACAL will make the Season of 1908 at Parman Bros.' ranch 4 miles from Condon. TERMS—Season \$12.50, due at close. Will furnish pasture for mares from distance at \$1.50 per month.

PRINCE

Full-blooded Jack. Black with white points, age eight years. Bred at Lone Star Stock Farm, Houston, Mo., by the well known G. T. Mires. Will make the season of 1908 at W. B. Smith's barn in Condon. TERMS—Single service \$6.00 cash; Season, \$12.50, due at close.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

Full blooded, 7-year-old dapple-gray Percheron Stallion, a splendid specimen of heavy draft horse weighing 1900 pounds. 17 1/2 hands high. Will make the season of 1908 at my ranch near Lone Rock. TERMS—Single Service, \$5.00 cash; Season, \$10.00 due at close; Insurance, \$18.00 due when mare is with foal, charges hands or is removed from the county. JOHN MADDEN

JUAN, NO. 27510 BELGIAN STALLION

Will make the Season of 1908, from April 1, to July 1, at my ranch 3 mi. north of Condon.

TERMS: \$12.50 for the Season with usual return privileges. 7.50 for single leap with privilege of entire season.

JUAN IS A BEAUTIFUL DARK BAY WITH STAR IN FORE-HEAD. A TYPICAL DRAUGHT STALLION. For Further Information see WM. EBBERT.

The Globe Printing Shows Quality.