ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM CONDON AND GILLIAM COUNTY

Manager Ed. Clough, of the Arlington Lumber Co., arrived in town Tuesday evening, leaving the same night for his ranch over in Ferry Canyon.

John Knox, a prosperous wheat grower of Condon, is the guest of George L. Neale and family this week. Mr. Knox has leased his big wheat farm for a term of years and is taking life easy for a season.—Central Point (Ore.) Herald.

Arthur Schilling returned the first of the week from a visit of several days at Goldendale and other points. While in the Klickitat county seat he met several former Condonites, among whom was John Hess, formerly bookkeeper for the Gilliam Co. Milling Co., whom he reports is doing well and enjoying his new home.

—If you have anything to trade exchange, rent or sell, see to it that you use The Globe Wants.

Mrs. J. C. Sturgill is expected home next week from an extended visit with her parents at Haines, Baker county. Mrs. Sturgill's mother who haa been ill, is feeling much better and unless untoward circumstances arise, Professor Sturgill expects his family to return to Condon the coming week.

Mrs. Ida Jackson, of Fossil, was in Forest Grove the past week in attendance at the reunion given in honor of the 90th birthday of Samuel Markee, one of the honored pioneers of Oregon. He was born near Columbus, Ohio, came west and located in Washington county. The Oregonian published a picture of his relatives last Monday, but erroneously gave the date line as Cottage Grove.

Fashionable outfits for smart dressers. There is a touch of perfection in our goods that foils criticism. The S. B. Barker Co.

See Stephenson's Stock of Stylish Summer Shoes.

Boat Service on Columbia.

It has been announced that on September 1st the Open River Transportation Company will place the steamer Relief in commission on the upper Columbia to make daily trips between Celilo and Arlington and Alderdale. At Celilo she will connect with the steamer J. N. Teal from Portland by way of the portage road. This will assist in getting the wheat to Portland.

Subscribe for the Globe! It's newsy every week.

Political Information.

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

No one is immune from kidney trouble, so just remember that Foley's Kidney Remedy will stop the irregularities and cure any case of kidney or bladder trouble that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Sold by Condon Drug Company.

George E. Swafford, New Manager for Condon Drug Co. Assumes Management.

Interior View of the Condon Drug Co.'s Store, Main Street, Condon

George E. Swafford, of Oregon City, arrived in this city Monday evening to take charge of the management of the Condon Drug Co.'s store. Mr. R. L. Hunt expects to leave on Monday for Portland to complete arrangements with the Woodard Clarke Co. for which he will travel throughout the Pacific Northwest. Mr. Hunt will remove his family which has been visiting with relatives in Tennessee during the past year to Portland in time for the children to enter school. During his stay in Condon Mr. Hunt has made a host of friends who will wish him abundant success in his new endeavors and much happiness in his new home. The Globe says, "au revoir."

"Watch Clem Grow!"

The lumber for the new school was received this week.

Francis Wester left Monday for his home at Jefferson, Or.

W. W. McPherson and J. E. Schroeder drove to Rock Creek last Sunday, after fruit, so they say, after "peaches" no doubt.

Mrs. J. C. McEachern presented her husband with a bright baby boy. This is the happy news that John received last Sunday morning. It partially accounts for the pleasing smile that John wears these days.

Mrs. Maggie Bohannon who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. McPherson of this place, returned to her home in Ballston, last Wednesday morning.

John Chandler and Henry Wilkins made a business trip to Arlington Monday.

Another car of wheat was shipped this week to Kerr, Cifford & Co. at Albina.

E. J. McPherson who has been on the sick list for some time, is able to be around again.

Bachelors are thicker than fleas in this section, and think of it, it's leap year too.

At Salem.

The Oregon State Fair for 1908 will be held at Salem during the week beginning September 14. The Oregon fair is the leading agricultural exposition on the Pacific coast. Special efforts have been put forth to make the coming fair the greatest in the history of the organization. Extendeo classification of livestock, increased premiums and additional conveniences for exhibitors in all department will assure greater displays which should be seen by large crowds during fair week. Leading stockmen of Oregon and the Pacific Norhwest have expended time and money in the betterment of their herds and flocks, and many of them have signified their intentions to show their best animals at the Salem fair next month.

Your neighbor would probably enjoy this paper as well as you do. Lend him your copy.

All kinds and all sizes of Overalls at Weigel & Rice.

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Letter Heads, Envelopes, Statements
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Miss Penelope.

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcells.

She greeted her first and only boarder with a shy dignity.

"I think you will find it quiet enough here, Mr. Holmes. You said in your letter that you wanted to get away from home and the children while you finished your book."

John Holmes put his suit case down on the veranda and took the huge rocker offered by Miss Penelope's colored servant, Aunt Dilsey.

"It looks nice and quiet," he said, taking in the gorgeous coloring of the trees and the old fashioned flower garden, now gay with dahlias and geraniums. "I think I will be able to work after a day or so of rest and wandering through the woods. When I got your mother's answer to my advertisement I instinctively knew that it was the right one to accept."

Miss Penelope blushed faintly.

"Not my mother's—I am your—hostess. I keep house for my father." She never in the world would have thought of herself as his landlady. "Aunt Dilsey will render you any necessary service. Take Mr. Holmes' suit case, Aunt Dilsey, and show him his room. Supper will be ready in half an hour."

He went upstairs to the front bedroom, rather pleased that he would have for company at supper a pleasing woman of perhaps thirty instead of the middle aged farmer's wife whom his imagination had pictured.

Miss Penelope, giving a final touch to her supper table, with its centerpiece of brilliant fall blossoms, talked to her blind father. "If it's quiet he wants, he certainly ought to be satisfied. But he is a much younger man than I expected. I have read his last book, and it doesn't seem that such a jolly looking man could have written books so serious.

"He said there were five children at his house and that their mother believed that a constant exercise of lungs and muscles was good for their development. We'll feel really important, inddy, having a real book written in our house or on our veranda or in our back yard, wherever genius happens to inspire him." And she ran on merrily, giving the little details which for the ten years of his blindness had been the pleasure of her father's life.

The novel progressed finely in the next few weeks, and the boarder divided his days into mornings for work, afternoons for fishing and rambling through the woods and gay little chats with Miss Penelope and her father after supper.

"I KEPT THE ROSE YOU GAVE ME."

Miss Penelope forgot the shyness for which she was noted and talked of the things she had read and dreamed about for years as if she had actually lived them. Returning from school ten years before, she had not found the average youth of the community congenial. Her natural timidity and reticence had been mistaken for hauteur, and not one of the country swains had possessed the courage to ask her to go for the customary drives or to the yearly ice cream festival.

She had tended her flower garden, directed the management of her father's farm and for amusement had lived in a world of books and magazines. The only love of her life was a worship of Rudolph Rassendyll after reading "The Prisoner of Zenda." She unconsciously adapted her style of dress to the lines that she thought would have suited the slenderness of Queen Flavia and never realized that she was dreaming her life away.

To Holmes she talked freely—of her fancies, of his work, of anything that the moment prompted, and he had unconsciously added a touch of her to the quaint heroine of his book.

"Let me read you the last three chapters," he said one evening when the rain had driven them indoors from the flower garden and the hammock under the trees. "It always sounds conceited for a writer to want to read his own works, but I believe I have given the exact touch to this, and I want to see how it strikes you."

He brought the manuscript, and Miss Penelope lit the old fashioned lamp. As he read her eyes dilated and she listened eagerly. She saw her own dahlia garden flaunting in the autumn sun, the woodland path that led from the back of the garden to the creek and was it Mr. Holmes or her own Rudolph Rassendyll transplated to quiet and homelike atmosphere that was given a red rose in the garden by the strangely familiar woman in the book?

"You have made her like me," she gasped incredulously, "and idealized me, and where she tells him about her life, lived in the characters from books she had read, it's exactly what I said to you the afternoon we went riding on the creek."

"I couldn't help it," he confessed. "It fitted the Esther in my story so perfectly that I was simply obliged to let her borrow the whole conversation. You don't mind, do you?"

"I never was more flattered in my life," she said impulsively. "I never imagined there was one trait or thought of mine of enough importance to be written about, but you have made me seem all that I always wanted to be."

"Are you?" He laid the manuscript on the table. "I kept the rose you gave me that day in the garden," he said abruptly.

She sat still and white, the situation being one that she had never met with or dreamed of meeting.

"To me you are Esther. I could love you the same way," he said quietly.

Miss Penelope rose, frightened and childlike, a quiver of pain trembling on her lips.

"Mr. Holmes, I have admired you. I have tried to entertain you as best I could to keep you from finding the dullness of our life tedious. Perhaps I am to blame," she said dazedly. "I found you so sympathetic and congenial that I talked to you more than I ever talked to any one in my life, but I never thought that you would misunderstand me—would offer me this insult. You, a married man," she gasped.

"A—a—what?" he asked blankly.

"A married man," she said brokenly, two tears trickling down her cheeks.

Holmes, a finished product of civilization, let his mouth drop open in astonishment.

"I've never been married in my life," he said in amazement.

"But those five children that you wanted to get away from?" she said faintly.

Holmes struggled with his merriment and was finally able to answer:

"Those five kids belong to my sister," he chuckled. "I live with her and her husband in any part of the house that is not pre-empted by those urchins. I never dreamed that you thought I was married all this time."

Miss Penelope still stood, nervous and dazed before him.

He took her hand and, stooping, pressed his lips to it. "I kept the rose," he said insinuatingly.

She looked down upon his bloud head, and her own beloved Queen Flavia and Rudolph Rassendyll became from that moment mere creatures of fiction. She had found her own romance.

"I'm so—glad—you kept it," she said timidly.

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