

Gwendolen Items

It is snowing hard at this writing and has been coming down for five hours. It makes the ranchers smile all over.

William and Henry Fehrenbacher played for a dance twenty-five miles up Rock Creek last Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Osburn went to Condon the first of the week to lay in supplies for the winter.

J. B. Lester, who lives in the northern part of the county was a visitor here the past week.

Mr. Garrish came up from Rock Creek Wednesday and got a supply of wood.

Mr. O. H. Guild came down from Condon on business Wednesday.

The snow has reached a depth of fourteen inches here.

Mike Duke of Mayville is a Condon visitor today.

Frank Bennet who has been in charge of the Arlington Lumber Co's. warehouse at Roosevelt Wash., arrived in Condon last evening and will work for the same company in this city.

Edwin Gales, while beating his way over the O. R. & N. last Monday was kicked off the train at Heppner Junction and compelled to walk to Arlington. On reaching that point he was found to be in a deplorable condition, both feet were frozen and it is probable it will be necessary to amputate both legs below the knees. Seeing his desperate condition the city marshal of Arlington purchased him a ticket to The Dalles where he was taken in charge by Judge Lake and sent to the sanatorium. Gales is said to be the son of Connecticut capitalist.—Journal.

John Madden, Jr., of Lone Rock, who is attending the Washington State College at Pullman, has sent his father John Madden who is living in this city a postal photo of himself in the uniform of the college band. John, Jr. is playing the clarinet and making good all around at the college. He is in the second year of a seven year course along agricultural lines.

At the S. B. Barker Co's. for the sum of one dollar, you can buy enough good wall paper for an average size room. Now is the time to re-paper your house. 25c to 60c values for 5c and 10c.

Miss Florence Charnley of Portland arrived in White Salmon on Wednesday to take a position in the Enterprise office, says the White Salmon Enterprise. Miss Charnley, has many friends in Condon, having been employed over a year in The Times office while E. Curran of this city was editor.

Sheriff Sale.

Notice is hereby given that an execution and order of sale was issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, Gilliam County, on the 12th day of January, 1909, upon a decree therein rendered on the 4th day of January, 1909, in favor of George L. Phillips, plaintiff, and against J. L. Smith, Lela W. Smith, husband and wife, M. L. Smith, W. E. Moore and H. A. Moore, doing business under the firm name and style of Moore Bros., and Augusta Falmer, Administratrix of the estate of John Falmer, deceased, defendants, which said execution and order of sale is to me directed and commanding me to sell the property hereinafter described, for the purpose of satisfying the judgment of the plaintiff in said cause for the sum of Five Thousand, Four Hundred and Fifty and no-100 Dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 18th day of January 1907, and \$500.00 attorney fees, and the costs and disbursements of said suit taxed at \$17.50.

Therefore, in compliance with said execution and order of sale, I will on Monday, the 15th day of February, 1909, at the hour of 2 o'clock P.M., at the Court House door in Condon, Gilliam County, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand, for the purpose of satisfying the judgment and decree above mentioned, the following described real estate, to-wit:

The SE¹/₄ of the NW¹/₄; and the NW¹/₄ of the NW¹/₄; and the NE¹/₄ of the SW¹/₄ of Sec. Thirty-two (32) Township One (1) South of Range Twenty-two—22—E. W. M.; SE¹/₄ of the SW¹/₄ of Section Thirty-two—32—Township One—1—South of Range Twenty-two—22—E. W. M.; NE¹/₄ of Section Thirty-one—31—Township One—1—South of Range Twenty-two—22—E. W. M.; NW¹/₄ of the SE¹/₄ of Section Thirty-two—32—Township One—1—South of Range Twenty-two—22—E. W. M.; SE¹/₄ of the SE¹/₄; and the NW¹/₄ of the SE¹/₄ of Section Thirty—30—in Township One—1—South of Range Twenty-two—22—East of the Willamette Meridian; situated in Gilliam County, Oregon.

Date of this 14th day of January, 1909.
R. M. ROGERS,
Sheriff of Gilliam County, Oregon
Date of First Publication, January 15th, 1909.
Date of Last Publication, February 12th, 1909.

ANGER IS DANGEROUS.

It Wrecks the Whole System and Tends to Shorten Life.

It is well known that a violent fit of temper affects the heart instantly, and psychophysicists have discovered the presence of poison in the blood immediately after such outburst. This explains why we feel so depressed, exhausted and nervous after any storm of passion—worry, jealousy or revenge—has swept through the mind. It has left in its wake vicious mental poison and other harmful secretions in the brain and blood.

There is no constitution so strong but it will ultimately succumb to the constant racking and twisting of the nerve centers caused by an uncontrolled temper. Every time you become angry you reverse all of the normal mental and physical processes. Everything in you rebels against passion storms; every mental faculty protests against their abuse.

If people only realized what havoc indulgence in hot temper plays in their delicate nervous structure, if they could only see with the physical eyes the damage done as they can see what follows in the wake of a tornado, they would not dare to get angry.

When the brain cells are overheated from a fit of temper their efficiency is seriously impaired, if not absolutely ruined. The presence of the anger poison, the shock to the nervous system, is what makes the victim so exhausted and demoralized after loss of self control.—Orison Swett Marden In Success Magazine.

THE BACK OF THE NECK.

Make It Proof Against Drafts and Colds in the Head.

"When I was a boy," said a doctor, "I didn't believe in drafts. I thought that they who imputed colds to drafts were cranks. But one November night at a concert I felt all the evening a strong draft on the back of my neck. It was so strong it resembled a suction pump. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'we'll see if this draft will give yours truly a cold.'"

He shuddered. "For a week," he said, "I was laid up with so vile a cold that I couldn't breathe save with my mouth open. And now I am satisfied that nine out of every ten colds are solely due to a draft on the back of the neck."

"I know how to prevent such colds. Hence I may practically say that I know how to prevent all colds. It is a fact that none of my patients, thanks to my method, know what a cold is."

"They learn from me to do this—to bathe the back of the neck every morning in cold water. Thus the spot becomes hardened. It becomes draft proof."

"Add when a new patient, peculiarly sensitive to colds, visits me, my peculiar treatment is to blow on the back of his neck with a bellows for several days in succession. The bellows, in conjunction with the icy douche, frees him from all future susceptibility. Thenceforth his winters pass without that horrid winter pest, a bad cold."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Colored Preacher's Text.

"A colored man in Atlanta, Ga., is a preacher on Sundays and a barber on week days. One of his customers makes it a rule to be first in the chair on Monday morning, when he is sure of being entertained by a resume of 'Uncle Rastus' Sunday dissertation. At night the family always looked for the latest from the colored brother. This was one of his recent effusions: 'Yesterday I took for my text, 'Cleanliness am next to godliness,' and I dun reach my climax wid dis argument: 'Now, what day follows Sunday? Why, Monday. Monday is wash day in all well regulated families. Monday comes nex' to Sunday; so, my bredden, that settles it that the words of my tex' am true, 'Cleanliness am nex' to godliness.'" —Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Much Quiet.

On one occasion, the hustling and energetic archbishop of York, Dr. MacLagan, wrote to the vicar in an outlying village suggesting that he should lend his church for the purpose of giving the clergy of the district a "quiet day" for meditation and fraternal reunion. The witty vicar of this sleepy hamlet in the wolds promptly replied:

"My Dear Lord Archbishop—Your very kind letter to hand. But what the people in this village want most in their spiritual life is not a "quiet day," but an earthquake."

—London Standard.

An Appeal For Mercy.

"Judge," said the prisoner, "I suppose you're going to soak me."

"You are a habitual offender," replied the judge; "were caught with the stolen goods, and the court will have to do its painful duty."

"I don't want to seem unreasonable," replied the prisoner. "I don't mind a long sentence. I'm used to it. But say, judge, cut out the lecture that usually goes with it, won't you?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Brute.

"Yes, this room is dark, damp and positively uninhabitable. It is supplied for your wife's mother, if she has one."

"She has. I'll take the flat."—Boston Traveler.

An Old Timer.

"He's an old newspaper man."

"About how old?"

"Well, he can remember when they only issued extras when something happened."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Europe is less than one-fourth as large as Asia.

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How About Your

P R I N T I N G

Give Us a Chance

The GLOBE PRINTERY

Kenneth Welshons and wife came up from Clem Wednesday evening to spend a few days with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Al Searcy of this city.

Fred Ball and Ed Reynolds came in from the south yesterday afternoon with a fine band of cattle which they shipped to Portland this morning.

F. W. Carothers, a young man who has been having his eyes treated for some time by our local experts, returned to his home at Rock Creek yesterday morning.

C. N. Smith, travelling agent for the Holt Manufacturing Co. arrived in Condon last evening to look after the company's interests in this vicinity.

Hartman-Trimble
At the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Trimble in South Condon on last Sunday took place a pretty wedding when their daughter, Miss Bertha was married to E. H. Hartman of this city. Only a few relatives were present to witness the ceremony conducted by Rev. Murphy of the Congregational church, after which a wedding dinner was served.

The young people are both well known in this city and vicinity where they have lived for a number of years, the bride being the daughter of one of the oldest pioneer families of this county. The "newlyweds" left Monday for a honeymoon trip after which they will be at home on their ranch a few miles from this city.

NOTICE!

Premier and Olympic Flour
Delivered to any part of the City at
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