

Al Conlee was over from Fossil the fore part of the week on business.

J. C. Sharpe of Mayville was in this city the fore part of the week attending to business.

H. J. Hartley of Hood River was in this city the fore part of the week and was registered at the Oregon.

Fine line of Confectionery and all kinds of fruit in season at the White Corner.

Vernon Kennedy returned on Wednesday evening from an extended trip to Portland where he has been visiting with relatives.

Wanted.

Young man and mother want position in harvest as cook and roustabout. Address Mrs. M. E. Altman, Star Boarding House, Condon, Oregon.

Eat your Sunday dinner at the Hotel Oregon.

LEST YOU FORGET

Plumes curled and cleaned and old flowers and straws made to look like new at Miss Pittman's Millinery Parlors.

WANTED

Disarable tenant for the First floor of the I. O. O. F. Building. Sealed bids will be received NOW. Address Wayne Grider, Condon, Oregon.

FOR SALE

Six room cottage owned and occupied at present by J. E. Hunt. Price reasonable. For terms and information apply to owner.

To Woolshippers

The Thames & Mersey Marine Insurance Co. are prepared to issue through policies for Marine Insurance from Portland to Atlantic ports, or any other ports, by steamers via San Francisco and the Tehuantetec rout. Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Co. and Taylor Young & Co. Agents.

Advertised Letters

For the week ending July 1, letters as addressed below remain un-called for at the Condon post-office:

1. Miller, Miss Rose
2. Somerville, Mr. Edward
3. Thompson, Mr. Morse

These letters will be sent to the dead letter office July 16, 1910, if not delivered before. In calling for the above, please say "advertised" giving date of list. John F. Reischer, P. M.

Typewriter For Sale

Second hand Underwood in good condition. Will sell cheap. Call at this office.

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D. R. PARKER

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

CONDON, OREGON

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL

By M. QUAD

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The house and the hill were situated in a town in the state of Ohio. The hill is there yet, but there is no house on it. Twenty years ago a stranger went to the town and bought the hill and built a frame house there. When the house was about completed he died. It was a decaying wreck when along came a Mr. Bushwick from no one knew where and bought the property for \$100. As soon as he had the deed he offered it to any villager for \$300 and was laughed at as weak in the top story.

Failing to effect a sale, Mr. Bushwick had the house put in repair and announced that he intended to live there. He also announced that he should use it as an observatory. Of course the villagers knew what an observatory was. When Mr. Bushwick's telescope and tripod arrived and were set up on the veranda he permitted the villagers to have a look—not at the heavens, but at the earth. They could almost see the bonneties in the town beneath their feet.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Bushwick when all was ready, "the price of this property is \$400. It will increase \$100 per week until sold."

Of course he was loony, but so long as he appeared harmless the people would only laugh at him. The first one to make a discovery was a Mr. Graham. He was an old man, and he had an old wife. They were always wrangling, more or less. When they had wrangled about so long each time he would box her ears. Two days after the "observatory" had been established and as the old couple sat on the piazza of their house a wrangle took place. After a bit the husband looked around, and seeing no one passing, he administered a cuff. A moment later he happened to look up on the hill and saw that the telescope was trained upon him. If there was any doubt that Mr. Bushwick had seen that cuff inflicted it was dispelled by the waving of a small white flag.

Elder Thompson was a good man, a very good man, as all elders should be and are. He was sitting in his back yard under an apple tree, thinking how good and peaceful and nice it was to be real good, when a bumblebee came along and lifted him once for his mother's sake. After coming down from his high jump the elder broke down a young cherry tree, tore down a panel of the fence and ran his dog into the house. It was no more than a good man should do, but when he looked up and saw that accusing telescope and white flag he felt hurt and conscience stricken.

A dozen other things of the kind happened during the first week, and then the citizens decided that an observatory was unlawful. They consulted a lawyer, and he smiled at them. He told them the town could be surrounded by observatories and not conflict with any law. Then it was thought best to make up a shake purse and buy Mr. Bushwick out.

"Gentlemen," said the telescope man when they approached him on the subject, "the price of this property is \$500. Take it or leave it."

"But you have no right to be spying on our homes," was retorted.

"There is no spying. I am simply surveying the earth before me. If any of you happen to come within my range of vision I cannot help it. I do not think I shall write a book on what I see. I may, but do not think so."

The citizens refused to pay the sum named and went down the hill to their homes, while Mr. Bushwick returned to his post and his telescope. One of the residents of the village was an old maid named Miss Sauderson. She had a home of her own. She was fond of strolling in her garden. A Mr. Blossom, who lived next door, was fond of leaning over the line fence and quoting poetry to her. His wife had warned him to stop it or she would quit something to him, but on a certain afternoon he forgot the warning and was repeating "Sheridan's Ride" to Miss Sauderson when there came a wife a club and a cataclysm. The telescope took it all in. The white flag waved joyously. Dozens of people saw it wave and went hunting for the cause and there was some more to talk about. Two or three days later a committee climbed the hill with \$500 in it and got out.

"Gentlemen, I am sorry if you have been put to any trouble," he kindly replied, "but the figure on the property is \$600. You see, a sort of real estate boom has set in."

The committee hemmed and hawed and refused to pay. Two days after that the report spread that the observatory man was going to have a night as well as a day glass—a glass that would almost see through a pine door. Then there was a bustle. Three men took up the task of collecting. Oh, no; they were not afraid of the day glass or the night glass or any other kind of glass, but it would be a great improvement to the landscape to remove the house on the hill and set out some pine trees there. When they went up to see Mr. Bushwick again he wanted \$700; but, seeing it was they and seeing they wanted to better the landscape, he would throw off \$50 and get out. In three days he was gone, and the sigh of relief that went up was heard all over Loraine county. Things do happen yet in that town, but the world never hears of them.

Cousinly Kisses

By MURIEL E. GRAY

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"I'm looking," said an elderly lady in glasses and a couple of short curls on either side of her face, "for a student of the name of Smith."

She was in one of the college dormitories and had with her two very pretty girls, her daughters. She was speaking to a young man who emerged from a door into the corridor and was about to descend the staircase.

"My name is Smith. There are several Smiths in college. Which one are you looking for?"

"Edward H. Smith."

"I'm Edward H. Smith. You can't be—"

"Your Aunt Elizabeth."

"You don't mean it! And these girls are—"

"Your cousins, Bess and Ethel."

"Well, well; I'm delighted."

The young man put his arms around the old lady's shoulders in a stage embrace and kissed her back between them. Then he kissed Ethel on the cheek. Lastly he kissed Bess—on the lips.

"When did you come down, Aunt Elizabeth?" asked the student.

"We reached here this morning. We've been wishing for a long while to see the college, and your mother wrote us that you had come here. Let me see—how many years since we have seen you? It must be ten or twelve. You were then a little boy six or seven years old."

"Bess and I were playmates, I believe."

At the remembrance he gave Bess another kiss.

"Oh, no; you weren't," said the old lady. "You spent but one summer with us, and that summer Bess was obliged to go south with her Uncle Charles' family for her health. You've never seen her before."

"Never seen her before! Well, if this is the first time I hope it won't be the last."

And he kissed her again.

At that moment the real Edward H. Smith came along. Seeing his cousin Gardner Dale chatting with an old lady and two pretty girls, he looked wistfully at the latter. Dale excused himself for a moment and went to Smith and whispered:

"These are your aunt and cousins. I've passed myself off for you. If you give me away I'll murder you."

Then, leading Smith up to the ladies, he said:

"This is my cousin Gardner Dale. He will be very glad to assist me in showing you the college stunts and making your stay pleasant."

"Delighted," said the false Dale, pulling off his cap.

"Smith is a very good fellow," Dale announced to the party, then in a stage whisper to the aunt, "He leads his class and is altogether the most prominent man in college."

"See here, Gard I mean Ned—you stop that. You can't bribe me that way. What I do I do in pure mercy."

"What is he talking about, Edward?" asked the old lady.

"Oh, he's got notions on the brain, besides, he stutters so hard he doesn't know what he's talking about."

The young man walked about with the old lady and the two girls, talking them into the different buildings and showing them the sights generally. There was to be a "prom" in the evening, and the students invited the girls to attend it with them. They asked the old lady to go, too, but she obliged them by declining.

"I've always heard," said Bess to Dale—the real Dale—who had palmed off with her at the "prom," "that students are so full of pranks. Do you practice them much at your college?"

"Pranks! Oh, no! We have to study so hard here that we have no time for pranks. What kind of pranks do you mean?"

"Well, I heard of a case once where some ladies went to a college to meet relative they had never seen. One of the students palmed himself off for one they had come to visit."

"That couldn't have been at this college. A man who would do that here could get the dead out."

The girls enjoyed themselves during the evening and on returning to their hotel bid goodby to the two young men who had escorted them. After being duly thanked and when the young men were about to withdraw Dale stepped forward, kissed Ethel on the neck and gave Bess a prolonged smack on the lips. Smith stood looking on, much disgruntled.

"Where do I come in?" he asked in a tone that much disturbed the "quantity of his cousin" lest he should see him away.

"Oh, you'll come in on the way home. I shall have something nice for you."

"No, you won't," growled Smith. "I don't sell my birthright for a mess of pottage. See here, girls; this fellow Dale has been putting up a job on you. He isn't your cousin at all. I'm your cousin."

"Cousin Bess and Cousin Ethel," put in Dale, "he's doing this simply to get a kiss. It's the weakest!"

"Well, I'll be hanged!" interrupted Smith. "If you haven't more gall than a clown at a circus."

The girls laughed and, both springing forward, threw their arms around their real cousin, and each gave him a kiss.

They had known of the impostor all the while. But not so their mother, and they didn't tell her.

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