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HOW SHE WAS WON

Continued from first page

Mr. Gawtry drew her to him and kissed her. She was passive, and he kissed her again.

"I hope you won't get involved in any more political deals, for then you're horrid. As you are you're very nice."

Of course he kissed her for that and, leading her to a sofa, drew her down beside him and poured forth a flood of mingled adoration and flattery that, coming from a man supposed to be usually wrapped in questions of import to his constituents, was delightful. And to think that she was the recipient of all this; that she had won a man at once so deep and so full of sentiment! After an evening which Miss Buell thought altogether too short this combination of sense and absurdity departed, leaving her in a seventh heaven.

Gawtry told Ferguson about the interview except the kisses, for he was an adroit politician and never made blunders in his handling of others. Ferguson was much interested in the report. After listening to the methods his double had used he said that he thought he could mend his ways and accomplish something of the same results. The next evening he made the experiment and failed signally. When Miss Buell entered the room where he was awaiting her she advanced joyfully, but was at once repelled by the stern look on his face.

"Oh, my goodness gracious!" she exclaimed. "You have relapsed to your old self."

"Do tell me," he said earnestly, "how I am different from what I was when I saw you last."

"Why, you haven't kissed me yet!"

"Kissed you!"

The plan was nearly spoiled by this revelation. That "rascally political charlatan," as Ferguson called Gawtry in thinking of him, had been kissing the lady. But Ferguson was a man of great self control, and instead of betraying himself he bent forward and gave his ladylove a reverential kiss. This helped him out for awhile, but he soon continued to lose ground again, and in half an hour Miss Buell was sitting by him pouting. He tried to say some "soft" things to her, but they were spoken from the lips rather than from the heart and produced a contrary effect from the one intended. The consequence was that the parting was not what it should have been.

Ferguson returned to his room crestfallen. He was to have the floor of the house the next morning on a very important bill and spent several hours before going to bed in preparation for his coming effort. He had endeavored to excuse himself for his seeming coldness to Miss Buell by telling her that his mind was on his speech, and the next morning she resolved to go to the capitol to hear it.

When Ferguson took the floor there was the usual hum of conversation and business, and it continued till the speaker was half through his argument. But gradually certain influential members were attracted by what he was saying, and before he had finished the whole house was listening. Miss Buell was much struck with this power in her lover and very proud to have won such a man, but she sighed at remembering that only once had he thrown off the statesman for the lover.

Not long after this she was in the gallery of the house again when she

saw, as she thought, her Ferguson arise to speak. He was not in his usual apparel, and there was something about him not like himself. When he began to speak there came forth a charming flow of words. The members with one accord dropped what they were doing and listened to him. Miss Buell was surprised that whereas at his previous effort he had been obliged to wait for the attention of his audience he now jumped right into it.

But as the speaker continued one by one the thinking members ceased to listen. There was the same flow of language, but no flow of ideas. When the oration was ended the hum of business there had been before was recommenced.

"Who is that man?" asked a lady sitting near Miss Buell of another.

"That's Gawtry, the great demagogue. He has an immense following among people who mistake his oratorical powers for statesmanship."

A light broke in upon Miss Buell's brain—not one light, but two. In the first place she had mistaken this man for her lover. In the second she saw the immeasurable superiority of the one over the other. There was a third light that did not pierce her brain. It did not occur to her that one of these men had played the part of the other.

She sent a message to Ferguson asking him to call the same evening. He obeyed the summons with alacrity and a new hope. As soon as they met Miss Buell said:

"There is a member of the house whom, as soon as I saw him, I mistook for you. The likeness is marvelous. I heard you speak the other day, and I

heard this man Gawtry speak today. I noticed that you gradually gained a hearing by bringing forth ideas, while he, starting with a hearing on account of a delightful flow of language, lost it because ideas were wanting. I'm afraid we girls are very much like the people and their representatives. We are caught by blandishments. Fortunately, I have been disenthralled by hearing you and this man Gawtry speak. Hereafter if you are not demonstrative I'll try not to notice it. I prefer your worth to another's blarney."

This speech gave Ferguson a confidence he had never felt before. He took the lady in his arms and kissed her rapturously.

Ferguson in time left the political arena. Gawtry never did. And now Ferguson's name is being mentioned among thinking men as a candidate for president.

The Installments.

Patience—They say she got all her furniture on the installment plan. Patrice—She did. She has had four husbands, and she got a little furniture with each one.

The man who cannot blush and who has no feeling of fear has reached the acme of impudence.—Menander.

Cutting.

He—Do you know, I have of late fallen into the habit of talking to myself.

She—I wondered why you were looking so fearfully bored.—Boston Transcript.