

# CLOVERDALE COURIER.

VOL. 11.

CLOVERDALE, TILLAMOOK COUNTY, OREGON, MARCH 16, 1916

NO. 36

## In Hard Luck

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Had you asked in the village of Lorain which was the happiest family in the community nine out of ten would have answered that Deacon Thurston and his wife filled the bill.

Deacon Thurston was long, lean and smiling. His wife was fat, content and good natured.

The deacon had never been known to get mad or to do a selfish action. His wife was seldom known to borrow, but was always willing to lend.

Of a summer evening they sat on the porch—sometimes for three hours—without speaking a word to each other.

After supper of a winter's evening the deacon built a roaring fire in the sitting room, and then with a candle in one hand and a blue pitcher in the other he descended to the cellar. The barrel of cider stood in the northeast corner. He knelt before it and drew exactly a pint and a half of its contents. This was a pint for himself and half a pint for his good wife. It was never more and never less. The apple bin stood against the south wall. He went to it and selected four fine Baldwins and put them in his coattail pocket and marched up the stairs. His wife was ready with a damp cloth to give the apples a wipe. Three of them were for the deacon and one for his wife.

One winter when the first snowfall came the deacon hitched up the old

horse to the "pung," or homemade sled, and started for the woods. Four inches of snow had fallen, and it was a brisk morning. The old horse squealed and kicked up his heels, and the deacon heard himself saying:

"Well, if I ain't glad to be alive this morning, though they have raised my taxes \$2 more this year!"

When the deacon and his outfit entered the woods there was a rabbit's trail leading in the direction he wanted to go. He therefore followed it. It led into the woods and stopped at a hollow log.

The deacon advanced to the log and with the head of his ax struck a resounding blow. He did not see whether the rabbit ran out or not. His ear caught a jingling sound, and in the excitement the presence of bunny was entirely forgotten. It was a jingle of money—not greenbacks, but solid coin.

Five minutes later he was splitting the old log wide open and his eyes were bulging out and his cheeks were pale. There was coin before him—heaps of coin. It was all silver coin.

One, two, three, four capfuls of silver treasure. He carried each capful to the sled and emptied its contents upon the horse blanket. When all the money had been gathered he tied up the blanket. When he finally mounted the sled he gave the old horse three or four sharp cuts with the whip. They were the first blows the old nag had ever received at his hands, and they started him out at a lumbering gallop.

Horse and driver appeared at home in a sweat. They did not stop at the kitchen door, though Mrs. Thurston was there to ask what had happened.

"S-s-h! You go right into the house. Judith, and I will be there in a minute."

In five minutes he followed after her and laid the bundle of coin on the kitchen table with a clink that made

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her exclaim:

"Oh, deacon, have you picked up a lot of horseshoes?"

"Horseshoes nothing!" he whispered as he untied the blanket and folded it back.

"Why, it's silver—it's money!"

"Of course it is, and I didn't rob anybody to get it either. I found it in a hollow log."

"Deacon, we are rich!" whispered the wife as she locked the kitchen door and pulled down the shades.

"You bet we are," replied the deacon. "Help me count the money."

They counted it. It took them a full hour, but it was over at last, and there was just \$5,000.

"Deacon," said she after a moment, "we allus wanted to go to Niagara Falls and see the water wasting itself, but you could never spare the money. We will go now, won't we?"

The deacon was silent, but there was such a look on his face as she had never seen before. It was a look of avarice and selfishness combined, and it was not good to see. She had to repeat her question before he replied.

"Judith, I want you to understand," said the deacon as he walked backward and forward, "there is to be no nonsense about this money. I may have to go to Niagara Falls on business, but you will stay at home and care for the house. I shall have to have a new suit of clothes, but you can get along with your old ones."

"But I have not had a new bonnet in fourteen years," she wailed.

"Your old one is all right."

And that treasure from the hollow log bred dissension almost within the hour it was found. Husband and wife took opposite stands, and things were getting ripe for a separation when the deacon passed one of the coins at the grocery. The grocer found it counterfeit, and the whole pile of silver was overhauled, to find that every coin was bogus. It had been hidden in the log by those who made it. When the sad truth stood revealed and the deacon had fumed and fretted and his wife had shed a few tears he stood before her and queried:

"Well, Judith, what are we going to do about it?"

"Quit being idiots," she answered.

And they then and there quit.

The Cloverdale Courier \$1 a year,

### Before and After.

Before marriage he has a duck fit if she sees him with a shave and massage that are more than two hours old or the perfect poise of his correct tie disturbed a hair's breadth, but afterward he comes to the table with his shoestrings untied, no collar on and a stubby growth of beard that would play a tune if you ran it through a music box.—Judge.

### The Trouble.

"Have you explained the germ system to your children? Everything should be on a practical basis these days."

"No," replied the old fashioned citizen. "It seems inconsistent to tell 'em not to believe in fairies and then try to get 'em to believe in microbes."—Pittsburgh Post.

### The Poet Again.

He had long hair and a pensive look. He wrote a poem entitled "Why Do I Live?" He signed it Augustus and sent it to a magazine.

The editor wrote him as follows: "My dear Augustus—The reason why you live is because you sent the poem by mail instead of bringing it personally."—Paris Journal.

### Many Sided Kicks of the Camel.

A camel's hind legs will reach anywhere—over his head, round his chest and to his hump. Even when lying down an evil disposed animal will shoot out his legs and bring you to a sitting posture if he wants to. Compared with a camel a mule is really a most considerate kicker, so beware when the camel looks as if he is going to kick.—New York World.

### Tactless.

"I don't think it was a bit nice for the rector to commend women's economy in dress," said the wife to her husband after the service.

"That shouldn't have annoyed you, my dear," was the reply. "Your gown is plain enough."

"Exactly! His remark called everybody's attention to what I had on."—Exchange.

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