The Observer

MORO, OREGON.

FRIDAY.....January 12, 1917

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A Blue Mark here will answer an inquery, when entered upon our calendar, giving the date of the paper as the date at which your current subscription expires.

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Wuff!

"Don't you think that you are serving us too much pork?" said the star boarder. "We have pork at almost every meal."

"Do the other boarders object to it?" demanded the landlady.

"Should say they do," replied the star boarder. "They are squealing all the time."

Correct.

"This may seem queer, but it is true,"
Remarked old Mr. Seeple.
"It takes a mighty small man to
Look down on other people."

Paw Knows Everything.

Willie—Paw, what is meant by the average run of people?

Paw—The also rans, my son.

Boo, Hoo!

They changed seats while in a canoe,
They knew 'twas a fool thing to doe.
They were far out from land
And no help was at hand,
So we'll just have to bid them adioe.

Signs.

"Brown must be a very superstitious cuss," remarked Smith. "He told me today that he placed great faith in signs."

"That doesn't make him superstitious," replied Jones. "He has just gone into the bill posting business."

Quick, Doc; the Pulmotor!

The undertaker's a nice man,
I trust him, bless his soul!
And yet I know that if he can
He'll put me in a hole.

She's In.

Dear Luke—A girl in Urichsville, O., has a spring in her heel, a wave in her hair and once in awhile gets an ocean in her head. Her name is Carrie Waters. Is she in?—A. R. Mohn.

Giddap!

"Be careful, sir, when playing golf,"
Said little Willie Binks;
"Just take this gun along with you
To frighten off the links."
—B. T. Longfellow.

Here's a New One.

Mrs. A. B. Myers delightfully entertained Monday afternoon from 4 to 6 with a progressive bean party.—Byers (Tex.) Herald.

Artists All.

"The dentist is an artist," said
The funny Mr. Heath.
"The pencil doesn't earn him bread,
But I've seen him draw teeth."
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"The barber is an artist, too,"
Quoth waggish Mr. Lutz,
"For every story he tells you
He illustrates with cuts."
—Columbia State.

The politician's campaign job
Is something pretty big,
For though he's not a ditcher, yet
He surely has to "dig."
—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Get In Line, Men; Don't Shovel

Dear Luke—I am certain that you will not say "No," so I hereby nominate Miss Bea Spooner of Glendale, O., for membership in the club.—Glendale.

Economy.

A careful man is William Lime,
And he's just one of the many
Who waste a dollar's worth of time
So he can save a penny.

Yes, but They Don't Mean It the Way You Do.

The doctors now hope for a slow recovery.—Canton Register.

Names Is Names.

Timothy and Clover Hay live at Goshen, Ind.

Things to Worry About.

A palm can live for 250 years.

Our Daily Special.

A fool who knows it is no fool.

Luke McLuke Says:

It is a pretty safe bet that nearly every man has somewhere in his old clothes a patent cigar lighter that won't light.

As a rule the fellow who carries a corkscrew around in his pocket seldom has enough money at one time to buy a quart.

Why is it that so many of the men who are equipped with bush league English and spelling are also equipped with a big league bank account?

Any woman can tell you that it takes her dearest friends to say the meanest things about her.

A man may have a hard time obeying other Biblical injunctions, but it is no trouble to obey the one against laying up treasures on this earth.

If you would leave it to the average man the newspaper reporters would make stenographic notes of all of his barroom orations.

This is a mighty big world when you are seeking your debtors, but it is a mighty small world when you are dodging your creditors.

Once in awhile you will see a man whose shoes are so big that you wonder if he puts them up in the garage before he goes into the house.

You can flatter a man by calling him a sly dog, but he will want to fight if you call him a sneaking cur.

Air doesn't weigh much, but you will often see a princess who is putting on more airs than she can carry.

Any time you want to stand well with a woman just give her your seat in a crowded street car.

Margaret

The Story of How a King's Son Came to His Own.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

There was trouble in the kingdom of Tartaria. John, a prince of the blood, but not heir to the throne, was attempting to seize it by force. King Alonzo had not married till late in life and had no son to inherit the crown till he was fifty years old. John, who, had King Alonzo died childless, would have been the sovereign, gathered about him a number of adherents, whom he had seduced by promises of preferment, with a view to deposing the king and killing the infant Crown Prince Theodore, only a few weeks old.

Now, it happened that the queen was unable to nurse her offspring, and a wet nurse had been brought in for the purpose. This woman had a son the same age as Prince Theodore and divided her milk between the two children.

John succeeded in his attempt, but not exactly as he had expected. King Alonzo was killed by one of John's lieutenants who were charged to secure the sovereign's person. John himself, at the head of an armed force, broke into a wing of the palace where the crown prince was under the care of his nurse. Prince Theodore and his foster brother, David, each occupied a cradle, that of the prince being of ivory canopied with fine lace, that of David of wood with no canopy. As John was about to dispatch the child in the royal cradle he received news that the king had been killed. Not relishing the slaying of an infant and realizing that before the prince would reach an age to be an obstacle in his way, John gave him to one of his adherents with instructions to pay a peasant to adopt him, at the same time taking measures to conceal his origin.

When the revolutionists had left the royal nursery Margaret, the nurse, who had been concealed behind a curtain and had heard the instructions given, stepped from her hiding place and, kneeling, gave thanks that no murder had been committed. Then, turning to the wooden cradle, she took the child from it and, watching her opportunity, finally left the palace with it by a rear exit.

John proclaimed himself king, and, though he gave all the offices to his adherents and by his misrule brought much misery on the people of Tartaria, he made them so afraid of him that they dared not make any attempt to throw off the yoke.

When John had reigned twenty years he had a daughter who had come to a marriageable age, but he had no son. Not daring to leave the government in the hands of a woman, fearing that after his own death the people would rebel against her, it occurred to him to marry her to the true prince, who had been brought up as a peasant.

He had always had his eye on the boy, who had been adopted by an ignorant countryman, and one day sent a messenger to bring him to the palace. The young man was so uncouth that John disliked to give him his daughter; but, since by doing so he hoped to render her succession and reign peaceful, he adhered to his determination.

Unfortunately for the king's purpose the young man was between twenty and twenty-one years of age, too old to make a refined person of him. The prince-peasant showed no evidences of having been begotten by a king and was very stupid. John gave him the best masters, both in intellectual fields and in deportment; but, despite their efforts, they could make nothing of him.

Had the king's daughter, Eleanor, been a girl of a refined nature John would have had difficulty in making a match between her and the clodhopper. But she was not. The branch of the royal family to which she belonged had been noted for generations back for profligacy and coarseness, and Eleanor, though still not eighteen, showed plainly that this inheritance cropped out in her. It made little difference to her whom she married.

When the supposed peasant had been somewhat furbished up he was told that he was the true heir to the throne and all he needed to obtain possession of it was to marry the princess, for John proposed to abdicate in his favor with a view to seeing his daughter a queen during his lifetime. As was expected, the prince-clodhopper was ready to accept the situation, and nothing remained but to announce to the people that the sovereignty was to be transferred to the son and heir of the late King Alonzo, then to make preparations.

Now, this would have filled the Tartarians with delight had not the returned prince-peasant rendered himself unpopular by his uncouthness and overbearing ways. "Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil." The man who had been taken from the plow to consort with a king's daughter had been elevated altogether too suddenly. He showed plainly by his arrogance that the more power he acquired the greater despot he would be. The consequence was that when it was announced that he was to be king the people, instead of being pleased, were shocked.

From the time the announcement was made until the day of the wedding a feeling of discontent was rife in the kingdom. Nevertheless King John adhered to his plan and had made arrangements to abdicate in favor of his son-in-law the day after the wedding. Such was the young couple's disfavor with the people that when they rode in the royal coach to and from the church not a shout of congratulation was raised except by persons who had been hired for the purpose.

The morning after the marriage King John, surrounded by his ministers and the magnates of the kingdom, was about to sign his abdication when a man hastily entered and, approaching the king, whispered in his ear:

"Your majesty, a pretender to the throne has appeared, has claimed to be king, and all the people in the portion of the city where he lives have risen to support him."

"On what does he support his pretentions?" asked the king angrily.

"He claims to be the true prince, the son of King Alonzo."

"But I took the true prince from his cradle with my own hands, committed him to the care of one of my adherents and have kept him under my eye ever since."

"The pretender, your majesty, claims that before you entered the royal nursery the nurse placed her son in the royal cradle and the prince in her son's cradle. He avers that the prince, your son-in-law, is the son of the nurse, while he, the pretender, is the son of King Alonzo."

The king paled. In twenty years that he had been enjoying the sovereignty it had never occurred to him that a mother could bring herself to sacrifice her son for another, even though that other were a prince.

"Where is this woman?" he faltered.

"She is dead, your majesty."

"Dead! Then who is to prove that this substitution was made?"

"The pretender claims that she furnished him with proofs; that he has the infant clothes he wore the day of the revolution, and they are embroidered with the royal arms."

The king cringed. He had not thought when he took the baby from his cradle to examine his clothes. He had wrapped him in a blanket he had found on the floor. He did not know that it had covered Margaret's son and she had dropped it in carrying him to the prince's cradle.

"Does this would be usurper bear the lineaments of a king?" he asked.

"He is the image of the late King Alonzo."

"Is he educated or ignorant?"

"Fairly educated. He claims that his foster mother was enabled to send him to school, having saved all the money given her by the king for furnishing his son with sustenance which enabled him to live—a sum very large."

At this point a commotion was heard without the palace. The king rose from the throne in which he sat and was observed to tremble. Calling the general of his armies to him, he ordered him to quell the disturbance. The meeting broke up, each person leaving to prepare for whatever change might come, for the king was unpopular even among his adherents, and if the story of this young claimant could be substantiated he was sure to win.

The drums were beaten in the palace court, and the king's bodyguard sprang to arms. But it was too late. A large concourse of people, armed with all kinds of implements, headed by a young man whom some who had known the late king as a young man fancied to be Alonzo returned to life, moved on the palace.

And so it was that a similar scene to that practiced by John when he made himself king happened again, only it was John himself instead of King Alonzo who was attacked, and there was no legitimate prince to be got rid of. But the claimant was a very different man from the usurper. He had the people all with him and could afford to be magnanimous. On taking possession of the palace he forbade his adherents to kill any one. Having possessed himself of the person of King John and his daughter and his son-in-law, he thus addressed the fallen monarch:

"You are my father's murderer, and by rights I should avenge his death in yours. But I prefer that you should live to repent the deed. I therefore spare your life. As for this changeling whom you were about to make king in your stead, he and his wife shall go into exile with you. May they console you in your degradation."

At this those standing about protested against such clemency and demanded the heads of all those who had usurped the throne, but the conqueror hushed the tumult by raising his hands and saying:

"I do not intend to enter upon my sovereignty by bloodshed, as the usurper did. You see the end to which he is reduced. I prefer to rule over you with your consent, and the time will come when you will be pleased that your king did not take up the reins of government with an execution."

At this reply the murmurs ceased, and the people seemed satisfied.

When the work was accomplished the prince was proclaimed king under the title of Theodore, but he would not accept the sovereignty till it had been proved that he was the rightful heir. Besides baby clothes he produced, his likeness both to his father and his mother was so striking that even the written story of Margaret that to save the true prince she had been willing to sacrifice her son was scarcely necessary. Certain it is that no one in the kingdom doubted that he was their rightful king.

The first act of King Theodore after his accession was to build a beautiful monument to his foster mother, on which he placed the simple inscription:

MARGARET.

She was ready to sacrifice her own son for the right and welfare of her people.

Happiness in this world, when it does come, comes incidentally.—Hawthorne.

Motorboat and Fish.

Contrary to general opinion, a number of motorboats cruising about a harbor with more or less noisy engines have no appreciable effect upon the fish in nearby waters. It has long been thought, particularly by fishermen, that the presence of a noisy motorboat would drive the fish away. Exhaustive experiments recently conducted by the bureau of fisheries prove this theory to be incorrect.

In testing the effect of motorboat noises on fish a number of young scup, known to be sensitive to sounds, were placed in a large wooden cage. This cage was fastened in quiet water at the end of a wharf, and a motorboat with a very noisy engine was run at varying distances past the cage. At no time did the fishes appear to be disturbed by the noise, except when the splash from the boat hit the cage. Then scup would generally dive to the bottom of the receptacle.—Popular Science Monthly.

THE BACK SEAT

Tale of a Thrilling Ride In a Motorcar

By FRANK M. O'BRIEN

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When I tell you that I never saw young Mr. Gerald Forbish in his original form, you may wonder that I should attempt to write of him on matters so strictly personal. Bear with me patiently.

I was blind at the time. My rigid nerve had developed charley-horse, and was not putting the optics over the plate. My doctor gave it a long name, emptied the Arctic sea, drop by drop, into my beautiful blue eyes, and put on a bandage. When he had pinned the far end of my optic shroud he told me that I would be blind for two weeks.

"Meanwhile," he advised, "have all the fun you can."

"Ball games," I suggested, "and visiting the Metropolitan museum?"

"Neither," he said, "nor aviation meets—nor pantomimes."

"We have no pantomimes in America," I replied. "You must have read about them in that holiday numbes of the Graphic which has been on your waiting room table since my mother brought me here with whooping cough. As far as aviation meets are concerned, I can go to the field and hear the bones crack when they fall, can't I?"

"Too racking on the nerves," he decided. "Try automobiling, unless you have learned to play the piano in the dark. Good day, and keep the bandage on."

As I could not play a piano at all, even were all the unarrived constellations beaming upon it, and as I had no motorcar, nor the means of getting one, I was sad as I went home on the arm of a messenger boy, who was only forty-five years old, and who seemed to feed a sporting fancy in letting me miss taxicabs by the length of a butcher's lead pencil.

The angels heard my prayer, and the next morning Mr. Peter Forbish called me up. The telephone is a joy to the blind.

"Come motoring with us today," said Mr. Forbish. "I want you to see our new car and our son Gerald, just home from college."

I explained that I couldn't see either of them, but that I would be proud to listen to both.

"The car," said Mr. Forbish, "is absolutely silent."

So I went to their house.

The Forbishes condoled with me about my eyes, and Mrs. Forbish told me a soothing story about a friend who had had eye trouble which she considered just like mine, and who had been jollied along for years by the doctors, who told him each week that

"HAVE NO FEAR," REPEATED THE FOND FATHER.

he would be able to see the following week, but, of course, it was all a kind lie, and—

Gerald came in, and I was introduced.

He spoke perfect Harvard, and his hand was clammy, it seemed to me, but the blind, like the deformed, I reflected, are always given to prejudice.

The car came to the door and we sped away.

I sat in the wide, soft, back seat with Mr. Forbish on my right and Mrs. Forbish on my left.

Gerald, I fancied, was sharing the front of the car with the chauffeur.

We entered a park gate at an acute angle, and I could feel the curb take three dollars and thirty-eight cents' worth of rubber off a rear shoe.

"Your chauffeur," I commented, "is a bit—er—er—snappy, isn't he?"

"We left our regular driver at home, you know," said Mrs. Forbish. "Gerald is driving."

My forehead became like Gerald's hand.

I am a fatalist, but I do not believe in putting pepper in fate's beer.

Blondin was blindfolded, I admit, but he had a balancing pole, and no Harvard undergraduate was allowed on the wire with him. Besides, he had the nice, soft, Niagara gorge to fall into; not a mess of telegraph poles, iron fences, or exploding gasoline tanks.

"Have no fear with Gerald at the wheel," said Mr. Forbish, whispering lest Gerald hear him.

He used the tone of that inspiring song, "My Dad's the Engineer," which, if I recall rightly, was contemporaneous with "The Baggage Coach Ahead." Somewhere in the park a band was playing "Casey Jones," with staccato on the bars.

We're goin' to reach Frisco,
But we'll all be dead.

"Have no fear," repeated the fond father. "Gerald possesses all the caution which has been linked with the name of Forbish for generations."

I had not known that the name of Forbish had been linked with anything for any time. The word link always reminds me of sausage, and then my thoughts wander to Chicago, where pork and other ingredients are incorporated into frankfurters and other varieties of sausage.

Mrs. Forbish broke in on this pleasant line of thought.

"Say, rather," she remarked firmly, "that Gerald inherits the coolness and self possession of the McGintys, famed throughout Kildare for these qualities."

I had not known that Mrs. Forbish was a McGinty, but now, like a war correspondent, I smelled the battle from afar.

"A Forbish is a Forbish," said the husband with Scotch finality, "and Gerald is one from every point of view. I wish you were not blind, Mr. Glow, so that you might study Gerald's head. It is not necessary to see the face to glimpse the Forbish in every line of the head's contour."

Mr. Forbish rested his case, it seemed, but Mrs. Forbish did not let it go to jury.

"If you knew anything about phrenology, Peter," she said, "and if you were not as blind through stubbornness as Mr. Glow is through his ailment, you would realize that the dominant qualities of Gerald are inherited from his grandfather on the distaff side."

"Meaning Mike McGinty, who took the excursion to Tasmania?" queried Mr. Forbish with sly brutality.

"I did not refer to him," said Mrs. Forbish, "but now that you bring the matter up, please remember that it took eight British constables, half of them probably Scotch, to put that same McGinty on the ship. His blood may be responsible in some degree for Gerald's bump of combativeness, which is so plainly to be seen alongside of each ear."

"Then perhaps," suggested Mr. Forbish, "you referred to old Edward Halloran."

"The same," said Mrs. Forbish. "He was a great man, none greater in Kildare. Through me from him have descended to Gerald the inestimable qualities of veneration, conjugality, parental love, friendship and inhabitiveness."

"That last one," said I, "doesn't that mean staying in one place?" The hind wheels of the car had just slewed in a tremendous arc.

"Oh, not in that sense," replied Mrs. Forbish sweetly, retrieving herself from my lap. "In phrenology it means love of country."

"There's nothing in that phrenology stuff," said Mr. Forbish. "It's the general makeup of the head that counts. Nature doesn't find it necessary in making the perfect head to cover it with knobs like a Malay war club."

I wished at the moment that I could hoist the bandage long enough to see whether Gerald had such a knobby poll as his sire's remark suggested. But Mrs. Forbish came to the rescue.

"Gerald's head is perfectly symmetrical," she declared hotly.

"Of course it is," replied Mr. Forbish. "Having all the Forbish qualities, how could it be otherwise? On it is written all the determination and self sacrifice of the 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'"

"A set of haggis fed hirelings," said Mrs. Forbish. "Sometimes when I get to thinking about the Scotch I wish I had married a Mecklenburger."

"We are just passing the reptile house," remarked Mr. Forbish with some evident wish to change the subject. "Have you ever seen the collection?"

"Yes," said I, "and the sight there always filled me with wonder as to the purpose of the Creator. Why, for instance, do such horrible creatures exist as Gila monsters?"

"They make Scotchmen bearable by comparison," sighed Mrs. Forbish. I could see that she had her eye on the ball and was batting .800.

And Forbish saw it, too, for when we passed the primate house a minute later (I know the park's geography even when blindfolded), he did not

"I SAW GERALD, TOO, FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT I DID NOT SEE HIS WONDERFUL HEAD."

utter a peep about it. It would have been tossing a ball straight into the batter's groove.

"Reverting to Gerald's head," said Mrs. Forbish, directing her words at me, "it shows in every line that he is a young man of action. Mark me, Gerald will do something"—

And, at the very words, Gerald did.

He played the old game, using the car for the resistless force and one of the largest park trees for the immovable object. I know it was a large tree, because I saw it a moment later when my head, tired of bounding along the sward, had tossed the bandage aside and stopped.

I saw Gerald, too, for the first time, but I did not see his wonderful head, because fate had wrapped the steering post and a long blue mudguard around it.

That evening I sat in the library of the Forbish home, alone.

The elder Forbishes were in their rooms, recovering rapidly and worrying about Gerald. My task was to get bulletins by telephone from the hospital about their noble son.

After two orderlies had informed me that Gerald had just died and two more had said that he had been discharged, I had the luck to get an old friend, Dr. Globb, on the wire. He was one of the surgeons in the hospital.

"The young man will recover," Globb told me, "but it is a close call. You see, he had the wrong kind of a head to begin with."

"Explain!" I cried. And he did, but in language that the doctors pay for in college and swear to use all their lives. Perhaps it sounded like this:

"His skull, we found, was dolichocephalic to an extent hitherto unrecorded in medical annals, and the impact reversed the gazilla. This left the coronal suture waltzing with the stephanion and the nasion telescoping the orbit."

"A terrible thing to happen to a young man of intellect," said I.

"Intellect!" cried Blobb. "Intellect! Is any one else on that wire?"

I assured him there was no one.

"Say," said he, "old Doc Kenkendeim, the cranium specialist, was here when they brought the youth in, and the old villain wanted to croak him and put the head in alcohol so he could study it at his leisure. He said he wanted to find out how a human being born with such a lack of mental machinery could even live! He says there's a minus mark at every point on the diagram. But we checked his murderous designs, and he consented to operate if he could be permitted to make the head all over again. He's doing it now, and he's a real workman. When our young friend comes out he'll have a first class bean on his shoulders, but he'll be lighter by about three pounds of excess adamant."

I went upstairs and called to the anxious parents that Gerald was doing nicely and would soon be restored to them.

"The doctors say," I added, "that a man of less powerful intellect would not have survived."

"And yet I feel," said Mr. Forbish, "that he will never be quite the same again."

And indeed, happily, he never was the same.

She Could Use Her Tongue.

They are saleswomen in downtown stores. Both are now in the years that make them of small interest to men, and naturally enough their interest centers in "knocking" women who are. They were bound downtown on a street car, and the way they anvilled, forged and hammered every sweet young bud in their whole establishment was a joy to harken to.

"She's killing her complexion with rouge," said one.

"And blackening her eyebrows until they look like a bunch of crape on the front door," spat the other.

Bing! Biff! Boom! Whee! Everybody got it. Finally one of the wallopers got off. When she had gone the other turned to a girl sitting beside her and said:

"Say, there's the fandiest knocker I ever battled with. Me for coming down on the same car with her every morning. I wouldn't let her get a foot away from me on a street car. She'd tell the conductor I laced or had a past. I heard she was good, but she's a regular Zeppelin. I'm going to be near her when she drops her bombs."—Indianapolis News.

Fine Alfalfa and Stock Ranch for Sale

356 acres, of which about 90 acres are Alfalfa Land, 1915 hay sold at $15 in stack, and at $19 in Portland. Noted as best-paying farm on the creek for its size. On O.-W. R. & N. Railroad, and 3½ miles to two towns. Altitude 918 feet; no better climate anywhere. Best watered farm in Eastern Oregon. Located 25 miles from Columbia River, 7½ hours' run to Portland. Will sell with or without the livestock on easy terms.

Life is too short and time too valuable to buy raw land and build an alfalfa ranch. The task is too great a one for the ordinary man to tackle. Better to drop into a well-improved, modern farm and begin from the very first to enjoy the fruits for which others have labored.

Here is one of the best old-established alfalfa farms in Eastern Oregon for sale on easy terms, and the purchaser escapes the arduous, expensive work of digging irrigating ditches, building dams, leveling ground, erecting buildings, growing orchards, building fences and thousands of other things required in establishing a ranch like this.

Wishing to retire from farming the owner is offering for sale the following property: 356 acres of alfalfa and pasture land of which about

75 Acres Is a Deeply Rooted, Heavy Producing Alfalfa Meadow

And about 15 acres or more of new land will be seeded to alfalfa as soon as the ground can be prepared. Already the ranch produces from 300 to 350 tons of alfalfa hay every season, which is the best-balanced single ration for all kinds of livestock the world has ever known, also the cheapest and easiest crop to grow; 102 acres are bottom land, balance hill pasture land, with good stream of water running through center of ranch, also many running springs. About 2½ acres in peach, apple and pear orchards, heavy producing; six-room dwelling house, very cozy, surrounded by luxuriant shade trees, beautiful lawn, rose beds, etc.; new 50x60-foot barn, blacksmith shop well equipped with tools; wagon shed, wood shed, cement cellar, root cellar, poultry houses and other necessary outbuildings. Also all livestock, farm machinery and household effects. A complete and well-furnished country home to step into.

Pure Running Spring and Creek Water for Stock the Year Round

Water runs at all times through the stock corral, barnyard, lawn, calf lot, hog lot, and in every ditch on the ranch if desired. No quarrel with neighbors over irrigating ditches, nor with ditch riders over water. The intake to my ditches is just above my line fence and the water returns to main stream on my own land, AND THE WATER IS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

The Soil Is Mostly Creek Sediment as Deep as 10 and 12 Feet

Hence very rich in plant-growing materials. Owing to depth of soil one irrigating early in the Spring will produce three heavy crops of alfalfa hay per year, and much of the land sub-irrigates from the creeks and springs. The fourth crop I have always pastured off up to the first of the year.

Big Demand for Alfalfa Hay in the Stack or Baled

Local sheepmen and cattlemen furnish a ready market for all the hay produced here, and it has been sold from this ranch at $20 per ton. The 1915 crop sold for $15 in the stack and $19 in Portland, so it is not difficult to figure what your yearly income is likely to be. Luxuriant shade trees and pools of spring water along the creek makeexcellent summer conditions for cattle, horses and hogs. This farm is in the center of a famous Eastern Oregon wheat belt, and grain feed can be had at minimum cost.

This fine, healthful Eastern Oregon home and all its belongings can be had for $30,000 (and is easily worth $50,000), one-fourth of which can be paid in annual installments of $500 at six per cent interest, and the remainder can be arranged agreeably between owner and purchaser. Will sell for less without livestock. Possession can be given at any time. Write or call upon

Alex Hunter,——Moro, Ore.