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EDITORIALS

FOREST NOTES

An innovation which the Forest Service has planned for the summer is the placing of a patrolman on the recently completed Prineville-Mitchell road in the Ochoco Forest in central Oregon. This idea is copied from a foreign country, and is known as "maintenance patrol."

The patrolman will drag the road periodically, keep ruts filled, ditches open, weeds out, brush down, and look after such work as will keep the road open and smooth for traffic. In fact, his duties will be similar to those of a section man on a railroad. It is certain that the close attention of one man will keep the road in such good shape that there will be an economic saving that will more than justify the expense.

This Mitchell-Prineville road forms the connecting link between Prineville and the John Day watershed in northeastern Oregon. The thirteen miles which was built by the Forest Service extends across the National Forest from the Ochoco Ranger Station to the Beaver Ranger Station. In building this road, the Service located it two hundred feet lower than the old route, and reduced the maximum grade from 20 to 9 per cent. The work cost the Government approximately \$10,000., of which sum Crook and Wheeler Counties each contributed \$1,200. The traffic on the road is heavy, for it furnishes an outlet for the fruit country in the John Day Valley, and enables the people of that region to reach Prineville, Bend and Crooked River Valley.

Why be a "knocker?" Some men and women are never satisfied unless they are doing or saying something that will injure others. They talk eloquently of others faults, and if some one who professes to be moral, makes a misstep they publish it from the house top. we do not know of a country that is not infested with these beings. They accept a good deed, as a matter of fact not worthy of notice, but let some one do a wrong, unintentional or otherwise, the world knows of it in the least possible time.

At a meeting of swine breeders of North Portland last Tuesday, arrangements were perfected for furnishing the boys and girls of all sections of the state with breeding animals with which to make a start in the raising of pork for market. The plan was inaugurated by the Union Stockyards some weeks ago, but the call for sows was so great that it was found necessary to enlist the aid of professional hog breeders in order to supply the demand. The stock yards will receive orders for sows, already bred, pass them on to the breeders who have agreed to furnish stock, and on receipt of a properly indorsed note from boy or girl, the animal will be shipped direct. The notes will become due and payable at time the pigs are mature and ready for market.

Dates for the Gilliam County Fair have been set for September the 24 and 25. The Condon Business Mens Association will have charge of the fair and will employ an experienced man to visit every part of the county and collect exhibits.

Edison made his first record as a telegraph operator in Memphis. He walked into the office there one morning looking like a veritable hayseed. He wanted a job, and although his appearance was not prepossessing, the office was short handed, and he was assigned a desk at the St. Louis wire, the hardest in the office. At the end of the line was an operator who was chain lightning and knew it, says Francis Arthur Jones' "Life of Edison."

"Edison had hardly got seated before St. Louis called, and St. Louis started on a long report, which he pumped in like a house a fire. Edison threw his leg over the arm of his chair, leisurely transferred a wad of spruce gum from his pocket to his mouth, took up a pen and examined it and started in about fifty words behind. He didn't stay there long though. St. Louis let out another link of speed and still another, and the instrument on Edison's desk hummed like an old style Sewing machine. Every man in the office left his desk and gathered around the jay to see what he was doing with that electric cyclone.

Well sir, he was right on the word and taking it down in the prettiest copperplate hand you ever saw, even crossing the t's and dotting the i's and punctuating with as much care as a man editing telegraph for printers. St. Louis got tired by and by and began to slow down. Then Edison opened the key and said: 'Hello there! When are you going to get a hustle on? This is no primer class.

"Well sir," said the gentleman who told the story "that broke St. Louis all up. He had been rawhiding Memphis for a long time, and we were terribly sore, and to have a man in our office who could walk all over him made us feel like a man whose horse had won the Derby."

A boy is like a locomotive. It takes a certain amount of switching to get him on the right track.

Under the leadership of the American Humane Society, May the 23 is set apart to be observed all over the United States as Humane Sunday. The Oregon Humane society receives recognition in our state laws and by state appropriation to carry on its work and prosecute cases of cruelty under City and State laws.

KEEPING A RESOLUTION

By MARGARET C. DEVEREAUX

The day I was graduated from the medical school—the only woman in my class—dear old Dr. Phillips, who handed me my diploma, said to me, with a smile:

"There it is, my dear. But it will do you no good."

"Why do you say that, doctor?" I asked, much disconcerted.

"Some young fellow will induce you to marry him, and you will have no time to practice a profession which, if practiced properly, will require all your time."

I was young and headstrong. More over, I had spent years preparing myself for my vocation. I grasped the doctor's hand and, raising my other, dramatically said:

"I promise you, Dr. Phillips, that I will devote my life to the sick. I make this pledge that it shall be impossible for me to go back on my profession."

I shall never forget the kindly smile or the twinkle of the eye with which the good doctor received this vow. I strutted out of the room and as I closed the door behind me shut off part of what he said:

"I'll bet you don't practice three!"

I tried to get a position that would give me hospital work, but, failing in this, hung up my shingle as a general practitioner. I had been practicing but a few months when an elderly lady came to my office and said that she would like me to treat her son.

From her description of his disease I thought that it was probably melancholia. The young man was up and about and attending to business. I therefore suggested that he call at my office during my consultation hours. But his mother said that it was she who desired the services of a physician for her son and she could only succeed in submitting him to treatment and insisted on my going to the house. Besides, she wished him to see a woman physician, whereas if he went to an office he would probably go to a man.

This argument prevailed, and it was agreed that I was to call the next day after 5 in the afternoon, when the young man—Dick his mother called him—had returned from business. I made the call, was received by the lady and introduced to the patient. There was that about him which reminded me of some one else, but I could not tell who the other person was. He did not appear to be ill, but appearances are often deceptive.

I piled him with questions, which he seemed disinclined to answer, and I succeeded in getting very little out of him. All I could do was to recommend that he take out of door exercise and have what society he relished. His mother was present during the interview, and when I arose to depart she put her arms about me and said:

"Help us out by giving us your company occasionally as well as your professional services, won't you? Dick won't go out, and I know no young persons to invite to the house."

I could give no definite reply to this, of course, and simply bowed assent.

"Oblige me by staying to dinner with us," continued the old lady, and she began quietly to remove my hat and coat. I made but a faint resistance, and we were soon enjoying ourselves at table. For my life I could see no sign of illness in Dick, who was very entertaining and charmed me with his conversation.

I am not going to give the history of my professional treatment of my patient, Richard Ashley, for mingled with it is a love story of which he is the hero and I the heroine. He was never ill, though he led me to suppose that there was a nervous weakness about him that did not appear on the surface. I studied his case for months, trying different remedies, which I had my doubts he ever took. Finally I found myself so deeply in love that I was ready to sacrifice my profession for him. Indeed, the great problem of my life became, not how to cure him, or any one else, for that matter, but to appropriate him to myself. It was I rather than he who suffered from a peculiar disease. If any attractive young woman came near him I was seized with a terrible anxiety lest some other woman should take him away from me.

However, time proved that these fears were groundless, for one evening after one of my visits to him and I had been invited to dinner his mother left us alone together in the library, and what I so desired was clinched by a proposal.

As soon as our engagement was made known to the members of our respective families congratulations began to come in. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunts" called on me, and they were all not only very gracious to me, but regarded me with an amused curiosity. One day who should come to see me but my old preceptor, Dr. Phillips, to whom I had made the pledge not to marry. I could not escape him, so I faced him. He was brimming over with amusement.

"You little humbug!" he said. "I knew you would not be saved for the medical profession, so I resolved to get you into my family. I told my nephew about you and your pledge, suggesting that he make you break it. He has done his work beautifully, though his mother has been of great assistance to him."

"You miserable, mean, good for nothing!" I threw myself into the dear old man's arms.

TWO VIEWS OF A FACE

A Story For Halloween

By DWIGHT NORWOOD

It is singular how certain callings will be considered criminal in one age and respectable in another. There was a period—the early part of the nineteenth century—when the professional gambler in what is now the middle west was quite a prominent personage in the community. So in England there was a period when the highwayman, especially he who robbed the rich and gave to the poor, was regarded a very good medium for the equalizing of funds. Some of England's best blood has been represented on the highway.

One evening a couple of hundred years ago a gentleman and his daughter were bumping along in a chaise on an unpaved road that led from London to their home near Clough when they were stopped by a masked horseman who appeared at the window and demanded their valuables. Sir Evan Brierly, the father, produced his money and his watch without resistance, but Evelyn, his daughter, demurred.

"I will give you, sir," she said, "the only valuable article I have, which you cannot take from me by force, provided you will give me a glimpse of your features."

"Pray what may that be?"

"I shall not tell you."

The robber hesitated, then lifted his mask, and by the side light on the chaise Evelyn saw the face of a young man, singularly handsome and refined. She remained silent for a time, and the highwayman said:

"I have kept my part of the contract. It only remains for you to keep yours. What is this article that I may not take by force?"

"My heart."

At that moment there was a sound of horses' hoofs coming, and the highwayman rode away with the words:

"So be it. I shall some day call for it."

Evelyn Brierly was but seventeen when she made this bargain. When questioned as to her intent when she made it she replied that she could not explain what induced her to say that in exchange for a view of the man's features she would give the only valuable article she had, nor had she framed a reply as to what the article was. She only knew that when she saw the strikingly handsome features of a gentleman the answer came to her from she knew not where and her reply was involuntary.

That was a period when Cromwell's iron hand had defeated the forces of King Charles I. and Cromwell had made himself lord protector of England. The king's adherents were deprived of their fortunes and scattered. Some of them sought service in the armies of foreign sovereigns, and some, in order to make a living, took to the road. Among these was Lord Walter Whentleigh, whose father, the Earl of Portland, had been killed at Naseby fighting for the king. Walter, the last of his race, had served under Prince Rupert, and after the beheading of the king his estates had been confiscated, leaving him penniless. He was one of those who took to the road for a living, and it was he who had stopped the chaise of Sir Evan Brierly and made the singular bargain with Evelyn. He afterward joined the young king (Charles II.) on the continent and at the restoration returned with the king, who restored to him his ancestral estates.

Meanwhile Evelyn Brierly grew to be a handsome woman. The face of the highwayman and the mysterious influence that had induced her to pledge him her heart in exchange for a glimpse of it never left her. The years went by, and he did not return to claim his own. Sometimes she dreaded he would and sometimes feared he would not. After awhile she began to think that he had suffered for his crimes on the gallows.

One October evening—it was Halloween—Evelyn stole out of her home and went across the fields to the river bank. The moon was but a few days old and was dividing the day and the night. Evelyn stood on the river bank among scattered trees and, raising a mirror she held in her hand, said aloud:

"Good moon, show me my future husband."

There was a sound of breaking twigs behind her, and a face appeared reflected in the glass. It was the well remembered face of the highwayman.

"Miss Brierly," he said, "one night some years ago I gave you a sight of my face for your heart. To give you good measure I give you another sight of the same unworthy object."

Evelyn dropped the mirror and turned.

"The highwayman!" she exclaimed.

"The repentant highwayman, formerly Walter Whentleigh of Prince Rupert's army, then reduced to make a living on the road, now Earl of Portland."

"I did not know what I was saying," said the girl, turning away. The young earl caught her, saying:

"Nevertheless you said it, and I have come for my own."

Evelyn Brierly became Countess of Portland and for a short while a member of the court of King Charles II. But the profligacy of the court soon drove her to her husband's home near Windsor, where she remained, living a somewhat secluded life with her husband and her children.

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