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ADVERTISING RATES.

Professional Cards 75 cts. per month Display ads One square \$0.75 " One-fourth column 2.50 " One-half column 4.00 " One column 8.00 "

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EDITORIALS SPRAY

On the banks of the John Day River in Wheeler County, Oregon, is the little town of Spray. About 18 years ago John F. Spray, who now resides at Cottage Grove, Or. conceived the idea that a prosperous little village might be built, that it would be a convenience to the farmers and stockmen who lived in the surrounding country both from a financial and a social standpoint, and with this idea firmly fixed laid out the present town site and the foundation for the Town Hall. He also built the first store and then the advantages of a nearby trading point begun to dawn on the mind of the then sparsely settled communities tributary to it. From that day on Spray has gradually grown little by little until it has reached its present proportions, while not large, possesses advantages not to be obtained in more pretentious cities.

The people in and around Spray retain that old time pioneer sociability, not clanish, but recognizing all men with that degree of equality characteristic of the days when our commonwealth was young.

Spray has two merchandise stores doing a fairly good business, and one livery and feed barn, one blacksmith shop, a confectionery, and a hotel. There are two church organizations, a good church building and union Sunday school. We have a good public school in which the 9th grade is taught and the board of directors are contemplating the advisability of adding the tenth grade at the next term which will begin sometime in September.

FOREST NOTES

News print paper has been made by the Forest Service Laboratory from 24 different woods, and a number compare favorably with standard spruce pulp paper.

The Forest Service is cooperating with 54 railroads, mining companies, and cities in making tests of wooden ties, timbers, poles, piling, and paving blocks which have been given preservative treatments.

The 1914 figures, based upon reports from 94 plants, show that the total number of cubic feet of material treated with preservatives was 159,532,633 cubic feet.

During 1914 nearly eight million gallons of creosote were used by the preserving plants of the United States.

The Farmer's Daughter

By JOHN Y. LARNED

I was peddling tinware on the Massachusetts coast, driving a pair of horses attached to a wagon on which I carried my merchandise. I stopped at a farmhouse at noontime and exchanged some kitchen utensils for a dinner. The farmer's wife did the cooking and his daughter waited on the table. Another stranger besides myself partook of the meal—a short, thickset man with a bushy beard.

We peddlers are usually gifted with a good deal of talk, which we find essential in selling our goods. I rattled on at the farmer, and he appearing to be taciturn, I let fly at the stranger, who sat opposite me, asking where he had come from, where he was going, what business he followed and other questions usually attributed to the curious New Englanders. But this idiosyncrasy was assumed, I having been born and bred in Maryland. The truth is I began by asking him which way he was going, thinking that if his direction and mine were the same I would give him a lift for company's sake. He seemed to be averse to telling me of his movements, and I noticed that his reluctance interested the farmer's daughter, who at the time was standing behind him. On her account I pursued my questions till the man abruptly arose and left the table. A few minutes after this, looking through a window, I saw him riding on horseback the same way I intended to go.

Having finished my dinner and turned over in payment to the farmer's wife a washboard and a dozen tin plates, I got into my wagon and drove on. About a half hour after starting I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs behind me and, looking back, saw the farmer's daughter coming. She was no intent on her own thoughts as she passed me that she was not conscious that I had dined at her home. Her gait being faster than mine, I jogging along behind a pair of horses drawing a heavy load, was soon left in her rear. As I drove on I was thinking about the man I had questioned and the girl's interest in his answers, or want of answers, and wondered if her coming had anything to do with him. The anxious look on her face both in the farmhouse and on the road caused me to think that she might be bent on something she wished he wouldn't do.

I saw nothing more of either of them during the afternoon. I stopped at several houses, plying my trade, and about dark, reaching a point where the road passed within a hundred feet of the ocean, I came upon a house in which I thought I would ask for lodging during the night. But, unfortunately, I found it closed. I was about to drive on when it occurred to me to see if I could effect an entrance to the barn. I pulled out a rusty staple, thereby opening the barn door, and driving my team in, unlatched the horses, fed them and went to the house.

I had no more difficulty in getting into the house than the barn. I was awakened in the middle of the night by a shot. I listened and heard another and another, the second and third seeming to come from directly above me. Then there was another from the outside. Next I heard the sound of a pair of heavy boots, followed by a pair of light ones, rapidly descending a staircase from the second floor and continuing down into the cellar. Soon after this the front door of the house was smashed in, and several men rushed into the room where I lay and flashed a bullseye on my face.

"By thunder!" exclaimed one of them. "If it isn't that confounded Yankee peddler!" I recognized the voice of the man I had questioned so closely at dinner the previous day.

"Are you one of the gang?" he asked. "What gang?" He told me that smuggling had been going on at some point near where we were, and they had located it in the house we were in. I told him how I happened to be there, and he believed me. Then he explained to me that my questions had annoyed him because he wished to keep the object of his presence in the neighborhood a secret. Then it occurred to me that the farmer's daughter was interested in the smugglers, had suspected the man's or maid's and had ridden on to warn them. I hurriedly told him of my having heard footsteps going downstairs, and the party rushed to the cellar expecting to find her quarry.

We found a lot of goods, but no living person. Opening a door, we stood in a frame which we followed and came to a recess in the rocks on the shore. Hearing the sound of oars, we knew that the smugglers had escaped. I said nothing of my suspicion of the farmer's daughter, since I had no wish to implicate her. The next time I went her way I stopped and told her that I was in the house when the revenue officers had attacked it. After I had won her confidence she told me that there was but one smuggler, her husband, and owing to my inquiries of the men she had served at dinner she suspected the errand and had hidden on to give him warning. She was with him at the time I entered the place and saw my come in. She had gone down the staircase and occupied with him. She had since abandoned smuggling and had gone west, where she was now to join him.

An Eventful Dialogue

By RUTH GRAHAM

A party consisting of an elderly gentleman, an elderly lady, a young man, a young woman and a notary were gathered in the drawing room of a chateau in the environs of Paris. The notary called each in turn for his or her signature on a paper lying on a table, then affixed his seal, folded the paper, put it into a tin box and, bowing, left the room. The young man and young woman followed, apparently wrapped up in each other.

"This takes me back nearly a quarter of a century," said the elderly man, "when I passed through a like ceremony. I was then as big a fool as Francis." "And I as addle pated as Lucille." "Your niece may possibly possess the gift of constancy." "Your nephew may not be drawn hither and thither by every pretty face he sees."

"During this bit of dialogue the man stood with one hand on the table while the marriage settlements had been signed, eyeing the lady sternly, scornfully, reproachfully, while the lady had walked to a window and stood looking out, tapping the waxed floor with the toe of her slipper. The man was forty-two, the woman thirty-eight, and both still looked young.

"What has become of De Belleville?" "How should I know? Why should I care?" "It was he who rendered that signing of settlements between you and me null and void. But, parbleu, there has been time since then for many such interferences."

"De Belleville never interfered between you and me." "Did not interfere? Will you be good enough to inform me what did?" "That actress?" "What actress?"

"The one who was breaking the hearts of so many young fools. She played at the Theatre Francaise, I believe, though it was so long ago I fail to remember. Doubtless by this time she is as unattractive as I am."

"Who told you that I admired an actress at the Theatre Francaise?" "I saw you there myself the evening of the day the settlements were made for our marriage. I was indisposed and about to go to bed when a friend gave me a bit of information. I went to the theater and saw you gazing upon the woman through adoring eyes."

"H'm! Had the malicious information communicated by your friend anything to do with my eyes appearing to adore the actress?" "What I saw through my eyes?" "You mean your imagination." "—'was convincing." "Then?"

"Then I proposed that two could play at a game like that. De Belleville happened to call the next morning. You came while he was there. I compelled you to wait, and when he went away?"

"I see it all. Why have you waited all these years to tell me that under a false assumption, instigated by—by whom?" "My cousin, Julie Demourier." "Julie Demourier? Why?" "Why what?"

"She threw herself at me as soon as you had broken with me." "She threw herself at you?" "Certainly." "Oh, heavens!"

He strode toward her and stood beside her, looking into her eyes almost fiercely. "She blighted our lives," he said. "There was no reply. She stood with her back to him, looking intently out through the window."

"You permitted yourself to be made a dupe by one who was not worthy to tie your shoe?" "If you had loved me you would have sought me again. You would have given me an opportunity to—"

"How did I know that you were prompted by jealousy and were showing a preference you did not feel for another?" "The argument was unanswerable. "Heaven grant," he continued, "that no 'friend' will come between these two happy creatures who have just left us before the knot is tied."

She shuddered. "Hortense," he said in a quieter tone, "there is yet old age for us." "For me? You are in your prime. A man of your age, if he marries, will unite with a young woman."

"You are as beautiful to me as the day that contract was signed." "Not to the world. You would be come ashamed of me. Only men who grow old with their wives grow old in their affection for them."

"Hortense, let us close the gap between that settlement ceremony and the present so far as we can by a wedding. I will call the carriage; we will drive to the altar."

She neither answered nor stirred. He placed an arm about her and kissed her. Then he stepped to a bell and called a servant.

"The carriage," he said when the macker entered. "That evening the two returned for dinner from a drive and were met at the door by the nephew and niece."

"Why, auntie, where have you been?" "To the matre's," said her companion. "We have been married." "Married!"

"Yes; we leave nuptial ceremonies to young fools like you. Thank heaven we have passed that stupid period."

"Mon Dieu!"

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office The Dalles, Ore. May 27, 1915

Notice is hereby given that William I. Wilson whose post office address is Spray, Oregon, did on the 11th day of February, 1915, file in this office sworn statement and application No. 014481 to purchase the SW 1/4 NW 1/4 Section 12, Township 10 south, range 24 east, willamette meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised \$120, the timber estimated 140,000 board feet at 50 cents per M., and the land \$50; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 20th day of August, 1915, before David E. Baxter, U. S. Commissioner, at Spray, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

H. Frank Woodcock, Register. 6 17 8 19

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, June 7, 1915.

Notice is hereby given that Charles L. Lille Jr. of Fossil, Oregon, who on Dec. 6th, 1911, made Homestead Entry No. 69652, and on March 19, 1915 made additional Homestead Entry No. 014628 for Lots 3-4, Sec. 19, W 1/2 NW 1/4 Sec. 23, N 1/2 NE 1/4, NE 1/4 NW 1/4 and Lot 1 Sec. 30, Tp 8 South, Range 23 E., Willamette Mer. has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Scott Sasser, County Clerk, at Fossil Oregon, on the 17th day of July, 1915.

Claimant names as witnesses; Jerry T. Vickers, Lester C. Beeson, Ernest R. Jones and Arthur C. Beeson all of Fossil, Oregon. H. FRANK WOODCOCK, Register. 6-10-15-

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Rates Dwelling, \$1.50 per month. Irrigation, \$1.50 per month, for 1-2 in faucet 2 hours a day.

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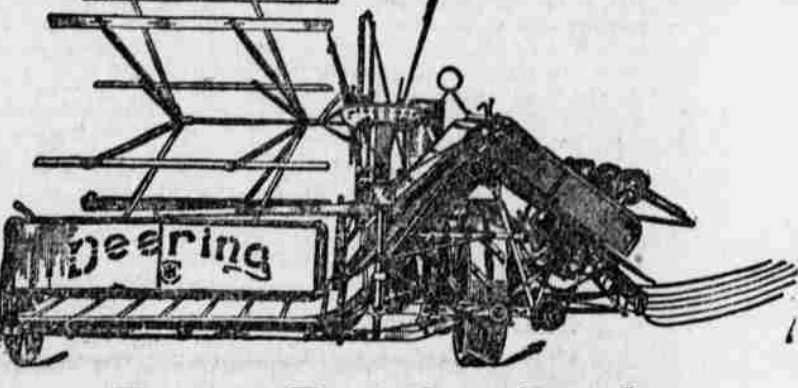
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NOTICE

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