

Spray Courier.

Thursday April 27, 1916.

LOCAL BRIEFS

FOR SALE—An Ideal 120 egg incubator.—Glendon Baxter.

Ladies and Girls trimmed hats at Baxter & Osborns.

A. V. Templeton was in town Wednesday.

O. P. Stewart and A. J. Apple-Gate of Fossil were here Friday.

Thomas W. Marshall, of Portland, was here Monday.

Johnie Noland has been in town most of the week. He expects to begin shearing sheep in a few days.

Harry De Bord went to Condon this week to consult a Doctor as he has been quite indisposed for some time.

Oscar Kelsay, and Tom Hoover of Fossil were in this vicinity a few days this week.

Henry C. Riley of the Monument section, was here on business Wednesday.

N. B. Neal and his son Leo were here from Monument, Wednesday, making annual proof on their Desert Land claim before D. E. Baxter.

Charles Huffman of the Big Basin passed thru town with some thorough bred cattle he had purchased in the Fossil country this week.

Ed Stewart, one of the Republican candidates for Sheriff, was shaking hands with the voters at Spray Wednesday.

C. B. Bisbee was here this week, repairing the windmill and pump belonging to Baxter and Osborn.

F. J. Richards, Salesman for the Blumauer Frank Drug Co., was here Wednesday.

Frank Wooley, of the Hudson Arms Company, was here Wednesday.

E. Jacobson representing the J. K. Gill Co. was interviewing the Merchants here this week.

J. P. Richardson, was here this week looking after business for John D.

M. J. Sheridan, of Chicago, was here Wednesday.

LOST—About April 9th, two colts. One bay filly about one year old, unbranded, and one roan two years old stud colt, with white face and feet, branded house top on right shoulder. Will pay a reasonable reward for their return, or for information leading to their recovery.

Earnest Fenney, Spray, Or.

Hugh Jordan, who has been herding sheep for C. F. Waters for more than a year, fell over a rim-rock about twenty feet high, last Wednesday night, and was shaken up very badly. He was sleeping outside near his sheep and some time before midnight it commenced to rain and he gathered up his bed and started for the cabin and in his efforts to reach shelter, in the darkness, walked over the rim. As yet, the full extent of his injuries are not known.

Mr. Chambers of the Field Service of the Interior Department was in Spray Tuesday, looking over some 320 acre homesteads which have not the required amount of tillable land for cultivation. The law appears to be rather indefinite in regard to the reduction of the required acreage, but it appears that the Commissioner of the General Land Office has ruled that where the amount required cannot be found on an entry, the applicant can have the cultivation reduced to the actual acreage on his claim. Homesteaders desiring to have the amount of cultivation reduced, should make application not later than one year after filing, as the applications have to be referred to the Field Department for examination before being allowed which may take six months or a year.

A Complication Removed

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

"This John King," said Mrs. Haskins to her daughter Isabel, scanning a newspaper, "who is spending his money so lavishly must be the same man with whom you had that flirtation ten years ago when we were staying in Rome."

"Oh, mamma!"

"Why are you so moved, my dear? Surely there was nothing serious between you and him, and that was a long while ago."

"There was something between us, mamma."

"There was?" asked the mother in her turn, showing concern.

Isabel made no reply to the question, but after deep thought said:

"I wish to meet this Mr. King. If he is the same I met ten years ago I shall do all I can to win him."

"Why so—to secure his large fortune?"

"No; to remove a serious complication."

That was all the mother could get out of her daughter. The society news was scanned from day to day until Mr. King was mentioned as a guest at the house of one of Mrs. Haskins' friends. The lady was appealed to to bring about a meeting between Mr. King and Miss Haskins and did so at a dinner given by the mutual friend. After the dinner Isabel returned to her home with a red spot in each cheek and a spark in each eye.

"Well?" said Mrs. Haskins.

"Oh, mother, he has no remembrance of me whatever."

"Then he is the man we supposed him to be?"

"He is."

"And do you still desire to marry him?"

"Absolutely."

"Did he seem pleased with you?"

"I think so."

"Why is it not to his interest as much as yours that you and he should be married?"

"Perhaps it is."

"Then why do you not tell him of your meeting ten years ago, giving him the reasons, if he does not already know them, why he should marry you?"

"Because I loved him then. I love him now, and I wish him to marry me for love, not for any other reason whatever."

The mother was obliged to be satisfied with this statement, though curiosity was sharpened by her interest in her daughter. In time Mr. King was invited to the Haskins to dinner. He came and set Isabel's heart wildly throbbing by saying some deliciously sweet words to her. But when later he met her at a social function she saw him chatting with another girl, and, judging from his expression, he was saying sweet words to her, causing Isabel's heart to sink as rapidly as it had risen.

A few days later Mr. King called, making an excuse the offering of his box at the opera. Either he was the same skillful love maker he had been a decade before or he was much smitten with Miss Haskins. In his conduct were many of the indications of a sure affection.

And so the affair went on. At one time he would be devoted to her; at another she would hear that he was browsing among the prettiest girls in the social swim. What most troubled her was that he was passing into that age where a bachelor's admiration is bestowed upon girls much younger than himself.

However, as the weeks flew by his devotion to Isabel grew more constant. He had appeared to purposely display attentions to young girls when she was present to observe them. This he was gradually giving up. Indeed, the affair between them had gone so far that his attentions to other girls ceased to trouble her. Flowers had begun to come from him to her, a sure sign that a proposal is about to be made. One evening when King followed a box of them he had sent her called, and when Isabel came down to meet him he put his arms about her, kissed her warmly and said:

"My dear wife, it is time this play came to a climax."

"Wife?"

"Yes. I knew you the moment I saw you. Immediately after that wedding which was got up between us in a youthful frolic I went to a lawyer and asked him if it could be construed into a legal marriage. He replied that if we both intended it as such it was within the law of wedlock. It was intentional with me. If it was the same with you we were married ten years ago."

"In my heart it surely was intentional."

"I resolved," continued King, "that as soon as I had accumulated a sufficiency I would ask you the question that would, if answered in the affirmative, make us one. I have since been more than fortunate. I came here purposely to find you. When I saw that you did not remember me—"

"I did," interrupted Isabel. "I supposed, however, that you did not recognize me."

"I wished to win you."

"And I wished just as much to win you."

When Isabel joined her mother she gave evidence that something momentous had happened.

"You are engaged!" exclaimed Mrs. Haskins.

"No—married."

"Married?"

"Yes, we have been married ten years, but we didn't know it."

Mr. Barnackel

By EDITH V. ROSS

"Enoch Barnackel! What a name! Any one would know that he was a crusty old man of the farmer type, uneducated and with no manners. But what can I do?"

These words were spoken to herself by a girl who had some sixteen years before been left at a foundlings' home and who had been given the name of Helen and had later chosen the additional name of Whitman. She had been retained at the home as an employee till she approached seventeen, then was informed that a farmer named Barnackel had written that he wanted a wife and asked whether one could be sent to him. Helen was informed of the opportunity.

After a long and tearful deliberation, feeling incompetent to go out into the world and make a living, she decided to go out to Mr. Barnackel. If he was very terrible she might commit suicide. The matron approved of her resolution, for she was comely, and the good woman feared that with her inexperience she might fall a victim to some designing person.

Mr. Barnackel was informed that there was a young woman ready to accept his proposition, and he sent money for her journey. The heart broken girl nerved herself to her fate and one afternoon alighted at a railway station at the village near which his farm was located. A young farmer with a whip in his hand approached her and asked if she was the young woman who was to marry Mr. Barnackel.

"I am," was the reply. "That is, if he isn't an ogre."

The young man smiled. His smile was very winning. "I have a team here," he said. "I'll drive you to the farm."

When seated in the wagon and he had said "get up" to the horses Helen expected that he would say something to her. He did not. He seemed to be thinking.

"What kind of a looking man is Mr. Barnackel?" she asked.

Now, the young man was George Barnackel, nephew of the man who had written for a wife. The uncle was fifty years old, his face looked like a ball of strings, his hair was red, and he was just too unlovely for anything. At any rate, that is the way the daughter of one of the neighboring farmers put it. In fact, he was exactly what Helen had conceived him to be, judging from his name. He must also have been a fool or he would never have sent his good looking nephew for a young girl he expected to make his wife. Upon Helen's inquiry George turned his face toward her, displaying a set of regular white teeth by smiling, and asked:

"Suppose I should tell you that he is a disagreeable old codger and always crows as a bear. What would you do?"

"I would jump into the river—that is, if there is one near by."

There was a prolonged silence, at the end of which the young man said:

"And what would you say if I told you that I am Mr. Barnackel?"

Helen's heart went up into her throat. She made no reply to the question, but she sidled nearer to her companion. Presently there came a subdued voice:

"Are you Mr. Barnackel?"

"I am."

Her face was bent low. He leaned lower himself and looked up into it. He saw what he took to be a look of pleasure. Perhaps it was relief. The reins were in his right hand. She was sitting at his left. He put his left arm about her waist. She looked up at him, her eyes wet, a suspicion of a smile on her lips. He kissed them.

"How far is it to the farm?" was the next thing said.

"About three miles."

George drove over six miles, which seemed like three to Helen, then stopped at a farmhouse.

"Wait in the wagon," he said, "while I go in to tell my mother and sister you're here. They don't know you're coming."

Leaving the reins in her hands, he went into the house. He was gone a long while. Helen saw the face of an elderly woman surveying her from a window, then a younger one doing the same.

"Oh, dear," she said, "I hope they're not going to make him send me back!"

Presently a door opened and the two women came out, the elder in advance. She welcomed Helen, though she seemed constrained. Leading her into the house, the younger woman showed her to a chamber upstairs and, shutting the door behind them, took her in her arms, exclaiming:

"You poor child!"

"Why am I to be so pitted?" asked Helen, surprised.

"You're not. It's all right. We'll make you very happy. My brother is not the Mr. Barnackel you came out here to marry. That one is my uncle, a crusty old man who would not do for you at all. Being rheumatic, he asked George to drive you from the station to his farm. George wants you himself. Mother has given her consent, and you are to be married—that is, if you wish to marry George—at once."

Helen asked if haste were necessary. George replied to this that his bride belonged to his uncle, was expected by his uncle and unless the knot were tied there was no knowing what he would do in the matter. The chance of being turned over to the old curmudgeon so terrified Helen that she was only too glad to be married at once. The wedding took place that evening.

Pupils in the Spray Public school who were perfect in attendance during the month of April.

Lauri Baxter, Mildred Baxter, Glendon Baxter, Erma Davenport, Florence Davenport, Loron Davenport, Joe Frost, Alta Nolan, Neta Nolan, Paul Dixon, Lois Dixon, Charles Royse, Gladys Royse, Beessie Hawes, Nina Hawes, Marda Mayer. Delma Richey was neither tardy nor absent during the year.

Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon
April 22, 1916.

Notice is hereby given that Granville S. Wilkes of Fossil, Oregon, who on May 26th, 1910 made Homestead Entry No. 06872 and on April 13th, 1914, made additional Homestead Entry No. 012884 for SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 17, S $\frac{1}{2}$ NE $\frac{1}{4}$, N $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, NE $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Section 18, Township 8 South, Range 24 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before David E. Baxter, U. S. Commissioner at Spray, Oregon, on the 9th day of June, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Henry S. Williams, Thomas E. Bear-den, George R. Taylor, Lawrence H. Hunt, all of Winlock, Oregon,
H. Frank Woodcock, Register
4-27-68

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at The Dalles,
Oregon. Mar. 30, 1916

Notice is hereby given that Valina M. Smith, formerly Valina M. Coates, of Spray, Oregon, who on May 1st, 1909 made Homestead Entry No. 04823, and on March 12th, 1914 made additional Homestead Entry No. 012655 for W $\frac{1}{2}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 14 NE $\frac{1}{4}$, Sec. 23 & NW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 24, Tp. 8 South Range 24 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before David E. Baxter, U. S. Commissioner, at Spray, Oregon on the 6th day of May, 1916.

Claimant names as witnesses: Benjamin D. Bartle, Fred A. Hale, Ferd Hunt and Osker G. Hale, all of Spray Oregon.

H. Frank Woodcock, Register
4-6-54

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