

# Zomnort No. 01091

## Son of Zombro 2:11

Zomnort is a bay stallion, strip in his face, weigh 1050 pounds Sired by the great Zombro, 2:11, one of the greatest sires of track horses in the United States.

Zomnort was sired, as above stated by Zombro who has 108 colts in the list of 2:30 to 2:04½. The dam of Zomnort was Norter by Del Nort 2:08; second dam Minnie K 2:18½ made forty years ago. Her sire was Billie Cone, he by Flying Morgan, 3rd dam by Flying Morgan.

Zomnort has had but four colts which have been worked, viz Listerene 2:15, Doctor John R, two-year-old 2:30, Rena, 4 year-old 2:36 after 30 days training; Salem Boy, two-year-old 2:23 and at 3-year-old in 2:19½. None of these dams were standard bred mares.

Zomnort will make the season at the Scio Fair Grounds. Terms: \$25 with return privileges. Come and see Zomnort and you will be pleased.

**PERRY MAUZEY, Owner**  
SCIO FAIR GROUNDS - - SCIO, OREGON

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Which are not backed by a Guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or your Money Back.  
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### Sweet Home Items

Mr. F. B. Knapp of Foster took in the Medicine show at Crawfordsville last Friday evening returning on Saturday morning.

H. R. Slavens and family visited the show at Crawfordsville on Saturday evening.

J. A. Coulter and son are making daily trips to Lebanon with their auto truck.

E. M. Post and wife went to Portland this Monday morning. Mr. Post going to take a treatment for his ailments or possibly to undergo an operation.

Prof. Barker the rural supervisor of this district is visiting the schools in this section for the last time this year. He called on the Foster teacher on Monday afternoon.

R. C. Watkins made a trip to Lebanon Monday to haul freight.

Dr. I. E. Bellenger has moved from the Wilson property into Mr. Davidson's property.

W. W. Hows went to the hospital again today, he went to Lebanon with Mr. Coulter.

We understand that Mr. Geil who has been a sufferer for some time from the effects of a paralytic stroke was taken to Salem today possibly for treatment.

S. W. Bowser the newly elected street commissioner has begun to give the main street in Sweet Home a dressing of crushed rock. It begins to look as though we will get some more street improvement this year.

### Holley Items

Pleas Robinett and Mrs. Jess Cochran received word late Sunday evening of their sister, Lizzy Murphy's death in Southern Oregon. They started at once for that place.

Mrs. Eliza Malone received the glad tidings, Thursday morning, of her uncle and aunt Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Duncan's arrival in Lebanon on their way to her sister's Mrs. M. J. Weddle, so she hurried over to her mothers to meet her aunt whom she had not seen for 42 years. There was great rejoicing at the home of Mrs. M. J. Weddle Thursday evening when her brother-in-law and her sister, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Duncan arrived from Kansas City, Kansas, when the sisters clasped each other in a loving embrace after 42 years separation. They say they will not be separated any more in life, as Mr. and Mrs. Duncan have come to stay. Mrs. Duncan says she loves the name of Sweet Home and she loves to look at the ever-green timber. She says this looks much better than the country they left. Mr. Duncan will locate here and try country life a while. W. S. Swink her brother and J. B. Duncan, her youngest son, who came to this country some time ago, are all at Sweet Home where they will enjoy each others company. Mr. Duncan is a carpenter and contractor by trade.

Several of the Holleyites attended the performance of the Hizz Co. at Crawfordsville last week.

For Sale—A "Sure Hatch" incubator; also a "Trusty" incubator. Both machines are of 150-egg capacity and in first-class condition. I have, also, brooders to go with the machines. Price for incubator, brooder, lamps, etc., \$10. See Wm. Brenner for particulars.

If you want any of the daily papers, The Tribune will get them for you at Bargain Day rates, providing you pay for The Tribune one year in advance.

## Colonel Bunker

By M. QUAD

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"I was just thinking, sub," said Colonel Bunker as he sat looking out of the window—"I was just thinking of an incident in my early career as a duelist. In fact, sub, when this thing came about I had not yet drawn my rapier on the field of honor. In the southern town where I first hung out my shingle as a lawyer were a dozen gay lucks of young men, and I was one of them.

"We were sports, sub. We rode, we gambled, and we swaggered. We talked about our honoh, and we took no advice from our elders.

"It was a wonder we kept clear of the duello among our own selves, for we were hotheads. But destiny had something laid up for us, and at the proper time we learned what it was. When a dapper little man dropped into the town one day and gave his name as Professor Mayne and explained that he was something of a naturalist we had no idea that his coat covered destiny.

"It was about a week after the professor's arrival, and none of us young blades had made his acquaintance yet when six of us sat on the tavern veranda of a summer's evening arranging a fox hunt, when the stranger appeared among us, and, looking directly at me, he asked:

"May I have the honoh of asking your name?"

"I gave it as Bunker, of course.

"Bunker? Bunker? he repeated.

"Did you evah spell it with an H?"

"Suh! Suh! What do you mean?"

"Was the name originally Junker?"

"Egad, sub, the man was deliberately insulting me!"

"I always thought I carried things off very well for a first time. I raised my hat, handed him my card and turned away. He received it with a bow and also turned.

"There you were, sub—there you were! A duel for sunrise was arranged for within an hour, and I was a hero.

"Could a professor of natural history handle a rapier like a young buck who was always at it?"

"No, of course not, and I should play with him. Should I kill or only wound him? That question could wait and be settled after the blades had crossed. The most I had to fear, as my friends told me and as I firmly believed myself, was that the professor would either send an abject apology or sneak away during the night. He did neither, however.

"We talked the matter over, and all the bucks thought I ought to run the professor through the heart, and thus at once establish my reputation, but I decided that a wound that would lay him up about six weeks would do.

"It was only when the word had been given and our blades had crossed that I found out I had caught a tartar.

Why, sub, the professor made me look like 15 cents! He disarmed me twice in ten minutes. He could have killed me during the next five, but he stayed his hand.

"At length, after humiliating me for the best part of half an hour, he pinked me in the shoulder and I was out of it. I wept bitter tears as the surgeon dressed my wound. The young bucks didn't know what to make of it, but agreed that they must find excuse to challenge the professor until some one had landed him.

"Egad, sub, they didn't have to go hunting far for excuses. He brought them along and laid them at the feet of those who waited. He stopped Dick Bascomb on the street and politely said to him:

"Suh, nature has made a mistake in your case.

"What do you mean, sub? asked Dick.

"That your nose is screwed on crooked.

"Suh, you must answer for this insult!"

"Yours to command.

"A second duel, you see, sub, and with the same weapons. I wasn't there to see, but they told me that he made a bigger monkey of Dick Bascomb than he did of me. When he had made a show of him long enough he gave him the point in the same shoulder he had me and walked away whistling.

"We had a sensation in that town now and for fifty miles beyond it. The professor had made two victims and was liable to make others, but there wasn't much feeling against him nor much sympathy for those who had felt his steel.

"Joe Besumont was to be his third. It was rapier agin. I rode to the grounds to see the duel. Joe went at it from the first like a butcher with a long knife and was disarmed every other minute. He got so mad that he cried like a boy.

"It was the same old story—wounded in the same shoulder.

"Three smart bucks. Three duels.

"Three arms in three slings.

"Three of us trying to explain why

It wasn't the other fellow who was pinked.

"It was humiliating, sub, and yet it was the proper remedy. It broke up the cabal and settled us down to take a more serious view of life. As to the professor, he wasn't a naturalist at all, but a famous fencer, and I believe he was hired by those who wished us well to come there and administer the remedies our systems seemed to require.

"That's all, sub, and it's a fine day, sub, and if—"

But the waiter was already bringing it.

### A Record In Hard Work.

Lord George Bentinck's record of political work, as set out by his biographer, seems even more striking than that accomplished by Wellington in 1834. "It is very difficult," writes Disraeli, "to convey a complete picture of the laborious life of Lord George Bentinck during the sitting of parliament. At 9:30 began his elaborate and methodical correspondence, all of which he carried on himself in a handwriting clear as print, and never employing a secretary; at 12 or 1 he was at a committee, and he only quitted the committee room to take his seat in the house, which he never left until it adjourned, always long past midnight and often at 2 a. m. His principle was that a member should never be absent from his seat. . . . Although he breakfasted only on dry toast he took no sustenance all this time, dining at White's at 2:30 in the morning."—London Chronicle.

### Why the Prince Laughed.

When King George of England was in the navy, as a young man, an American of some consequence obtained permission to visit the ship on which he was serving. The ship was coaling at Halifax, and when the American clambered aboard a young officer, with a very coal grimy face, was told off to show him around. After making his tour of inspection the American rowed back to shore in company with the captain of the vessel. "Well," he said, "I have only one complaint and that is that I did not see the prince." "But you have been talking to him for the best part of an hour," answered the surprised captain. "What?" said the American. "Was that grimy fellow the prince? Sakes alive, no wonder he laughed so heartily when I asked him if they kept his royal highness in cotton wool while the coal dust was flying about!"

### Strategy In Tongue Inspection.

Every one who has ever tried to get a very small child to "put out your tongue" for inspection or to open her mouth wide that the suspected tongue might be viewed knows how hard a matter it is to really see either the condition of the tongue or tonsils because the baby will not straighten out her tongue or open her mouth wide enough. I have got around this difficulty by putting a drop of honey or molasses on the tip end of the child's chin and asking her to lick it off. The process of licking off gives me a good, unobscured view of a straight extended tongue. It also causes her to open her mouth so wide that I can see her tonsils and the back of her throat, and all this without worrying the baby, for she thinks it is a game.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

### Pottery of Guatemala.

Remarkably good pottery is made by the natives of Guatemala. Many of the pieces show a high degree of skill and real artistic feeling, even in the making of the more useful pieces. This pottery is very palpably different from those pieces which are obvious imitations, yet are offered for sale in this country as Indian pottery. From the mounds and ruins of Guatemala, in cities and in ancient townships, many very fine specimens of pottery have been found, and these show that back in the dawn of life on this continent the residents of what is now Guatemala were most cunning artisans with the clay and kiln. They have not forgotten the art by any means, as the latter day work demonstrates very clearly.

### Barometers In Mines.

A little known phase of the anthracite mining industry is the use of barometers at the principal collieries of all the big companies, especially where the mines are gaseous. When the atmospheric pressure is decreasing gas is released more easily, and the fire bosses all look at the barometers before going into the mines to make their morning inspections. When the barometer is going down they look and test with extra care for gas.

### Concession.

"Does Benedick still stick to his theory that a man should be master in his own house?"

"With certain modifications. He still thinks his theory expresses the general rule, but he regards his own establishment as the exception that proves it."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

### Oh, the Worm!

"Last night my wife told me what she thought of me."

"And what did you do?"

"Let her."—Philadelphia Ledger.