

Shifting Ground

(Continued from page 2)

the attempt to starve her, another day for the sale of war material to her enemies. There is no more basis for the latter than for the former defense. Only last December she admitted the right of neutrals to sell war material to belligerents. She has always exercised this right when other nations were at war.—Oregonian.

Money can't buy Glasses

FROM

Dr. M. L. Morris

Which are not backed by a Guarantee of Absolute Satisfaction or your Money Back.

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A valuable farm—310 acres, six miles west of Lebanon. 190 acres in cultivation, balance oak grub pasture land. Fair house and barn, good small orchard, within one-half mile of railroad, on R. F. D. route. The farm has good natural drainage and is regarded as one of the best farms in that locality. All of the cultivated land has been seeded to clover. For price and terms write or see The Scio Tribune, Scio, Ore.

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Sweet Home Items

The death of E. M. Post was reported last week. Mr. Post had been sick for some time during the winter and finally concluded to go to Portland and get an operation performed which he did, resulting in his death. We are informed that cancer of the bowels was the fatal disease.

The Sweet Home High school commencement exercises were well attended last Monday evening. Three graduates received their degree, viz. Miss Opal Russell, Roy Wood and Everett McClun.

The work of grading the street near the creek has stopped for a few days. Sweet Home being a wet town consequently too much mud.

Frank Pierce, Robt. White, ex-sheriff, Coleman Warner and another gentleman were in Sweet Home this week, looking for Mr. Pierce's son, who had left home unceremoniously and started across the mountains. The boy was located above Cascadia.

We understand there is to be a change of operators at the telephone office in Sweet Home soon.

Gus Kraeger has moved from Albany to the farm of J. J. Minniece, above Foster.

Holley Items

Mrs. Hannah Dowler of Orland, Cal., died at that place a few days ago. Mrs. Dowler was a resident of Holly for twenty-five years and until three years ago when she and two sons and families moved to California, thinking a change of climate would be beneficial to their health. Mrs. Dowler owns property here. She has one son living at Kennewick, Wash.

The rain we have been having during the past few days has been beneficial to late sown grain as the dry spell previous had made it look sickly. Now a good crop is assured.

Murray Barrett

For Sale—A Ford automobile, in good condition, new tires, etc. All you have to do is get in and drive away. My reason for selling is failing eyesight. J. A. Bilyeu.

Be Sure

And read The Country Gentleman. You can get it from Everett Burden

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.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

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Office on Sherman St Lebanon, Ore.

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(CITY ATTORNEY)

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William G. Amos

DENTIST

Main St. near Grant

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Lebanon Oregon

Local Market Report

Wheat per bushel	\$ 1.00
Oats " "	.45
Bran per ton	32.00
Wheat chop per ton	38.00
Oat chop " "	32.00
Barley Chop " "	35.00
Flour per sack	1.70
Eggs per dozen	.16
Butter per roll	.35
Chickens, hens per lb	.10
" spring " "	.10
" roosters " "	.07
Turkeys " "	.12
Geese " "	.07
Ducks " "	8 to 11
Beef " "	5 1/2
Veal " "	8
Hogs, live per hundred lb.	6.75
Hogs, dressed " "	8.25
Mutton " "	6.00

The Job Uncle Ben Did

By SADIE OLCOTT

"Uncle," asked a little white child of a septuagenarian negro in Alabama, "were you in the war between the states?"

"Yes, honey, I war in de wah. Least ways I war dar."

"Did you kill anybody, uncle?"

"No, I didn't kill nobody, but I saved somebody's life."

"How was that? Tell me about it."

"Well, honey, when de wah broke out all de niggers on de ole plantation—"

"Why do you say 'de ole plantation'?"

"Case de plantations now ain't what dey was den. Now dey all cut up, some of 'em owned by de niggers. Den dey wah big and lots o' niggers on 'em. As I wah a-sayin', honey, most all de niggers wokin' on de ole plantation dug out 'cept me. My marn', yo' great-grandpop, wah mighty kind to me, and I wasn't a field hand. I did jobs about de house. I wah a carpenter and could make anything dat wah needed on de premises."

"Yo' great-grandpop went off to de wah, and yo' grandpop went off to de wah. De Yankees cum down hyer and took possession. De ole plantation didn't look like it did no mo' atter de Yanks cum. Dey used up de fences fo' firewood and run off all de stock."

"Yo' grandpop wah gwine to marry yo' grandma 'bout dat time. Yo' grandpop when he went to de wah lef' Missy Lucy what he war gwine to marry with his mudder. One day when de Yanks war hyer yo' grandpop, Marse Edward, cum through de lines fo' to visit Missy Lucy. He wah dressed in common folks' clothes, case he had no business, betn' an ossifer in de south'n army, to be in among de Yanks. While he wah visitin' his ma and his sweetheart one o' de ole plantation hands cum in and said dat somebody tole de Yanks dat he war dah. Dey wah comin' some time in de night to take him."

"Marse Edward wah cotched like a 'possum in de trap. He dassen't light out, fo' de Yanks had cum dat day and camped all about, and he dassen't stay where he wah. Yo' grandma sent fo' me and she says, says she."

"Ben, Marse Edward come hyer to see me. Ef de Yanks cotch him hyer dey hang him fo' a spy. Can't yo' make somen'n what he kin hide in dat dey won't suspect?"

"I scratched my head and done a lot o' thinkin'. Den I said, 'I don't know, missy, wot I kin do unless I make a double bottom to de wood box, wha he kin crawl in.'"

"De berry 'ting," said missy, and I went to wot right off. De wood box wah in de kitchen and wah a great big un. I cut up some boards and put in a bottom high 'nough fo' a man to lay down under, leavin' plenty o' cracks fo' breathin'. I hadn't mo'n got it done when Miss Lucy seen de Yanks surroundin' de house. Marse Edward got in under de wood, and dere wah a loud rap at de do'. Missy tole me to go to de do' and I went."

"Who dah? I axed."

"Open de do' right off," said a man I opened de do' and without askin leave dey scattered all ober de house lookin' fo' yo' grandpa. Marse Edward dey sarched from de garret to de cellar, lookin' into de closets and under de beds and in de cubberd in de dinin' room. When dey cum to de kitchen I wah dar, and I had de lef' hand corner ob my right eye lookin' right at 'em. De rest ob my eyes was on de wood box. Dinah wah cookin' de supper on de stove. Seem' an ossifer lookin' at de wood box, I went to de stove, pulled open de do' and says to Dinah:

"Wha' fo' you let dis fire go out?"

And I goes to de wood box and throws up de lid, and I tak' out an armful o' wood and puts it in de stove."

"Ef dat ossifer had any idee dat anybody war hidin' in dat wood box I put it out ob his head right off. De ossifer kep' right on a-huntin', gwine down cellar. After huntin' all ober de house he comes up to me and he say:

"Yo' niggers know yo' own folks, don't yo'?"

"Reckon," I says, with a wink in de lef' hand corner ob my right eye."

"Den tell me whar de spy is hidin'."

"I put my mouf down close to he year, and I says sofly:

"Look in de smokehouse."

"With dat he drawed off he men from de house, and I reckon he went out to de smokehouse, fo' I didn't heah nothin' mo' from him."

"When de Yanks had gone away we urn had a conf'ation how Marse Edward gwine to git out o' de trap. De way he done it war to rub he face with soot, and Missy Lucy she kinked he hair with her curtin' tongs, and he put on darky clothes, and he jst walked through de Yankees as ef he war as much a Yankee as any ob 'em. Nex' day he rode into de Yankee lines under a white flag with some south'n prison ers."

"Who d'y' s'pose war de fust Yankee he met?"

"I don't know, uncle, tell me."

"De ossifer wot wah huntin' fo' him de day befo' Marse Edward had saw him through a crack and knowed him right off. Marse Edward larked and tole him 'bout it all, but said he wasn't a spy; he only cum to see his ma and Missy Lucy."

"No, honey, I didn't kill nobody durin' de wah, but I did a might' good job sabin' yo' grandpop's life. Ef I didn't do dat yo' wouldn't been hyer nowah."

Walking For Joy.

I walk out into a nature such as the old prophets and poets—Manu, Moses, Homer, Chaucer—walked in. You may name it America, but it isn't America. Neither Americus Vesputius nor Columbus nor the rest were the discoverers of it. There is a truer account of it in mythology than any history of America, so called, that I have seen.

At present in this vicinity the best part of the land is not private property. The landscape is not owned, and the walker enjoys comparative freedom. But possibly the day will come when it will be partitioned off into so called pleasure grounds, in which a few will take a narrow and exclusive pleasure only. To enjoy a thing exclusively is commonly to exclude your self from the true enjoyment of it. Let us improve our opportunities, then, before the evil days come.—Thoreau.

Webster and Turkeys.

Senator Daniel Webster at his farms in New Hampshire and at Marshfield, Mass., seems to have been one of the earliest advocates of improving the turkey. He did a great deal in that way himself and sent many fine gobblers and hens from Marshfield to friends at home and in Europe who were engaged in improving breeds of poultry. A downtown hotel in this city made for years a special feature of serving prime turkeys from Webster's Marshfield farm. The "godlike Daniel" used to stay at that hotel, and at times when in good humor he would take the head of a table and carve one of his own raised turkeys, a saddle of mutton from his New Hampshire place or a haunch of a deer shot by himself in Plymouth woods.—New York Sun.

Private Cars of Bahia.

In the town of Bahia, on the east coast of Brazil, the private car question has been settled to the satisfaction of every white resident by providing a private street car for each of them. The cars are pushed by a native black and are small. They are fitted with a wide seat which will hold two persons. The tracks of this private road lead through the main streets of the town, with switches to the stores and clubs. Each owner of a car has a switch to his yard and boards his car in the same manner as an automobilist. The road is financed by each car owner, who pays a certain sum each year for upkeep. The road is used for no other purpose than to carry the owners on their outing or calling expeditions.—Wall Street Journal.

The Refrigerator Lid.

Refrigerator and icebox lids have a way of banging down upon the head of the person who is seeking victuals or ice in the top compartment. This may easily be prevented by fastening to the wall a curved piece of springy brass, projecting in such a way that it will catch the refrigerator lid when this is pushed up, but will not hold it so tightly that the lid cannot be closed again without effort.

It Glanced Off.

Mrs. Wickleigh looked over the room which the maid had pronounced finished.

"Mary Ann," she said, "if you will take a sweeping glance around this room I think you will find that you have given it a very glancing sweep."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

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 2:04 1/2. The dam of Zomnort was Norter by Del Nort 2:08; second dam Minnie K 2:18 1/2 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 2:19 1/2. 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

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