



The Southerly Maid—Ah, if we could but return to the days of romance when knights were bold!
The Romantic Poet—Sure! Armor's the only clothing that won't wear shiny and bag at the knees.—Exchange

The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World

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Premium Awards

(Continued from page 1)

Maud Holland, Scio, palm 1st, bullion stitch lunch cloth 1st, bardanger centerpiece 1st, punchwork centerpiece 1st.

Blanch Prochaska, Scio, assortment crocheting 1st.

Francis Nottinger, Scio, assortment crocheting 2nd.

Laura Cornett, Sheilds, specimen hemstitching 1st, bureau scarf 2nd.

Hazel Philippi, Scio, specimen of hemstitching 2nd, bureau scarf 1st.

Reta Bilyeu, Lebanon, specimen hemstitching 3rd.

Cleo Ray, Lebanon, lunch cloth on colored linen 2nd.

Mrs. Anna Myers, Scio, wallachian centerpiece 2nd, collection of fancy bags 1st, sofa pillow, wallachian 1st.

Miss Christine Pipe, Albany, emb. dresser scarf 1st, cut work centerpiece 1st, french and eyelet gown 2nd.

Mrs. Ida Mayer, Lebanon, emb. dresser scarf 3rd, specimen Irish crochet 1st, specimen filet crochet 2nd, purse 1st.

Helen Bailey, Tangent, ind. display needlework 2nd.

Hazel Carter, Lebanon, ind. display needlework 3rd.

Carrion Fitzgerald, Lebanon, map first.

Albany school, manual training exhibit first.

Will Calkins, Lebanon, manual training exhibit district 89 2nd.

Hazel Sherman, Lebanon, canned fruit first.

Ethel Smith, Crabtree, canned fruit, 3rd.

Elsie Allen, Jefferson, display of jellies 3rd.

Lela Bilyeu, Lebanon, handmade apron 2nd, handmade dress 3rd.

Berdena Eldors, Lebanon, hand made apron first.

Leona Johnston, Jefferson, machine made apron first.

Florence Smith, Scio, handmade dress first, machine made dress first
Archie Piper, Lebanon, sunflower 3rd.

Melvina Dillingham, Berlin, sunflower first, machine made apron 2nd, field corn 3rd.

Jennette Arnold, Shedd's, sunflower 2nd.

Arthur McLain, Scio, sunflower 3rd, 2 spec. pumpkins 3rd, corn in stalk first.

Lebanon School, school exhibit 3rd.

Rila Brown, Lebanon, ind. display needlework.

Leslie Thayer, Scio, ind. farm exhibit 3rd.

Amy Liska, Scio, ind. farm exhibit 2nd.

Orville Powell, Crabtree, ind. farm exhibit 3rd.

Thomas Prospal, Scio, mechanical toys first, corn in stalk 3rd.

Marion Maxwell, Halsy, mechanical toys 2nd.

Otto Wallace, Scio, mechanical toys 3rd, display garden, vegetables 2nd.

Hollis Auderway, Crabtree, display garden vegetables first, field corn first, watermelon first, corn in stalk 3rd.

Geo. Kukaeka, Scio, display garden vegetables 2nd, cabbage first, 2 spec. squash first.

Leslie Kuthe, Scio, display garden vegetables 3rd.

Kenneth Sims, Scio, ducks 2nd, watermelon 2nd, bird house first.

Orville Pepperling, Scio, ind. farm exhibit first, sweet corn first, kale first, grain 2nd.

Wilfred Calavan, Scio, buff plymuth rocks first.

Inez Hiron, Scio, buff plymuth rocks 2nd.

Mary Kukaeka, Scio, buff plymuth rocks 3rd.

Jack Hiron, Scio, buff plymuth rocks first.

Glen Jackson, Albany, brown leghorns first.

Ethel Rhoda, Scio, brown leghorns 2nd.

Allen Gilkey, Thomas, Silver hamburgs first.

Laurice Bilyeu, Scio, bantams, first.

Margarete Blackburn, Lebanon, bantams first, ducks first.

Neal Underwood, Lebanon, part-ridge wyandottes first.

Vera Greens, Tangent, buff leghorns first, sunflower 2nd, sweet corn 2nd, cake first, bread 3rd.

Ralph Scroggins, Lebanon, laced wyandottes 1st, anconas 1st, squash 2nd.

(Continued on page 4)

THE ACE OF SPADES

There Was Luck Under It After All.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

Fifty years ago, when the gold fields of California were being opened up, a party of men were playing poker in San Francisco. There were Denton and Andrews and Peterson and Green and Chaffee and Blake.

"See here, boys," said Patsy Denton, laying down four kings. "What's the use of our wastin' our time here, none of us havin' any money, players on tab with each other? I know a ledge up in the mountains where there is a deserted lead that I believe if dug up will show payin' dirt. What d'ye say to our all goin' up there with picks and shovels, doin' the work that's needed, and if we strike good ore we can sell out, divide, come back here and go on with the game to some purpose?"

Every one of the party expressed himself ready for the venture, and a couple of days later all were hard at work developing an abandoned claim which had some time before looked well, but had at last petered out. Denton claimed that the original lead, which was very rich, had been lost. It was their business to find it again.

The lead was not found, and the natural result was that the men quarreled. One day Patsy Denton, who was blamed for bringing them on a fruitless errand, disappeared over the edge of the cliff. That night it was proposed that it should be settled by lot who should be lowered to bring up the body. There were five of them present. Four of them regarded one another furtively. The fifth man smiled carelessly and shuffled a brand new pack of cards.

The lamp hanging over the rough pine table shed its strong white light

over the table. The man with searched the 1

The man with through his supple fingers. "Now, you fellows," he said, "remember our agreement. I'll deal out a hand to each man. The one who gets the ace of spades will go down after Denton's body."

The four grunted assent. "You remember it's a sixty foot drop down the precipice. We will lower you with a new rope, but there's a chance that the rocks will chafe the rope, and it's a long way to the bottom of Death gorge."

The four nodded. "Go ahead, Peterson," said Andrews. Peterson dealt the cards rapidly, and there was no sound except the flutter of the pasteboards as they fell.

The four men watched, and each one thought, different things. "If I get it," thought Dennis Green morosely, "I might as well give Peterson my share of the claim and be done with it. I'll never come back again. The ace of spades never brought me no luck."

"If I get it," thought Chaffee, "it'll be a good thing for the world, I reckon, if I never come back. I sure am down and out."

"If I get it," Jack Blake thought rapidly, "I'll never see Elsie again—not unless I'm mighty lucky. Perhaps she'll be happier with some fellow who hasn't got the gold fever."

"I'm glad I won't get it," exulted Andrews. "Good thing I fixed that with Peterson!"

The last card fell, and the men gathered them up, each one scanning the hand with shrinking eyes.

"I'm out!" breathed Green sharply, putting down his cards.

"Same here," muttered Chaffee. "And here," ended Andrews. Jack Blake said nothing. He stared at the ace of spades in his hand. His face was pale. Presently he looked up and saw them regarding him from under lowered lids.

"I'm it!" he laughed grimly and got upon his feet. The others followed suit. It was plain to be seen that Jack Blake was the least fitted for the dangerous task.

He was taller and broader and much heavier than his companions. "Get your rope ready, Peterson," he said, stretching his arms. "I have a letter to write before I go. You'll send it, Peterson, in case I don't come back!"

"I'll send it," said the Swede carelessly. He was out of the contest. He had a crippled leg and walked with a queer, hopping gait.

The conference had taken place in Blake's shack. The others went out, and Blake sat down before a roughly made desk. He destroyed some papers, wrote a letter, which he left on the desk, for Peterson to mail if necessary; then he wrote another one and pinned it in his coat pocket.

"I don't suppose one of those chaps would go down after my body," he muttered grimly, for he had had reason to lose faith in his four partners. The fifth one, Patsy Denton, was the most decent of the lot, and the day before he had fallen over the brink of the precipice.

The claims which the six prospectors had happened upon simultaneously were located on the western slope of the Panamint range. They had found gold, but the vein was petering out.

"The fewer men the greater share of honor," quoted Blake. "With Denton and I gone there will be a fair share for four. Divided by six it would have skimmed shares a bit. Here goes! I may as well take a chance going after poor Denton as to risk a shot in the back!"

He closed the door of the shack and went out to the overhanging cliff. The mountains lifted grim, dark shoulders to the bright sunshine.

The four men were in consultation at the brink of the precipice. They scattered a little at Blake's approach.

"I was saying," said Andrews craftily, "that I wish there was some other way to get to the bottom of this here hole. But I don't know how!"

"There isn't any other way," said Jack as he tightened his belt and slipped the noose of the new rope under his armpits.

"When you reach the bottom you yank the rope three times," said Peterson. "Then we lower another rope for Patsy or what's left of him."

"Goodby," said Jack, and without offering to shake hands with them he sat down on the edge of the cliff.

The other end of the long rope was securely fastened to a tree. Gently they eased the rope until Blake swung in under the brow of the cliff, out of their sight.

The rope quivered through their fingers, tautened and suddenly raced scorchingly through, and the covered end vanished into space.

There followed a crashing sound and long afterward a faint thud, after that the echo of a laugh.

The four breathed heavily and wiped the sweat from their faces. Andrews, who had bought his own life from Peterson, slipped the knife back into his pocket. They went into the nearest shack and drank heavily.

Most rocks far below as he dangled at the rope's end.

Just then he swung under the cliff; something grasped him firmly, and he was drawn to a safe footing on a narrow ledge thirty feet from the top of the precipice.

He gasped when he gazed into the grinning face of Patsy Denton. "Whisht!" cautioned Patsy, finger on lip. "Come inside, Blake, and listen to me yarn."

"Then you didn't fall down—you were not hurt?" asked Jack in amazement.

Patsy's face darkened. "No thanks to them murdering villains that I'm not dead," he said. "Twas Peterson himself pushed me over. What are ye doin' down here?"

"Come after your remains," laughed Jack. Meantime Patsy had tugged persistently at the rope.

Suddenly he clung tightly to the face of the cliff, and as the length of the severed rope hurtled down from above Patsy Denton managed to kick out a large stone.

When the stone struck the bottom of the gorge Patsy laughed thinly. "That's where we'd be, eh?"

"For all they know we are down there," said Jack significantly. "But what shall we do, Patsy?"

"Come along," said Denton, leading the way along the six foot shelf. "When I was pushed over yesterday me hands went flyin' out to catch hold of somethin', and what should I grab but that old granddaddy of a root, yonder, and I swung in until me toes gripped the earth. I clawed hold of it. It's thankful I am that I'm a little whiffet of a feller; the old root would have busted sure if you'd caught it, Blake!"

They walked along the ledge until they reached a triangular opening in the cliff wall. They squeezed through and found themselves in a crevasse or part of a natural cave.

Patsy scratched a match. "Look!" he said tensely. Jack Blake looked open mouthed. There was a dull yellow glitter in the rocky walls of the crevasse.

"Gold! The lost vein!" muttered Jack as he scanned the rich outcropping. "I believe it's under your own claim, Patsy!"

"No, 'tisn't. I've figured it's under nobody's claim yet. You and me will file against it, eh? Shure, didn't you come down after me dead corpse?" He grinned.

Then Jack told him about the drawing of lots and how he had drawn the ace of spades.

"Twas a lucky card for you, Blake," said Patsy. "Now, I'm most starved. I'm thinkin' 'twould be a good idea to steal along this passage and—see, it slopes up—finally come out on the other side of the hill behind a furze bush. It's food I'm wantin' ad!"

"If you can wait until dark," suggested Jack, "we can help ourselves. Meantime forget your hunger if you can. Let us talk about the girls waiting for us back home."

It was 10 o'clock. The four conspirators were playing cards and drinking. Suddenly Peterson pointed a shaking finger at the window.

"Look!" he shrieked. They turned and saw two white faces pressed against the pane.

"Ghosts!" yelled Andrews and fled into the night.

The other three followed at break-neck speed. They raced down the trail, scared into sobriety, glad to leave Death gulch far behind.

Months afterward they heard of the lucky strike in the Panamints and that Jack Blake and Patsy Denton were rich men.

And the newspapers told all about the severed rope and the four who were afraid of ghosts.

The four looked sourly at one another.

"And they got the nerve to name the mine the Ace of Spades!" growled Andrews.

The man that loves and laughs must ere do well.—Pope

Fat Crystals.
If small quantities of butter, lard and beef fat be separately boiled and slowly cooled for, say, twenty-four hours, the resulting crystals will show very marked differences under the microscope. The normal butter crystal is large and globular. It polarizes brilliantly and shows a well marked St. Andrew's cross. That of lard shows a stellar form, while that of beef fat has a faint appearance. In course of time, as the butter loses its freshness, the globular crystal degenerates and gradually merges into peculiar rosette-like forms.

A Curious Funeral Ceremony.
It is said that when Alaric, the conqueror of Rome, died a river was turned aside to make place in its bed for his grave, and when he was buried the water was again let into its former channel and the prisoners who had helped to bury him were killed so that no one might find out where the conqueror of Rome was buried. The river turned was the Busento and the place near Conopio, Italy.

Jack Blake looked down at the jam