

## FARM LOANS

Reasonable Rates  
Any Amount  
Long Time  
No waiting

**HECKER & BEAM**  
133 Lyon St. Albany, Or.

When in Albany

TRY A ROOM AT THE

## Revere Rooming House

Good Clean Wholesome Rooms and  
Beds at Moderate Prices.

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

## H. B. CHESS

ATTORNEY AT LAW

Office on Sherman St. Lebanon, Or.

Hizz BLAIRSTOWN Hizz  
IOWA

## Local Market Report

Wheat per bushel	\$ .71
Oats " "	.35
Bran per ton	29.00
Wheat chop per ton	32.00
Oat chop " "	31.50
Barley Chop " "	30.00
Flour per sack	1.30
Eggs per dozen	.19
Butter per pound	.20
Chickens, hens per lb	.11 1/2
" spring " "	.14
" roosters " "	.07
Turkeys " "	.18
Geese " "	.08
Ducks " "	.12
Beef " "	.05
Veal " "	.94
Hogs, live per hundred lb	8.00
Hogs, dressed " "	9.00
Mutton " "	8.00

Mortgage Loans Negotiated Notary Public

## N. M. Newport

Attorney at Law

(CITY ATTORNEY)

LEBANON OREGON

## A Proper Celebration

And It Fitted Right In on the Fourth of July

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Mel Archer and May Baldwin were spoons from the time they were the tiniest of kids. When Mel was five and May was four they captured a sugar bowl together and ran as fast as their chubby little legs would carry them to the barn, mounted to the hay-loft and emptied the bowl into their stomachs. The sting of the shoe sole which followed only added to the bond between them.

Then came the schoolmate age, and it brought another episode calculated to unite their young hearts. May possessed a doll whose eyes would appear to open and shut. An accident to the optic machinery within caused that part of the eye on which the pupil was not painted to remain always to the front. One of the boys made fun of May's doll, and Mel gave him a licking.

It is needless to say that with such heart links to bind their souls together when they were children they became real spoons when they grew up. But this period during which true love should run smooth proved the reverse, and instead of being the bosom of a gently flowing river it was the humps and hillocks of the glacier.

Then another fellow stepped in between them and their paths forked.

Nevada Pete studied the fly spotted calendar with his one good optic. The glass eye stared fixedly at the wall over the calendar.

"Seems like that there calendar's got you hypnotized," drawled Luke Mather.

Pete turned his head on his long neck. "Tomorrow's the Fourth of July," he remarked.

"Tell it to Sweeney," was Luke's caustic advice.

"Wake up!" cautioned Henry Dorr, yawning. "I've known it ever since last year."

Pete laughed. "You ain't likely to forget the Fourth, either."

For on the previous anniversary of his country's birth to freedom Henry Dorr had heid a pack of cannon crackers too close to his careless cigarette. The cigarette happened to be lighted, and—well, Henry spent several weeks in bed and came forth with his natural beauty much marred, which was a pity, as Pete insisted, because Henry had no good looks to spare.

Henry bore their teasing with good natured tolerance. On the Double Bar ranch they were much given to tormenting one another and to practical joking.

"I was talking to Mrs. Whiffle yesterday," remarked Pete, tipping his chair back against the wall.

"You might be observed in that pleasant occupation most any time," put in Luke.

Pete looked down at the cigarette he was rolling.

"And she says," he went on evenly, "that her children ain't ever seen a firecracker. They don't know what a Fourth of July celebration looks like."

"For the love of Mike! Where have they lived?" asked the amazed Mr. Dorr.

"Oh, homesteading up in Washington. Kids all born up there. And Whiffle too down and out to fire off his gun, I reckon, when the Fourth did come around. He was half dead when they reached God's country, meaning Umpas county, and before she could turn around the other half of him died and left her with three kids to bring up."

"Tough luck," muttered Luke.

"It's a good thing she ain't ashamed to do washing and ironing. She's got a job at every ranch within ten miles of her shack. She's keeping the hull county clean."

"And what's all this leading up to?" demanded Henry Dorr.

"A celebration for the Whiffle kids," said Pete firmly. He took off his hat and passed it around.

"Fifteen dollars and four cents," he announced after counting the result.

"Some celebration," murmured Luke sleepily. "I reckon the widow would rather have the cash to buy clothes and food for the kids."

Pete passed the hat again, but he only gleaned two collar buttons and an assortment of dark glances.

"You must think we're a collection of conscience smitten millionaires," grinned Luke.

"You're a collection of knockers," retorted Pete. "What'll we buy, fellows?"

The nine looked interested. "Old man Miller's got some skyrockets," suggested Barker.

"Skyrockets!" repeated Pete, writing the words down in a greasy memorandum book. "Anybody else got any

brilliant suggestions to make?"

They all had and they all voiced them in one deafening chorus.

When the list was completed a committee of eight cowpunchers rode over to Bear Gulch to buy the fireworks, and the remaining member of the Double Bar outfit, Mel Archer, was delegated to notify the Widow Whiffle of the impending celebration.

Mel set forth on his errand in an unpleasant frame of mind. In the first place he had never seen the Widow Whiffle, and in the second place he did not care for women. Once upon a

time a woman had thrown aim over, and Mel Archer had sworn against the fair sex ever since.

Still he had been interested enough to put on his best white silk shirt and orange necktie, which was vastly becoming to his dark, good looking face.

"She sure might be scared if I looked too much like a hobo," said Mr. Archer in excuse for his vanity.

The Widow Whiffle's shack was tucked under the brow of a hill several miles away from the Double Bar.

Archer had never seen it, but now as he rode down the trail that ended at a neat whitewashed fence he sniffed the air with a homesick longing for the little middle west village where he was born.

For there was a flower garden here that boasted all the sweet old fashioned posies of his boyhood—petunias, mignonette, heliotrope, day lilies, roses, marigold, honeysuckles, all the sweet familiar smells.

And the little shack itself was a long, one story building of corrugated iron, but its walls were hidden under clambering roses and honeysuckles.

"Any widow who can go out washing and keep a garden like this one is worth a celebration," decided Mel Archer as he tied his horse to the fence and walked up to the front door—in fact, the only door of the house. The windows were lighted.

He knocked and immediately a shadow crossed the drawn shade.

"Who is there?" demanded a firm, sweet voice.

"A friend," laughed Mel in his pleasant voice. "A committee of one from the Double Bar."

"Oh!"

The door opened hospitably, and Mel blinked as he entered a cozy sitting room.

There was a round table and a workbasket and a pile of children's clothes.

That in hand, Mel turned his powerful figure to meet the Widow Whiffle.

Instead of a sharp featured, work worn drudge he saw a plump little woman with brown hair streaked with gray, a fresh complexion, a pretty nose and a pair of blue eyes that scanned him incredulously.

"Mel Archer?" she whispered at last. "May!" he exploded in a tone of disbelief. "What are you doing here—at Mrs. Whiffle's?"

"Because I am Mrs. Whiffle," she answered evenly.

"You?" he gasped, because she was the woman who had made him hate all other women. "I never knew who you married," he explained dully.

"And of course I didn't know you were within a thousand miles of Umpas county," she said. "Won't you sit down?" She sank into her own little rocking chair and picked up a child's frock.

Mel could see that her fingers trembled.

"So you married Whiffle," he said at last. "You're having a hard time of it, May?"

She bit her lip.

"No more than I deserve," she said in a strained tone. "There's something I must explain to you, Mel. You went away so suddenly you never gave me a chance."

"Fire ahead!" he said, his eyes hidden beneath his hand.

He told himself that the light hurt his eyes, but it was the sight of her after seven long, hateful years that dazzled him.

The Fourth of July dawned clearly. The grass of the ranges crisped under the burning rays of the sun, but in the grove of trees at the back of the Widow Whiffle's house it was delightfully cool.

When the nine cowpunchers from the Double Bar reached the grove the three little Whiffles were playing contentedly beneath the trees. They had some cheap toys and broken bits of china and were supremely happy.

Their mother had set a table in the grove, and it looked good to the hot and thirsty riders.

"We've come to celebrate," explained Nevada Pete as they staked their horses in the shade.

"Celebrate?" repeated Mrs. Whiffle, blushing and starry eyed, in a white muslin gown she had washed and ironed since dawn.

"Didn't Mel tell you we were coming today to show your kids how to celebrate the Fourth of July?" They all looked accusingly at Mel Archer.

He was the picture of confusion. "I declare," he confessed, "I plumb forgot to tell May about it!"

"May!" shrieked eight indignant male voices.

"Yep," he said sturdily, "we're engaged!"

"Engaged!" announced the celebrants

"Quick work!" added Luke Mather. May Whiffle put her hand on Mel's sleeve.

"Tell them, Mel, that we used to be sweethearts, and that we met unexpectedly last night, and that we're going to be married now. Here comes the minister."

The Rev. Mr. Jelton declared that he had never officiated at a more preposterous wedding. When the big, bronzed cowboy and the blushing little widow had been married beneath the trees they sat down to a delicious meal prepared by the bride.

And after that the day was one wild pandemonium of noise, for the cowboys celebrated every moment of the time, while the children, caring not a whit for the day and its significance, played with their toys.

When the last rocket had blazed its way into the evening sky the visitors shook hands and rode away.

Not one of them but envied Archer his good luck.

"It was a right proper celebration," admitted Peter gloomily.

## HOW TO RID THE CANARY

Sometimes a canary will droop and stop his song, his vitality preyed upon by lice almost microscopic. One of the simplest as well as the surest ways to relieve him is to hang a piece of soft muslin over his cage nights, in the morning removing the several little black dots that rest upon it. This process repeated for a week or ten days will quite rid the bird of vermin, and he will take up his song again.

## Disk Smoother.

For the final smoothing touch to the soil before planting garden or truck crops there is a device consisting of a large number of small disks set in a wooden frame which does just about the same work as a steel rake, but gets



over the ground much more rapidly. The drawing illustrates the manner of its construction and shows just about what it may be expected to accomplish. For doing the same work drags or floats big enough to be horse drawn or of a size suitable for drawing by hand may be used.—Farm Progress.

## Spring Apple Spraying.

As a result of the field experiments in spraying apple orchards the University of Illinois agriculture experiment station recommends that the first summer application be made after the cluster buds open, as soon as the individual flower buds spread apart, but before the flower buds themselves open. Spraying may be continued until the petals have commenced to separate, but should be discontinued as soon as the stamens and pistils of the flowers are exposed. This spray is for the apple scab and to kill the various leaf eating insects which appear early in the season, including bud moth, tent caterpillar and canker worm.

## The Forehead and Health.

The forehead is the first feature of the face to show indisposition. The minute one's stomach is out of order there will be yellow spots on the brow. When one feels faint the forehead will instantly show it. When one is sick there will be freckles and pimples upon the brow, which was smooth and clear before. The forehead is as good an indication of one's general health as is the pulse.—London Globe.

## Ugly Comparison.

"Dad, what do they mean by perennial?"

"Continuing from year to year," answered pop.

"Like my hat," interposed ma.

And then there was a deep, portentous silence.—Providence Tribune

## Fatal Anghow.

"Won't you try a piece of my wife's angel cake?"

"Will it make an angel of me?"

"That will depend on the kind of a life you have led."—Houston Post

## Transcribing the Unreal.

"The poem 'Kubla Khan' was transcribed from a dream."

"I could make a great moving picture scenario from some of the nightmares I have."—Kansas City Journal

## Selecting a Name.

"I think I'll start a magazine to be called Umbrage."

"Why that somewhat unusual name?"

"People are so apt to take it."—Louisville Courier-Journal

## Fresh Water Sharks.

The great Lake Nicaragua and the Rio Grande, which connects it with the Caribbean, are inhabited by one of the few fresh water species of shark known in the world.

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

Practically a daily at the price of a weekly. No other newspaper in the world gives so much at so low a price.

There has never been a time when a newspaper was more needed in the household. The great war in Europe has now entered its second year, with no promise of an end for a long time. These are world-shaking events, in which the United States, willing or unwilling, has been compelled to take a part. No intelligent person can ignore such issues.

The presidential contest also will soon be at hand. Already candidates for the nomination are in the field and the campaign, owing to the extraordinary character of the times, will be of supreme interest. No other newspaper will inform you with the promptness and cheapness of the Thrice-a-Week edition of the New York World.

The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only \$1 per year and this pays for 156 papers. We offer this unequalled newspaper and The Scio Tribune together for one year for \$1.85. The regular subscription price of the two paper is \$2.25.

Send you Subscription to

## THE SCIO TRIBUNE

SCIO

OREGON

When in need of anything in the way of

## PRINTING

call on

## THE SCIO TRIBUNE

COMMERCIAL PRINTERS

We make a specialty of all kinds of Job Printing

We always satisfy We never disappoint

And our Prices are always reasonable