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GENUINE Diamond Rings and gold watches on our club plan. 10c secures one. Form a club of 3 members and get one free. Particulars for the asking. Send today. National Diamond Ring and Watch Co. Kennewick, Wash. 25-28

FOR SALE—600 Oregon champion gooseberry plants, 1,000 Black caps and 75 currants at 2c each and Raspberry plants at 1c each. Order at once before all are gone. Am also booking orders for Sicilian Buttercup eggs. Write for prices. Albert Bottemiller, Ridgefield, Wash. 25-29

HOTEL and BAR—Fine location. Dining room and kitchen, etc. 25 bed rooms in fine condition 5 year lease; rent \$125.00. Bar is first class and doing fine transient business. Price \$7000.00. Must be sold at once. Owner going east. M. A. McAllen, Stockton, Cal. 14

440 ACRES—Grant Co., Wash. to trade for mds. or other income bearing property; abundance of water found on adjoining farm. For particulars address: Box 118, Troy, Idaho. 25-28

MARRY, we have a large number wealthy members. This club is one of the oldest and most successful; strictly confidential; particulars free. The Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrenzel, Box 28, Oakland, Cal. 25-27

WANTED to hear from owner of Farm or fruit ranch for sale. O. O. Matson, Minneapolis, Minn. 90 Andrus Bldg. 20-22

Dr. Davis will be in Ione the first week in every month. All work first class and guaranteed. 15-25-11

FOR SALE—192 acres fine farm land, all fenced, cropped this season, \$7.00 an acre. Small house on property. \$700 cash, balance in 1917. 7 miles from Ione. See Ione Realty Co., Ione, Oregon, Box 162.

Your Future. Need questions, birth-date 5c. Dreams interpreted, Mr. Madison developed. Nellie Lewis, Silver Lake, Ore. 25-27

As the Editor Sees It

Another chestnut: "Do your Christmas shopping early."

There's a lot of energy corked up in this town. Jerk the cork.

Are you a home town booster? Or is it the other fellow.

Many a wise man is considered a fool by his neighbors.

Eat, drink and be merry, if you can. But be merry anyway.

January 1 is noted for two things. It ushers in a new year and a grist of bills.

No person is ever poor who has a normal body, good health, a clear eye and a clear mind.

If man and wife are one, why in heck is "he, she or it" always scrapping?

A lot of people talk, a few think and some are too darned lazy to do either.

A gift with a string tied to it is usually of less value than the string.

One of the wisest men we ever knew frankly admitted he was a fool.

"Kill the goose that lays the golden egg," if you like. But save the egg.

No man is ever as wise as his neighbor—in the estimation of the neighbor.

Get there on time and leave on time and perhaps you will be invited to call again.

Wouldn't be president, you say? Neither would we, and for the same reason—we couldn't be elected.

We are perfectly willing to have the whole world formed into one great republic, provided Uncle Sam is the big squeeze in the push.

First thing we know the neutral countries will be scrapping with each other to see which one can crop off the honors of neutrality.

If all defectives were allowed to die at birth what a slump we would have in our census returns.

"Women of the world are showing a strong tendency toward returning to the garb of Mother Eve," says a feminine lecturer of note. Bully! We always did believe in pushing a good thing along.

We can't all be rich and we won't all be paupers, but we can have a deal of fun trotting along in the middle of the road.

When you step on the other fellow's toe "he ought to have sense enough to keep out of the way." But if he steps on yours he's a clumsy brute.

If every one of our delinquent subscribers would pay up between now and Christmas this town would have a record equal to no other town in the United States. And who wouldn't cough up a dollar or two for a reputation like that.

The time is coming when nearly every church will have moving pictures as a feature of the service and it wouldn't be a bad stunt at that. "Illustrated sermons" would look good, sound better and be best and get the people.

If only the good and pure in mind go to heaven, what is to become of the doctors and the lawyers and merchants and editors and bankers and farmers and the rest of the common herd? And where, oh where, will the politicians go?

W. E. Cochran who came in from Pendleton Thursday evening on business left Sunday morning for his home.

The Scrap Book

Juliet Got the Light.
At a small seaport town a star actress of the third magnitude appeared as Juliet.

"I cannot do justice to myself," she said to the manager, "if I do not have a limelight thrown on me when I appear at the balcony."

"We ain't got no limelight, miss, but I think we could get you a ship's blue light," replied the obliging manager, and to this the lady agreed.

The lad who went to the shop to buy the blue light brought back a signal rocket, which was given to him by mistake. The prompter took the rocket in good faith.

Romeo—He jumps at scars who never felt a wound.

Juliet—Prompts lights a match.

"But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?"

(This was the match lighting the fuse.)

"Arise, fair sun!"

The sun, or rather the rocket, did rise with a terrific hiss. Juliet was knocked off the balcony, the fly borders were set on fire, and the theater was filled with a sulphurous smoke, while the audience, which was fortunately a small one, made a stampede to the doors.

Since then "Romeo and Juliet" has always been looked upon in that town as a dramatic work that could not be witnessed without personal danger.—London Express.

Need.
As earth needs night wherein to find the peace
That brings from strife and toll a glad surcease.
So earth needs sorrow, that our hearts may see
Beneath life's fret love's calm eternity.
—Arthur Wallace Pease.

They Were Missed.
I had once an amusing glimpse of Edward Hale and his numerous offspring. I was at the Redwood library (Newport) and heard the tramp of many feet and supposed it an excursion party; then his cheery voice. They had stopped on their way from Block Island to the Narragansett region, where they lived. I showed them a few things, and presently they streamed out again. Going toward the door, I met the elder girl returning and looking for something, as if she had dropped a glove or a handkerchief. I said, "Are you looking for anything?" She said, smiling shyly, "For a pair of twins." It was even so. Hale, counting up his party on the sidewalk, missed nothing but a pair of twins and sent her back to find them in some corner. —"Thomas Wentworth Higginson," by Mary Thacher Higginson.

Starited the Tailor.
A London tailor was once measuring Dr. Parker, who had a quaint sense of humor, for an overcoat, when suddenly the doctor broke forth in his most emphatic voice:

"Can you measure the ineffable?" The assistant looked up and saw that the doctor was extremely grave. He said:

"I beg your pardon, sir." The doctor raised both his hands with a grand upward sweep and said:

"Can you measure the ineffable? Can you comprehend the Infinite?"

"We'll make you a nice coat, sir," returned the puzzled assistant. Tapping the doctor's shin, he said:

"That's about the length, sir."

"Longer!" ejaculated the doctor in determined tones.

"There, sir?"

"Longer!" thundered the great man.

The tailor remonstrated. As a technical professional he could give points on tailoring to any preacher that ever wore a head.

"If you have it any longer you won't be able to walk," he remarked conclusively.

The doctor looked on him compassionately and, once more extending his arms toward the skies, said confidentially:

"I don't want to walk; I want to soar!"

Preserved Snow.
It was in the smoke of the limited, and the New England Yankee was talking of Joe Knowles, the Boston artist who took to the woods without food or clothing and lived there for some weeks by way of proving that nature is an adequate provider. The man from the Sea was skeptical. "Well," said he, "maybe he might do that in Maine, but out here, where we have weather, he never could have done it. Why, man, I've seen good sleighing out here in August."

The Fine Tree man never blinked, but replied: "Nothing wonderful about that. Why, up in Farmington (Me.) way, where Joe and I come from, they never think of using the snow until it's two years old."—Everybody's Magazine.

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