

THE HIRED MAN

By VINCENT G. PERRY.

The labor problem was a serious one. Blanche Drennan was willing to admit it. For over a week she had been trying to obtain help for her father's farm but without success. A ten-acre truck farm did not require more than one man's attention, but it might just as well have required ten. Blanche did not want to have to wire her father to return from the rest of the doctor had ordered him to take. He thought the farm was being well taken care of. How was he to know that the man he had left in charge had gone away without even giving Blanche notice? She had managed to keep things from going to pieces for a week, but her strength would not hold out, she knew. A girl fresh from college couldn't rough it like an ordinary country girl. The farm was a hobby of her father's more than anything else. Just the same, the country needed all the food the land could produce that year, and Blanche wasn't going to let it go to waste just because her living did not depend upon it.

The drive from the city had given her an appetite. A sudden craving for hot biscuits took possession of her.

"Now, if there was only someone to help me eat them," she murmured, regretfully, as she viewed the finished products, set out in a row.

"Whew, those smell good!" Blanche turned quickly. There stood a young man inhaling the aroma of the cooking. An applicant to her advertisement—she knew it the minute her eyes lighted upon him, and hastened to corral him. A plan had suggested itself to her.

"Come right in," she invited, as she threw open the screen door that separated them. "You are just in time for supper."

The young man was arrayed in a linen dust from head to foot and was just bemused, but Blanche didn't mind that. He looked strong and able to work; that is what counted with her.

"I'll wait here a minute to pour a fresh egg for you, and the tea is brewing now." The man was too surprised to speak. Blanche waited until he finished the meal before she mentioned the farm.

"Aren't you glad you came to answer my advertisement?" she said.

"You'll really like it here, and the work is light. It is merely gardening, you know. Even a city man could do that. The meals you will like, I am sure. They will all be as nice as this one—many of them nicer. This was a nice meal, wasn't it?"

"It certainly was," he answered enthusiastically. That was all the acceptance Blanche required.

It took two weeks to get the little farm back into its original shape. For a day or two the new man, who gave his name as Clifford Towson, was rather awkward at the work, but it did not take him long to grow into the way of it.

"If you can find a weed in that garden or a spot that hasn't either been hoed over, or tilled up, I'll work without wages." Clifford said as he came in for supper two weeks from the day he had arrived.

"It's just blue," Blanche told him, gratefully. "I believe I could let you have a holiday."

"I don't want one," he laughed. "I wouldn't miss one of your meals for the world. Let's go for a walk tonight. You don't mind walking with the hired man, do you?"

"As if that would make any difference!" Blanche exclaimed, reproachfully. "We will go just as soon as we finish supper."

It was a pretty country, and they found many things of interest on their walk.

"Why, there is an automobile in among those trees—a roadster!" Blanche cried, as she pointed in the direction of a clump of bushes.

"Sure enough it is!" Clifford cried in turn.

"Jump in," he said, as he started the engine. "We will go for a ride."

"But the owner—" Blanche protested.

After a long spin he drove into the gate at Blanche's farm.

"I'll get out, and you take it back," Blanche said earnestly. "What if the owner finds out?"

"He has found out now," Clifford smiled. "I am the owner."

"You!" Blanche almost shrieked with surprise.

"Yes, I was stashed out there two weeks ago and came here for water. You employed me before I had a chance to explain."

She was speechless for a minute, but at last gasped: "If you are not a farm hand, what are you?"

"A lawyer," he smiled quietly, enjoying her surprise to the utmost.

It was some time before Blanche was able to think clearly.

"You will be going away tonight," she said at length. "The joke has become tiresome to you."

"I'm going to stay right here until your father gets back. I wouldn't miss one of those meals for anything," he answered.

"If you only would stay till father gets back, I'll do anything for you," Blanche said eagerly.

"Will you promise to come back to the city with me—to marry me?"

"That's a dreadful price you set on your work," she smiled, but the accompanying blush gave him hope.

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A FAIR EXCHANGE

By DOROTHY D. MUIR.

It has never been quite decided whether Bob was wakened that night or whether the burglar, being an experienced burglar, made too much noise, but everybody does agree that though the burglary, itself, was unsuccessful, the affair turned out in a way that pleased all concerned, and, much better, to be sure, than had been expected. The whole thing began when Bob awoke with an awful start to discover that there was surely a burglar in his apartment. Now Bob, having his own ideas on the management of burglars, soon had his very bright, hitherto unused, and, he feared, unloaded revolver, cocked before him, and stood ready to draw the curtains separating his room from the small living room adjoining it.

"Glad you seem to be enjoying yourself." This from Bob, as he stood, rather dramatically, between the drawn portieres, the revolver leveled at the intruder.

"Oh!" A very startled and almost feminine exclamation from the burglar.

"Ah!" A very admiring and extremely amazed exclamation from Bob, as the burglar, or perhaps we should say burglaress, faced him. Bob knew how to manage some species of burglar, or thought he did, but this particular specimen baffled him.

"Please, I'm sorry!" She raised a pathetic face to his—an extremely pretty face, with very large brown eyes, and very red lips. For a moment the lips trembled and strange to say it seemed as though she was struggling to suppress laughter rather than tears.

"Hysterical," concluded Bob, though it was hard to explain the odd twinkle which he felt sure he could detect in her eyes.

"Please don't send for the police," she said.

"Oh, don't explain. I think I understand—you were poor and discouraged, and tempted."

"Yes! that was the reason. I—I was so poor and—dread. But now will you let me go?"

"Of course, in a moment, but won't you let me be of assistance to you?" He disappeared into his room, and when he returned held out to her a bill of no large denomination as he had felt he could afford.

"Please accept it, and try not to steal again."

He felt that he was handling the situation admirably. He possessed no great amount of wealth, but what he did have he would use to help the unfortunate, and, incidentally, the beautiful.

"Thank you," replied the fair burglaress, after a brief moment of hesitation, and she took the proffered bill. "You're very good." The envelope was left unfastened as she hurried her hand in her arms.

"Absolutely necessary," thought Bob, with much sympathy. Some time later, when she seemed to have recovered and had promised to lead a worthier life, he led her to the door, and sent her away, then returned to his disturbed slumber, inwardly regretting that a girl, with such a lovely face, should be a mere thief of the slums. All that night, and all the next day he thought of her. He was disgusted with himself for not getting her address and managing to see more of her if only to be of pecuniary assistance—and then the unexpected happened.

A letter came from Betty. Betty was Bob's sister, who lived some distance away with the rest of his family, but who was in the same town, with friends, at the present time, on a visit. As he opened the envelope, a rather crumpled greenback fluttered out of it and as it was a bill of the same amount that he had made a gift of the night before, he hastened to read sister Betty's letter for an explanation.

Dear Bobbie—it ran, I am returning the enclosed, with much praise for your generosity and many thanks from my friend, Margaret Allan, a perfect dream of a girl, whose acquaintance you have made under strange circumstances. They have a perfectly delightful club over here and last night they initiated Margaret—I suggested the initiation as you probably suspect, for you remember I had a key to your apartment—and that's why she played burglar, Bobbie, dear.

"Hope you won't be cross," Margaret was a good sport, anyway, for it was a daring thing to do! And she carried it off fine, even if you did discover her. I will tell you that she was very favorably impressed, if you won't get too conceited, and, of course, I can arrange a meeting if you wish. But oh, Bobby, what will happen to you if I introduce you to Margaret? Love, from Betty."

It hardly needs to be said that, at his eager request, Betty soon arranged for the meeting, and Margaret, with her irresistible smile and altogether charming manner, was even more wonderful than he had pictured she would be.

The acquaintance ripened into friendship, and the friendship grew deeper and stronger, until one day Bob said, very tenderly, to Margaret: "Don't pretend you're a lady, Margaret, for you're only a little burglar after all. Margaret, dear, do you know you have stolen my heart?"

But Margaret, her eyes beaming with love light, answered: "Oh, no, Bobbie, dear, I have not stolen your heart. It is only a fair exchange."

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ONE GOOD THING FROM WAR

Cocones Nut, Hitherto Considered Only as Nuisance, Has Been Made Article of Commerce.

Before the war the coconut, which grows freely in the Southern Americas, on large trees of the palm family, was literally such a hard nut to crack that its vegetable oil had no place in commerce, and the tree was known chiefly as a botheration to banana planters when they wished to enlarge their plantations. Eighteen hundred pounds' pressure is required to crack the coconut nut, and there was no machinery for doing it. Then government experts said that nothing else in the world would provide such good carbon for gas masks as the coconut nut, and the United States financed the creation of machinery for cracking it, thus starting a new and important industry. Hereafter it will be well worth while breaking the shells for the vegetable oil inside them, valuable for cooking, lighting, and the making of nut butter; and the shells, happily no longer needed for masks, can be used as fuel or in the manufacture of gas. And so, out of an effort to prevent the expansion of autocracy by conquest, the Southern Americas find opportunity to expand by commerce.—Scientific American.

Aristocrats in Gutter.

We hear rumors of grand dukes and other members of the old nobility of Russia driving cabs and peddling hoot-noses in Petrograd. This is no new thing in Europe. In England the descendants of the great Plantagenets have been found in very lowly occupations. A few years ago a lawsuit proved that a genuine Bourbon was then hawking vegetables in the streets of Paris. A few years earlier a son of a cousin of Empress Josephine, Napoleon's first love, was sent to prison for petty larceny. In 1802 the Marquis DeFolgue was an omnibus conductor; the Comte de la Marche was a house painter; the Marquis DeTorrey d'Enfilade kept a small inn at Corneac, and the Marquis d'Hauteroche, a descendant of the nobleman who, at the battle of Fontenoy, called out to the English: "Tirez les premiers," was a gendarme.

Antimony in the Transvaal.

A new body of antimony is reported to have been opened near the Komati river, in the district of the Steynsdorp gold fields, Transvaal. As the ore is found to be valuable, a mining company is now carrying on searching operations on the spot. Three shafts have been sunk to a depth of 50 feet, besides open workings. Ore is continuous throughout. A furnace capable of smelting ten tons of ore per day is in operation and it is stated that there is sufficient ore in sight to keep the furnace working while developments are being made.—Scientific American.

Reborn Predicted Foch's Victory.

When Lord Roberts was in Canada ten years ago at the dedication of the Plains of Abraham park and playground he made this prediction: "They refuse to believe me, and we are asleep under a false security; for I do not hesitate to affirm that we will have a frightful war in Europe, and that Great Britain and France will have the hardest experience of their existence. They will, in fact, see defeat very near, but the war will finally be won by the genius of a French general named Ferdinand Foch, professor in the military school in Paris."

Little Rivers Important.

In his war ode Dr. van Dyke reminds loyal to "little rivers." In his book, "Little Rivers," he has already made little rivers as interesting as the little drops of water that make the mighty ocean. Freedom begins at the source.

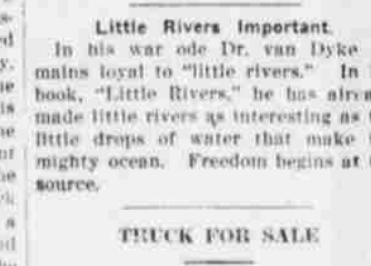
TRUCK FOR SALE

Three ton Packard truck in A No. 1 condition \$1500. For particulars call on or address the Heppner Herald, Heppner, Oregon. 521f

All the local news, \$2 the Herald.

NEW HOME

"I'll get it for my wife"



NO OTHER LIKE IT. NO OTHER AS GOOD.

Buy the "NEW HOME" and you will have a life-long asset on the date you pay. The reputation of this machine is a long-time success story. You can't have the "NEW HOME" unless it is guaranteed for all time.

Know the world over for superior sewing quality. Not sold under any other name. THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO., ORANGE, MASS. MADE IN U.S.A. 521f

CASE FURNITURE CO.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at LaGrande, Oregon, March 26, 1919.

Notice is hereby given that Ellis R. Minor, whose post-office address is Lone, Oregon, did on the 16th day of September, 1918, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 019348, to purchase the E½ NE¼, section 7, Township 4 South, Range 28 East, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "timber and stone law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application the land and timber thereon have been appraised at \$255.00 the timber estimated at 148,000 board feet at \$0.75 & \$1.25 per M, and the land \$100.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 25th day of June, 1919, before C. C. Patterson, United States Commissioner, at Heppner, Oregon.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

C. S. DUNN REGISTER

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County, administratrix of the estate of O. E. Farnsworth, deceased, and has duly qualified as such administratrix. All persons having claims against the said estate are hereby required to present the same, with the proper vouchers as required by law, to said administratrix at the office of Jos. J. Nye, at Heppner, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice.

Dated at Heppner, Oregon, this 27th day of May, 1919.

C. M. FARNSWORTH, Administratrix of the Estate of O. E. Farnsworth, deceased.

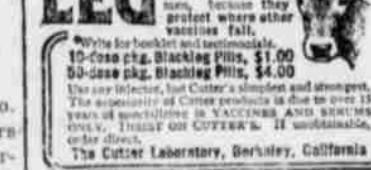
NOTICE OF PRIVATE SALE OF REALTY

In the Matter of the Estate of John F. Lentz, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that from and after the 7th day of July, 1919, the undersigned will offer for sale the following described property at the following described terms of sale:

The southwest quarter (SW¼) of Section Thirty-three (33) all in Township One (1) South, Range Twenty-four (24) East, Willamette Meridian; also lots three (3) and four (4) otherwise described as the North half (N½) of the Northwest quarter (NW¼) and the south half (S½) of the northwest quarter (NW¼) of Section four (4) and lots one (1) and two (2) otherwise described as the north half (N½) of the northeast quarter (NE¼) and the south half (S½) of the northeast quarter (NE¼) of Section five (5) all in Township two (2) south,

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range twenty-four (24) east, Willamette Meridian, in Morrow county, Oregon; the southeast quarter (SE¼) of Section thirty-one (31), the southeast quarter (SE¼) of Section thirty-two (32), both in Township one (1) south, range twenty-four (24) east, Willamette Meridian, also in Morrow County, Oregon, and a contract of purchase entered into with the Oregon Dakota Land company containing one hundred sixty (160) acres, more or less, described as follows: The southwest quarter (SW¼) of Section thirty-two (32) Township one (1) south, range twenty-four (24) east, Willamette Meridian, also in Morrow county, Oregon, and the west one-half (W½) of the southeast quarter (SE¼) and the west one-half (W½) of the northeast quarter (NE¼) of Section twelve (12) in Township one (1) north of range twenty-one (21) east, Willamette Meridian, in Gilliam county, Oregon, containing about one hundred and sixty acres.

That all of the above described land located in Morrow county, containing nine hundred and sixty (960) acres more or less shall be sold for not less than twenty-four thousand eight hundred (\$24,800.00) dollars, and from this sum shall be deducted five per cent which shall

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Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, M. D. Clark, has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of William Barton, deceased, by the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon. All persons having claims against said estate are notified to present the same to me at the office of my attorney, Sam E. Van Vactor, in Heppner, Oregon, within six months from the date of the first publication of this notice.

Dated and first published June third, 1919.

M. D. CLARK, Administrator of the Estate of William Barton, deceased.

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be paid directly to the real estate man making the sale, and from this sum shall be deducted all sums unpaid and owing upon said property; that said one hundred and sixty (160) acres of land located in and near Arlington in Gilliam county be sold for not less than twelve dollars (\$12.00) an acre and that such terms of payment shall be granted as will, upon presentation to this Court, seem advisable.

MARY L. FAIRFIELD, Administratrix. Address, Heppner, Oregon, care of Woodson & Sweek. 5-9

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The Paint Season

This is the time of the year when the spirit of cleaning gets everybody and the first thing that should come into your mind is the value of painting up your premises. We are exclusive agents in Heppner for the famous

Bass-Heuter Paints

—these paints are recognized as the very best that can be bought and we offer you them in every tint and shade.

We also carry a full line of KYANIZE in all shades. This varnish is made for the particular housekeeper who wishes to touch up the little places around the house that are not sufficiently large to call in a painter. And for retouching the furniture where it has become marred. Let us demonstrate them to you.

We would be glad to talk over your paint needs with you.

PEOPLES HARDWARE COMPANY

Heppner Meat Market

H. C. ASHBAUGH, Proprietor

Now open for business in our New Shop on East Side Lower Main Street,

with a complete stock of the finest quality of

Beef, Pork, Mutton and Veal

Call and give us a trial order.

We will treat you right.

HEPPNER OREGON

The Brick

McAtee & Aiken, Proprietors

ICE CREAM AND CARD PARLORS

PEOPLES CASH MARKET

WATKINS & Oviatt, Proprietors

Our location is still in the "blue ground" but if you will follow the "saw-dust trail" you will find us prepared to cater to your wants in the way of tender, juicy meats and fresh fish and shell fish as though we were already in our new building.

Our new building will be completed by and by. In the mean time don't forget us.

PEOPLE'S CASH MARKET