

LEGAL NOTICES

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County.
Arthur Reid and Martin Reid, plaintiffs,
vs.
Madaline Roberts, defendant.

To Madaline Roberts, the above named defendant:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, you are hereby summoned and required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled Court and cause on or before six weeks from the date of first publication of this summons, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to so appear or answer, for want thereof plaintiffs will apply to the Court for the relief prayed for in their complaint, viz. a decree of said Court that you have no right, title or interest in or to the Northeast quarter of Section 14, Township 5 South, Range 26 E. W. M. and that you be forever debarred and enjoined from setting up asserting or maintaining any right title or interest therein or thereto and that plaintiffs' title to said lands be quieted as against you.

This summons is served upon you by publication thereof once a week for six consecutive weeks in the Heppner Herald, a newspaper published in Morrow County, Oregon, by order of Hon. Gilbert W. Phelps, Judge of the above entitled Court made and entered on the 10th day of May, 1920, and the date of first publication is May 11, 1920, and date of last publication is June 22, 1920.

WOODSON & SWECK,
Attorneys for Plaintiffs.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land office at La Grande, Oregon, May 15, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that, FRIEDRICH RAUCH, of Echo, Oregon, who, on November 2, 1915, made Homestead Entry No. 015364 for E 1/2, Section 20, and on March 8, 1920, made Additional Homestead Entry No. 017354, for SW 1/4, Section 20, and E 1/2 NW 1/4, Section 8, Township 1 North, Range 28 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. A. Waters, Clerk of County Court, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 20th day of July, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Tony Vey, Price Munkers, Frank Irwin, Julian Rauch, all of Echo, Oregon.

C. S. DUNN,
Register.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land office at La Grande, Oregon, May 15, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that KATHERINE DOHERTY, of Lena, Oregon, who, on March 23, 1916, made Homestead Entry No. 015687, for SE 1/4, Section 32, Township 1 South, Range 29 East, and Lots 1 and 2 and S 1/2 NE 1/4, Section 20, Township 2 South, Range 29 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make three-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. A. Waters, Clerk of County Court, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 22nd day of July, 1920.

Claimant names as witnesses:
Francis McCabe, John Keegan, Phil Hirl, Mack McGuire, all of Lena, Oregon.

C. S. DUNN,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land office at The Dalles, Oregon, May 15th, 1920.

Notice is hereby given that JOHN P. CONDEE, of Heppner, Oregon, who, on March 15, 1917, made Homestead Entry No. 018585, for Lots 1-2 S 1/2 NE 1/4, Section 2, Township 1 North, Range 26 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final three year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. A. Waters, Clerk of the Circuit Court, at Heppner, Oregon, on the 17th day of July, 1920.

Claimant names witnesses:
Bernard P. Doherty, of Echo, Oregon; Cornelius Melville, of Echo, Oregon; Oases Y. Gibson, of Echo, Oregon; William E. Finley, of Lexington, Oregon.

H. FRANK WOODCOCK,
Register.

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EDWARDS AND MANAGER



Gov. Edward I. Edwards of New Jersey (on left) chatting with Walker W. Vick, his campaign manager, in the Edwards headquarters at the Hotel Manhattan, New York city. Governor Edwards' friends have announced his candidacy for the presidential nomination on the Democratic ticket.

DAVID'S HOUR

By JACK LAWTON.

David sat before the fireplace in the cozy room and looked earnestly at his old friend. The room was lined with books; and a desk stood in the center; half curtains were at the window, where ruffled curtains had been, and a doctor's sign with gilt lettering hung above. David had done his best to turn his mother's sitting room into a doctor's consulting office. The old friend looked back at David, and sympathy was in his gaze.

"It's tough," he said, "after all the years you've planned for this, boy, to have it fall through. Your mother and me used to sit and talk of the time when you'd come back from college and have the whole town calling you for their sick. You'd a made a good doctor, too; there's no question about it. Better'n the big one that's come out of the city. He's had none of the struggles you've had to find his place."

"His dad is one of the big specialists in the city. Thought it would be a good thing to start his son on his own feet, so he bought him the Callum place and got him established. We sure did need a doctor. Old Doc Wells dropping off sudden, this new one fell soft into his place, the place that should have been waiting for you, David. Everyone seemed to take to Doc Brereton right off. Maybe it was his fine car that impressed 'em, or the housekeeper in cap and tucker that opens the door at his house. Anyway, I'm sure there's nothing for you here now, son, an' you'd better hunt another stand. Rent this house and start out for another town. We'll miss you, but I'm telling you just how things are."

David nodded gravely. "Thanks," he replied, "but I guess I'll stick; Doctor Brereton may take all the regular patients. I can see how our families would welcome a city practitioner. But there must be others who could use me; the lower town folks perhaps, or those across the bridge."

"Land alive boy!" the old man exclaimed, "how'd you expect to make a living off those folks? Most of 'em's on charity now."

"I always have managed to live some way," David said slowly.

"You have, David." Dan warmly agreed, "and against all odds you've reached your chosen goal."

The old man paused. "Helen Carson rides out a good deal with Doc Brereton," he said brusquely, "some folks think it's going to be a match. Sure would suit her father down to the ground; you know how Carson is—no one round here ever was good enough for his daughter."

"No one, you mean," David corrected. "had money enough, in his opinion, to be eligible as a husband for his daughter."

"That's it," Dan said, "and the girl cares so much for her fool father that she'd never cross him. Well, good night David, I'm sorry you haven't a better welcome."

David decided to stick and do what he could. He met Nell next day. She was driving with the capable and confident Brereton, and after her little eager cry, Nell had in a whispered word asked to be allowed to speak to him.

He was fortunate in meeting the girl after that, down by the bridge now white with the snows of winter, or in the wood road perhaps, with evergreens on either side. And Nell confessed to him that Hal Brereton wanted her for his wife, and that her father wanted it too.

"And you care for him, Nell?" he managed to ask.

The girl regarded him quietly.

"Certainly not, David," she said; "I shall never marry Hal Brereton."

David's heart sang as he walked home alone.

From despairing, waiting hours of idleness, the telephone called him. He was wanted at Hillcrest.

"I'll come at once," he responded, and started unbelievably.

Hillcrest was the new doctor's assured province. The phone called again as David drew on his coat—then still again! He was to be very busy, he told himself jubilantly. Then came the explanation. Old Dan gave it over the wire.

"The epidemic has caught Doctor Brereton," he said. "He's a sick man, and his patients are all scared to death because there isn't another doctor within two miles, and not one would venture out on these roads in this blizzard and weather. Go to it, Davy; cure 'em all up, and make your reputation."

And that is exactly what David did. Fearlessly he attended every sickbed, thankful for the experience which had been given him in this dreaded disease. His skill was soon recognized—David had arrived. Carson, the important, was the latest to succumb. And he was obliged to call David.

There was no other way. Doctor Brereton had gone to the city to consult. He had admitted to David that he intended to remain there.

"Won't be room for two of us now in that small burg," he had said. And as David bent over the sick man, to the great Carson came the realization of his own helplessness, and a strange, new confidence in another's power.

"You'll pull me through?" he begged feebly.

"I will," David forcefully replied. And he did.

But as he stood there, with Carson's trustful hand clasping his, and with Nell's shining eyes upon him—that was David's hour.

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