

NADINE
By DOROTHY O. GRAVES.

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Nadine Louise Brown rested her fluffy head luxuriously against the white towel stretched over the chair-back and watched the flying landscape.

Boston to Nadine was everything that Paris, Ill., was not. There would be young men, theaters, jobs, everywhere. Nadine planned to get a job right away.

The train rumbled into the South station. Nadine alighted. She knew just what to do, and she did it successfully.

"He's out," said the boy, "but you can't talk to his assistant. It's Mr. Jack, his son. Mr. John Black, Jr., you know."

Mr. Black, Jr., appeared. He was very young and very handsome, more so than any Paris, Ill., young man. His eyes were as startled as Nadine's own, but she did not see that.

"What is your name?" Nadine nodded her head. Mr. Black smiled.

"Where do you come from?" Mr. Black, Jr., forgot this was a business affair, and not a country club dance. But Nadine was not thinking of that.

"Paris," said she. Mr. Black grinned. Now he understood. Nine months before in Paris he had tried to buy soap of a Parisian apothecary, but he had been disappointed in the comprehension of the Frenchman, and he had never got the soap.

"Can you typewrite?" Nadine started to say: "We had that in high school," but she decided it did not sound businesslike, but it was too late, the "we" had escaped.

"I see," he said, "and you want a job."

"What is your name?" asked Mr. Black, holding paper and pen ready. But being very kind he motioned her to wait before answering. From his pocket he produced a well-thumbed little red book. "French Self-Taught." He turned the pages to the "w's." At last he asked triumphantly: "Quel est votre nom?"

Nadine smiled; she wanted to laugh. But she did not dare, and anyway she knew her smile was enchanting. In Paris, Ill., she had studied "French for Engineers" for a year in high school, and had read a little French story by Monsieur LeBrun, which name her teacher had translated as Mr. Brown, so she answered readily, but in half-hesitating English: "I am Nadine LeBrun."

During the next few weeks Mr. Black, Jr., applied himself to his duties so thoroughly and perseveringly that Mr. Black, Sr., told his wife that "Junior" would get somewhere yet. Junior did. Whether or not it was the particular "somewhere" his father meant. It was June, he'd asked the enchanting French girl to go "somewhere" with him that evening. Nadine smiled and nodded.

That night Nadine also got "somewhere." It was the June night, plus the luminous moon, plus the gentle lapping of the water on the shore, at Whithrop Beach and plus Junior. The answer to the problem was "yes." Possibly Nadine had something to do with it, too, but she gave all the credit to Junior.

And then they both got "somewhere." It was this way:

"We'll go out West, dearie," Jack, Jr., breathed into her delicate and very French little ear. "I've an old granny out there who'd love to see us, and she promised me long ago when I married I should have her home for a wedding present, and dad's always said he'd set me up in business out there."

"Oh, Jack!" "Yep, out Illinois way."

"Illinois?" Nadine gasped. But Jr. mistook the long-drawn word for her imperfect knowledge of English. "Yep—Paris, Illinois," he laughed in expectation. "It's a great little old town." The idea then occurred to him that Nadine might have misunderstood. "Not your Paris, you know; it's just a small town in one of our states. There's alfalfa, and wheat, and some cattle."

"And corn, Jackey, say there's corn." "Yep, there's corn, acres of it."

"And, Jack, is it the little yellow house on the corner of Main and Pleasant streets, with the hollyhocks and the wisteria vines?"

"Why, Nadine, how did you know?" "Because," she smiled archly. "Tell me, dearest, how did you know?"

She smiled again and stroked his hand playfully, which he thought very foreign and Frenchy.

"Jack Junior, dear, will you forgive me? You see—I came from Paris."

"Nadine!" But Jack Junior was not angry.

NEW BUFFALO HERD

Bison on Increase Instead of Becoming Extinct.

Yellowstone National Park Authorities Say There Are More Than 100 Wild Buffalo in Park.

Yellowstone Park, Wyo.—Convincing evidence that the wild buffalo of Yellowstone national park, the last surviving remnant of the great herds which once roamed the western plains, are on the increase, instead of dying out, as was feared, has been obtained in the discovery of a new group in the southern portion of the park.

About fifteen animals were observed, evidently a part of the old herd, which it is thought grew so large that some of its members were forced to break away and seek new pasturage. Definite information has been obtained by park authorities that there are now more than one hundred of the wild buffalo in the park. Formerly there were only about half that number.

When discovered, the new herd was within five miles of one of the largest hotels in the park and a snapshot was obtained of one of the animals, a fine bull, probably the first photograph ever taken of a wild buffalo.

Ordinarily the wild buffalo never are seen by tourists and only rarely by park authorities or even by the rangers who patrol the most remote sections. The appearance of the new herd close to the main lines of travel was before the season opened, and the animals apparently had been lured down from the mountain fastnesses by the abundance of spring grass on the lower levels. They disappeared into untraveled country as soon as automobiles became frequent along the highways.

Forty-eight calves have been added this year to the tame buffalo herd of the park, which now has a population of 500. Part of the tame herd has been placed in corral at Mammoth Hot Springs for the benefit of visitors.

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Joseph F. Mikulec, who since 1901 has walked more than 175,000 miles, photographed on his arrival in Boston on a new globe trotting tour.

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that I, the undersigned, under the laws of the state of Oregon, have taken up the animals hereinafter described while running at large on my premises in Morrow county, near Castle Rock, Oregon, to-wit:

- 1 Buckskin gelding, 8 years old, 1000 pounds, branded camp stool on left shoulder and quarter circle W on right hip.
1 Bay mare, 4 years old, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Bay mare, 3 years old, 900 pounds, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Bay mare, 8 years old, 800 pounds, branded LD on left hip.
1 Roan mare, 3 years old, 900 pounds, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Gray stallion, 4 years old, 1000 pounds, branded KF on right hip.
1 Black stallion, 2 years old, 900 pounds, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Brown stallion, 3 years old, 900 pounds, branded quarter circle three on left hip.
1 Sorrel mare, 2 years old, 900 pounds, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Bay mare, 8 years old, 800 pounds, branded HI on right shoulder.
1 Blue mare, 2 years old, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Bay gelding, 6 years old, 900 pounds, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Bay gelding, 6 years old, 800 pounds, spider brand on right shoulder.

- 4 Colts, 2 years old, (1 bay, 1 black, 1 sorrel, 1 roan) branded small 6 or L on left hip.
1 Gray mare, 6 years old, 900 pounds, branded bar above triangle on right hip.
1 Gray mare, 9 years old, 950 pounds, branded HI on right shoulder.
1 Blue yearling, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Sorrel mare, 4 years old, 900 pounds, branded JTL connected on left hip, has bay yearling colt, no brand.
1 Bay mare, 10 years old, 900 pounds, branded HI on right shoulder.
1 Sorrel gelding, 7 years old, 800 pounds, blotched spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Blue mare, 6 years old, 1000 pounds, branded HI on right shoulder.
1 Black mare, 2 years old, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Roan mare, 6 years old, 800 pounds, spider brand on right shoulder.
1 Blue mare, 4 years old, 900 pounds, branded HI on right shoulder.
1 Gray mare, 15 years old, 900 pounds, branded 37 on right hip, has sucking colt.

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corrall, in six-mile canyon, about four (4) miles west of Castle Rock, in said county and state sell each and all of said animals to the highest and best bidder for cash in hand for the purpose of paying the costs of taking up, holding and selling said animals together with reasonable damages for the injury caused by said animals running at large on said premises.
M. C. Marshall.
Dated and first published this 24 day of August A. D. 1920. 17-18

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