

THE STRANGE GIRL

By MILDRED WHITE.

The women guests were chatting on the veranda of the Claremont house as the "strange girl" approached.

"The Strange Girl" is the name they gave the little creature, gossiping among themselves concerning the affairs of folks who patronized this exclusive Woodside Inn. Nan humming softly, and unmoved if aware of their hostility, changed her intention of passing among them and made her way in her checked gingham frock to a rear door. She carried a hamper in her arms and waved aside a friendly attendant who would have relieved her of the burden. Mrs. Van Vourt leaned excitedly toward her neighbor.

"It is my opinion," she said, "that the girl is working out her board here—a rural relative or something of the sort of Manager Hastings, else why should she be allowed to eat at the guest tables in the great dining room?"

"I will tell you something," she said. "This morning as I went out early to the garage with my husband—we were going away in his car—there, back in the barnyard, was your strange girl in her short gingham dress, feeding the chickens."

"Really!" Mrs. Van Vourt exclaimed. "Chickens!" laughed Madame Rensaler. "I must go and tell Homer," Miss Van Vourt said gleefully, and was off. A tall man, who had been silently smoking a cigar around the bend of the veranda, arose wrathfully. How they picked her to pieces, the gentle, shy creature who slipped in and out through all their display so unobtrusively.

"Tends to her own darned little business, if it is feeding chickens," he muttered, and strode hastily past the rocking chairs and across the lawn.

"Such an interesting personality!" Mrs. Van Vourt whispered as he passed; "decidedly western, of course, but picturesque."

"It's his money, my dear, that is picturesque," Madame Rensaler dryly remarked. "They say this Jim Brent has made his millions."

The westerner reached the barnyard as the strange girl, Nan, was bending over two white hens hungrily engaged in disposing of their dinner.

LIBERTY FROM ON HIGH



A remarkable airplane photograph of the statue of Liberty on Bedloes Island.

She had loosened the tight-pinned braids from her head, and they fell rebelliously waving, red gold, to her waist. Startled, her soft eyes glanced up at him.

"Say," Jim Brent said awkwardly, "let me do that for you while you go in and get on that white dress for dinner. The bell's going to ring in a minute."

The girl smiled. "Why, that's nice of you," she said, "but I can't trust Biddie's feeding, or Jerry's, to another person. You see—she caressed the white fowls—they are about all I have to love. I brought them with me."

"Brought them!" gasped Jim; "from your home farm?"

Nan arose, straightening her gingham skirts. "I haven't any home or folks," she said wistfully.

He waited later until the strange girl was properly seated at her own place in the great dining room. Then Jim Brent crossed the floor and paused with a bow of deference before her.

"I wonder," he asked, "if you'd let me sit here with you. I am lonely and I reckon you are. They—he pointed toward the fashionable assemblage through—"they don't fit, some way. Hastings will tell you that I am all right."

"And I wish," Jim Brent was saying to Nan the following morning, "that you'd let me carry your hamper for you to—wherever you are going. Wherever you go every day you work too hard. You looked white and tired yesterday when you returned, and your gingham dress was all torn. "Nan—little girl"—big Jim gulped—"I wish you'd stop it all and come away with me. I love you, Nan."

The strange girl lifted a responsive white hen into the hamper. Then she closed its straw lid.

"Jim," she said quietly, "you may carry the hamper today, if you like, and come with me."

Rocklessly she unpinned the bright braids from about her head and let them fall to her waist, as together the two crossed the Claremont lawn.

"Did you ever?" cried Mrs. Van Vourt. "Actually going marketing with her," Madame Rensaler said. "I am taking you," Nan told the westerner as they walked, "to our moving picture camp just over the ridge. We are doing a dear farm picture there, Jim. I am 'Mollie of Mill Valley,' and an old white hen is about the only friend I have—that is, at first. I blossom out wonderfully toward the end of the play. The billboards say that here I am Nanette Willis at her best."

In the center of the woodland path Jim stood still.

"You," he said unbelievably, "Nanette Willis—and I never guessed. Used to follow your scenes just to see you smile. And I—dared to ask you—to be my wife. Great gosh!" he added sadly, "how you must laugh to yourself."

"But I am not laughing, Jim," Nan said. "I'm a strange girl, you know, so sometimes when I feel happy I cry, almost. I want to cry now—with love for you, Jim, and happiness."

And when they went on again down the path the forgotten Biddy, escaping her hamper, sedately followed.

NATIONAL FLOWER OF FRANCE

Iris, or Fleur-de-Lis Was Originally Called the Fleur-de-Louis—Valued for its Medicinal Purposes.

The iris, or the fleur-de-lis, is the national flower of France. It was originally called the fleur-de-Louis. The ancients valued it highly for medicinal purposes. A powder made from the root, mixed with honey, was used for broken bones, and it was also considered beneficial for snake and scorpion bites. A valuable perfume and oil was also obtained from the iris.

The legend as to how the flower received its name goes back to the Greeks. Iris was the messenger of the gods, and the rainbow was dedicated to her. On her birthday, Juno invited all the flowers to celebrate the occasion. They all came in their prettiest frocks. Among them were three sisters, gorgeously dressed in gowns of purple, yellow and red, and who were unknown. Since they had no name, they were called Iris, because their gowns were the color of the rainbow.

Since Iris was the messenger of the gods, and conducted the souls of dead women to their final resting place, the Greeks decorated the graves of their women with purple iris.

This flower was widely used in old Egyptian architecture. It signified power and eloquence to the Egyptians, and was, therefore, carved on the brow of the Sphinx, and upon the scepters of their kings.

HEART REVIVED BY MESSAGE

Dr. Pett of Buenos Aires Performs Remarkable Feat on Woman Patient Who Recovers After Long Fight.

Doctor Pett of Buenos Aires was shocked on making an incision in a woman's abdomen to find that no blood flowed and that his patient was pulseless. She had collapsed under the chloroform. Artificial respiration had no effect. Caffeine was injected both under the skin and into the veins with no result.

The surgeon then extended the incision he had made, inserted his hand and took hold of the woman's heart to massage it. He squeezed the heart with both hands, but at first it did not respond. All at once a powerful contraction was felt, followed by others. The massage was stopped, but had to be resumed at once. The contractions continued but the massage was discontinued and inhalations of oxygen were given. At last the patient was out of danger.

She remained unconscious for a long time, and when she recovered had no idea how close she had been to passing out. Her recovery was very slow, being complicated by violent depression, but she got well at last.

Great Statesman's Hobby.

Gladstone in his day was quite an axman. The great Englishman used to slip away from the cares of state and his himself out to his estate at Hawarden, seize the haft of his trusty ax and let the "chips fall where they may." To him the exercise afforded the most complete mental rest that he could find. With coat off and shirt-sleeves rolled up the prime minister would tackle a tree several feet in diameter, and keep at it until he had reduced it to cordwood. He was forever consulting his friends as to the advisability of cutting down this tree

Frosty Mornings Mean Cold Fingers

Better take a slant at our window display of Canton Flannel and Jersey Work and Driving Gloves before the frost becomes more severe. Something there to meet every cold finger need.

Canton Flannel Gloves	
MEN'S HEAVY	35c
MEN'S REVERSIBLE	30c
LADIES SIZE	20c
LEATHER FACED (Very Serviceable).....	65c
LEATHER FACED GAUNTLET	60c
Jersey Gloves	
MEN'S HEAVY JERSEY	50c
MEN'S LIGHT JERSEY	25c
BOYS' HEAVY JERSEY	40c

Phelps Grocery Co.

A Real County Newspaper

THE province of a local county newspaper is to give, as nearly as possible, all the news of the county in which it is published every week. To render such service to its subscribers it is necessary to maintain a corps of correspondents in all parts of the county. This is the plan followed by

HEPPNER HERALD

and the steadily growing circulation of this newspaper in Morrow county is the best evidence that the plan is a success. Take a look at page 5 of any issue of the HERALD and see for yourself if the above statement is not true. If you want ALL THE COUNTY NEWS every week in the year

You Want The Herald

The price is \$2.00 a year, \$1.00 for 6 months and you have to subscribe for the Herald to get it. The HERALD is forced on nobody. We want only willing subscribers who want the paper because they like to read it and who are willing to pay for it because they think it is worth the price charged. If you are not now a subscriber or if your subscription has expired we will appreciate your check and order. Thank you.

Heppner Herald

S. A. Pattison, Publisher, Heppner, Oregon

or that one on his estate. So proud was he of his wood chopping ability that he even had himself photographed with his favorite ax at his beloved pasture; and so great was his reputation and so ardent his admirers that he was frequently being presented with an ax as a mark of esteem. At one time he had more than 30 axes in his collection.

It Needed Attention.
He had been sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition, and not in the least need of attention.

A few days later his employer received a letter from the owner of the piano, a lady of would-be musical proclivities, stating that the piano had not been properly tuned. It was no better than before.

After receiving a reprimand from his employer, the hapless tuner made another trip and again tested every note, only to find as previously, no fault with the instrument. This time he told the lady so.

"Yes," she said, "it does seem all right, doesn't it, when you play it, but as soon as I begin to sing it gets all out of tune."—London Tit-Bits.

"Our ward leader expects to corral all the feminine votes in the primary." "How is he going to manage it?" "He has caused it to get all around that all the polling places are to have mirrors in 'em."

CHURCH NOTICES

The First Christian Church.
The usual services of the Church will be held on Sunday, consisting of the Bible School at ten o'clock, followed by Communion Service and Preaching at eleven o'clock.

The evening services will consist of the Christian Endeavor Service at seven o'clock and song Service and Preaching at eight o'clock. Everyone is cordially invited to attend these services.
W. O. Livingstone, Minister.

Christian Science
Christian Science services are held every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. hall, Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. Testimony meetings are held every Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Eugene Slocum. All interested are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

LOOK!

Mr. Ford Owner

You can get your Ford overhauled at our shop at Ford schedule prices

Ford Garage

Phone 193

Suits and Overcoats

\$30 to \$75

We have without doubt the best values in

Fall and Winter Clothing

you can find in Morrow County. You will find our line the best-made for the money at prices ranging from \$30 to \$75

LLOYD HUTCHINSON

Cleaning Pressing Dyeing Repairing
WE GET YOUR WORK OUT PROMPTLY