

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior, U. S.
Land Office at LaGrande, Oregon.
May 12, 1921

Notice is hereby given that
FRED ALBERT
of Lena, Oregon, who on April 24,
1916 made homestead entry, No.
015799, for SW 1/4 NE 1/4, SE 1/4, and
E 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 5, Township 3
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 United States Commissioner,
at Heppner, Oregon, on the
21st day of June, 1921.

Claimant names as witnesses:
John Brownan, Phil Higgins, Waldo
Vincent, Percy Hughes, all of Lena,
Oregon.
C. S. DUNN, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior, U. S.
Land Office at LaGrande, Oregon.
May 12, 1921

Notice is hereby given that
MABEL E. CHINA.
of Lena, Oregon, who, on May 1st,
1915, made homestead entry No.
014669, for NE 1/4 SW 1/4, NW 1/4 SE 1/4,
Section 21, NW 1/4 SW 1/4, W 1/2
NW 1/4 Section 22, 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
United States Commissioner, at
Heppner, Oregon, on the 21st day of
June, 1921.

Claimant names as witnesses:
John Brownan, Vern Pearson, W. W.
Luckman, Charles H. Luckman, all of
Lena, Oregon.
C. S. DUNN, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that the
undersigned has filed his final
account as administrator of the Estate
of Wm. H. Hall, alias Hayes, deceased,
and that the County Court of the
state of Oregon for Morrow
County has appointed Tuesday, the
5th day of July, 1921, at the hour of
ten o'clock in the forenoon of said
day as the time and the County
Court Room in the Court House at
Heppner, Oregon, as the place of
hearing and settlement of said final
account. Objections to said final
account must be filed on or before
said date.

S. T. SAM HUGHES, Administrator.

CHURCH NOTICES

FEDERATED CHURCH
There will be preaching in the
Federated church next Sabbath at
11 A. M. and at 8 P. M. Prayer
meeting every Wednesday evening
at 8 P. M. Sunday School every
Sunday morning at 9:45. We extend
a hearty welcome to the people
of Heppner to attend all or any of
our services. Short sermons and
good singing. Come with us and we
will strive to do you good.
E. L. MOORE, Pastor.

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 Sloenn. All interested
are cordially invited to attend these
meetings.

Saffron Once Royal Color.
In Ireland saffron early became a
royal color and, for a long period
after, such exclusiveness was taken away
to Erin, the yellow saffron-dyed shirt
remained a mark of social distinction
in the Hebrides. In art saffron was
much employed in medieval illuminated
manuscripts. In combination
with tin foil as a substitute for gold,
and, of course, at all periods the coloring
of many textiles was done with
this crocus stigma.

England Welcomes Virginia Flower.
To many people the Virginia creeper
seems like rather a nasty and
warm welcome wherever it
is grown from the
woods, rocks, and
cornices to the
house in...

The Greater Love

By BEN R. THORNBURY

(Copyright.)
The gaunt frame building that had
served as division headquarters at
Centerpoint for the past quarter of a
century, trembled and creaked in the
grasp of the blizzard. Everybody down
in the yard, who could leave his work,
had been driven to the shelter of
roundhouse and train-shed by the fury
of its blinding gusts.

"It never snows, but there's a blizzard
out here," grumbled the night
dispatcher, bending over the train-
sheet at the long instrument table in
the center of the room, "and that ap-
plies to something more than the
weather chart, too. Just let us get
a heavy run of stock, and the Old
Man's sure to find some reason for
running that varnished wagon of his
out on the line to play shuttlecock
with the schedule. It's a bad night to
keep things moving."

"He was addressing no one in particu-
lar, but the superintendent wheeled
around from his desk in the corner
and faced him.
"Speaking of the Old Man," he said,
"did you notice that drunken bum that
just went out?"
"So," he snarled, "I've been too
busy keeping half a dozen long-trains
from running over the Old Man's
special to notice anything. What's he
got to do with the Old Man?"

"Nothing, now, but there was a time
about ten years ago, when the Old
Man was a strong factor in his life."
The superintendent hitched his chair
over to the table and cocked up his
heels.

"It isn't a long story," began the su-
perintendent as he lighted a cigar and
carefully studied the burning end.
"That drunken bum is Sam Selkirk, at
one time the smoothest operator on the
M. I. and N.

"Well, Sam blowed into the general
offices one day—they were located at
Kensington then—and hit the Old Man
for a job.

"Beyond the fact that he could
pound brass, the Old Man never asked
any questions. I was a clerk in the
office at the time, and I remember the
expression on the Old Man's face when
Sam sat down to that key. He did
love a competent man, no matter what
branch of the service he happened to
be in.

"You can bet there wasn't any
balled messages in that office after
that, and things went on as smooth
as the road bed for about six months,
until one day Joe Kelson came in on
No. 2 and announced that he needed
a dispatcher, and needed him bad.
"You never knew Joe, did you? He
went down East when the road was
golded up, but he was train-master
here in Centerpoint at that time.

"The Old Man knew, by the way
Joe cut his eyes around at Selkirk
when he made the announcement, that
he might as well look out for a new
operator, for what Joe went after he
usually got, and so the next day Sam
was ordered to report here for sec-
ond-trick work. That was the begin-
ning of Sam's troubles."

"Of course there was a girl in the
case," continued his chief, "and the
girl in Sam's case was Jim O'Keefe's
daughter. Jim was road-master; the
Old Man having brought him and the
chief dispatcher down with him from
the Sea.

"The chief was a good man, all
right, or the Old Man wouldn't have
had him, and we all thought he was
straight as a die, but a lot of straight
trees have crooked roots you know,
and they never showed in his make-
up until Sam raked off some of the
dirt by taking up with Fanny O'Keefe."

"Somehow, Fanny never told Sam
that she and the chief had been thick
up north. From that moment, the
chief began throwing it into Sam and
never let up until he finally got his
scalp.

"Things went on that way until
Sam and Fanny concluded to tie up.
"About that time the Transcon-
tinent bought up the line and there
was a general shake-up all around.
"Sam was fired for cause. Of
course it was plain to everybody that
the cause was under the new super-
intendent.

"He came down in a day or two to
get his things, and I never saw such a
change in a fellow.

"That was the last I saw of him un-
til he drifted in here tonight on this
blizzard, and I never learned the
whole story until the chief was raised
from superintendent to general man-
ager of Western lines and I came up
here to take his place."

"Our general manager?" exploded
the night dispatcher.
"Our general manager," pursued the
superintendent. "It seems that what-
ever the charge was, he questioned Sam
with the girl as well as the company,
and in six months married her him-
self; and I guess it was that, more
than the loss of his job, that put Sam
all to the bad, and he may have gone
to the bottom, for I didn't know him
until he told me who he was.

"He wanted me to place him, but I
couldn't do anything for him. I told
him then that the Old Man was com-
ing through tonight and that if he
would wait, I would see if something
couldn't be done in the matter. He
turned on his heel and went out. I
never saw murder in a man's eye,
but—"

"DS, DS, DS—BR"
The night dispatcher opened the
key to answer the call, and the su-
perintendent went quickly back to his
desk in the corner. He was about to
ask how the special was coming on,
when he heard a sharp exclamation
behind him and turned to see the
night dispatcher standing rigid in
front of his key; his face was as white
as chalk.

"Great Scott, man! I've put second
97 head-on into that special!"
"What do you mean?" gasped the
superintendent, springing to his side.
"Speak, man! For heaven's sake say
something!"

The night dispatcher had fallen
limp in his chair, and the haggard
face he raised to his chief was like
death. He pointed silently to the
open order-book.

"I got that train of empties over
to the junction for them and then
gave them that meeting-point with
second 97. They left there ten min-
utes ago and Bradford just said 97
had run his signal board and had
gone over the hill. His light was
out."

He was speaking calmly now, but
his slow, deliberate sentence came
with a metallic ring.

"That means," he continued, "that
in about twenty minutes from now
that train load of logs will be going
down Deaneley hill at a forty-mile
clip, and about five minutes later she
will land on that special, and—"

"And no night man at Deaneley!"
The superintendent groaned.

"What's that?" he leered toward the
superintendent, which was clicking rapidly.

"What is it?" asked the superintend-
ent.

"Wait!" The word cracked like a
pistol-shot, then he began translating
slowly:

"Don't worry up there DS, I'm up
to the operator here, but I got that
report BR just sent and have put a
glimp on the bulls-eye; I'll stop the one
that gets here first and—"

The circuit went wide open and old
rod came again, leaving the two strug-
gling at each other in helpless amaze-
ment.

"Sounds like a message from heav-
en," said the night dispatcher in a
whisper.

Extra east pulled up at Deaneley
tank and the fireman crawled over the
ice-covered tender to let down the
spout. A brakeman jumped down
from the caboose steps, pulled his cap
over his ears and started toward the
engine.

"Tell Dave to get a move on there,
we don't want to lay out that special,"
called the conductor from the cupola.

"Here. This ain't no Pullman Lim-
ited. Clear out o' here!" he called
roughly, and giving the foot a jerk,
the form of a man struck the frozen
ground and lay in a heap.

The man rose to his feet and stead-
ied himself with an effort, then stag-
gered across the snow-covered plat-
form to the door of the station. It
swung open against his weight and he
fell prone across the floor of the little
waiting-room.

For half an hour he lay thus, when
an instrument began pounding rapidly.
He was listening intently. "At last,"
he sobbed. "At last! Hang him!
Hang him! And he'll die like the dog
that he is! If she was only there too
—she—she! Oh, my Fanny!"

Like a madman he flung himself
against the frail door and burst into
the office.

Insensible to the pain, he grasped
a blazing coal and held it to the wick.
He replaced the globe with shaking
hands and darted outside to the plat-
form, where he hooked the lantern to
the signal-board. Stumbling, he
groped his way back to the office and
sank into the chair at the instrument-
table.

Outside, above the howl of the in-
creasing storm, a locomotive uttered
a single shriek, which was echoed by
another far up the track, and a mo-
ment later the two panting engines
came to a shuddering stop with their
frosty noses almost touching. A
glimmer of ruby light fell softly upon
them from the swinging lantern.

Inside, they found the corpse of a
man, his stark fingers clutching the
key of a telegraph instrument.

TAKE FISH WHILE STUPEFIED

Natives of the Fiji Islands Have Most
Peculiar Method of Snaring
the Finny Tribe.

An extraordinary means of catching
fish is practiced by natives of the Fiji
Islands. The bait is "toova," a native
vine or creeper. Having pounded
lengths of vine into pulp, the fisher-
men paddle out over coral reefs. In
about 12 to 15 feet of water they dive
and fasten bundles of "toova" around
rocks and crevices where fish are
known to be.

In a few minutes all fish within a
radius of six to eight feet turn over on
their backs and float up to the sur-
face. They are scooped up into the
boats, and soon their tails begin to
waggle. If thrown back into the water
the fish return to normal condition.

The poisoning of water in this coun-
try is not uncommon. The weed buck-
eye, when trampled and bruised, will
contaminate a whole pond and stupefy
the fish. Cattle are sometimes mor-
tally poisoned by drinking nearby wa-
ter into which they have trampled the
roots of water-hemlock.

Alive Though Dead.
A returned soldier, living in Eng-
land, who recently applied for his pen-
sion was informed that he had been
posted as dead. When he persisted
in his claim the war office retorted by
giving the number of his grave and its
location. The serious part of the
situation is that being dead from the
military point of view he is not en-
titled to his pension.



THE MODEL GUEST

"MY COUSIN James is coming
to spend a week," announced the
landlady, "and I can't say I'm over-
joyed. He's the most unsatisfactory
visitor I ever saw. You can hardly
get a word out of him. He isn't a bit
like his brother
Jeremiah, who is
full of fun, and
the best company
imaginable.



"Your remarks
show how little
true greatness is
appreciated in a
moral family
boarding house,
where the dam-
ages are collected
in advance," ob-
served the star
boarder. "In my
opinion, James is
the model visitor. If I had my own
household, with a charming bride to
pour the imitation coffee, and a vine
and fig tree in a jardiniere, I'd send a
special delivery letter to James, ask-
ing him to come and stay for ten years
or more.

"There's something restful and
soothing about that gifted man. He
never bothers anybody. No one has
to waste precious moments entertain-
ing him. It isn't necessary to discuss
the weather predictions, or dig up a
lot of statistics about the crops. In
order to make James have a good time,
you don't have to show him the old
plush photograph album, and describe
the ancestry of the melancholy effigies
whose pictures appear therein. Near-
ly all visitors are bores, my dear Mrs.
Jiggers, because they have to be en-
tertained. Somebody has to sit up
with them and thrash out last year's
gossip. They have no initiative or
referendum. They have no resources
of their own. In order to have a pleas-
ant visit, they need help.

"Your cousin James is a man after
my own heart. I remember his last
visit quite well. He came in the
evening, and after supper he took a chair
on the porch. Knowing he was a
guest, I felt it my duty to entertain
him in the conventional way. I
dragged my chair close up to his and
remarked that it was a pleasant
evening, but the presence of a cloud bank
in the northwest almost convinced me
that there would be rain within twelve
hours, in which case, I proceeded,
there would be much jubilation among
the honest old farmers, whose crops
were suffering for moisture.

"James listened to my remarks and
then looked at me, in a sad, reproach-
ful way, as though he thought it a
shameful thing that imbeciles should
be at large, and then he took his chair
to the opposite end of the porch with-
out having said a word. I must con-
fess that I felt like a counterfeit
loopek for a few minutes, but the
more I considered the matter, the
more I admired and respected that
remarkable man.

"He used to go downtown every
morning and buy a paper backed
novel, or a fiction magazine, and then
he'd read it all day, and when he was
done with his literature he left it
where the boarders could get it. I
didn't hear him say ten words during
his visit, yet you say, Mrs. Jiggers,
that he is an unsatisfactory guest.
Elderly landladies, whose intellects
have been warped by long years of
parsimony, are hard to please.

"Jeremiah, whom you describe as
jolly and agreeable, should be sup-
pressed. He has collected all the old
cheesy stories ever manufactured,
and insists upon telling them. He has
a horrible habit of making puns, and
considers himself a humorist, be-
cause of it. You couldn't bribe him to
sit down with a book or magazine and
behave himself. He has to be enter-
tained every minute of his time, and
the only way you can entertain him
is by letting him do the entertaining.

"He is a genial old freak who thinks
he is a privileged character, and every-
body's pet. The last time he was here
he went into my sumptuous apart-
ment and used my razor to shave the
southeast quarter section of his
countenance. His whiskers are full
of barbed wire, and the razor was
ruined. When I spoke to him about
it he thought it funny. Yet you refer
to such a man as an agreeable vis-
itor. I blush for you, Mrs. Jiggers."

In Moderation.
"Would you advise a candidate to
stay on his front porch?"
"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum;
"but only part of the time; just long
enough to take care of his voice and
get together a good bunch of speeches
for delivery on tour."

Just It.
"I thought you said you had a fine
ending to your automobile trip." "So
I had." "Your chauffeur told me you
were arrested for speeding." "Well,
wouldn't you call a windup in the po-
lice court a fine ending?"

Weighted With a Watch.
The watch of Charles V, which was
one of the earliest of these time-pieces,
weighed twenty-seven pounds. It was
a good deal like a clock of the present
day.

Summer Clothing
Dry Cleaned or Dyed
Workmanship and Service the
best
You be the judge
Lloyd Hutchinson
TAILORING
Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing, Repairing

Oliver Chilled Plow Co.
reduces prices
to 1918 level
This is good news for
you, Mr. Farmer!
We CARRY the OLIVER LINE
Peoples Hardware
Company

"You'll Always Find"
says the Good Judge
That you get more
genuine satisfaction
at less cost when
you use this class of
tobacco.
A small chew lasts
so much longer than
a big chew of the
ordinary kind. And the full, rich real
tobacco taste gives a long lasting chewing
satisfaction.
Any man who uses the Real Tobacco Chew
will tell you that.
Put up in two styles
W-B CUT is a long fine-cut tobacco
RIGHT CUT is a short-cut tobacco
Weyman-Burton Company, 1102 Broadway, New York City

FACE VALUE FOR
LIBERTY BONDS
We will take your Liberty Bonds at
face value for any used car in our
sales rooms. If you need a good
dependable car for every day use,
come in and see us.
Latourell Auto Co

THE HEPPNER HERALD, ONLY \$2.00 A YEAR
Coloring Arc-Lamp Globes.
The purple color of arc-lamp globes
is due to the use of manganese in the
glass. The manganese is used to coun-
teract the greenish color which comes
from ferrous salts in the glass, but the
action of light on the manganese only
substitutes a purple coloration for a
greenish hue.
The Boozer's Flancee.
From an English Story—in her lux-
uriant black tresses nestled a large, red
rose.
First Gas-Lighted City.
December 1, 1816, Baltimore was
lighted by gas, the first American city
to use this illuminant.