

TWO BARGAINS

A small stock and creek ranch about two miles from Heppner. 300 acres with a number of fine springs; fenced and cross fenced with woven wire. Fair improvements. A bargain if taken at once.

20 acres of alfalfa land one mile from town, 7 acres in good stand, balance easy to put in, all water rights and taxes paid up. Price \$1500.00 for quick sale.

Have for rent a good cattle ranch, well improved and well watered of 1480 acres.

ROY V. WHITEIS



BALMY PEACE

"IN THE sylvan solitudes," said the wild man of the woods, "a man doesn't see any magazines and doesn't receive any bulletins from the health authorities, so he enjoys a peace that is never known in the busy haunts."



There a man simply has to subscribe for a lot of magazines, as a matter of self-defense. Canvasers are after him all the time. Some of the canvasers are lone widows with many children to support, and others are energetic young men who are trying to work their way through the veterinary college.

They are deserving people, and you feel it a duty to help them along, so the first thing you know your mail box is jammed full of literature. Having paid for it, you feel that you ought to read it, and your life is ruined thereby.

"When I was young, the magazines tried to entertain people. They had good stories and a Post's Corner, and a department devoted to timely jokes, and another to household hints and domestic recipes. There was some sense in reading a magazine then, for it soothed and sustained you. But nowadays the magazine editors consider it their duty to harrow your soul and make your hair stand on end like quills upon the porkful freckle, or words to that effect. They are always viewing with alarm, and trying to convince you that you take your life in your hand every five minutes."

"They have a lot of health specialists writing for them, and these health sharps point out that pretty near everything you eat and drink is a deadly poison. They didn't scare me to any great extent, for I am a most intrepid man, but they soon had my wife so rattled she didn't know whether she was going or coming. "I always was passionately fond of a good cup of coffee, and my wife could make the best coffee, you ever heard of. She went to work at it like a learned apothecary compounding a prescription. There was no guess work about it. She took an honest pride in it, and her coffee was a revelation to every consumer. I used to lie awake at night wishing it was breakfast time, so I could have my morning cup of coffee."

"But one morning when I went to the table the coffee was missing. In its place there was a sickly beverage I had never seen before. I asked an explanation, and my wife said that no more coffee would be made in our house. 'The wonder is,' said she, 'that we still live and move and have our being, for coffee is a rank poison. If you read Dr. Zinkfoogie's article in the Junksopolitan Magazine, you will see that coffee contains a large percentage of tannin, which is so deadly that if you place a drop on the tongue of an alligator, it will roll over, dead.'"

"I told her that I had no alligators on the premises, and consequently could not try the experiment, but I assured her that I didn't care anything about the poison. I wanted my coffee at regular hours. She said I'd have to keep on wanting. She thought too much of me to send me to an untimely grave. And, anyhow, she explained Dr. Zinkfoogie had told how to make a substitute for coffee that was perfectly wholesome. She had followed his instructions, and the result was before me. Perhaps it didn't taste as good as coffee, but it was wholesome. It would fill my veins with red corpuscles and restore hair to my bald head. It was made of marrowfat peas which had been carefully roasted in a hot oven."

"In order to get a cup of coffee after that I had to make a sneak to the chop house, and the kind dished up there made me oil before my time. My wife cut out all my favorite dishes because Dr. Zinkfoogie or some other magazine writer denounced them, and finally I was lying on roasted peas coffee and beefed spud, and I concluded that if I had to feed like the cows I'd live like them, so I came to the forest business."

"Marriage Breaker" Busy. One of the deplorable results of bolshevik misrule in Russia is the installment of a "breaker of marriages" in Peirograd, who is said to be granting more than 500 divorces a week. No investigation is necessary, the only requirement being the signature of the person desiring freedom from marriage.

A Helpful Hint. "As-for-it" growled a hypercritical customer in the rapid fire restaurant. "This confounded piece of meat is so tough I can hardly eat it!" "Get it down on the floor where you can put your foot on it when you gnaw it," briskly returned Heloise, the waitress.—Kansas City Star.

The Difference. "A good housewife is very different from a good housemaid." "How so?" "She is always having work."

FURS FOR SUMMER

Gray and Taupe Caracul About the Most Popular.

Lynx Often Seen as Trimming for Wraps—Some Chiffon Stoles in Evidence.

The furs that are being worn just now vary between the sables and minks, and little animals of the same general appearance, to the largest and most sumptuous foxes in existence. These are thrown over the shoulders whether it is a suit that is worn or a dress of any sort. They are the finish that makes the whole outfit look just right and, whether the animal be the most expensive sable in existence or not, it still helps the costume to appear in its most becoming guise.

Most of the coats and capes for spring are made without fur collars, though a few of them are seen with broadly designed collars made of some fur to match the material in tone. For these summer trimmings gray and taupe caracul are about the most popular, though lynx is very often seen as a trimming for the short or long wrap. There are some chiffon stoles trimmed with bands of the lighter furs.

There was given in New York a fur show for the general purpose of forecasting what the fur fashions of the coming winter season would be. It is a little far to look ahead into the future, especially for those of us who are barely beginning to think about our summer wardrobes, but it is interesting to note a few of the points that were brought out at this exhibit.

The flat furs laid everything their own way, that is ermine and baby lamb and caracul and squirrel and some seal, although there was not nearly so much of the latter fur as might have been expected by those not versed in the most advanced news on this subject. The capes and the cape coats were the fascinating "moments" of the occasion, for they had about them many points that were new. In the first place, they were not wide in any sense, being just barely ample enough to wrap about the figure comfortably. They had linings that were so beautiful in themselves that one did not know which was more beautiful, the lining or the wrap itself.

The sleeves were plain and wide and straight, not being gathered into any cuff bands. The collars were straight, very wide, and then turned back over themselves so that they really became double layers of fur. Many of the wraps were held in at the waistline by narrow, tied belts and others of them, in cape form, were made so that they wrapped about the figure in graceful, circular folds.

THE ROLL BRIM SAILOR HAT



This roll brim sailor has three rows of navy milan divided by white canton cords. Facing and crown of white canton crepe. Feather weight ivory ball drops dangle from either side. The summer fur is sand colored fox.

THE WEDDING AT THE CHURCH

Bride's Father Waits in Rear of Chancel Until Called Upon to Give Away the Bride.

The bride's mother is escorted to the first pew at the left of the church by the chief usher, while the groom's family occupy the first pews on the right. The bridal party at the first strains of the wedding march starts for the altar. At the same moment the groom and best man exit from the vestry and stand at the right of the vestry steps, waiting. The ushers come first, two by two, and then the bridesmaids, the maid of honor, and the bride on the left arm of her father. The ushers and bridesmaids group themselves on either side of the chancel, and the groom receives the bride from her father or escort and proceeds to the altar. The maid of honor stands directly beside the bride, to take her bouquet and turn her train, and the best man by the groom to give him the ring. The bride's father waits in the rear of the chancel until he is called upon to give away the bride, after which he joins his wife in the first pew.—Good Housekeeping.

Neck Line. The popular line for the neck is the "decollete a la Vierge." This is the line you've seen in the old paintings of the virgins at Lourve. It is rather higher at the neck and front and falls away at the shoulders.

DUNTON'S CASH MARKET

O. C. DUNTON, Prop.
Will open about August 15th.
Next Door to First National Bank

SWEET CIDER

Made Daily a Specialty
Canned Fruits and Fresh Fruits Direct From the Willamette Valley
POTATOES, ONIONS, EGGS AND HONEY
Look over my goods and get my prices
Open 9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 6 P. M. Saturday evenings to 9:00
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WE Carry the Famous

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Mowers, Rakes, Headers, Binders, and Threshers.

Better look up your repair needs Now and avoid costly delays after you start cutting.

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"We Have it Will Get it Or it is Not Made"

Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

WE ARE HEPPNER'S HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES. EVERYTHING IN SEASON WE KEEP

Sam Hughes Co.

American Legion

Smoker and Dance

Saturday, August 20, '21

FAIR PAVILION

Boxing-Wrestling

Several good matches have been scheduled

Ladies are especially invited

Good Music Assured For Dance

"INNOCENCE"—AND AN EGG

It Was Milwaukee Man's Misfortune That He Should Thus Have Been Doubly Armed.

A certain Milwaukee man bought an egg for next morning's breakfast late one night and placed it carefully in the outside pocket of his coat. On the way home he met a suspicious policeman.

"Are you armed?" inquired the guardian of the peace.

"With innocence," replied the citizen.

The policeman had never heard of that. He decided it must be some new kind of peace weapon for night use. Backed the citizen against a wall

and proceeded to put him from head to foot in search for bumps. Ultimately he struck the lone egg.

"Alibi!" said the cop. "I thought so."

What he thought was never said. He jammed his hand down into the pocket and the egg exploded—wrecked by brutality. It spread over the inside of the pocket, it clung to the cop's fingers, stickily, gummiy. The cop pulled his hand out and backed away.

"I got a notion to run you in for operatin' a shell game!" he said, thickly. "Go on—beat it!"

"Beat what—the egg?" asked the man sweetly.

The cop, clenching his two fists, turned to walk away. Milwaukee Journal.