

THE BRICK

McAtee & Aiken, Props.

We Are Exclusive Agents in Heppner for

Norman's Ice Cream

The Finest Product on The Market

Are your drills In good shape?

Now is the time you should begin to look after them.

Whether it is a new drill or repairs for the old ones, we have them. We handle the

Superior and Van Brunt Drills

Which are the best on the market. . . You need not take our word for this, but just ask any user.

Peoples Hdw. Co.

PEGGY'S SORT

By MOLLIE MATHER.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

It was not the first time that Marion had been humiliated because of her husband's niece. That Langdon should insist upon taking a girl of Peggy's sort with them, was bad enough, but when Peggy Brewster continued her independently unusual way—the situation became trying.

"Let her alone," Langdon said impatiently, "anyone can see that Peggy is as wholesome and sweet as a flower. I'm sure she's popular all over the place."

And she was, that was the trouble.

"All over the place," from the arrogant manager of the exclusive 'Old Brown Inn,' down to the humblest errand boy, they all liked Peggy. It was not in such democratic friendliness that Marion had been reared, and she considered, therefore, Peggy's carefree attitude an affront to herself.

If she and Langdon had been kind enough to rescue the girl for a few weeks from her monotonous city-flat existence, the least that Peggy could do in return would be to follow their well-bred example. So Marion in her customary aloofness reasoned. When Stuyvesant Rensselaer began to pay their young guest pronounced attention, Marion was mollified.

Stuyvesant was an acquisition socially.

But Peggy's last offense was the greatest of all. Marion, in her chagrin felt she remarked to her much-tried husband, "like shipping the girl back to where she belonged."

For Miss Brewster had the night before defied all customs of the house, by spending the entire evening in the company of a certain broad-shouldered young employee of the Brown Inn.

"Peggy will have to adapt herself to our customs," she said determinedly, "or go back to her satisfied mother. I am going down now to speak to her plainly."

Apprehensively, Langdon followed. He was very fond of this young niece of his.

Marion seated herself impressively before the couch hammock on which Peggy Brewster was swinging.

"We have come," she said with an including nod toward her husband, "to talk over with you your actions of last evening."

Peggy smiled confidently up at the husband.

"You mean, of course," she replied, coming directly to fact, "about my talking to Ned Weston on the side porch in the moonlight. 'I don't think,' Peggy went on softly enthusiastic, "that I shall ever forget that talk, or the evening. It was something that one would remember. Have you ever noticed," Peggy besought her uncle, "what a fine face that man has? I think I was attracted first by his eyes. So frank and direct in gaze, and by his courtesy, given merely as one's due. Oh! I liked Ned Weston from the moment when he came to trim the bushes near my hammock. I knew he was worth while."

Dryly Marion interrupted.

"We, I fear," she said, "hold a different opinion."

Quietly the young woman regarded her uncle's wife.

"Yet, not so very long ago," she said, "you, Marion, stood down at the station back home, and waved that same young man a tearful good-bye. He still remembers your face. He was going on a long journey, and because of your pride in him then, you took the violets you were wearing from your breast, and gave them into his hands."

Marion gasped.

"Peggy Brewster!" she exclaimed, "what are you talking about?"

"I am talking about the time our first enlisted boys went away to war," Peggy said, "offering freely their lives in our defense. And oh, how we were thrilled, then. Ned Weston was one of that number. Miraculously he escaped in fierce battle—now, he is back. We were remembering that war, he and I, last night. And as I questioned, I learned of the young brother, whom his mother had begged him to watch over and protect—it could be. That brother was shot dead at his side. And when he got back home—after all was over, it was to find, that the mother also had died."

"Oh! Ned Weston was not complaining—or openly grieving. He was merely reluctantly answering my questions. And he was not able to get back his old good position; so in the need of urgent employment he took up gardening on the Old Inn grounds, and looking after the cars. But I hope," Peggy paused thoughtfully, then cast a bright questioning glance in Langdon's direction, "to interest some business man in this brave soldier. It's a fine thing, uncle," she earnestly added, "to be able to give to a man—his chance."

Marion arose.

"I suppose," she said resignedly, "that there is a personal interest in this request. Love at first sight, or something like that."

The girl's eyes widened, then Peggy laughed.

"Why, it was chiefly of Ned Weston's wife and babies that he talked last evening," she said, "and for their sake, as well as his, that I planned as I listened."

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

TEN TO ONE—WILD BILL'S GREATEST FIGHT

When the Overland stage route to the Colorado gold fields was established shortly before the Civil war, one of the bravest drivers in its employ was a young man from Illinois named James B. Hickok. In 1861 Hickok was taken off the stages and put in charge of the Rock Creek station, west of Topeka, Kan., in a region filled with gangs of outlaws and highway robbers. One of these, known as the McCandless gang, invited Hickok to join them and, upon his refusal, threatened to visit him some day and make him regret his defiance.

"You'll find me here any time you come," was Hickok's reply.

A few days later the McCandless gang did find him there. They attacked him in his dug-out, battered down the door and Jim McCandless, the leader, sprang into the room. He was killed by a bullet from Hickok's rifle. Three more of the gang were shot down with a pistol before the other six drew their bowie knives and rushed upon him.

"Then I went wild," said Hickok in telling of the fight afterwards. Desperately wounded but terrible in his berserker rage, he came to grips with the outlaws, and when the fight was over eight of the ten were dead and the other two fled for their lives. Ever afterward Hickok was known as "Wild Bill."

Later Wild Bill enlisted in the Union army as a scout. He served with General Curtis in Arkansas and repeatedly entered the Confederate lines as a spy. More than once he was discovered and forced to flee, and more than once the fleetness and intelligence of his favorite horse, "Black Nell," saved his life. He was a sharpshooter at the Battle of Pea Ridge, where he distinguished himself by killing the Confederate general, McCullough.

After the war Bill returned to Kansas and became a scout for General Custer, who set a high value on his services and who once said: "Whether on foot or on horseback, Wild Bill was one of the most perfect types of physical manhood I have ever seen." From 1867 to 1870 Hickok served as marshal of Hays City and Abilene, Kan.

Hickok's adventurous career came to an end in the Black Hills of South Dakota. He had gone there with the first gold rush and in some way had incurred the enmity of Jack McCall, a gambler. On August 2, 1876, McCall treacherously shot him in the back as he sat playing cards with some of his friends.

The KITCHEN CABINET

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

No price is set on the lavish summer; June may be had by the poorest corner.

Eat onions in May, and all the year after physicians may play! —Lowell.

SEASONABLE GOOD THINGS.

The number of people who are entering down on sweets from a standpoint of health is on the increase. Where acid fruits are also tabooed the prune will have its chance to be developed. The prune is a very wholesome foundation for any number of delectable dishes from breakfast to dinner.

Sliced Pressed Beef.—Take a slice of beef and two pounds of the pound. Crack the bone, put the meat into a kettle, cover with cold water and bring to a boil. Add salt and pepper, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, a large onion sliced and cook all together until the meat falls from the bones. Skim out the meat and bone and reduce the liquor by boiling; when one-half the quantity, strain through a coarse muslin. Pick the meat into small bits, removing all bones. To the meat liquor add a pinch of powdered mace, cloves, allspice, a dash of cayenne and one-half teaspoonful of mustard and the same of celery salt. Boil the liquor and put back the meat, mixing thoroughly. When well heated through, turn into an earthen bowl or mold rinsed in cold water; cover and weight the cover and set away to cool. Serve cut in thin slices.

Simple Dessert.—Butter slices of bread and place in a baking dish, cover with canned blueberries, place another layer of buttered bread and pour over more blueberries. Cover and wait for an hour or two, then bake until well heated through. Serve with cream and sugar. Other berries, such as blackberries, strawberries or any juicy fruit may be used in place of the blueberries.

Fruit Pudding of Leftovers.—Take one-half cupful of oatmeal, one egg, beating yolk and white separately; a pinch of salt, two teaspoonfuls of butter, six prunes stoned and mashed smooth, two tablespoonfuls of baked apple, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a little nutmeg, one-half cupful of sweet milk. Mix all the ingredients except the egg white and bake in a moderate oven. When firm and brown, cover with a meringue, using two tablespoonfuls of sugar and the egg white. Brown and serve.

Nellie Maxwell

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. R. J. VAUGHAN
DENTIST
Permanently located in Odd-fellow's Building
HEPPNER, OREGON

DR. A. D. McMURDO
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON
Telephone 122
Office Patterson's Drug Store
HEPPNER, OREGON

F. A. McMENAMIN
LAWYER
Office Phone Main 643
Residence Phone Main 665
Roberts Building
HEPPNER, OREGON

S. E. NOTSON
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Office in Court House
HEPPNER, OREGON

SAM E. VAN VACTOR
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
First National Bank Bldg.
HEPPNER, OREGON


WATERS & ANDERSON
FIRE INSURANCE
Successors to
C. C. Patterson
HEPPNER, OREGON

DeLUXE ROOMS
Summer Rates
75c & \$1.00
Over Case Furniture Co.

WOODSON & SWECK
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Masonic Building
HEPPNER, OREGON

Heppner Herald Want Ads bring home the bacon.

A Member of the Federal Reserve



A Place to Meet Your Friends

When ever you have occasion to meet friends or business acquaintances, name the First National Bank as the meeting place.

Here you will find every convenience to transact business and financial matters promptly and without interruption.

You can visit in a neighborly way, use our service and equipment, and have advantage of such information as we hold on business, financial and legal matters.

We want you to feel at home here, and are sure you will appreciate the many services and conveniences at your disposal, to be used as occasion may require.

First National Bank of Heppner

A Member of the Federal Reserve

THE HEPPNER HERALD, ONLY \$2.00 A YEAR

ONE BRAND- ONE QUALITY- One Size Package

All our skill, facilities, and lifelong knowledge of the finest tobaccos are concentrated on this one cigarette—CAMEL.

Into this ONE BRAND, we put the utmost quality. Nothing is too good for Camels. They are as good as it's possible to make a cigarette.

Camel QUALITY is always maintained at the same high, exclusive standard. You can always depend on the same mellow-mild refreshing smoothness—the taste and rich flavor of choicest tobaccos—and entire freedom from cigarettey aftertaste.

And remember this! Camels come in one size package only—20 cigarettes—just the right size to make the greatest saving in production and packing. This saving goes straight into Camel Quality. That's one reason why you can get Camel Quality at so moderate a price.

Here's another. We put no useless frills on the Camel package. No "extra wrappers!" Nothing just for show!

Such things do not improve the smoke any more than premiums or coupons. And their added cost must go onto the price or come out of the quality.

One thing, and only one, is responsible for Camels great and growing popularity—that is CAMEL QUALITY.



Camel

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.