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STORMY WEATHER

By PAULA PHILLIPS.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

Nanette, seated in the garden where fountains tinkled, and rare flowers bloomed, was very miserable, indeed. For the beautiful gift of happiness was to be found neither in her father's luxurious home or garden. Nanette, with her many conquests and care-free days of girlhood, had left unlearned the lesson of true love. Now that it was before her, it was a difficult lesson to understand. It had been very sweet before she had known that it was love at all. Knight Evers was such a companionable satisfying sort of friend.

She was usually busily engaged in her partnership of some game. But Knight would turn occasionally with his bright smile of camaraderie toward her, and leaving her still undisturbed. So in their rides together, he always had time to pause for the viewing of the glorious scenery which held her spellbound, and seemed to know instinctively when and where Nanette would wish to linger most. They were merry together, too, with little secret jokes concerning others, that were innocently their own; and also, Knight was unostentatiously careful of her.

When father Norton, millionaire Norton, he was called, noticed the growing friendliness between his only daughter and the young nobody, whom the Fallings had inconsiderately invited to the country club as their guest, he merely raised supercilious eyebrows.

Nanette seldom showed any admiration undivided attention, and he believed that this unusual acquaintance would be of short duration. But as time passed and Knight Evers, office employee of an insignificant business concern, continued to visit the country club, and later to visit Nanette herself, Mr. Norton became annoyed and chagrined; for his obedient daughter, for the first time in her life, ignored his request.

"It would be wise," her father advised her, "to cease encouraging young Evers. You know as well as I, that nothing can come of such an attachment. To put the case frankly, he is decidedly beneath you and your family, in position. Drop him. We have other views for you."

But Nanette did not at once drop Knight Evers. Though knowing her father, she knew that he would not relent in his judgment. She wondered, fearfully and vaguely, if Knight should ask her to marry him, and Nan was pretty certain that the question was trembling on his different lips, if Knight should ask her, would she be able, after the diffident manner of her raising, to make him a competent helpmeet.

Would Knight be unhappy in her failures? Would she be unhappy in her restrictions?

Nan pondered seriously, and it was Jim Brent who came to be her father's best aide. Capable Jim Brent, with his poise and assurance. Her father's friends called the man Jim naturally, to most of them he was their confidential banker. He was an officer in the country club, of which Nanette's father was president, and he was a bachelor. This latter state, however, he was quite willing to forsake at Nan's little yes. As yet, Nan had not quite whispered it. But when she compared her future wifely duties at the accomplished Jim's side, to those unacquainted duties which she must painstakingly learn as Knight's wife, Nanette was inclined to throw up even love and its sweetness for certainty and the approval of her own family.

So when Knight's question came, spoken all impulsively in the beautiful moonlit garden, Nan was ready for him. Knight had scarcely time to regret what he called his own "selfish rashness" before Nanette uttered her no.

"It cannot be Knight, good old friend," she said firmly. "Love is all right for sunny weather, but when it comes to storms, the frightening storms of life—well, it really takes more than love, dear."

Knight had choked up at the little word dear, and had gone, blindly on his way. The days that followed were the hardest Nanette had ever known. She had expected to miss her understanding pal, but she had not counted upon the constant ache of a longing heart.

And when, one day, Nan fled to the woods, to be free from the chatter of guests, that worried her, Jim Brent's talk seemed like idle chatter now, too—Nan walked farther in the woods than she knew. And there, a thunderstorm found her. A flashing, roaring thunderstorm in the cathedral of trees.

From childhood, electrical storms had been Nanette's terror. Wild-eyed, white-tipped, she waited. Before the last fearful reverberation, she closed her eyes. Then out of the threatening darkness, came miraculously, two strong protecting arms to enfold her. Nan glanced up quickly, gratefully, at the comforting sense of support.

Knight Evers stood looking down upon her tenderly, forgivingly.

"Nan," he said, "my life has been all trouble and ripped to pieces—like the storm clouds since you left. I can't live without you, Nan, even if your dad is worth a million."

"A million dollars," said Nanette contemptuously.

"What's it worth when you are out in the storm? A strong protecting arm like yours, Knight dear—"

Peace had followed the storm.

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Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

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BELZY DODD, THE "MAN WHO SCALPS HIMSELF"

Some historians have asserted that Belzy Dodd was a myth, but some of the old scouts who knew him well do not agree with them. "Ask some of the Indians who raided along the old Santa Fe trail about 'The Man Who Scalps Himself,'" they said, with a laugh. Like California Joe, Dodd was a practical joker, and one of his jokes once defeated a band of Indians and saved a wagon train from the horrors of a massacre.

Dodd was guiding a caravan of traders to Santa Fe. At night they arched their wagons in a circle with the mules corralled inside to prevent their being stampeded if Indians attacked. Outside the circle guards were posted to give warning at the first appearance of a savage.

Just before daylight one morning the traders were awakened by a shot, and rushed out to find a guard lying wounded on the ground. In the next instant a band of Pawnees charged down on the train. A fierce battle followed. The Indians who attacked the train were re-enforced by a larger band and in a short time it became evident that the train, whose defenders were hopelessly outnumbered, was doomed. Suddenly Dodd, whose rifle had knocked down more than one painted warrior, threw aside his weapon and dashed outside the circle of wagons.

Howling fiendishly, he rushed into the midst of the charging Pawnees. Before the Indians could recover from their surprise at his bold act, Dodd whipped out his long knife, ran it around the edge of his hair, and with a wild yell, tore off his shock of black hair and waved it about his head.

It was too much for the Pawnees. With a howl of terror, they broke and ran. Dodd was a swift runner—he could hold his own in running beside a galloping buffalo. It is said—and he pursued the frightened redskins, shrieking and waving his "scalp" until they left him far behind. A wig had saved a wagon train!

After that time any wagon train which Belzy Dodd guided over the Santa Fe trail was safe if the Indians saw Dodd in the lead. They had no use for a man who could scalp himself and still live.

What became of Belzy Dodd and where he died is as much a mystery as his birth and early life. He played his little role as a comedian in the drama of the West, and then, like many greater actors, he passed on and was soon forgotten.

E. T. WILLIAMS



E. T. Williams is one of the experts who have been made special assistants to the State department for work in connection with the conference on limitation of armaments and Far Eastern questions.

COUNTESS CROMER



The Countess Cromer, wife of the Earl of Cromer, who will be one of the chief hostesses to the prince of Wales, when he arrives in India. Her husband will be chief of the personal staff to the prince.

Making Extraordinary Mileage a Certainty

Car Owners want more rubber on the tread where the wear is hardest; more gum between cord plies to perfect a resilient and powerful carcass. And they want a scientifically constructed Non Skid tread with all angles and contacts to resist skidding and give sure traction. Firestone Cord Tires have met these demands of the car owners.

Read Letters Below— Records from 29,000 to 57,000 Miles

Cord Tires built the Firestone way could not fail to produce mileage. Every day, from all over the country, comes the word that 10,000, 20,000 or 30,000 miles are frequent and consistent records.

Now and then they are emphasized by unusual instances such as quoted below. Performances like these demonstrate the ultimate possibilities of Firestone Cords under careful driving.

Sept. 16, 1921
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co., Jacksonville Branch, Jacksonville, Florida.

I submit herewith the history of a 32x4 Firestone Cord tire. This tire has run 57,000 miles. I have retreaded it seven times. The average mileage to each retreading was about 7,000. I think you will agree this is a remarkable record. It is especially unusual as I know the owner to be a severe driver. However, he gives his tires proper inflation. The tire in question is not yet out of service and has every indication of being sufficiently strong for another retread. I am enclosing photographs under separate cover.
C. J. Fitzney,
Plant City, Fla.

Sept. 2, 1921
The Harvey E. Mack Co., Thirteenth & Harmon Place, Minneapolis.

It occurs to me that you might be interested in the mileage that I obtained from the set of Firestone Cord tires on my Dodge coupe. The first tire went over 29,000 miles. The second tire rolled up a mileage of between 34,000 and 35,000. These were both rear tires and had been cut considerably by chains. The two front tires have gone better than 25,000 miles and are still in good condition. I expect to get at least 40,000 miles from each of them. I need scarcely say that the Firestone Cord will be my tire choice for the future.
Archie H. Beard,
222 Leake's Bldg., Minneapolis.

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