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ED CHINN, Propr.

Misses Margaret and Bernice Woodson were passengers on the Heppner branch train Wednesday bound for Portland where they expected to visit for some time.

HOW NOVELIST SPENDS CASH

Sir James Barrie Evidently One of Those Who Believe in "Doing Good by Stealth."

Sir James Barrie who wrote "My Lady Nicotine" and so many of the world's most beautiful stories, was an intimate friend of the heroic explorer Scott, who perished in the Antarctic after reaching the South pole. The author believed in the sailor and helped to finance his last tragic dash for the South pole. When his effects were examined amid the frigid and ghastly Antarctic stillness, the relief party that arrived too late found a letter for Barrie among the dead man's effects. Only Barrie knew what it unfolded. Since that time he has been a second father to the orphaned boy. Speaking of little Peter Scott, the author of "Peter Pan" said, "That little chap has given me a hard task. I must send him a new poem or a freshly conceived fairy tale every week." One of Barrie's favorite adopted sons, the original of David in "The Little White Bird," was killed in action near Ypres. As a memorial to him Barrie established and supported a hospital in France until the end of the war. His name was never associated with it and hardly a dozen people in England knew of this benefaction.

ALWAYS STUDYING THE SKY

Work Has Been Made Much Easier Since the Introduction of Celestial Photography.

There continues the discovery of asteroids or minor planets, especially with the aid afforded by celestial photography. Among a vast multitude of stars crowding on a photographic plate one, perhaps, will be seen to have drawn a short, thin line on the plate during its hours of exposure. The astronomer knows at once that it is either an asteroid or a comet. Subsequent observations soon decide the point. Only the more interesting ones are afterward observed with attention, but once discovered they cannot be ignored, and the rapid growth of the flock becomes an embarrassment.

Eros, which at times approaches the earth nearer than any other regular member of the solar system except the moon, and Asteroid No. 585, which at aphelion is more distant than Jupiter, as far as their orbits are concerned, remain the most interesting members of the entire group and are kept under constant observation whenever circumstances permit.

Medical Efficiency.

Dr. Leroy C. Crummer of Omaha attended the medical convention in this city. He was describing the 100 per cent efficiency methods in vogue among the newer Western physicians.

"A patient of mine visited one of these doctors," he said. "After he shook hands with the chief he turned him over to an assistant, who took his history. Next he was hustled into the office of an X-ray specialist. From there he passed to a laboratory technician, then to a blood expert, and finally to the nerve clinic.

"When he returned to the chief doctor he was curtly told the pile of reports showed that there was nothing the matter with him."

"How about my bill?" queried the patient.

"Oh, you must see my accountant for that," replied the doctor, ushering him out.

"Well, really, doctor, I should like to pay you personally," replied the patient, "for then I would have the satisfaction of knowing that you did at least one thing in my case."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Conquering Yesser.

"After fifteen years of incessant guerrilla warfare, he had conquered his wife; there was something in the number of 'yes's' with which he could poison a conversation that had won him the victory. 'Yes—yes—yes—yes,' he would say. 'That was the summer of ninety-one or ninety-two—yes—yes—yes—yes.' Fifteen years of yes's had beaten Mrs. Gilbert. Fifteen further years of that incessant, unaffirmative affirmative, accompanied by the perpetual flicking of ash-mushrooms from 32,000 cigars, had broken her. To this husband of hers she made the last concession of married life, which is more complete, more irrevocable, than the first—she listened to him."—From the "Beautiful and Damned," by F. Scott Fitzgerald.

Garden Annual Coming Back.

The Russian Statice, Statice Suworowi, is an old-time garden annual which has ben neglected for many years but is again coming back, and strangely enough as a greenhouse plant, although it is an easily grown garden annual. It differs from the sinuata type in having long, branching spikes closely set with tiny rose pink flowers. The leaves lie flat upon the ground, somewhat resembling a plantain seed spike until the flowers expand and the branches develop. It is a very unusual-appearing plant and very decorative for cutting, especially when arranged with the loosely branched lavender varieties.—Exchange.

Really Seemed a Miracle.

My strangest and never-to-be-forgotten affair happened when my boy, aged seven, fell from the third floor when the porch railing gave way. He landed on his feet, got up and walked away uninjured. Neighbors seeing this fall say nothing but a miracle saved him.—Chicago Journal.

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If a McCormack Header is your choice, buy it now. No McCormack Headers manufactured since 1922 and there will be no more made. The Deering will take the place of the McCormack. We have a few McCormack's in stock for this season.

The most economical way to take care of your grain hay is with a Binder. We have both the McCormack and Deering.

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We have a good stock of McCormack and Deering extras, also Malable Chain Belting.

We try to have everything necessary to rig up for harvest—Oils, Greases, Doubletrees Singletrees, and a lot of other things—and what we have not got we will get for you.

Come in and see us when you need anything and we will try to give you one hundred cents worth for a dollar.

Gilliam & Bisbee

Elephants Invade Belgium Congo.

It is reported that herds of elephants have invaded the region of Lake Leopold, in the Belgian Congo, and are laying waste the plantations there, so that food supplies are endangered. The natives refuse to hunt the elephants, as they do not share the proceeds of the hunting, and people are deserting many villages.

No doubt in Pliocene and early Pleistocene times primitive man must have had many pitched battles with the elephant family; but it is rather strange to think that even in the Twentieth century there are elephants numerous enough and enterprising enough to sack villages and destroy plantations. It sounds as if they were becoming civilized.

Gratitude.

"The recent splurge of sentiment and sentimentality over the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,'" remarked a Detroit newspaper man, "did not impress me greatly. I happen to know that the flowers placed on the grave of Payne on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the song were the first floral offerings placed there in more than 20 years."—Detroit News.

MORE THAN ONE GOOD POINT

Uncle Jack Wanted the Fine Qualities of His Dog to Be Thoroughly Understood.

"Out in Kansas there used to be an old fellow named Uncle Jack, and he had a dog," runs the story told by Victor Murdock of the federal trade commission. "It was not a highly bred dog, but it was a wonder at catching rats. Moreover, Uncle Jack was fond of the dog. Uncle Jack had few other intimates because of a disposition to be rather savage in his conversation. He imagined that half the people he met were antagonistic toward him, and this made him not any too companionable. So it was just as well that he had a warm friend in the dog.

"One night as he and the dog were passing a corner grocery where everybody loafed, two or three bystanders sought to make a hit with Uncle Jack by complimenting his dog.

"'That's certainly a fine little dog of Uncle Jack's,' remarked one of the bystanders.

"'Yes, I don't suppose there's a better dog anywhere,' said another.

"Uncle Jack turned and glared at the bunch and hurled this:

"'Ye think he's just good for catchin' rats, eh? Well, I'll have ye know he's just as good on mice—ye goldarn fools.'"

VAIN UNTIL WELL INTO AGE

Gray-Haired Men Far More Particular About Their Clothes Than Are the Young.

Somehow, when friend husband doesn't seem to look right in any of the suits the patient clerk hauls forth, wives are apt to forget their mates are no longer the youthful swain who came a-courtin' ten years or more ago.

Even though he may affect the younger models and gayer checks or stripes, the bulging waist, the doubled chin and the ever-so-slight-droop of the shoulders have sadly changed the original Apollonian lines which the fond wife still recognizes in her mate. Ready mades, fashioned on perfect wooden models, have a way of accentuating the middle-aged wearer's defects. Therefore, the tailor is called upon to exercise his craftiness by practicing deceptions to conceal the ugly faults, says the New York Sun.

The narrow double-breasted model does much to hide an unsightly abdomen. A bit of cotton will straighten the drooping shoulders, but the double chin is there to stay; no "trick of the trade" will conceal it. That is why a tailor will tell you that the gray-haired man is fussier about his clothes than the young chap.

From his advent into the "cake eater" stage until the time he has reconciled himself to a comfortable old age, man is not immune from the vanity which so distinctly characterizes the feathered male. He is "as proud as the peacock" which remains in hiding until his new tail feathers have grown to the "sweeping" length. Would the tidy male think of ever leaving his house unshaved?

It is the preening of the husband that causes the wife to spend hours at her mirror "fixing up" in a competitive effort.

HIS MILLIONS

By H. IRVING KING

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

EDITH CRANFORD and her estimable parents had been big game hunting in the social jungles of New York for three seasons without bringing down the quarry. Edith, from the time she had begun to picture her future—and under the loving tutelage of her parents she began very young—had never looked forward to anything less gilded than a millionaire for a husband.

In her fourth season Edith Cranford succeeded; this Diana of the Four Hundred brought down her millionaire. And the "kill" had been worth all the effort and the heart-breaking delay. Warren Champlain was thirty years old, and was encumbered with no near relatives, was good-looking and, for a man of millions, remarkably intelligent and well educated. Father and Mother Cranford, when they heard the news, were jubilant. But over Edith there soon stole a curious irritable indifference. When finally she announced that she would not marry Warren Champlain, after all, Father and Mother Cranford were driven into a sort of frenzy. But neither tears, hysterics, threats nor pleadings would move Edith. She wrote Warren a calm, brief note telling him that they "had both been mistaken" and that "all must be considered over between them."

Now Warren refused to be put off with a few words written on the latest style of note paper. He demanded an interview with Edith, but she would not see him and, after several stormy scenes with her parents, she was packed off to her great-aunt Cynthia, who had a country place in a retired corner of New Hampshire.

Warren Champlain had little difficulty in finding out the place of Edith's retreat and one "all golden afternoon" he came strolling up the driveway that led to Miss Cynthia Van Buskirk's summer home. That ancient and wise spinster had, since the arrival of her niece, been giving her much sound advice. As Edith sat on the piazza she was turning over in her mind her aunt's words of wisdom. She heard some one approaching, raised her eyes and there stood the central figure in her thought before her in person.

"You?" she cried. "why—"

"Yes, why?" he echoed. "That is just what I have come to find out." He took a chair beside her and imprisoned one of her hands in his. She resisted—but not strenuously. "Tell me, Edith," he said, "why have you broken with me? Is it because you do not love me?"

The girl, exerting all her self-control, said evenly: "No; it is because I do love you that I cannot marry you. You know what people say of me—that I pursued you on account of your money. And they speak the truth. And then—when I found I really loved you for yourself—oh, can't you understand? How could I marry a man I love under such circumstances? There—have I sufficiently humbled myself? Do you despise me enough now to go on your way and forget that such a creature as I ever existed?"

Warren actually smiled and Edith, with an angry flush, rose as if to go. "No, no," he said; "sit down here, you illogical little person, and listen to reason. If you laid a trap for me, I walked into it with my eyes open. Don't you suppose there were plenty of people to warn me? I went in eagerly and, Edith, I want to stay there. Isn't it just as wicked to refuse to marry a man whom you love, and who loves you, because of his money as it would be to marry a man because of his money whom you don't love?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so," faltered Edith. "At least, that is what Aunt Cynthia says."

"Admirable and perspicacious woman," said Warren. "Take me to her."

"Well," said Miss Cynthia, when the presentation had been made, "have you young folks settled everything? Have you brought this morbid young lady to reason, Mr. Champlain?"

"Partially," replied Warren, "and I rely upon her estimable aunt to complete the cure."

"But what will people say?" objected Edith.

"Say?" cried Miss Cynthia. "They can't say much more than they have said already. And who are you, pray, anyway, that you should begrudge the tea-tables of New York a pleasing piece of malicious gossip?"

"But my self-respect—" objected Edith.

"Fiddledee!" exclaimed Miss Cynthia, "of all my aggravating relatives—and they are all aggravating—I believe you are the most aggravating."

Warren turned to Edith and said, calmly and sternly: "Edith, what you call your self-respect is, in this instance, merely an obstinate pride which, if persisted in, will wreck two lives."

"Quite right," agreed the venerable spinster. "There—let us have no more nonsense. You two run out on the piazza and settle on the wedding day."

When Miss Van Buskirk spoke in that tone she was accustomed to being obeyed—and this occasion was no exception to the rule.

Sympathetic Comrade.

Two Virginia darkies were hunting one day, one a very large man, indeed, and heavy, and the other slight and meager. Now the big fellow accidentally shot himself rather seriously, but all his companion had to say by way of sympathy was:

"Say, you look heah. You'd better run an' keep runnin' as fast as you kin an' as long as you kin, 'cause I shore can't carry you far."

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CALL FOR COUNTY WARRANTS.

All General Fund Warrants of Morrow County, Oregon, registered on or before December 31, 1922, will be paid on presentation at the office of the County Treasurer on or after August 6th, 1923, on which date interest on said warrants will cease.

Dated at Heppner, Oregon, July 23, 1923.

LEON W. BRIGGS,
13-14 County Treasurer.

$100.00—REWARD—$100.00

I will pay the above reward of $100 to any person furnishing me information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons having in their possession and holding any sheep bearing my brand. My brand is a Circle Bar, (a circle with bar across.)

Dated at Boardman, Oregon, this 7th day of July, 1923.

M. C. MARSHALL,
11tf Boardman, Ore.

LOST

Red and white 3-year-old steer; branded H. Last seen one mile above Heppner. Reward. Inquire at Herald office.