

"MAIL ORDER" Cream Separators

When you buy a cream separator you want the best machine you can get for the money, don't you? Well, then, just listen to this proposition:

Before you order a "mail order" separator write to the concern and tell them that you want to try their machine out against a De Laval, with the privilege of sending their machine back if you decide that the De Laval is better worth what we ask you for it than their machine is worth what they ask.

That's absolutely fair, isn't it?

We'll be glad to furnish you a De Laval for such a trial any time you like and let you be the judge.

We are glad to make this offer because we know that the De Laval will give you better service and cost you less in the long run than any other machine you can buy, no matter what the price.

If you already have a mail order separator, or any other for that matter, which isn't giving satisfaction, we have an exchange offer that we believe will interest you.

Before you buy a Cream Separator see and try a DE LAVAL

VAUGHN & SONS



DODGED A RAIN OF BULLETS.

Incident of the Italian Revolution of 1848 in Brescia.

The Count de Hubner tells in his memoirs a thrilling story of an adventure in the Italian city of Brescia during the days of the revolution of 1848. When the trouble began in the streets he contrived to get into a house, taking with him two or three other persons, including the wife of a minor official who had entrusted the lady for awhile to the count's care, but who was to have certain news of her as soon as possible.

The firing grew heavier, and the rebels soon had possession of almost every house in the street.

On the 19th of March Count de Hubner decided that he must do something toward bettering his position in case of an assault, and he forced his only remaining servant to make a dash across the street to the palace where the Austrian general, Rath, was quartered, two blocks away and on the other side. The man was merely to let the general know that De Hubner himself was coming and to ask that the gates be held ready for him.

"Myself, prudence and my honor had a long and heated argument," says Count de Hubner. "Finally I pulled myself together. I had to let Prince Metternich know about myself, to make a last report and to keep my word about poor Mme. M. I undid the door, drew a long breath and plunged down the street.

"The bullets flew all around me, spattering in leaden showers from the stone pavement. As I arrived at the gates of the palace they swung inward, and in a second I was inside, unscathed. But only half my journey was done. I had still to go back again.

"A letter—my last report—was soon completed for Metternich and my message to the husband of Mme. M. was given. I had to return.

"Again the gates were opened and I bounded forth. A veritable fusillade followed. From every window and housetop came the spurts of white smoke, and I tried to dodge forty bullets at once. In a minute I had reached my own door, and as I did so I turned to look back.

"Another man left the palace gates at full speed, but before he had half crossed the street a puff of smoke shot out of a window and he fell flat and was instantly lying like a log across the gutter. The fire stopped at once—what use would there be in shooting a dead man?"

"But on the second that all became quiet. To my great astonishment I saw this 'dead man' rise to his legs like a cat and dash across the street into the half open door waiting for him. The sharpshooters were taken by surprise, and he escaped."

Talked Too Much.

Old John Bates, an upholsterer, was renowned for his silence. People who had been his customers for a generation had, many of them, never heard a word from him except "Good morning. Five dollars. Thank you. Good day." Old John, in fact, cultivated silence as a genius cultivates his art.

A patron one day said to John: "What's the best kind of mattress?"

"Hait," was the reply. The patron some twenty years later had occasion to buy another mattress, and again he asked: "What's the best kind, John?"

"Cotton." "Cotton?" the patron cried. "Why, you told me twenty years ago that hair was the best."

The old man gave a quaint sigh. "Talking has always been my ruin," he said.

Man Wanted.

"Father," said little Ruth appealingly, "why don't you stay at home to work as other little girls' fathers do?"

Father, who, as business manager of a great corporation, has to travel extensively, smiled fondly at his little daughter. "I'd love to, Ruth," he answered, "but you see I have to earn a lot of money to take care of my little girl and her mother, and I can't get enough work to do here at home."

"Oh, father," cried Ruth reprovingly, "I don't believe you've ever tried hard enough! Why, I have seen a sign out, 'Man Wanted,' lots and lots of times. There was one over in front of our grocery store this very morning."—Youth's Companion.

A Gigantic Breed.

A woman at a dog show noticed a pretty girl gazing around as if puzzled. She went over to her and said: "Pardon me, but can't you find the kennel you wish? If not, I shall be glad to assist you."

"Oh, thank you," she replied. "Would you mind showing me where they are exhibiting the ocean greyhounds?"—National Monthly.

AVERTED A DUEL.

An Apple of Peace That Confounded an Artist's Critics.

In the old dueling days critics were sometimes compelled, figuratively, to eat their words. Far more satisfactory was the vindication that one criticized person achieved when she ate the object of criticism.

The story recently retold in a Parisian journal relates that when the furor for modeling wax flowers and fruit was at its height a certain fair and fashionable countess attained so much skill in the art that the other women of her circle became envious. An admirer of the countess and a suitor of her most spiteful detractor were involved in the quarrel, and a challenge ensued. But the countess learned of the coming encounter and had no mind that her talent should be championed at the cost of blood letting.

The day before the duel in a company that included the prospective combatants and her envious rival she displayed a beautiful apple.

"Behold a chef d'oeuvre!" she cried proudly. "Ladies, you cannot criticize that! Nature herself never produced a finer."

It was examined and admired, but soon the envious discovered flaws. One complained of the texture, which did not really resemble the skin of a fruit; another, of the too precisely globular form; another, of the too evenly shaded colors. Finally the countess' enemy gave her verdict with a shrug and a smile.

"Indeed, my dear, a pretty fruit enough," she conceded, "but if you ask me, a palpable imitation, with nothing of the indescribable, illusive something by which art suggests the actual work of nature."

The countess then turned inquiringly to her critic's suitor, who declared that he was reluctantly compelled to agree with madam's opinion. Still smiling, the countess broke the apple in halves, offered half to her parrot squawking for it in his gilded cage, and daintily nibbled the other half herself. It was a real apple!

"Doubtless, monsieur," she remarked sweetly as the laughter subsided, "you will still feel obliged to agree with madam when she admits that her estimate of an artist's skill may sometimes be erroneous?"

As there was no excuse for a duel after the lady and her champion had both retracted, the seconds of the two impetuous gentlemen saw to it that they became reconciled. For once the apple of discord had proved also the apple of peace.

He Had No Choice.

The wife of a dynamo tender went to a haberdasher's to buy a necktie for her husband. She selected a brilliant red one, ready made, whereupon the young and inexperienced salesman, with compassion for the future owner, was moved to remark:

"Excuse me, missus, is this tie for your husband?"

"It is," replied the woman. "Don't you think he'd rather have some other color? I'm afraid he won't wear this red tie."

"Oh, yes, he will!" said the woman firmly. "He'll have to—he's dead."—London Answers.

Ale For Breakfast.

Ale and bread were the chief items of the royal breakfast in olden times in England. The quantity of ale consumed by ladies at breakfast in those days was considerable, for in the reign of Henry VIII, the maids of honor were allowed for breakfast "one chet loafe, one manchet, two gallons of ale and a pitcher of wine." A Lady Lucy made a mighty tonic of the national brew. Her breakfast was a chine of beef, a loaf and a gallon of ale, and for her pillow meal a posset porridge, a generous cut of mutton, a loaf and a gallon of ale.—Westminster Gazette.

Not His Usual Brand.

He was a waif from the slums, having his first experience of the country. They gave him a new laid egg at breakfast as a great treat, but after one spoonful he put it quietly aside and devoted himself to the bread and butter.

"Why, Pete," exclaimed the matron in charge, "don't you like your egg?"

"No, ma'am," he replied deprecatingly. "It don't seem to have no smell nor taste."—Pearson's Weekly.

Origin of the Word Filibuster.

The name "buccaneer" was chiefly affected by the English adventurers on our coast, while the French members of the profession often preferred the name of "filibuster." This word, which has since been corrupted into our familiar "filibuster," is said to have been originally a corruption, being nothing more than the French method of pronouncing the word "freebooters," which title had long been used for independent robbers.

COUNTY COURT FOR JULY TERM

Continuation of Claims Audited and Allowed.

F H Wilson,	11
Opal Cribbins,	54
Alice Brenner,	54
Rachel Cribbins,	58 20
Alice Brenner,	3 20
Opal Cribbins,	2 20
E E Beaman,	3 20
Anna Spencer,	2 20
Marion Evans, Expense	19 34
J P Williams Justice Court	16 05
Mack Smith,	7 50
John Hughes,	1 70
Sam Hughes,	1 70
J F Vaughn,	1 70
W M Ayers,	1 70
M D Clark,	1 70
J A Patterson,	1 70
A L Cornett,	1 20
G W Thompson,	1 20
B G Sigsbee,	1 20
Claude Cox,	1 20
E B Ayers,	1 20
J B Huddleston,	1 20
S E VanVactor,	1 20
Bushong & Co, Current Ex	118 78
Irwin Hodson Co.,	19 15
H Cummings, Fruit Insp.	13 40
Minor & Co., care of poor	3 30
J C Ball,	4
John H Hayes, tax rebate	3 33
Irwin Hodson Co, cur exp	6 15
S E Notson, expenses	6 40
Mabelle Cameron, exam.	9
H W Copeland,	9
Opal Briggs,	7 50
L M Turner, roads	4 50
The Beebe Co.,	42 60
Vaughn & Sons, ct. house	6 90
roads	11 45
James Archer,	47 50
Frank Smith,	10
Mike Kenny,	5
Porter Bros.,	331 50
C B Sperry,	6 75
J H Edwards,	45 40
Ralph Sherwood,	21 35
J M Sprouls,	4
J T Frazier,	63 05
Clay Kinney,	25
Tum a Lum Lbr. Co	22 45
Gerald Jackson,	32 00
J W Haynes,	12 75
Emil Groshens,	6
Anderson Hayes,	4
G W Smith,	70 50
E Hughes,	36
J Hiatt,	36
J T Sprinkle,	22
K I McFerrin,	18
John Hiatt,	34 50
S A Barlow,	12 75
Jere Barlow,	4
Hess Moses,	16 25
Joel Barlow,	12
Ira Jones,	16 25
A Sherwood,	20 25
R F Fraser,	295 75
H R Smith,	9 75
C J Anderson,	14
H S Morrow,	15 75
Glen Trumble,	15 75
W E Dunning,	24 50
H A Conner,	20
Lee Howell,	36 25
W Mackie,	9
H R Smith,	39
A A Gordon,	5
O A Brians,	9
Ray Young,	2 50
Louis Brown,	59
Vern Jackson,	4 50
Harvey Young,	20 50
C J Anderson,	12 10
A S Shaddock,	60 37
Carl Bergstrom,	38 75
Willie Bergstrom,	15
Erik Bergstrom,	29
Lowell Akers,	9
Tillman Hogue,	36
J N King,	40
Gerald Jackson,	32
Jess Moses,	16 25
Ira Jones,	16 25
Vane Jones,	38 50
Vance Jones,	38 50
Roy Jones,	9
C E Jones,	52 50
Mose Ashbaugh,	9
M W M Co.,	225 40
Jerry Whetstone,	19 25
A B Straight,	58 50
C T Walker Est,	37 25
A B Straight,	132
H C Ashbaugh,	21
P H Cummings,	7 50
J H Bellenbrock,	181 95
M R Morgan,	49 05
R D Hughes,	66
John S Johnson,	22 50
The Beebe Co	5 35
Walter Kileup,	50
Wm Ayers, jail meals	7 50
Patterson & Son, cur exp	11 60
Geo J Currin, tax rebate	1 22
E E Beaman, ct hse wood	487 40
roads	1 50
Loy M Turner, field notes	2 25
Dr. McMurdo, care of poor	20 00
Heppner Sanatorium,	199 50
W J Blake, dep assessor	140
C E Jones,	68
J J Wells, expenses	15
E L Padberg, county ct	5 60
Sam Hughes, care of poor	52 25
Slocum Drug Co.,	10 40
R Hogeland, roads	188
E M Matteson,	7 87
Walter Drum,	115

Arthur Matheny,	63 87
R Crewdson,	2
A D Hogeland,	60 25
Walter Matteson,	34 75
H P Long,	27 50
Loren Matteson,	19 50
O A Hoskins,	25 50
G Harrison,	21 75
T H Drum,	19 25
C H Breshears,	14
Chas B Wright,	49 50
E S Duran,	37 50
Thomson Bros,	60 35
Reid Bros,	103 07
W T McRoberts,	43 50
E C Watkins,	109 95
Jake Dexter,	69
Ralph Floreon,	35 75
Roy Yardley,	40 50
Horace Yokum,	2 25
Wm Crank,	2 25
R F Wiglesworth,	14
Albert Bowker,	16
O W Johnson,	18
Rugg Bros,	7 75
Gilliam & Bisbee,	241 20
ct house	52 05
Roads	26 20
G A Bleakman,	8 65
E E Bleakman,	13 50
Jay Rossen,	36
Edith Petteys,	42 75
Mable Clark,	7 85
Eugene Chapel,	25 75
A Riley,	16 60
Arthur Chapel,	4 50
Ernest Cannon,	12 35
Eldon Emry,	50 70
S H Osborne,	17 60
Albert Lane,	32 25
Jas McDaniel,	8 75
Chas Hartings,	5 25
Ray Young,	5 60
W P Leach,	11 60
Bert Bleakman,	11
Edith Petteys,	11
Mable Clark,	162 70
B H Bleakman,	140 60
Ben Moore,	88 50
David Spaulding,	77 87
Geo Benson,	79 02
C Kallestad,	35 95
Lone Rock Supply Co,	4
I C Bennett,	8 10
John H Wilt,	3
Mike Healy,	10
T J Sprinkle,	17 50
John Hiatt,	25
John Gaunt,	32 50
L L Hiatt,	38 50
G W Smith,	74 80
H L & W Co, court house	104 25
Theo Jakes, roads	664 89
Chas Read,	4
W T McRoberts,	17
Willis Stewart,	144
Geo Cook,	54
Orve Brown,	120
Andy J Cook,	30
H S Beglow,	87 87
Wm Mikesell,	86 25
Frank Smith,	18 75
Andy J Cook, expenses	68 75
James Archer, roads	37 75
Minor & Co	10
Glenn Y Wells, cir court	40 75
W H Taylor, roads	32 00
Geo Cook,	49 50
Ray Young,	132 25
J S Young,	71 75
J T Ayers,	6 75
Creston Maddock,	6
Oscar Borg, court house	31 85
T J Humphreys, phones	11
R W Turner, roads	24
J S Young, county court	49
John Kilkenny,	5 08
O L Bates, tax rebate	27 25
C C Rhea, roads	40 05
A M Slocum,	29 75
Bert Mason,	6 25
R O Brown,	

Morrow County Fair Board 830 SUMMARY.

General Fund - -	\$4,886 37
Road Fund - - - -	8,019 45
Grand Total - - -	\$12,905 82

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HARRY CUMMINGS, Fruit Inspector of Morrow County M-620m.

For Sale or Trade. Will sacrifice my six-room, modern house, corner lot 62 x 108, cement sidewalk and curb, in Vancouver, Wash. This is close in on one of the main business streets. Will sell for cash or trade for stock. For further particulars see owner, A. W. Johnson, 2 1/2 miles south of Heppner.

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