

# LOUIS PEARSON

announces the arrival of

## FALL SAMPLES IN THE LATEST PATTERNS.

Prices on Suits from \$17.00 to \$50.00

Nice Stock of Woolen Goods Always on Hand.

# FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

CADILLAC AUTO, Combination Roadster and Touring Car. Detachable tonneau, two tops, new tires, lot of extra equipment.

Will sell on terms or trade for work horses or mules.

POSTMASTER, Morgan, Ore.

# White Star Flour

MADE AT HOME

From Morrow County's Best Milling Wheat.

By using our flour—which is of superior quality to other brands sold here—your money is kept at home.

For Sale at all Stores in the County.

HEPPNER MILLING CO.

# People's Cash Market

Phone Main 73

Wholesale and retail dealers in FRESH AND CURED MEATS

Prompt attention given all orders.

HENRY SCHWARZ, Proprietor

**Camping Parties**—I am equipped to carry passengers with camp equipment, or Ford for hire with or without trailer.

PRICES REASONABLE. By Mile or Day Rate See me at Heppner Garage. E. H. KELLOGG

# THE CLUB

IS HEPPNER YOUNG MEN'S POPULAR RESORT

BILLIARDS AND POOL

WE SERVE ALL THE LEADING BRANDS OF SOFT DRINKS AND THE BEST LINES OF CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

O. B. Hottman, in the Palace Hotel.

## :: SPICE ::

### Shrewd Astrologer.

Louis XI of France one day sent for an astrologer who had predicted many deaths accurately.

"You, sir," said the king, "you who can foretell everything, pray when shall you die?"

"I?" the astrologer answered coolly. "Why, I, sir, shall die just three days before your majesty".

This reply so alarmed the king that he ordered him to be lodged in one of his finest palaces and well taken care of.

### As Others See Us.

A local preacher, who was in the habit of taking his wife with him to his preaching appointments, said on arrival at the chapel in a country town: "My dear, you go in there; you will be all right. I must go round to the vestry."

In the vestibule the wife was met by a kind-hearted steward, who, after giving her a hearty welcome and a hymn-book, conducted her to a comfortable seat. At the close of the service the same kind-hearted steward gave her a hearty shake of the hand, adding he pleased he would be to see her at the service each Sunday. Then, whispering, he said, "But let me tell you, we don't get a duffer like this in the pulpit every Sunday."—The Continent.

Impassioned Orator—The American eagle, whether soaring over the dusty deserts of Mexico or skimming the broad Atlantic, will never draw in its horns or retire into its shell.—Boston Transcript.

"Is this rich land?" asked the prospective purchaser, cautiously.

"It certainly ought to be," replied the gentleman-farmer. "I have put all the money I had into it."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Political Boss—I can land you a job payin' three thousand a year—two to you and one to me.

Worker—And do I have an assistant who does all the work?

Boss—Sure; and we split half of his salary between us.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Marriage is a lottery with very few prizes."

"Of course, it is. The best man never gets the bride."—Baltimore American.

"Do you ever take a flyer in the market?"

"No," replied the munitions speculator. "Nothing doing with airships. I'm for submarines."—Washington Star.

First Trolley Conductor—Why was Kelly fired?

Second Trolley Conductor—His car struck a man at 16th street and carried him a block on the fender. After collecting a nickel from him, in the excitement, Kelly got to ring it up—and the man was a spotter.—Life.

"Did you win the argument?"

"I should say so. Why, when I finished my opponent couldn't say a word."

"You did him to a turn, eh?"

"To a taciturn."—St. Louis Republic.

Mr. Newly Wed—What makes the baby yell in that way, dear?

Mrs. N. W.—His teeth, love.

Mr. N. W.—Oh, if that's all, I'll run for a dentist and have them out.—London Saturday Journal.

Farmer's Wife—What do you think of our eggs?

Paying Guest—Too small for their age.—Chicago Herald.

"The alligator can go six months without eating."

"Just the pet for a poet."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Schmaltz—If I put my money in the bank when can I get it out?

Baltz—The next day, but you have got to give them two weeks' notice.

"My husband is such a blockhead!"

"How now?"

"Couldn't locate a lady I wanted to find, although I told him plainly that her gown had sleeves of nitr and velvet-revers."—Louisville Courier Journal.

The weather man lay dying; it was only a matter of a few hours, the doctors said.

Motioning to his sobbing friends he waited until they had crowded around his bed to listen to his last words.

He gave careful directions for the disposition of his belongings, and outlined the general features of his funeral; then he murmured:

"And I want you to put up a nice tomb-stone, for me with these words carved on it: 'Probably Cooler.'"

School Teacher—I'm sorry to say, Mr. Jones that your boy is very backward in school with his studies.

Jones—That's strange; At home in conversation with me he seems to know it all.—Boston Transcript.

Hokus—Scribbler has had no less than nine plays rejected.

Pokus—What is he doing now?  
Hikus—Writing essays on the decline of the drama.—Life.

How many miles can you go on a gallon?

How many can you?  
I asked you first.—Life.

"I'm afraid these Louis XV. heels are much too high for me. Perhaps you have lower ones—say about Louis X. would do, I think."—London Opinion

"Say Claude, did you get your shirt back from the laundry?"  
"Yes, Reginald, but not from the front."—Texas Longhorn.

"Discipline," said a government official at a dinner in Washington, "naval discipline must be maintained at all costs."

"They tell a story to illustrate this. A naval officer said to a seaman: 'What idiot told you to dump that pile of dunnage there?'"

"It was the captain, sir" the seaman answered.

"Humph," said the officer, "let it remain there, then and take 12 hours in irons, my man, for calling the captain an idiot."—Washington Star.

"Jones is the finest after-dinner speaker I have ever heard."

"So?"

"Yes, he always says, Waiter, give hat check to me."—Panther.

Wife—The policeman called on the cook last night.

Husband—Ah! a conference of the powers.—Baltimore Sun.

"Those twin boys of yours are so much alike that I don't see how you can tell them apart."

"That's easy enough. When they're in their good behavior they answer to their own names, and when they've been in mischief each one answers to the name of the other."—New Orleans Times-Picayune.

Sacca Bonna wants something severe done to people who don't do as they advertise to do. He says he saw a sign in a street car: "Buy O'Donovan's rubber heels, 50 cents attached."

And so he went and bought a pair, but there was no half-dollar attached, and he believes he has been swindled.—Newark News.

"Can you accommodate myself and family for summer board?"

"What's your politics?" inquired armer Cornstossel.

"Does that make any difference?"

"Yep. I'm not going to take another chance of havin' the whole place stirred up with arguments day an' night. All the folks that board here this summer has got to have the same politics."—Washington Star.

To one of the members of a committee of inspection on its tour of a penitentiary a convict confided:

"It is a terrible thing to be known by a number instead of a name, and to feel that all my life I shall be an object of suspicion among the police."

"But you will not be alone, my friend," consoled the visitor, consolingly. "The same thing happens to

people who own automobiles."—New York Times.

"So Hunter is after the heiress. By the way, what does he do for a living?"

"Banking at present."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, he's banking on marrying her."—Boston Transcript.

"Don't you know its wrong to believe in ghosts?"

"I don't believe in 'em," replied Erastus Pinkly. "Why, sub, I wouldn't trust a ghosh as far as I could see 'im."—Washington Star.

Tough luck! Fellow gave me three winners at yesterday's races.

"What's tough about that?"

"I didn't play them."—Judge.

Plaintiff's Lawyer—I rest the case.

Defendant's Ditto—You ought to; it's pretty weak.—Boston Transcript.

"Tell me, how did you come to marry your second husband?"

"My first one died."—Boston Transcript.

An old negro was taken ill and called a physician of his race to prescribe for him. He did not seem to get any better, and finally a white physician was called. Soon after arriving the new doctor felt the darky's pulse for a moment and then examined his tongue.

"Did the other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, sah," he answered, feebly. "I hasn't missed anything but my watch as yit, boss."

"Mrs. Giddigad's baby cried the other day, when she wanted to take it from the nurse."

"Yes, the poor child is afraid of strangers."—Judge.

School-Room Humor.

For half an hour the teacher patiently instructed her class in the art of telling the time from a clock.

"Now," she said at last, as she pointed to the big clock on the wall, "you may be the first to tell me the time, Mary Brown."

Full of importance, Mary turned and studied the dial. Then she faced her teacher again, her eyes shining with triumph. "Its just one inch past 11!" she said.

A little girl in the primary school was asked to tell the difference between the words "foot" and "feet."

She said:

"One feet is a foot and a whole lot of foots is a feet."

Not So Bad.

A couple of old salts met after a long absence, and the following animated conversation ensued:

"Well, old man, how are you getting on?"

"First-rate. I have taken a wife."

"A very sensible idea."

"Not a bit of it; she's a regular Tartar."

"Then I'm sorry for you mate."

"There's no need; she brought me a big ship as her marriage portion."

"Then you made a good bargain

after all?"

"Nothing to boast of, I can tell you. The ship turned out a worthless old tinder-box."

"Then I'm sorry I spoke."

"Bah! You can speak as much as you like. The old tub was well insured, and went down on her first voyage."

"So you made a good thing there, anyhow?"

"Not so much, mate; I only got \$1,000 out of the job as my share."

"That was to bad."

"Too bad! Nothing of the sort! Wife and mother-in-law were on board and went down with the rest."

## COL. CANNOT ACCEPT INVITATION TO ROUND-UP

Pendleton, Aug. 16—President T. D. Taylor has received an autograph letter from Col. Theodore Roosevelt in which the famous Rough Rider advises that at present he cannot accept the invitation to witness the 1916 Round-Up, September 21, 22, and 23, but if at a later date it is possible for him to tour Oregon during the presidential campaign now on he will be glad to accept. The Round-Up management still has hopes that he will be able to come for it is certain that the 1916 attendance will break all records as it is and with Mr. Roosevelt here it would be a high water year. As for the show it will be up to the usual Round-Up standard with many new, novel and daring features. Already ticket reservations are double those of last year and equal to those of 1913. The prize list has been increased a couple of thousand dollars which assures a big number of high class contestants.

## HEPPNER 25 YEARS AGO

From the Gazette of Aug. 20, 1891.

Snow fell to the depth of one foot a few days ago in the mountains between the North Fork and Powder River.

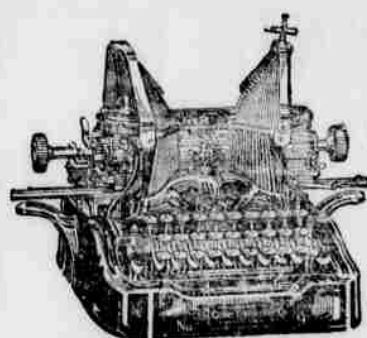
Hon. T. J. Matlock took quite a delegation of turf devotees and newspaper men out to his Hinton creek ranch last Saturday. They were well pleased with the stock.

Ben Swaggart will return soon from Teel Springs to look after his threshing and race stock. His family will remain there some weeks yet.

Dr. E. T. Gagen and John Hughes spent a pleasant vacation in the mountains returning last Friday. They were quite successful as hunters killing quite a number of grouse.

P. H. Lee, the middleweight champion of the American navy, and who is at present employed in Whetstone's blacksmith shop is desirous of starting a wrestling and boxing school.

# A New Model Typewriter!



BUY IT NOW!

Yes, the crowning typewriter triumph is here!

IT IS JUST OUT—AND COMES YEARS BEFORE EXPERTS EXPECTED IT. For makers have striven a life-time to attain this ideal machine. And Oliver has won again, as we scored when we gave the world its first visible writing.

There is truly no other typewriter on earth like this new Oliver "9." Think of a touch so light that the tread of a kitten will run the keys!

### CAUTION!

The new-day advances that come alone on this machine are all controlled by Oliver. Even our own previous models—famous in their day—never had the Optional Duplex Shift.

It puts the whole control of 84 letters and characters in the little fingers of the right and left hands. And it lets you write them all with 28 keys, the least to operate of any standard typewriter made.

Thus writers of all other machines can immediately run the Oliver Number "9" with more speed and greater ease.

17 CENTS A DAY! Remember this brand-new Oliver "9" is the greatest value ever given in a typewriter. It has all our previous special inventions—visible writing, automatic spacer, 6 1/2-ounce touch—plus the Optional Duplex Shift, Selective Color Attachment, and all these other new-day features.

Yet we have decided to sell it to everyone everywhere on our famous payment plan—17 cents a day! Now every user can easily afford to have the world's crack visible writer, with the famous PRINTYPE, that writes like print, included FREE if desired.

TODAY—Write for Full Details and be among the first to know about this marvel of writing machines. See why typists, employers, and individuals everywhere are flocking to the Oliver. Just mail a postal at once. No obligation. It's a pleasure for us to tell you about it.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO., Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago.

### WARNING!

This brilliant new Oliver comes at the old-time price. It costs no more than lesser makes—now out-of-date when compared with this discovery.

For while the Oliver's splendid new features are costly—we have equalized the added expense to us by simplifying construction.

Resolve right now to see this great achievement before you spend a dollar for any typewriter. If you are using some other make you will want to see how much more this one does.

If you are using an Oliver, it naturally follows that you want the finest model.