

GOLD THREAD

By MYRIA ALICE LITTLE.

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Sally Sue perched herself on the stone wall under the lilac bush, with her doll Harriet, whose mother had sent her to watch for the mailman.

Velvets drifted out from the dining room window over the new purple balls on the tips of the lilac stems and Sally Sue couldn't help hearing. But some of the things were very perplexing.

"That was mother's voice now: 'You're my best friend, Harriet Dismore, and Merton is my favorite brother, and you can't expect me to take sides. But what can have happened to two people who thought, as much of each other as you did, is more than I can imagine!'"

"I haven't said anything has happened, have I?"

Sally Sue pulled her pink apron down over her fat knees with a jerk. Didn't Aunt Harriet's voice sound queer? All grumpy and sobby! But Sally Sue mustn't call her "Aunt!" Harriet now. She had told Sally Sue that only that very morning.

And now Aunt—Miss Harriet was telling mother she hadn't said anything had happened.

Out from the window floated mother's voice: "Why do you work your self sick over that enormous centerpiece, Harriet? The colors are lovely, and your work is exquisite, but if you left those autumn shades without all that extra padding and embroidery, and got some fresh air, and got things fixed with Merton, wouldn't you be happier?"

Sally Sue couldn't understand the biggest words, but she understood the tone quite well. Then she heard Miss Harriet say clearly: "I shall never be happy again! But there's no sense in my not finishing this thing, is there? I can sell it. I've got to have some gold thread, though. And you can't get it in this little old town, can you?"

So Aunt Harriet wasn't happy at all.

"Jes' s' son's the mailman comes, Harriet, we're goin' off!" confided Sally Sue softly to the doll in her arms. "Course we can get some gold thread in this town!"

"Here's the mailman," shouted Sally Sue. And mother ran out to the box.

There was only one letter this morning, and that was for Aunt—Miss Harriet.

Standing in the doorway, Sally Sue saw all the white come into pretty auntie's face, and she saw her just tear the envelope open.

"He says he's sorry he—didn't understand—and the centerpiece is very pretty," said Aunt Harriet, and then she crumpled all up in mother's arms. "I don't ever want to see Merton Irving again!" said Miss Harriet distinctly. "But I'm going to finish that centerpiece, if I never do another thing."

Sally Sue lifted down the steps. "She said she'd never be happy, and she's got to have some gold thread," she whispered to doll Harriet.

Down the lane trudged Sally Sue, over the hill and did not stop till she reached the big red barn on the edge of the meadow.

"Oo-oo—Uncle Mert!" shouted Sally Sue. "Oo-oo!" panted Sally Sue, as the big curly-haired man strode in sight. "I've got to have some gold thread. Please, you take me to the little place down your lane where it grows, you know, Uncle Mert. The teeny white flowers with the little gold roots. Aunt—Miss Harriet says she'll never be happy till she's got some gold thread. Don't pinch my arms like that. You hurt, Uncle Mert!" said Sally Sue.

"She shall have some gold thread, bless her heart!" said Uncle Merton cheerfully, "and we'll take it over to her in the democrat wagon, Sally Sue!"

A very worried mother and a very worried Miss Harriet met them under the lilac bush.

"You give it to her," said Sally Sue with marvelous insight. "I can't lift it."

"Sally Sue said you wanted some gold thread, and I called that your answer to my note that meant you do like our outdoor good times better than sewing up things, even if they are most as hand-some as you, Harriet, beloved!"

Sally Sue stared, and found herself gathered into three pairs of arms. And Sally Sue heard the funniest jumble of—"It was gold embroidery I wanted. But I'm going to leave the thing unembroidered, and be your pal, Mert, dearest. And it was really the flowers I wanted most, after all." Then a man's voice, "The ring—dear girl—here." And mother's voice, "Of all the silly quarrels, because he thought she sewed too much and didn't like to chum around any more, and she thought if he didn't appreciate the centerpiece she was doing for their living room, he wasn't worth looking at." And then, two or three voices—"All quarrels are silly anyway." Then everybody seemed to be kissing everybody else.

"Erer—Miss Harriet," said Sally Sue suddenly. "Uncle Mert used to bring teeny little eglomony balls, and my doll's feet got to have a sister."

"And you're going to have an Aunt Harriet," laughed everybody all at once.

And the wee lilac buds nodded sagely in the breeze over the gold thread blossoms.

The Airplane in Politics.

Mr. Holman, the former New South Wales premier, rejoices in the huge electronic known euphonically as Cootamundra. On the eve of a very warmly contested election, Mr. Holman recognized that Cootamundra had 18 large centers, each of which required a personal canvass in order to insure the return of its present able representative. He announced, therefore, that he would use an airplane to cover the electorate. Not to be outdone, his labor opponent at once made plans to drop propaganda by airplane over Mr. Holman's route.

BEAVERS DO MUCH MISCHIEF

Property Owners in the Adirondacks Are Uneasy Over the Situation They Have Created.

Because the limited intelligence of the beaver goes no further than its own immediate purposes, owners of property in the Adirondacks are wishing that the beaver was less industrious and seriously wondering what is to be done to stop the increasing number of these willing workers from decreasing the value and beauty of this famous region. The forest rangers of the conservation commission, says a writer in the Albany Journal, last summer estimated the undesirable results that had followed the building of nearly 600 beaver dams, and found that an area of about 8,681 acres had been flooded, and something like \$51,000 worth of good merchantable standing timber was being destroyed. Considering that the number of beavers, now estimated at about 18,000 is believed to be increasing about 3,000 a year, the damage bids fair to become a serious problem. Not only do they destroy valuable timber, but they are steadily changing the character of the Adirondack scenery along the water courses and altering the shore line of the lakes; yet the region without any beavers at all would not be the Adirondacks as nature made it and as those who now go there to enjoy its

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beauty like to find it. Time was when the beavers seemed likely to vanish, and the state took them under its protection; now the danger seems to be that they are so well protected that they will eventually "come back" in numbers out of proportion to the normal population of beavers when the Adirondacks were subject to the conditions of life in a wild country.

NUMBERS IN EAST AND WEST

Difference of Opinion as to Whether Odd or Even Figures Are Lucky or Unlucky.

We are pleased to turn thirteen an unlucky number observes London Answers, but in Japan the unlucky number is four, and in Burma even numbers are all considered less lucky than odd ones.

Our lucky numbers, or what are generally considered so by superstitious folk, are three and seven. If you ask the reason you are told that

God is Three in One, and that God made holy the seventh day.

As for seven, this number is supposed to be lucky either by itself or in its multiples. As an old writer says, a boy sheds his teeth at 7 years old; at 14 he becomes a youth; at 21 a man; while he reaches his grand climacteric at nine times 7—that is 63. The figure three is extraordinarily prominent in the Bible. Noah had three sons, and Job three friends. There were three patriarchs. Dante's three companions were thrown into the fiery furnace, and he himself was three days in the lions' den.

Had Lots of Pluck.

George Thibault, proprietor of the summer hotel at Outlet, a village a few miles from Picton, Ont., was driving his car towards home recently when he chanced to meet a herd of cattle. The owner of the auto slowed down to allow the animals to pass without undue excitement. All went

well till he met the leader of this large bovine family, a splendid young roan bull. The latter presented the presence of the mechanical contrivance bearing down through the herd on low gear. Lowering his massive head, he charged, resulting in only a few bruises to himself, but a twisted axle, a badly bent fender and a smashed headlight to the unfortunate motor. As Mr. Thibault inspected the damage he remarked emphatically: "I certainly admired his pluck, but he showed poor judgment."

Heat-Insulating Material.

A new heat-insulating material composed of a mixture of a special clay and cork has been discovered by a Norwegian engineer. The clay and cork mixture is burned and the result is the formation of a very light substance that is said to be eminently suitable for all heat-insulating purposes.

Max Gorklik and M. N. Israel returned to Pendleton from Portland to look after their business here. They have been at the coast cities for the past six weeks. Since his departure from here, Mr. Gorklik has been married but Mrs. Gorklik will not come to Pendleton until later in the year—Pendleton East Oregonian.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Ayers returned the first of the week from a month spent at Willhoit Springs and in Portland.

Tom Merrill, prominent ranchman of Grant county, residing near Mount, was a visitor in Heppner on Tuesday.

MATERNITY HOME

I have arranged to take a limited number of maternity cases at my home in east Heppner and assure the very best attention and care to all patients.

For full information write or phone MRS. G. C. AIKEN, Heppner, Oregon. Box 142. Phone 595.

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Partial Factory Price Schedule of Ford Repairs, Labor Only

Overhaul motor and transmission	\$25.00
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Install or refit one piston or one connecting rod	4.50
Install or refit two or more pistons or connecting rods	6.00
Tighten one connecting rod bearing	2.50
Tighten two or more connecting rod bearings	4.50
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Replace transmission cover gasket	2.50
Grind valves and clean carbon	3.00
Repair cylinder head bolts stripped—one or two	2.50
Clean out oil feed pipe	3.25
Clean crank case or install gasket under lower	
Repair leaky carburetor	1.00
Adjust clutch fingers and transmission bands	.60
Overhaul rear axle and rebush springs and perches when necessary	7.00
Adjust transmission bands only	.40
Tighten all bolts and nuts on car	3.00
Overhaul steering gear including replacing of quadrant or gear case and rebushing of bracket	3.50
Replace radius rod	.75
Straighten front radius rod and line up front assembly	1.00

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STAR THEATER

FRIDAY :- AUGUST 20th :- FRIDAY
MARY PICKFORD in "Stella Maris"

Saturday, August 21st
DOLORES CASSINELLI in "THE RIGHT TO LIE"

Has a woman the right to lie to save her husband's life? Carlotta Austin perjured herself on the witness stand—tore from her soul every shred of modesty and proclaimed herself a scarlet woman—to save her husband's life. A picture with a plot so full of tense situations, so crammed with interest that throughout its entire length there is not a moment when its grippingly vital intensity does not hold you spellbound.

SUNDAY :- AUGUST 22nd :- SUNDAY
CHRIST & COSTA'S
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SEE PRINCESS ALOHA—Sensational Hula Dancer.
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DOROTHY DALTON in
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She could sell snowballs in Sitka—but she couldn't sell her sweetheart the idea that she didn't want to share his attentions with some "Broadway Jane", until she—! Well, the fur flew and then SWEETHEART CAME MARCHING HOME.

A story of a saleswoman who stacked up against the best men on the road and won easily, but found it hard to win out with her own best pal.

DOROTHY DALTON
STAR IN PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Tuesday, August 24th
Harry Carey in "A Gun Fighting Gentleman"

A ramping, roaring, rollicking romance of the West, that gives Harry Carey unusual opportunities in a rugged, virile part.