

Local Happenings

Ching Fong has been in Grant county for 50 years and this is the first time that he has been in court. He was assaulted and struck over the head by one of his countrymen named Hoy whom the jury indicted. Fong says that he came to Grant county in 1874. He thinks that including Prairie City and Marysville there were as many as 800 Chinamen here. They were mostly engaged in placer mining and worked over all the ground that the early placer miners worked. But his friends have all gone or died until only a mere handful remains at John Day, and they are all old men. There are no young Chinamen here. They are all old men and the most of them well past sixty. Fong is 68 years of age and has been a resident of Grant county for 50 years. Many of the men here now he knew when they were little boys.—Canyon City Blue Mountain Eagle.

Rev. James N. Pendleton of the Congregational church, Rev. Geo. N. Edwards of Walla Walla, Rev. B. G. Preston of The Dalles, Rev. W. W. Head of Ione, Edwin C. Pease of The Dalles and Albert S. Roberts of The Dalles made up a party to visit the Lexington Congregational church and Ione Congregational church last night and tonight. A series of Fellowship meetings are being held to draw the churches and their members closer together.—Cotton Globe-Times. These gentlemen, accompanied by Rev. G. Linders, Congregational minister at Lexington, visited Heppner for a short time Friday morning.

Eugene Noble and Lou Blaine, prominent business men of Heppner, spent Tuesday night in Arlington and the following morning went in quest of geese with good results. Both of these gentlemen can hark back to the early days of this region, even to the '70s when the Indians were inclined to stage trouble for the settlers. They have seen the prosperous city of Heppner grow almost from the grass roots to its present pretentious size. Mr. Noble sells harness and Mr. Blaine is in the hardware and implement line.—Arlington Bulletin.

Chas. Cook, who deserted his feeble minded wife and child in Echo last fall, is reported to have died this week in Heppner. A message was received from the Heppner sheriff announcing the death of the man and asking for information regarding relatives. Mrs. Cook is now in the state hospital at Pendleton.—Echo News. The man who died near Heppner was Greenberry B. Cook, from papers found among his effects, and before his burial it could not be ascertained that he had any relatives residing in this part of the state.

Heppner was well represented in Arlington this week among the geese hunting fraternity. The following gentlemen were "among those present" from that city: L. Van Marter, John Hiatt, Martin Kied, Claire Hopper, David Wilson, Peter Shively, E. E. Clark, Ed. Bennett, Harold Cohn, Ed. Clark, Bert Stone, Dr. F. E. Farrior, Roy Drake, Wm. Ball, Earl Evans, Leonard Barr and K. K. Mahoney.—Arlington Bulletin.

Frank Young and Rufus Farrens were farmers from the Ione section in Heppner on Monday. They both report splendid growing weather and the fall work completed.



Mrs. Katie Scheffel, R. F. D. No. 5, Lowell, Ohio

"I have been suffering for years with female trouble. Was operated on five years ago. It relieved me some but I did not regain my strength. Two years later was taken sick and bed-ridden several months. I treated a long while without much relief. I was discouraged, my mind affected, so nervous I could neither eat or sleep and unable to do anything.

We tried several doctors but one after another gave up my case as hopeless. Finally a good friend advised me to try Pe-ru-na. I did. It relieved me almost immediately. Your medical department said I was suffering from chronic catarrh of the system. I began taking your medicine in March, 1914, and continued until August. I took ten bottles of Pe-ru-na and three bottles of Man-a-lin and felt like a new person. Your medicine seemed like a gift from Heaven. It was like coming from darkness into light.

We have used your medicine since for coughs, colds and grip with good results. We will always keep it on hand. I weigh twenty-five pounds more than I ever did, eat and sleep well and can do a good day's work. Everybody says I look fine. Even the doctors are surprised. I cannot thank you enough and will always recommend Pe-ru-na to sufferers from catarrh."

MRS. KATIE SCHEFFEL, R. F. D. No. 5, Lowell, O.

Mrs. Scheffel is only one of many thousand women in the world, who owe their present health to Pe-ru-na. The record of this medicine is a proud one as Pe-ru-na has held the confidence of both sexes for fifty years or more.

If your trouble is due to a catarrhal inflammation in any organ or part of the body, do like Mrs. Scheffel. Try Pe-ru-na. Insist upon having the original and reliable remedy for catarrhal conditions. You won't be sorry.

Ask Your Dealer About This Old-Time Tried Remedy

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Johnson are making preparations to go to Klamath Falls from Heppner, where Mrs. Johnson has secured a position as nurse at the Klamath Indian agency. They had thought for a time that they would go to California on leaving Heppner, but this position being offered, Mrs. Johnson has concluded to accept it.

Mrs. Chas. VanWinkle returned the first of the week from Corvallis where she has been with her daughter who was recently injured in an auto accident. Miss VanWinkle is improving and it is hoped that she will soon be able to be removed to her home here. Mr. VanWinkle is still in Corvallis.—Arlington Bulletin.

Mrs. Lulu Johnson, former county nurse of Walla Walla county, made a short business trip to Enterprise the past week. Mrs. Johnson has been county nurse of Morrow county for some time and has resigned that position. She contemplates going to California. Her home is in Heppner.—Joseph Herald.

Jasper Crawford took in the O. A. C. U. of O. football game at Eugene on Saturday, witnessing the defeat of the university team by the aggies in a 6 to 0 score. He reports that there was a very large attendance at the game, and that Eugene was crowded as never before at the homecoming season.

The public sale of the Richard Peterson chattel on Lexington on Thursday last was conducted by Auctioneer Keller, and was a success. Everything offered sold quite readily at good prices.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cohn departed for Portland on Friday afternoon, Mr. Cohn taking the Will Hall car to the city for some necessary work. They were accompanied by Jasper Crawford, Miss Mary Clark and Duck Lee, who took advantage of the opportunity to visit the city.

Fred Raymond, who farms extensively in the Rhea creek section south of Jordan Siding, was a visitor in this city on Monday.

Thoroughbred Bronze Turkeys—Toms, \$10; hens \$6. Mrs. Cora Burroughs, Ione, Oregon.

Practically new piano at a sacrifice. See Miss Ruby Corrigall at First National Bank.

FOR SALE—80 sacks of spring seed rye; 2c per pound. John Olden, Heppner.

Office on Main street for rent; in Elevator building. See Harvie Young.

FOR SALE—Mammoth Golden Bronze turkeys. Hens, \$5, toms, \$8. Large geese at \$3. Must be taken.

Thoroughbred Bronze Turkeys—Toms, \$10; hens \$6. Mrs. Cora Burroughs, Ione, Ore.

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FOR SALE—Italian prunes, 4c per pound, any quantity. F. O. B. Yamhill, Ore. Geo. W. Doney.

For Sale—Good winter apples, \$2.00 per sack at orchard. F. BURROUGHS, Ione, Ore.

For Rent—Furnished rooms with steam heat and bath. For particulars phone 722.

For Sale—100 mixed hens; good layers. Mrs. E. F. Akers, Eight Mile.

RANCH FOR SALE OR RENT. On account of my ranch interests in Gilliam county, will sell or rent my Blackhorse ranch. All equipment will be sold at private sale. For terms and prices, see my foreman, Mr. Stout, on the ranch. 30 head of horses, mowers, 2 plows, 1 drill, 2 wagons and racks, 3 discs, harrow, weedeater, etc. Terms will be given to responsible parties. E. M. HULDEN.

SHEEP RANGE FOR RENT. I have a good winter range to rent for the season. Also have ten head of good Marino bucks and four Hampshire bucks for sale.

ED G. PALMER, Ajax Route, Condon, Ore.

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House Wiring, Repairing Motors, Auto Ignition, Supplies of all kinds. FORMERLY CONSULTING ENGINEER

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Proper Housing Means More Profits In Hog Raising

The Hog needs protection more than most domestic animals, because it lacks natural protection, and is very susceptible to the influence of cold, heat and drafts.

Hog houses should have tight walls, roofs, doors and windows, abundant sunlight, well drained floors and plenty of fresh air without drafts.

They should be strongly built of good materials.

Frame construction meets all these requirements and Tum-A-Lum Lumber is recommended because it is carefully and accurately made, is strong, durable, dependable and will give life-long honest service.

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HEPPNER, OREGON Phone 642

COHN AUTO CO. Heppner, Oregon

Overland Champion makes Automobile History

WE have never seen the public flock to a car the way they are flocking to the new Overland Champion! It's a revelation—how much they wanted such a car! Study these pictures—you'll understand. Then realize that the low price also secures regular sliding gear transmission, all standard accessories, bigger new engine, Triplex springs, cord tires, and all Overland superiorities. Come in.

Both seats adjust forward and back for tall and short people.

Big loading space by removing rear seat and upholstery.

NEW Overland \$695 Fab Toledo CHAMPION

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"Haunted Valley"

By HERBERT ROBINSON

Adapted from the Patherial by Frank Leon Smith

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CHAPTER VIII THE RADIO TRAP

With the aid of Vivian Delamar, Henry Mallinson made a clever stroke and threw all suspicion from him regarding the kidnapping of Ruth Ranger. Brennan was forced to shoulder all the blame, and his reward for his assistance to Mallinson was prison bars. Ruth immediately got in communication with her home and informed Eugene Craig that she was safe and that she would be home in a very short time. Mallinson determined to sow new seeds into the girl's mind, knowing that Craig must now have the plans in his possession.

"It is known that you own Haunted Valley, and that I hold it as security for a loan," Mallinson confided. "I suspect that a powerful enemy of yours has discovered something of tremendous value, and that he is determined to obtain control of the valley. Such a man would halt at nothing to gain his ends. Knowing that you might forfeit the valley to me, he has included me in his attacks."

"Why, that is highly improbable!" the girl exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know! Look at all the perils you have encountered recently. What I'd like to know is, who is this man Craig? Where did he come from? Doesn't he seem to know all your plans and projects?"

"If it were Craig," Ruth replied, "why should he take violent means to steal the plans from me tonight when he had access to the plans already and knew their contents?"

"To hide his hand," answered the clever Mallinson.

As they drew up before Ruth's home, Craig saw them alighting. He decided to conceal himself and await developments. But before leaving the room, he took the plans from the table and carried them with him.

As the new arrivals entered, Ruth turned to Mallinson and said, "I believe the only value to Haunted Valley lies in the possibility of irrigating it. I shall be glad to show you my plans." The girl led Mallinson into the living room.

Craig was gone. Ruth glanced quickly around the room. The French window was open. As the girl's eyes turned to the hearth she saw some papers smoldering. Ruth cried out and picked up the burnt corners of the plans—the rest were in ashes.

"The only copy of the plans is burned," she cried, "and Mr. Craig is gone! What does it mean?"

This was Mallinson's moment of triumph. A shrug of his shoulders seemed to say, "What did I tell you?" Ruth was considerably upset. She had trusted Craig and was getting extremely fond of him. She told Mallinson that she wanted to be left alone.

Vivian Delamar was hiding behind a French window and was greatly relieved when she saw Mallinson leave Ruth. As soon as Mallinson departed, Craig entered the room.

"I was afraid you would show the plans to Mallinson," he explained, "so I made a little fire of folded newspapers and added these torn corners to make it realistic." Ruth was bewildered when the young man handed her the blue-prints. She didn't know what to think of him.

All this was taken in by Vivian, who hastened to overtake Mallinson and impart the information. Mallinson decided to do a little spying on his own account, and with Vivian he took up a position at the window.

As they watched, a cowboy entered the room and approached Ruth. "I picked this up," he said, "in Haunted Valley, but I couldn't find the connecting wires." He unwrapped the parcel and disclosed a radio headpiece. Mallinson was terribly alarmed as he observed this from his spot.

"Things are coming our way at last," Craig said. "You go to the valley in the morning, Ruth, and trace up this radio outfit. I'm going to see Brennan in his cell and force him to talk."

Mallinson realized that he must get quickly, so by the time that Craig reached the cell, Brennan had already received his instructions.

"There is a secret room on the same floor as the Ranger offices," he informed Craig. "You might get a clue there. I know very little of the plot myself." Craig was delighted and left the spot in a cheery mood.

That night, Mallinson and one of his assistants were mysteriously busy in the secret office installing the radio spectroscopic apparatus. But when Craig came down the dark corridor with a flashlight and opened the door, he found it deserted. However, through a tiny aperture in the next office, Mallinson was watching every move the young man made, and was ordering his men to start the machinery. Mallinson's object was to photograph an image of Craig by means of the radio spectroscopic so that he could later project it wherever he desired.

Craig discovered the radio set in the office—just as Mallinson had planned—and the young man lost no time in placing the headpiece to his ears. He heard nothing, but sat down and decided to wait, hoping that he might pick up a message.

Dawn found Ruth Ranger and the cowboy in Haunted Valley. The latter was showing Ruth the spot where he found the radio telephone. Then the search commenced, with the cowboy gradually straying farther and farther away from the girl.

Meanwhile, in Mallinson's secret control room, that gentleman's henchmen were watching the valley earnestly. As they saw that the cowboy had left the girl's side, they decided to carry out the orders of their chief.

Suddenly Ruth was amazed to see the image of Eugene Craig projected before her eyes. He didn't appear to see the girl, but moved furtively about. Ruth could not understand his presence and her old suspicions of him returned. She decided to follow the young man, and see what he was up to. But in the meantime, Craig, in the flesh, had waited all night in the hopes of hearing a message that might reveal the secret of Ruth's enemies, and had finally fallen asleep, his head on the desk.

Ruth, pursuing the phantom Craig, was sure that the young man was guilty of plotting against her. She saw him suddenly take a radio headpiece from its hiding place, just as he did in the secret office, and then disappear into a grove. Ruth followed him into the darkness of the tunnel.

The control men lost no time in working the levers, and suddenly Ruth was precipitated into a secret chamber, and a heavy grating shut her in. She called to Craig for help, but there was no answer. She was trapped! A thin trickle of sand was falling down from above, but the girl did not notice it in her anger of Craig.

Mallinson was informed immediately that this orders had been carried out. He assured himself that Craig was still a prisoner in the secret office and then hunted up Vivian Delamar to give new orders.

Meanwhile, in the underground prison, Ruth discovered food and water, but the falling sand had already made quite a pile on the floor and the girl realized that the sand would slowly but inevitably fill the tiny room. All her efforts to stop it were of no avail.

In the secret office, Craig awakened with a sudden start. He was still wearing the radio headpiece, and was started to hear Ruth crying: "Help! Help!" It brought him to his senses instantly.

"Ruth! Ruth!" he shouted. "Where are you?"

The sand had now inundated her up to the armpits. "Have mercy, Craig!" Ruth screamed. "You are killing me! Hurry, or you'll be too late!"

Craig was frantic. "Ruth, tell me where you are!" he cried. "How shall I help you?"

At that moment, Mallinson stepped into the office through the secret panel. He seized the wires from Craig and tore the connections from the wall.

"What is the meaning of this?" Mallinson shouted. "What evil work are you up to now!"

Craig was beside himself with rage as he realized that the villainous Mallinson had cut him off from Ruth. He launched out and struck his enemy a terrific blow, but was suddenly seized from behind and thrown to the floor.

"Ruth," he murmured. "Save Ruth!"

(To be continued)

STAR THEATRE, TOMORROW NIGHT



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