

Cupid a Winner Against Odds

By DUFORD JENNE

MR. DEARBORN looked soberly at the handsome, aristocratic face across his desk. "My boy, this is pretty serious news. It will come close to breaking Dot's heart. Since your engagement she has been happier than I have ever known her to be before. You see, she has no memory of her mother, so she has confided in me and I know how she feels. And now you want to break the engagement," he added slowly.

"I know, Mr. Dearborn," the younger man said a bit impatiently, "how you feel, and I am sorry; but, surely, you would not want to have me go on with this. Dorothy is a lovely girl, and—and—I thought I was in love with her, but I find out I'm not."

Dearborn nodded. "No, you are right, Bradford—I suppose. Only I wish—well, never mind, I merely want to save her as much suffering as I can." He sat in thought a moment. Then he turned. "I am going to ask one thing—give her a week of grace. Do not say anything to her for that time, will you?"

Bradford's carefully groomed eyebrows lifted. "Certainly. I'll agree to that."

The next day, McMurray, manager of a division of Dearborn's business, read a letter from his chief in the northern state, whistled, and read it again. Then he called in his secretary.

"Miss Blaine, you have been with me for twenty-five years, but here's the toughest assignment I ever gave you," he said smiling, and he went on to explain that she was to choose for him the young man on the staff of the division who could be called "laid some, cultured and the possessor of a high character and pleasant disposition. He told her just enough to lead her, and she went out on her errand.

The Scotchman leaned back and read the letter again. "The old man is playing a wild scheme, it seems to me, but I suppose things look so bad to him that he is willing to try it."

The next afternoon, Dearborn looked up from the card his secretary had brought him, and started a bit. In front of him stood six solid feet of neighborhood. What won Dearborn was not the graceful evident strength of the man, nor the thick tawny hair, but the dark eyes; they were cheery, good-natured, and gave ample proof of an inner kindness.

After the usual introductory words, Dearborn explained that he was in need of an assistant and that he had asked McMurray to send him a candidate. And he added, "if you like the work, Mr. Lane, you will have a permanent staff position."

After closing hours, Dearborn drove Lane home. On the way they chatted, Dearborn, skilled in handling men, drawing him out; and the boy won him.

As they stood in the hall of his home, Dearborn called to Dorothy.

Down the stairs she came, a slim figure in a white dress. She paused suddenly. She saw the tall young man beside her father.

That night, Dearborn stood at his bedroom window looking out into the moon-washed gardens where he had once walked with someone he loved.

"To save that happy heart is worth any price," he vowed to himself.

The hours in the executive offices were short, and Lane tended strictly to business. Then he vanished, and Dearborn, going home, found that Dorothy had vanished, too. Then they would come in and there was gas and

Concluded on last Pg.

Morgan It ms

Lawrence Funk came over from Wasco one day last week and loaded a car of Mother Earth at Morsil. This famous soil is known as muck sand and is used as a mixture in pavement. Mr. Funk was accompanied by Mrs. Funk and daughter, Geraldine.

The grading crew at Morgan are getting into a full stride on the east side grade. Considerable heavy blasting has already been done on the rocky knobs in the old road.

H. O. Ely has bought the creek ranch adjacent to the south suburbs of Morgan from S. J. Palanck. This place consists of 200 acres. It is also reported that Mr. Ely has bought the Benedict house in Morgan.

William Palmsteer took the stage at Morgan last week for the Valley. He will visit with his two daughters who live at Monument and Dolly. Mr. Palmsteer is not a lobbyist and while a visit will consult a specialist.

William Palmsteer went to Portland last Sunday. He was accompanied as far as The Dalles by Arthur Reed. Both of these gentlemen are veteran mule skinner on the east side grade and at completed mule skinner on the east side grade and accomplished perfect results without profanity.

Mrs. Dema Younzmayer has been re-elected as teacher in the Morgan school for the next year. The Cecil's section in the Morgan school as they have this year, it will be necessary to employ a second teacher.

Work has been started on the addition which R. E. Harbison is building on his house in Morgan.

Vera Moen and Mrs. William Farrens and her little grand daughter, Cecel Farrens, visited Friday in Morgan at the home of Mrs. Farrens' daughter, Mr. Martin Bauernfeind.

A candidate for GOVERNOR who has won signal success by his own efforts



A worthy leader for the new Oregon Spirit

CHARLES HALL, Republican for Governor, started with nothing and carved his way to success with his own hands. He is the kind of man red-blooded Oregonians admire and respect, and whom they will be proud to see in the Governor's chair. He will be a worthy champion and leader for the new Oregon Spirit—the spirit that is going to spell Progress for Oregon. A vote for Hall is a vote for "Forward Oregon."

"Industrialize Oregon"

Paid adv. Hall for Governor Chf. L. D. Felt-Kim, Manager Portland, Ore.

"Any girl in need of a friend write to Adjutant Miss E. H. Alemann, The Salvation Army White Shield Home, 565 Mayfair Avenue, Portland, Oregon."

Dr. Clark Eyesight Specialist, in Ione, Sat., April 12, at the Ione Hotel.

Ask for a Flama demonstration at Bert Mason's Store.

Harry L. Corbett



Republican Candidate For Governor

Primaries May 16

Paid Adv. Corbett for Governor Com. Floyd J. Cook, Field Mgr. 501 Corbett Bldg., Portland, Ore.

They Both Loved Music

By LEETE STONE

(Copyright.)

THE tenth year after the war found Rudolf Straum much like scores of other young men in Wall street, except for four deep scars on his forehead just under his shining blond hair. People were seeing again the stamp "Made in Germany" on chinaware and toys without rancor. Teutonic orchestra directors and singers were touring the States without being mobbed. America was peace-minded.

Rudolf had always been peace-minded. To this day he had but a vague idea what the war was all about. The master key of Rudolf's life was music.

All day he composed fragments from the great composers, while computing foreign values in his Wall street cage.

One evening he was eating his supper in his tiny kitchenette domain when the notes of a Chopin nocturne suddenly arrested his jaws in the act of crunching a lettuce leaf. He remained still, trying to locate the ravishing sound. From the adjoining apartment surely. Rudolf never moved until the pianist's hands came to rest. Then he finished eating his salad, coffee and bite of cheese.

Presently—a crashing, thunderous concerto of Grieg. Rudolf relaxed, smiling, beatified. What a touch! What feeling! What emotion yearningly expressed! A master pianist—a professor of music, no doubt.

The music ended with a chord that brought happy gooseflesh to Rudolf's frame. Slowly he rose, impelled to answer in terms of his own. Soon a pianist tenor floated forth—in an aria from Wagner, bird-clear, swelling in volume as if struggling to escape the encroachment of the flat.

Had Rudolf been mindful of night save his melody, he might have heard the creak of boards outside his door as a slim girl crept close, laying her ear to the crack that she might catch every overtone and nuance, her blue eyes closed in joy.

This interchange of rhapsody continued evening after evening. Rudolf's silver-piainitive notes were answered by nocturne, scherzo, polonaise and fugue. Arriving one evening from the street, weary with his struggle over dollars, marks, guildens and pounds sterling, Rudolf was thrilled by a vision in his vestibule—a small, blue-eyed creature saying "Darn!" as she tried vainly with nail file and door key to spear an envelope from her letter box.

She colored as Rudolf came upon her, but his disarming smile and friendly eyes assured her he liked the "darn" and could offer equivalents in a richer language if the "vision" needed any more. Vexation fading from her face, she said:

"It's impossible to dig anything out of these old-fashioned mail boxes."

"But it is old-fashioned houses that most I like."

Rudolf was too overjoyed to care about his English, for he saw that the Vision's mail box belonged to the apartment whence issued the marvelous music. His adoration shone in his wide Saxon eyes.

Rudolf's dreams were now adorned with hazy pictures of operatic heroines that were won't to merge into the trim figure he had seen in the vestibule. Her playing spoke to his soul as her eyes had spoken that evening. He did not know it; but often those eyes were just behind his door as she listened in ecstasy to his songs.

Opening this door suddenly one evening, Rudolf nearly precipitated her into his arms. It was hard to say which, Ann Farris or Rudolf Straum, was more astounded.

"Himmel!" cried Rudolf, "pardon, Fraulein—I forget—I am—you—my bell ring and I rush—"

"Heavens, I've been leaning against the bell! Please forgive me—it's your glorious music—I crept out here to listen—"

Ann broke off, staring. The velvety tenor continued. She repressed her wonder.

"You see, I love music so. And your voice is—was—so perfect—that is, who is singing in your apartment? A friend?"

Rudolf would have shed his blood to claim the voice as his own.

"Fraulein, Fraulein, it is Caruso. That is the end. I turn him off now."

Rudolf returned to find Ann choking with laughter.

"It is a joke, yes—to one who plays like you, Fraulein—"

"I'm Ann Farris."

"Mees Farris, forgive; do not laugh but Ach, you are a musician—it is natural you laugh at my phonograph music. I live on music, Mees Farris. I listen to you always." Rudolf glanced reverently at Ann's hands.

The girl bit her lip; laughter left and her face crimsoned. Then she met the worship in Rudolf's eyes with a sunny smile and said:

"That's the finest compliment I've ever had. You see—my music's a player piano!"

The two stood and stared. Then by mutual impulse they clasped hands and broke into peals of laughter.

The man and girl, rapt in each other and in music, sitting in the second row at the Carnegie Hall Symphony concert next night were—guess!

FOR SALE

Four room modern house with bath. Lot 50 x 100 across the St. from the school house. All clear. Will sacrifice for \$285 00, Cash. Mrs. B. Randall, 1635 Grand Ave, Phoenix, Ariz

FOR SALE

Piano in storage. Looks and is like new. Will sacrifice for balance \$168 00. Terms, \$2 00 weekly. Will discount for cash. Write to Tallman Piano Store, 395 South 12th Street, Salem, Oregon.

Weather Report

FEBRUARY METEOROLOGY

Total Precipitation	0.43
Total precipitation since September 1	6.39
same period last year	5.24
Total snowfall, inches	0.00
No. of clear day	13.00
No. of partly cloudy days	10.00
No. of cloudy days	8.00
Prevailing wind	W.

R. E. Harbison
Co-operative Observer
Mogan, Oregon

Mrs. N. E. Pettyjohn has been quite ill.

Bates Steel Mule Tractor is now on exhibition at Paul G. Balsiger's Implement Store.

Clark & Linn
Carpenter Work, Painting, Paper Hanging and General Repair Work
Ione, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Pieffer of Walla Walla spent one day last week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rav Barnett.



W. A. Brees
Sales Manager
Oakland Motor Car Co.

William A. Brees, Assistant General Sales Manager of the Oakland Motor Car Company has been appointed Sales Manager, according to an announcement made by W. R. Tracy, Vice President in Charge of Sales.

Easter Novelties at cost at Bullard's Pharmacy.

NOTICE OF BOND SALE.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the undersigned will receive sealed bids until 10 o'clock A. M. the 7th day of May 1930, and immediately thereafter the bids received will be publicly opened by the County Court at the County Court Room in the Court House in Heppner, Oregon, for the purchase of an issue of bonds of Morrow County for the construction of permanent roads therein in the sum of Fifty Thousand Dollars (\$50,000) said bonds to be in denominations of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500) each, numbered 1 to 100, inclusive, to bear date, June 1, 1930, and to mature serially in numerical order at the rate of Two Thousand Five Hundred Dollars (\$2,500) on the first day of June in each of the years 1936 to 1955, inclusive, said bonds to bear interest at the rate of not to exceed five and one-half per cent (5 1/2%) per annum, payable semi-annually on the first days of June and December principal and interest payable in United States gold coin at the office of the County Treasurer in Heppner, Oregon.
All bids must be unconditional and accompanied by a certified check for \$2,500.00.
The Court reserves the right to reject any and all bids.
The approving legal opinion of Messrs. Neal, Winfree, McCulloch & Shuler will be furnished the successful bidder.
GAY M. ANDERSON,
County Clerk, Heppner, Oregon.

"The First Coming of JESUS."

The Heppner Church of Christ, pastor and people, will hold services in the Ione Christian church, Sunday evening, April 13th, at 7:30 o'clock. There will be special music and a live song service. The sermon topic Will Be "The First Coming of Jesus."

The whole community is invited and urged to attend.
Milton W. Bower

The Comforts Of Home

Your wiring contractor knows a thing or two about cozy, livable interiors.

What comfort to have lights and switches at the most convenient places.

What comfort to have sufficient convenience outlets properly placed.

What comfort to have your house adequately wired to accommodate the modern electrical conveniences—a range, water heater, refrigerator, cleaner.

Don't buy your wiring on price. Let your wiring contractor show you how small the cost for a complete wiring installation.

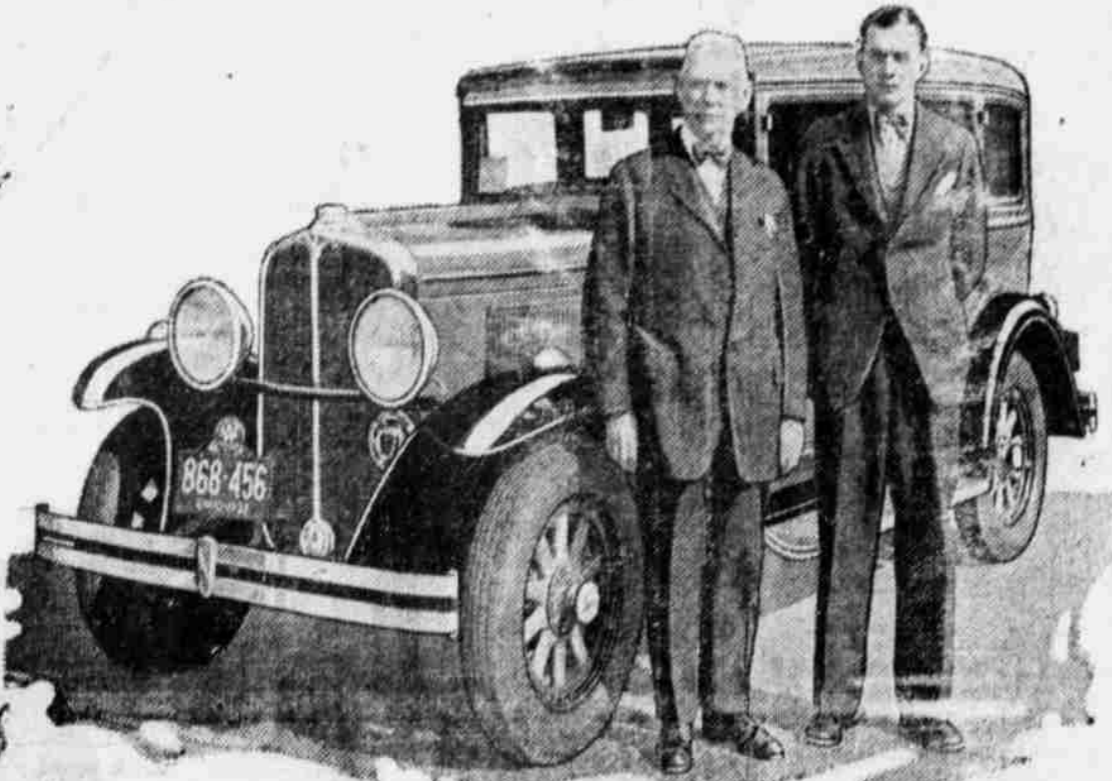
We are ready to give you the electric service which brings "the comforts of home".

Don't stint on the wiring.

Pacific Power and Light Company

"Always at your Service"

New "8" On Long Trip



H. S. Scott and son, Robert, recently arrived on the Pacific Coast from their home in Ashland, Ohio, driving one of the new V-type Oakland Eights. Scott declares the car performed perfectly on the trip although it had only been driven 475 miles before the party started west.