

Local Happenings

W. L. Blakely, manager of Farmers Warehouse at Lexington, was doing business here on Saturday. He states that his warehouse contains some 25,000 sacks of wheat yet, but this is being gradually shipped out. The Lexington country was blessed by a good fall of snow at the end of the week, and this naturally makes the farmers feel good. A bumper crop of wheat for Lexington this coming season will be the means of placing the most of the farmers of that locality on their feet again. We hope they get it.

While he is in the county on official business for several days, H. W. Dobyns is enjoying short visits at the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Olden of Fairview, where his wife and family will be until he is ready to return to Portland at the end of the month. His family will make their home in Portland in the future after having the summer and fall at Ukiah with the parents of Mrs. Dobyns.

Word reaches Heppner that our erstwhile citizen, Daniel Rice, was this week married to Mrs. Emma Cummings, who has made her home in Portland for a number of years past and who formerly lived here. Mr. Rice but recently went to Portland, but did not make known to his friends here that he intended to commit matrimony.

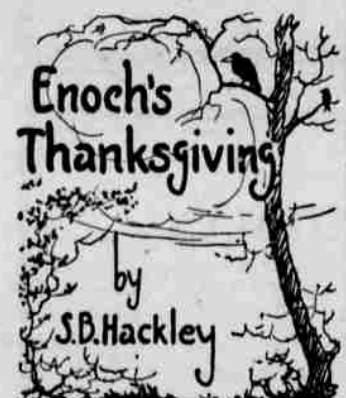
Fred Ashbaugh, who was in the city Friday from his home near Hardman, states that it was snowing pretty heavily out that way when he left, and he was looking for plenty of winter, hoping that the snow would continue until the entire county was heavily covered, as he believes this is good crop insurance.

Harry French was in Saturday from his ranch out south of Hardman. He had just returned from a visit at Ritter Hot Springs, where he spent a couple of weeks getting rid of a severe attack of rheumatism. Winter is on the way out in the mountain section, with a good snow fall.

Mrs. Jas. B. Cooley and Mrs. Wilson Brock of Pendleton spent the week end here, the former a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. Vawter Crawford, and the latter at the home of her sister, Mrs. Josie Jones. The ladies returned home on Sunday.

George Hayden was in town Saturday from his Hardman home. After spending a couple of weeks at Portland under treatment of a physician, Mr. Hayden is now much improved in health. He was very sick for a number of weeks.

Tindal Robison was expressing a glad smile while in town Saturday from his Eight Mile home. The good covering of snow over the wheat fields of his section was the cause.



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Old Pauliny Dotson stood beside the spring welling out from between two boulders in her yard at the foot of Big Laurel mountain, and sighed lugubriously: "David's a-goin'—a-goin' soon." "Where's Davy goin'?" "I didn't know you was around, Abigail Seal!" Pauliny frowned a bit resentfully. "You always did have the softest steppin' pair of feet—for all the world like a cat!"

"Or a thief's," muttered the hard-visaged old man sitting near the spring, mending a bridle. The blooming young girl, looking over the low stone fence, reddened at this covert thrust. "Davy's goin' to take his \$200 railroad the money and go to the preacher college after Thanksgiving. I thought he was goin' to marry on it, but he says he ain't," went on Pauliny.

"Oh, Pauliny, I wasn't meant for David!" Abigail raised propitiating eyes to the old woman's censoring ones, then they deepened and darkened solemnly. "Folks has got a heap to think about besides marryin' these stirrin' times, Pauliny."

"David knows that," his grandmother drawled defensively; "abain' lame is all that's keepin' him from enlistin', but it won't hinder his preachin'."

"Two hundred dollars is a lot of money—I wish I had the half," observed Abby wistfully. "Where does Davy keep it, Pauliny?"

"He's got it in my little beaded sack a-hangin' in the loft. He's afraid of banks."

When the girl was gone the bridle-mender, Cleophas, rebuked Pauliny.

"Laws," Pauliny tossed her head—"Abby's honestier than you, Cleophas. You are a-holdin' spite foolishly. Abby's got her woman's right to prefer Enoch Dawn to our Davy!"

Abby, walking with light swiftness through the reddening woods, stopped when she came to a dead poplar that, destitute of limbs and punctured by woodpeckers and ants, hung over the path.

"I'm goin' to ax that poplar!" A cheerful voice sounded behind her, and a sunburned young man lifted her aside out of the way of the leaning tree. "It shan't fall on my girl while I'm fightin'! Yes, I'm goin', Abby. Something to me says: 'Enoch, don't stay here takin' it easy makin' excuse your mammy's got but you.'"

She raised glowing eyes. "Oh, Enoch, I couldn't stand it if you didn't want to go! But I—oh, Enoch, you might not come back." Enoch kissed the paling cheek. "There's worse things would happen us, honey."

"I know," she whispered; "sin brings folks the worst griefs." "I'm not goin' to enlist until Thanksgiving day, three weeks yet," the boy said presently; "I've got to get the corn in and leave things in shape for winter first for mammy."

The next morning when Enoch met Abby in the woodland path and bent joyously over her she seemed scarcely to sense that he was kissing her.

"My silver breastpin you gave me is gone," she told him nervously. "I could not find it anywhere this mornin'. I'm afraid losin' it'll bring us bad luck!"

"Let's walk as far as Cleophas Dotson's and look for it," Enoch suggested.

Pauliny ran out to meet them, her eyes wild with excitement. "David's money's gone. Stolen!" Enoch felt Abby's fingers sink into the flesh of his arm. Then David came out, corroborating his mother's story.

"And nobody knew I kept the money in the loft!" he observed mournfully. "Only Abby!" old Cleophas muttered. "Pauliny told her but jest yesterday."

"Here's the ladder settin' outside the window just like it's been all summer," David went on.

"Yes, and them that climbed that ladder and stole that hard-earned money ought to be made to suffer, be it man or woman!" Cleophas remarked, and Enoch felt that he knew what was in his suspicious old brain. Then, in the grass at



"David's A-Goin'—A'Goin' Soon!"

the foot of the ladder, his troubled eyes fell on Abby's brooch. When his heart began to beat again, he set a cautious foot over the pin, and, unobserved, stooped and transferred the trinket to his



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EVERYBODY'S GOING! UNION PACIFIC

CHESTER DARBEE, Agent Heppner, Ore.

pocket. "I wish I could know where my pin is," she murmured on their way home. Enoch's hand, pressing his breast pocket, felt the uncomfortable roughness of the brooch within, but he grew cold at thought of restoring it to her. Had Abby been tempted to take David's money? He recalled that she had been unaccountably disturbed and troubled over the trivial loss of the brooch, and she had not wanted to go in the direction of Pauliny's to look for it.

Enoch knew that once he was gone, leaving Abby with no men folk to defend her, old Cleophas would not hesitate to accuse her. But if he stayed, the cowardly old man would not make trouble. Could he stop his ears to the call of the flag and stay behind with Abby?

For three weeks Enoch worked and suffered. Two days before Thanksgiving day, the day he had



Raised Beseeching Eyes to the November Sky.

set to present himself for enlistment, he met Bate Owens, a neigh-

bor lad. "Cleophas says he believes he knows who got Davy's \$200," he remarked, "and wind and weather permittin', he's goin' uptown Saturday and notify the sheriff. Who do you reckon the old cuss has fastened it on, Enoch?"

Enoch shook his head, but when Bate left him he sank on the fallen leaves and raised beseeching eyes to the November sky.

"Hear me, Lord!" he cried. "If she—if my girl never done that wrong, send me a sign and forgive me for thinkin' she might have! And if she did sin, show me what to do between now and Thursday!"

A woodpecker, tapping on the dead poplar, scolded fiercely as a crow alighted on the top. Enoch rose wearily and went to the Seal place.

"Bring me the ax, honey," he requested Abby. "I'm goin' to cut the old poplar. I was about to forget it, and I'm goin' day after tomorrow—at least I ought to. Stand out of the way now."

Presently Enoch, examining the fallen tree's top, gave a joyous cry. On the ground lay some red string, a door key, a safety pin and Pauliny Dotson's little red and yellowed pouch.

Enoch opened the bag and took out David's four fifty-dollar bills. "I saw a crow up there—a tame one, I reckon. It must have had a habit of goin' in houses around here, and he fancied the beads on Pauliny's pocketbook."

Abby smiled in his radiant face. "Your worried look's gone, Enoch!"

He threw his arms about her and held her so close she could scarcely breathe.

"Oh, Abby," he cried, "that little worry pressed me hard, but it's gone now forever!"

When he was alone again in the wood, he fell on his knees by the felled dead tree. "O God!" he cried out, "day after tomorrow is the world's Thanksgiving day—but today is mine, today is mine, blessed God!"

UMATILLA HAS NEW CO. AGENT. Walter A. Holt has been duly installed as the new county agent for Umatilla county. He has arrived at Pendleton and takes over the duties of his office at once. Mr. Holt is a graduate of Washington State college and was a classmate of Roger W. Morse, our county agent. He has been county agent of Clackamas county for the past six years and made an enviable record there.

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