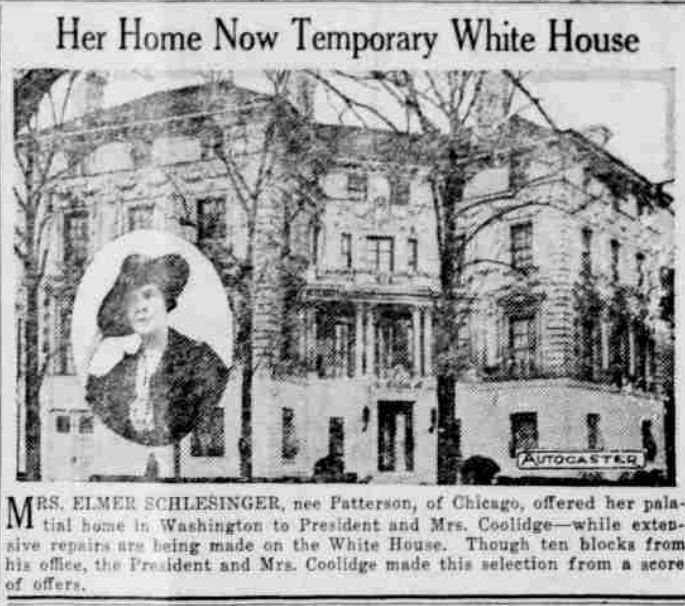




very high calibre, doesn't say he's a big gun. Inefficient. Upland—Does Jack make a good policeman? Down—Shucks, no. He couldn't even arrest your attention. A Tough Babe! A wonderful swimmer named Mark went swimming one day in the Dark. A splash and a Swish. And, oh, the poor Fish 'Cause Mark is inside of a Shark. Gold Medal Flour (No Ad) Billings—Why does Arthur call his girl Gold Medal? Fillings—I suppose it's because she's been through the mill. And Time to Think It Over "That's a good gag," exclaimed the robber, as he stuffed his victim's mouth. That's Fair Enough Visitor—What is that historic-looking dwelling? Trenton Native—That's the house at which Washington would have stopped at if he had come down this street. Oh, Oh, Irene! Irene Green, just seventeen. Wore flimsy frocks of crepe de chine. And when she walked upon the scene, More Irene than de chine was seen. The Official Count Part of a report handed in to the Watchmagical Weekly: "A lively debate was held on the subject of fools. There were eighty present at the gathering." Best Leghorn chicks, hatching each Monday from matured hens, mated with males from hens with records of 250 to 306 eggs. R. Woolry, Capital Poultry Farm, 344 S. 25th St., Salem, Ore. Pure bred Barred Rock roosters for sale. MacGuire stock. F. R. Brown, phone 644, city. 46-7. FOR SALE—Ten head of work mules. Timms Bros., Ione, Box 186.



MRS. ELMER SCHLESINGER, nee Patterson, of Chicago, offered her palatial home in Washington to President and Mrs. Coolidge—while extensive repairs are being made on the White House. Though ten blocks from his office, the President and Mrs. Coolidge made this selection from a score of offers.

What's Gone Before.
It is 1868 and the Pacific Railroad has reached its newest "farthest west"—Benton, Wyoming, a town described as "roaring," as each new terminus, temporarily, was.
Frank Beeson, a young man from Albany, N. Y., comes here because he is in search of health and Benton is considered "high and dry."
Edna Montoya, a fellow passenger on the train from Omaha, impresses Beeson with the beauty of her blue eyes and the style of her apparel. Equally she astonished him by taking a "smile" of brandy before breakfast. A brakeman tells Beeson she has "followed her man" to Benton.
Jim, a typical western ruffian whom she knows apparent well insults and is floored by Beeson whose prowess impresses the passengers.
Col. Lunderson and "Bill" Brady volunteer to entertain young Beeson.
Frank avoids being caught by any of the numerous gambling games, but is robbed of all his money.

"Shake," he proffered, extending his hand. "No hard feelin's here. I'm no Injun. You knocked the red-eye out of me."
I shook hands with him. "Hardly knowed you in that new rig," he went on. "Now you're talkin'. That's sense. Trail along with me. Let's likker!"
"Another time, sir," I begged off. "I have an engagement this evening."
"O' course you have. Don't I know that, too? Didn't she tell me to keep my eyes skinned for you, and to cot-ten on to you when you come in? We'll find her, after we likker up."
"She did?"
"Why not? Ain't I a friend of hers? You bet! Finest little woman in Benton. Trail to the trough along with me, pardner, and name your favorite."
"I'd rather not drink," I essayed.
"O' course you'll drink!" he said. "Any gent I ax to drink has got to drink! Name your pizen—make it champagne, if that's your brand. But the drinks are on me."
So willy-nilly I was brought to the bar.
"Straight goods and the best you've got," my pilot blared. "None o' your agency whiskey either. What's yourn?" he asked me.
"The same as yours, sir," I bravely replied.
We drank. The stuff may have been pure; at least it was stout and cut fiery way down my unwonted throat; the one draught infused me with a swagger and a sudden rosy view of life through temporary mist of watering eyes.
We wended a leisurely way among games of infinite variety and had by no means completed the tour when we met My Lady. She detached herself, as if cognizant of our approach, from a little group of four or five, and turned for me with hand outstretched, a gratifying flush upon her spirited face.
"You are here, then?" she greeted.
I made a leg, with my best bow, not omitting to remove my hat and cigar, while agreeably conscious of her approving gaze.
"I am here, madam, in the Big Tent!"
Her small warm hand acted as if unreservedly mine, for the moment. About her there was a tingling element of the friendly, even of the intimate.
"You got your outfit I see," she smiled.
"Yes. Am I correct?"
"You have saved yourself annoyance. You'll do," she nodded. "Have you played yet? Win, or loss?"
"I did not come to play, madam," said I. "Not at a table, that is."
Whereupon I must have returned her gaze so glowingly as to embarrass her. Yet she was not displeased; and in that costume and with that liquor still coursing through my veins I felt equal to any retort.
"But you should play. You are feeled!"
"I am prepared for all emergencies, madam, certainly." I averred with proper dignity. Not for the world would I have confessed otherwise. Sooth to say, I had the sensation of boundless wealth!
"That is good. Shall we walk a little? And when you play—come late." We stepped apart from the listeners. "When you play, follow the lead of Jim. He'll not lose, and I intend that you shan't either. But you must play, for the sport of it. Everybody games in Benton."
"So I judge, madam," I assented. "Under your chaperonage I am ready to take any risk, the gaming table being among the least."
"Prettily said, sir," she complimented.
"Frankly to say, I strutted—as a young man will when "fortified" and elevated from the station of nondescript stranger to that of favored beau.
My Lady made no mention of any husband, which might have been odd in the East, but did not impress me as especially odd here in the democratic Far West. The women appeared to have an independence of action.
"Shall we risk a play or two?" she proposed. "Are you acquainted with three-card monte?"
"Indifferently, madam," said I. "But I am green at all gambling devices."
"You shall learn," she encouraged lightly. "In Benton as in Rome, you know! Are you disposed to win a

little game and scout the danger of losing?"
"I am in Benton to win," I valiantly asserted.
She conducted me to the nearest monte game, where the "spieler"—a smooth-faced lad of not more than nineteen—sat behind his three-legged little table. A handsome boy he was.
"How goes it tonight, Bob?"
"Slow. There's no nerve or money in this camp any more."
"I'll not have Benton slandered," My Lady gaily retorted. "We'll buck your game, Bob. But you must be easy on us. Will you play for a dollar?" she challenged.
"I'll play for two bits, tonight. Anything to start action."
She fumbled at her reticule, but I was before-hand.
"No, no. And I fished into my pocket. "Allow me. I will furnish the funds if you will do the playing."
"Well," she consented, "if you say so. Partners it is."
We won a dollar and moved off.
I was conscious that the youth's brown eyes briefly flicked after us with a peculiar glint.
We found Jim, a winner at another monte game.
"The queen is your card," cried the spier. "My hand against your eyes you are set! They are, are. Don't be nikers. Let us have a little sport. Stake a dollar. Why, you'd toss a dollar down your throat—you'd lay a dollar on a cockroach race."
With a muttered "I'll go anywhere, turn, Mister," Jim plunked down a dollar and faced up the queen of hearts.
"The money's yours. You never earned a dollar quicker, I'll wager, friend," the dealer acknowledged, imperturbable.
From behind the dealer a man touched him upon the shoulder. He turned ear; while he inclined farther, they whispered together, and I witnessed an arm steal swiftly forward at my side, and a thumb and finger slightly bend up the extreme corner of the queen.
The hand and arm vanished, when the dealer fronted us again the queen was apparently just as before. Only we who had seen would have marked the bent corner.
The set had been so clever and so audacious that I fairly held my breath. But the gambler resumed his flow of talk, while he fingered the cards as if totally unaware that they had been tampered with.
His audience hesitated, as if fearful of a trick, for the bent corner of the queen, raising this end a little, was plain to us who knew. It was abridedly plain!
Jim, a teamster standing by and I urged by the Lady put down \$2 each.
"Give me a chance, gentlemen," said the spier. "I shall not proceed with the play for that pizayne sum before me. You wouldn't bet unless you felt cock-sure of winning. I'll give you one minute, gentlemen, before calling all bets off unless you make the pot worth while."
The threat had effect. Nobody wished to let that marked card get away. That was not human nature. Bets rained upon the table—bank notes, silver half dollars, the rarer gollar coins, and the common greenbacks.
"This is the last round, gentlemen," the spier reminded. "Are you all in? You," he said, direct to me. "Are you in such short circumstances that you have no spunk? Why, the stakes you play would not buy refreshments for the lady."
That was too much! I extracted my twenty-dollar note and claf to a quickly breathed "Wait" from My Lady I plunked it down before him. She should know me for a man of decision!
"Teere, sir," said I, "I am betting twenty-two dollars in all, which is my limit tonight."
"You, sir," and he addressed Jim. "They are backing you. Which do you say is the queen? Lay your finger on her."
Jim did so.
"You sir, then." And he addressed me. "You are the heaviest better. Suppose you turn the card for yourself and those other gentlemen."
My hand trembled. There were sixty or seventy dollars upon the table, and my own contribution was my last cent!
I turned the card—the card with the bent corner, of which I was certain as of my own name; I faced it up, confidently, my capital already doubled; and amidst a burst of astonished cries I stared dumfounded.
It was the eight of clubs!

Me-o-w!
Bertha—Tom Says he'll go crazy if I don't marry him.
Her Friend—Poor Tom! There's not much hope for him either way.
Simply Ridiculous
Barking—Did you catch that fox on horseback?
Dog—How silly! Foxes don't ride horses.
Famous Partnerships
Time & Again.
Loven & Leavum.
Goodbyedear & Callmeup.
Letskiss & Forgetit.
Waypastmidnight & Wherehaveyou-been.
Herelitsnoon & Nodinner ready.
Young & Foolish.
Twins.
Not May Be, But Is
"You needn't look so disgusted," said the Joke to the Editor, "for you may be old yourself some day."
Blonde Bess Opines
And also remember, Archibald, just because a man may be of

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FRESH AND CURED MEATS, FISH AND POULTRY
Call us when you have anything in our line to sell.
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In the Big Tent
There was no trace of the round faced man and a short conversation with the clerk convinced me of the slimness of the chance to recover my property. So I borrowed \$20 from him with my trunk as security until I could hear from home.
When I stepped outside twilight had deepened into dusk, the air was almost frosty, and this main street had been made garish by the nightly illumination.
All up and down the street coilool torches or flambenus, ruddily em- bossing the heads of the players and onlookers, flared like votive braziers above the open-air gambling games.
The noise of the day had redoubled. To the exclamations, the riotous shouts and whoops, the harangues of the barkers, and now and then a revolver shot, there had been added the inciting music of stringed instru- ments, cymbals and such—some in- dance measures, some solo, while im- mediately at hand sounded the shuf- fling stamp of waltz, hoe-down and cotillon.
Night at Benton plainly had begun with a gust.
It stirred one's blood. It called— it summoned with such a promise of variety, of adventure, of fotsam and jetsam and shuttlecock of chances, that I, a youth with twenty-one dol- lars and a half at disposal, all his clothes on his back, man's weapon at his belt, and an appointment with a lady as his future, forgetful of his past and courageous in present, strode confidently, even recklessly down, as eager as one to the manners of the country born.
There was no need for me to in- quire my way to the trying place. I saw a large canvas sign—"The Big Tent"—suspended in the full shade of a locomotive reflector. Beneath it the people were streaming into the wide entrance to a great canvas hall.
Once across the threshold, I halted, taken all aback by the hubbub and the kaleidoscopic spectacle that beat upon my ears and eyes.
The floor, of planed boards, team- ing with men, women and children. Along one side there was an ornate bar glittering with cut glasses and sil- ver and backed by a large plate mir- ror that repeated the lights, the peo- ple, the glasses, decanters and pit- chers, and the figures of the white- coated, busy bartenders.
To the bidding of orchestra music women and men (with hats upon their heads and cigars in their mouths), and men together, whirled in couples, so that the floor trembled to the boot heels.
Scattered thickly over the inter- vening space there were games of chance, every description, surrounded by groups looking on or playing.
Through the atmosphere blue with the smoke, women, many of them lavishly costumed as if for a ball, strolled, raking or responding to gal- lantries.
Then, as I advanced resolutely among the gaming tables, I felt a cuff upon the shoulders and heard a bluff voice in my ear.
"Hello, old hoss! How are tricks by this time?"
Facing about quickly I saw Jim of the railway coach frauc.
He was grinning affably, apparently none the worse for wear save a slight- ly swollen lower lip.

"I am here, madam, in the Big Tent!"
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"You got your outfit I see," she smiled.
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Copyright by Edwin L. Sabin.
Next Week: Broke—and Alone.
MISS LEACH HELPS COMPOSE.
Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Feb. 24.—Wilma Leach of Lexington, senior in home economics, has helped compose the interpretative dances for the operetta, "Princess Chrysanthemum," to be given by the students of the Corvallis high school.
The students taking the course, pageant as part of the terms work, in the selection of themes, music, dances, and costumes for pageants. Each student develops in detail a pageant as part of the term's work.
Miss Leach is a member of Alpha Chi Omega, national social sorority.
Piano For Sale Vicinity of Heppner.
One of America's finest pianos to be sold at large price reduction. Cash or terms \$100 monthly to responsible party. If interested in seeing this bargain, write C. F. Hendrick, piano broker and adjuster, 66 Front St., Portland, Ore. 48-51
TO RENT—Furnished residence, 5 rooms, sleeping porch, bath. Inquire this office. 47-9.

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Public Sale
at what is known as the CHAS. HUSTON PLACE, 3 miles north of Eight Mile Postoffice on
Saturday, March 5th
Beginning promptly at 10:30 a. m., the following will be sold:
1 Bay Mule named John.
1 Bay Mule named Kit.
1 Brown Mule named Mutt.
1 Black Mule named Matt.
1 Black Mule named Francis.
1 Brown Mule named Bunny.
1 Brown Mule named Jude.
1 Bay Mule named Bell.
1 Bay Mule named Jack.
1 Brown Mule named Skukum.
1 Black Mule named Kate.
1 Brown Mule named Jack.
1 Grey Mare Horse named Ruth
1 Blue Gelding Horse named Blutch.
1 Bay Mare named Lady.
1 Bay Gelding named Ginger.
1 Blue Mare named Bally.
1 Blue Gelding named Prince.
1 Spotted Mare named Spott.
1 Black Gelding named Sharkey
1 Black Gelding named Dempsey.
1 Black Mare named Colley.
1 10-ft. Double Disc.
1 16-ft. Wooden Harrow.
1 20-Disc Empire Drill.
1 22-Disc Superior Drill.
1 4-Section Weeder.
2 Iron Truck Wagons.
2 3-in. Winona Wagons with Racks.
1 3 1-4 in- Winona Wagon with Rack.
12 Sets Hip Strap Harness.
14 Collars.
1 Blacksmith Outfit complete.
2 Three-Bottom Oliver Plows.
15 Sacks Bluestem Wheat.
49 Sacks Forty Fold Wheat, treated.
Part of Stack Wheat Hay.
1 Bay Horse named Pete, 5 yrs. old, wt. 1100.
1 Bay Mule named Mollie, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
1 Black Mule named Nettie, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1200.
1 Black Mule named Buck, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
1 Sorrel Mule named Babe, 7 yrs. old, wt. 1200.
1 Sorrel Mule named Red, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
1 Grey Mule named Rose, 5 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
1 Black Mule named Nibbs, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
1 Black Mule named Bobbie, 6 yrs. old, wt. 1000.
1 12-ft. Peoria Disc Drill.
1 3-Bottom Oliver Plow.
1 16-ft. Iron Harrow.
1 8-ft. Disc, Clark.
1 Hero Fanning Mill.
1 Set Blacksmith Tools.
1 Winona Wagon and Rack.
1 Weber Wagon.
1 500-gallon Water Tank.
9 Sets Chain Harness.

LUNCH SERVED AT 12:30
Terms of Sale: Cash in hand, all sums of \$20.00 and under. All sums over \$20.00 secured bankable notes, due on or before Sept. 1, 1927, at 7 p'rc't interest
W. H. WEHRUNG, Agent
B. F. Sevdy, Auctioneer Victor G. Peterson, Clerk