

DAVID ROBINSON, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon
MOSIER - OREGON

DR. C. H. JENKINS
Dentist
HOOD RIVER : OREGON
1081 Office Phone. : Res. Phone 333

BENNETT, SINNOTT & GALLOWAY
Attorneys at Law
GENERAL PRACTICE
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**The Tombstone
Man**
can supply you with any-
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reasonable prices. : :
**TRY HIM AND
BE CONVINCED**
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Represents the combined tests
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tools are found between its cov-
ers. You may depend absolute-
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**PAID POLITICAL
ANNOUNCEMENTS**

Announcement.
To the Legal Voters of Wasco
County, Oregon:
I hereby announce myself a
candidate for the republican
nomination of Sheriff of Wasco
county, subject to the will
of the voters at the coming pri-
maries.

Should I be nominated and
later elected, I will, as in the
past, enforce the laws which
come under the jurisdiction of
said office, and will serve the
people to the best of my abili-
ty, conducting the office in an
economical manner, with a strict
enforcement of the laws.

LEVI CHRISMAN.
Paid advertisement.

Announcement.
To the Voters of Wasco Coun-
ty:

I wish to announce myself as
a candidate for the nomination
of Sheriff of Wasco County, on
the Republican ticket, subject
to the wish of the voters at the
Primary Election to be held
May 15th next; and if nomi-
nated and elected I will conduct
the office in a business-like and
economical manner, with a strict
enforcement of the laws.

F. R. ANGLE.
Paid advertisement.

Fox Seeks Second Term.

I hereby announce to the
voters of Wasco county, that I
am a candidate for the nomi-
nation of county clerk of Wasco
county, Oregon, at the coming
republican primaries, May 15,
and if nominated and elected,
I will perform the duties of the
office to the best of my ability,
and to the best interests of the
taxpayers and citizens in gen-
eral, and along sound business
principles, giving all the people
a clean and economical service,
as I have earnestly endeavored
to do during my present ad-
ministration.

L. B. FOX.
Paid advertisement.

For Representation

I hereby respectfully an-
nounce myself a candidate for
joint Representative of the 29th
district consisting of Wasco and
Hood River counties. Subject
to the will of the republican
voters at the primary. If I am
nominated and elected, I will
defend statement number one
and the Initiative and Referen-
dum. I will defend the tax
payers against extravagant and
unnecessary appropriation. I
believe in legislative economy,
good roads and their location
by the people and the county
control their construction.

C. H. STRANAHAN.
Paid advertisement.

Candidate For Sheriff.

To the Voters of Wasco Coun-
ty:
I hereby announce that my
name will appear on the pri-
mary ballot as a candidate for
the Democratic nomination for
Sheriff of Wasco county. If
nominated and elected, I promise
faithful discharge of the
duties of the office to the best
of my ability.
Dated February 9, 1914.
JAMES H. HARPER.
(Paid adv.)

Announcement.

To the Republican Voters of
Wasco County:
Having served as Deputy
Sheriff for the past seven years
I feel that I am thoroughly ac-
quainted with the duties of the
office of Sheriff, and that I am
capable of conducting said of-
fice, and I therefore announce
myself as a candidate for Sher-
iff, subject to the will and
wishes of the Republican voters
of said county to be expressed
at the primary election in May,
1914, and if elected I promise
a faithful compliance with the
duties of the office.

GLENN O. ALLEN.
(Paid adv.)

For Representative.

I hereby announce myself as
a Republican candidate for
Representative from the twen-
ty-ninth district, subject to the
will of the voters, to be ex-
pressed at the May Primary
Election. If nominated and
elected I pledge myself to ad-
vocate and work for economy,
decency, more liberal laws for
the collection of taxes, and the
extension, perfection and per-
petuation of the "Oregon Sys-
tem."

J. E. ANDERSON.
Paid advertisement.

**Extensive Nitrogen Plants
In Oregon Are Predicted**

University of Oregon, Eugene.—The
widespread extraction of nitrogen from
the air by means of electrical currents,
and the use of this nitrogen, in com-
position with substances like lime, as
the world's principal land restorative,
is predicted by Professor O. F. Staf-
ford, head of the department of chem-
istry in the state university. Extrac-
tion of nitrogen for fertilizing pur-
poses is already on a commercial basis.
Professor Stafford says decrease in
productivity is as perilous to the ad-
equacy of the world's food supply as
the increase of population. Ultimate
exhaustion of the artificial fertilizers,
such as the Chilean nitrates, will leave
the future densely populated planet in
danger of famine if the soil is permit-
ted to become depleted. "Most of the
available agricultural land has been
taken up now," says Professor Staf-
ford.

Nitrogen supply in the atmospheric
belt surrounding the earth is inexhaus-
tible. "There are 34,000 tons of nitro-
gen in the atmosphere for every
acre of land on the earth's surface,"
says Professor Stafford, "and it is by
use of this that the earth's producing
power will be kept up."
So much electrical power is neces-
sary for extraction of this nitrogen,
and for its transformation into usable
form, that only a few countries can
hope to become great nitrogen-ex-
tracting centers. One such country is
Norway, where the process is now be-
ing used in several splendidly equip-
ped plants. Another such country is
Oregon, which is amply endowed with
waterpower sufficient to put it beyond
competition from most of the world's
geographical divisions in cheap manu-
facture of nitrogen fertilizers.

**Land Speculators Scored
in Oregon City Speech**

Oregon City.—Speculators who hold
large bodies of land in Oregon at pro-
hibitive prices were scored by R. A.
Booth as retarders of the develop-
ment of the state in a talk before the Live
Wires, an adjunct of the Oregon City
Commercial club, at the regular
weekly noon luncheon. Mr. Booth's
speech was non-political. It was de-
voted largely to urging upon his hear-
ers the necessity of agricultural de-
velopment in Oregon.
"Agricultural development in Oregon
is of primary importance," he said.
"We need first agricultural popu-
lation. City population and manu-
facturing will come later as a direct
result."
"The Panama Canal has turned all
eyes toward the Pacific Coast. I be-
lieve we should use every endeavor to

attract as settlers the hardy agricul-
tural races of Northern Europe, people
who will get out and cultivate the soil.
"Have we not already—I mean we
of the city—exploited the farmer too
much? In this connection I might
say that establishment of a system of
rural credits is of the utmost impor-
tance."
Mr. Booth digressed to speak of the
importance of the lumber industry to
the state, referring to the fact that
the forests of the South and Middle
West are practically gone, leaving the
Pacific Coast states of Oregon, Wash-
ington and Idaho the last source of
supply. He predicted that in 20 years
from now the cut would be ten times
what it was in 1912, bringing into the
state annually in outside money an
amount equal to or greater than the
national debt.

**Union Stock Show Plans
Most Extensive Ever**

Union.—With the stock show only
about a month ahead, Union is making
preparations to hold the annual event
on a vast scale. Racers and harness
horses are being brought to the city to
be made accustomed to the track and
many heavy draft animals are entered
for the prizes. A band of Umatillas
will participate in the events. Indian
wild-horse racing and riding will add
much to the attractions. John Thom-
as, a leader of the tribe and one of the
heroes of the Pendleton Roundup, will
be here.

**Hen's Work Is Completed
With Hot Water Bottles**

Salem.—Mrs. W. H. Cross, of this
city, has proved that necessity is not
only the mother of invention, but that
it may be the mother of chickens.
She had a setting of eggs from a fine
variety of chickens. So happy was
she in their possession that she all but
counted the chicks before they were
hatched. She was equally downcast,
naturally, when the hen, after 12 days
of careful "setting," deserted the nest.
Mrs. Cross found the eggs before
they became chilled and breathlessly
placed them in a box behind the stove
in her living room. Then she pon-
dered, quickly, for she was determined
not to lose the chickens, and the prob-
lem was solved. The hot-water bottle
was requisitioned as a substitute for
the recreant hen. It was filled with
tepid water and placed over the eggs.
Then Mrs. Cross conferred with her
family physician, Dr. J. O. Van
Winkle, regarding the temperature at
which the water should be kept. She
followed instructions to the letter,
with the result that six chickens were
hatched from the original setting of 13.

**Halibut Company Formed
to Work New Industry**

Newport.—An enthusiastic gathering
of Newport residents was held in the
Oddfellows' hall here and stock was
subscribed in the Newport Ice & Fish
company, being promoted by L. C.
Briggs and M. Maiden, of Portland.
The new corporation will have a cap-
ital stock of \$40,000, and will be su-
perintended by J. G. Nelson, of Port-
land. Thomas Leese, owner and pres-
ident of the Western State bank, New-
port, was chairman.

Summit Roads Repaired.

Summit.—"Goods Roads" day was
observed here Saturday by the farm-
ers, all of whom turned out with im-
plements and did a good day's work.
The main road from Summit through
to Kings valley is in need of much
work to make it serviceable during
the winter months. There is no gravel
or rock in this section and the resi-
dents propose planing for five or six
miles.
Much cream and farm products are
shipped from here and a good main
road is getting to be a necessity.

Elk Farm Is Proposed.

Hermiston.—An elk farm is about to
be established at Hermiston. J. R.
Raley, a young attorney of Pendleton
and first president of the Roundup,
who owns 160 acres of alfalfa land ad-
joining Hermiston, is negotiating with
the government for a band of elk cows
and one bull to be shipped from Wy-
oming this summer. Mr. Raley pro-
poses to raise elk meat for the market.
Under the law the original herd cannot
be sold for meat, but the increase
from a domestic herd may be used for
that purpose.

Power Plant Property Itemize.

La Grande.—Every foot of power and
current wire, every pole and cross-
arm, and in fact every part of the
property of the Eastern Oregon Light
& Power company's plant in this city
is being itemized. This data is being
collected to be placed before the Inter-
state commerce commission at the
hearing to be held this summer. This
investigation was ordered by the Com-
mercial club, which contends that the
company is charging high rates.

Corvallis Plans to Economize.

Corvallis.—The council is consider-
ing the installation of a municipal pav-
ing plant. Petitions for 54,000 yards
of paving to be laid during the sum-
mer have been presented to the coun-
cil. Figures presented to the council
by a paving expert from Seattle were
to the effect that the difference be-
tween the cost of contract paving and
municipal paving of the amount of
paving petitioned for in Corvallis will
be sufficient to build 24 paving plants.



GOING SOME
A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION
BY
REX BEACH
SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG
Illustrated By
Edgar Bert Smith
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SYNOPSIS.
Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are
heartbroken over the loss of their mis-
erably poor prize money by the defeat of their
champion in a foot-race with the cook of
the Centipede ranch. A house party
on at the Flying Heart. Wally, the
Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver
Covington, inter-collegiate champion run-
ner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's
sweetheart, suggests to Jean Chapin, sis-
ter of the owner of the ranch, that she
induce Covington, her lover, to win back
the photograph. Helen declares that if
Covington won't run, Speed will. The
cowboys are hilarious over the prospect.
Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer
at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed,
who has posed to her as an athlete, to
race against the Centipede man. The
cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and
fearing that Helen will find him out, he
consents. He insists, however, that he
shall be entered as an unknown, figuring
that Covington will arrive in time to take
his place. Fresno, glee club singer from
Stanford university and in love with
Helen, tries to dissuade Speed with the
ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass
in the time they are supposed to be
training playing cards in a secluded spot.
The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to
see that Speed wins the race. While the
gunman, declares the trainer will go back
east packed in ice, if Speed fails. A tele-
gram comes from Covington saying he is
in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in
a panic forces Speed to begin training in
the training quarters and prepare him a
diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake
bakes a cake for Speed and is offended
when Larry refuses to allow him to eat
Covington arrives on crutches. He
says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs.
Glass, engaged to Covington and in love
with Jack, Chapin, proposes. Speed to
Helen, because Speed had failed to pre-
vent Covington from joining the party.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.
"Will you marry me?" asked J. Wal-
lingford Speed.
"The idea!" Miss Blake gasped.
"Will you?"
"Please don't speak that way. When
a man cares for a woman, he doesn't
deceive her—he tells her everything.
You told me you were a great runner,
and I believed you. I'll never believe
you again. Of course, I shall behave
to you in a perfectly friendly manner,
but underneath the surface I shall be
consumed with indignation." Miss
Blake commenced to be consumed.
"See! You don't acknowledge your
perfidy even now."
"What's the use? If I said I couldn't
run, and then beat the cook, you'd be-
lieve I deceived you again. And sup-
pose that I can't beat him?"
"Then I shall know they have told
me the truth."
"And if, on the other hand, I should
win"—Miss Blake's eyes fell—"Helen,
—will you marry me?" Speed started
toward her, but she had fled out into
the twilight.

Dusk was settling over stretches of
purple land, and already the room was
peopled by shadows. Work was over,
there were sounds of cheerful prepara-
tions for supper; from the house came
faint chords of laughter.
It was the dusk that precedes the
evening as it does the dawn; the hour
of reverie, in which all music is sweet,
and forgotten faces arise to haunt.
Speed stood where the girl had left
him, miserable, hopeless, helpless. And
certainly his love was lost. He had
stayed on in the stubborn superstitious
belief that something would
surely happen to relieve him from his
predicament—fortune had never failed
him before—and instead, every day,
every incident, had served to involve
him deeper. Now she knew! It was
her golden heart that had held her
true thus far, but could any devotion

survive the sight of humiliation such
as he would suffer on the morrow? Al-
ready he heard the triumphant jeers
of the Centipede henchmen, the angry
clamor of the Flying Heart, the mock-
ing laughter of his rival.
He groaned aloud. Forsooth, a
broken toe! Of all the countless tens
of thousands of toes in Christendom,
the one he had hung his salvation
upon had proven weaker than a reed.
What cruel jest of Fate was this? If
Fate had wished to break a toe why
had she not selected, out of all the bil-
lions at her disposal, that of some
other athlete than Culver Covington—
even his own.
J. Wallingford Speed started sud-
denly and paled. He had remembered

that no one could force a crippled man
to run.
"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I'll do it!"
He crossed quickly to the bunk-
house door and looked in. The room
was empty. The supper-bell pealed
out, and he heard the cow-men answer
it. Now was the appointed moment;
he might have no other. With cat-like
tread he slipped into the sleeping
quarters, returning in a moment with
a revolver. He stared thoughtfully at
the weapon—better this than dishonor.
"Why didn't I think of it before?
It's perfectly simple. I'll accidentally
shoot myself—in the foot!"
But even as he gazed at the gun he
saw that the muzzle was as large as
a gopher-hole. A bullet of that size
would sink a ship, he meditated in a
panic, and as for his foot—what fright-
ful execution it would work! But—it
were better to lose a foot than a foot-
race, under present conditions, so he
began to unlace his shoe. Then real-
izing the value of circumstantial evi-
dence, he paused. No! His disability
must bear all the earmarks of an acci-
dent. He must guess the location of
his smallest and least important toe,
and trust the rest to his marksmans-
hip. Visions of blood-poisoning beset
him, and when he pressed the
muzzle against the point of his shoe
his hand shook with such a palsy that
he feared he might miss. He steeled
himself with the thought that other
men had snuffed out life itself in this
manner, then sat down upon the floor
and cocked the weapon a second time.
He wondered if the shock might, by
any chance, numb him into uncon-
sciousness. If so, he might bleed to
death before assistance arrived. But
he had nothing to do with that. The
only question was, which foot. He re-
garded them both tenderly. They
were nice feet, and had done him
many favors. He loved every toe;
they were almost like innocent chil-
dren. It was a disasterly deed to take
advantage of them thus—but—he ad-
vanced the revolver until it pressed
firmly against the outside of his left
foot, then closed his eyes, and called
for his courage. There came a
great roaring in his ears.

How long he sat thus waiting for
the explosion he did not know, but
he opened his eyes at length to find
the foot still intact, and the muzzle
of the weapon pointing directly at his
instep. He altered his aim hurriedly,
when, without warning of any sort, a
man's figure appeared silhouetted
against the window.

The figure dropped noiselessly to
the floor inside the room, and cried, in
a strange voice:
"Lock those doors! Quick!"
Finding that it was no hallucination,
Speed rose, calling out:
"Who are you?"
"Sh-h-h!" The stranger darted
across the room and bolted both
doors, while the other felt a chill of
apprehension at these sinister precau-
tions. He grasped his revolver firmly
while his heart thumped. The fellow's
appearance was anything but reassuring;
he was awarthy and sun-browned,
his clothes were ragged, his overalls
were patched; instead of a coat, he
wore a loosely flapping vest over a
black sateen shirt, long since rusted
out to a nondescript brown.

"I've been trying to get to you for a
week," announced the mysterious vis-
itor hoarsely.
"What do you want? Who are you?"
"I'm Skinner, cook for the Centi-
pede."
"The man I race?"
"Not so loud." Skinner was strain-
ing for the faintest sound from the di-
rection of the mess-house.
"I'll kill him!" exclaimed the Eastern
lad. But the other forestalled a mur-
der by running on, rapidly:
"Listen, now! Hump and I jobbed
this gang last month, we're overalls
see? He's got another race framed
at Pocatello, and I want to make a
get-away—"
"Yes! yes! y-you needn't stay here
—on my account."
"Now don't let's take any chances
to-morrow, see? We're both out for
the coin. What do you want to do—
win or lose?" Skinner jumped back
to the door and listened.

"What?"
"Don't stall!" the stranger cried,
impatiently. "Will I win or will you?
What's it worth?" He clipped his
words short, his eyes darted furtive
glances here and there.
"Can I win?" gasped Speed.
"You can if there's enough in it for
me. I'm broke, see? You bet five
hundred, and we'll cut it two ways."
"I-I haven't that much with me."
"Borrow it. Don't be a boob. Meet
me in Albuquerque Sunday, and we'll
split there."
"Is that all I have to do?"
"Certainly. What's the matter with
you, anyhow?" Skinner cast a suspi-
cious glance at his companion.
"I-I guess I'm rattled—it's all so
sudden."

It is really the queerest little stone
in the world, for when a number of
them are placed on the floor or on any
level surface and separated some dis-
tance from each other they begin to
travel toward a common center and to
lie huddled together like eggs in a
nest.
If a single stone is removed four or
five feet from the rest it will immedi-
ately start with the greatest rapidity
to join its fellows.
These stones are found foremost
where the land is very level and little

more than bare rock. Often scattered
over these barren regions are little
basins from a few feet to a rod in
width and at the bottom of these bas-
ins the rolling stones are found.
The cause for the strange conduct
is to be found in the material of
which the stones are composed, and
which is a loadstone or a magnetic
ore, which has the tendency to draw
them together.
Drifting with the tide is very likely
to land you on the rocks.

"Of course you'll have to run fast
enough so we don't tip off."
"How fast is that?"
"Oh, ten-four," carelessly. "That's
what Humpy and I did."
"Ten and four-fifths—seconds?"
"Certainly. Don't kid me! They're
liable to break in on us."
"Mr. Skinner, I—I can't run that
fast. Fifteen is going some for me."
"What!" Skinner stared at his op-
ponent strangely.
"That's right. I'm a lemon."
"Ain't you the Yale champ? The
guy that goes under 'even time'?"
Wally shook his head. "I'm his
chum. I couldn't catch a cramp."
The brown face of the Centipede
sprinter split into a grin, his eyes
gleamed. "Then I'll win," said he
"I'm the sucker, but I'll make good.
Get your money down, and I'll split
with you."
"No, no! Not you! Me! I must
win!" Speed clutched his caller des-
perately.
"All right, I'll frame anything; but
I can't run any slower than I did with
Joe and make a live of it. They'd
shoot us both."
"But there's a girl in this—a girl I
love. It means more than mere life."
Skinner was plainly becoming
nervous at the length of the interview.
"Couldn't you fall down?" inquired
the younger man, timidly.
The cook laughed derisively. "I
could fall down twice and beat you in
fifteen." After an instant's thought:
"Say, there's one chance, if we don't
run straight away. There's a corral
out where we race; you insist on run-
ning around it, see? There's nothing
in the ar'cles about straightaways.
That'll kid 'em on the time. If I get
too far ahead, I'll fall down."
"But will you stay down? Till I
catch up?"
"Sure! Leave it to me."
"You won't forget, or anything like
that?"
"Certainly not. But no rough work



A Man's Figure Appeared at the Win-
dow.

in front of the cowboys, understand?
Sh-h-h!"
Skinner vaulted lightly through the
window, landing in the dirt outside
without a sound. "Somebody coming,"
he whispered. "Understand: Mer-
chants' Hotel, Albuquerque, noon, Sun-
day." And the next instant he had
vanished into the dusk, leaving be-
hind him a youth half hysterical with
hope.

Out of the blackest gloom had come
J. Wallingford Speed's deliverance,
telling me about his foot-race. What
in the deuce is the matter with you,
anyhow? Why didn't you let me
know?"

The girls drew closer, and Speed
saw that Miss Blake was pale.
"I wouldn't have allowed it for a
minute. Now, of course, I'm going
to call it off."
"Oh, Jack, dear, you simply can't!"
exclaimed his sister. "You've no idea
the state the boys are in."
"They'll never let you, Chapin,"
supplemented Fresno.

The master laughed shortly. "They
and he did not pause to consider the
ethics involved. With light heart he
hastened to replace the borrowed re-
volver in the bunk-room just as voices
coming nearer betokened the arrival
of his friends from the house. As he
stepped out into the night he came
upon Jack Chapin.
"Hello, Wally!"
"Hello, Jack!" They shook hands,
while the owner of the Flying Heart
continued.

"I've just got in, and they've been
won't, eh? Who is boss here, I'd like
to know."
"They've bet a lot of money. And
you know how they feel about that
photograph."
"It's the most idiotic thing I ever
heard of. Whatever possessed you,
Wally? If the men make a row, I'll
have to smuggle you and Glass over
to the railroad to-night."
"I'm for that," came the voice of
Larry.

"I suppose it's all my fault," Miss
Blake began wretchedly, whereat the
object of their general solicitude took
on an aspect of valor.
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Prophetic Retort.

The governor of Virginia, at a time
when Washington as a mere youth
ventured to remonstrate against the
injustice of a certain decree, turned
fiercely upon the young man and in-
quired:
"And who the dickens are you, sir?"
With a cold but courteous bow, the
young Virginian, drawing himself up
to his proud height, firmly replied:
"Nobody in particular just now, but
for the future, sir, somebody in gen-
eral."
The haughty emphasis on the word
general, it is said, sent a cold chill
running up and down the governor's
spine, which it required seven mint
juleps and six bottles of port to re-
lieve.—Judge.

STONES THAT GET TOGETHER

Peculiar Conduct of Some Pebbles Is
Attributed to Material of Which
They Are Composed
An English naturalist has lately giv-
en some interesting accounts of oddi-
ties found in this country, and chief
among them is the traveling stone, the
size of a pea ordinarily, and yet some-
times reaching six inches in diameter.
It is said to be found in Nevada, where it
is most frequent.