

to buy. But Mr. Stone from Agency, meeting Mr. Stone. Mrs. Stone and babies?" and Mr. Stone said, "I'll right, and I'll do all the little things I boss."

Newcomer, Cupid, shedding one by one, a terrible case, Doc said, "weinerwurst stock."

Dust to Dust

ed with a dust, great bluster, a he ball, and when he bust it was a dust—that is all.

lodgett remarked that fat men are sick at the Oyster bar; and George, at man was usual.

White sent a Nye to write the at winter. Hev X-X

Strenuous M

Ontario preacher expenses overbalance members' contributions a little box and a congregation, relieved our collection, so that if you will fall on a make a noise, a bell, and a will explode a bl to govern yourself.

ball.—They say some is \$25,000,000 you do if you had it.

Green.—Gosh, I'd do with part of it to a Turkish bath.

Hobo.—Say Mr. ng your wife would.

Fields.—You did. You're on, an' if I \$10 I'll take it see?

kie Phillips.—Wh cause your mother you?

one Minton.—S strap, the hair dippers, an' I'veal my person.

boys tell it on St he got his autom ne of his best g, but when they se buzz wagon said: "I guess I got out and put ave to stay here."

Received—

o-Bos-S

noted liquid for away

FLIES and INSECTS

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Breezy Soft Shirts and Thin Underwear, Straw Hats and light weight Hosiery, etc.

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Working Clothes such as Overalls, Jumpers, Kaki Pants, Working Shirts, etc.

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GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Horse Shoeing a Specialty

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The Empire Lumber Co. LTD.

Dealers in

Lumber, Coal & Building Materials

Let George Do It.

"I have a touching little story to tell you."

"Tell it to George, I'm broke."

Ample Proof.

"I see where a veteran newspaper man died the other day who had founded 157 country weeklies."

"A great old trouble maker, wasn't he?"

Why He Had Come.

"Is Mr. Rockingham in?" asked the railway president, who had just entered the anteroom.

"Yes," replied the office boy. "Do you want to see him?"

"Oh, no—no, not at all. I don't care to see him. I have come here solely for the purpose of having a pleasant little visit with you."

HAPGOOD'S LESSON

By DON SEYMOUR

Bessie sat staring at the advertisements let into the panels above the car windows with eyes that were filled with tears. The quarrel had come, just as everyone said it would.

There were many things about Brace Hapgood that were very winning, but from the cradle he had been the pampered child of an indulgent mother, and had come to regard the whole world as being created for his especial comfort.

In the early days of the engagement he had deferred to Bess, but once the solitary argued authority, he had gradually commenced the process of training that was to fit her for the position of his wife.

Meek, loving little Bess stood it as long as she could, but this afternoon, coming from the Templeton's tea, he had scolded her all the way down the street. As they were waiting for the car, she slipped off her ring.

"You had better take this," she said, in a choked little voice. "I don't think that I—I want to marry you, Brace. I don't want to be scolded for every little fault."

"I'm not scolding," he said, crossly, as he slipped the ring into his pocket. "I'm simply trying to show you the right way. There must be one head to a household. We can't both rule."

"I don't want to rule," she protested, "but I don't want to be ruled with a rod of iron."

"So you think I'm domineering," he said, sharply. "If I did not care for you I would not try to set you right."

"I don't want to be set right," she wailed. "I just want to be left in peace. Please go. I can get home very well alone."

"I am going to take you home," he said, decidedly. "This rowing in



public is disgraceful, but I'm going to see that you get safely home."

He followed her aboard the car, but remained outside to smoke a cigar, while she stared at the advertisements with unseeing eyes and grieved over her lost ideal.

Presently Hapgood finished his cigar and entered the car, taking a seat beside the girl. He spoke to her sharply and imperiously, but she did not answer and with a growing irritation he spoke again. He did not bridle his tongue, and presently the blue eyes overflowed and two tears rolled down her cheeks.

Over in the opposite corner a burly workman rose slowly and signaled the conductor to stop. The car came to a halt and the conductor threw the doors open with an injunction to step lively.

The Irishman took a firm grip on Hapgood's collar. "These dom duds do be the devil, miss," he said, sympathetically, as he lifted Hapgood from the seat with a mighty jerk.

"I am with this lady," spluttered Hapgood. "Let go of me, you scoundrel."

The man looked at Bess inquiringly. She half rose in her seat, and then shook her head. The Irishman tightened his grip and jerked Hapgood off the car platform.

Scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry, Bess rode on to her destination, but once in her own room she solved the problem by electing to cry. She was really fond of Brace, and she could not decide whether she was more sorry for the broken engagement or her action in turning him over to the tender merc-

cies of her self-constituted champion.

It was after eight when a servant tapped on the door with his card. It bore a penciled note asking for a few moments and after a little hesitation she decided to see him.

She was shocked when she entered the parlor and Brace rose to greet her. One eye was blackened, his lip was split and there was a heavy bruise over one cheek bone. His smile was the mockery of mirth, but he grinned amiably and held out the ring.

"I know I don't deserve it," he said, humbly, "but will you take back the ring, dear? I think I've learned my lesson. It's a pity I did not have it years ago. It would have done me good."

"Was there a fight?" she cried in dismay. Brace shook his head with that mockery of a smile.

"There was no fight," he assured sadly. "Your—er—friend took me into a coal yard just below the corner of the street where we alighted and gave me one first-class thrashing for mashing."

"But you were not flirting," she exclaimed.

"Your friend was not the sort of chap who draws fine distinctions," he reminded. "In fact, I sought to explain that I was not a masher, but that we were engaged and there had been a row."

"And he was sorry then," she cried.

"No," assured Brace, "I was. You see he thrashed me all over again for being unkind to my sweetheart."

"Why didn't you have him arrested?" she cried, indignantly. "It was an outrage."

"Quite the contrary," said Brace. "I thanked him. We parted good friends. It was on his advice that I came up here to ask for another chance. He gave me his address and told me to tell you that if I 'got gay' again to send for him. With the muscular Mr. Murphy hovering in the background, are you willing to give me another chance, Bess?"

"I—I think," she faltered, "that it would be like to have Mr. Murphy come to the wedding," and she held up her finger to receive the ring again.

It was plain to be seen that Hapgood had had his lesson.

HIS WARTIME CIGARS.

Joseph Martin, a farmer of the Leistersburg district, recently presented to his employe, Fred Hartman, a black cigar which he has had in his possession since July 4, 1863.

Hartman tasted the ancient brand and decided it was all right. Hartman's verdict satisfied Martin that he had made a good bargain when the cigar, together with another like it and \$15 in cash came into his possession in return for a horse. The deal was made with a confederate soldier on the retreat from Gettysburg. Mr. Martin will keep the other cigar for another of his discriminating friends.—Philadelphia North American.

MAINE CENSUS NOTE.

One of the few double four generation families in Maine is the Groves-Gage family. The youngest member is Paul Holmes, one year old. He has two great-grandmothers, a grandfather and a grandmother on his mother's side. One of the great-grandmothers, Mrs. Naomi Groves, is eighty years old. The grandfather is George Alonzo Groves, a famous Maine guide. The second great-grandmother is Mrs. Clara Gage. The grandmother is Mrs. Eliza Groves, daughter of Mrs. Gage. The members of this family all live in Smithfield in one house. Their aggregate age is 281 years.—Portland (Me.) Press.

TOO MANY NERVES.

Dentist (after examination)—And will you have gas, madam?

Nervous Patient—You don't suppose I'm going to let you tinker with my teeth in the dark, do you?

—London Tatler.

FROM THE COURTROOM.

Lawyer—Have you any relatives living near you?

Witness—Yes, sir, but they are all distant relatives.

OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

"I fear we are losing our ideals in the mad rush for wealth."

"Oh, I don't know. The mad rush for the ball park will soon begin."



1911 JULY 1911

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
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2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY

Admire beauty, but don't worship it.

Those who have never achieved success are always the most ready to tell others how to do it.

One of the fussiest scenes I ever listened to was two old maids waiting on one sick bachelor.

There is quite a difference between a luminous and a voluminous writer, altho many authors konfound the two.

If you wish to retain the friendship, or even love, of others, you must keep them in your hands, and not let them go.

You must as well undertake to draw a knot-hole out, by pouring water into it, as to outtalk sum wimmin I know of.

It is kind of phunny that while modesty is the greatest evidence of merit, it seems to be the poorest guarantee of success.

I am satisfied that the two greatest bores in the world are the Hoosier tunnel and the author who is hunting up a publisher for his first book.

Cunning men are sure to get caught at last; and when they are caught, they are like a fox in a trap—the silliest looking fox you ever see.

In Bible times, when Balem's ass spoke, it was a miracle; but the daze of miracles are over, and the greatest assees we have in these times are the greatest talkers.—New York Weekly.

PA'S ANSWER



"What is an indeterminate sentence, pa?"

"Matrimony, my son."

SAYS THE OWL

No man becomes a jailbird for a lark.

The door of adversity is never locked.

It is the doing, not the saying, that makes the hero.

The proof of the bluffer is in his failure to make good.

It is not necessarily true that the worst is yet to come.

The man who pleases only himself has to supply the applause.

The man who lives twice as fast as he should is apt to see double.

The more style some people put on the more collectors they put off.

Sidetrack fair weather friends—saving your money for a rainy day.

It is good policy to look ahead if you are headed in the wrong direction.

It takes a busy man to see through a joke and recognize the idiot behind it.

If a man does well in a small town he soon gets the idea that he could do better in a city.

DAILY DIET AND HEALTH HINTS

By DR. T. J. ALLEN
Food Specialist

OYSTERS BEST EATEN RAW.

"The oyster is almost the only animal substance"—I quote from a standard authority—"which we eat habitually and by preference in the raw or uncooked state; and it is interesting to know that there is a sound physiological reason at the bottom of this preference. The fawn colored mass which constitutes the dainty of the oyster is its liver, and this is little less than a mass of glycogen (animal starch); associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contact with it during life, is its appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested, without other help, by its own diastase. The oyster, in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is in fact self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed destroys the associated ferment, and a cooked oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive power."