

CHASING HIM



First Country Sheriff—Is he an actor with a following.
 Second Country Sheriff—He had about 100 following last night.
 Cornered All the Sugar.
 "Well, how do you feel since you have got engaged to that delightful little Miss Peachy?"
 "Say, I feel like I had put one over on 'the sugar trust!'"

SERMONS IN SENTENCES

Don't be bitter.
 Again, don't.
 It doesn't pay.
 It has no effect.
 That is, not the desired one.
 It does not brand the attacked.
 It simply and effectively brands the speaker.
 And the worst of it is, it becomes a nasty habit.
 Besides, even if legitimate, it is a task impossible to complete.
 One had much better take the time to remove the beam from one's own eye rather than pass a whole life trying to pluck motes from the eyes of other people.

WAYSIDE WISDOM.

Few men know enough not to give advice.
 Energy has made more men famous than merit.
 There is no hunger as keen as the hunger for sympathy.
 Sometimes a man kisses a girl against her will, against his own will.
 No matter how lazy a man may be, his laziness seldom extends to his tongue.
 Most of us are too busy looking for tomorrow's possibilities to see those of today.
 Don't blame a woman for wearing her heart on her sleeve. The new styles leave her no other place to put it.
 Some people look on the bright side of things so persistently that they wind up the proud possessors of a gold brick.
 A woman can go into the biggest department store on earth, and with out half trying, ask for something they haven't got.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE

The way that wins is hard.
 To such men there is an excuse for nothing.
 Not so difficult in the doing as in the planning.
 So the easiest way is as a general rule the longest way.
 It is the easiest way out and such ways all have to be tramped over again.
 In its winsome winning way it finds a welcome because it offers consolation in times of trouble and perplexity.
 The thoughts, the ideas, the methods which enable men to judge rightly come from hard serious work.
 The laugh is always on the fellow who believes in his own excuses. An excuse is a devil of a traitor to mankind.
 Along the line of the least resistance we find the most wrecks, and this is why some fall while others succeed.

DAILY DIET AND HEALTH HINTS

By DR. T. J. ALLEN
 Food Specialist

LONGEVITY AND HEREDITY.

Insurance companies have learned that longevity is largely determined by heredity, and hence the importance of family history in this respect. One man may use intoxicants, tobacco, tea and coffee all his life and reach an advanced age, while another may avoid these and die young. Longevity of ancestors comes from the inherited results of hygienic living, usually accidental, through several generations. But patrimony can be conserved or squandered. The care free life in the open air of a man who is temperate and eats anything may be more healthful than that of the sedentary liver who worries constantly about what to eat when he can find nothing else to worry about. To adopt good rules of living and reduce them to habits so that they require no mental strain to carry them out seems to be the wisest plan, but only the young can expect to do this without much patience and effort.

SURE SIGN



"Des yo' believ dat Jim Johnson am really converted?"
 "Deed I does, I've bin visitin' his house fo' de last free months, an' dey hasn't had a mouthful ob chicken."

Their Friend

She was always sitting there when Serene went by, leaning back in the wicker hour-glass chair. Sometimes a book or magazine lay open in her lap, but more often it had slipped unheeded to the floor. Serene's first impression of her was that she was the loveliest woman she had ever seen; her next that she was the weariest looking.

Serene was very young. It was not in the central telephone office where she worked and the hours were long and the pay meager. Serene had worked there since she left school. She lived with her aunt who did dress-making and had always acted the part of a mother to her.

One Sunday afternoon when Serene went by she had Dave with her. Dave had been devoted to Serene all through her school days and since. He was a big, gentle fellow, all ambition and vim and sound purpose, who meant when he had learned his trade to make a little home for Serene. Serene suspected this intention, though he had not mentioned it to her yet. Before another Sunday arrived a new girl came into the office. She was a showy, handsome girl, who always had an answer or a part little laugh ready.

Serene shrank from association with her and the girl perceived it. Consequently when Dave came that Saturday afternoon to wait for Serene and to accompany her home the new girl tried to discomfit Serene by flirting with him. She asked him to read the numbers while she "plugged" at her switchboard, and Dave, unconscious of any wrongdoing, complied. Serene was angry and went home alone as fast as her feet would carry her, a very much disturbed little girl. Next day when Dave called her up she gave him over the 'phone a spirited reply and hung up the receiver. When he came to call she would not see him.

She was so miserable that on a certain afternoon when rain menaced she walked to work without her umbrella. There was none at the office she could borrow, so she had to walk back through the drizzle, which suddenly became a downpour, just as she reached the veranda lady's house. She had started to run in dismay at getting drenched, when a voice called coolly, commandingly: "Come here, I want to see you."

The veranda lady had come to life and had spoken. Serene ran with all her might to the proffered shelter and sank into a chair.

They sat a moment watching the rain.
 "I have seen you go by every day since I have been here," said the veranda lady in her slow, sweet, tired way. "I'm glad this rain came so that we could get acquainted. You work, don't you?"

Serene told her how and where she worked. And she told a great deal more than her words conveyed, for the lady was reading the meaning of her wan little face and miserable eyes.

"I'm not happy," blurted out Serene. "I'm—" And then she told the veranda lady the whole story.

"Oh, my dear!" said the older woman. And she put up her white hand and brushed back her hair. There was gray in her hair, Serene saw. And on her finger was a great red stone like a bit of fire. An engagement ring. "Oh, my dear! You were jealous—jealous! Of that dear boy! You see, I can tell he is a dear boy. And you are a dear little girl. But you will wreck your life if you aren't careful. It's very lucky for you that you can still make up. And when you have made up stay so."

Splashing through the rain, laden with raincoat and umbrella, came a tall young figure. It was Dave and he was coming straight for her house, Serene knew, looking for her. She caught her breath.

"Why, there he is now!" said the veranda lady cheerfully. "Coming to bring you an umbrella. The dear boy! Call to him—Call to him, quick!"

Serene called. And Dave heard. His face was very bright as he came to the veranda, and though the lady in the hour-glass chair was wonderful to see, he had eyes only for Serene, whom he helped very proudly into the raincoat. A very contrite, humble little Serene she was, too.

"You must come and see me together some evening," said the veranda lady, as they were going away. "I want to know you both better. I'll make you something nice in the chaffing dish and sing for you some songs I know you'll like."

"Oh, we'll come," cried Serene. "And thank you a million times!"
 Next day as Serene was passing she ran up to the veranda railing to speak to her new friend.

"We've made up," she said, radiantly. "And I'm never going to be a bit jealous of him again as long as I live. He didn't care for that Ethel Slater. I should have known. It was horrid of me not to trust him. And you did it all, you dear, sweet, beautiful thing, you!" She picked up the lady's hand and kissed it.

"I'm so glad you made up," she said. "We didn't, you see—he and I. I was jealous, too. And when I came to my senses it was too late—" She looked away.

"He had got over caring?" breathed Serene, tragically.
 "Oh, no!" The veranda lady caught her breath. "He just died," she whispered, miserably.

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		CARPETS—Good, heavy Ingrain Carpets the 75c quality, for this sale 45c. The 50c quality Carpets, 35c.	

Reports from the fields indicate that the very little damage to county hay crops. We are still giving Framed Pictures as Owyhee Mercantile. The best Machinery Company at the Nyssa County. Rev. H. E. Bush was visitor last Tuesday to assist Rev. Miller in his work. Pine Creek Dairy (Kane, Wash., is now receive cream at the station in Nyssa. Mercantile Co. will test the cream. Harry Butler is reciever of additional stock for shop, stocking up for that are sure to come next few weeks. Mowers and Rake the best on the market. Hardware company. Your broken made as good as Bros., blacksmiths. Folger's Gold fee, 3 pounds for \$1.00 price 40c per cut price at the Owyhee tile Co. Excursions to Sa Via Oregon Shor Southern P Daily to July 5th, National Education convention direct, or via Los Angeles returning for further particulars. Wagon Umbrella Mercantile. EXCURSIONS Via Oregon Short Pacific Special low rates Denver, Omaha, Ka Louis, Chicago on points. Tickets on 24th, 26th, and 27th, 10th, 14th, 17th, 22nd, 26th.—At September 2nd and October 31st, with div stopovers. See agent and further partic