

Do You Comply With the Butter Law?

If not, read the following law and have your Butter Wrappers nicely printed, with your name and weight of butter thereon.

CAUTION!

CHAPTER 179, SECTION 3.

"It shall be unlawful for any person, firm, association or corporation to sell, offer or expose for sale, any short weight butter within the State of Oregon. All butter sold or exposed or offered for sale in rolls, prints or squares within the State of Oregon, shall be plainly marked: 'Eight ounces, full weight,' sixteen ounces, full weight,' 'twenty-four ounces, full weight,' or 'thirty-two ounces, full weight,' and ever roll, print or square sold, offered or exposed for sale shall contain the number of ounces marked thereon; and any person, firm, association or corporation violating any of the provisions of this act, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$25.00 nor more than \$100.00, or by imprisonment in the county jail for not less than six months; or both such fine and imprisonment."

The Journal can furnish you with good parchment Butter Wrappers, printed according to law, at \$1.25 for the first hundred and 25 cents for each additional 100. This includes stock and printing. We are printing for the best buttermakers in this valley, and would like to add your name to our list of satisfied customers.

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MEKRAN, LAND OF MYSTERY

Is Desolated by Nature and Shunned By Man—Few Tribes Linger There.

Mekran, mysterious Mekran, is the land stretching almost from the Indus to the entrance to the Persian gulf. The greater part of Mekran is desolate and forsaken, a land desolated by nature and shunned by man. The few tribes which linger there are the remnants of history, stray wreckage that has drifted into this obscure corner of the world in the backwash of great events. It is even believed that the Dravidians passed through Mekran on their way to southern India and left stragglers, whose descendants have dwelt there ever since. There are patches of Mongols from the days of Genghis Khan; colonies of half-breed Arabs from the time when an Arab dynasty held Sind; unmistakable Rajputs, who were there before Alexander; African negroes, the offshoots of medieval slavery, and traces of still older peoples, whose origins are lost in the mists of time. Yet Mekran cannot always have been either so dry or so deserted. Then there are vast masonry dams, obviously built to catch the water in the hills just as engineers are making dams in the Indian ghats today. Sometimes the hills are terraced for cultivation, after the fashion of hills in southern Japan and elsewhere: only in Mekran the terraces are dry and bare and not even a blade of grass remains. The crumbling ruins of whole cities, the very names of which are forgotten, lie concealed between the serrated ridges.

Dead Ones.

"Why, three generations of my family have lived and died in this country," he boasted, "before your ancestors were able to raise the amount they needed to come over in the steerage."

"Very true. But those three generations of your family are still dead ones, I believe."

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Suppositiously Propounded

Jack Edwards was called "the Jap" by his fellow bank clerks because of his raven-black hair, small, dark eyes and swarthy complexion. Coming from lunch, one summer day, he stepped gingerly across the dusty cobblestones, dodged a ponderous electric truck, was warned off the street car track by the clanging of a gong, made a detour to pass a stationary automobile, pulled open a brass-bound, beveled glass door and mounted the flight of steps that led to the main floor of the bank. On reaching his department Edwards sauntered to his desk.

"Hello, bunch," he called, in lifeless tones to several young men who were grouped around an adding machine. Tommy Betts, the diminutive head of the department, glanced up with an expression on his face that was a caricature of wrath and called across the intervening desks, stools and baskets.

"Why don't you go to bed nights, Edwards? Your mistakes are bailing up the work of the entire department," exploded Tommy. "Come around here and take a squint at line 13. It don't balance by a mile."

Edwards glanced across the sheet and made a mental calculation.

"I guess I was asleep at the switch, fellows," he said, and smiled sweetly. "Leave the statement with me," he urged. "I'll fix it. I say, one minute, Tommy," he called, as the department head drifted off with the others. "I'd like to ask you a question. Do you think if a fellow getting only \$60 a month got married that he and the girl could get along all right?"

"Of course, it depends a good deal on the fellow and the girl. You couldn't wear \$85 tailor-made suits and patent-leather shoes as you do now. If the girl's sensible, there's no reason why you shouldn't get along all right. A number of the fellows I know were married on less than \$60, and they're getting along fine."

"You don't say so," Jack murmured dubiously.

Miss Mabel Marsh ran a comptometer and was an important cog in the machine that ground out the work of the bank. The young clerks vied for her end of the room a delightful place to work and the little bell boys who sat on the polished benches downstairs and jumped to answer the call of the officers openly adored her.

"Say, Belle, what kind of a question do you suppose the Jap asked me a few minutes ago?" inquired Tommy, as he nudged a long, white paper tape crowded with figures.

"How should I know? Why don't you tell me?"

"He wanted to know if I thought a young man could support a wife on \$60 a month."

"What'd you say to him?"

"That I thought it depended a great deal on the young couple themselves. Explained he'd have to economize."

"The delightful thing about it is," declared Miss Marsh, sniping until her pretty face was as red as a peony, "that the Jap picks out will be sure to care enough for him to do her share in making it easy sliding."

After leaving Miss Marsh running her machine at a great pace, which slackened the moment he was out of sight, Tommy made his way back to his own department, stopping at Jack's desk.

"Say, Jap, I was just chinning with Belle Marsh. I told her about that cool question you asked me."

"Can't you keep a secret?" grumbled the Jap.

"Didn't know it was one," Tommy explained.

"What'd she say?" asked Jack.

"She said she felt sure any girl you picked out would care enough for you to do her share in making it easy sliding."

"Did she say that?" cried Jack, his face wreathed in smiles.

"That Wednesday night the Jap called on his sweetheart, but it was not until he was ready to leave that he mustered up courage to say what the girl had instinctively felt all through the evening he had come to tell her."

Jack leaned forward in his chair and bent an earnest gaze on the young woman who sat across from him, her hands folded in her lap, her eyes studying the pattern in the rug on the floor.

"Belle, I'd like to ask you a question," he said. "Do you think—I say, Belle, do you think—"

"Why, of course I do," she admitted, and her dimple played havoc with Jack's heart.

"—that a fellow who is getting only \$60 a month could get along all right if he got married?"

"I'm sure I can't say, Jack," she said. "You see, I don't know the two persons most concerned, and I—I have no way of judging."

"Well, suppose—"

Belle Marsh straightened in her chair. "Do you think it fair, Jack, to ask me to answer a question having to do with a suppositious case like that?"

WANTED SHEET FOR SHROUD

Dying Man Inlets on This Because He Intended to Do Much Haunting Later.

Unluckily enough, the progressive undertaker is often opposed by hunkorous relatives and sometimes even by the departed. One contributor to the Southern Undertaker, for example, tells how his plan to bury a prospective client in "clothes fit for gentlemen" was knocked out by the wish of that client, expressed shortly before death, to be swathed in a common bed sheet. To proceed:

"I misunderstood him at first. I thought he meant an ordinary white shroud. I took it that he was simply a little old-fashioned and wished to revert to a primitive custom. But he quickly corrected that impression."

"I don't mean anything of the kind," he said. "I want to be buried in a sheet—a plain, everyday white sheet."

"For once my curiosity got the better of my good manners."

"I will do as you ask, of course," I said, "but will you kindly tell me why you want to be dressed in that peculiar style?"

"The old fellow's answer fairly staggered me."

"Because," he said, "I am going to do a good deal of haunting when I'm through with the flesh. I'm going to take the sheet along with me, so there'll be no delay in getting down to business. Lots of people have been playing me mean tricks all their lives. I have never been able to get back at them in their present state, but just wait till I get clear of these fetters! If I don't haunt them good and hard and make them wish they'd done the square thing by me it won't be my fault!"—Baltimore Sun.

MIS VIEW.



Jim—Is yo' got yo' life insured, Sam?
Sam—Certainly I hasn't. I've always armed.

HE COPYRIGHTED A FACAD

French Architect Sued the Imitator and the Case Was Decided Against His Heirs.

The strangest copyright question ever debated came before a Paris court, when it was asked to decide the controverted copyright of a house. An architect at Boulogne-sur-Seine had built several apartment houses on a piece of ground belonging to him and had devised an original facade of colored bricks. He, at least, considered it original, as when the houses were finished he had a plate, with an inscription, placed on the walls, to the effect that the facade of the house was his copyright and imitations were prohibited. Seeing a building in Paris some time afterwards which had just been completed, the architect thought that the facade, which was also of colored bricks, was nothing but an imitation of his own. He began a lawsuit against the owner and the architect for infringement of the copyright laws, but soon afterwards he died. His heirs, however, continued the law suit, which has now been decided by the court. Three experts were called. They agreed that the facade of the house at Boulogne-sur-Seine was peculiar, and might even be allowed the protection of the copyright laws; but, on the other hand, the house built in Paris was equally original and there was no proof that it had been copied from the others. The architect, or rather his heirs, therefore, lost their case.

CORRUOS CONDENSATIONS

The Chinese cultivate an odoriferous condensation.

From the Aztec teacotola comes a word chocolate.

The British museum's library boasts 32 miles of shelves.

The annual consumption of wine in France is 23 gallons a head.

The diamond called a brilliant has 56 facets. A rose diamond is faceted only on the top; it has a flat bottom.

No Advancement.
Experts in Brazilian agriculture unite in affirming that methods of growing tobacco, gathering the crop and curing it have changed little, if at all, since the days of the early colonist, two centuries ago. Practically nowhere is there any idea of tilling the soil and cultivating the crop with an instrument more modern than the hoe.

HEIN IS LEARNED GENDARME

M. Vauthier, in the French Service, Has Gained Much Fame as an Archivist.

M. Vauthier is a gendarme attached to the Givet brigade in the Ardennes. He has done his military service in Algeria, says the Paris correspondent of the London Telegraph, and has been in the Republican Guard, and he is himself appointed to Givet in order that he might have more opportunity of prosecuting his historical researches in his native district, as that branch of study has been rather neglected in the Ardennes.

For M. Vauthier is no ordinary gendarme. He is an enthusiastic archivist, and his zeal and merit have been duly recognized, not only by the ministry of public education, but by the emperor, while he has been warmly complimented by several embassies for notes which he has been able to furnish to them.

His researches in the Ardennes have chiefly borne on the periods of the revolution, the empire, and the restoration, and, among many other matters, on the depot of English prisoners of war established at Givet by Napoleon, and on the Russian occupation of that district after 1815.

M. Vauthier will soon be retiring on a pension, and then he will be able to devote all his time to his favorite pursuit. "I have," he says, "always had a hobby for hunting for documents. Though it is often more trying than hunting for thieves."

SAYS THE OWL

No man becomes a jailbird for a lack.

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 by 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 can do better in a city.

NO WONDER SHE HAD SHIVERS



Charles—Why do you shudder so every time you put your head on my shoulder?
Genevieve—I feel as if I were in a padded cell.

Increase of Knowledge.
The mild-mannered man was as well informed about past, present and future dates of suffragist meetings that some one ventured the opinion that his wife must be one of the chief supporters of the cause.

"You're away off there," said another. "That chap isn't even married. He's a hotel clerk, and has to add suffragist meetings to his church, theater and political calendar for the benefit of women travelers. Out-of-town women who want to be up with the procession place those meetings at the head of New York's attractions. They haven't time to look up the dates for themselves, so the accommodating clerks keep tabs for them."

WAYSIDE WISDOM.

Few men know enough not to give advice.

Energy has made more men famous than merit.

There is no sadder as keen as the hunger for sympathy.

Sometimes a man kisses a girl against her will, against his own wish.

No matter how long a man may be, his laziness seldom extends to his tongue.