

Before You Buy Rubber Boots

LOOK FOR

Lambertville Snags

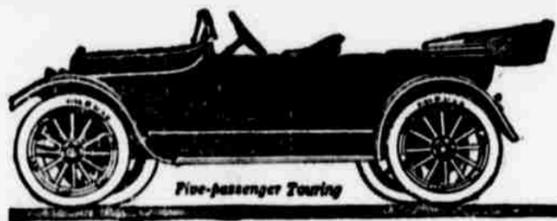
We have sold this Boot for 15 years, and know you will be a satisfied customer, when you wear Snag Boots.

All Snag Proof - - - \$4.50

Snag Vamp - - - - \$4.00

We are exclusive selling agents in Oregon.

The FITTS-BUNKER Mercantile Co.



Five-passenger Touring

Overland
Model 75
'615

Roadster \$595, both f. o. b. Toledo

With Electric Starter and Electric Lights

Four Inch Tires

A BRAND new Overland at a brand new price! Model 75 has the advantages of larger and higher priced cars, but is lighter in weight and more economical to run. Five adults can ride comfortably.

Specifications

Pure streamline body five-passenger touring car. Finished in black with nickel and polished aluminum fittings. 70-75 horsepower motor; cylinders cast on block. High-tension magneto ignition. Wheelbase 104 inches.

Electric starting and lighting. Headlight dimmers. Electric control buttons on steering column. Left hand drive; center control. Floating type rear axle. 2 1/2 inch tires. Non-skid on rear.

Demountable tires; one extra. Cantilever springs on rear. Electric horn. One-man top. Built-in, wide-angle, ventilating type windshield. Magnetic speedometer. Full set of tools.

Call, telephone or write for demonstration

H. K. HASNESS, Agent
Oregon, Mo.

Burr Oak.

H. A. Bowles was on the sick-list, the first of the week.
—Worth Anno is helping Arthur Elder plant corn, this week.
—Lige Hopper moved his saw-mill into the John C. Hinkle timber, last week.
—The Ramsey children attended Children's exercises, at Tarkio chapel, Sunday night.
—Arthur Anno and family moved into the Lunsford house, Saturday. The place where they have been living is under water.
—Several farms are flooded from the Big Drainage ditch. The water is still rising at this writing. Among those whose lands are under water are: Jack Cotten, Jeff Hulse, Vince Hopper, Ed May and several others. EGO.

—BULL'S EYE SALE, commencing Saturday, May 27, at the Variety Store. Come to our store during this great sale. We have made special prices in every department, and will hit the Bull's Eye on every price. Through special effort we have secured many bargains, such as the Enamelled Dish Pan for 19c, and there will be many other bargains just as big. During the sale we will sell at reduced prices, many items in staple Home Goods and Furnishings for the Women, Children and Men. If you want to save money, attend this sale.

—Folding bed for sale, in good condition; see Gusta Upperman.

Full Line of NEW DEPARTURE CULTIVATORS

New Departure Jenny Lind,
New Departure Fast Mail Riding,
New Departure Busy Bee Riding,
New Departure Wood Beam,
Tongueless. Any of the above in four or six shovels.

Tell me which one you want. I will save it for you. Don't experiment with something they tell you is just as good. You know the New Departure is right. I keep a full line of repairs and extra shovels for the genuine NEW DEPARTURE.

D. M. Martin

—This will be your best and last chance to get Wall Paper at such BARGAINS, as we are closing out our entire stock AT COST. HENNINGER DRUG CO.

Big Flour Reduction

Zephyr for.....	\$1.75
Empress for.....	1.75
Larrabee's Best for.....	1.75
"John B." for.....	1.70
Cream Loaf for.....	1.70
World's Best for.....	1.70
"101" for.....	1.65

Every Sack Guaranteed.

MOORE & KREEK

\$1,500.00 to Loan on good real estate security. See Secretary or Trustees of Oregon Lodge, No. 54, I. O. O. F.

Forbes and Vicinity.

—Harry Milne shipped a car load of hay, last week.
—Harry Milne shipped a car of hogs and a car of hay, on Monday.
—Mrs. Wright, of Craig, was visiting her mother, Mrs. Gibbs, last week.
—Mrs. J. R. Milne visited with her daughter, Mrs. Avon Murray, last week.
—S. A. Meyer and daughter, Alice, attended "The Birth of a Nation" last Thursday.
—Tom and Ralph Milne attended "The Birth of a Nation" in St. Joseph, last Sunday.
—Corn planting was started again, Monday, after the rain, but was stopped again Tuesday.
—W. H. Worley has installed a gasoline filling station. This will be a great benefit to motorists.
—The river has been giving the railroad trouble, at the rock quarry, east of town. A watch has to be kept at that point, day and night.
—Mrs. George Hornecker and daughter, Mildred, and son, Harry, of Lander, Wyoming, were visiting relatives and friends here for the past week.
—Those who went to St. Joseph, Saturday, to see "The Birth of a Nation" were: R. V. Hudgins, Grover Harper; Mrs. Rankin and daughter, Alice; J. A. Milne and Miss Nellie, Mrs. J. E. Taylor and Blanch Caton.
—Forbes is the scene of much activity now. The railroad has put in a steam shovel, east of town, and new tracks and switches are being put in for the work trains. Several extra gangs are here, doing various kinds of work.

NICK.

STRAWBERRIES.

Place your orders with A. W. King for those large, luscious Senator Dunlap Berries. Farmers' Phone.

—Wanted—To purchase immediately, a good second-hand piano. Apply at this office.

—Fred Burnett, one of the prominent farmers of Benton township, was here Wednesday.

—See me for reasonable price on the Dr. Proud residence property. WILL L. MOORE.

—Matt Thomas, of Benton township, was talking "roads" with the county clerk, Tuesday of this week.

—Strawberries for sale, one mile east of Curzon. HARRISON VANDEVER.

—The A. Jaicks and Rhinehart Paving Companies, contractors for the paving of our streets, have filed their bonds with City Clerk Kunkel.

—Jake Kurtz, wife and son, Glenn, were in St. Joseph, Saturday, looking after some business matters, and enjoying "The Birth of a Nation."

—Frank Harmon and John S. Smith, conspicuous business men of Mound City, were here Tuesday, looking after some business matters.

—Do you want a paying investment? Buy stock in the Paromitto Mines. Runs from fifty to four hundred and fifty dollars per ton, gold. J. B. Pugh, Klopp's Boarding House.

—The rains still come, and a large part of the bottom lands are still under water, with but a small portion of the corn planted. Up to Wednesday morning, May 24, 6.66 inches of rain had fallen.

—George Schulte, landscape gardener, a graduate of Shaw's Garden, is taking the necessary steps looking to the beautifying of our school grounds—parking walks, making flower beds, etc.

—Ernest and Ralph Stith, accompanied by Norman Enoex, were called to Kansas City, Wednesday evening of this week, by the death of Ira Stith, a brother to Ernest and Ralph, who died there Wednesday, May 24, from a stroke of apoplexy. The deceased was born and raised here in Oregon. Obituary next week.

CHAUTAQUA PROGRAMME

Oregon Chautauqua Begins August 10—Lasts Six Days—Good Program Assured Each Day.

Thursday, August 10.

Afternoon: The Musical Art Quartette. Brilliant Musical Organization. Concert and Entertainment.

Night: The Musical Art Quartette. Concert Prelude. Hon. Jos. G. Camp, of Georgia, the South's Most Finished Orator.

Friday, August 11

Afternoon: The Pilgrim Girls and Hannah Gove, of Boston. Entertainment and Orchestra. In a versatile program.

Night: The Pilgrim Girls and Hannah Gove. Concert. Orchestral numbers, musical sketches, novelties.

Prof. Wm. B. Patty, Scientist. Marvelous demonstrations with wireless, radium and liquid air.

Saturday, August 12

Afternoon: The Westminster Concert Entertainers. Prelude. Hon. Alf. Taylor, of Tennessee, statesman and orator.

Night: The Westminster Concert Entertainers. Character songs, sketches, music, impersonations.

Dr. D. F. Fox, famous preacher-lecturer. "The Philosophy of Common Sense."

Sunday, August 13

Afternoon: Arcadian Symphony Sextette in concert.

"The Chautauqua's Foremost Woodwind Organization." Chas. T. Howe, leader.

Arcadian Symphony Sextette, playing some of the world's noblest music.

Hon. Granville Jones, orator, humorist, philosopher.

Monday, August 14

Afternoon: The Alpine Yodlers, seven wonderful singers. Grand concert entertainment.

Night: The Alpine Yodlers, concert, prelude. Lulu Tyler Gates, famous reader of plays.

Tuesday, August 15

Afternoon: The Ojibway Indian Players. Indian life, folk lore and legends. Introduced by Dr. Robert A. George.

Prof. J. W. Hencroft, scientific farming lecture demonstration, "Science and the Soil."

Night: The Ojibway Indian Players presenting Longfellow's Indian passion play, "Hiawatha."

BERT G. PIERCE.

DENTIST,

Oregon, Mo.

Office in the Moore Block. Hours 9 a. m. to 12 m. 1 p. m. to 8 p. m.

Phones. Old 91. Mutual 43.

—Mrs. Fred Kramer returned last week from a three months' visit with her daughter in St. Louis. Her daughter, Mrs. Cora Reeves and son, Harry, accompanied her home for a few weeks' visit with relatives and friends.

—We have received the announcement of the graduating exercises of the Senior class of the Central High school, of St. Joseph, at 8:15 o'clock, Thursday, June 1, and with it a card, with the name of Miss Mildred Dickson, daughter of Neville Dickson and wife, formerly of Oregon. Lloyd, son of I. S. Dankers and wife, of Corning, is also a graduate, this year, from this school.

—We have received a handsome invitation to the Cody, Wyoming, High school exercises, which will be held Friday, June 2, and the address card bears the name of William Meyer Rankin, who formerly resided here, and is a son of Will Rankin and wife, who have many relatives here, and are also well known to many of Holt county's citizens. We extend congratulations.

C. D. ZOOK, President.
G. L. CUMMINS, Cashier.
L. I. MOORE, Vice-President.

Zook & Roecker BANKING COMPANY.

OREGON, MISSOURI. Established 1871.

The oldest bank in the county transacts a general banking business. Interest paid on time deposits. Drafts sold on all the principal cities of the country and Europe. Have made special arrangements to collect money due from estates in foreign countries. The accounts of farmers, merchants and individuals respectfully solicited. Special care given to any business entrusted to us.

Telephone No. 13.

5 1/2% Real Estate Money Any Amount

Small Commission.

Come and see me.

A. VanBuskirk Oregon, Mo.

Nancy's Easter Bonnet

By ANTOINETTE RICKENBAUGH



ALTHOUGH it is the middle of April, and violets, crocuses and daffodils are blooming in the garden, the evening is chill and damp, so we are sitting at our round table as we did in winter, with the lamp burning brightly and a cheerful fire in the grate. We mean father, mother, Nancy, Ann and I. Ann and I are still schoolgirls. Nancy is the young lady of the family.

It is Saturday night, and we are expecting Nancy's Easter bonnet from the milliner's, for tomorrow the beautiful Easter (father always calls it that) will dawn upon us. Father hoped the bonnet would be sent home the first part of the week, so that we would become used to it and could now have our minds fixed more entirely on the religious side of Easter and not so much on the "vanities," as he calls all pride of dress.

Father is reading aloud, we are supposed to be listening as we sew; but, alas! I and I think the rest, are listening for the clang of the "knocker," announcing the coming of the bonnet. And now the sound we are waiting to hear falls on our ears. I look up at Nancy (that is the name we like to call her). She gives a start and the color deepens on her cheek. I hear Sarah go to the door. Our hands that seemed so busy drop in our laps. In comes Sarah with a cardboard, not the kind that one sees now—white and small, tied with tape—this one is big and grand; it is dark blue, with immense roses decorating it. Sarah sets it down before Miss Nancy, with a broad smile upon her kind, black face. She lingers at the door. Ann and I gather round as Nancy takes the lid off the box and lifts out the bonnet. Exclamations of "Oh!" "Lovely!" "Beautiful!" come from all excepting father. He gives a smile, which is all we can expect from him; we know that his smile means approval.

The bonnet is a cream white leghorn, with the crown well set up; the brim is deep and wide, with an upward fling, two ribbon bows decorate it of softest pink peach blossom, it is called, held out by delicate wire, so that nothing is lost of the fine quality or color of the ribbon. Beneath the wide flaring brim is a cluster of roses in the same soft color as the ribbon.

"Put it on, Nancy," we all shout at once. Sweet, pretty Nancy stands before the long mirror and puts it on her crown of gold brown hair. She turns to us. Deep in the shadowy brim behind the cluster of roses her bright face is all aglow—the very color of the roses.

"What will Robert Gray think?" I whisper to Ann. She and I are nearly of an age and mostly have thoughts and ways in common. Father now calls us from our excitement over Nancy's first Easter bonnet. Prayers are said, the good night kiss is given and to bed and silence we all go.

In the early morning we are roused from sleep by dear father's sweet, clear voice, singing some homespun verses through the halls and past our doors.

Awake, awake! Dull slumber shake From drowsy eyes. Behold the skies Shine with the light of Easter morn.

Rejoice, rejoice! Let heart and voice Sing out a lay Meet for the day On which the Lord, the Christ is risen.

We spring from our beds, Ann and I, and go to the window to behold the grandeur of the sky. The sun has just cleared the horizon, which is outlined by the beautiful, restful mountains. Some soft clouds hang above them—turned into golden fleece by the sun's first gracious rays. Nancy must see this splendor of this Easter morning.

we say, "Nancy" we call. Not hearing a reply, we tap at her door, opening it at the same time, not waiting for the "Come in." What do we see? Nancy standing before her glass in her long, soft, clinging nightgown, with her Easter bonnet on her head. A peal of laughter bursts from us. Nancy turns her face red with a flash of anger. "You are not polite to open one's door in this abrupt manner." But her ire lasts but a moment. She sees the ridiculous picture she makes and joins in the laugh. Dear, sweet, pretty Nancy!

In going to church Ann and I always walk in front, father, mother and Nancy walk behind us to see that we conduct ourselves properly, but today mother has granted our request to walk behind our elders. We have only eyes for Nancy as we walk demurely along. We note the effect of sunshine and shade on the bonnet and how finely the bows of beautiful ribbon set out. "No bonnet will be as grand and no face will be as pretty as Nancy's in church today," we say.

Just inside the door the dim vestibule of the church stands Robert Gray. In the dull light I see his eyes brighten and his color deepen as his gaze rests on Nancy.

Up the aisle we walk, Nancy with her usual grace, but I think with her head held very high, but that may be the effect of the high pitched brim of her bonnet. Notwithstanding my being so absorbed in the "vanities," using father's expression, the sweet, deep tones of the organ and the burst of the joyful Easter hymn, "Christ, the Lord, is risen today," stir my heart to full Easter joy, and my eyes are wet with tears of thankfulness for the once crucified and now risen Lord. Nancy is moved too. I see the brim of her bonnet droop and her handkerchief disappear from view for a moment—to wipe away a tear, I'm sure. The spirit of devotion takes possession of us all.

As we pass out of the church Robert, with a graceful bow, joins Nancy. "We know now what Robert thinks of the bonnet," Ann and I say as we linger along the quiet path that cuts across a corner of a grassy meadow to gather dandelions; today they spot the grass with bits of gold. We each have a handful of the bright yellow flowers, which we give to mother. She puts them in a wide bowl to grace the hall. "Nothing," she says, "how- ever common, is made in vain. Every flower has its own beauty and uses." This is mother's way of viewing everything and everybody.

Robert calls to gallant Nancy to evening service. "An unusual event," Ann says, with a smile. She and I are keenly alive to whatever occurs in which Nancy and her bonnet play a part.

Oh, the beauty of this Easter night! The moon shines so brightly that the dew on grass and flowers sparkles like jewels and every object stands out clear and distinct. While we enjoy the beauty of this heavenly orb it hatches an idea in our busy brains. This bright moonlight night, we say, will help us to see Nancy and Robert walk up the path to the door. We are on our way home from the evening service. We hasten our steps to go to our room and stand behind the thin, soft drapery of our window. They are coming, with slow steps—the clear moonlight shines full on Nancy's face. How sweet it looks in the depths of that lovely Easter bonnet! They stand and talk in a low, serious voice. Presently Nancy drops her head, bonnet and all, on Robert's shoulder and, strange, but true, Robert's head disappears in the depths of the Easter bonnet. We rush from the window, covered with shame to feel that we have spied on so sacred a scene. We only wanted to see how the bonnet would look by moonlight, with Robert walking in its shadow.

I get thus far in my reminiscence when there comes a rap at my door. "Come in," I say. Enters Nancy, the third. On her head is the Easter bonnet whose history I have just written. The years have dulled the soft tint of the leghorn, and the majestic bows of ribbon are faded and crushed, as are also the clustering roses under the brim. But the sweet face of sister Nancy's grandchild, all aglow in its depths, looks almost the same as the face it first sheltered and by which it was adorned on the Easter of long ago.

Ancient Origin of Cross Buns. The cross buns are probably a commemoration of the miracle of the barley loaves. A sculpture in a Roman museum represents them, each with a cross.

Robert, With a Bow, Joins Nancy.

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