

## City and County Brief News Items

Stoves and ranges at Keltner's.  
Popcorn and corn poppers at Funk's.  
Twelve postcards for 5 cents at Jackson & Weavers.  
Mrs. F. X. Marks, of Long Beach, Wash., is visiting her son, N. H. Marks, and family.  
For prompt service call up Vest & Vest market, C. E. Vest, transfer 574.  
Dr. and Mrs. C. T. Hockett and children were guests of friends at Lostine, Thanksgiving day.  
White Loaf Flour, \$4.50 per barrel at E. M. & M. store.  
Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Keltner entertained at Thanksgiving dinner Mayor Byram Mayfield, M. K. Rue, George Hartsvigen and Walker Franklin.  
Japalac, varnish stains, linseed oil at Burnaugh & Mayfield's.  
The enfold of water pipe ordered by the city has arrived but it will not be enough to make the connections already applied for, and another order for pipe will have to go in.  
Oliver Typewriter, best by every test, for sale by Jackson & Weaver.  
C. H. Overington of Woodland, Calif., traveling salesman for the Santa Rosa Leather company, spent Thanksgiving and several days with his relatives, the family of J. Haas.  
Carbon paper for copying, 3 sheets for 5 cents at Jackson & Weavers.  
Muskrat as a Delicacy.  
The majority of persons are disgusted by the mere thought of eating muskrat, but undoubtedly this is due to the prejudice against the name of rat. However, they are greatly mistaken in disliking this rodent, for it is one of the cleanest of living animals and is delicious when properly cooked. The muskrat's home is built of marsh grass heaped into a mound and situated above the level of high water. This house is dry and warm, and the interior is always spotlessly clean. Feeding entirely upon tender roots and herbs, this peculiar little animal invariably scrubs thoroughly in the water every bit of food before it is eaten. He is cleaner than many a human being.

**WEDDING BELLS.**  
Sheets-Payne.  
The marriage of Miss Gertrude Payne and Mr. Frank Sheets was solemnized at the home of the brides parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Payne, Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock, by the Rev. W. S. Crockett.  
The pretty home in Alder View was profusely decorated with ferns, roses and carnations, the color scheme being pink and white. Miss Hazel Payne played "Hearts and Flowers" as the bridal couple entered the parlor and took their places in front of the south window where an arch of ferns and roses made a charming setting. The music was continued very softly throughout the ceremony. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white silk, trimmed in white jet and beads and carried a shower bouquet of roses.  
A wedding dinner in three courses was served after the ceremony.  
The bride is a lovely and accomplished young lady, a graduate of West University. Mr. and Mrs. Payne and family came to this city a few months ago from Gravit, Ia. Mr. Sheets' former home was Des Moines, Ia., and he also was educated at Drake University. Many friends whom they have made during their residence here are glad to know that they will return to this city to reside after a wedding trip to San Francisco. Mr. Sheets will engage in business here.  
A large number of handsome gifts were received by the popular young couple, among them being \$100 in gold and \$50 in cash. Many of the presents were from Eastern friends.

**Bakery**  
Fine Pastry  
WE ARE HERE TO PLEASE  
We Solicit Your Patronage

H. V. MOORE,  
Manager  
River St., 2 doors south of Funk's.

THE GOOD  
TOBACCO SHOP  
IS  
HOMAN'S

If You Prefer the Best Brands of  
Cigars or Smoking Tobacco  
you can always get what you  
want here. Fine line of  
PIPES

The same is true of all our  
Stock. Come in and see.  
PRENTISS HOMAN'S  
Next Door to Bank  
Enterprise Oregon

Enterprise Poultry and  
Produce Farm



Rhode Island Red Chickens;  
Extra all kinds of Vegetables.  
A. M. WAGNER, Prop.

**The City Planing Mill**  
W. F. RANKIN, Proprietor  
ENTERPRISE, OREGON.  
Carries a complete stock of rough and dressed  
lumber.  
A line of standard mouldings always in stock.  
Satisfactory Mill Work a Specialty  
Five per cent discount for cash. All accounts balanced  
at expiration of 30 days and settled by cash or note.

Doors and Windows and Builders' hardware at Keltner's, 5763

Union Thanksgiving services were held Thursday morning at the Christian church with sermon by Rev. S. Harris. In the evening a union meeting was held at the Methodist church, Rev. W. S. Crockett delivering a short sermon, followed by a prayer service.

Full line of Pyrographic goods at Jackson & Weavers.

The many friends in this city of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Couch of Wallowa deeply sympathize with them in the loss of their baby daughter, Gladys Grace, who died last Friday night of tonsillitis and after effects of whooping cough. The child had been ill for a week but the symptoms did not indicate danger until just a few hours before she died. The little one was not quite two years and 8 months of age. The funeral was held Sunday from the Presbyterian chapel.

Plumbing Fixtures, Paints, Oils and Glass at Keltner's hardware store, 5763

**THE NEW MEAT MARKET**

In the old Electric Theatre Building on River Street.  
FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS  
EVERYTHING CLEAN -- MEATS CUT RIGHT  
VEST & VEST PROPRIETORS

Fancy embroidered and drawn work linens at Funk's.  
PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET PERSONNEL  
(Continued from page three.)  
Secretary of State Knox of Pennsylvania.  
Secretary of Treasury MacVeagh of Illinois.  
Secretary of War Dickinson of Illinois (native state Tennessee).  
Secretary of Navy Meyer of Massachusetts.  
Attorney General Wickersham of New York.  
Postmaster General Hitchcock of District of Columbia.  
Secretary of Interior Ballinger of Washington.  
Secretary of Agriculture Wilson of Iowa.  
Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel of Missouri.

Sauer kraut, cranberries and sweet potatoes at Funk's.

**RURAL TELEPHONES INCREASING FAST**  
(Continued from third page.)

system, it alone has sold over eighty thousand rural telephones within the past six months.  
An up-to-date farmer once said that he would as soon think of mowing his hay with an old-fashioned scythe as of trying to conduct his farm successfully without a telephone. These are the days when agricultural America is reclaiming so-called waste land; is buying farm implements that reduce toll and increase productivity and the telephone is the instrument that is going hand-in-hand with all these improvements in the rural communities.  
The farmer or ranchman who sells his products or stock keeps well informed on the fluctuations of the market by means of the telephone. He sells at the top price and calls his phone a real money-saver. If there is sickness in the house he can locate the doctor even if he has to phone across the county. He can get in quick communication with the veterinary surgeon if some one of his precious animals becomes suddenly indisposed. For his wife and children there is a means of enlivening the long day by conversations and exchange of visits with neighbors. Neighbors on Western farms are often many miles apart but they can be brought nearer than next door with the aid of the telephone.  
These are some of the many reasons why rural phones jumped 449 per cent in the United States and 2,350 per cent in the far west in five years. It can truly be said that the country telephone has had its part in the winning of the west.

Indian blankets at Funk's.  
Individual silk waist patterns at Funk's.

**A LITERARY AFFAIR.**  
By ARTHUR D. BERWICK.  
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)  
It was a pretty town, but inordinately dull. The branches of the trees formed an arch over the streets—they were rather roads—giving in summer a delicious shade. But few people walked on them, and where there was a footstep it sounded loud. In winter there was no sound at all, for snow covered the ground, and even wheels could not be heard.  
He went there in midsummer. He didn't go from choice. He was obliged to go. There was a deal on, and he must manage it from this quiet spot. His work was principally waiting for people to make up their minds to sell what they owned and for instructions. The town possessed a dainty little library. He went there for something to read. There was a cheerful appearance inside, logs blazing in a broad tiled fireplace. The librarian, a girl of twenty, stepped to the desk. "I would like a book of some kind," he said. "I'm cooped up here with little to do and insufferably bored."  
There were books on the desk which

he took up and scanned listlessly. "What book would you like?" asked the librarian.  
"I haven't the slightest idea."  
"You'll find the card rack over there."  
"Couldn't you suggest something?" "Fiction?"  
"Yes."  
"Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"  
"Yes, when a boy. Why should I read that now?"  
"Well, Crusoe was alone on his island; you are alone here. You might get some suggestion from him as to how to occupy your time."  
"Thank you; I'd rather read this. 'The Heart's Highway.' I could do better in recommending books to you."  
"What would you suggest?"  
"Put Yourself in His Place."  
"That's impossible. You are a man, I a woman. You are a stranger; I am at home here."  
"I am a bachelor, and you, I presume, are a maid."  
"How would 'When a Man's Single' suit you?"  
"I think I should like it better than 'Robinson Crusoe.' Would it help me?"  
"Possibly. When you have finished it you might take up this one: 'It Is Never Too Late to Mend.'" She blushed as she said it.  
"The one appears to be a natural sequel of the other. What's this, 'Red as a Rose Is She'?"  
She blushed still deeper.  
"We are not getting on. I wish a novel to while away the time, and I don't find one."  
"You are right. This conversation can do you no good, and it might produce—"  
"Bitter Fruit," he interrupted, reading the title of a volume she handed him.  
She turned away, and he, going to the card rack, fingered the cards for awhile in silence, looking aside occasionally at the girl, who sat by the fire reading. Presently he selected a book. She jabbed it with a stamp and, glancing at the title, gave her head a slight toss. It was "A Passing Fancy."  
"Better take that," she said, handing him "A Bit of a Rogue."  
He came again the next day and the next, taking out books and keeping up the same sort of chat till the autumn arrived. Then he finished his work and before leaving went to the library to return what books remained with him.  
"I go tomorrow," he said. "Thanks for the books. This one," laying "The Wooling O'" on the desk, "I have enjoyed very much." He looked at her with an unmistakable glint in his eye.  
"I thought you would prefer 'A Midsummer Madness.'"  
"I warn you that you may cast ridicule on my feelings—"  
"Once Too Often," stamping a book of that name.  
"Have you considered what I said to you the last time I was here?" he asked.  
"Yes, and I regard it"—the stamp came down on—"A Filtration With Truth."  
"How can you say that? I told you I loved you and wished you to be my wife, giving you time for consideration."  
"And my answer is that I prefer this retreat and independence to the city and slavery to an artificial life."  
He stood regarding her lugubriously. Presently his eye, falling to the desk, lighted on a book. He took it up and handed it to her. It was "A Woman's No."  
Thus far the desk had been between them. Lifting the latch to the gate that shut him off from the interior, he went inside. She was leaning on the desk. He stole his arm around her waist and spoke low in her ear:  
"I came into this library a few months ago to seek solace from loneliness. I found it, but not in the books I have taken out, for I have not read one of them. Nevertheless I appreciate them because they have afforded us a language of love. They have served as shields to that diffidence which hedges a newborn affection. But they are no longer needed. Let us now talk plainly. Tell me, do you love me, and will you marry me?"  
"I will."  
When he returned to the city he was commended for his patience in remaining in a dull country town until every bit of the work assigned him had been satisfactorily closed. It was only when the winter came on and they received his wedding cards that they understood the reason for his acquiescence in his hard lot.

Alfalfa seed for sale at R. S. & Z.

**THE NEW MEAT MARKET**  
In the old Electric Theatre Building on River Street.  
FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS  
EVERYTHING CLEAN -- MEATS CUT RIGHT  
VEST & VEST PROPRIETORS

Fancy embroidered and drawn work linens at Funk's.

**PRESIDENT TAFT'S CABINET PERSONNEL**  
(Continued from page three.)

Secretary of State Knox of Pennsylvania.  
Secretary of Treasury MacVeagh of Illinois.  
Secretary of War Dickinson of Illinois (native state Tennessee).  
Secretary of Navy Meyer of Massachusetts.  
Attorney General Wickersham of New York.  
Postmaster General Hitchcock of District of Columbia.  
Secretary of Interior Ballinger of Washington.  
Secretary of Agriculture Wilson of Iowa.  
Secretary of Commerce and Labor Nagel of Missouri.

Sauer kraut, cranberries and sweet potatoes at Funk's.

**RURAL TELEPHONES INCREASING FAST**  
(Continued from third page.)

system, it alone has sold over eighty thousand rural telephones within the past six months.  
An up-to-date farmer once said that he would as soon think of mowing his hay with an old-fashioned scythe as of trying to conduct his farm successfully without a telephone. These are the days when agricultural America is reclaiming so-called waste land; is buying farm implements that reduce toll and increase productivity and the telephone is the instrument that is going hand-in-hand with all these improvements in the rural communities.  
The farmer or ranchman who sells his products or stock keeps well informed on the fluctuations of the market by means of the telephone. He sells at the top price and calls his phone a real money-saver. If there is sickness in the house he can locate the doctor even if he has to phone across the county. He can get in quick communication with the veterinary surgeon if some one of his precious animals becomes suddenly indisposed. For his wife and children there is a means of enlivening the long day by conversations and exchange of visits with neighbors. Neighbors on Western farms are often many miles apart but they can be brought nearer than next door with the aid of the telephone.  
These are some of the many reasons why rural phones jumped 449 per cent in the United States and 2,350 per cent in the far west in five years. It can truly be said that the country telephone has had its part in the winning of the west.

Indian blankets at Funk's.  
Individual silk waist patterns at Funk's.

**A LITERARY AFFAIR.**  
By ARTHUR D. BERWICK.  
(Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.)  
It was a pretty town, but inordinately dull. The branches of the trees formed an arch over the streets—they were rather roads—giving in summer a delicious shade. But few people walked on them, and where there was a footstep it sounded loud. In winter there was no sound at all, for snow covered the ground, and even wheels could not be heard.  
He went there in midsummer. He didn't go from choice. He was obliged to go. There was a deal on, and he must manage it from this quiet spot. His work was principally waiting for people to make up their minds to sell what they owned and for instructions. The town possessed a dainty little library. He went there for something to read. There was a cheerful appearance inside, logs blazing in a broad tiled fireplace. The librarian, a girl of twenty, stepped to the desk. "I would like a book of some kind," he said. "I'm cooped up here with little to do and insufferably bored."  
There were books on the desk which

he took up and scanned listlessly. "What book would you like?" asked the librarian.  
"I haven't the slightest idea."  
"You'll find the card rack over there."  
"Couldn't you suggest something?" "Fiction?"  
"Yes."  
"Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"  
"Yes, when a boy. Why should I read that now?"  
"Well, Crusoe was alone on his island; you are alone here. You might get some suggestion from him as to how to occupy your time."  
"Thank you; I'd rather read this. 'The Heart's Highway.' I could do better in recommending books to you."  
"What would you suggest?"  
"Put Yourself in His Place."  
"That's impossible. You are a man, I a woman. You are a stranger; I am at home here."  
"I am a bachelor, and you, I presume, are a maid."  
"How would 'When a Man's Single' suit you?"  
"I think I should like it better than 'Robinson Crusoe.' Would it help me?"  
"Possibly. When you have finished it you might take up this one: 'It Is Never Too Late to Mend.'" She blushed as she said it.  
"The one appears to be a natural sequel of the other. What's this, 'Red as a Rose Is She'?"  
She blushed still deeper.  
"We are not getting on. I wish a novel to while away the time, and I don't find one."  
"You are right. This conversation can do you no good, and it might produce—"  
"Bitter Fruit," he interrupted, reading the title of a volume she handed him.  
She turned away, and he, going to the card rack, fingered the cards for awhile in silence, looking aside occasionally at the girl, who sat by the fire reading. Presently he selected a book. She jabbed it with a stamp and, glancing at the title, gave her head a slight toss. It was "A Passing Fancy."  
"Better take that," she said, handing him "A Bit of a Rogue."  
He came again the next day and the next, taking out books and keeping up the same sort of chat till the autumn arrived. Then he finished his work and before leaving went to the library to return what books remained with him.  
"I go tomorrow," he said. "Thanks for the books. This one," laying "The Wooling O'" on the desk, "I have enjoyed very much." He looked at her with an unmistakable glint in his eye.  
"I thought you would prefer 'A Midsummer Madness.'"  
"I warn you that you may cast ridicule on my feelings—"  
"Once Too Often," stamping a book of that name.  
"Have you considered what I said to you the last time I was here?" he asked.  
"Yes, and I regard it"—the stamp came down on—"A Filtration With Truth."  
"How can you say that? I told you I loved you and wished you to be my wife, giving you time for consideration."  
"And my answer is that I prefer this retreat and independence to the city and slavery to an artificial life."  
He stood regarding her lugubriously. Presently his eye, falling to the desk, lighted on a book. He took it up and handed it to her. It was "A Woman's No."  
Thus far the desk had been between them. Lifting the latch to the gate that shut him off from the interior, he went inside. She was leaning on the desk. He stole his arm around her waist and spoke low in her ear:  
"I came into this library a few months ago to seek solace from loneliness. I found it, but not in the books I have taken out, for I have not read one of them. Nevertheless I appreciate them because they have afforded us a language of love. They have served as shields to that diffidence which hedges a newborn affection. But they are no longer needed. Let us now talk plainly. Tell me, do you love me, and will you marry me?"  
"I will."  
When he returned to the city he was commended for his patience in remaining in a dull country town until every bit of the work assigned him had been satisfactorily closed. It was only when the winter came on and they received his wedding cards that they understood the reason for his acquiescence in his hard lot.

Alfalfa seed for sale at R. S. & Z.

he took up and scanned listlessly. "What book would you like?" asked the librarian.  
"I haven't the slightest idea."  
"You'll find the card rack over there."  
"Couldn't you suggest something?" "Fiction?"  
"Yes."  
"Have you read 'Robinson Crusoe'?"  
"Yes, when a boy. Why should I read that now?"  
"Well, Crusoe was alone on his island; you are alone here. You might get some suggestion from him as to how to occupy your time."  
"Thank you; I'd rather read this. 'The Heart's Highway.' I could do better in recommending books to you."  
"What would you suggest?"  
"Put Yourself in His Place."  
"That's impossible. You are a man, I a woman. You are a stranger; I am at home here."  
"I am a bachelor, and you, I presume, are a maid."  
"How would 'When a Man's Single' suit you?"  
"I think I should like it better than 'Robinson Crusoe.' Would it help me?"  
"Possibly. When you have finished it you might take up this one: 'It Is Never Too Late to Mend.'" She blushed as she said it.  
"The one appears to be a natural sequel of the other. What's this, 'Red as a Rose Is She'?"  
She blushed still deeper.  
"We are not getting on. I wish a novel to while away the time, and I don't find one."  
"You are right. This conversation can do you no good, and it might produce—"  
"Bitter Fruit," he interrupted, reading the title of a volume she handed him.  
She turned away, and he, going to the card rack, fingered the cards for awhile in silence, looking aside occasionally at the girl, who sat by the fire reading. Presently he selected a book. She jabbed it with a stamp and, glancing at the title, gave her head a slight toss. It was "A Passing Fancy."  
"Better take that," she said, handing him "A Bit of a Rogue."  
He came again the next day and the next, taking out books and keeping up the same sort of chat till the autumn arrived. Then he finished his work and before leaving went to the library to return what books remained with him.  
"I go tomorrow," he said. "Thanks for the books. This one," laying "The Wooling O'" on the desk, "I have enjoyed very much." He looked at her with an unmistakable glint in his eye.  
"I thought you would prefer 'A Midsummer Madness.'"  
"I warn you that you may cast ridicule on my feelings—"  
"Once Too Often," stamping a book of that name.  
"Have you considered what I said to you the last time I was here?" he asked.  
"Yes, and I regard it"—the stamp came down on—"A Filtration With Truth."  
"How can you say that? I told you I loved you and wished you to be my wife, giving you time for consideration."  
"And my answer is that I prefer this retreat and independence to the city and slavery to an artificial life."  
He stood regarding her lugubriously. Presently his eye, falling to the desk, lighted on a book. He took it up and handed it to her. It was "A Woman's No."  
Thus far the desk had been between them. Lifting the latch to the gate that shut him off from the interior, he went inside. She was leaning on the desk. He stole his arm around her waist and spoke low in her ear:  
"I came into this library a few months ago to seek solace from loneliness. I found it, but not in the books I have taken out, for I have not read one of them. Nevertheless I appreciate them because they have afforded us a language of love. They have served as shields to that diffidence which hedges a newborn affection. But they are no longer needed. Let us now talk plainly. Tell me, do you love me, and will you marry me?"  
"I will."  
When he returned to the city he was commended for his patience in remaining in a dull country town until every bit of the work assigned him had been satisfactorily closed. It was only when the winter came on and they received his wedding cards that they understood the reason for his acquiescence in his hard lot.

Literal.  
Dentist—When did your teeth begin troubling you? Patient—When I was cutting them.—Boston Transcript.

He Came Home.  
He—My dear, if I'm not home at 10 don't wait for me.  
She—No; I'll go for you.—Judge.

**United States Land Notices**

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, November 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that as directed by the Commissioner of the Interior.

**Witchcraft.**  
Perhaps the most interesting of English trials for witchcraft was that of the Suffolk witches in 1665, for Sir Matthew Hale was the Judge, and Sir Thomas Browne appeared as an expert medical witness. The two prisoners were accused of bewitching young children, a great point for the prosecution being that out of the blanket of an infant suckled by one of them a great toad had fallen and exploded in the fire like gunpowder. Immediately after the witch was found at home scorched and maimed. In spite of unsatisfactory evidence, the two were convicted, whereupon the children's health at once began to improve.—London Times.

**Good at Learning.**  
Mrs. Post—Do you think you'll smoke when you're older, Johnnie? They say it makes one awfully sick at first. Johnnie (aged ten)—I don't expect any other over it, mother. It wasn't the slightest effort for me to learn to swear.—New York Life.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, November 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that Clair H. Ford, whose postoffice address is Zumwalt, Oregon, did, on the 4th day of June, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 06629, to purchase Lot 4, SW 1/4 NW 1/4, W 1/2 SW 1/4, Section 3, Township 2 N, Range 47 East, Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that,

pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 375000 board feet at \$1.00 per M, and the land \$80.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 27th day of January, 1910, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon.  
Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.  
13c F. C. Bramwell, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, November 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that as directed by the Commissioner of the Interior.

**Witchcraft.**  
Perhaps the most interesting of English trials for witchcraft was that of the Suffolk witches in 1665, for Sir Matthew Hale was the Judge, and Sir Thomas Browne appeared as an expert medical witness. The two prisoners were accused of bewitching young children, a great point for the prosecution being that out of the blanket of an infant suckled by one of them a great toad had fallen and exploded in the fire like gunpowder. Immediately after the witch was found at home scorched and maimed. In spite of unsatisfactory evidence, the two were convicted, whereupon the children's health at once began to improve.—London Times.

**Good at Learning.**  
Mrs. Post—Do you think you'll smoke when you're older, Johnnie? They say it makes one awfully sick at first. Johnnie (aged ten)—I don't expect any other over it, mother. It wasn't the slightest effort for me to learn to swear.—New York Life.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, November 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that as directed by the Commissioner of the Interior.

**Witchcraft.**  
Perhaps the most interesting of English trials for witchcraft was that of the Suffolk witches in 1665, for Sir Matthew Hale was the Judge, and Sir Thomas Browne appeared as an expert medical witness. The two prisoners were accused of bewitching young children, a great point for the prosecution being that out of the blanket of an infant suckled by one of them a great toad had fallen and exploded in the fire like gunpowder. Immediately after the witch was found at home scorched and maimed. In spite of unsatisfactory evidence, the two were convicted, whereupon the children's health at once began to improve.—London Times.

**Good at Learning.**  
Mrs. Post—Do you think you'll smoke when you're older, Johnnie? They say it makes one awfully sick at first. Johnnie (aged ten)—I don't expect any other over it, mother. It wasn't the slightest effort for me to learn to swear.—New York Life.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, November 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that as directed by the Commissioner of the Interior.

**Witchcraft.**  
Perhaps the most interesting of English trials for witchcraft was that of the Suffolk witches in 1665, for Sir Matthew Hale was the Judge, and Sir Thomas Browne appeared as an expert medical witness. The two prisoners were accused of bewitching young children, a great point for the prosecution being that out of the blanket of an infant suckled by one of them a great toad had fallen and exploded in the fire like gunpowder. Immediately after the witch was found at home scorched and maimed. In spite of unsatisfactory evidence, the two were convicted, whereupon the children's health at once began to improve.—London Times.

**Good at Learning.**  
Mrs. Post—Do you think you'll smoke when you're older, Johnnie? They say it makes one awfully sick at first. Johnnie (aged ten)—I don't expect any other over it, mother. It wasn't the slightest effort for me to learn to swear.—New York Life.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
United States Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, November 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that as directed by the Commissioner of the Interior.

General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stat., 517) we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, at 10 o'clock a. m., on the 23d day of December, 1909, at this office the following-described land: The W 1/2 SE 1/4 Sec. 14, T. 1 N., R. 45 E. W. M., Serial No. 06324. Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.  
12c F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.  
COLON R. EBERHARD, Receiver.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, October 26th, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that Carl Keeler, of Enterprise, Oregon, who, on October 13th, 1904, made Homestead Entry No. 13863, Serial No. 04255, for SE 1/4 SW 1/4 Section 5, E 1/2 NW 1/4, SW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 8, Township 1 South, Range 45 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon, on the 22nd day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: A. H. Sasser, J. D. Braughton, George Wagner, Newton Hammack, all of Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c5 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that George S. Craig, whose postoffice address is Enterprise, Willamette County, Oregon, did on the 2nd day of February, 1909, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 03455, to purchase the SW 1/4 of SE 1/4, Section 12, Township 2 S., Range 43 E., Willamette Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisement, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and timber thereon have been appraised, the timber estimated 00000 board feet at \$0.30 per M, and the land \$20.00; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 28th day of December, 1909, before C. M. Lockwood, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c11 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William J. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 15731—Serial No. 05219, or Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 46 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John A. Rumble, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Joseph, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur Dodson, of Joseph, Oregon; Fred A. Gaylord, of Joseph, Oregon; James Steen, of Zumwalt, Oregon; E. Frank Sargent, of Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c6 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William J. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 15731—Serial No. 05219, or Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 46 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John A. Rumble, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Joseph, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur Dodson, of Joseph, Oregon; Fred A. Gaylord, of Joseph, Oregon; James Steen, of Zumwalt, Oregon; E. Frank Sargent, of Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c6 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William J. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 15731—Serial No. 05219, or Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 46 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John A. Rumble, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Joseph, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur Dodson, of Joseph, Oregon; Fred A. Gaylord, of Joseph, Oregon; James Steen, of Zumwalt, Oregon; E. Frank Sargent, of Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c6 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William J. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 15731—Serial No. 05219, or Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 46 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John A. Rumble, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Joseph, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur Dodson, of Joseph, Oregon; Fred A. Gaylord, of Joseph, Oregon; James Steen, of Zumwalt, Oregon; E. Frank Sargent, of Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c6 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William J. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 15731—Serial No. 05219, or Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 46 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John A. Rumble, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Joseph, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur Dodson, of Joseph, Oregon; Fred A. Gaylord, of Joseph, Oregon; James Steen, of Zumwalt, Oregon; E. Frank Sargent, of Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c6 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William J. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 15731—Serial No. 05219, or Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 46 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before John A. Rumble, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Joseph, Oregon, on the 6th day of December, 1909.  
Claimant names as witnesses: Arthur Dodson, of Joseph, Oregon; Fred A. Gaylord, of Joseph, Oregon; James Steen, of Zumwalt, Oregon; E. Frank Sargent, of Enterprise, Oregon.  
10c6 F. C. BRAMWELL, Register.

**NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.**  
Department of the Interior.  
U. S. Land Office at La Grande, Oregon, Oct. 11, 1909.  
Notice is hereby given that William J. Davis, of Joseph, Oregon, who, on December 27, 1907, made Homestead entry No. 15731—Serial No. 05219, or Lots 3, 4, 5 and 6, Section 3, Township 1 S., Range 46 E., Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to