

There was a man who never spoke an unkind word to his wife during the fifty years of wedded life.

There was a householder who never forgot to turn off the collar light after banking the furnace for the night.

There was a printer who occasionally printed letterheads so that the watermark was not upside down and backward.

There was a woman who was never guilty of buying something she didn't need because the price was marked down.

There was a professional politician whose patriotism emanated from the heart instead of the lungs.

There was an amateur gardener who didn't buy twice as many vegetable seeds as he could possibly plant.

There was a city flat dweller who didn't figure out what he could make on a suburban chicken farm.

There was an office man who threw away all the advertising blotters that arrived in the daily mail.

There was a radical young college graduate who did not settle down into a reactionary old age.

There was an advertising manager whose ability exceeded his ambition.

There was a traveling salesman who was completely satisfied with the service that the house rendered to his customers.

There was an automobile owner who believed that he received all the gasoline he paid for.

There was a magazine representative who gave an advertiser unbiased advice on the proper division of the appropriation for publicity.

There was a capitalist whose efforts to better the working conditions of his employees was not set down to mercenary motives.

There was a meeting of a sewing circle that did not rip up a single local reputation.

There was a unanimous verdict handed down by the supreme court of the United States.

There was an alien citizen who owned a soap box and a fountain pen, but who did not try to start anything—or stop anything!—Xtra.

Numerous nations evince an almost morbid curiosity as to what will happen to the first great power that completely disarms itself.

Of course, the girlie lifts her hirsute ear awnings when the right fellow comes to whisper soft nothings.

"Johnny," said the teacher to a grocer's six-year-old son, "a lie can be acted as well as told. Now if your father were to put sand in his sugar and tell it, he would be acting a lie and doing wrong."

"That's what mother told him," said Johnny, raptuously, "and he said he didn't care."

Cottonseed cake for sale.
O'Bannon & Neuswanger. Phone 71. 29tf

The period of talk will doubtless be succeeded by quiet action. Words do very well for programs, and for the frames of action, but fulfillment comes in deeds. We have always been more or less a wordy people. We have indulged as a people, a penchant for orators. But we have discovered that it is mostly the silent men who do things, says Dearborn Independent. The old story about using so much steam in "the whistle that there is none left for the wheels, is more than humor—it is philosophy. It is mighty easy to create the world in a speech or reorganize society on paper. Men who actually put into practical operation the new thing, who prove its worth and get it established, may not go down in the list of world-producers, but they are the real statesmen.

Stock hogs wanted by the Nebraska Land Company. 103-4f

An enlisted man in the navy received second honors in a prize contest for the best essay on "Leadership," in a contest open to all from commander down to "gob." This recognition of right and merit, irrespective of rank, is one reason why the American army and navy are better than the best on the other side, where certain honors are shut out from the grasp of a man, however capable of earning them, because of his position in the social scale.

Ham and bacon, having succumbed to reason, wait patiently to resume their traditional companionship with the still aviating egg.

Clothes are now within the reach of all, but the consumer wants them handed to him.

Petticoats are cheaper, but it doesn't seem to do any good.

STORM BOUND
By LOUISE HOFFMAN.
(© 1929, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Gee! the wind's blowing 60 miles an hour and everything will be drifted full by morning," prophesied John Becklin as he came stamping into the kitchen after feeding the hens. "I thought I'd be blown away once or twice myself. I pity any one caught out in this storm tonight. Heard the 4:20 go up yet, mother?"

Mrs. Becklin, a remarkably trim, young looking woman to be the mother of such a stalwart looking son, was busy setting the table and alternately stirring creamed potatoes on the stove.

"No, John, I haven't heard a sound," she replied in a motherly tone. "But I thought I saw a sleigh with two come around the bend in the road a while ago. I've been watching every little while, but I haven't seen anything more of it."

She went to the window again. It was just dusk.

"Oh, John!" she exclaimed. "There is some one trying to get through the drifts by the old barn. There, the horse is down."

John Becklin came to the window and peered out into the fast deepening gloom.

"Why, it looks as though there was a woman in the sleigh. Too bad they've been caught out in this. But the drifts are soft yet, and maybe they'll pull through. I wonder who they are? They must be strangers, or they wouldn't attempt to drive through that spot."

"Well, the horse is up," announced Mrs. Becklin with relief, "but they are trying to make him go ahead. The next plunge and the poor animal will only go down again. Even if they do manage to get through this bank, they can't go on in this blow. It would be sure death, with night coming on, and it's growing colder every minute. Oh!" she gasped; "there goes the sleigh over. Mercy! I hope that poor woman isn't hurt!"

She turned.

"Where are you going, John?" she questioned as he began putting on his things.

"I'm going to take down the bars so that man can come through the field. He was gone, and the mother watched with keen anxiety as he battled against the fierce wind and whirling snow. Once he turned his back to catch his breath. Twice he sank out of sight, but finally succeeded in reaching the two weary travelers.

John directed the strangers through the perilous drifts into the open field and up to their barn, where the hired man took charge of the almost exhausted animal.

Mrs. Becklin ran to the kitchen door and threw it as hospitably wide as the storm would allow to welcome the strangers.

"Come in, come in out of this wind," she invited cheerfully. "You must be nearly frozen."

"Fortunately we both escaped, but such an experience!" returned a sweet young voice, as the man, divested of his furs, came into the living room.

"Myra," he gasped, gazing straight into her clear gray middle-aged eyes. "Is it possible?"

"Wilbur," breathed Mrs. Becklin, scarcely believing her eyes, "I—I thought you were in the West. And this," she paused gazing at the pretty blue-eyed girl.

"Is my daughter, Una," he said briefly. "And this lad to whom we are indebted for our escape is—"

"My son," returned Myra.

After a moment's silence, "If it were not for the children, we might think time had almost stood still," he murmured.

Over delectable creamed potatoes, sliced pink ham, hot rolls and coffee, Wilbur Norcross told how the urge to come East had been too strong for him. In the fall he had bought a small farm at Fallsburgh. His sister kept house while Una taught school in the old Everett district about five miles distant.

Myra nodded. She had heard about a Norcross family moving into the village.

As the weather looked promising and as it was Friday night he had started out to drive Una home.

For three days the travelers were storm-bound in the mountains. It was impossible to shovel out roads until the wind abated. During this time a friendship and intimacy sprang up, which ripened into something warmer, and when the storm had ceased and the roads were open, Myra and Wilbur told the children the same old ever new story. Years ago they had quarreled because Myra refused to live in the country.

"Such a silly thing," laughed Myra happily, "because I live on a farm now and love it, even to being storm-bound and cut off from civilization."

"We'll make it a delightful binding for life," added Wilbur.

John looked at Una.

"I guess we have something to confess, too. It's a pretty short courtship but—but Cupid has been flinging his darts around so lively he has struck us squarely, too."

"The second edition, bound for life," murmured Wilbur. Then with boyish enthusiasm: "Let's make it a double wedding."

And so it happened that in a few short weeks the neighbors nodded their heads and joyously announced the wedding. The young wife was lovely, but the old—well—they only

21.86 gallons of liquor left. At the present rate of stealage, this is supposed to last ten years.

fronted with the problem of decreasing taxes and at the same time providing more revenue.

no wild enthusiasm in that part of the population that is clamoring for clothing and shelter.

Cash Does This

It Lowers the Cost to the Consumer In An Amount He Can Appreciate

Look over these prices and see for yourself that we are making our word good—already we have made substantial reductions because

We Are on a Cash Basis Now

Read these quotations and then judge for yourselves. This is all high grade merchandise—the kind you want to eat.

Come In—Look Over Our Values Offered. Here Are Just a Few of Them:

CANNED FRUIT		FLOUR	
Tomatoes, large can	20c	Curtis' Best Flour, 48 pound sack	\$2.65
Tomatoes, small can	15c	Gooch's Pancake Flour per sack	46c
SOAP		BUTTER AND EGGS	
Pearl White Soap, 7 bars for	35c	Alliance Creamery Butter, per pound	49c
Borax Naphtha, White 7 bars for	35c	Fresh Eggs, per dozen	22c
P. & G. Naphtha, 4 bars for	30c	Potatoes, per bushel	75c
Coffee—Liberty Bell, per pound	32c	Peas, can	10c
Carnation Milk, large can	15c	Catsup, small	10c
Quart Jar of Jam, all flavors	52c	Macaroni, Spaghetti or Noodles	9c

These Are Our Regular Prices for Cash—Delivered. We Guarantee Anything From Our Store. If Not Satisfactory We Make it Good.

TOM STALOS

PHONE 753

117 BOX BUTTE

Saturday Meat Prices

Shoulder Pot Roast, per pound	15c
Chuck Roast, per pound	15c
Mutton Stew, per pound	10c
Shoulder Lamb, per pound	20c
Veal Stew, per pound	15c
Veal Roast, per pound	25c
Compound Lard, 3 pounds for	50c
Pure Lard, 5 pounds for	\$1.00
Soup Meat, per pound	10c
Beef Stew, per pound	15c
Rib Roast, standing, per pound	15c
Whole Rump Roast, per pound	15c
Scrapple, per pound	10c
Hamburger, per pound	15c
Pure Pork Sausage, per pound	25c
Corned Beef, per pound	29c
Bacon, per pound	29c
Swift's Sugar Cured Bacon, per pound	29c
Wonder Nut Margarine, per pound	30c
Chase & Sanborn Seal Coffee, per pound	50c
Fernell Coffee, 10 pound milk pails	\$4.50

Imported Roquefort Cheese—
—Chickens —Dill Pickles.

Fine Assortment of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. Cucumbers, Tomatoes, Cauliflower, Celery and Lettuce.

Mallery Grocery Co.

"Quality Grocers"

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Your Garden

Will be the most effective defense against the H.C.L.

Raising your own Vegetables is a healthy pleasure.

Good tools lighten the labor and make your garden work a real pleasure. We have a large stock of the necessary tools and can help you select just what you need.

Hoes, Rakes, Cultivators, Spading Forks, Garden Hose, Wheelbarrows, Watering Pots.

