

IRON BEDS



There is nothing so inviting as a white enameled bed after the glare of a summer's sun. There's a suggestion of coolness that makes you forget the worry of the outside world, and they help to make the ordinary bedroom attractive.

Beds exactly like the above cut

\$6.00

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Only a few of the Five Acre Tracts left and the last will be sold within thirty days as stated in former ad.

These tracts are on the Macadamized road and join the city limits.

Pure water and the best soil.

\$1500 per tract; 10 per cent down, balance at practically your own terms.

LA GRANDE Inv. CO.,
Foley Hotel Bld., La Grande

MAY LOSE LANDS.

Alleges that Evidence Supporting Patent is not "False and Fraudulent"

Charging that the land containing an operating copper mine and populated townsite at the time that F. E. Pearce secured it for agricultural purposes under the homestead laws, Assistant District Attorney Wyatt yesterday began action in the United States court to set aside the patent to 163.61 acres in Baker county, upon which the town of Homestead is situated, says the Oregonian.

The land was entered at the La Grande land office in 1903, and the government alleges that as early as 1900 the town contained two saloons, a hotel, a livery stable and two general stores. These improvements are alleged to be part of the equipment for the operation of the property of the Iron Dyke copper mine, located on the homestead.

When the mine was originally located, it was recorded in the county, as were a number of other claims in the copper belt. In 1903 Pearce is said to have appeared at the land office and offered his homestead filing making affidavit that the land was free from adverse rights and that it was more valuable for agriculture than for mineral.

Among the defendants are F. E. Pearce, the Iron Dyke Copper company, the Erie Trust company, Henry G. Fink, George B. Metcalf, Davenport Galbraith, A. L. Lurtze, C. M. Conrad, F. A. Breiviller, J. H. Pearson, G. W. McCarty, Zeno Denny, J. W. Beckham, Homestead Townsite Realty & Investment company, Mrs. C. M. Ballou and J. D. Evans.

Summons

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon of Union County. J. H. Hubbard, plaintiff, vs. Frank Hyde, defendant.

To Frank Hyde the above named defendant. In the name of the State of Oregon you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled action within six weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons and if you fail to so appear and answer for want thereof the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of \$170.00, together with costs and disbursements. And at the same time the plaintiff will take an order of the court to sell the property attached in the above entitled action to wit one note signed by Sarah E. Swallberg, and payable to the defendant for the sum of \$160.00 and to apply the proceeds of said sale to the payment of plaintiff's claim. This summons is published by order of the Hon. J. W. Knowles, Judge of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Union County which order was made and entered on the 2d day of May, 1910, and requires said summons to be published in the La Grande Weekly Observer once a week for six successive weeks. The date of the first publication of this summons is the 6th day of May, 1910.

EUGENE ASHWILL,
Attorney for Plaintiff

GOT THE EGGS FRESH

They Were Turtle Eggs and Agassiz Wanted Them.

A WILD RACE AGAINST TIME.

The Professor Had to Have the Eggs Before They Were Three Hours Old, and This is the Story of How the Hunter Made Good His Promise.

When Professor Louis Agassiz was writing a book on the turtles of the United States it became necessary for him to have some fresh turtle eggs. He engaged Mr. Jenks of Middleboro, about forty miles from Cambridge, to get them for him. Mr. Jenks promised that the eggs should be in Agassiz's hands before they were three hours old. Mr. Jenks, who told the tale to a writer in the Atlantic Monthly, had to wait by a certain pond for the turtles to come out and lay their eggs in the sand. Finally, after weeks of waiting, one morning about 4 o'clock a turtle crawled up the beach, partly buried herself in the soft sand and laid her eggs. Mr. Jenks went on to say:

As she did so the distant clock struck 4. There was no train till after 9, and the eggs must be in Cambridge in three hours.

I laid the eggs on a bed of sand in the bottom of my pail, filled in between them with more sand, so with another layer to the rim, and covering all over smoothly with more sand. I ran back for my horse. He knew as well as I that the turtle had laid and that he was to get those eggs to Agassiz.

I let him out. I shouted to him, holding to the dasher with one hand, the pail of eggs with the other, not daring to get off my knees, although the bang on them as we pounded down the wood road was terrific. We had nearly covered the distance to the pike when ahead of me I heard the sharp whistle of a locomotive.

With a pull that lifted the horse from his feet I swung him into a field and sent him straight as an arrow for the track.

By some stroke of luck I got on the track and backed off before the train hit my carriage. But the maneuver was successful, for the engineer stopped, and I swung aboard the cab—hatless, dew soaked, smeared with yellow mud and holding as if it were a baby or a bomb a little tin pail of sand.

"Throw her wide open," I commanded—"wide open!" These are fresh turtle eggs for Professor Agassiz of Cambridge. He must have them before breakfast.

The engineer and the fireman no doubt thought that I was crazy, but they let me alone, and the fast freight rolled in swiftly to Boston.

But misfortune was ahead. We slowed down in the yards and came to a stop. We were put on a siding to wait no one knew how long.

I suddenly jumped from the engine, slid over a high fence and bolted for the street. In the empty square stood a cab.

The cabman saw me coming. I waved a dollar at him and then another, dodged into the cab, slammed the door and called out: "Cambridge! Harvard college! Professor Agassiz's house! I've got eggs for Agassiz!" and I pushed another dollar up at him through the hole.

"Let him go!" I ordered. "Here's another dollar for you if you make Agassiz's house in twenty minutes!"

We flew to Cambridge. There was a sudden lurch, and I dived forward, rammied my head into the front of the cab and came up with a rebound that landed me across the small of my back on the seat and sent half of my pail of eggs helter skelter over the floor. But we were at Agassiz's house. I tumbled out and pounded the door.

"Agassiz!" I gasped when the maid came. "I want Professor Agassiz, quick!"

She protested that he was in bed and threatened the police. But just then a door overhead was flung open, a great, white robed figure appeared on the dim landing above, and a quick, loud voice called excitedly:

"Let him in! Let him in! I know him! He has my turtle eggs."

And the apparition, slipperless and clad in anything but an academic gown, came sailing downstairs. The great man, his arms extended, laid hold of me with both hands and, dragging me by my precious pail into his study, with a swift, clean stroke laid open one of the eggs as the watch in my trembling hands ticked its way to 7 as if nothing unusual were happening in the history of the world.

This Here Life.

This here life is so amazin'.
With the angels takin' notes:
When no Cain we air a-raisin'
We're a-bollerin' fer oats!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Pertinent.

Teacher—Now, boys, here's a little example in mental arithmetic. How old would a person be who was born in 1875?

Pupil—Please, teacher, was it a man or a woman?—Gentlewoman.

Free Watch and Diamond Ring

In order to increase our sales, save time and expense in calling on so many that already have pianos or if such a thing were possible, "Do not desire a piano," we offer to the person that will fill out the coupon below, and send or bring to us and as the result of which an instrument is sold; a seventeen-jewel Waltham watch; given to you in a beautiful gold case designed to suit you. Or by giving us the names of three persons who purchase, a beautiful diamond ring will be your reward. We want every family in Eastern Oregon to have a piano and to accomplish our aim we need your cooperation and so make this liberal offer. We set aside five per cent of our business to advertising and in this way you can work for us, and save us time and expense. This is not a lottery or a bogus coupon proposition where the prices are raised so as to allow the \$100 on the coupon. Nor is it necessary for you to draw a picture (you may not be an artist); but a legitimate proposition where you work for us.

Do you know of a person that contemplates purchasing an instrument? If so fill out the coupon and get a watch or ring.

We notify you at once if you send in a name that has already been turned in and give you the name of party that sent it.

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I believe is contemplating purchasing a piano. Please call on him, and on sale notify me and I will call and get order for ring or watch from local dealer. I will aid you in any way I can to make the sale.
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My son Rex was taken down a year ago with lung trouble. We doctored some months without improvement. Then I began giving Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed a change for the better. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks and now my son is perfectly well and works every day.

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