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Second Annual
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Round trip rate of one and one-third fare on the certificate plan will be made by the O. R. & N. and S. P. Co.'s. Tickets on sale May 29th to June 3d inclusive, good for return until June 10th.

Important subjects will be discussed including an address by a Special Representative of the United States Government.

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New Jewelry

I am daily receiving the latest designs in Spring and Summer Jewelry, which when added to my already large stock will give my patrons the best selection of any store in Eastern Oregon.

You can have your watch repaired in first-class shape for a less price that you can have it spoiled for elsewhere.

I have fitted eyes for twenty years and have been located here permanently for that time. You can ask any of my customers and they will tell you my glasses give perfect satisfaction. Everything that leaves this store is guaranteed to give you satisfaction.

J. H. Peare, La Grande's Leading Jeweler, Opposite Land Office

COUPLE TURNS A SURPRISE

HURRY MARRIAGE SCHEDULE TWO DAYS AND SURPRISE FRIENDS.

Lot Snodgrass and Miss Satterberg Married Last Evening Here.

Turning a neat surprise on their friends and relatives, L. L. Snodgrass and Miss Augusta Satterberg, lately of Minneapolis, were married last evening at 8 o'clock by Rev. Ford Ellis at the reverend's home on Washington avenue. As the wedding had been announced for tomorrow, the occasion was entirely a surprise to all but two or three who had been let in on the secret yesterday.

The bride is a sister of Mrs. S. H. Dalton of the Dalton Supply house, and since her arrival in the west from Minneapolis, has been staying at Pendleton a greater part of the time. While really a stranger here she has nevertheless moulded many warm friends who will be glad to know that she is to remain here permanently. The groom is the youngest son of Mrs. W. J. Snodgrass, and has grown up from childhood in La Grande. He is now holding the position of day clerk in the Sommer house where he circulates genial smiles to patrons of the hostelry.

"Lot" turned a surprise and is now squaring it with his many friends in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass will be at home in this city after a short wedding tour.

THE PASSING OF MURDOCK

By AINSWORTH RHODES

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"I have taken my life in my hands," said the western sheriff, "when there was every chance against me. I have shot down men in a fight or when I had them on the run, but the hardest job I ever had to do, the job against which my sensibilities most revolted, was in the killing of John Murdock, desperado. Murdock was far superior to the general run of outlaws. I don't know what made him such, but I always fancied he got started in by some unfortunate circumstance, such as killing some enemy illegally or being wrongfully accused. Be this as it may, he was physically a splendid specimen of a man, and I always thought that his distaste for the life he lived, to say nothing of his conscience, made him choose at last a speedy death in preference to prison walls. But the true cause he gave himself.

After a train robbery in Texas by a single masked man it was my duty to follow indications that he had left behind him and go in search of him. A man named Gilson told me that in passing through the chaparrals he had picked up articles to indicate that the robber had dropped them. There were pieces of torn letters and a gold chain. I felt sure from these finds that the robber after leaving the train had passed over this ground and that I

could track him. I started with Gilson, each of us being armed with a pair of revolvers and a Winchester. He took me to the place where he had picked up the chain and bits of letters, and we followed the trail. It consisted of bent grass through open ground and an occasional bit of paper dropped by the way. It seemed to me then and it seems strange now that the man should have been so careless. Gilson seemed to know instinctively the direction taken by the man we were following and led the way. He simply agreed to pilot me and forewarned me that he would do no shooting to kill unless it should be necessary in our defense. We traveled about six miles when we suddenly came upon a man with his back to us sorting out valuables. It was evident he was the man we were after. We had proceeded so silently that we had made no sound to indicate our approach. We got within easy shooting distance of him when we stopped, and I, drawing a bead on him with my Winchester, shouted:

"Hands up!" The man turned, rose and stood erect before us. He did not throw up his hands, but folded his arms. While turning he had seized a revolver in each hand, and they were now pointed in opposite directions, sidewise. He was six feet high and admirably proportioned. He looked me in the eye and said:

"I don't wish to add murder to my other crimes. They are many enough and black enough without my increasing them. They began by my being mistaken for another man, and they are to end on account of a letter recently received from my mother, who doesn't know what kind of a life I have been leading. If I die now she may never know. If I am jailed for a term of years she will likely know, and if I kill one of you men it will do me no good. I am not to be taken alive; therefore I would prefer that you should shoot me down here as I stand. Only I ask you to finish me with one shot. I am known as John Murdock. That's not my name, but my real name no man in the state knows. I'm ready. Fire at either my heart or my forehead and aim true."

As I stood there looking at this splendid specimen of a man calling on me to shoot him that his mother might not know what he was I realized more fully than ever before that man is a superior animal only in heredity and influence. This man who had been contemptible enough to rob defenseless men and women could stand up to be killed that he might save his mother the distress of knowing that the child she had borne and reared was a robber. Whatever of influence for good he had received as a child was telling how in trumpet tones. Had luck not been against him doubtless this influence would have been sufficient to make a fine man of him.

"You had better surrender," I said to him. "At any rate, I wish you would. I'm a sheriff, but I don't like the role of executioner!"

"No, I have made my peace. Several times since I was wrongfully made a felon I have exposed myself that my career would be finished by a bullet. I have no desire to live. I can't undo the past. I can't live a respectable life. I can't be a comfort to those who have loved me. You will be doing me a favor to kill me. But don't let your sympathies cause you to bungle. You know how to shoot straight. Put your bullet where it will do the job at once."

I wished I could turn the work over to Gilson. But it was my duty, not his. It must be done, and in mercy to the man I was to kill it should be done at once. He was nerved to meet his fate, and he would not wish to be unnerved by delay. Then I summoned my own nerve and did the job as a surgeon plunges a knife into a patient—swift and sure.

That was the last official act of mine as sheriff. I sickened of the duties and handed in my resignation with my report of this killing.

BRITISH NAVAL DRILL

Practice That Keeps the Crews In Fit Condition.

CLEARING SHIP FOR ACTION.

A Lively Time While the Decks Are Being Stripped of Everything That Would Impede the Fire of the Guns. Working the Torpedo Nets.

It is a little after two bells in the forenoon watch, or, in shore going talk, 9 a. m., and the officers and men of the battleship wear an expectant air. The ship's company is fallen in at stations for general exercise. The commander, surrounded by his staff—a midshipman, a bugler and the chief boatswain's mate—is standing on top of the after barrette. A kind of tense hush is over all hands and, indeed, over the rest of the squadron at anchor in the bay. It is a general drill morning, and the ships of the squadron are about to compete against each other

at various evolutions. On the after bridge the glasses of the signal boatswain and his yeomen are glued on the flagstaff. Presently a couple of gayly colored flags are hoisted at her main. Hardly have they left the rail when the signal boatswain spins round. "Signal's place net defense, sir," he cries. "Out nets!" bawls the commander. "Out nets!" shout the boatswain's mates. Instantly hordes of men dash at the neat roll of wire nets lying on the abelf round the ship and push it overboard. One edge being held in place, it unrolls as it falls, making a veil on the side. "Clear the net shelf!" The men vanish. "Man the purchase!" Somewhere above a bugle blows out a "G."

The marines, handling large bearing out spars, shove the upper ends of the booms, from which the nets hang, outboard. They revolve slowly about their lower ends, which are near the water line and, hauled by the steam capstan on one side and the seamen on the purchase on the other, extend themselves at right angles to the hull. "Break!" bellows the commander, and a signalman jerks the halyards. A red, white and blue pendant, hitherto waiting in a ball at the topsail yardarm, breaks from its confinement and floats out on the breeze, announcing to all and sundry that the ship has finished the evolution and is now protected from torpedo attack by her crinoline of nets. "First ship, sir," reports the signal boatswain, and the men, once more at their general stations, grin contentedly and make contemptuous comments on the struggles of the remainder of the fleet. There is a short pause till these are ended; then another hoist rises from the flagstaff's bridge. "In nets!" is the order, and the ship's company is once more galvanized into action. Amid a scene of orderly confusion the huge booms return to position, shut back against the ship's side, the brails which pass beneath the nets every few yards are manned, all hands haul with a will, the mass of steel meshes is rolled up and secured on its shelf, and the bright pendant at the topsail yardarm is again broken by the signalman.

A short "Stand easy!" follows, soon ended by another signal. "Clear for action!" To the mind of the bewildered spectator pandemonium follows. But it is only in appearance. Each man knows what he has to do and does it. Under the onslaught of the seamen davits, stanchions, rails, stovepipes—in fact, all things that can possibly restrict the fire of the guns—disappear with a rapidity that gives the impression of their being mowed down; skylights are masked by steel hatches, boats are turned in and secured, and in two or three minutes the decks are stripped bare and the men again fall in, awaiting the order to replace gear. This done—a longer job, but still accomplished with celerity—the last and most exciting signal of the forenoon appears—"Away all boats' crews; pull round the fleet!"

The men tumble into their boats at the davits, the lowerers pay out the falls, and in a few moments the cutters, whalers, gigs and galleys are pulling for dear life, a midshipman in charge of each. On the after bridge the commander, waving two small hand flags which control the huge steam derrick, is lifting the pinnace and launch from the boat deck and depositing them in the water. Men drop into them, double and treble banking the long oars, and soon these are pounding after the lighter boats.

The evolution is a race, ship against ship. Who will have the first boat back? Who will have all boats back and hoisted first? Midshipmen, probably with bets on the matter, are urging their crews on. Every man is putting his back into it for the honor of his ship. Telescopes watch progress from all the vessels of the fleet. Here comes the galley—the captain's boat, manned by a picked crew and dancing through the water under the long sweeping strokes of the oars—first boat back. Again the tricolor pendant flies out, and the captain's "doggie" (midshipman) climbs out of the galley's stern sheets, beaming all over his boyish countenance.

The boats are hoisted as they return, the men left on board manning the falls and running away with them to the sound of the ship's band playing on the shelter deck. Presently all is square again. The boatswain's mates pipe "Hands carry on smoking!" The forenoon's drills are over, and officers and men alike are in good humor, proud of the final signal received from the all powerful flagstaff: "Evolutions smartly performed."—London Globe.

Hughes' Rise In Five Years

FIVE years ago a comparatively unknown lawyer, today selected a member of the highest judiciary body in the land—this is the span crossed in that time by Charles Evans Hughes, governor of New York, who will resign that of

lice to take on Oct. 10 the place in the United States supreme court made vacant by the death of Justice Brewer. "Hughes? Who is Hughes?" people were inquiring when he first came into prominence. The country quickly found out, his work filling columns in the press of the nation, and he has been talked of frequently as a strong candidate for the presidency. Up to 1905 he was little known outside of New York city. He had never been a politician. He had never joined in campaign work. He was simply a hard headed, hardworking lawyer of moderate practice.

In that year came the gas investigation in New York. The legislature decided to look into the charges of extortion by the gas and electric lighting companies, and the committee appointed employed Mr. Hughes for its legal inquisitor. The results were astounding—to the gas companies. Next came the life insurance scandal. Again this hardworking, clear brained lawyer who had so great a genius for figures was called to the task. Again the results were astounding. Just as the insolently inclined gas barons had been taken down by this keen minded lawyer, just so the haughty life insurance magnates were humbled. These investigations attracted worldwide attention, and the work made Mr. Hughes a figure of national prominence. After

the nomination of William R. Hearst for the governorship by the Independence league and the Democratic party the nomination of Mr. Hughes was urged as the only chance of a Republican victory in the state. Mr. Hughes accepted the nomination and was elected.

After his election Governor Hughes made a state issue of the question of race track gambling and secured the passage of laws prohibiting it. He also obtained a law creating the public service commissions. He was re-elected in 1908 after a campaign in which he was opposed by Lieutenant Governor Lewis Stuyvesant Chanler. The principal reform advocated by Governor Hughes during his second term was the system of direct nominations.

And now as to Hughes the man and his early career. The governor in appearance is not robust. He is about five feet ten inches in height, with a slight but well proportioned figure. His forehead, which is high and rather narrow, indicates intellectuality in a high degree. His blue eyes are wide apart and deep set. He has a trick of allowing the lids to drop until they half cover the eyeball, which gives him an expression of anything but alertness. At the same time he devitalizes his features in the same manner adopted by a poker player who wishes to hide his emotions. His mouth is large, and his lips are full, and behind them are large, regular white teeth shaded by a heavy mustache and short, thick beard.

Mr. Hughes graduated from Brown university in 1881 and, inclined to enter the field of education, made many applications for the position of teacher in various institutions of learning. For a year he taught Greek and mathematics at the Delaware academy in Delhi, N. Y., and then in 1882 went to New York and entered the Columbia Law school, from which he was graduated in June, 1884, and was admitted to the bar that same year. He taught law at Cornell university from 1891 to 1893 and then began to practice law in New York city. He was senior member of the firm of Hughes, Rounds & Schurman when he first ran for governor.

In his first campaign Mr. Hughes was only a moderately good speaker. Now he is regarded as one of the ablest, most effective speakers in public life. His one hobby is the law. He can get endless amusement out of wrestling with intricate legal problems. Those who know him intimately say he is one of the soundest lawyers in the country.

California Apricots
 California Cherries
 Home grown Berries, 15 cents per box
 Wax and Green Beans
 New Potatoes

Royal Grocery
 AND
Bakery.