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C. W. BAKER.

HOT LAKE ITEMS OF INTEREST

MANY LA GRANDE PEOPLE VISIT SANATORIUM

Notables from Out or County Also
Guests at the Institution.

Hot Lake, July 16.—Special.—Hot Lake was the objective point of several La Grande people the past few days. Yesterday Mrs. W. H. Bohnenkamp and son Lynn, and Mrs. H. C. Grady escorted their guests from Carroll, Iowa, to the lake and spent the day here. The guests are Mrs. Swender and Mrs. A. S. Knipper, both of Carroll, Iowa. Last evening the "Big Four" of La Grande registered here between trains. They were Misses Leon Wade, Virginia Wade, Pearl Murphison and Miss Edgers.

Joseph Palmer and wife are guests at the lake as host and hostess to Mrs. Palmer's brother, Dr. Hoops and son. The junior Hoops is physical director of a large institution of learning in Philadelphia.

John Durham, a pioneer hotel proprietor of Echo, is at the Lake today. Prof. H. Derregoux, for the past few months leader of the band at Union, has accepted a position as band master of the Hot Lake band.

E. H. S. Mulder, county auditor of Centralia, who has been touring Europe and also visited the canal zone, is here the guest of Doctor Phy. Mr. Mulder was steward at Hot Lake about five years ago and is much delighted at the improvements that have been carried out here since he was a regular member of the staff.

HORSE SWAPPING

In the Good Old Days It Was
Sport, Not Commercialism.

A MAN TOOK A CHANCE THEN.

He Didn't Ask For a Written Guarantee That the Animal Was Sound, and if He Got Stuck He Bided His Time to Pass Along the Prize.

"I have been reading that David Harum story," said the ancient liveryman when his cronies were comfortably seated in his little office. "A friend told me that story was the last word on horse trading, but the man who wrote it didn't understand the spirit of the game at all. David Harum would have been skinned out of his teeth if he had blown into any western town in the palmy days of horse trading twenty-five or thirty years ago."

"I tell you, my friends, all the dead game sports are asleep with their fathers. Nobody is willing to take a chance nowadays. If a man buys a cigar he wants a bill of sale with it. The other day a cheap skate pestered me a whole afternoon talking about buying a horse. He tried out all the nags in the barn and finally decided that the glass-eyed bay would suit him. And he actually wanted a written guarantee that the horse was sound! A written guarantee! No, gentlemen, I am not joking. That bald-headed travesty on a man actually asked for such a document. I regarded it as an insult, and after I had rebuked him they had to pour four buckets of water over him before he recovered."

"In the good old days horse trading was a game, not a commercial transaction. If a man wasn't willing to take the chances when he went trading he was advised to try some other line of business. Many and many a time I had the harpoon administered to me. One day Major Charlie Slaughter drove to my barn."

"I have quite a neat package of horseflesh here," said the major, "and I have a sort of presentiment that he can travel a few lines when the wind is blowing in the right direction."

"His horse was a handsome roan, a regular peacock for style, with his head away up in the air so you'd need a stepladder to see if he had a star on his forehead. And the way he hit the road was a sin. Talk about galloping horses! That roan handled his legs as though he had taken sparring lessons. Now, my weak point in the horse business is that when I want a certain nag the worst way I can't conceal the fact. I just can't sleep or eat my victuals until that horse is in my barn with a new halter on him. The major was wise to my weakness."

"It's no use, Jake," says the major. "This boss isn't on my swapping list. Every roan hair on him just suits me, and I'd be a chump to let him go."

"Well, of course I got the roan all

right. The major was just bluffing. And I gave him the biggest trade you ever heard of—gave him a matched team and several bills for that gaudy roan. And when I took the roan to the water trough for a drink I found that he couldn't lower his head. He had to carry it about ten feet in the air all the time, owing to some injury in his neck. He had to eat his flaked rice off a shelf and drink from a garden hose, and a man needed an aeroplane to put a bridle on him."

"Did I raise a fuss with the major? What sort of skate do you take me for? Next time I met him I told him I liked the roan better than any horse I ever saw. 'He isn't always rooting in the ground like a pig,' said I, 'and if you had told me about his patent dirigible neck I'd have given you \$10 more.' We were sports in those days."

"One time the veterinary surgeon told me about a fine trotting horse in a town some distance away which had been deprived of its tail by a surgical operation. I went and looked at the horse. He was a perfect beauty and could trot like an avalanche. But he had just a stump of a tail, and the owner was ashamed to drive him, so I bought the critter for a song. I went to a lot of trouble having a tail made for him. It was a beautiful, flowing tail, a credit to the hairdresser's art. It was fixed to slip over the horse's stub tail and was then fastened to the crupper of the harness, and a man needed good eyes to see that it wasn't the real thing."

"The major had poor eyes, and when I took him for a drive behind that black trotter he simply had to be tied down to the seat he was so excited. He said he'd always wanted a horse with a tail like that. He had his own weakness. He couldn't pretend indifference when he wanted a thing the worst way, and he wanted that horse so bad that his hair was falling out. After a great deal of deliberation I issued my ultimatum."

"I'll give you the horse, harness and buggy just as they stand," said I, "for your sorrel three-year-olds and \$50." Either of the sorrels was worth a herd of horses like the black.

"It's a trade," cried the major. "Next morning the major came around to my barn all smiles. 'Ever since I was a child and quit playing with a rattle,' says he, 'I have wanted a horse with a detachable tail—a tail that a man could take off and use as chin whiskers at a masked ball. I just called to pay you another 50 cents, so that when I meet you after this you can't say I took advantage of you in our trade yesterday.'"

"Oh, there were real sports in those days."—Walt Mason in Chicago News.

USE FEET AS HANDS.

A Custom Somewhat Common Among the Yellow Races.

A French savant, M. Lannelongue, in a communication to the Paris Academy of Sciences maintains that among the yellow races, the Chinese, the Japanese and the Malays, the foot is used as an organ of prehension, like the hand, to a far greater extent than is generally supposed. He says that while in Tokyo he saw a young man sitting in a theater box grasping the rail with his feet just as though they were hands, ever and anon using his right foot to scratch his left thigh. The fact that the Japanese usually sit on their heels at meals and in the house develops extreme suppleness and mobility in the feet and toes, and the prehensive function is still further encouraged by the fact that the Japanese who adhere to the ancient customs wear forked stockings and dispense with the indelible and constraining European shoe.

Chinese postmen navigate their boats lying down, steering with their hands and rowing with their feet. The oars lie held between the big toe and the others. The natives frequently use their feet to collect and to pick up small objects lying on the ground, and sometimes even catch mice with their toes. M. Lannelongue holds that the yellow races, who are able to use their feet somewhat as the elephant uses his trunk or the monkey his tail, enjoy a very considerable advantage in the everlasting struggle for existence over the less fortunate Caucasians, who are able to employ their feet only for locomotion purposes.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rebuked.

Hoffman, the German physicist, arrived in Glasgow late one Saturday night and on Sunday morning went to call on Lord Kelvin. The doorbell was answered by a woman servant, whom Hoffman asked if Sir William was at home.

The servant answered, "Sir, he most certainly is not."
Hoffman then asked, "Could you tell me where I could find him?"
"Sir," she answered, "you will find him at church, where you ought to be!"

She Did Hate Smoking.

Henry M. Stanley once had an experience which shows how a hatred of tobacco is apt to swamp the finer feelings. In 1882, when staying at Brooklyn, N. Y., he notes in his diary: "Boarding with Judge X. Judge drunk. Tried to kill his wife with hatchet. Attempted three times. I held him down all night. Next morning, exhausted, lighted cigar in parlor. Wife came down and insulted and raved at me for smoking in her house."

THE CLIMBERS.

What Social Eminence Costs the Commoner in England.

My father was a laborer, and I am a lord.

When education was reserved for the rich they do not seem to have availed themselves greatly of the advantage. For many of the important discoveries, inventions and improvements we owe to the sons of the poor, and few of the celebrated writers, musicians or artists were sons of the rich.

The education I received at the public expense enabled me to obtain employment which afforded opportunities for advancement, and eventually I amassed a vast fortune.

"Society" has its scouts. They are the connecting links between the unimportant rich and the impecunious "great."

The wife of a fashionable artist sought our acquaintance. My portrait, which her husband painted, cost 1,000 guineas, but at their house we met the peevish to whose not disinterested negotiations I owe my knight-hood.

That step up the social ladder cost some £20,000.

A philanthropic duchess came forward next to welcome us on the way. Her public benefactions and her private bills relieved me of a further large amount, but to compensate for this we were introduced to "society." I was elected to several clubs, and vouchers for the "royal inclosure" were accorded to us.

An impecunious but important politician later procured for me a baronetcy—for a consideration, part of which was for the purposes of the government and part he retained for himself. He is an inveterate opponent of corruption in municipal corporations.

There appears to be no inclination to interfere with free trade in titles, for subsequently I was offered, and I accepted, a peerage in return for a substantial contribution to the funds of the party.

Ability, industry and enterprise made me rich. Bribery has made me respected.

Without fees to the fashionable I should be still but a local celebrity, severely ignored by the neighboring magnates. Directly and indirectly it has cost me some £200,000 to attain social respectability.—London Truth.

A BOSTON LANDMARK.

The Grasshopper Weather Vane Perched atop Faneuil Hall.

Perched on the cupola of Faneuil hall is a grasshopper weather vane which is not only one of the oldest vanes in the country, but is famous as the product of one of America's earliest woodcarvers and artisans, Shem Drowne of Boston.

Drowne's shop was on Ann street in the north end.

Of the many vanes he made only three are now known to be in existence—the one on the Shepard Memorial church in Cambridge, which formerly was on the steeple of the New Brick church on Hanover street in this city and known as the revenge vane; the one in the collection of the Massachusetts Historical society, a relic of the old Boston province house, and the one on Faneuil hall.

This grasshopper of copper, hammered out by hand, has large glassy eyes, which in the sunlight shine like fire. It was made in 1742 at the order of Peter Faneuil when the hall, his gift to the town, was nearing completion.

It has not, however, lived a life of unbroken peace, for several times it has been near destruction. In 1755, when Boston was shaken by an earthquake, the vane fell to the ground, but after being supplied with a new leg by the son of the man who made it it was replaced.

Five years later Faneuil hall was seriously damaged by fire, but the vane remained intact, and when the hall was rebuilt the grasshopper was once more given the place of honor.

Another disaster befell it when in 1889 a flag was being raised to celebrate the anniversary of the evacuation of the city by the British. The hooper hopped to the street below. But in a few days it hopped right back again, and there it has remained ever since, with the exception of an occasional removal for repairs.—Boston Globe.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been appointed administrator of the estate of H. D. Cogger, deceased, and any person having any claims against said estate will file same, properly verified, with Wm. B. Sargent at his office in La Grande, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

Dated La Grande, Oregon, July 14, 1910.

RICHARD COGER,
Administrator.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon and Union County.

Maude St. Johns, Plaintiff, vs. Frank St. Johns, Defendant.

To Frank St. Johns, 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 court and suit on or before the expiration of the time prescribed in the order directing the publication hereof, to-wit: six consecutive weeks from the date of the first publication of this summons which is June 14th, 1910, and if you fail to appear, answer or otherwise plead within said time, the plaintiff will ask the Court for a decree dissolving the bonds of matrimony heretofore and now existing between this plaintiff and this said defendant and awarding the plaintiff an absolute decree of divorce. This summons is published in the La Grande Evening Observer, a daily newspaper printed and published in La Grande, Union County, Oregon, by virtue of an order of the Honorable J. W. Knowles, Judge of the above entitled court, made and entered on the 11th day of June, 1910.

COCHRAN & COCHRAN,
Attorneys for Plaintiff.

June 14-21-28, July 5-12-19-26.

Notice of Final Account.

Estate of John Blevins, deceased. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the estate of John Blevins, deceased, has filed his final account in the county court of the state of Oregon for Union county, and that the County Judge has appointed August 5th, 1910, at 10 a. m., at the county court room in La Grande in said county and state as the time and place to hear objections to said final account and for the consideration thereof.

This the 2nd day of July, 1910.
H. E. BLEVINS,
Administrator.

Notice of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that Ovanda M. Noyes, Administratrix of the estate of David Hawes, deceased, has filed in the county court of Union County, Oregon, her final account in the matter of the said estate and the County Court has appointed Tuesday, the 2d day of August, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the Court House in La Grande, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated this 2nd day of July, 1910.
OVANDA M. NOYES,
Administratrix of the estate of David Hawes, deceased.

Notice of Final Account

Notice is hereby given that Ovanda M. Noyes, Administratrix of the estate of David Hawes, deceased, has filed in the county court of Union County, Oregon, her final account in the matter of the said estate and the County Court has appointed Tuesday, the 2d day of August, 1910, at the hour of ten o'clock a. m. at the Court House in La Grande, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing of objections to such final account and the settlement thereof.

Dated this 1st day of July, 1910.
OVANDA M. NOYES,
Administratrix of the estate of David Hawes, deceased.

St. Helens Hall

Portland, Oregon
Resident and Day School for Girls under care of Sisters of St. John Baptist (Financial College), Academic and Elementary Departments, Astoria, Oregon. (Admission to the school is open to all girls over 14 years of age and well recommended. The number is limited to 25. Application should be made early.) Address: The Sister Superior, P.O. Box 25, St. Helens, Wash. Terr.

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