

County Court Proceedings.
Bills audited and allowed by the board of county commissioners at the August term, 1910.

General Fund.

Name. For what allowed Amt.	
Emil Niederer, services as Janitor, July, 1910	\$50.00
John McRae, services as stock inspector, July	25.00
L. Stilwell, services as fruit inspector, July	88.00
N. Mollitor, services as secretary county board of health	8.92
M. K. Hall, services as county physician	25.00
Boys & Girls Aid Society, allowance for July, 1910	10.00
Jos. S. Smith, supt. poor farm, July, 1910	85.99
Geo. Hammell, work on poor farm	52.00
W. T. Stein, services as deputy assessor	60.00
Ruth Bush, work in school superintendent's office	22.50
F. P. Childers, prisoners' board for July, 1910	7.12
Exchange Livery, livery hire as per bill	5.00
Henry Chambers, caring for Gilles, pauper	15.00
N. K. West, mdse. for court	

house	2.16
Cherry's New Laundry, laundry as per bill	3.25
B. Fenton, serving subpoenas State vs. Graham	2.80
Henry & Carr, mdse as pr bill	13.65
J. G. Snodgrass, groceries for poor farm	32.75
Hill Drug Store, drugs as per bill	4.45
Newlin Book & Stationary Co. mdse as per bill	17.10
J. J. Quinland, repairs at poor farm	6.00
La Grande Observer, printing as per bill	48.25
Home Ind. Tele Co., phone rent as per bill	13.05
E. O. Light & Power Co., lights as per bill	6.80
City of La Grande, water rent for July, 1910	17.60
Tom Brasher, services as deputy assessor	132.00
Glass & Prudhomme Co., mdse as per bill	26.00
Scout Pub. Co., printing as per bill	6.00
Pac. Tel. & Tel. Co., phone rent as per bill	16.00
W. A. Maxwell, coroners' fees Dean et al, inquest	6.00
Alex Slater, Cons. fees. Dean et al, inquest	6.00

C. E. Sherman, witness, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
Virgil Zumwalt, witness fees, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
N. Schoonover, witness fees, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
J. M. Johnson, Juror, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
J. W. Minick, Juror, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
F. A. Bidwell, Juror, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
R. L. McMillan, Juror, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
B. W. Bates, Juror, Dean et al, inquest	1.70
W. A. Maxwell, J. P. & Const. fees, State vs. Wheeler	14.50
W. A. Maxwell, J. P. & Const. fees, State vs. Smith	14.50
J. A. Graybeal, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	28.40
J. A. Graybeal, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	6.00
James McClure, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	28.60
C. H. Hill, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	31.20
James Peach, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	16.40
C. Forstrom, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	6.20
Geo. E. Becker, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	30.60
Henry McColdrick, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	5.40
R. A. Hug, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	32.00
Wm. Siegrist, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	3.20
J. A. Masterson	16.20
Lee Humphrey, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	12.60
Dexter Eaton, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	33.60
T. D. Todd, Juror, Cir. Ct. June term, 1910	32.60

(To be Continued.)

STIMSON-CONOVER
By MARTHA V. MONROE
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One night a man was brought before the sergeant at the desk in a police court charged with burglary.

"Hello, Stimson," said the sergeant. "You turned up again? I haven't seen you for so long that I thought you'd reformed."

"I'm not Stimson," replied the man, who was dressed in working costume, "and I've never been here before."

"Take him in."

The next morning the case came up before the court. There had been a burglary in Ben Warfield's store. Warfield had entered his place of business with a light and cornered a man robbing his cash drawer. The robber knocked him down and ran. The storekeeper got up, followed, called a policeman, and together they made chase. Warfield in court testified that while in pursuit of the fugitive he had turned and walked toward them. Undoubtedly knowing he would be captured, he hoped to go by them unrecognized. But Warfield had got a good look at him in his store by the light he carried and knew him at once. The rest of the evidence against the prisoner was furnished by a picture in the rogues' gallery which, though it was not a flattering likeness, was near enough like him, taken with Warfield's evidence, to convict him.

The prisoner claimed that he was John Conover, a workman in a foundry. His employer's superintendent was called to the stand and testified that the man, under the name of Conover, had gone to work for the concern a week before, claiming that he had not been employed for some months. That was all the witness knew about him.

Being an old offender, Stimson was sent to the penitentiary for seven years. Before he started his wife came to see him, acting hysterically and declaring that she and her children were starving. This only confirmed the verdict, though it excited sympathy. No one ever heard of Stimson having had a wife and family. But the case was decided, and there is too much work before the courts except in the cases of those who have money to pay lawyers and costs for a little matter like that to attract even attention.

One night three years later a man was brought into the same sergeant as had received Stimson, whereupon the sergeant, who was a facetious man, said:

"Hello, Stimson! You here again? I haven't seen you for so long that I thought you'd reformed."

"I'm not Stimson. My name's Conover."

"Well, I like that. I'd know that mug of yours among a thousand. We've got you in the gallery. But what did you say about being—"

"Conover?"

"Yes—Conover. It seems to me the name's familiar. Now I remember all about it. The last time you came in here you tried the racket of mistaken identity; said your name was Conover. But hold on. You were sent up for seven years. You couldn't get out this early on good behavior. When did you break jail?"

"Sergeant," said the prisoner, changing his tone, "I was clingin' to a straw, and that remarkable memory of yours has broke it. Three years ago you sent up an innocent man who looked like me, and this time I was thinkin' I might possibly get off by claimin' to be him. But it won't work."

The sergeant looked at the man, greatly puzzled.

"Did you do the burglary Conover was sent up for?" he asked.

"Yes, I done it. They chased me, and all of a sudden I heered 'em stop. The next day I sor in the crim news in the paper that a bloke as looked like me was took. He's doin' my time now. If you wasn't on to it I'd 'a' tried to prove I was him. No credit to the way you cops work things that I didn't. Your memory floored me."

The real Stimson went up, and in time the real Conover came down. One night he walked into the station and stood before the sergeant. He was not recognized. Maddened by his imprisonment for an offense he had not committed, deprived of the power to work for his wife and children, he had attempted to escape, was caught and had been treated with unusual severity. No wonder the sergeant didn't know him. He had aged in appearance twenty years.

"Who are you?" asked the sergeant.

"John Conover."

Used as he was to the hard side of life, the sergeant started.

"Are you sure I'm not Stimson?"

"I had nothing to do with your case; the court did it. You were unfortunate in looking like a jailbird."

"I came to say that while I've been in jail my two little ones have died for want of proper attention. My wife still lives. If this were not so you would go after my children."

The man walked out, and the sergeant wiped the sweat from his brow with his coat cuff. He knew by Conover's look that only a life stood be-

tween him and death.

The next day Conover walked into Warfield's store. Warfield, bearing a footstep behind him, turned. He had heard of his mistake and was brooding upon it at the time; otherwise he would not have known this ghost of Conover.

A few minutes later a clerk found Warfield on the floor in a fit. No one was with him, and he never told who had been with him.

The Music Was Fatal.
A New York politician once found it necessary to attend an entertainment at an orphan's home and he was having a bad time of it. The selection by the boys' band was particularly distressing. Turning to a friend the politician said with a shudder, "No wonder they are orphans."—Success Magazine.

Multiplication.
I had a little secret,
And it just belonged to me.
But Betsey Morris stayed all night,
And as we watched the fading light
It slipped out ere I knew 'twas gone
As slyly as could be.
And now my little secret
That I guarded faithfully
Belongs to Betsey, Morris, too,
The whole wide town—and me.
—St. Nicholas.

The Only Way.
"Why did he leave all his money to the black sheep of the family?"
"He said the other children were too good to go to jail."
"Well?"
"And he wanted to fix it so the black sheep would be too rich."—Kansas City Journal.

What He Got.
Each night ere his coming
He sent her a lot
Of candy tied up
With a true lover's knot.
And then when he thought
He'd perfected a hit
He asked her, and all
He got back was a "Nt!"
—Houston Post.

Something Appropriate.
"See my new canoe?" said the boat enthusiast. "I haven't christened it yet. I want something neat and appropriate to paint on its bows."
"I suppose it must be short."
"Not necessarily."
"How would 'This Side Up With Care' do?"—Washington Star.

Like the Trip?
Pretty good weather to sail to the pole
On an iceberg, broad and high,
With icy dreams for to cool your soul
'Neath an icicle bordered sky.
But over and over the task to do,
For the bread that's life to the land and you,
And never a vision of rest in view
Till time for the last "Goodbye!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

Needed in New York.
Briggs—I see now they have a company to operate a line of flying machines across the English channel.
Griggs—That's a good idea. Let's hope that some day we will have a line across Broadway.—Town and Country.

Humor and Philosophy
By SUNCAN K. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

SUCCESS seems to justify the means. Still, you occasionally meet a man who feels like keeping the means out of sight.

Blessed are the uses of adversity and we piously hope that our enemies only may enjoy them.

It takes herculean efforts to raise a man, but most any old chump can pull him down.

We can run away from our plain duty, but consequences have an extremely ugly way of hunting us up and driving us into a corner.

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SOUTHERN HEAD
RICE

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ON THE MARKET
SNODGRASS

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Cut Glass and Hand Painted China

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I will Save You Money.

J. H. Peare, La Grande's Leading Jeweler,
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THIS SPACE TAKEN BY
M. & M. CO.

An Indian can be happy without a Piano. But who wants to be an Indian?

STEINWAY, LUDWIG, KERTZMANN, A. B. CHASE and CONOVER Pianos for sale by

J. T. Scott

Waiting Their Turn.
"They tell me that in some restaurants they serve rabbit for chicken."
"That is true."
"And squirrel for rabbit."
"Very likely."
"And what is the substitute for squirrel?"
"There is none. But never fear but something will be found should they become popular as an article of diet."

Place of Honor.
"I suppose you are the head of your own house?"
"You bet! I am president of the matrimonial firm."
"And your wife?"
"Hub! She's only the cashier."

Insurmountable Objection.
"How do you like your new boss?"
"All right but for one thing."
"What's that?"
"He is the boss."



Both Rich.
"What are you making?"
"Failures. What are you?"
"Same thing."

Difference in Feeling.
"When I grow up to be a man,"
Said little Willie Jones,
"I'm going to be a president.
I feel it in my bones."
"When you grow up to be a man,"
Said little Tommy Brown,
"I think I feel it in my bones.
That they will turn you down."

MINCED SEA CLAMS

Being nothing but clean white meat of the famous razor clams and not adulterated in any manner.

Positively no sand in these Clams.

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We solicit your orders for Shingles, Rubberoid Roofing Deadening Felt, Building Paper.

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Why invest in foreign cities and wireless stock, when you have a sure thing at home?

See C. J. BLACK,
who has a large list of money makers.