LOCAL ITEMS.

C. E. Rush of Baker City, is staying at the Foley.

R. S. McAllister and wife of Logan, are staying at the Foley.

R. M. Rogers of Enterprise, was registered at the Savoy last evening.

J. W. Vickers of Kamela is a Savoy hotel guest today.

Mrs. Kunana of Joseph, stayed at the Savoy last evening.

Mrs. B. A. Reynolds was registered at the Foley. Her home is in Enterprise.

George W. Wyatt, wife and children of Enterprise, were at the Foley yesterday evening.

Fred J. Holmes, manager of the M & M. Company, has gone to Canada to look after his land interests there.

Mrs. T. White of North Powder, is a guest at the Savoy while staying in La Grande.

Martin Anderson an old-time Conductor of Pendleton, located at Pendleton, is here visiting friends and staying at the Foley.

G. C. Growing of Joseph, stayed at the Foley yesterday evening while waiting for his train to take him to Seaside.

C. E. Jones, wife and children and N. S. Jones and children, of Heppner, are in the city today. They are stopping at the Foley.

Mrs. James Spence arrived last evening from Wenaha Springs, to visit with her husband, circulation manager of the Observer.

Mrs. Jess Paul has gone to Baker City to visit with her sister, Mrs. David Eccles. A daughter was born yesterday to Mr. and Mrs. Eccles.

Fred Geible left last evening with the excursion party for Seaside and Portland. At the latter place he will look after business matters.

Clint Van Fleet arrived home this morning from an extended tour of California. He spent most of his time at San Francisco.

Mrs. John Prescott of Portland is expected to arrive tonight or tomorrow morning and go from here to the George Carpy camp at Rondowa.

Mrs. J K Romig and daughter of Baker City, were in the city yesterday visiting friends. Mrs. Romig was a resident of La Grande when her husband conducted a grocery store here.

C. E. Porter, district manager for the Pacific telephone company, transacted business in the city last evening and conferring with local Manager C. B. Clark.

S. F. Wilson and his partner in business, T. H. Beverley, both of Athena, are here today looking after business matters and attending to political fences relative to the coming primary vote.

O. R. Coolidge has just completed a painting and tinting job for the La Grande hospital. The work has been neatly done and adds much to the appearance of the interior of the hospital.

Ujiro Oyama, acting Japanese consul at the Portland consulate is in La Grande today, the guest of Frank and Charles Mizoguchi. He is taking a pleasure trip through Eastern Oregon and will visit the Japanese colonies at Union and Elgin before returning to his post.

J. M. Sullins, forest supervisor for the Wenaha forest reserve, with headquarters at Walla Walla, is here today, having returned from the scene of the several fires in the Blue Mountains. He is now headed for fires near the Looking Glass.

G. A. E. Bond, assistant secretary for the Spokane apple show, is here today, conferring with local applemen and the commercial club directors. It is likely that a meeting will be held tonight by the club directors to outline some plan for having an exhibit at the apple show in Spokane.

Ad Gilman, formerly assistant postmaster, here, but more recently located at Seattle, arrived in La Grande this morning to visit his brother, J. B. Gilham, and his sister, Mrs. H. C. Rinehart. He is quite ill and has come to La Grande in hopes of improvement to his health.

Mrs. A. Hall of Portland and Mrs. Jack Oliver of La Grande, sister of Dr. L. K. Blackstone, who have been visiting at his home, left for their homes yesterday. —Pendleton East-Oregonian.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Dupes of La Grande, are staying at the Oregon.—Portland Oregonian.

C. W. Parish of the Eastern Oregon Light and Power company leaves tonight for La Grande to look over irrigation matters—Baker City Herald.

Through a night letter received yesterday Attorney Charles H. Carter has at last ascertained that his partner, Dan P. Smythe, who has been in the Hot Springs sanatorium in Washington since his railroad accident a few weeks ago, was removed from that institution Friday just before its destruction by forest fires. He is now at the Hotel Butler in Seattle, under the care of Dr. Kloeber, and is improving as rapidly as could be expected.—Pendleton East Oregonian.

A McCaskey account register for sale, reasonable. C. E. Suydam.

A Hall safe in good condition. A bargain if taken at once. C. E. Suydam

THE PRIZE CUCUMBER

By M. QUAD

On the 15th day of June of a certain year, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, when he was hoeing in his garden, Deacon Amos Gray straightened up to rest his back and then and there decided that he would marry the Widow Spooner. He had been a widower and she a widow for three years. She lived near him in the village, and they had known each other before marriage.

Her garden needed hoeing. He set about it. It gave him a sort of sense of proprietorship. It was her garden now, but after awhile it would be his. He had been at work for a quarter of an hour when the widow came to the open kitchen door and discoverd him and called out:

"Why, deacon, this is truly good of you. I was just wondering who I could get to hoe my garden."

When he had been at work an hour the deacon uttered a few grunts and sighs and came to anchor on the step. The widow was looking fine for a woman of forty. She was robust and in good health. The services of a doctor wouldn't be needed for many a long day unless she fell down the cellar stairs. And she looked like a woman who would esteem it a privilege to build the kitchen fire every morning for four weeks after the groundhog had come out and seen his shadow. Yes, she was all right, and the deacon opened his mouth and said:

"Widder Spooner, me an' you have known each other a long time."

"Yes, deacon."

"Long before either one of us was married."

"Yes."

"And I guess we allus sorter liked each other."

"Yes."

"And now Abe is dead and Martha is dead and we are lonesome, widder. Why shouldn't we"—

She waited, but he stopped right there. There was Sister Nancy. Hadn't he better sound her and see how she was going to take it? Yes, that would be the wisest way. He therefore began to talk about the drought and other things, and after working for another hour he went home. He didn't speak to Nancy—not on that subject. She was trying to get supper with green wood, and she was hopping mad. He split up a dry board for her and blew up the fire, but he had lived long enough to know that when a woman gets real mad she must have at least a day to get over it. Next morning Nancy was so chipper that he decided to take his chances without speaking to her on the subject.

In the afternoon the deacon did some more hoeing, and there was another talk on the steps. Yes, the Widow Spooner well remembered his taking her to spelling school in the old days. She remembered their sliding hills together; she could recall the red apples he used to give her.

"Happy days them was, widder—happy days," he sighed.

"Yes, they were."

"But now you are a widder and I am a widower."

"Yes."

"And both of us goldurned lonesome."

"I am sometimes very, very lonesome."

"But we needn't be, widder—we needn't be. S'posin'"—

"Well?"

He couldn't go ahead. The thought had just struck him that she might have a wooden leg or a stiff knee and would make that an excuse for not doing the washing and ironing. He could dimly remember hearing that she had fallen from an apple tree and broken a bone somewhere. He would wait and make inquiries. It thus came about that he went home again with nothing decided. Now, the deacon was a great county fair man. He always had an exhibit of chickens, eggs or vegetables. He believed that if anything could save this world from the fate of Sodom it was the Methodist religion and a county fair held every October. At that very moment he was raising a prize cucumber to exhibit. It was only a foot long now, but it would be a rod in length before time for pulling.

Deacon Gray let a week go past without seeing the Widow Spooner. He got up one morning and stepped outdoors to inhale the fragrance of the air before sitting down to breakfast. About the first thing his eyes lighted on was a woman standing over his prize cucumber. It was the Widow Spooner. She had an ax on her shoulder, and her jaw was set.

"Why, widder, what does this mean?" asked the deacon as he sauntered out to her.

"You have the same as asked me to marry you," she replied as she spat on her hands and flourished the ax.

"But not right out."

"But near enough. Deacon, when is it to be?"

"I can't say. What are you doing with the ax?"

"In two weeks, deacon, or I chop your prize cucumber in two!"

"Lordy, woman!"

"Do I chop?"

"You wouldn't go to chop that cu"—

"Two weeks, deacon, or three or four? Speak quick!"

"Waal, say about three!"

And three it was, and, though Nancy raised a fuss and had to be carried out and dumped over the fence, the couple have lived happily together for years.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

WORKING IT OUT.

FACTS are very stubborn things.
Though we try to pull the strings
That will bend them to our will,
They are facts, not fancies, still.

We may warp them just a bit
So they will our purpose fit,
But they slip back in their tracks
When we get right down to tacks.

If they were but thus and so
We might stand a better show
And could make things come our way
In the game we try to play.

But they do not budge an inch,
Though we stretch them at a pinch.
They recoil within our hand
Like a fragile rubber band.

It is very sad indeed,
Though some other facts we need,
There they stand through thick and thin
With a most annoying grin.

And it useless is to kick
On a hard, unfeeling brick
Or to claim that east is west
If that suits our purpose best.

We must look them in the face,
Though they do not suit our case
And may cause our props to fall.
They are there, and that is all.

Not Saucy.

"He seems to care more for his dog than he does for his children."

"Is that so?"

"Yes."

"I wonder why?"

"Maybe it is because the dog never sasses back."

Naturally.

"He seems a breezy sort."

"Yes, he can't help it."

"Can't?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Because he is always putting on airs."

Generally.

"What is a diamond ring the sign of?"

"Sign of?"

"Yes."

"Sign that some silly saphead is living on prunes and potatoes."

The Summer Girl.

"Let us be engaged, Genevieve."

"All right, Percy."

"You darling. Now, I don't believe in long engagements."

"Neither do I, so we will let ours last fifteen minutes."

Query.

"The hen is sitting on the porch."

"I wonder if she will hatch out a back step."

Realized His Limitations.

"There are lots of things man can't explain."

"You bet I found that out."

"When did it dawn on you?"

"When I tried to pass a civil service examination."

Close Miss.

"He was reared in the lap of luxury."

"And now he hasn't a cent."

"No, or a trade or profession."

"Evidently lost by a lap."

Went the Length.

"He makes an occasional slip in his grammar."

"Slip, did you say?"

"Yes."

"He shoots the chutes."

A Substitute.

"Is he pretty bright?"

"He don't know enough to come in out of the rain."

"I notice he knows enough to steal an umbrella."

Awakening.

The burglar thought he might be wrong.
But couldn't see it quite.
They turned a searchlight in his face,
And then he saw the light.

Classfied Advertising

COOK WANTED—At Oregon Hotel.

FOR SALE—5 dozen Mason fruit jars in good condition. Phone Black 822.

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Apply at 804 O. street. 22t3

CAN MAKE $50.00 PER WEEK—We want some good hustlers to sell high grade reliable nursery stock. Splendid territory. Expense money advanced weekly. Address Albany Nurseries, Inc., Albany, Oregon, Dept. J.'

WANTED—Sewing machines to repair, all makes, by a factory expert. Leave orders at F. D. Hasten's store. C. M. PACKER, Repairer. My last week.

TO TRADE—160 acres of timber land to trade for city property. Mac Wood, Golden Rule store.

FOR SALE—500 sheep. Walter Glenn, R. F. D. No 2.

WANTED—Pantry girl at Palace restaurant.

WANTED—Two or three carpenters. Apply F. S. Bramwell.

FOR RENT—Barn near track. Inquire of J. C. Gulling.

FOR RENT—After August 27, a five-room furnished cottage. Apply of Mrs. J. T. Harvey, at 2103 First st. tf

FOUND—At Selder's confectionary store, a package from the Fair store, containing three yards black silk, some insertion and buttons. Inquire at Selder's candy store.

SEAT SALE OPENED TODAY.

Minstrel Show Friday Night will Have A Good Crowd.

Judging from the early seat sales for the Richards and Pringle's minstrel show Friday night in Steward's theatre, La Grande people are hungry for a show. The seats went on sale today at Van Buran's cigar store. This minstrel company is one of the good ones on the road, and for those who enjoy Mr. Bones' comic jokes, along with good singing, it will be a rare treat.