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 to the children when they see the delicious bread made from the North Powder Best of the Best Patent flour. It is a meal for the little ones, with butter, jam or jelly, that is wholesome and muscle building. It looks good also to the housewife when she sees the golden, brown crisp and the white bread inside when it comes from the oven. It also smells appetizing when made from Best of Best Flour.  
**FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS**

**A QUEER TOURNAMENT**

By ANDREW C. EWING

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"How is it, Mr. Martindale," said Miss Ashby, "that you men talk to each other as you do? Whenever you and your chum, Mr. Warren, are together you say all sorts of mean things to each other, but I don't see that either of you gets angry."  
 "Oh, we understand each other," "I wonder if Sadie and I could do that."  
 "No, you couldn't without quarreling."

Miss Ashby was silent for a moment, then said, "I'm going to try."  
 "I'll bet you a pound of candy against a cigar that you quarrel!"  
 "I'll take the bet."

It was agreed between us that the two girls should have a talking tournament while they played a game of tennis, Dick Warren to furnish remarks for Miss Blanchard, to be thrown in occasionally, and I to do the same for Miss Ashby. Umpires were appointed, and we all met by appointment at the court.

We permitted the girls to play for awhile without furnishing any remarks, during which time they said what they considered very trying things to each other, laughing all the while and congratulating themselves on their ability to maintain good humor. After the first set had been played Dick and I, each standing by the girl he was to talk through, began to put in an occasional word, producing the following bits of dialogue:

"You give me another ball like that," said Miss Ashby, "and I'll swipe you with my racket."

Miss Blanchard only smiled.  
 "Now you're showing your rhinoceros tusk," pursued Miss Ashby.

Miss Warren ceased to smile. Indeed, she looked very sober. The tooth referred to was a blemish to her beauty. Dick made her retort.

"That remark was one of your own. You weren't told to say it at all. I think it real mean of you."

"Deuce!" cried Miss Ashby at my suggestion, claiming 10 points more than she was entitled to.

"You know very well its 30-40. What do you want to grab points like that for?"

"If you knew," retorted the other, "what a mad looking thing you were

when you said that you'd put your head to soak."

Miss Blanchard tried to laugh, but was too sensitive to laugh at a remark which was untrue.

"I say, Clara," she said when her opponent failed to take a ball she served. "If you'd stop looking sweet at Mr. Martindale you'd play a better game. Everybody knows what you're up to in that direction."

Dick scored one in putting that remark into Miss Blanchard's mouth. Miss Ashby threw down her racket.

"I don't care," she said. "It doesn't make any difference whether you were prompted to say that or not; you had no right to say it." Her face was fiery red, and her eyes were snapping.

Miss Blanchard had not got over the remark about her tusk and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in saying what Dick told her to say, sometimes breaking into short bits of irritating laughter.

"Sadie, if you don't stop that giggling you'll drive me crazy," I made Miss Ashby remark.

"Oh, don't be silly! You're making a poor show of yourself. You should have brought a handglass."

"You'd better have brought one yourself," retorted Miss Ashby. "If you had you'd have kept your tusk hidden."

Miss Blanchard dropped her racket and strode off the field.

"I didn't suppose," she said hotly, "that this was to be a tournament of insults."

Miss Ashby followed her, walking erect and with great hauteur. "I think you two men had better finish it," she said.

"Done!" exclaimed both Dick and I, and, picking up the rackets, we began to play and to chaff. We both have physical defects and did not refrain from delicate mention of them.

"Now I'm going to take you in the bald spot on your forehead," from Dick.

"And I'll knock one of those spindle pins from under you. Forty-three."

"Thirty-four, you mean. Pity your first baby lessons were in lying."

"You know very well you've just out of jail for perjury."

"Now I'm going to put a ball between those bow legs of yours. I could throw a barrel between 'em."

"Which eye are you looking at me with—the upper or the lower?"

When we had sent these delicate compliments for awhile we threw our arms around each other and kissed, after the European fashion, on both cheeks. This we did to show our superiority in the matter of good nature

to the girls. The umpires decided that I had won the bet, but sentenced me to pay it.

"I have no desire whatever," said Miss Ashby, tossing her head, "to excel at any such game."

"Nor have I," Miss Blanchard chimed in.

"I'll admit," I said by way of apology, "that it's far more pleasant for friends to say nice things to each other."

The people who fear you won't find out who they are unless they tell you the history of their lives may be informative, but they are boresome.

There are persons so mean minded that they ought to be thankful if they stand any chance of losing their minds.

Some persons are really adept at adjusting difficulties, but they never can guarantee that the adjustment will hold.

But still we all like to see a woman can fruit in the kitchen.

People who don't know beans have missed a wholesome feast.

Feel Good.  
 "When are you happiest?"  
 "Happiest?"  
 "Yes."  
 "After I have had the toothache."

Linguist.  
 "What language do you speak besides English?"  
 "Prizefight and motor."

Needed Them.  
 "Oh, spare my blushes!" said the maid unto the man who threw hot air.  
 "I will," he graciously replied.  
 "For really you have none to spare."

**PERT PARAGRAPHS.**

The trouble with soreheaded people is that they are certain to be entirely too generous with their grouch.

If any girl were to have the ill fortune to marry her ideal the fates would need to be kind to her.

Sometimes a dimple is worth as much in the marriage market as a fortune.

Many a well meaning man in trying to cultivate friends has succeeded only in raising a fine crop of grouches.

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From points north of Riparia in Washington and from all points in Oregon east of The Dalles, September 6th. From The Dalles and points west, September 6th and 7th. Final return limit September 12th.

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A drive through beautiful Grande Ronde valley at this season when the golden fields are delivering their annual bounteous yields, when thousands upon thousands of fruit trees are bearing heavy loads of apples that will enter the markets of our own and foreign lands, green alfalfa fields with constantly increasing acreage, telephone lines running everywhere rural deliveries, numerous school houses and churches, prosperous homes,—all bespeak the certainty of investment and the insurance of independence.

Who are the money kings of Grande Ronde? The farmer, whether wheat grower, fruit grower, or stock raiser—in short the land owner. Enough said.

**Farm near Talocaset**

160 acres of land near Talocaset. This stand was farmed for many years. Price if taken in near future \$5 per acre.

**Farm near Summerville**

80 acres fine fruit land, \$60 per acre. If interested call and learn particulars.

**Now in Course of Contraction**

Fine modern house in every respect, plumbed, flue built for furnace, large basement cellar. Everything first class. Situated on east Adams avenue, \$3,500 on easy terms.

**Grazing Land**

240 acres, large spring on place. Good wagon road to tract; considerable can be cultivated. Price \$7 per acre.

**\$4,000.00 Farm**

320 acres, 60 tillable; good house, orchard consisting of 400 trees. Abundance of spring water piped into house and barn, sufficient for the irrigation of large garden. Ideal fruit and stock ranch or dairy. Situated in lower Cove, about opposite Alice. One third down, balance on time.

**Home in City**

Over two acres, splendid two-story home, large commodious barn and chicken house; nice large orchard; water right, situated in North La Grande. \$4,000.

**Other Bargains**

We have other bargains in fruit land, several close to La Grande, and several tracts on the Sandridge, including some extra fine property adjoining Imbler. If you want anything in fruit bearing orchards call.

**Modern House**

5 rooms, well plumbed, one block north of court house; new, \$1800. Terms.

**Fruit Farms**

20-acre tract may be subdivided into two ten acre tracts or owner would sell separate; 11 acres in orchard, good house and barn; other out-buildings; would trade for city property. Price, \$7,500.

**250 acre Farm**

70 acres can be put under cultivation, 3 acres in bearing orchard, all fenced; several springs for irrigation, spring piped into house. Fine stock and fruit ranch situated two miles south of La Grande, \$8,000.00. \$2,500 cash.

**Will net 10 per cent**

Business property now renting for \$85 per month. Bonded lease for two years; will steadily advance in value. Price \$7,000.

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eight-four acres, splendid land, for either grain or fruit, \$8,500; one mile from Imbler. At least one-half cash required.

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80 acre farm one quarter of a mile from city limits. Good modern house with furnace, bath, toilet, cement cellar with living spring. Commercial orchard of seven acres, ideal dairy and poultry farm, \$5,000 on easy terms.

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House and three lots on Pennsylvania avenue, two story, in splendid repair. Just repainted and papered throughout, \$2,500, reasonable terms.

Nice little home in North La Grande, easy terms on this place. \$1100.

Two-story house and three lots on North Fir street desirable property, for only \$1,400

Twelve acres and nice two-story house in South La Grande, \$4,000; 100 fruit trees and an ideal place for a few cows and poultry. This site is a commanding view of beautiful Grande Ronde.

A new seven-room house on East Adams avenue, roomy basement, plastered, well finished throughout, \$2,500.

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