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THE WARDROBE
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ONE DEAD, TWO DYING

POVERTY-STRIKEN HOMESEKERS MEET WITH HARDSHIPS

Here About a Week and One Child Dies Two Can't Live Long.

Another instance of abject poverty has come to public notice, and La Grande-like, steps have been taken to alleviate suffering conditions which have befallen a newly-arrived family from the east, seeking the riches of the west. Death, two fatally ill children and extreme poverty hovers over a little home in North La Grande, occupied by M. Elliot and family.

This family came to La Grande a little over a week ago, the father, mother and six children believing the west would provide an easier living. With their nest egg sadly depleted by the journey westward, the family was in stringent circumstances immediately upon arriving in the city. A few days ago one of the six children died of pneumonia; today two others are not expected to live.

Fred B. Halsten this morning circulated a petition and the family has at least enough to provide food for a few days.

ed as a Spanish tormentor which served to her the acme of many forms. Determined to discover if possible who he was, as soon as the dance was finished she resolved to join him. When he parted from his partner he made her a bow, sweeping the floor with his hat, and she knew there was but one man in England who could make so grand a salute.

"She stood undecided, her heart beating like a kettledrum, for she knew the highwayman had come on his promised visit, and she remembered her father's threat. At the moment the highwayman turned and, seeing her, came toward her, thrusting into her hand a bit of lace. His own hand touched hers, and he felt hers tremble.

"That fourth, that quiver, precipitated a love affair. The man knew she was trembling for him, and she was infatuated by the frightful risk he ran to visit her. He drew her hand through his arm and led her out on to the dimly lighted terrace.

"There was the usual melting of the woman under the warm sun of love. At first she demanded in an assumed tone of severity what right he had there, and when the rascal told her that he had come to see her and die she threw her arms about him and begged him to flee for his life. How he could flee when she wouldn't let him go I don't know. Sir Roger had got a glimpse of the fellow when he was making his courtly bow and, having seen it before, knew his guest. He made his way through a crowd of dancers as fast as he could, but before he reached his man the latter had disappeared, for Clarissa, hearing her father roaring and swearing and crying 'Where is the villain?' opened her arms, and the robber was in the garden and over the fence like the boy of twenty-two he was.

"Clandestine meetings between the lovers followed the ball, and a secret marriage followed the meetings. The highwayman—the handsome chap was the second son of my great-grandfather—did not live with his wife for two years after their marriage, for if he had showed himself he would have got the rope. But after his elder brother died childless and he inherited the title he got a pardon and acknowledged his wife, and I am one of their descendants."

Citation.

In the County Court, for the County of Union, State of Oregon.

In the matter of the Estate of Perry Stephensen, Deceased.

To Thomas Stephensen, George Sims, Floyd Sims, LeRoy Sims, Charles Rice, James S. Rice, and Chester Rice all unknown heirs, if such there be Greeting:

In the name of the State of Oregon, you are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Union, at the court room thereof, at La Grande, in the County of Union, on Tuesday, the 2nd day of May, 1911, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause why an order should not be made licensing and directing the administratrix of said estate to sell Lot 1 in Block 8 of Grandy's Addition to the City of La Grande, Union County, Oregon, to pay the claims against said estate.

Witness, the Hon. J. C. Henry, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon; Court for the County of Union, with the seal of said affixed this 31st day of March, 1911.

Attest: ED. WRIGHT, Clerk
By Forrest Ivanhoe, Deputy.

When your feet are wet and cold, and your body chilled through and through from exposure, take a big dose of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, bathe your feet in hot water before going to bed, and you are most certain to ward off a severe cold. For sale by all druggists.

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LA GRANDE, - ORE

Directory of the Fraternal Orders of La Grande, Oregon

- A. F. & A. M.**—La Grande Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturdays at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons. L. M. HOYT, W. M. A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary
- REBEKAHS**—Crystal Lodge No. 80 meets every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are invited to attend. MRS. KATIE ARBUCKLE, N. G. MISS ANNA ALEXANDER, Sec.
- P. O. E.**—La Grande Lodge No. 433 meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Elk's club, corner of Depot street and Washington avenue. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. H. J. RITTER, Ex. Rul. H. E. COOLIDGE, Rec. Sec.
- WOODMEN OF THE WORLD**—La Grande Lodge No. 169 W. O. W. meets every second and fourth Saturdays at K. P. hall. All visiting members welcome. D. FITZGERALD, C. C. J. H. KEENEY, Clerk.
- W. A.**—La Grande Camp No. 7702 meets every Monday in the month at the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting neighbors are cordially invited to attend. I. R. SNOOK, C. D. E. COV. CLERK
- KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS**—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meets every Monday night in Castle hall, (old Elk's hall.) A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights. JESSE PAUL, C. C. R. L. LINCOLN, M. of R. & S.
- O. E. S.**—Hope Chapter No. 13, O. E. S. holds stated communications the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited. CARRIE B. HUNTER, W. M. MARY A. WARNICK, Sec.
- WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT**—Grande Ronde Circle No. 47 meets every first and third Thursday evenings in the month at the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are welcome. CHLOE ROBINSON, W. M. LUZZIE ELLSWORTH, Sec.

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BAY & ZWEIFEL

PLUMBERS, HEATERS, SHEET METAL WORKERS

THE BAR SINISTER

By FRED L. YOUNG

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We are apt to prize what we are not used to. I suppose one reason the daughters of our multimillionaires are inclined to marry foreigners with titles is that titles are not an American institution. What gives them their glamor is that they are not American.

When on a visit to England I visited the Earl of Bannerton. We were sitting one evening together drinking port wine and smoking. The walls were covered with portraits of his ancestors.

"We Americans," I said, "envy you your family histories, your blood, your ancestral homes. What a fine thing it is to feel that you have pure blue blood in your veins, especially when there is no taint in it."

The earl smiled. "What would you say," he replied, "if I told you that my grandfather was a highwayman?"

"I should say you were amusing yourself."

"He was."

"A highwayman?"

"Yes. Come, I will show you his portraits and that of his wife, my grandmother."

He led me into a room used exclusively for family likenesses and stopped before two portraits, a young man and a young woman. The man must have been extremely handsome. We sat down, and he told me their story while I was looking at them as they were when the events narrated occurred.

"The young bloods of England in olden times were not as vicious in some respects as they are today. They drank pretty hard, but they were not effeminate. When they were not fighting foreign enemies or engaged in cruel warfare an outlet was required for their surplus vitality. One day Sir Roger Smartleigh was driving on a road with his daughter Clarissa—the girl faced lady you see before you—when his coach was stopped. A horseman appeared at the window and demanded what he called 'alms.' He was masked, of course, but he had the manner of a courtier. Captivated by Clarissa's beauty, he swung his hat in deference to her like the hero of a sixpenny novel of the present day. Sir Roger emptied his pockets, holding out the contents, with his watch, to the highwayman.

"'Never mind those,' said the robber. 'If the young lady will give me that bit of lace she wears about her throat I will ask no more.'

"Glad to escape with so little damage, Sir Roger bade his daughter give up her lace. She obeyed like a dutiful child, handing it to the highwayman."

"I only ask it as a loan," he said, "and will bring it to you in person."

"If you do," said Sir Roger, "you will be taken and hanged to the highest gibbet in England."

"That prospect will only enhance the zest of the visit," replied the man. "Besides, to see this beautiful girl once more I would be willing to dangle from a rope's end."

"The coach was driven on and the highwayman left behind."

"Several months after that Sir Roger and Lady Smartleigh gave a masked ball. The dancing was at its height when Clarissa observed a figure dress-