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Because

- Riverside Addition is right in the center of industrial activity.
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OUR PRICES ARE VERY LOW

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Office Open Evenings

William Miller & Bro., 1107 Adams Avenue. PHONE, MAIN 1.

RACE FOR A THIEF

Wild Chase Through the Streets in the Heart of London.

A DETECTIVE'S QUICK WORK.

The Police Officer Was Not Only Rapid Himself, but Compelled an Unsuspecting Bystander to Join in the Mad Flight and Capture.

In defending the London police from charges of incompetence a contributor to Blackwood's Magazine narrates an incident in which he figured a few years ago, when he accompanied his wife to a Bond street jeweler's, where she went in to match some pearls and have some gems reset, he awaiting her on the street, where he smoked his cigar. He says:

"I noticed three well dressed men go into the shop and several women, when suddenly one of the well dressed men came out through the glass doors of the shop and pushed rapidly past me as he turned up the street. At the same moment I was seized violently by the arm by a milkman who had been arranging his cans on his handcart just in front of the shop."

"Quick, governor!" he shouted. "After him or we lose him! Look; he's passed the bag to a pal!"

"Now, for the life of me I cannot tell you what impelled me. I'm not the kind of man that you can picture tearing up Bond street in the wake of an agitated milkman. But there was something in the grip that man took of my arm that impelled me, so that I threw away my cigar and ran after the man with the bag neck and neck with the milkman, who exhorted me to continue in my efforts by shouting:

"Throw a leg, governor! If we lose him we lose him forever!"

"We tore up Conduit street. I don't know what the passersby thought. I had no time to think of them. When we reached Regent street our quarry dived into the traffic like a frog into a mill race. We went in after him. How I missed being knocked down I don't know. The milkman took the same risks. We were across almost as soon as the man and sped after him. I don't know what streets we doubled down. I know that at this period it flashed across my mind that I was making a conspicuous ass of myself. Here I was racing down the slums of Soho at the bidding of a strange milkman, who never stopped in his exhortations to me.

"Keep it up and we'll get him!" "Our quarry doubled and tacked, but we stuck to him till just as we were pacing down the very worst looking street of the lot he suddenly slipped into a low house, of which the door was open. My milkman never lost a second. He whispered hoarsely in my ear:

"Stop here, governor, and grab the first person as comes out of that house, no matter who he is! I know the way behind."

"In a flash he was gone. He had nipped down an alleyway and disappeared. I felt a real fool, and the whole folly of my action rushed in upon me. I had left my wife stranded in a shop in Bond street. I had lost my hat and my stick, and here I was in an almost deserted street, standing outside a door waiting with orders from a strange man to grab the first person that came out of it. In two seconds more I would have left the place and gone to the nearest batter, a wiser and chastened man. But just at that moment a boy of about fifteen came out of the door. My milkman must have left his spell upon me, for I immediately threw my arms around him.

"Lemme go, governor!" he shouted. "I ain't done nuffin' to you!"

"He struggled hard, and the more he struggled the more I felt impelled to hold him. And then suddenly, as if by magic, two policemen appeared on the scene and seized my boy for me. My milkman, wreathed in smiles, appeared in the doorway from which the boy had just come, saying blithely and quite respectfully:

"You've done that very well, sir. We've got the other two inside." He then added, "I'll just put my hands over this young feller."

"He took off the boy's battered hat, and out of the lining came a roll of £80 in Bank of England notes. He then went through the boy's clothes and produced out of his socks a pair of ruby and diamond earrings which, to my astonishment, I saw were the very gewgaws that my wife had taken with her to have reset. The detective, for my milkman was nothing less, then pinched the boy's ear and said:

"Where's the lady's bag?"

"In the yard, sir," he answered sulkily enough.

"The milkman retrieved it, and, sure enough, it was my wife's bag."

"But," I said to the detective, "how did you know that I was connected with the lady who owns this bag?"

"It's our business to know a few things," he said. "But if you hadn't been game to run we should have lost

the lot. We were only just in time." "We left the boy and the two men in the house in the custody of constables and took a cab back to Bond street, and here the strangest part of the story comes in. We found my wife still discussing her pearls with the jeweler, quite unconscious of the fact that her bag was gone."

What is not good for the swarm is not good for the bee.—Marcus Aurelius.

Not What Was Expected.

A man of a sporting type was traveling by rail when he had as fellow travelers for some distance a couple of north country farmers who had been south on business. The sporting man presently began talking about dogs, a subject that did not interest the agriculturists very deeply.

"I have a dog with a wonderfully keen scent," he said, "and just permit me to tell you that one day after I left home he broke his chain, and, although I had been away for hours, he tracked me and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?"

"I think," replied the burlier of the twain, with a yawn, "ye ocht taek a bath."

There were no more dog stories after that. The sporting man left the compartment at the next station.—London Opinion.

We never saw a horse win in a walk, and we've been to the races a bull lot too.—New York World.

Affects the Tongue.

"What is the effect of taking a cold bath every morning?"

"The chief one that I've noticed is an unconquerable desire to tell every body about it."—Washington Times.

Ma's View.

"Who invented the typewriter, ma?" "Some man who wanted to invent an excuse for having a pretty stenographer."—New York Press.

Classified Advertising

LOST—Black colt three months old. Finder phone 171 Farmer and receive reward. W. A. McCall. 7-1-5t

FOR SALE—Timber claim near railroad. Address Observer. 7-1 to 8-1

FOR RENT—Furnished room. 1506 Sixth street. 7-1-1f

A LADY WITH experience desires a position as bookkeeper, cashier, clerk or general office work. Best of references. Lulu M. Kinney, Phone Observer. 7-1-2f

FOR SALE—Dry chain wood in any quantity. \$1.50 per cord at the Perry yards. Grande Ronde Lumber company Perry, Ore. 6-15-1f

FOR GOOD PAINTING, etc., try a good painter of experience. 1514 S. Avenue. 6-30-5t

FOR SALE—1,000 cords wood, also fence posts, telephone poles, etc., in standing timber. Eight miles from La Grande. Address Wm. Burnap, La Grande, Oregon. 6-30 to 7-15

WANTED—A woman or girl for light housework in country. Apply at hospital. 6-30-3t

LOST—Ladies' gold watch, with fob attached. Finder return to this office and receive suitable reward.

FOR SALE—Good surrey in good condition. Apply George L. Cleaver.

LOST—One iron gray horse. Short, thick mane, weight about 1200 lbs. Branded 9-6 with bar on stifle. \$10 reward for return to J. T. Williamson. 6-29-4t

WANTED—Board and room in private family, central location, by a young lady. 6-28-1f

WANTED—All the boys in La Grande between 10 and 16 years old to join the Boys' Savers' club. Call at the laundry and I will tell you all about it. A. B. Chery, mgr. Chery's New Laundry.

WANTED—A good country home for a young girl aged about 18 years where she can be made one of the family and receive small wages. Anyone wishing such a girl will apply to W. T. Gardner, superintendent Boys' and Girls' Aid society, East 29th and Irving streets, Portland, Oregon. 6-28-5t

A Biblical Mathematician.

An interesting problem in mathematics assumes the form of a tradition connecting itself with the name of Josephus, the Jewish historian. After the Romans had captured Ptolemais, so the story runs, Josephus and forty others sought shelter in a cave. So afraid were they of falling into the hands of the Romans that all of them excepting Josephus and one other man resolved to kill themselves. The wit of the historian began to work, devising a scheme to save himself and this other man who was like minded with himself. He therefore proposed that they all stand in a semicircle, that they put each other to death, killing every third man in regular order and that the last surviving man should then commit suicide. This agreed upon, he was careful to place his like minded comrade in the sixteenth place in the line and himself in place thirty-one, with the result that the two were the last that were left and by this means escaped death. It is a true problem, and the question was to know before the killing began which numbers in line the two friends should assume.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His More Important Duty.

The error into which King Alfred fell in that famous instance when he let the cakes left in his care burn is not going to be repeated by the telegraph operator of whom Arthur W. North tells in "Camp and Camino in Lower California."

I learned at this point that for the first 500 miles before me I would require more change than I had on hand and would pass through no place where checks could be cashed. Moreover, my drafts were used up. In this dilemma I wired for money. After four days of exasperating delays I received this satisfying message from the obliging operator of the wireless office:

"Operator on other coast say he have two messages for some one, but his bread in oven—wife she away—and might burn if he leave it long. After lunch he transmit message."

The Lion's Taste.

Miss Charlotte Mansfield in "Via Rhodesia" tells of a native South African boy who came to England and was taken to the Hippodrome. "Instead of enjoying the entertainment, however, he begged, with tears in his eyes, to be taken out, and he said: 'There are lions over there'—pointing to the stage—and I am the only black man here.' It is a well known fact that a man eating lion will make a meal of a black in preference to a white man if it is a question of choice. Perhaps the flavor is stronger and the taste for white flesh—like caviar—has to be acquired."

Why He Retracted.

Kilmore—After all, Stedman isn't so bad a fellow. He came to me, man fashion, and took back all the things he had said against my people. Burman—Did it countarily? Kilmore—Practically that. It is true I threatened to shoot him on sight if he didn't retract, but that was only a matter of detail.—Exchange

PROFESSIONAL DIRECTORY

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

N. MOLITOR, M. D.—Physician and Surgeon. Corner Adams Ave. and Depot street. Office. Main 55; Residence 69.

A. L. RICHARDSON, M. D. J. W. LOUGHLIN, M. D. Drs. Richardson & Loughlin, Physicians and Surgeons.

Phones—Office Black 1362; Ind. 352. Office Hours—9 to 11; 3 to 5; 7 to 9. Dr. Richardson's Res.—Main 55; Ind. 312.

Dr. Loughlin's res.—Main 757; Ind. 1297.

C. H. UPTON, Ph. G. M. L.—Physician and surgeon. Special attention to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Office in La Grande National Bank Building. Phones: Office Main 1, Residence Main 32.

DR. H. L. UNDERWOOD—Physician and Surgeon. Special attention to diseases and surgery of the eye. Phones: Office—Main 22; Residence—Main 728. Ind. 631.

GEO. W. ZIMMERMAN—Osteopath Physician. Sommer Bldg., Rooms 7, 8, 9 and 10. Phones: Home 1332, Pacific, Main 63, Residence phone, Black 951. Successor to Dr. C. E. Moore.

J. C. PRICE, D. M. D.—Dentist. Room 23, La Grande National Bank Building. Phone Black 399.

DR. P. A. CHARLTON, Veterinary Surgeon. Office at Hill's Drug Store La Grande. Residence phone, Red 701; Office phone, Black 1361; Independent phone 53; both phones at residence.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

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T. H. CRAWFORD—Attorney at Law. Practices in all the courts of the State and United States. Office in La Grande National Bank Bldg., La Grande, Oregon.

LAW OFFICES OF GREEN & SMALL, Attorneys, over Silverthorne's drug store, La Grande, Ore. R. Jos. Green and Chas. A. Small. Rooms 15 and 16.

D. W. C. NELSON—Mining Engineer. Baker City, Oregon.

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The woman who cooks the meals in your home?
Doesn't her welfare—her health and happiness call for something than she puts up with?
Isn't she entitled to the things that will make her work easier and her cooking hours shorer?
Our Electric Ranges cost no more to operate than coal or wood, and they are better in every way. They are quicker, easier and cleaner to use than any other range.
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Money Invested in a Home Brings You Real Rewards

that cannot be measured alone in dollars and cents. There's satisfaction in knowing you have a home when possibly all other investments fail—it gives you a feeling of security and demands the recognition of your fellow townsmen, because by building you show your faith in the future of the community. And every community is known by its deeds. You can help and at the same time help yourself. A home investment is always the most meritorious, and loss is less likely because you are dealing in values you understand and with people you know. We have supplied the lumber for the homes of many of your friends who are now on the road to success, and want to talk with you whenever you're ready.

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