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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.

NOTICE OF STREET IMPROVEMENT TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: No-

tice is hereby given that in pursuance of a resolution adopted by the common council of the city of La Grande, Oregon, on the 15th day of December, 1909, creating improvement district No. 13 and designating North Fir street as such district, and in pursuance of a resolution adopted by said common council on the 20th day of September, 1911, whereby said council determined and declared its intention to improve all that portion of North Fir street, in said improvement district as hereinafter described, by laying thereon macadam roadway, cement curb and drainage, the council will, ten days after the service of this notice upon the owners of the property affected and benefited by such improvement, order that said above described improvement be made; that the boundaries of said district to be so improved are as follows:

All that portion of North Fir street, from the south curb line of Monroe avenue, to the south line of U avenue.

(A) And the property affected or benefited by said improvement is as follows: The west 1/2 of block 149, 151, 154 and the east 1/2 of blocks 150, 155 and the NE 1/4 of block 125 and the NW 1/2 of block 124, Chaplin's addition and the west 1/2 of block 24 and 23 and the east 1/2 of block 2 and the east 1/2 of Predmore block, Predmore addition, all in La Grande, Oregon.

Notice is hereby further given that the council will levy a special assessment on all the property affected and benefited by such improvement for the purpose of paying for such improvement. That the estimated cost of such improvement is the sum of \$6,438.50. That the council will, on the 7th day of October, 1911, meet at the council chamber at the hour of 8 o'clock p. m., to consider said estimated cost and the levy of said assessment, when a hearing will be granted to any person feeling aggrieved by such assessment.

La Grande, Ore., Sept. 23, 1911.
CITY COUNCIL OF LA GRANDE, OREGON
By C. M. HUMPHREYS,
Recorder of the City of La Grande, Or. gon.
9-26-10t

Mrs. Pedrie's Secret

It Proved the Truth of the Lady's Statement

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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"Of course women can't help being inquisitive," said Mr. Pedrie loftily. "I always make allowances, Phoebe, for woman's greatest failing."

"And what is man's greatest failing, or has he so many it's hard to select the largest?" demanded Mrs. Pedrie, with spirit. "Talk about curiosity. Why, Phineas Pedrie, I've seen just as many curious men as you have women—so there!"

"Pshaw, Phoebe! You cannot name one case where a man has displayed more than ordinary interest in affairs which were not his own." And Mr. Pedrie folded his newspaper and challenged his wife with raised brows.

Apparently Mrs. Pedrie could not give the desired illustration, for she retired behind the pages of a book with an expression of displeasure on her pretty countenance. Mr. Pedrie napped in his Turkish rocker more or less musically, and after awhile his wife fell to watching him closely. All at once a bright smile chased away the displeasure from her face, and she softly arose and left the room.

At the end of an hour Mr. Pedrie stretched himself luxuriously, yawned sleepily, and, seeing his wife reading on the opposite side of the table, he sank into somnolence once more. The striking of the hall clock awoke him to a realization that it was midnight and he was alone. Phoebe had evidently gone to bed, as was often her custom, and left him to come to bed when he was quite ready.

He felt singularly wide awake. The house was very quiet, and save for the occasional rumble of a distant electric car the street was still. It was just the time for another dip into that scientific magazine while he smoked a cigar. He reached for his cigar case, and looked for the magazine. His glance fell upon a handsome box which stood on the table near Phoebe's chair. He had never seen the box before, and

"Phineas, where are you?" she called sleepily. "I'm coming, dear," he assured her, making his voice as small as possible, as if it might come from the library, where she had left him.

"It must be midnight, Phin. Are you never coming? This light keeps me awake."

"I'll put it out, Phoebe," and Mr. Pedrie creaked up the stairs again and snapped off the bulb. "I've lost my match case, and I'm looking for it. I'll just take a run downstairs once more," he explained as he left the room.

Carefully, painstakingly, Mr. Pedrie searched the lower floor of the house for the rosewood box which his wife had so artfully concealed from him. What did it contain? Did his wife possess a secret which he did not share?

Once more Mr. Pedrie mounted the stairs, this time in a spirit of just indignation. Before he slept that morning he would wrest this secret from his unhappy wife. He stalked into the bedroom without any attempt at quietness.

"Oh, Phin," complained Phoebe, "do stop squeaking around and go to bed! You've waked me up three or four times with your prowlings, and you know I want to get up early so as to go into town on your train."

"Going to town, are you?" asked Phineas suspiciously.

"Of course I am! You know, I want to do some shopping."

Phineas was undressing sulkily before his own chiffonier, and he saw in the mirror the reflection of Phoebe's face. She was either crying or laughing, and he decided that she was crying.

"I haven't said you couldn't go, have I?" he asked.

"Oh, no—that wouldn't make any difference," choked Phoebe.

"Wouldn't make any difference?" exploded Phineas, whirling around. "Why wouldn't it make any difference, I'd like to know, madam? Am I master in my own house?"

"You can answer that question best, dear," said Phoebe meekly, mopping her eyes with the sheet.

"Well, then, I am master in my own house," declared Phineas grandly. "When I say you shall go to New York, I don't go back on my word even though I strongly disapprove of your going."

"Why?"

"Because—er—because," stated Phineas sharply.

"Phineas?" said Mrs. Pedrie in a strangled voice.

"Well?"

"That's a woman's reason, you know."

"What's a woman's reason? Oh, I see! My dear, don't try to be funny after midnight. One doesn't feel much in the mood for that sort of thing." Mr. Pedrie wrenched his collar off and flung it across the room. He sent his vest after the collar and then realized that the icy feeling down his spine was caused by the slipping of a collar button down his neck. He swore softly and lowered his head in the vain hope that the offending collar button would slide out again.

It did not, but his position was the means of his discovering the rosewood box.

He caught a glimpse of its polished surface and brass ornaments under his chiffonier. He was sure he had searched there before, but apparently he had failed to locate it. He pulled it out and tucked it under his arm, throwing his bathrobe over it to conceal it.

"Where are you going now, Phin?" asked Phoebe curiously.

Mr. Pedrie paused on the threshold and looked with a superior smile at his wife. "I'm going downstairs to the library," he said.

He went downstairs again with the rosewood box tucked under his arm. He did not stop in the library. Instead he went to the kitchen, where he found the tool chest and extracted a hammer and chisel and a bunch of old keys of all shapes and sizes.

In the glare of the electric he studied the rosewood box. There was the key-hole, but no key. He tried all the spare keys, and not one fitted the lock. The hinges were beautifully set in the box, and he was loath to wrench them off, yet the box must be opened. He must discover what secret his wife was keeping from him.

He inserted the chisel under the lid and pried gently. The lock strained, but held. He bore down harder, and at last, with a splinter of wood around the inside of the lock, the cover flew up and knocked his eyeglasses spinning across the room, where they shattered against the range.

"And bang goes \$15!" ejaculated Mr. Pedrie, staring hopelessly at the glittering fragments of his eyeglasses.

"What is the matter, Phineas?" asked his wife from the doorway, and then as her gaze fell on the open box in his hand she added: "What are you doing with my box, Phin? Are you out of your mind?"

Mr. Pedrie glared savagely at her. "Woman," he said accusingly, "you have a secret from me. I must know the worst, Phoebe Pedrie. Wait! Do not speak! You know I will be quite just with you."

He held the box to the light and fumbled in it. He brought up a tangled mass of white thread, a measure

of lace and an ivory bobbin. "What is this?" he stammered.

"My tatting," choked Mrs. Pedrie.

"And this?" Mr. Pedrie covered his chagrin by fishing up the one other article in the box—a bundle of letters tied about with a blue ribbon. Ah!

"Your love letters to me, dear," said his wife sweetly. And on examination so they proved to be.

Mr. Pedrie sat and stared speechlessly from the empty box to his shattered glasses, thence to the tatting and the harmless babble of his own love letters. He did not look at his wife.

"Phineas," she said after awhile, "do you still maintain that man is not possessed of his full share of curiosity?"

Mr. Pedrie looked sheepishly at her, threw up his hands and dived into his trousers pocket for his wallet. This he tossed across the kitchen table to his wife.

"Help yourself, Phoebe," he said, with a feeble smile. "It's on me!"

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HE STUDIED THE ROSEWOOD BOX.

His interest was aroused. He went around the table and examined it. It was made of polished rosewood, with corners and hinges of old brass. It was tightly locked, and there was no key. He lifted the box and found it heavy.

He stood looking down at it with a baffled expression on his good natured countenance. He wondered why Phoebe should have left the box there, and at this instant there was a rustling on the stairs, and Phoebe came rushing in, garbed in dressing gown and slippers and with her heavy braids swinging to and fro. She seemed to take in the situation at a glance—the proximity of her husband to the rosewood box—for with a little frightened gasp she darted forward, took the box from his hands and left the room without so much as a word of explanation.

Phineas Pedrie stood rooted to the spot with consternation. Was Phoebe insane, or was she walking in her sleep? What was there about the rosewood box that he, her husband, might not see? What?

Mr. Pedrie stalked slowly up the stairs to find Phoebe sleeping sweetly and the rosewood box nowhere in sight.

"What has she done with it?" he muttered anxiously as he stepped softly to and fro so as not to waken her.

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Pedrie was still searching for the rosewood box. He had explored all the closets in the house and the spare room and was creaking downstairs in the belief that his wife had concealed the box in the hall before she ascended to her room when her voice smote on his ear.

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