

NEW POTATOES URSURP MARKET

LAST YEAR'S POTATOES ARE NOW ALL GONE.

Watermelons Drop to 2 1/2 Cents Per Pound, With Supply Sufficient.

Old potatoes, in the local market, are a thing of the past this year. New potatoes are now selling at \$2.00 per hundred, which is unusual at this season of the year. The supply is plentiful in this section.

Watermelons have dropped from the three cent figure and are now selling at 2 1/2c.

The market quotations today are:
Butter—Fancy creamery, 35 cents 1 lb. roll; 2 lb. roll, 65 cents.
Ranch butter, 55c 2 lb. roll.
Ranch eggs—20c.

Feed and Grain.

Alfalfa Hay—\$13.00 (retail).
Timothy—\$15.00.
Grain hay—\$12.00.
Bluestem—\$1.45
Patent—\$1.35.
Snowdrift—\$1.45

Flour

10s Corn Meal—35c per sack.
Bran and Shorts—\$1.35 and \$1.45
Oats—\$1.90 per cwt.
Rolled barley—\$1.90 per cwt.

Cattle, Hogs and Fowl.

Heavy hogs—\$6.00.
Chickens—Hens 9c; old roosters 7c spring fries 18c.
Light hogs—6 3-4c.
Ducks—Live weight, 12 1/2c.
Geese, live weight 10c.
Cows—4c
Steers—\$5.00 to \$5.75.
Sheep—4c.

Fruits.

Oranges 40c to 50c.
Bananas—40c per doz.

Vegetables and Miscellaneous.

Rhubarb—3c.
Cucumbers—5 to 10c.
Onion—\$2.50 per cwt.
Green peas—3 lbs for 25c.
Green Asparagus 10c.
Potatoes—\$2.00 per cwt.
Spinach—5 lbs for 25c
Green onions—5c bunch, 3 for 10c.
Beans—White, 8 1-3c; 11 na, 10 cents
New Cabbage—3c.
Cantaloupe—10c.
Watermelon—2 1/2c.
Peaches—10c.
Cherries—25c gallon.
Green peas—15c.
Tomatoes—15c.

On account of the ice plant blowing up at Hot Lake the automobile banquet will be postponed until further notice. 7-29-31

A NEW TIN PAN

By M. QUAD

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It was a beautiful June forenoon when a tin peddler approached the village of Harrison.

He stopped his rig at the first house. The house belonged to Deacon Rush. On the back steps, seated side by side, were the deacon's wife and her nearest neighbor and best friend—Mrs. Burt. "Tinware, ladies?" he asked. "Everything new and bright. Finest milk pan in the country for only 10 cents."

"I've always paid 15 cents for milk pans," replied the deacon's wife.

"Yes, and I've sold 'em as high as 18, but they have got a new way of making 'em, and I'm giving you the benefit of it. I'll bring one in."

The pan arrived, new and shiny, and stood all the tests it was put to. No leaks, and it would almost serve as a mirror. A dime was borrowed to pay for it, and after a little more talk it was left on the steps while its owner made a call at another house and the deacon's wife entered her own to make up the bed that had been airing.

Now came the cow. She belonged to a man at the other end of the village. There was grass in plenty, but she longed for garden truck. She leaped the back fence and helped herself. In her stepping about she approached the kitchen door and saw that new pan.

She saw the reflection of her face and became astonished and indignant. A crop eared, one horned critter gazed at her in a defiant manner, and as she was a bovine that had never taken a bluff she bumped up her back and sailed in.

An hour later Mrs. Burt came back after her pan, and her first yell brought the deacon's wife out of the house. There lay the once shapely and shiny pan in the dirt, trodden as

flat as a pancake. It might do to stop a hog hole in the back fence, but no artisan could never mold it into a pan. "Lands alive!" exclaimed Mrs. Burt. "Mercy on me!" exclaimed Mrs. Rush. "That cow did it!" "She must have!" "And you let her!" "Sarah Burt, don't you say anything like that to me! I didn't know there was a cow in the garden."

"But you ought to have known. If you'd keep your fences like other folks the cows couldn't get in. Look at that pan that cost me 10 cents an hour ago!"

"Was I to sit out here and watch it?" protested the deacon's wife.

"You ought to have heard the cow when she was tromping it."

"You ought to have taken it home or carried it along with you."

"That's nothing to do with it. It was left here, and it's destroyed, and I'll be switched if I ever pay you the 10 cents!"

"If you don't I'll sue you!"

"You don't!"

There it was, you see—the first real quarrel between neighbors the village had had in many long years.

The happy minded peddler and the fighting cow disappeared from the scene, but the quarrel remained. It did more than that. The news spread and within two hours Mrs. Henderson was saying:

"Mrs. Burt shouldn't try to lay the blame off on Mrs. Rush. When a woman's busy making a bed she ain't thinking of cows. I hope Mrs. Rush sues for the 10 cents."

And in the house right across the street Mrs. Holliday was saying:

"I'd let her sue and be hanged to her! When a new 10 cent milk pan is left on my back steps by a neighbor it's my duty as a Christian woman to go out there every few minutes and see that it's all right. I shall certainly advise Mrs. Burt not to pay the 10 cents."

By the next day the village was about equally divided on the question, though some few were inclined to blame neither the peddler nor cow. It was all talk for a day or two, and then came action. The factions no longer borrowed nor lent. They bowed stiffly to each other or not at all on the street. They revived gossip that had been dead fifteen years and rolled it under their tongues. Carried into the churches? Of course it was. When a thing like that gets started in a village there's no telling where it will end. It drew the elders and deacons and two ministers in, and it made the attendance at sermons and prayer meetings mighty slim. To all peacemakers the deacon's wife would reply:

"I wasn't set here on this earth to look out for other folks' milk pans, and I jest won't do it!"

And the reply of Mrs. Burt would be:

"She ought to have known about the cow, and I'll never pay that 10 cents!"

It was a quarrel and a division that lasted five years and might have gone on for another five but for providence taking a hand in the game. A tramp who had the measles headed that way, and he simply handed the town an epidemic. Not a score of people were spared. While none died, all went to bed to be doctored and to do a heap of thinking, and the result was that as fast as they could crawl out they eased their consciences by confessing their errors and asking for forgiveness.

"Here is the 10 cents," said Mrs. Burt as she tottered over to the deacon's as soon as she could stnd.

"Sarah, I don't want it," was the reply. "These measles have made me see that I ought to have watched that milk pan."

And the village of Harrison loved itself and its neighbor again.

A Delicate Position.

"That was an annoying coincidence," said Mr. Biggins. "It took great tact to manage it."

"What's the trouble?"

"The pension examiner and the life insurance doctor both called on me at the same time."—Washington Star.

A Good Rule.

If you wish success in life make perseverance your bosom friend, experience your wise counselor, caution your elder brother and hope your guardian genius.

The pain of life but sweetens death; the hardest labor brings the soundest sleep.—Albert Smith.

Like Veal or Roast Pig.

"I think not, but I am interested."

"The eggs of those ducks taste like quail and are on the menu of first class hotels only. They gobble up all in sight at 75 cents a dozen. As to the birds themselves, being reared in a tropical country, I don't think they could be brought here alive, but the eggs can be brought by the million. If hatched here the taste will still be better than that of our ducks. I figure that it will be something between veal and roast pig."

"And the little article you spoke of

Sarcastic.

Hawkshaw Holmes—I wish to be vaccinated. Doctor—What's your business? Hawkshaw Holmes—I'm a detective. Doctor—Stand out of line please, and give somebody else a chance. There is no danger of your over catching anything.—Boston Globe

AS THE TWIG IS BENT

the tree is inclined" is an old adage and a true one. It applies not only to trees and children, but to cities as well. La Grande as a community is just emerging from the condition of a village and assuming the aspect of a city. It is growing toward the south and the Connordale Addition. Anyone doubting this statement who will take the trouble to walk down Washington avenue and take note of the activity in paving, grading, opening up of streets and building operations will be convinced of that fact. As the city increases in size, its growth will continue along these same lines. That is a matter of past experience and common sense.

In fact, the direction in which the city of La Grande must grow has already been determined by natural conditions and surroundings. It is hemmed in one side by steep foot-hills; on another side by the Grande Ronde river and hundreds of acres of natural manufacturing sites that will soon be in demand; on the third side by the railroad tracks, shops and yards. Therefore it can only grow to any great extent in ONE direction—SOUTH TOWARD CONNORDALE. The best residence and business section will grow AWAY from the smoke, dirt and noise of switching engines, mills and shops—not TOWARD them.

Connordale is the only large tract in the city available for a restricted, improved and uniformly developed residence section. The city improvements are already in. Property is still cheap. Within a short time it will double in value. Think this over, then go down and see for yourself or let us take you over this property. Your own judgment will confirm the truth of these statements.

La Grande Development Co.

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SKATING TEAM TO MAKE TOUR

Fifteen Speed Boys to Begin Campaign in Boston.

CHAMPIONSHIP SCHEDULE.

International Contests Will Be Held in Boston—Eastern Titles to Be Decided in Syracuse—Middle West Honors in Cleveland.

A squad of fifteen of the fastest amateur speed skaters in the United States and Canada is being organized by the International Skating union to make a tour of the Canadian, Western, Middle States, New England and Eastern Skating association districts and compete in the various championship events scheduled by the union. This new arrangement was decided on at a meeting of the International Skating union held in New York recently. The New England association, which has been under the ban of the union, was placed in good standing again.

The union elected the following officers for the present season: President, Allen L. Blanchard of Chicago; first vice president, Cornelius Fellowes of New York; second vice president, James A. Taylor of Montreal; third vice president, Peter B. Olson of Chicago; secretary and treasurer, Lou

How Sea Birds Drink.

The means by which sea birds quench their thirst when far out at sea is described by an old skipper, who tells how he has seen birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain 100 miles distant or even farther off and send for it with almost inconceivable swiftness.

PERRY SCOTT'S TURKEY.

This Wonderful Bird Was Well Fixed With Legs and Wings.

The story of Perry Scott's turkey has come down from Revolutionary days in Carolina. Colonel Gordon was accustomed to tell of the hasty march which he made before Rudolph's legion. He was just sitting down to dinner when orders were given to cross the Ashley river. It was nearly nightfall when the bivouacked in a valley in which the cavalry under Wayne had just encamped and, with his officers, began to sup on dry bread and potatoes. The infantry which he commanded were in a starving condition, and the commissary was without money, but ridding upon the farmers was sternly made punishable by death.

Reports of the hungry condition of the newcomers had circulated among Wayne's men. Just as the colonel began to eat his musty bread a private from Wayne's cavalry appeared and said respectfully: "Perry Scott has some money, colonel, and bought a turkey. We have unfortunately eaten all but one leg. I took the liberty of bringing that to you." The colonel took the leg gratefully and had scarcely finished it when another of Wayne's men appeared with the same story of Perry Scott's turkey and another leg.

The colonel congratulated himself on his luck and, handling the drumstick over to a fellow officer, went out of the tent. It was growing dark. Another cavalryman came up, whispered the story of Perry Scott and cautiously handed over a third leg. The colonel continued his walk through the camp and before his return had been secretly offered twenty legs and fourteen wings of Perry Scott's turkey.

Wayne's men had raided a poultry yard the previous night and concocted the story of Perry Scott's purchase to protect themselves in case any turkey bones should be discovered. The hunger bitten faces of their new comrades were more than they could bear, however, and each man, unknown to the others, carried his share into Gordon's camp at the risk of detection and death. It was not until the war was over and the troops disbanded that Colonel Gordon told the story of Perry Scott and his many legged fowl.—A.P. gonant.

Charlie Doolin believes that his team will go higher in the National league race and has picked out second place for the Quakers. Manager Griffin, of the Richmond team, and Manager Busch, of the Petersburg team, are tied for batting averages in the Virginia League.

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