

THE OBSERVER

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ALL WERE WELL REPAID.

The first county fair under the new order of things is history. To sing about the thousand and one things that were commended by the public is out of the question here but one can quickly sum up the fair and its successes by stating it thusly; everyone got more than he anticipated in amusement and entertainment. When you have said that and said it truthfully, as it is in this instance, what more is necessary? Out of a discouraging year of rain suddenly came a week of sunshine, and the fair people made the best of it. The president, the secretaries, the committee on races, every member of the force of employees in fact, is entitled to the highest praise, for the fair was a success—people were entertained and pleased and not one single day could there be or was there complaint about the entertainment. The program was there to be enjoyed and was enjoyed, and for the present let us sit back and say "well done—this time La Grande more than made good. She doubled her measure of entertainment."

THE STARKEY PRAIRIE.

Few realize it, for comparatively few people get up the Grande Ronde river, but just as good land as lies out of doors is hemmed in by the high rimrocks of the Grande Ronde river between La Grande and the up river bottom. True, the several valleys are not large, but who wants a more fertile bottom land than Jordan valley and who wants a more prosperous community than Starkey?

Bordered and surrounded by range land, the bottoms are fertile, especially productive of good hay, and small grains are grown in remunerative quantity. Because the long narrow isthmus between La Grande and Milgard is unmarked by verdure, so many overlook that little district called Starkey, beyond and forget that Union county has that fertile spot, forget that there is anything in Union county save the Grande Ronde and Powder valleys. A connecting railroad with the timber belts, the stock ranges and farming community of Starkey and the up river mines should be listed with the needed adjuncts to La Grande's feeders.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

One of the delightful spots in La Grande is the flower garden of Mrs. J. D. Slater on Washington street. With great care she has nursed her asters this year, and while it has been a year when blooms were scarce and poorly developed generally, she has some of the most beautiful flowers that have ever been produced in the Grande

Ronde valley. Mrs. Slater takes great pleasure with her flowers and the care she gives them is plainly shown now that the blooms are on.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

That Famous Moss Covered One That Hung In the Well.

Not far from Boston is located the well which inspired the familiar lines of Samuel Woodworth to the "Old Oaken Bucket." Every time the place is visited many new traditions are told concerning the famous old bucket about which people have been singing these many years. Having drunk deep of the sparkling waters between whistled snatches of the familiar refrain, now discovering it was to have the charm broken by learning that the original "old oaken bucket" was stolen shortly after his well known poem became famous!

The youngest daughter of Samuel Woodworth, the author, who died in Berkeley, Cal., often used to tell about the real old oaken bucket and of the sadness which came over the household on the day it was stolen. It seemed as if one of the family were missing. In this age of souvenir collection who knows but that some day the real "moss covered bucket that hung in the well" may turn up in a museum or serve as a water tank in the show windows of some enterprising advertiser?

There is no other water bucket in the world so enshrined in homely, genuine romance as this one. Even the golden goblets of royalty and the treasured chalices of the crusaders have never awakened the universal and popular interest attained by the "old oaken bucket that hung in the well" until it was stolen and carried away in the zenith of its fame. —Joe Mitchell Chapter in National Magazine

Grant's Graceful Act.

When General Grant was in Japan the emperor invited him to cross the imperial footbridge near the palace at Tokyo, across which none but those of royal blood had ever passed. General Grant accepted the invitation and walked beside the mikado until they reached the center of the bridge. Then he stopped, profoundly saluted the emperor and said: "Your majesty, I have come so far to show you that I am not insensible to the honor you would do me, but I cannot violate your traditions. Let us return the way we came. It was a graceful act, gracefully done." —St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Few Hints to Housewives.

How to Dress a Chicken.—Use soft materials such as batiste or mull and arrange simply. If a spring chicken, white is the most suitable color.

How to String Beans.—Use a strong thread and sufficiently large needle. Do not fail to knot the thread before beginning the task.

How to Preserve Peaches.—Treat the same after marriage as before. This simple recipe has never been known to fail.—Harper's Weekly.

Books.

I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books to all you can give me in the way of decoration which the highest art can supply. There is no greater blessing that can be given to a family than a love of books.—John Bright.

Here's a Pointer.

If a man gets on his knees and implores a woman to marry him the chances are he will remain in that position for the rest of his life if she accepts.—Atlanta Journal.

OVER A PRECIPICE.

Nerve Racking Experience of a Hunter in the Tyrol.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH.

Perils the Daring Adventurer Braved to Rob a Golden Eagle's Nest of Its Young and the Anxious Hours He Spent Dangling in Terror in Mid Air.

An Englishman who was spending his vacation in the Tyrol learned that a pair of golden eagles were ravaging the valleys of poultry and small game and found that they had their aerial on a certain mountainside. Being of an adventurous disposition he obtained the services of several woodcutters and started out before dawn determined to capture the young eagle that was believed to be in the nest.

When the party ascended the mountain and looked over the edge of the perpendicular cliff they could see a ledge about 100 feet below them. One of the party remained at the top while the others lowered themselves to the ledge by means of a rope.

Here they fastened a fifty fathom half inch rope to the stump of a tree, fixed a block of wood against the edge of the cliff for the rope to run over, fastened an iron hook in the crevice of the rocks and prepared to lower the Englishman to the aerial, which they could now see far below.

A stout leather belt was fastened round his waist, with an iron ring in front, through which the rope passed. To the end of the rope a strong piece of wood was knotted, and the Englishman seated himself astride it.

With a rifle on his back, a revolver in his pocket, a big knife in his belt and a long pole in his hands he was ready to start. Five men took hold of the rope, while two others lay flat upon the rocks, rifles in hand, looking over the edge of the cliff. If the old birds should attack the intruder his life would probably depend upon those two rifles.

The descent lasted ten or fifteen minutes. Then the Englishman found himself opposite the eagles' ledge. He jerked the signal line. He was ten or twelve feet from the ledge, but with the hooked end of his long pole he was able to draw himself in and presently was gazing cautiously over the edge of the nest, which, to his surprise, contained not one eagle, but two.

One of them, not without a lively struggle, he put into the canvas bag he had brought for the purpose. The other he finally managed to secure by running a noose over its feet. He tied the bag to the signal cord, arranged himself upon his wooden seat, took the second bird in his left hand and gave the signal. The men on the ledge above, contrary to instructions, gave a vigorous pull that wrenched the pole from his hands and sent him away from the cliff at a frightful pace. The return swing was likely to dash him against the rock with deadly force. There was but one thing to do, and the Englishman had the presence of mind to do it. He tilted the upper part of his body backward and his legs forward and struck the rock with his feet, with no worse result than a paralyzed feeling in his legs and a twitching sensation in his back and loins.

Just then a dark object flashed by him. It passed in such close proximity that the man felt the rush of air produced by its flight. At first he supposed it to be a falling stone, but presently he perceived that instead of being drawn upward he was quite stationary. One hour passed, then two, and still he hung motionless at the end of the rope. He could of course form no idea of what had happened. The strange situation finally got upon his nerves. He imagined that he had been abandoned and must swing there till he lost his hold and fell to his death or until the parent eagles should return and pluck out his eyes. To add to his misfortunes, a sharp thunderstorm came on that wet him to the skin and nearly blinded him with lightning.

At last, when he had hung thus between heaven and earth for more than three hours, he felt a tug upon the rope and in fifteen minutes was at the top with his two prizes.

Then he found that the falling object was the block on which the rope had run. It had had to be replaced, lest the rope should be cut by the sharp edge of the rock, and the long delay had been caused by the necessity of sending the one man at the top down to the base of the mountain to cut a small tree and make a second block.

Buying Tea in Shanghai.

An American tourist, in pricing tea in a Chinese store in Shanghai, was surprised to find that he could purchase five pounds of a certain kind of tea for \$2, but that if he bought ten pounds the price would be \$5. The American argued with the Chinaman that such an arrangement was ridiculous, but the proprietor of the store insisted that logic was on his side. "More buy, more rich. More rich, more can pay," he explained.



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