

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1912



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DEFINITIONS

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ELBERT HUBBARD

Pd Adv.

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A MOONSHINE LEGISLATOR

By M. QUAD Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.

"It was ten or twelve years ago when our member of the legislature turned again moonshine whisky.

"That meant that somebody else must be elected in his place, and what did the pesky people around here do, but cum to me and want me to stand. They cum to my cabin a dozen at a time, and they shook hands and called me an honest man and all that, and the mo' I hung back the mo' they wanted me to run. When they got me into a tight corner I says:

"I can't skasnly read, and I can't skasnly write, and yo' all know that I can't get up before that legislature and speak ten words, and what good could I do down to Nashville?"

"They pertended to give in at that but what did the critters do but put me up to be voted fer when the time cum, and the first thing I knowed I was lected by 400 majority. When I heard the news I told it to the old woman and said:

"Waal, what am I gwine to do about it? I've either got to hunt fer a crit and hole myself up or go to Nashville."

"Yo'll go to Nashville," she says.

"And what'll yo' do?"

"I'll go with yo'."

"Waal, we started off one day and got aboard of the railroad kyars. I was a little nervous, and the old woman braced her feet, and hung on with her hands, but we got along without any calamity. In about an hour, when she dared to open her eyes and draw her breath, she says to me:

"Zeb, how many houses have yo seen since we left home?"

"More'n a hundred," says I.

"And how many people?"

"More'n a thousand."

"Shoo! Then we must hev got clear around the world and back home ag'in!"

"When we got down to Nashville that was so many people and so many houses and such a movin' around that I got the old woman behind me and prepared to fight to the death, but no critter laid hands on us. Some of 'em laughed at my cowhide boots, and some of 'em grinned at the old woman's poke bonnet, but everything was good natured. We went to a tavern to git board, and when the old woman sees the carpets on the floors, the stuff cheers standin' around and the lookin glasses as big as a tablecloth she turns pale and puts her arms around me and says:

"Zeb, I kin see now why thar ar so many sinners in this world. If a critter kin hev all these things, he don't keer a pesky drat about gwine to heaven. I'm afeard yo'll be bad 'nuff to steal haws in a week."

"At the end of three days the legislature opened, and I had to go up to the statehouse. Lordy, stranger, but 'd rather tackled three old b'ars at once! I had goose flesh as I struck that crowd, and the old woman wasn't around to encourage me. I went into the statehouse with the crowd, and I'd jist found a seat when a feller comes around and says:

"Excuse me, but ain't that a riff, yo've got thar?"

"She be," says I. "It's a rifle, which has killed mo' b'ars and wildcats than yo' could count in an hour, and she's still ready for the next varmint."

"But yo' can't bring no deadly weep in' yere, he goes on. "This ain't no jumpin' match nor hoss race, but the legislature of Tennessee."

"I told him I knowed whar I was but that I should keep tight hold of that rifle till I knowed I was out of the woods, and he goes away growlin to himself. Mebbe it was half an hour arter that when a feller stands up on a platform and looks at me and says:

"Does the honorable member from Beaver Cove expect to find any b'ars on the floor of this house?"

"I ain't sayin' as I do," I answers "but if thar is a riot over moonshine whisky I might want sunthin' better than a club!"

"Bimeby that same feller stood up ag'in and says, as sillek as yo' please:

"Mebbe the honorable member from Beaver Cove would like to be excused for half an hour while he takes his gun home."

"Do any critter yere want to pick a fuss with Zeb White?" says I as I stands up.

"Everybody laughs and claps his hands, but no one comes nigh me, and says as I walks out:

"It's an onery crowd, and thar ain't a man among yo' who kin pull a rabbit out of a holler log!"

"I went straight to the tavern, and thar I found the old woman shiverin and shakin' fur her life.

"What's the matter?" says I.

"They've put piller cases trimmed with lace on our bed," says she, "and the gorgeoussness of it will bring on heart disease! Zeb, fur the Lawd's sake, let's go back home!"

"But I'm here to watch moonshine," says I.

"Never mind moonshine nor nothin else on the face of this alrth, but let's be a-gittin'. This world ain't fur us Zeb. We is like two lost children wan derin' through the woods and expectin to be eat up any minit, and I'm so skeart and flustered that I shan't liv two days longer! Zeb, if yo' love me, come home!"

"I'll do it," says I. And she got ober poke, packed our carpetbag, and we was out of the town of Nashville befo' sundown, never to go back."

A TRANSITION

By ARTHUR W. PATTERSON

"Good morning, sir!" "Mr. Margrave, I presume?" "I am. How can I be of service to you?"

An elderly man received a much younger one in his office. Instead of at once replying to the last question the latter produced a card bearing the name "Alonzo Ericson," then, after being offered a chair, said:

"My visit will doubtless seem strange to you at first, but I trust that I shall be able in time to secure your concurrence with its object. You have a daughter whose life has recently been blighted by the loss of her fiance?"

"I have," replied Mr. Margrave somewhat coldly.

"There are remedies for such blights, and I come to propose one for this case."

Mr. Margrave looked at the stranger, wondering at his impudence.

"Marriage is the remedy I refer to, but you are well aware that marriage is simply the final act. It being necessary to withdraw the concentration of the feelings from the one who is lost and unite them on a living object."

"That in my daughter's case would be impossible."

"But desirable?" "Certainly! I do not wish her to pass a lifetime in mourning."

"I am an artist by profession, though, being cursed with a fortune in my own right of \$200,000, I do not expect to make any great success."

"Well, sir, will you kindly inform me what your profession or your fortune is to me?"

"I will as I proceed. One evening several years ago I saw your daughter at a ball. The moment I looked at her I knew that I saw the woman I wanted for a life partner. I made inquiries about her and was told that she was engaged to a gentleman also present at the ball. The troubles that invariably accompany love were upon me. My first act was to seek the man who had been so fortunate, and I was surprised to see a slight resemblance to myself."

"You are something like him, now you speak of it."

"It is this slight resemblance which is the key—provided I win your concurrence—to the situation."

Mr. Margrave had by this time become interested.

"I will give you references as to my social position and as a man among men. As to my fortune, I refer you to my lawyers, Peters & Waters. If after examination you are satisfied to give me an opportunity to win your daughter that is all I ask."

"By what process do you propose to make the attack upon her heart? But, no; I will make the inquiries. Then it will be time to explain your plan, or, rather, to gratify my curiosity, which I admit has been excited."

Mr. Ericson bowed himself out and in a fortnight received a note from Mr. Margrave stating that the reports he had received had been eminently satisfactory and if he could resurrect a buried heart he was at liberty—in deed, welcome—to do so. In reply the applicant merely asked for a photograph of the man whose place he hoped to take.

One afternoon when Mr. Margrave went home from business he carried with him a present for his daughter. It was a portrait in oils of her lost lover. She was delighted with it and pronounced it a speaking likeness. A month from that day while looking at it she discovered something about it that was slightly unlike the original, or, rather, it was like another picture of the original. Another month went by, and still another difference was noticeable. These changes kept occurring from time to time. She began to wonder if her memory of her lover was slipping away from her, if the picture was really defective, though she had not at first recognized its defects. She mentioned the matter to her father, who looked at her curiously, thoughtfully, and suggested that if the portrait was destroying her remembrance of the dead and substituting a painted image perhaps she would better banish it. But to this she returned a decided negative, declaring that she was growing to love the portrait more and more every day.

A year after young Ericson had called on Mr. Margrave he dropped into the latter's office one morning with an oil painting.

The successive portraits forming a slow transition between another and myself is ended in this picture, which I painted from my reflection in a mirror. You have been very fortunate in removing the pictures and substituting others without your daughter's discovering what you have done. Hang this portrait in the place of the last; then introduce me."

When one evening Mr. Margrave brought home with him a friend to dinner Ethel Margrave, on being introduced to him, caught at the back of a chair for support. It seemed to her that her lover had arisen from the dead and stood before her. Later, when she mentioned the resemblance of Mr. Ericson to the man she had lost, some admitted that there was a similarity, others could see none at all. Nevertheless, her mourning was soon thrown off, Ericson was a frequent caller at the house and within a few months after his introduction she married him.

Ericson has long intended to tell his wife of the plan by which he drew her from the dead lover, but as yet has not done so.

A Mystery

By F. A. MITCHEL

Herman Beck was a guide in the Swiss Alps. Old Gottlieb Swingle, the cheesemaker, had a very pretty daughter, Anna, whom Herman wished to marry, but her father would not consent. "I have nothing but a few cheese presses," he said to her, "a dozen goats and the chalet over our heads. I can consequently give you no dowry. Herman has nothing except what he can earn guiding tourists. Instead of having a son-in-law to relieve me of providing for one of my children I shall likely in time have grandchildren on my hands, for Herman is liable at any time to slide down to his death with an avalanche or fall over a precipice."

Anna gave this reply of her father to Herman, who cast his eyes thoughtfully up the mountain side, then said:

"Tell your father that whether I marry you or do not marry you I will provide for you."

When Anna told her father that he exclaimed: "Herman is a fool. He dreams dreams as high up in the clouds as the peaks he climbs. How could he provide for you?"

The girl made no reply to this, for she did not know what Herman meant. She knew that he was full of strange ideas, and she was impressed with the sad but resolute expression on his face when he spoke the words that she had repeated to her father. However, there was nothing to be done in the matter, for she had no idea of disobeying her father by marrying Herman.

One day an English gentleman engaged Herman to make an ascent with him. The two started out together, and when they got up to where the climbing was dangerous Herman united them by a rope. While moving along over a narrow path with a precipice on one side the tourist slipped and fell on a side of the divide which was but some twenty feet above a ledge. The shock, however, caused Herman to lose his balance, and he fell on the other side and hung over the precipice. His ax slipped from his hands, and he heard it strike far below. Fortunately, the rope held, but Herman knew that would not long bear the strain and any rubbing against the sharp rocks on the edge of the divide would surely cause it to break. For this reason he could not use it to climb up on, and, having no ax, he could not cut steps in the ice. He called out to the tourist:

"We cannot remain long in this position, for as soon as night comes and the temperature falls we will freeze. If I cut the rope you will fall on the ledge and can descend the mountain. I would like to sell you my life for money. It will enable you to live."

The Englishman would not at first consent to any such plan, asserting that he would blame himself and be blamed for accepting his life on such terms. But Herman told him that the small strands that composed the rope were gradually giving way and it would soon break, so the tourist finally said that he would accede to Herman's terms, though he could not see how the latter could be benefited by money after his death. Then Herman told him it was to be paid to Anna, the daughter of old Gottlieb, the cheesemaker in the valley.

"I will give her," said the tourist, "half of what I possess, or £10,000."

"She will not know what to do with so much," said Herman, "but you can settle that with her father."

The tourist heard nothing more from Herman. Some minutes passed, awful minutes, during which the Englishman knew that a soul was preparing for death. The surrounding mountains seemed a part of eternity, the silence that of infinite space. Then suddenly he dropped, landing on the ledge below.

For awhile his mind was so filled with the terrible fate of his guide that he could think of nothing else. Then, realizing that he must save himself in order to keep his part of the contract he had made, he got up and, walking along the ledge, found a place some distance below where he could regain the path by which he and his guide had ascended. Night came on, and he lost his way. He would have sunk down in the snow and permitted the cold to end his life had he not been annoyed by a desire to pay the money he had promised. Indeed, when he thought that he must live under the cloud of his guide's death and his own safety he would have preferred to die. He stopped to rest and was getting drowsy when he saw a light in a chalet window some distance below. Rising, he struggled on and when a door was opened to him fell on the floor insensible.

The next day he descended into the valley and appeared at the Gottlieb home. When Anna saw him come in alone and looking baggard she knew her lover had perished and swooned.

The tourist told them that Herman had gone down into a precipice, then, without further explanation, called for a notary and executed papers transferring to Anna Gottlieb property in England worth \$50,000.

"I wonder," said the awe stricken cheesemaker, "how Herman knew that the opportunity would occur for him to make this provision for my daughter."

Herman Beck was the only person who could throw any light on this, and since he was dead it must remain a secret.

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If you need a pure breed Berkshire boar and a good one I can please you. G. G. Taal, La Grande, Ore. 12-21-12 wklly lt p

FOR SALE—Sweet elder 25c per gal. Phone Black 1061.

FOR SALE—Combination go-cart and baby buggy, high chair, washing machine, ironing board and baby sled. Call 805 N. avenue. 12-21-12 t.

DRESS MAKING at 1620 Sixth street. Satisfaction guaranteed. 12-11-12

FOR RENT—Five room furnished house. Modern. Also barn. Call Mr. Damon at M. H. K. Kirtley's. Phone Red 361 12-21-12 t.

FOR RENT—3 housekeeping rooms. Phone Red 251. 12-19-12

FOR RENT—Five room modern house. Phone Main 736. Dutil's bakery. 12-23-12

WANTED—By man and wife; two or three rooms suitable for light housekeeping. Phone Observer. 12-26-12

WANTED—Set of books to keep evenings. Write S. care of Observer. 12-26-12

WANTED—Girl for general housework after Jan. 1. Call 1310 N. avenue. 12-26-12

FOR SALE—4 year old sorrel horse. 1000 lbs., 9 year old horse 1300 lbs., good driving and work horses, 1 hack, 1 buggy, Studebaker wagons and harness. Inquire Wm. C. Common, La Grande National Bank. Phone Farmers 333 12-26-12

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—For a home in La Grande, nice home in suburban town out of Portland on two electric lines. Call on Martin Frostner, at 16, 17th st. 12-27-12

Annual Stockholders' Meeting. Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cove State bank for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year will be held at Cove, Oregon, on Thursday, January 2nd, 1913.

Business will be considered as may properly be offered at said meeting. HUGH McCALL, Cashier. 12-26-12

Annual Stockholders' Meeting. Notice is hereby given that the annual meeting of the stockholders of the La Grande National Bank, will be held at their banking house in La Grande, Oregon, on Tuesday, January 14th, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m.

At this meeting a board of seven directors, to serve for the ensuing year, will be elected, and such other business will be considered, as may properly be offered at said meeting. F. L. MEYERS, Cashier. 12-11-12

Notice to Stockholders. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the United States National Bank will be held at their banking rooms in the city of La Grande, Tuesday, January 14th, 1913, at 2 o'clock p. m. for the purpose of electing a board of directors and for transacting any other business that may come before the meeting. T. J. SCROGGIN, Cashier. Dec 12 Jan 14

YOU CAN CURE THAT BACKACHE. Pain along the back, dizziness, headache and general lameness. Get a package of Mother Gray's AROMATIC-LEAF, the pleasant root and herb cure for all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary troubles. When you feel all run down, tired, weak and without energy use this remarkable combination of nature's herbs and roots. As a regulator it has no equal. Mother Gray's Aromatic-Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 50c. Sample sent FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

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