

O'CONNELL STILL CHESTY

ANXIOUS TO TAKE ON WARNER AND IS GRATIFIED.

Warner Accepts Def, and Location of Bout to be Decided.

Multnomah, Athletic Club, Portland Jan. 29.—(To the Editor)—I would like to issue a challenge through your paper to wrestle Ed Warner. He beats me once, but I would like to wrestle him again as I was not quite satisfied with the result of the last match and feel sure that I will be able to do much better next time. I will give him any side bet he wants. Hoping he will accept my challenge and thanking you for your courtesy in this matter I am,

Very truly yours,
E. J. O'CONNELL

Warner has accepted the def. At the same time the public challenge was flaunted at the La Grande wrestler. O'Connell wrote a personal letter to Warner and Warner last evening agreed to go on with the middle-weight champion. But just where the bout will be staged is not known. Warner feels that the promiscuous betting that went on over the last match has worked towards anything, but the best results, and if the fans don't want the wrestling game to continue here, he will take on people at outside points. Rumbblings of fate were circulated after the bout with Harman; though none were hurled at Warner; but the "fake" yarns have come to the wrestler's ears and rather than jeopardize the sport here, he is willing to take O'Connell, or any one else, on elsewhere. The exact location of the bout will be determined shortly.

If all public betting could be stopped, the immensely entertaining sport of wrestling should go on forever, if material held out. Regardless of whether or not the last match had bogus phases, those who saw it got their money's worth and if no one had money staked, the outcome would have made no material difference. As long as people bet on the wrestling matches someone has to lose and the more betting there is the sooner the game and its exponents, though ever so honest themselves, get into disrepute.

A HINDU IDOL.

Re Strange History Caused Mrs. Carnot to Order it Destroyed.

When Mrs. Carnot, widow of Sadi Carnot, died and her will was read a clause in it caused considerable comment. This was to the effect that a certain small Hindu idol carved from a hard stone which would be found among her property must be taken out and crushed until completely destroyed. Many marveled at this apparently singular request, for the idol seemed a harmless, ugly little thing, but her instructions were carried out to the letter.

The idol had been presented to Sadi Carnot years before he had ever thought of the presidency of France by a friend who had brought it from India. Later he learned that there was a legend attached to it which asserted that whoever would retain it in his possession would rise to the fullest height of power in his chosen profession, but die of a stab wound when at the zenith of his career.

M. Carnot traced the history of the idol and found that for 500 years the rulers who had possessed it had all died either in battle or by assassination from stab wounds. Yet he laughed at the story, called the facts adduced by his search a mere chain of coincidences and retained the idol. He died by a dagger in the hands of an assassin; hence Mrs. Carnot's strange request.

LURE OF THE MISTS.

Curious Experience in the Clouds in an Aeroplane.

It was at Manchester. Aeroplanes were sweeping the skies in the circuit of Britain race. Vedrines had landed, and impatient at the rules that made him wait ten minutes before taking up the race, went about jabbering in French. One of the officials asked him what kind of a trip he had had. Vedrine's answer was to hold up his hands expressively.

"I was quiet for many seconds, then I said:

"I was blanketed in clouds so that I could not see ten meters before me. Below me was nothing but rolling mist that gradually took on all fanciful shapes and colors. I caught myself wanting to descend, to drop suddenly

into it and see what it was like. To escape this feeling I flew higher and higher, until, venturing to look down again, I saw wonderful lights and shadows that never before had been revealed to me from the sky. I saw a dreamy city, a wonderful mirage, and I believe I would have forgotten everything but those exquisite colorings, released my levers, and"—(He laughed.) "But I was fortunate, for I became sick—as sick as a dog—away up in the clouds."—Edward Lyell Fox in Harper's Weekly.

Cheapest Hams Ever Sold.

Sometimes an error creeps into the published announcement of a big store due to the negligence of the proofreader or to the compositor in the printing office of the paper. It is rarely funny in its results, although it may make humorous reading when first issued. One day a department store in New York advertised "Sugar-Cured Hams at 4c a lb." Rather cheap, you say? Well, 130 odd persons thought so too, for that was the number that asked for the ham at this ridiculously low price the morning the ad appeared. It transpired that the printed proof O. K'd by the grocery buyer and sent down to the newspaper office for insertion in the day's issue read "14c a lb." The first numeral had simply dropped out of sight; 125 sales were made at a loss of 10 cents per pound.—Woman's Home Companion.

REFUSED TO LAUGH.

A Joke on Himself That Mark Twain Failed to Enjoy.

When Mark Twain was a resident of Hartford, Conn., he once called at the office of Dr. Swan, a local specialist of considerable repute, to consult him regarding a trivial ailment.

The physician was inclined to be rather arbitrary in his charges, was very independent and disliked exceedingly to be consulted in regard to minor ailments. In this instance he named a fee for his services that the economically minded Clemens thought excessive.

After a little argument Mr. Clemens declared that he would not pay any such price as the physician asked, and rose to leave. Just as he turned his back on Dr. Swan a voice said distinctly:

"Go along home, you old fool, you!"

Instantly Mark Twain wheeled around, angry through and through. "What's that, sir?" he roared at the doctor. "What's that you say?"

With a smile that was cloying in its sweetness Dr. Swan pointed to a cage in the corner where his parrot was swinging and chuckling with birdish glee, and explained:

"That is the gentleman who spoke to you, sir." Somehow the explanation did not seem to reduce Mr. Clemens' anger very much, and he never entirely believed in Dr. Swan's innocence.—New York American.

THE FLY'S BALANCERS.

Without These Organs the Insect Would Tumble to the Ground.

The insects of the Diptera order, to which the common housefly belongs, have as a rule, one pair of wings and rudimentary remnants of another pair in the form of a club shaped organ on either side of the thorax behind the wings. These organs are called "balancers" and, as experiments have shown, are indispensable in the maintenance of equilibrium.

A fly from which they have been removed cannot direct its flight, and if it tries to fly from the edge of a table will immediately take a downward course, dropping to the floor on its head about three feet away and falling over on its back. Similarly, if it tries to fly from the floor after succeeding in getting on its feet again it will rise in the air two or three inches and then again tumble, striking its head and turning over on its back as before, but only about four inches from its starting point. Horizontal and ascending flight becomes absolutely impossible.

The similarity between these artificially produced insect mishaps and many an aeroplane accident is striking, and a study of why the removal of the fly's balancers causes it to upset may go a long way toward solving the problem in aeroplane construction.—Westminster Gazette.

Beware of Cousins!

Cousins are not as simple as they seem. The very fact of being a cousin, or having a cousin, is complicated. The *laissez faire* of cousinship is both eluding and deluding. Cousins will be cousins, even if you did not choose them. They can borrow money from you, visit you without being asked, contest your will, even fall in love with you—and a cousin once removed is twice as apt to. Never completely trust a cousin. Never depend on his not doing any of these things. Never take him for granted. The "cousinly kiss" may or may not mean what it means. And cousins always do kiss. It's part of being cousins.

(Not that cousins need necessarily prove perilous. Once in a blue moon they invite you to Europe or leave you money, but that almost always takes an aunt or an uncle.)—Atlantic.

STATE SHOOT LEAGUE LIKED

LA GRANDE CLUB MAKES REQUEST OF HEAD MEN.

Anti-postponement Clause Would Create Great Handicap.

Prompt acceptance by the La Grande Gun Club of the general plans for the formation of a state bluecock league, has led other cities in the state to get in line too, and these indications point to completed arrangements at the end of the present month. In fact the shoots were to be started late in February.

One point which the La Grande shooters object to, and which President Press Lewis has written to the powers that be about, is the rule that prevents a club from postponing its shoot on account of bad weather. In February and in March for that matter gales frequently blow and storms rage in such ferocious manner that a bluecock shoot would be a farce. The rules of the league provide that bad weather shall not be grounds for postponement but in Eastern Oregon the men who are promoting it will find it is almost impossible to hold shoots on real stormy days such as these two months might develop. In the Willamette no such handicaps exist. No answer has been received from the letter.

RED TAPE IN FRANCE.

It Entangles One Even in Getting the Gas Turned on in a Flat.

France is at once the paradise and the inferno of bureaucracy. For example, I wanted the gas to be turned on in my flat. A simple affair! Drop a postcard to the company telling the company to come and turn it on. Not at all! I was told that it would be better to call upon the company. So I called.

"What do you desire, monsieur?" "I am the new tenant of a flat, and I want the gas turned on."

"Ah! You are the new tenant of a flat, and you want the gas turned on. M. Chose, here is a new tenant of a flat, and he wants the gas turned on. Where should he be led to?"

About a quarter of an hour of this, and then at last I am led by a municipal employee sure of his job and his pension to the far distant room of the higher employee appointed by the city of Paris to deal with such as me. This room is furnished somewhat like that of a solicitor's managing clerk.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, sir."

"It appears, sir—M. Bennay, fourth floor, No. 4 Rue de Calais, sixth arrondissement. Is it not—that you want the gas turned on? Will you put yourself to the trouble of sitting down, M. Bennay?"

I sit down. He sits down.

"Ah! So you want the gas turned on! Let us see, let us see." . . .

Hundreds of such applications must be made every day. But the attitude of this ceremonious official might be put into words thus: "A strange and interesting application of yours, to have the gas turned on! Very remarkable! It attracts me. The case must be examined with the care and the respect which it deserves."—Arnold Bennett in Metropolitan.

JOYS OF A RUSSIAN HOTEL.

Nice Lofty Rooms With Sealed Windows and Smoke Laden Air.

Writing of the great Russian city of Odessa in Harper's, Sydney Adamson tells of the somewhat primitive arrangements of even the modern hotels. "For our ignorance of Russian we had the privilege of paying over twice the legal fare for our drive to the hotel. The porters obligingly arranged the matter and quite cheerfully kept the difference. How like the rest of the world! We felt at home at once. The large, lofty bedchambers and corridors of the hotels make it just possible to live in rooms that have double windows sealed with putty, which are never opened from the beginning of the winter till the spring thaw is in the air.

"As there are no open fires the only ventilation is from the slightly better air of the corridors. A framed notice on the wall informs the visitor of all the privileges he is graciously permitted to pay extra for, among them the joy of being clean at the rate of 10 kopecks for a jug of hot water or 50 kopecks for a bath! But the greatest mystery of all was a samovar at 25 kopecks. In time it was discovered that your true Russian, having a taste for much tea or other warm refreshment, rings for a lighted samovar and prepares his own beverage if he is not fortunate enough to possess a wife to do for him.

"With the lady managing a fiery, fuming samovar and her lord smoking

innumerable cigarettes, with perhaps a visitor to help, one can easily imagine—not forgetting the hermetically sealed windows—the atmosphere in which some worthy Russians go to bed."

River Bed Patterns.

Ideas for the colors in the best Scotch tweeds are found in the bed of the river Garry, in the Pass of Killiecrankie, said Thomas Welsh, in a paper read before the textile congress at Hawick, Scotland, recently. Granite, porphyry and Jasper are found there in rich reds, grays and greens, beautifully mottled and mixed in finely contrasted colors. "Heather mixtures," he said "were asked for by sportsmen, who inquired for colors which resembled their shooting grounds. The first order of tweeds sent to London in bulk was six pieces of black and white check made in Peebles"—Argonaut.

Curious Result of a Tax.

A curious thing happened when the English auctioneers were taxed. At first 15 a year, the duty was raised to £10 by Peel, but he relieved them of the necessity of taking out a license for beer, spirits, etc., when they sold these articles at auction. The consequence was that everywhere the auctioneers carried on the sale of beer and spirits for themselves until the tax was stopped in 1864.

Meritol White Lintment.

Should be in every home, as its immediate application to cuts, bruises, sprains and wounds gives instant relief. It has no equal as a pain killer and healer. Newlin Drug company.

MEXICAN BRIGANDS.

Pleasant Sort of People That Merely Robbed Travelers.

"I was once for some weeks at a sugar plantation, near a small provincial town in Mexico," wrote the late Mr. Labouche in 1879. "In the town lived a brigand. He was highly esteemed by his neighbors, and I passed many a pleasant evening with him and his family. His daughter was a beauty, and this estimable parent was amassing a little fortune for her.

"His habit was to ride at night to the road between Mexico and Vera Cruz with two or three associates and to levy contributions on the diligence. When I left the town I wanted to strike this road, and I went with him and his friends. We reached it at about 6 in the morning. Having partaken of chocolate, the brigands posted themselves behind some rocks, and I looked on. Soon the diligence was seen approaching. The brigands emerged, the coachman stopped, the passengers were requested to descend and were politely eased of their money.

"The passengers then took their places again in the coach, and it drove off, while the brigands courteously bowed to them. So honest were they in their peculiar way that they wished me to take my share in the spoil, but this, of course, my standard of morality being different from theirs, I declined, and I wished them goodby.

"Riding on to Puebla I dined at a table d'hote that evening with the despoiled travelers and was greatly amused to hear them recount the valorous manner in which they had defended themselves and how they at last had to succumb to numbers."

Recommended by Every Woman Who Uses It

THAT is the best thing we can say about the O-Cedar Polish Mop. The strongest recommendation possible. We know you will be as well pleased with one as thousands of other housekeepers are when you try one. And you surely will try one when you know what a help they are to easier, quicker and better house-cleaning.



Take the dusting, cleaning and polishing of hardwood floors for instance. Half a day of the hardest kind of work the old way, and the result is seldom satisfactory. But with the

O-Cedar Polish Mop

it takes but a few minutes. You dust, clean and polish all at once. Every speck of dust is taken up and held, and at the same time the floor is given a high, hard, durable, lasting polish or finish. You are delighted with its appearance.

Then for dusting. You can reach the highest places in the room, the molding, tops of doors, the tops of tall closets, etc., without standing on chairs. You can reach the farthest corner under the bed without moving it and under the radiator. For the dusting of the stairs, between the banisters, etc. It makes it easy to clean those hard-to-get-at places.

Try One at Our Risk of it being absolutely satisfactory. If it is not all we claim for it we will refund your money without question.

F. L. LILLY

Makes It Easy to Clean Those Hard-to-Get-At Places

The price is \$1.50, complete. It will soon make and save its cost. Let us send you one today.

OUR WANTS BRING RESULTS

HOUSE DRESSES \$1.50. Other sewing reduced during January. 1708 Spruce. Mrs. Etta Wines. 1-7-1f

WANTED—Clean rags at the Observer office. Pay 2c per lb. 1-16-1f

FOR SALE—Good four foot wood \$6 per cord. Call Main 90. 1-17-1f

FURNISHED ROOMS with bath for rent. 1512 Adams avenue. Phone Black 1713. 1-15-1mo

WANTED—Boarders and roomers; 1601 Adams; phone Red 3291. Mrs. G. E. Moore. 1-17-1f

FOR RENT—Rooms suitable for offices or light housekeeping. Inquire of B. F. Lewis, Lewis bldg. 1-24-1f

FOR RENT—Furnished room with bath, close in. Inquire Observer. 1-28-1f

FOR RENT—Furnished housekeeping rooms. Phone Black 3512. 1-27-6f

FOR RENT—House and barn and two acres of ground. North street and V avenue, 2 blocks east of school house. Phone Farm 205 or call Observer. 1-27-6f

FURNISHED ROOM FOR RENT—Desirable location. Close in. Mrs. Frank Pike, 101 Greenwood, phone black 3832. 1-27-1f

FOR RENT—Front room, close in, downstairs. Nicely furnished, private entrance. Can board next door. 106 Greenwood. 1-29-5f

FOR SALE—Good incubator at a bargain. Phone Black 1241. 1-28-1f

STRAYED—1 year old brown yearling heifer branded "H K" on right hip. Half crop out of right ear, upper bit and half crop out of left ear. Came to William Henry ranch at Imbler about three months ago. Owner may have heifer by calling and paying damages. 1-27-5f

BALD BARLEY FOR SALE—Two tons—bargain. Address Box 422, La Grande. 1-30-3f

FOR RENT—Modern 4 room house, bath, electric light, and basement. One block from school. \$15.00 per month. Call 803 Penn avenue. 1-30-2f

WANTED—Girl for general housework. Call 902 Penn. Ave. Phone Main 715. 1-30-1f

FOR SALE—Jersey cow, fresh, two years old, also 2 shoats, 100 chickens. Small house, good barn, four acres land for rent. Apply to A. F. Lilley, west end of Penn. avenue 1-31-1f

Small tract just outside city limits. 5 room house and barn. Will also consider sale on terms. Edw. W. Kammerer, Phone Black 1532.

WANTED—Woman wishes work by the day. Phone Red 501. 1-30-3f

TO EXCHANGE—Almost new Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine for either Home or Singer. Harry P. Nelson, 2103 North Fir. 1-31-2f

WANTED—Lady wishes work by the day. Phone Red 581. 1-30-1f

My Mamma Says - It's Safe for Children



CONTAINS NO OPIATES

FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR

For Coughs and Colds

FOR SALE BY A. T. HILL, DRUG-