

HANGING THE WRONG MAN

By M. QUAD

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You see, William Bovers was as much to blame as any of us, and, being he was the man who was hung, he ought to have entered into particulars to a farther extent than he did.

I shall always blame him that he did it.

William was placid. I knew him for three years, and only three times did I know of his countenance undergoing a change for even a second.

Once he met a grizzly face to face, and that placid expression gave way to a look of surprise and interest. He was pursued on another occasion by twenty-four Indians, and his countenance expressed homesickness. The third change is what I am going to tell you about.

There had been a good deal of robbing and killing around the camp that summer, and somehow it had been impossible to lay a hand on one of the perpetrators. The men had become rolled and desperate, and it was generally understood that the first offender that fell into our clutches would step off the head of a barrel to be brought up suddenly by a rope and a limb.

One day when some of the boys were returning from Pot Luck creek with flour and pork they came upon the placid William Bovers in a bad situation. He was bending over the body of a man named Povers, who had been settled by the thrust of a bowie, and his hands were bloody.

The placid William was nabbed. What did he do? Just nothing at all. What did he say? Why, when the boys laid hands on him he quietly remarked that he had discovered the body only five minutes before and was inspecting it in hopes to discover signs of life.

Too thin! And too placid to fit that crowd! The camp didn't waste that valuable time over William's case. Within an hour a court was convened. William was arraigned, and the dead body was placed in sight of all.

Well, the court could scarcely fail to convict under the circumstances, and in less than an hour it became the painful duty of the judge to arise and remark:

"William, you have been found guilty of murder. Does it make any great difference to you whether you are hung this afternoon or tomorrow? Weather's liable to change here mighty sudden, you know, and we may not have such an afternoon again for a week."

The placid William replied that he would be ready in half an hour, and he was.

He went to his shanty, accompanied by Colonel Smith, and when he had disposed of his property and written a letter to friends in the east he walked coolly to the gallows tree, mounted the barrel and never winked an eye when the noose was slipped over his head.

Then came a painful pause. It is a serious thing to kick a barrel from under the feet of a fellow man and let a rope catch and choke him to death. We felt it so, and when the pause came we could hear each other's hard breathing.

"William Bovers," solemnly remarked the judge, "you are about to hang!" "Yes," calmly replied the prisoner. "And now, once more, I ask you if you are guilty of the awful crime?" "No," was the equally calm reply.

But he had been tried, convicted and sentenced, and the sentence must be carried out. It was when the man advanced to kick away the barrel that William's countenance lost its placidity. For five seconds he seemed a stranger to us all. A white shadow crossed his face, a look of fear crept into his eyes, and his jaw fell.

Then placid William was himself again. He braced right up, shut his teeth hard, and he died with a countenance as unreadable as a stone.

A week afterward a robber who was fired on and fatally wounded confessed that he was guilty of the murder for which William Bovers had been hung. That was a nice mess for us. We'd done wrong and we were sorry for it, but William order made a better fight for his life.

One day, six months after the tragedy, a woman came riding into camp on a mule. We saw her when yet a long ways off, and we groaned. As she came nearer we swore.

As she halted we turned to each other and asked: "What is it? Who is it?" She was six feet tall. She had a broken nose. She had yellow eyes. She had tusks for teeth, and she chewed plug tobacco. "Well, critters?" she queried as she looked us over.

"You mean that he is dead?" "Dead and buried and probably playing on a harp." "How much did he leave behind him?" "About \$30, and here you are." "Blast his neck, but he ought to have left a thousand."

And she turned and rode away, and no man spoke for ten minutes. Then a voice said: "We hung William, but I'll be darned if he didn't deserve it!"

Success. He hoarded his money away. There were things that he struggled without that he might save a part of his pay. And at times he seemed stingy, no doubt. While others were spending their gold, for luxuries piling up debts, he plodded along, growing old without having many regrets.

And those who were spenders now say as they see him, erect, unafraid: "Some fellows get rich on their pay. Just see the success he has made." -Detroit Free Press.

An Unpronounceable Name

By MARTHA V. MONROE

Two American girls stopping in Munich one morning asked their landlady what there was in the way of sights in the country round about. They had "done" the city, and it only remained for them to take in anything remarkable in the environs.

"The Wohlfarth Schloss is a very old building," the woman replied. "It is not far from here. You will find it very interesting."

"Is it a ruin?" "Oh, no! It is occupied by the Wohlfarths."

"Good!" said one of the girls. "We'll go. I'm tired of ruins and pictures of saints and martyrs being roasted on griddles. Let's go, Belle."

"I'm with you, Rosie. I would like to see a real old castle that's kept up in modern style."

Alighting at a railway station, they asked the way to the castle of an official who showed them the towers rising above the trees within walking distance. He informed them that Count Wolfgang Wohlfarth occupied the castle and sometimes tourists were admitted to inspect it.

On reaching it they crossed a drawbridge, passed under a portcullis and told the gate-man in German, which they spoke tolerably well, that they were American tourists and would like to see the castle.

"Ich w-w-w-" "Can you tell us to whom to apply?" asked Belle.

"H-h-h-h-" The man broke down again. "Poor fellow," said Rosie. "I suppose he fell to stammering by trying to pronounce his master's name, Wolfgang Wohlfarth. How would you like to be Countess Wolfgang Wohlfarth, Belle?"

"I'd rather be the countess without the Wolfgang Wohlfarth."

Both girls laughed, and just then a man came toward them in clothes that they supposed were livery. He bowed politely to the girls and waited for them to speak. They told him that they would be obliged if he would go to the count and get permission for them to see the castle. At the same time Belle put a silver coin in his hand. He put it in his pocket, replying that he had authority to show the castle to visitors and would be happy to do so in their case.

He seemed to be well versed in the history of the castle, showing them apartments the Emperor Charles V, and other notables had occupied, a tower that had been battered down and repaired in a war with the king of Sweden and no end of arms that had been taken in battle by the Wohlfarths of olden times. Indeed, for a lackey he seemed remarkably familiar with the history of Europe during a period that few Americans are not interested in. The girls, however, had been sufficiently educated to recognize the fact that the man made no historical blunders—at least none that they could detect. When they had finished the tour of the different objects of interest and they were about to depart Belle thanked the man and said:

"Please tell your master that we have been very much pleased with his castle. We are from Milwaukee, in the United States. If he ever comes to America I shall be happy to show him my father's home."

"Milwaukee?" exclaimed the man. "Yes; we have a great many Germans in our city." The man changed the language he used from German to fair English and said that the count had relatives living in Milwaukee. If the visitors would wait for a few moments he would like to ask the count if he would not wish to meet them. They assented, and he ushered them into a waiting room. Presently he returned with an invitation from the count to remain to lunch, then turned them over to a maid. When the visitors entered the draw-

KAMELA NEWS OF INTEREST

SOCIAL AFFAIRS AT SUMMIT KEEP ACTIVE.

Sunday School Organized With Good Success Friday.

Kamela, Ore., March 19.—(Special)—The farewell dance given by Mrs. H. Vickers on leaving the Kamela hotel was a grand affair and one long to be remembered by a large crowd. The midnight supper was "swell."

The hotel is now run by George White and S. A. Ingerson and we all wish them success. Mrs. W. R. Lofflin went to La Grande with her little son William to get something done for his eyes, which trouble the little fellow a great deal.

The birthday party given at Grandma Swanger's in honor of her granddaughter Jane will long be remembered for having a good time and a big supper.

And Irene will long remember it by the many nice presents given her by her school mates. Those presents were Misses Geraldine Hanlen, Ester Graedel, Ved Price, Viva Ingerson, May Thompson, Irene Swanger, Master Victor Morgan, and Grandma Swanger.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sanford of Hilgard were visitors at Mrs. Vickers for the past week and to stay for the dance.

Our Sunday school is progressing nicely and is well attended and our organizer, Rev. Martin, was with us last Sunday and held prayer meeting in the evening. All appreciated his sermon and wish he could be with us every Sunday.

Miss Esther Graybeal has gone to Durkee to stay with her aunt, Mrs. C. McFall. ing room they were received by an elderly lady, who welcomed them graciously, though she did not speak English, and the girls' German was not readily understood by her nor hers by them. While they were chatting together in came the man who had shown them about the castle. He had doffed his livery, which was really a hunting costume, and appeared in the everyday dress of a gentleman.

"This is my son, Wolfgang," said the lady who had received them. "And this is my mother, the Countess Wohlfarth," replied the young man. "She has a cousin living in Milwaukee, and therefore I presumed she would like to meet one coming from the same city."

"You are Count Wolfgang?" The count smiled and begged her not to attempt so difficult a vocal feat as to pronounce his name. He then told the guests that he was about starting out to shoot in his preserves when he saw them and could not refrain from humoring their mistake in mistaking him in hunting costume for one of the servants. Then all went to luncheon.

The girls were invited by the dowager countess to make a visit at the castle, which lasted a week. The next year the count appeared in Milwaukee ostensibly to visit his cousin, but really to propose marriage to the girl who said that she would prefer being countess without the Wolfgang Wohlfarth. She was obliged to take all or none and swallowed the whole dose. Her American relatives have been trying to find a pronounceable abbreviation of Wohlfarth, but thus far have failed.

Some men indicate their calibre by the little it takes to swell their heads.

WAR DECLARED

CATARRH Germs Must be Conquered or Health Will be Destroyed.

If you have Catarrh you must vanquish an army of persistent, destructive microbes before you can be healthy.

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SIGNS OF SICKNESS

Symptoms That May Alarm and Yet May Not Be Serious.

CAUSED BY SIMPLE AILMENTS.

Spots Before the Eyes, For instance, May Mean Brain Disease, but the Chances Are Thousands to One That They Arise From Some Slight Cause.

A doctor, writing in London Answers, says: "People often come to me nowadays in very great dread, because they bear ringing in the ears, see spots before the eyes, or suffer from some other symptom which they suppose to signify serious disease."

Nearly always I find that something very slight, or nothing at all, is the matter; but I do not always succeed in so convincing my patients. These groundless fears make a great many people so nervous and miserable that an explanation of a few of the commonest symptoms of ill health may be of some service.

Noises in the ears, as of bells ringing, whistles blowing, hooters sounding, etc., most commonly arise from nervous exhaustion, slight increase of the blood supply of the brain, caused by a fit of fatulent indigestion, temporary thickening of part of the ear and nervous strain. All these are not of the least account and should cause no alarm.

No doubt some really serious disease, such as enlargement of the heart muscles does sometimes exist. But every one who feels alarm about his health should remember that almost any dangerous illness will show itself unmistakably, not by one, but by half a dozen symptoms.

Spots before the eyes may signify brain disease, but the chances are one hundred thousand to one that only some very slight cause is responsible, such as a torpid liver, weariness of the nervous system, insufficient sleep or some little congestion of the brain.

Flashes in the eyes form another source of anxiety, and they are really very startling. But, while sometimes due to eye disease, one of the commonest causes is catarrh of the stomach.

Another little eye trouble is blurred vision, which makes a nervous person think he is becoming blind. It may, of course, be due to bad sight; but happening now and again, it is usually caused by a sluggish liver or nervous dyspepsia.

Shortness of breath gives rise to extreme distress, for the first thought is of consumption. But this is an effect of a multitude of disorders, great and small. Congestion of the liver, anemia, obesity may cause it. It is common in chronic bronchitis—a trouble some, but by no means dangerous disease.

Sometimes, of course, it signifies more serious maladies. But then there are many other symptoms to tell the tale.

Dizziness nine times out of ten results from a disordered digestion, catarrh of the stomach especially, or from sluggishness of the liver, jaundice or temporary decrease of the blood supply of the brain. I find my patients who thus suffer turn their thoughts at once to something very grave, such as locomotor ataxia or Meniere's disease.

Confusion of mind and sleeplessness give rise to the fear of approaching insanity. It is really wonderful how people always seize on the most fearsome explanation. But sleeplessness may be due to a hundred and one trifles and is most commonly the result of some very innocent cause.

It may be occasioned by nervous dyspepsia or catarrh of the stomach, torpid liver, excitement of the brain from overwork, tea or coffee taken late in the evening, too much smoking, too heavy bedclothes, cold feet, a badly ventilated room. I could go on for an hour writing the common causes of this trouble.

Confusion of mind may result from too little sleep, a torpid liver, indigestion, too little or too much blood in the brain and other minor things that are of no real consequence. Drowsiness makes some people think they are in for softening of the brain or some other dreadful disease. It most often arises from slow digestion, an inactive liver or from temporary decrease of the blood supply of the brain. The commonest cause of all these, though, is an oversensitive nervous system.

Occasionally, no doubt, confusion of the mind or drowsiness may be a symptom of diabetes or other serious disease, but such cases, it may be said, are the exception.

In all these cases the only sensible rule is to put an isolated symptom down to some simple and harmless cause. If there is anything seriously wrong it will make itself known by many symptoms.

"No doubt any of the things enumerated above may be the first sign of something of real gravity; but the chances are thousands to one that the cause is a mere trifle."

Classified Directory

FRATERNAL ORDERS

A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41. A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturdays at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons. N. MOLTOR, W. M. A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

B. P. O. E.—La Grande Lodge No. 422 meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Elk's club, corner of Depot street and Washington avenue. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

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W. W. BERRY, C. C. J. M. KENNEDY, Clerk. MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—La Grande Camp No. 7703 meets on the first and third Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock in the K. of F. hall. Visiting neighbors welcome.

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MATTIE GOLDEN, N. G. BYA MONROE, Sec. L. O. O. M., La Grande Lodge No. 850, Loyal Order of Moose, holds regular meetings every Monday at 7:30 p. m. in I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend.

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Drs. Richardson & Loughlin, Physicians and Surgeons. Phone—Office Black 1363. Dr. Richardson's Res.—Main 55. Dr. Loughlin's Res.—Main 757.

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DR. P. A. CHARLTON, Veterinary Surgeon. County stock inspector. Office at Hill's drug store, La Grande. Residence phone, Red 701; office phone, Black 1361. CHIROPRACTORS

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R. J. GREEN—Attorney-at-Law. Rooms 9-10, Sommer Bldg., La Grande, Ore. Practices in all state and federal courts. H. E. DIXON, LAWYER—All State and Federal Courts. Collections. Rooms 4 and 5, La Grande National Bank Building.

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