

DEATH WARNINGS. WHISTLING BUOYS

Soldiers Who Foresaw Their Fate on the Eve of Battle.

KNOW THEIR TIME HAD COME.

It Was Not Mere Fancy, but Grim Premonition, That Moved These Men to Read Their Own Death Warrants—A Case of Red Tape and a Bullet.

Premonitions get little attention, and those who have them little sympathy in these days. During the war, however, a premonition came to be looked upon as a most unwelcome guest. In the company I went out with there were two Garfield brothers. The younger, a quiet, modest fellow who spent his leisure time writing letters and reading, never joined in camp amusements, told a few of his more intimate friends while the regiment was in camp opposite Fredericksburg, Va., in 1862, that he would be wounded in the first battle he went into and die from the effects of it. The boys laughed at him and tried to cheer him up, but he was of no use, he never changed mind. Aug. 28, 1862, was the first of the effects of it. Young Garfield was as brave as the bravest at battle.

"This is my first and last fight, boys, I shall do my duty," is what he said when the regiment plunged into that battle, in which the iron brigade of four regiments and two regiments of Doubleday's brigade, the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania and the Seventy-sixth New York, met "Stonewall" Jackson's sixteen regiments and held them in check for four hours, our brigade alone losing 800 of its 2,500 men.

"I'm hit; goodbye, boys," said Garfield, as he fell out and went to the rear.

"Yours is a death wound in the calf of the leg and in a few days will be all right," said the surgeon to Garfield. "Tell my parents I did not shirk my duty," pleaded the poor boy.

And he lay there without a word of complaint and died.

Near him was "Kicker" Finch of the same company with a shattered knee, a much worse wound than Garfield's. Finch demanded attention. He forced the nurses to keep his wound bathed in cold water, and if they were at all neglectful he swore at them. Finch lived to kick about poor hardtack and salt junk cut from dead horses, but Garfield is sleeping in the Bull Run cemetery.

Frank King was a rollicking young fellow in the same company, generous, brave and popular, a singer who always drew an audience. Like a hero he fought at Gainesville, Second Bull South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Fitchburg Crossing.

"This finishes my fighting," was Frank King said to Lime White, nurse, just as the Sixth Wisconsin dug into line for a charge the first at Gettysburg.

"I'll be in battle" is what the orderly entered after Frank's name that night.

"Have all the fun with me you desire, gentlemen; it is your last chance," was what Major Phil Plummer of the Sixth Wisconsin said to a company of officers who were chaffing him about being so very sober the day before Grant moved into the Wilderness in 1864. Forty-eight hours later they rolled his blanket about him and buried him where he fell. Nothing could convince him that he would not be killed in that battle, though he had escaped in a dozen other great battles.

Captain Rollin P. Converse, who had won his way from the ranks and gone through a score of great battles, went into the first day's fight of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, confident that he would do his last fighting that day. He never fought more bravely. They left him on the field with a thigh cruelly torn and death looking him squarely in the eye.

A Confederate surgeon told Converse that his leg would have to come off.

"That would save my life, so let it alone," was his quiet reply. But the surgeon began to arrange for an amputation.

"Let that leg alone," said Converse. The surgeon paid no attention to the wounded captain until Converse had taken out his revolver and pointed it at him. There was no amputation, and the next day they buried Converse with both legs.

Lieutenant John Timmons of Company C was entitled to muster out July 25, 1864, his three years having ended, but red tape intervened and delayed the order. Days and weeks passed without the word which would take him out of the service. On the night of Aug. 10, 1864, an order came for the regiment to march. A march then, in front of Petersburg, meant a battle.

"This is tough," said Timmons. "I ought to have been mustered out and gone home a month ago. In a day or two we shall have a fight, and I shall be long home—be killed."

The Weldon railroad battle John Timmons was killed and a bullet—Chloral.

They Are Simple In Principle and Certain In Operation.

PLAYTHINGS OF THE WAVES.

The Rise and Fall of the Water Give Birth to Their Penetrating Shrieks. Placing and Removing Them Are Tasks Fraught With Deadly Peril.

Sea travelers up and down our coast lines often hear a strange, weird sound to port or starboard, a sort of compound of moan and shriek, at once soft and insistent, subdued and penetrating. It is the call of the whistling buoy to the man at the helm, warning him of shoal or dangerous place.

These whistling buoys, which are enormous masses of iron, often weighing several tons, are as simple in principle as they are certain in operation. The buoy proper consists of a huge pear shaped bulb, little end up, on top of which is a powerful whistle, protected from accidental blow or collision by a framework of iron bars, and an air intake. Below and projecting far down into the water is an open tube of metal. The whole thing is secured in position with an anchor and a chain, which last is long enough for the depth of the water in which the buoy is placed to permit the free movement of the mass up and down.

When a wave lifts the buoy up in the air the water in the tube, acting as a piston, sucks in air through the intake. It is confined in the bulb of the buoy by a simple valve which prevents its egress through the intake. When the waves drop the buoy in the trough of the waves the water in the tube presses up on the confined air and compresses it. It finds exit through the whistle, which thus sounds its warning note.

It might be supposed that, having no mechanism but a valve, such buoys, once put in position, could be left there for an indefinite period of time. But the sea has strange ways with her playthings, and even if the necessity of constant painting of the buoy to protect it from the action of sea water was not existent it would still be necessary to keep a watch on these signals and to take them up and replace them rather often, for the big tube projecting down into the water is a great attraction to barnacles and seaweed, and not infrequently these marine growths so interfere with the action of the buoy as to keep it silent in ordinary weather and to dim its voice in bad weather.

It then becomes necessary to "work" a new whistler in position, which is a regular part of the duty of a lighthouse tender or buoy tender, of which vessels there are many in the service.

When a buoy is to be "worked" the tender repairs to a yard or station and by means of her crane lifts on deck the freshly painted and thoroughly repaired new buoy which is to replace that one which is either silent or which has served its allotted time and is now due for replacement.

There is nothing difficult about this. It is getting the enormously large and unwieldy mass of iron overboard and taking on board the one which is in the water which causes the difficulty. The very waves which are necessary to the successful operation of the buoy make it hard to manage at the end of a crane on board a comparatively small vessel.

When a buoy tender goes to "work" a whistler she clears her deck of everything else but the buoy, which is secured with chocks and chains against the roll of the vessel. The old buoy is approached cautiously, within a couple of hundred feet, and the new buoy is allowed to slide overboard rather than picked up and placed in the water, the crew guiding it by guy ropes, while the powerful crane lifts just enough to permit the buoy to move. With the vessel slowly rolling from side to side on the slow seas of even a quiet day—the good days are purposely picked for this work—the mass of freshly painted iron with its long tube presents potentialities for evil which must be closely watched. Let the buoy but get clear of the deck and the fall tackle get jammed and there would come into being a three ton pendulum with an iron ball thirty-six feet long capable of smashing the boat to bits and certainly of sweeping broken bones about the deck with no more effort than if they were so many flies.

But, if getting the new buoy overboard is dangerous work, hauling the old one in is more so. The buoy is first secured by good seamanship, manning the steam vessel, with a rope through the iron cage at its top. Working from this, ropes, chains and "springs" or heavy cables are brought into play and the whole very cautiously lifted and secured as it comes over the side. It is allowed to swing free not at all, save perhaps for an instant, just as it is laid flat on the deck, and then, apparently in the very face of death, a dozen men spring at the mass, ready to swing with the waves and to demolish them and thrust huge billets

of wood underneath its sides to hold it long enough for lashings to make it secure. The boat being belayed to the anchor chain then cautiously backs away to raise the anchor, and there is a general scampering away from the cable while this is being done, as should it break it would be like having a couple of cannon balls come tearing along the deck.

However, so skillful are these handlers of heavy masses of iron on an unstable keel, that it is rare that an accident happens.—C. H. Claudy in Scientific American.

Free Freight for Exhibits.

Salem, Oregon, March 24.—To the Editor—I am sure the school children of Oregon will be delighted to know that the different railroads: the S. P., the O. W. R. & N., and the Hill lines in Oregon including the Astoria line, the Oregon Electric and the United Railways, have all agreed to carry the school children's exhibits to and from the state fair, this year, free of charge.

In order to take advantage of this liberal offer the exhibits of a certain county, or district must be assembled at one or more convenient shipping points and shipped together in the name of the county school superintendent teacher or other authorized person.

This is a fine thing for the railroads to do and it will help wonderfully in this industrial contest. Now the child 200 miles away from Salem can send an exhibit to the fair just as well as one only 20 miles away. Hope the boys and girls all over the state knowing this fact early in the season will begin at once to prepare something for the state fair. It begins September 29 this year and the prize list is larger and more attractive than last year. The list will be off the press in a few days and sent out to the county school superintendents from whom each family can secure a copy.

Besides the fine line of regular and special prizes in the individual classes there are five cash prizes ranging from \$100 down to \$40 for the best collective exhibit by the schools of any county. There are also five special prizes for the best exhibit by one room districts outside of counties making a county exhibit.

Oregon has a good chance to lead the world in industrial work this year and reap a great reward. To this end we hope to have the co-operation of not only all the teachers and children but of every other citizen of the state.

N. C. MARIS.
Field Worker Industrial Fairs.

Notice to Contractors.

Notice is hereby given that the building committee of the Central Christian church of La Grande will receive sealed proposals up to four p. m., Saturday, March 29, for the concrete and brick masonry for the new church foundation. Plans and specifications may be procured from Chauncey E. Bunting, architect, Newlin building, and all bids must be filed with him. Each bidder will be required to file certified check of 10 per cent. of the amount of bid. The committee reserves the right to reject any or all proposals submitted. 3-25-4t

Mrs. O. Kin has sold her interest in the Touse, Hing Long and company store. 3-21-3t

WANTED—Woman for general housework. Out of town, light work. Family of three. Address F. B. Brooks, Telocaset, Oregon Phone Black 672, La Grande. 3-25-5tp



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Turbine Egg Beater.

Perhaps you are using an old-fashioned egg beater, and you are still trying to make oil and vinegar by the slow process of an ordinary dinner fork. But this is no longer necessary for there is a little turbine egg beater which you can buy for ten cents that will do all these things for you in a jiffy. It is built of steel, and there is no cogwheel to get out of order like the old-fashioned models. The whole principle of the beater is like a turbine wheel on a boat and gives you hundreds of revolutions a minute.

Baked Spare-Rib of Pork.

Trim off the rough ends neatly crack the ribs across the middle; rub with salt and pepper, fold over and stuff with bread crumbs seasoned with butter, pepper, salt, celery, onion and sage. Sew up the opening and place in a pan, to which add one-half a cupful of hot water. Cook in a hot oven until brown basting frequently and turning the meat so that all sides may brown.

Light Omelet, Without Milk.

Five eggs, whites; two eggs, yolks; half cup of sugar, half a lemon, juice. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add the two well-beaten yolks, the sugar and lemon juice. Stir all together very quickly; put in a butter pudding dish and bake in a hot oven to a golden brown. Serve at once.

Mother's Indian Pudding.

Take two-quarts of milk, one cupful of yellow Indian meal and half a cupful of molasses. Take out one cupful of milk and put the rest of the ingredients on to boil. As soon as they have thickened put in a deep, earthenware pudding dish, which has been well buttered; pour in the cupful of cold milk. Bake slowly five hours.

Eyeglass Screws.

If the tiny screws that hold your eyeglass lenses in place will not stay tightened and you are far away from a jeweler tighten them with a pen-knife and drop a bit of glue on them. When this hardens the screws will not work loose for many weeks.

Scientist says peanuts cause appendicitis. Heretofore it has been suspected that appendicitis was caused by large bank accounts.



For Breakfast

Have you happened to think of Jones' Farm Sausages. A more delicious breakfast couldn't be imagined. You can get them here any day if you'll order a little in advance.

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Molasses Pie.

To make delicious molasses pie mix half a pint of molasses with a table-spoonful of flour and the juice of a lemon, also the rind and pulp chopped finely. Prepare a good, short crust, line a large plate with a layer of this, spread with the mixture and cover with a top layer of pastry. Bake for half an hour.

They Never Did.

It was the fag end of a Bohemian supper. "Cream cheese all out," announced the cook.

"There's some library paste," whispered the host. "Spread the sandwiches with that. I don't think anybody'll know the diff."

Could It Be!

What a marvelous insect a grasshopper is. He can jump 300 times his length.

That's nothing—I once saw a bee raise a 200 pound man 3 feet in the air.

Quite a Stunt.

Before marriage a woman has to pretend she doesn't take a man seriously when she does, and after marriage she has to pretend she does when she doesn't.—The Tattler.

LOCAL STOCK

(Continued from Page 1)

Heppner, Ore., March 24.—(Special)—Easter Sunday was a snowy, stormy day in Heppner, snow falling at intervals though none fell during last night. There is no snow on the ground in Heppner now, but the snow in the foothills is three or four inches deep. It was very cold Saturday night, the temperature running down to five degrees below zero. Lambing is now under way in this section but thus far the sheepmen report no heavy losses. Neither are any heavy losses reported by cattlemen.

Wanted to Know.

The Boy (company present)—Mother, will the dessert hurt me tonight, or is there enough to go round?

Somehow, it appears as if Helen Keller had been able to develop despite the fact that woman doesn't vote.

The young man who has had a portion of a dog's brain grafted upon his own need not use that as an excuse for going to the bow-wows.

Thomas Jefferson invented the folding camp stool, and the revolving office chair, besides making something of a reputation in other lines.