

BETTER WATER IS OBTAINED

NORTH POWDER TO USE ARTESIAN WELL

Public Watering Place to Be Provided by the Well

North Powder, June 5.—(Special)

L. McGregor is putting in a public watering trough adjoining his property at the corner of Second and E streets. The water to come from his well. In connection with this the city will put in a drinking fountain, and pay Mr. McGregor an annual rent for the water. This is the greatest improvement made here in some time, as there is no good watering place anywhere in the vicinity. Farmers coming into town, especially when hauling heavy loads, will thoroughly appreciate this improvement. Mr. McGregor is entitled to the thanks of

the entire community for his public spirit in putting in the watering trough.

Miss Retta Aughey, accompanied by her father, Geo. Aughey, went to Union Tuesday to enter in the relay race at the stock show this week. Miss Aughey won second place in the girls' relay race at the "Band up" at Pendleton last fall. It will take a good rider to beat her.

A number of fine horses will be entered at the show from here. Will Hutchinson and Bowman Bros. are among the exhibitors.

Willis & Peterson shipped a carload of hogs today.

The Farmers' Union shipped four carloads of hay this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Knauts of Clover creek made a trip to La Grande Monday to close a deal for some property in that city.

Oscar Jacobson has a new "Indian" motorcycle.

Chris Johnson came up Tuesday from Hot Lake sanatorium, where he is taking treatment, but returned today.

The North Powder band will play at the stock show in Union Thursday and it looks as though practically all of North Powder will escort the "boys" and make it a North Powder day. The band boys make a fine appearance in their new uniforms.

Capt. W. F. Haines will take in the show at Union and visit his sister, Mrs. Nicholson, who lives near there.

de draw ob de baby where I could see de battle get on. de no'the'n folks wor driven purty nigh into dis place, and after dat de fightin' stopped fo' a long time. Mr. Bragg's army wor down below de ridge, and then he come up on top ob de ridge. Meantime missie come back, and when de south'n army wor camped on de ridge marse he got taken sick some mo', and she went away ag'in. leavin' me in charge ob de baby.

"One day I wor wheelin' de baby along de brow ob de ridge, and I see de no'the'n folks down below all marchin' up and down 's if dey wor paradin'. For 't'ing I knowed a lot ob dem sojers jus' started to climb de hill. De men on top wor shootin' down at 'em, and dey wor de debble to pay. I wheeled de baby back towa'd de house as fas' as I kin, but I meet some southe'n sojers, and one ob de ossifers say to me:

"Heah, yo' nigguh, yo' put a shoulder to de gun, and we took it to de brow ob de ridge. De Yankee come right up and took de gun, and I wor in de middle ob de fight. I tried to git back to de baby, and when I got dar whar I left him in de bushes he wor gone."

Runyan while the story was being told was sitting by a table reading a newspaper, though he was really listening to the darky. At this point he jumped up and shouted:

"What was the name of your master?"

"Mars' Goodridge."

"Then Goodridge must be my real name. I was the baby you were wheelin' about on Missionary ridge. What became of my father?"

"You dat baby! Dat can't be so, marse. He wa'n't mo'n a foot and a half high."

Runyan, who had taken the name of the Federal soldier who had found him, was the identical baby that was lost on the battlefield. His father had died of wounds, and his mother had succumbed soon after his death. That is why no effort was ever made to find him.

When the old darky was convinced that the baby he had lost stood before him as a man he smiled for the first time in twenty years.

Riel Damp Rhetoric. Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverer of the south pole, describes the parallels of latitude that lie between New Zealand and the antarctic barrier, where Scott and his companions rest, as "the roaring forties, the foggy fifties and the icy sixties."

Berlin's Pawnshops. Pawnshops in Berlin are controlled by the government. The rates of interest are low, and the profits are used for charitable purposes.

BIRDS AND COLORS.

Pigeons and Chickens Can See What is Invisible to Man.

It has been slowly brought to our understanding that the world is not the same to all creatures, and probably no experiments have tended more to make this clear than those on the color sense of chickens, pigeons, owls and kestrels.

Hungry chickens and pigeons were first kept an hour in a bright room for them to become accustomed to the light. The floor was then spread with a smooth black cloth, evenly covered with grains of wheat, a strong spectrum was thrown on it from the ceiling and the hungry animals were turned loose. They picked the wheat first from the bright red, then the ultra red, next the yellow and finally the green. They touched nothing in the blue and violet because they saw nothing; but, on the other hand, they saw the grains in the ultra red that were invisible to the men.

This proved that for chickens and pigeons the spectrum is shortened at the violet end of short wave length and extended at the red end of long wave length. This is the effect one might expect from wearing orange colored glasses and demonstrated that fowls see through such spectacles in the form of yellow and orange oil globules embedded in the light sensitive layer.

To kestrels and buzzards the brightest some was the green instead of the red, the blue being visible. To owls the colors were as men see them.—London Mail.

A Quaint Description.

You get some swift conversations without intentional listening, says the London Chronicle. Two alert young women sat side by side in one of those cosy armchairs for two thoughtfully provided by the Tube Railway company. Mutual interests were discussed. "What do you think of that new girl in your office?" asked the one. "Oh," replied the other, "she's not bad, but well, she's the sort of girl whose sister marries a policeman and then doesn't live with him."

The Important Thing.

An American mother was trying to instill in her seven-year-old daughter a spirit of patriotism while they were traveling in Mexico. "Doris," she said, "this is George Washington's birthday!" "Is it?" Doris queried indifferently. "What'd he get?"—Everybody's.

She Didn't Get Angry.

"If your wife were to die would you remain a widower?" she asked. "Not if your husband were to pass away," he replied without making her at all angry.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Battlefield Baby

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

Twenty years after the civil war I went south with a party to look over the battlegrounds of Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. A young man accompanied our party who told us that as a baby he had been in a battle. When he had grown old enough to be told anything about himself his supposed father informed him that he (the father) had been a Union soldier in the battle of Missionary Ridge and during the fight, hearing a cry in some bushes, had gone there and found a baby. He took the little chap out of the fight, and when ordered to march on the baby was adopted by the company and carried along. The funder afterward took him home and brought him up. He was now on his way to visit the battlefield with a view to learning something of his parentage.

I remained for some time at Chattanooga, and the young man, Runyan, who was looking for his ancestors remained with me. I was engaged in certain work on the battlefield of Chickamauga, and Runyan was engaged in his own search. There was an old negro in the hotel at which we stayed who did odd jobs, and I paid him to do things for me. He was a lugubrious old fellow, and I never but once saw a smile on his face.

One day I asked him why he was so melancholy.

"Dat are a story by its own self," was his reply, with a solemn shake of the head.

"Well, uncle," I said to him, "you might as well tell me, for I'm so curious to know that I won't let you alone till you do."

He hemmed and hawed awhile and finally told the story:

"I wor borned on a plantation on de redge, and my marse wor one ob de best young men in de souf. I wor giben to him by his fadder when he wor married. Dat wor not long befo' de wah broke out. My young marse he had a little plantation ob he own, and he wuk it with no mo' 'n a dozen nig-gahs. I wor a house servant and, havin' belonged to de fambly fo' so long, had charge of eberyfing.

"Den de wah come on, and marse he go jine de Confederate army. When he went away he say to me, 'Joe, I's gwine to leab my wife and my chille what isn't bawn yet in yo' car'—his voice trembled when he spoke ob de chille—and I spect yo' to gib up yo' own life befo' yo' let any trouble happen 'em."

"I tol' him dat it don't make no difference wedder it no'the'n or southe'n pusson, I kill him if he touch a ha'r of missie's head.

"While he wor away fightin' wo'd come to missie dat he got taken sick. By dat time de baby wor bo'n and about a yea' old. Missie say to me one day, says she: 'Joe, to go to him. Do yo' tink yo' kin take car' ob de baby till I come back?' I say, 'I sho' I kin. So missie told me all about de baby's food and what to do when dis happen and dat happen till I don't know wedder I wor on my head or my heels. Den she went away.

"Missie hadn't been gone berry long befo' dere wor fightin' at Chickamaugy creek, and I wheeled de baby out to

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