

SPUDS LOSE SECOND GAME

JAMISON GOES OFF WITH COLOR
STYLE YESTERDAY.

Spuds and Bears Ready to Come to
La Grande Friday.

Standing of the Clubs.		
Won.	Lost.	Pct.
Walla Walla	30	.698
Boise	25	.595
Pendleton	24	.558
North Yakima	22	.512
La Grande	15	.357
Baker	18	.289

Walla Walla, June 12.—Jamison, the erstwhile star crooked arm, had a bad day yesterday and the Spuds lost the second game of the series. They are cleaning up today here and tomorrow morning the Spuds and Bears will land in La Grande to play three games which were transferred to La Grande earlier in the season. The score yesterday:

R. H. E.		
La Grande	Boise	Walla Walla
6	4	1
3	3	3

Batteries—Jamison and Conroy; Kelly and Brown.

Bucks Win at Yakima.

R. H. E.		
North Yakima	Boise	Pendleton
7	9	6
12	5	6

Batteries—Dawson and Byrnes; Kile and Taylor.

Sixth Inning a Jinx.

Baker, June 11.—Baker has at last found it's jinx. If the national commission will cut the sixth inning off the score sheet, there is a chance for the Diggers to win.

The score was 4 to 4 until that frame when the Irrigators batted the limit and one over off Coleman making six hits and six runs. Three more in the seventh ended the Clark-test with Johnson's offerings, except on special occasions.

Johnson was hooked in the seventh for Helter, after he had hit Murphy and walked Dean. He showed signs of weakness in the sixth inning.

R. H. E.		
Baker	Boise	Johnson
6	8	2
13	19	2

Batteries—Johnson, Metter and Gard; Coleman and Post.

WOOL PRICES NOT ACCEPTED

HIGHEST BID AT BAKER IS
14 3-4.

Demand Later Will Be Stronger Is
Belief.

Feeling that the high quality of their wool, and the demand later will justify their judgment that the offerings of buyers at the sale yesterday were not as high as they should be, Baker county wool producers, were not at all anxious to part with their clips and as a result only a very few sales were made, and these of little importance, says the Sunday Baker Democrat. The highest bid yesterday was 14 3-4 cents, which was made for one small clip, the other bids running down to 12 1-4 cents, which was the lowest bid given out. A large number of producers whose clips are now in the local warehouse refused to allow the bidders to examine their stock at all, refusing to take bids at the prices now offered. Representatives of eastern houses and eastern buyers on the whole, outbid the local buyers; one clip, that of Walter Steiger was sold for 14 cents, which was the best price recorded for a sale.

It is the prevailing opinion among wool men that the growers have acted wisely in refusing to sell at the present condition of the market, acting for the most part in the belief that the pending tariff legislation which has been held as a club over their heads, can make but very little difference in the price, if they hold out, until the demand creates better market conditions and higher prices prices through necessity. The result of the sale yesterday justified the expectation and predictions of the wool men, who have stated that the offerings would not be up to the mark demanded by the growers, who by reason of having clips of much higher quality and cleaner than for many years, have been of the opinion that a good price could be obtained by waiting a little until the buyers are forced to do better if they expect to get the wool.

One grower stated last evening that he was offered less by bidders at the sale yesterday than he was privately a week ago, and that he knew of others whose experience had been the same. In all prob-

Sitting on a Log

A Story of
College Students

By F. A. MITCHEL

Why is it that a young man—say twenty—and a young woman about the same age can't come together but that they must needs be talking a sort of maudlin philosophy?

And ten to one the season in which they fall into such talk is in the spring, when the birds are mating about them and they are really thinking about doing the same thing without realizing it. They suppose they are talking the one while they are really talking the other.

Margaret and I had both returned from college for the spring recess of our senior year. We were to graduate in June. The last part of college life is likely to contain philosophic studies—ours had at least—and we were walking, so to speak, on Mount Olympus. At any rate, we thought we were. We were ready to take the contract to solve the problem of the universe. The problem we were really solving was whether we should follow the example of the rest of nature, the flora and fauna about us, for we were walking in the woods, where the life of another year was springing forth.

"Do you believe matter to be indestructible?" asked Margaret.

"I do. I believe what appears to be its destruction is its passage from one form to another. But this you know as well as I. Why did you ask?"

"I had an object. If matter is indestructible why should life be destructible?"

"Life is not matter."

"Scientists are now claiming that it is. At least they say that matter is alive, and recent experiments indicate—"

"That log will afford us a comfortable seat. Shall we sit down? We can discuss the problem better, while resting. It involves deep thought."

We seated ourselves and when we spoke again had bridged the enormous gap between the constitution of matter and two young persons sitting on a log. The former was speculative; the latter was real. Wild flowers were springing up about us; insects were beginning to stir in the grass; a squirrel was sitting up on his haunches looking at us; a bird was carrying a feather to a branch as material for a nest. We dropped to the consideration of what the other living things about us were doing, but could not get

itly considerable of the stock in the local warehouses may be sold at private sale in the near future, and that the remainder will be shipped to the National Woolgrowers' warehouse in Chicago, there to be disposed of when the market conditions and prices are more advantageous.

down to it at once. We halted in our descent at abstract matrimony.

"Do you think that intellect should wed intellect?" asked Margaret.

Margaret was intellectual. I was not. I paid just enough attention to books and lectures to get a smattering of the learning they contained. Mark how quickly I got down to business.

"No," I replied. "It should like an intellectual wife."

"That was very modestly put," she said, lifting her pretty eyes to my face.

"I prefer action to books; grappling with the world as it is; to lectures. I am content that the other fellows shall take the college honors so long as I run the class politics."

"I don't call myself intellectual, but I prefer to dwell upon such problems as what we are for and whither we are going. Every year we spin faster. The changes in a decade are greater now than they were formerly in a hundred."

She shrieked and clung to me. A snake had crawled from under the log, doubtless going out after a long winter's sleep, to see if spring had come. The shriek startled him, and he got away as fast as possible. Margaret recovered her equanimity, but not her freedom. I held on to her. She made a faint effort to disengage herself.

"I think he's coming back," I said.

"Oh, heavens!" clinging to me in terror and hiding her face against my spring cardigan jacket.

The situation was pleasant. There was a pastoral flavor about the springing flowers, the twittering birds, were more delicious than before. As for the snake, he had taken his hideous self out of sight. Margaret's eyes being pressed against my breast, she did not know that he was gone.

"Is he coming?" she asked with a shudder.

"I can't see him."

She spoke very low, and I did the same. That she might hear the better I bent my head down towards her ear. My cheek rested on hers.

What a descent from Olympus to sitting on a log!

It may have been a serpent that brought trouble into the world—indeed, since I have been married I have sometimes thought it quite possible—but sitting at twenty holding Margaret in my arms I felt very grateful to the reptile that had put her there.

"Is he coming?" she asked again.

"He is crawling under the dead leaves. He may be coming this way, but I can't see him."

She shuddered and clung closer.

"There he is!"

Another shudder and a closer clinging. I knew that if I pressed my lips against her cheek I would in another moment be pressing them upon her lips and then there would be the mischief to pay. But I couldn't resist. I kissed her cheek, and when she raised her face to ask "What did you do that for?" I kissed her lips.

That ended the matter.

And how did all this begin? By her asking me if I believed matter to be indestructible. "What had that to do with a kiss?" I asked myself afterward while recalling our dialogue. Ridiculous!

DO SMALL THINGS.

You are waiting to do some great thing. You are all waiting to pull down some great evil. Perform the small things that are unseen, and they will bring other and greater things for you to perform. You would bleed and die for your country. Citizenship does not demand any such act of heroism. Do the small things; and the first one that comes to you, and a second will immediately come.—John Bright.

Southern Pacific Official Dead.
Denver, June 12.—William McAllister, general agent for the Southern Pacific, died of pneumonia today.

Tom Johnson is over from Cove today.

Chas. Miller of Union is in the city today.

Frank Foster is over from Union today.

Mrs. Stites and daughter of Denver are in the city the guests of Raymond Stites.

YOUNG MAN wants positions as shipping clerk or timekeeper, anything similar to the above. Can furnish first class references. Write W. care Oberster. 6-12-3t

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MARKET QUOTATIONS.	
Eggs and Butter.	
Fresh ranch eggs—20c.	
Butter—Fancy creamery, 35 cents 1 lb. roll; 2 lb. roll 65c.	
Ranch butter—1 lb. roll 30c; 2 lb. roll 55c.	
Flour, Hay, Feed, Etc.	
Wild Hay—(retail)—\$12.00.	
Timothy—\$15.00@16.00.	
Alfalfa hay—\$18.00 (retail).	
Shorts—\$11.40.	
Oats—\$1.60 per cwt.	
Barley—\$1.25 per cwt.	
Vegetables and Miscellaneous.	
Asparagus (Walla Walla)—10 straight.	
Rhubarb—5c.	
Green Peas (Walla Walla)—10c, and 2 for 25c.	
Onions—\$2.00 cwt, small lots 2 1/2 c.	
Young onions—3 for 10c.	
Potatoes—50c per cwt.	
Beans—White, 8 1-2c; Lima, 10 cents.	
Radishes (Walla Walla and home grown)—5c.	
Cabbage (new)—7c lb.	
Spinach—5c.	
New potatoes—10c; 3 lbs. for 25c.	
Young turnips—5c.	
Beets—5c.	
Cucumbers—Walla Walla hothouse, 20c, 2 for 35c.	
Fruit, Etc.	
Strawberries (Ore)—2 for 35c.	
Lemons—45 and 50c.	
Home grown apples—50c.	
Oranges—35-50-60c.	
Bananas—40c per doz.	
Grape fruit—15c.	
Sugar—Fruit sugar, retail (cash) \$5.60; same grade 30 days \$6.00.	
Beet sugar—Cash \$5.40; thirty days \$5.80.	
Honey—20c, 3 lbs. for 50c.	
Roller Oats—\$1.60 per cwt.	
Roller Barley—\$1.50.	
Blue Stem flour—\$1.40.	
Patent—\$1.30.	
White Quartz—\$1.40 sack.	
Snowdrift—\$1.40 sack.	
Sea Foam—\$1.20.	
Cattle	
Choice steers—\$7.80.	
Common—\$6.50.	
Cows, top—\$6.00.	
Fancy light cows—\$6.75.	
Heavy calves—\$4.00@5.50 cwt.	
Fancy light calves—\$7.75.	
Hogs	
Best light—\$7.50@7.60.	
Medium light—\$7.40.	
Best heavy—\$6.80.	
Rough and heavy—\$6.50.	
Sheep	
Best yearlings—\$6.00.	
Yearlings—\$5.00.	
Fancy ewes—\$4.50.	
Poultry and Miscellaneous.	
Ducks, dressed, 18c.	

The Brilliant Stars of June.
By the end of June, Mars, Venus, Saturn and Jupiter will all be morning stars, but Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is at all times the "Star" medicine for coughs, colds, croup, and whooping cough. A cold in June is apt to develop into bronchitis or pneumonia as any other time, but not if Foley's Honey and Tar Compound is taken. It will surely head off the cold, and heal the inflamed membranes. The genuine is in a yellow package. A. T. Hill

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