

CAIRNS BEGINS MEETINGS TONIGHT



Rev. Cairns, Evangelist.

Rev. George Robert Cairns, the well known Evangelist arrived in La Grande this morning. He will open the evangelistic services this evening at the Baptist Church at promptly 7:30 o'clock. Dr. Cairns comes to La Grande after a ripe experience in this most important work. He began his ministerial career as a singer with the famous Major Penn on the plains of Texas and has since preached in three-fourths of the states in the union and has crossed the Atlantic more than a score of times to preach in the large cities of Europe.

The press at home and abroad speaks in the highest terms of Dr. Cairns. The Watchword of Sheffield, England, says: "Rev. Cairns is powerful in reasoning, felicitous in illustration, irresistible in appeal, fearless in presentation of the truth, and in character and bearing he is transparency itself." The Saint Clair, Pa., Daily says, "The great attraction about Mr. Cairns' speech is that there is nothing unnatural or weak about it. The logic is irresistible and his illustrations not only help convince the understanding but reach and melt the heart."

Rev. Cairns will be in La Grande but two weeks and all are cordially

invited to attend these special services from the first.

GOOD RESULTS FOLLOW THE USE OF FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS.

A lame back, sore kidneys and sleep disturbing bladder weaknesses warn you that your kidneys need help—need to be toned up, strengthened and their normal action restored. Bladder weakness causes much bother and distress. Women especially suffer from this annoyance. Just a trial of Foley Kidney Pills will convince you of their practical value, for results show as soon as you begin their use. They act directly on the kidney and bladder, and are a health giving and health maintaining medicine, valuable in all disorders arising from weak, inactive and sluggish kidneys. They contain no habit forming drugs and are a pure medicine. In 50c and \$1.00 sizes. N. B. Foley Cathartic Tablets (containing blue flag) are a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic. Very easy to take, no griping or nausea. 25c per bottle. Act in perfect harmony with Foley Kidney Pills. For sale by Hill's Drug Store.—Adv.

Read the advertisements too

ON THE WINGS OF A CYCLONE

Whirling Storm Brought Freedom to a Convict.

Ralph Kirby, convict, having a good record, was ordered to work with a party outside the prison inclosure. Of course prison officials stood over the workmen with loaded rifles.

But something came up in comparison with which the rifles of the guards were but as popguns. Kirby looked up from his work and saw a black cloud coming that looked more terrible than the judge who years before had passed sentence upon him. It was balloon shaped, the neck trailing on the ground. He glanced at the guards and saw that they were standing with their backs to the prison wall, with the cloud also behind them.

It passed between him and his guards. Being forewarned, he threw himself flat on the ground and held on to a stout bush. When it had passed the guards were nowhere to be seen. There was method in what he did when he started to run in the wake of the storm. It was the only direction he could go to find possible safety. He ran a mile over a ruined strip of country, when he came to a small village that had been wrecked. Before a house that had been turned around and blown over on its side a man was lying on his back dead. Kirby noticed that the head had been disfigured beyond recognition. He was planning ahead, and his plans were made with lightning rapidity. He took the dead man's clothing for himself and put his stripes on the dead man. Then, taking up the body, he carried it to a distance from the wrecked village and threw it in a ditch.

The storm had no sooner passed than parties were sent out to scour the country for those convicts who had escaped. But they were not the only persons moving about. Without the narrow belt traversed by the storm no one had been injured, and rescue parties were coming from all directions. Kirby, whose long confinement had brought ill health, had by this time used up all his strength. In the outskirts of the village a house had been reduced to a heap of kindling wood. Kirby decided to crawl in under the wreck. He had wormed himself in as far as possible when a rescue party came along and, seeing his boots, uncovered him. Feigning death, he lay on his back, but one of the party put his ear to the convict's head and heard it throbbing. Liquor was poured down his throat, and he knew that his sham could not be kept up. Through partly closed lids he saw that no prison official was present, and he opened his eyes. He begged the party to leave him and go on to others who needed their attention. They were persuaded and did as he suggested.

Then came another party, and the convict, mistaking them for searchers from the prison, again feigned death. By this time it was dark, and his effort was more successful—almost too successful. They began to dig beside him, and when they had made a shallow grave they put him in and covered him with earth. He was about to cry out when it occurred to him that they were not burying him deep and the earth above him would be loose. No sooner had the shovelfuls of earth ceased to pound him than he began to push them away for air.

Meanwhile all who could be spared from the prison were scouring the country far and wide. Judging that those who had escaped would attempt to hide in the track of the storm, they followed it, and one of them, Jim Mackin, came upon the body wearing Kirby's stripes. He identified it as Kirby by the clothes and concluded that there was one less prisoner to be recaptured. Being well armed, he pushed on alone. As the burying party were completing their work of covering Kirby, Mackin was approaching the grave, and they disappeared in the darkness just before he came up. Seeing something moving directly before him, Mackin threw a light from his lantern upon the spot just in time to strike the corpse-like face of Convict Kirby rising from the grave.

Prison officials are not likely to be easily rattled, but Mackin had a few minutes before seen the body of the convict, and the sight of the dead man's features confronting him in this fashion was too much for his nerves. Throwing down his gun and lantern, he ran as fast as his legs would carry him.

Kirby, kicking off the earth, arose from his grave, picked up the lantern and was hurrying away when he saw the light glisten on metal and found the gun. This gave him courage. He could either appear to be hunting for bodies or convicts, as he liked. He worked his way through the people scurrying about till he heard a distant locomotive whistle. A few minutes later he struck the rails and by the lights near by a station. Best of all,

the locomotive headlight shone in down the road and was slowly growing brighter. Throwing away his gun and lantern, he ran for the station and reached it just as the train pulled out. Being without money and fearing the station would be watched, he darted under a car and clung to the bottom.

Ralph Kirby is now a sheep raiser in Australia. He has been hunted for, not to be again imprisoned, but to be informed that the man who committed the crime he was convicted of has confessed.

TRAGIC SLEEPWALKING.

Incident Upon Which Bellini Based His Celebrated Opera.

Somnambulists can maintain their footing in the most perilous places so long as they remain in a state of somnambulism, but if suddenly awakened they instantly lose their self possession and balance.

On one occasion a young woman living in Dresden was seen at midnight walking on the edge of the roof of her house. Her family were immediately told of her plight, but were afraid to go near her. The neighbors gathered about the house and placed mattresses and blankets along the street in hopes that they might save her in case she fell.

She danced for over an hour on the slanting roof, apparently retaining her balance without difficulty, and every now and then she would advance to the edge and bow to the silent crowd standing many feet below her.

At last she climbed down on to the wide gutter which ran in front of the window through which she had come, with the evident intention of re-entering the house. The crowd watching her so intently drew a sigh of relief. But, unfortunately, her terrified relatives, thinking to assist her, had placed two lighted candles in the room near the window, and as she approached the light fell directly in her eyes.

Instantly the shock awakened her, and she swayed back and forth in her perilous position; then, with a frightful scream, she fell headlong to the ground. She was fatally hurt and died in a few hours. It was on this tragedy that Bellini wrote his celebrated opera "La Sonnambula."

Who Says Hens Have No Brains?

"Hens have no brains," declared the wife of a modern farmer as she chased a fat old Wyandotte toward the roosting place she should have sought voluntarily.

Before I could challenge the woman's statement the hen by a brilliant strategic movement completely eluded her pursuer and with a triumphant cackle disappeared in the tall grass. The method of her escape showed brains, there could be no two opinions about that, but it was her cackle that should have settled any wavering doubt in the mind of her detractor, for that cackle was uttered at exactly the right moment, not an instant too soon, not a second too late. And it takes brains to know just when to cackle.—Atlantic.

Feeding and Literary Genius.

H. G. Wells is among those who believe that indigestion is an aid to successful authorship. Some years ago when called upon to answer the question, "What is the first step toward literary production?" Mr. Wells replied, "It is imperative if you wish to write with any power or freshness at all that you should utterly ruin your digestion." Victor Hugo appears to have done his best to bring on indigestion. Edmond Lockroy states in his memoirs that it was Hugo's invariable custom when served with crayfish to devour the head, claws and tail and to swallow the skin and pips whenever he ate an orange.

Connection between feeding and literary genius is commented on by Robert Sherard in his "Modern Paris." Theophile Gautier, himself enormous, maintained that a man of genius should be fat and for proof pointed to "that more barrel than man," Balzac; to Alexandre Dumas, "always fat and jolly;" to the "hippopotamus in breeches," Rossini, and the plump and well fed appearance of Victor Hugo and Sainte-Beuve.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the abbey and palace of Holyrood house, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominoes and his creditor standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Spectator.

CLASSIFIED DIRECTORY

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 61, A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturdays at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons.

C. W. NOYES, W. M.
A. C. WILLIAMS, Sec.

B. P. O. E.—La Grande Lodge No. 438 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.

L. S. UNN, E. R.
H. E. COOLIDGE, Rec. Sec.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—La Grande Lodge No. 169 W. O. W. meets every first and third Fridays at I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members welcome.

T. J. ORMOND, C. C.
J. H. KEENEY, Clerk

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA—La Grande Camp No. 7703 meets on the first and third Thursday evenings of each month in the K. of P. hall. Visiting neighbors welcome.

H. C. BALL, V. C.
W. F. LANDRUM, Clerk.

ROYAL NEIGHBORS—Meets every second and fourth Fridays every month. All visiting members cordially invited.

NELLIE CHARBONEAU, Oracle.
LILLY C. KIMMIE, Recorder.

REBEKAHS—Crystal Lodge No. 59 meets every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are invited to attend.

MARY SIMMONS, N. G.
EVA MONROE, Sec.

L. O. O. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 850, Loyal Order of Moose holds regular meetings, each and every Tuesday night in Moose Home on Adams street. Visitors always welcome.

P. A. FOLEY, D.
E. J. MORRIS, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meets every Monday night in Castle hall, (Old Elks' hall). A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights.

H. E. DIXON, C. C.
R. L. LINCOLN, K. of R. & S.

O. E. S.—Hope Chapter No. 13, O. E. S., holds stated communications the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited.

MRS. A. C. WILLIAMS, W. M.
MARY A. WARNICK, Sec.

F. O. E.—La Grande Aerie No. 259 on each and every Friday evening at 8 o'clock in top floor of Foley building. Visiting members cordially welcomed.

JACK NICE, W. P.
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WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT CIRCLE NO. 47—Meet second and fourth Tuesday nights of each month at K. of P. hall. All visiting neighbors welcome.

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DR. R. E. L. HOLT—Physician and surgeon; successor to Dr. N. Mottor; corner Adams avenue and Depot St. Phones—Office Main 68; Residence, Main 730.

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T. H. CRAWFORD; ROBT. S. EAKIN CRAWFORD & EAKIN—Attorneys at law. Practice in all the courts of the state and United States. Office West-Jacobson building, La Grande, Ore., rooms 9-10.

R. J. GREEN—Attorney-at-Law. Rooms 9-10, Sommer Bldg., La Grande, Ore. Practices in all state and federal courts.

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