

Union County Farmer's Exchange List

(Published by County Agriculturist, Claude C. Cate, La Grande, Ore.)

- FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE**
- Turner Oliver, La Grande, Ore., field peas, oats, and bald barley.
 - Paddock Bros., Union, Ore., prune trees, ready for planting this spring.
 - J. W. Bush, Cove, Ore., seven young, 15-16 Holstein bulls for sale \$50 each.
 - E. H. De Long, La Grande, Ore., registered Jersey bull.
 - David Lynd, Elgin, several stands of bees.
 - J. R. Weaver, Elgin, Ore., saw-mill and two million feet of timber.
 - Mrs. J. W. Ingram, full blooded S. C. brown leghorn eggs. Cove, Ore.
 - Paddock Bros., Union, Ore., 2 pure bred Duroc Jersey boars, 3 pure bred Rhode Island roosters.
 - O. A. Olinghammer, Elgin, Ore., 800 pounds timothy seed.
 - Ed Edwards, Cove, Ore., one ton of brown beans, 75 sacks of Byrbanck potatoes.
 - J. H. Wickens, Elgin, Ore., horses and farm machinery.
 - A. L. Taylor, Alicel, Ore., good quality peerless potatoes.
 - W. F. Hug, Elgin, Ore., some good horses.
 - J. G. Henderson, Elgin, Ore., 160 acre farm and pasture land, 9 miles from Elgin \$35 per acre. \$1000 down and balance on easy terms.
 - Alvin McCullough, Imbler, Ore., wheat, oats, barley, cream, eggs, chickens and hogs.
 - Samuel Morris, Imbler, Ore., one Suffolk stallion, 3 years old.
 - John Speckhart, La Grande, Ore., wheat, horses and cattle.
 - I. A. Bingham, Imbler, Ore., 3 good cows.
 - W. C. Hill, Elgin, Ore., 290 acres of land.
 - E. M. Darren, La Grande, Ore., cabbage and horse raddish.
- FOR SALE**
- Adolf Waely, Elgin, Ore., some good potatoes.
 - J. E. Reynolds, La Grande, Ore., one pure bred registered 2 year old Clydesdale stallion.
 - T. D. Elam, La Grande, Ore., potatoes.
 - Edward Jasper, Island City, Ore., cattle and horses.
 - J. J. Golden, La Grande, Ore., horses.
 - C. E. Trueblood, Cove, Ore., one Rhode Island Red Cockerel.
 - Royal J. Allen, Cove, Ore., span draft colts, 3 and 4 years old, 1600 lbs each. One driving horse, coming 3 years.
 - Chas. Organ, Cove, Ore., Little Club wheat for seed.
 - J. K. Lantz, Cove, Ore., S. C. White Leghorn eggs, and one day old chicks.
 - Jewell Robinson, Cove, Ore., good horses.
 - George Miller, Cove, Ore., horses, cows, hogs, geese and butter.
 - E. W. Pease, Cove, Ore., canning outfit in A1 condition, capacity 10,000 cans daily.
 - Gus Houx, Cove, Ore., horses and cows.
 - E. F. Roberts, Cove, Ore., one good Jersey cow.
 - A. B. Miller, Cove, Ore., horses, hogs and chickens.
- WANTED**
- O. C. Maxwell, Elgin, Ore., millet seed.
 - W. G. Gibbons, La Grande, Ore., improved corn, onions and carrots.
 - W. J. Gilpin, Cove, Ore., field peas.
 - W. Zurbriek, La Grande, Ore., 6 rowed white barley.
 - Andrew Muldenburg, La Grande, Ore., dry land alfalfa seed and some wheat.
 - E. M. Darren, La Grande, Ore., good seed corn.
 - I. A. Bingham, Imbler, Ore., Jersey bull, 1 year old.
 - John Speckhart, La Grande, Ore., bald barley.
 - Edward & Morrison, Summerville, Ore., sweet clover of white variety, 1 bushel.
 - A. E. Hug, Elgin, Ore., dry land alfalfa seed.
 - Arthur Golden, La Grande, Ore., sweet clover seed white variety.
 - Chris Stackland, Cove, Ore., sweet clover seed.
 - Ed Jasper, Island City, Ore., sweet clover seed.
 - Reynolds, La Grande, Ore., sweet clover seed.
 - J. W. Ingram, Cove, Ore., local grown seed.
 - J. K. Wright, La Grande, Ore., 125 sacks Early Rose potatoes, same Early Ohio, 15 bushel bald barley, 150 lbs. alfalfa seed.
 - Frank McKennon, Alicel, Ore., local corn, field peas, clover seed.
 - W. J. Case, Alicel, Ore., field peas.
 - E. S. Gekeler, Elgin, Ore., alfalfa.
 - Mrs. T. F. Organ, Cove, Ore., local seed corn, clover seed, and alfalfa.
 - J. E. Reynolds, La Grande, Ore., seed corn.
 - George Grout, La Grande, Ore., clover seed.
 - William Ledbetter, Alicel, Ore., clover seed.
 - J. H. Wickens, Cove, Ore., clover seed.
 - W. O. Parks, Elgin, Ore., clover seed.
 - T. L. Lantz, Cove, Ore., 1 white Plymouth Rock Cockerel.
 - E. W. Pease, Cove, Ore., Yellow Dent corn.
 - Jewel Robinson, Cove, Ore., carrots, beets, vetch and corn.
 - J. K. Lantz, Cove, Ore., Beardless barley, corn.
 - Royal Allen, Cove, Ore., good Dent corn.
 - A. A. Antles, Cove, Ore., clover seed.
- This exchange list is published by the County Agriculturist in order to bring those who are in need of various kinds of seed, stock and other general items of the farm, in closer touch with those who have such things for

MANY SOCIAL DATES DRAW

IMBLER PEOPLE HAVE MUCH TO ENJOY

Milo Pratt Will Move to Twin Falls to Run Alfalfa Ranch.

Imbler, Oregon, Feb. 24.—(Special) George Cochran and wife of La Grande spent last Friday in Imbler visiting their aunt, Mrs. George Ruckman.

Walter Stringham, who has been spending the last week in Portland, where his son is studying music, returned Saturday, accompanied by a severe case of a grippie.

C. I. Dornberger arrived in Imbler Friday morning, having just returned from a meeting of fruit men held in our sister state on the north.

The Freshman class in English in the local high school is having a little novelty in the form of a continuous composition, a different member of the class each day telling a portion of the supposed trip of two boys over Oregon. At present the two travelers are returning via Klamath Falls, Burns, etc. A record is made of the best constructed sentence from each day's composition. Originality is developed along with form.

Rev. Hanson came in from Elgin Sunday afternoon and occupied the M. E. pulpit in the evening. The Epworth League led by Mrs. W. V. Connor, discussed the subject of Christianity.

W. V. Connor and son Ralph spent Thursday night at the home of Ed Boylen in La Grande, Mr. Connor returning to his school work in Imbler the next morning.

Henry McGoldrick, who purchased the Bass home, is having the same painted and papered and wired. Walter Westfall will occupy this home the first of March.

Royal Allen and his basketball team of Cove high school were in Imbler Sunday afternoon on their return from a tour of Wallowa county. Mr. Allen reports a successful and pleasant trip. The team left the train at this station and continued their journey to Cove by automobile.

Milo Pratt has rented an alfalfa farm near Twin Falls, Idaho, and will leave for his new home in a few days. Mrs. Pratt and Master Chadwick will go later. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt are well known around Imbler and have a host of friends who wish them success in their new home.

The eighth grade True Blue literary society of the local school rendered an interesting program Friday afternoon, the sixth and seventh grade and high school being invited to attend.

Henry McGoldrick and wife were visitors at the I. A. Bingham home Sunday.

The monthly report of the Imbler school shows a total enrollment of 133. Vivian Wiggins is slowly convalescing from her severe illness of a few days ago.

disposal. In no way is the publisher responsible for the items listed.

This list will be sent to all farmers who request it. The success or failure of the plan depends upon the interest manifested by the farmers. Please inform me of your wants and report sales or exchanges made as a result of this list. This is free to you. The next list will be published April 1st.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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MASTER KEY.

(Continued from Yesterday.)

Before long the camp was in an uproar, and it was due to certain cooler heads that trouble did not ensue immediately. These men insisted that there was time to settle the dispute of ownership, forced Wilkerson to withdraw his command that Kane leave the mine instantly and managed to bring a semblance of peace out of disorder. Kane bowed his neck to the yoke of their authority, but dispatched a trusty messenger to the station with a telegram to John to come as soon as possible. Wilkerson resorted to a scene which was eventually to threaten the very existence of the "Master Key." He sent Drake south to confer with a desperado whom he knew, who could gather a band of Mexicans like himself on short notice, ready for anything that promised loot.

"Tell Jose to be here tomorrow night," he instructed him. "I'll want about twenty men well armed."

Drake rode away as from destruction, cursing the luck that had put him in the power of such a man.

In response to Kane's message John Dorr, Ruth Gallou and Everett left Beverly Hills for Silent Valley. They arrived the third day after the cook, and from the moment they were recognized the miners dropped their attitude of sulky waiting and thronged about their mistress, cheering and shaking hands. When they had got into the big house Kane arrived, apron and all, to report on the situation.

"It's come to a showdown," he remarked. "Wilkerson has several of the worthless fellows here and a lot of half breeds back in the hills. He knows I have that money of yours, and he's promised it to the Mexicans if they help him. You see, Wilkerson will keep his skirts clear that way. He can say that it was a raid by handits."

"How soon does all this happen?" drawled John.

Kane glanced at him curiously. He understood that warning not to frighten Ruth and went on airily. "Oh, I reckon just as soon as Wilkerson gets Tubbs weaned from that bottle of his."

But when Ruth had gone to her own rooms the cook wasted no words in smoothing things over.

"You've got to act and act quick," he told John and Everett. "It ain't the time for fooling. Tonight may do the business, for those Mexicans are impatient. Remember that Wilkerson has the keys to the powder house, and he has all kinds of chance to lay his traps."

"I don't think he expected us so soon," John remarked.

"A good cook always has grub for people that drop in unexpected like," was the grim response. "Just take a peek down there now."

Through the window John saw that the camp was quietly but surely dividing into two parties. The elder miners were gathered about the cook shanty. Around the office stood a dozen or so uncontented half drunk under the leadership of Tubbs, who



The Old Cook Offered to Fight Him on Any Terms.

was wholly drunk and on the porch talking to Wilkerson were a couple of Mexicans.

"It looks as if they meant to rush the camp," Dorr said thoughtfully. He proceeded to arm himself, and Everett quietly followed suit.

"I'm going to talk to the boys first," said Dorr. He left the bungalow and strode off down the hill, followed by the cook. A gun was fired up by the mine tunnel mouth.

"That's a signal that the Mexicans are making trouble!" Kane shouted. "Look out for dynamite in the shaft, John!"

Without a word further Dorr leaped down from the porch of the cook shanty and started up the hill, followed by a dozen faithful supporters. Other shots were fired. Wilkerson appeared at the tunnel mouth and then vanished inside. John sprang upon the trestle and rushed after him.

Instantly a band of Mexicans materialized halfway down the hill, fired a few shots and retreated. John paid no attention to them, but kept on.

Once within the tunnel he saw a faint gleam of light ahead of him. He understood that Kane was right. Wilkerson was playing a desperate game in blowing up the shaft and then in

the ensuing confusion allowing the handits to loot undisturbed. A few yards further on John stopped. A dark figure rushed by him toward the open air. But the little glow of light remained. For a moment Dorr hesitated; then he leaped forward and began trying to extinguish a lighted fuse.

He had almost succeeded when a bullet whizzed by him; then a second spattered on the rock overhead. He turned and fired blindly in the direction of the shots and resumed his task. The fuse was short, but he succeeded in extinguishing it and started back. He met a fusillade of bullets. He dashed on toward the mouth of the tunnel and suddenly emerged on Wilkerson, who, not being able to see into the murk of the shaft, was firing blindly into the opening.

With a shout John leaped for the man whom he now knew to be seeking his life. Before Wilkerson could fire another shot he was caught in a mighty embrace and then began a short sharp struggle high in the air.

John Dorr for the first time in his life knew the absolute and terrific thrill for killing that sometimes comes to a man. It was either his life or Wilkerson's. And no one should interfere with his revenge. He threw himself on the man with but one object in view—to slay him bare handed.

Wilkerson fought tigerishly, and for the moment had the advantage. The lofty trestle was an ill place for a heavy man like Dorr to fight on, and the other's agility and lithe quickness seemed about to win when John by a sudden unexpected and desperate maneuver caught him and threw him clear into the air, breaking his clutch with a terrific blow. Then he jerked him to the edge of the trestle and flung him over.

Standing erect, John drew the air into his tortured lungs and let out a tremendous yell of triumph.

Ruth Gallou heard that barbaric yell and shuddered. Tom Kane stared upward at the figure on the trestle, and his open mouth seemed lifeless, for he, too, shared in the moment's blood lust.

And on the rocks below Wilkerson's figure sprawled grotesquely, its white and darkling face turned sightlessly to the sky.

(To be Continued.)



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THE PEOPLE'S STORE

The Store For The People

A Case of Necessity.
Old Lady (stopping on road)—Dear! Dear! Why are you two men using such frightful language?
Tattered Thamas—Well, yer see lady me an' me pard has ter exchange heated words to keep warm, not havin' no overcoats.
The intelligent talesman was being examine to pass on to the jury in a murder trial. Do you believe in capital punishment?" inquired the attorney. "You bet I do," came the prompt response. "I'm agin' the trust, and I want to see half of Wall street in jail, where they belong."

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