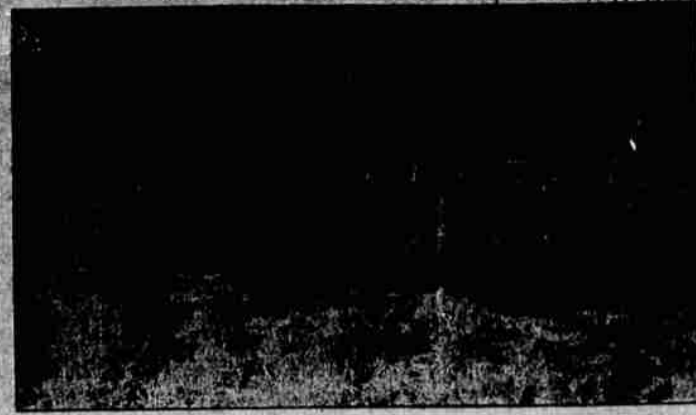


NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY Palmer Lands



Why go to Canada, or to Central Oregon, or anywhere else, when you can buy better land for less money and stay in Union County.

Compare the following facts about Palmer Logged-off Lands with any other new lands. Farmers living on these lands will tell you, and a personal investigation will convince you of their superiority.

- PRICE**—Only \$15.00 per acre.
- TERMS**—One-tenth down and one-tenth each year, interest 6 per cent.
- LOCATION**—In Union County, 10 miles from Elgin, 30 miles from La Grande, 1 to 4 miles from Palmer Junction where there is a general merchandise store, postoffice, railway station on the O. W. R. & N. with daily mail, passenger and freight service.
- ALTITUDE**—2600 feet. (Lower than La Grande.)
- CLIMATE**—Mild, no wind, 30 inches rainfall, no late frosts.
- SOIL**—A mixture of volcanic and pine ash varying from 2 to 5 feet deep, with a clay sub soil that holds the moisture and keeps the soil damp all summer. The following are extracts from a report by the Oregon Agricultural college chemist on an examination of the soil: "A very good phosphorus content. It is not acid. No doubt but what there is sufficient potash present." He says "nitrogen is fairly available, and as with all unbroken lands proper cultivation will increase the quantity of this."
- CLEARING**—Palmer lands were cut over several years ago; and the white pine stumps, having no tap root and being filled with pitch are easily burned or pulled. The land is free from rocks and the soil is sufficiently of a sandy nature that it never packs and is easily plowed. The cost of clearing is much less than other new lands.
- WATER**—These lands are well watered from springs and living creeks, while good well water is found within a few feet of the surface. This is a dry farming country with plenty of rainfall and a clay sub soil that keeps the ground moist the year round.
- LAY OF LAND**—The country is fairly level with some rolling hills similar to the Willamette valley lands.
- CROPS AND STOCK**—A natural hay, grain, stock and dairy country. A large forest reserve bounds it on the West affording abundant outside range. Cattle, sheep, hogs, horses and poultry have been raised with fine success. Vegetables, potatoes, berries and fruit are also grown with excellent results.
- WOOD**—There is plenty of timber for building houses and barns on nearly every place and to furnish wood for many years. Some places have enough wood to pay for the land.
- SCHOOLS**—There is a good school in the center of these lands which is to be increased to a nine months school.
- ROADS**—The roads to Elgin, Wallowa, Walla Walla and other places are all good. The old logging railroad makes an excellent road-bed and a gradual down hill haul from all parts to Palmer Junction. This road has been accepted as a new county road. A county bridge across the Grande Ronde river is to be built this year which will connect Palmer Junction with the Cricket Flat country.
- SETTLERS**—About 2500 acres of these lands have already been sold and at least 20 families are now or will be living on their places this spring. They are all real farmers and are beginning to demonstrate the value of these lands.
- IMPROVEMENTS**—A rural mail route and a telephone line and many other conveniences will undoubtedly be added to this section before long. We expect that at least 50 families will be living on these lands by next year.

DON'T PUT OFF INVESTIGATING

For a home, a profitable farm, or an investment, Palmer lands cannot be equaled. Farms and ranches of any nature desired from 80 to 200 or more acres aggregating at least 4000 acres, all as good land as any yet sold, are now offered for this spring's rush. We have had many inquiries this winter and confidently expect this entire body of land will be sold in the next few months. If interested call and let us show you photographs and maps and explain further in detail. We can find what kind of a place you want and will take you to the places that will most likely suit your needs and return in one day on the O. W. R. & N. The time between trains at Palmer Junction is six and one-half hours which gives ample time to look over much of this land. If a longer stay is desired, accommodations for board and lodging can be furnished and the roads are in a good condition to drive over with wagon. Our representative will either meet you at Palmer Junction or go down with you at any time you wish.

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GEORGE PALMER LUMBER CO

WITHIN THE WALL

(Continued from Page 2.)

men have been known to wish to leave the institution at this, the most anxious time.

One morning however he wakes up to find that he is able to dress himself without assistance, and walks into the breakfast-room with the assistance of a stick only, to the glad comments of those who have been there before him. In three more days the stick is allowed to rest in the corner of the bedroom, and at the end of the week he is asking a lady to dance a two-step with him. Next morning he is gone, and if he is careful to observe the parting instructions of the doctor, the springs know him no more.

I look around me, and I see in the reception lobby all the guests gathered together, for the mail is being sorted, and soon loved ones will be reading loving messages.

I notice in a corner a clergyman, white of hair, but young of countenance. He was an early missionary in Wyoming, and lost his way returning from a funeral, the thermometer was forty below; and for twelve years he has been paying for that mistaken turn. His knees are swollen, so he walks with great difficulty, his hands are mis-shapen and his fingers twisted out of all semblance to their original symmetry; but he is happy and optimistic. For years he has been trying to save enough money to take the cure, and pay another to do his work; but the pay of the missionary like that of all pioneers is small, and only the generosity of one of his parishioners has made the trial possible. His time however is limited, and he is wondering whether it is possible that these waters, be they ever so wonderful, can eradicate the pains and penalties of a twelve years neglect.

I have spoken much with this man, and he has told me of his early trials in the frontier towns, when it was necessary to hold services in saloons and gambling halls, and of the liberality of the frontiersmen and of their tolerant indifference. Then of the building of the first church, and so on till today there is a church, and sometimes a church too many, in almost every place there is a postoffice. But as I look at the marks of suffering he so plainly shows, I realize that the great frontier took its toll from all who would subdue her, spiritually or physically.

The next man I see is a brewer who has lived none too wisely, and is now paying the price of early indiscretions. He will get well, for he is now the most abstemious of men, and he has a great constitution upon which to draw.

Next to him is an Englishman who came out to the frontier like so many of his countrymen with nothing to fit him for the life of a frontiersman but his courage, and a general all-round education, which compelled him to spend his earnings in expensive books and was not definite enough to be other than an expense, and a questionable consolation.

He had found that in the Great North it was brute force and not brain power that was in demand. New York supplied the brains for enterprises and the local population was expected to provide the muscle. So being unable to return to the East, he went into the mines of Colorado where a few years of hard work, in water knee-high, provided him with the wherewith-all to come to the Hote Lake and get cured.

When will the people of Europe rise in righteous indignation against a custom that sends a youth to a college and keeps him there at great expense for the most receptive years of his life only to disgorge him upon a world, already overstocked with incapables, to shift for himself as best he may; having first placed him in a rut so deep, and banked him in with conventions so strong, that it is almost impossible for him to ever extricate himself?

With his bull-dog tenacity this man hangs to life, and hopes against hope that he will one day have once more the pleasure of being able to move himself without pain, and God bless you, regretting in the meantime that he cannot go and fight for the country that played him so foul a trick. The mines of the frontier have surely taken their quota of human suffering in revenge for their subjugation.

Nearby is a man of affairs who is waiting to read the stock report as soon as the mail comes in, and who cannot forget business even for the all too short time he has decided to devote to his health. Of all the classes who attend the waters, the hustling business man is the most unsatisfactory. He arrives on the evening train from one of the coast cities and occasionally from the East. Having registered, he wishes to see the doctor at once. The fact that the doctor may at that moment be relieving the suffering of some poor wasted frame, concerns him not-at-all. Fortunately in the present Medical Director, Dr. Tape, the institution has a man who cares not what a man has, unless it be pain, nor what he is, unless he be willing to obey instructions. When his turn comes and he goes into the surgery, he immediately proceeds to

prescribe for himself. Just why he has come to the physician at all is a matter of doubt, unless to have at his mercy one who cannot very well run away, and will sit and listen to the end. He explains that his sedentary life has accused many blood secretions, that his family physician has advised him to get rid of them at Hot Lake, also high living has brought on an occasional touch of gout he would like to extirpate at the same time. When he hears that the treatment cannot be given in less than three weeks, he is a galvanic battery of protest. A man in his position cannot give up three weeks to such a matter. He will drink four gallons of water a day instead of two, and he will take two baths a day instead of one. He refuses to take the doctor's dictum that it would only be a waste of money, he is there now and he is going to try it out anyway.

He leaves at the end of the week, satisfied that if he were to stay longer the earth would cease to revolve and goes home, surprised to find that no one, even his own wife, missed him.

In a few weeks his gout comes back, and this class of man is the only one who has a word to say, which is not of gratitude and admiration for the Hot Lake sanatorium, and those who serve the public within its walls.

Opposite us is a group of women, the majority in chairs, unable to walk, flat of breast, stoop shouldered, and with large mis-shapen hands and feet. They are the wives of the frontiersmen, the mothers of the present generation, the makers of the Great Northwest. These are the women without whom the struggle with nature would have been given up; and dearly has Nature made them pay for their obstinacy. One has told me of when her husband arrived in the West from Ireland and went into the sheep business. How, when he was on the range with the sheep, she would wash for any neighboring cattlemen who were within riding distance, what time the cattleman's boys would try a pot shot at her husband, in the hope of driving him out of the country. How one day they fired at him openly, and fired to kill, and he did the killing. How he was arrested and taken to Pendleton to stand his trial for murder, and she went along. And how when they were awaiting the sitting of the court, word was brought to them that the cowboys had turned the sheep out of the pasture, onto the range where the coyotes would have a good chance to exterminate them.

How she had to leave her husband alone and travel the one hundred and fifty miles back to their holding as fast as her pony could carry her. She told me of getting the sheep together and finding eleven of the very best of them bitten by the coyotes, but still living. A few smaller ones were dead. She took the wounded ones back to the barn, and in spite of the warning of the neighbors that a sheep bitten by a coyote never lives, she remained up all night and cut away the raw parts and poured into the wounds weakened sheep-dip—the only disinfectant she had—and eventually saved them all. And that after riding one hundred and fifty miles in two days, with her husband standing the trial for murder, and the entire influence of the cattlemen against him. "Well," she remarked, "Johnnie came home alright, and the neighbors never troubled us again, but we had other troubles. We began to have a family, and one spring came a storm just after we had shorn, and killed fifteen hundred of our sheep; and we with only two thousand. Johnnie was for giving up then, and for a week he never went outside the door, so I attended to the sheep and the kids and Johnnie too. He was awful bad. Well God is good to the Irish all right; so we got a good price for our wool that year. Then we had other trials. Men came in and homesteaded the best of the pasture, and every time we had a few dollars saved, we had to pay it to one of those rascals who weren't farmers at all, just to get the land back again. Well it seemed to me that we were never out of debt for twenty years till last fall, when we sold 8,000 lambs and paid off the last off the mortgage.

I had my dreams about sending the

girls to a convent to get a little finishing touch, and get taken good care of while I thought perhaps Johnnie and I would take a trip back to the old country. I thought I'd sure like to see it once more before I died, but for some reason. God knows best, it wasn't to be. One day this spring Johnnie came home and told me he had bought another twenty thousand acres of land, and incurred another debt of one hundred thousand dollars. At first I thought he was joking, but I soon saw he was in earnest. Then I told him what I thought of him going into debt like that, after all the years I had worked to get him out of it. Poor fool that I was, I might just as well have that money I had saved, as handed it over to the banks and money lenders. Many's the time I refused to go to town with Johnnie when he went to meet the lamb buyers, because be-gorra! 'twas alright for Johnnie to wear overalls, but it was all wrong for me to wear a dress ten years old, and it the only one I had. And now I'm an old woman and Johnnie is still a young man. I told Johnnie when I came here that I would never go back to the ranch again, to cook for twenty men and rear the potty lambs, to say nothing of milking the cows, and doing the washing. But these hot waters have done me so much good, and I am so fearful Johnnie will do something foolish without me there to help him; that I guess I'll go back in the morning. Yes sir. You hear a lot about the pioneer and his hardships; but let me tell you an Irish secret: 'Twas the poor wife done most of the work."

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