

Farms and City Property

A Fine Stock Ranch

2100 acres, about 250 acres under cultivation, new bungalow house, two good barns; well fenced and subdivided; water in all sub-divisions. This is a real stock ranch, and the price is only \$12 per acre. Outside range and near forest reserve. Good road, 13 miles from La Grande.

320 acre stock ranch, 80 acres in cultivation more can be; several living springs, fair improvements, fenced, adjoining land can be purchased. The price is \$3500. terms.

640 acres, six miles from La Grande; fair improvements; 60 acres in cultivation, 25 in fall grain, 35 in timothy; crop goes with place, if taken immediately. Price \$7000, and only \$2500 cash required; \$9000 will include all of the stock and implements. Well watered.

150 acres, five miles from La Grande, well improved; new bungalow, modern house, new good barn; well fenced. Price \$15,000.00, first payment only \$5000.00

80 acres, six miles from La Grande, splendid land, water, right. This place is worth more money than the owner is asking.

I have other splendid values in farms in all sections of the county. If you are in the market I would be pleased to show you my listings.

City Property

If you are interested in a rooming house, I may have just what you want.

Acre tract, well improved, just outside city limits; \$1500, terms.

Four acres, well improved, just outside city limits. Owner will consider taking in a modern five-room house as part payment. This will bear investigation.

Splendid property on the corner of Second and Adams. This property must be sold. Here is an opportunity to make your money talk. Come and see me.

House and nine lots near Palmer mill for \$1400, terms; good land, and a creek runs through it, which means a good garden even in dry years.

Six-room house on Spruce, good plumbing, wired, chicken house and park, cement walks, place for car; yard filled with choice flowers. Price \$2700, just a few hundred down, balance like rent.

Modern five-room house, opposite high school; full basement and fireplace. Investigate.

Large house near high school, two big lots, fireplace, well built house. Reasonable terms.

I have clients who desire good, modern homes, on pavement. If you have such property, priced right, and want to sell, I can get you results.

La Grande

GEO. H. CURREY

Real Estate

NEAR THE OLD OREGON TRAIL (Continued from Page 1)

disturbed the still twilight, only a pretty twitter of birds, the chirp of a cricket, the rustle of the rising breeze and a tinkle of music.

"It sounds like a banjo," said I puzzled. "But no house is near us." "It is a banjo. Our hermit, who raises the trees I was going to show you, in a muskell old chap and often sits in his doorway playing after his days work is done. But you can't see his house as it is deep in the shadow of the trees over there. Want to look at his trees?"

I did, so we turned down a lane and shortly grew near a big piece of dark woodland from whose depths came the voice of a banjo thrumming a negro melody. A closed gate with a tall sentinel tree either side barred our progress so we climbed down and walked in, and just inside the gate was stretched a row of the flags of the Allied nations. "The hermit loves nature, loves music and loves his country, if he doesn't love women," was my comment as we went up a gravelly path lined with a profusion of flowers on the right and on the left, and like a white lolly-sock at the threshold stood a tall, thin, very old man with hoary beard and hair. "Good evening, we want to see your flowers and trees, Mr. Smith."

"Oh, but you can't! Not this time of night! My flowers are all asleep didn't you know that I wouldn't disturb my flowers after they nod their heads for repose when the sun goes down," cried the old gentleman, smiling at us yet with concern in his eyes. "If you come in the day-time I'll be very glad to show them all to you. But not at night-time when they sleep."

His manner was the tender breeding of a nurse over a sleeping child, so we apologized and my companion explained, "this lady doubted that any trees except box-elder and locusts and fir grow around here, so—"

"Oh, but they do! Most every kind! Come in the daylight—come at sun-rise tomorrow and I'll show you my trees. Trees? Why, I can give you any kind you want—see those tall ones off the rock? Rock poplars, Oaks, Austrian Pines, Maple, Birch, Cypress, Sycamore, Elm, just plant them, water them, and they grow. What? sell you in mid-summer? Oh, ho, ho! Why, don't you

know I would be muddering any tree to dig it up now? Not a Jealous tree in hot weather! Oh, no, I love them too well to hurt them. Besides, I would not take your money wrongly."

And the old fellow rambled on talking lovingly about his trees and flowers, we listening sympathetically, seated on the tiny porch before his crude three-room cabin, which, my glance found, was bare the neat and meagrely furnished, rag carpet, pine table, and a few plain chairs in the living room, but also a piano, an old melodeon, a violin, a flute, and in the hermit's hand, his banjo, and magazines were stacked breast high in the corners.

"Do you live here all alone?" I asked, sympathetically. "It must be very lonesome for you." "Lonesome? Oh, I can't be lonesome. Why, I'm busy from sun-up till sunset, and the evenings are all too short for my books and my music. See that violin? And that piano? And the organ for hymns? How can I be lonesome? Oh, no, I don't know what lonesomeness means—I've my trees and my flowers all day long, the sunshine and the fresh breezes and afterwards my books and music. Say, isn't it a pity He's so short? One never can read half the good books—no, nor a tenth that are written. How old do you think I am?"

"Seventy?" I hazarded, politely. But he relieved me with a hearty "Ho, no! I'd be ashamed to be only seventy. I'm eighty-two years old, and there's so much I want to do raising things, and reading, that I want to live five hundred years more. Say, do you know, I'm displeased with those senators! Yes, I am. They made peace too easy."

So we talked politics a while, then he played for us, sweet, simple old tunes on banjo and violin, and then, as it was growing late and we rose to go he filled my arms with sweet peas and flox from vases in his own room, refusing any recompense, and bade us a cordial good night, but paused at the door to say, "there's just one thing troubles me."

"What? Can we help you?" "No—I'm afraid not. It would have to be a child who would understand, I think—trouble is I never can quite make out what those two tall trees by the gate are saying. Do you see them? One a little taller than the other which is fatter and with more curly dress, she's the lady

and he is always nodding toward her—and she leans over toward him—so gracefully she bends with every breath of air, and then they murmur together. I love to watch them, bending toward each other, nodding and bowing and shivering with happiness and then they sort of laugh and whisper secrets, and I'll just love to know what it is they talk about. But it baffles me. I get awfully puzzled some times, then I take up my violin and play a little

song that tells what I bet you they are saying. Listen, here's how it sounds to me."

And he played a hauntingly sweet, elusive little air upon his old fiddle which cleverly repeated the wisperings of leaves and the rustle of foliage together with a suggestion of low laughter and tears. We tried to express our appreciation but he cut in, "no, I haven't caught it all. They talk about something I can't quite understand, nevertheless I love to watch them sway and bend toward each other, sometimes they seem getting ready to dance, and every night she leans way over toward him, just like a girl I used to know, why, its sixty years ago, used to do. Going? But be sure to come tomorrow and I'll tell you a big bouquet of flowers and be proud to show you my trees! Wait one moment, there's the moon rising, look over the eastern mountains, see how their summit edges are all lined with gold? It's the moon!

We looked. Never rose moon more gloriously. The long, undulating line of the mountain was edged with a band of gold, and in places a sparkling fretwork of gold and glister showed where the moonlight fell on an ice crowned crest. A yellow disk appeared. It broadened, swelled, grew into a big yellow sphere, and next minute some unseen giant tossed up a golden soap-bubble clear over the mountain top.

"This has been such an interesting day," said I, as we drove back across a lovely valley etherealized with mellow moonlight, "Indians, and gorgeous forest fires, and a gorgeous sunset, and a splendid hermit, and learning about trees and water, I'm glad I followed the Old Oregon Trail."

IS A MERRY WIDOW

"Soon after my husband's death 9 years ago I was taken with typhoid fever. Since then have suffered from stomach and liver trouble and constipation. I have doctor-ed a great deal without benefit. Since taking May's Wonderful Remedy three months ago my bowels have moved regularly and I am feeling well again. I am now a happy woman." It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and always the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver

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and financial statements, including appraisals. Our dues will convince or money refunded.—Sold every-where.—Adv.

NOTICE

Power on Taylor, Aice, Elgin and Sandridge lines will be off Sunday, 10th from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Eastreg Oregon Light & Power Co. 8-8-19.

CALL FOR BIDS.

Sealed bids for the construction of concrete crosswalks will be received at the office of the city recorder up to noon, August 13, 1919. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the recorder. The city reserves the right to reject any and all bids. La Grande, Oregon, August 7, 1919. JOHN COLLIER, City Manager

NOTICE

Third payment on Victory Bonds due August 12 of 20 percent. 8-7-19.

Monday, August 11 last dry to pay your water rent without a penalty. 8-7-19.

Truly a Big Mistake.

"A man dat's allus in trouble," said Uncle Eben, "is mighty liable to make de tremendous mistake of belin' proud of de fact."

Butter Wrappers printed at the Observer office.

The weather has warmed up again and the swimming is fine up the river. Get a real new style bath cap, or a diving cap and get in the game. A new line of the latest designs in bath caps at 8-6-19

Silverthorn's

FAMILY DRUG STORE
LA GRANDE, OREGON.



Multnomah Hotel

PORTLAND, OREGON
Most comfortable and Five Minutes From Anywhere

\$1.50 AND UP

home-like hotel in Portland.

Garage in Connection.

Edinburgh Landmark Gone.

An interesting bit of old Edinburgh, dating back about 1000, has been burned. The destroyed building, which consisted of a single story and attic, was one of the landmarks of the Holyhood area. It was the old Yew Tree tavern, and stood inside the bounds of the Holyhood sanctuary for debtors, within which, in days of yore, the fugitive was free from the attentions of his creditors.

The Observer furnishes and prints Butter Wrappers.

principles. Phone Main 37.

Good Practice in Banking.

A banker I know says that in late big money he also asks about a man's wife. Is she a spender? Does she often run the family financial affairs against her husband's judgment? The banker is suspicious of that sort of woman. You may think when a woman is very prominent socially she "helps" her husband, but this banker doubts it.—E. W. Howe's Monthly.

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Garments may be sent in with Laundry bundles or order telephoned in. We maintain a real cleaning plant such as is seldom found outside the larger cities.

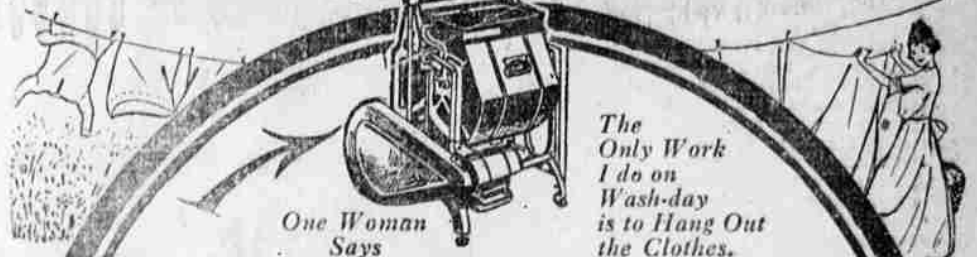
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ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE makes this possible.

La Grande ladies who have seen this machine demonstrated are delighted with it. Those who have not seen it are invited to come.

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