

WHEAT OUTLOOK GOOD IN WALLOWA

Weather Conditions Favorable at Present for Spring Farm Work.

By G. C. MEEK
(Observer Correspondent)
WALLOWA, Ore., (Special)—
Weather conditions here during the past week have been quite favorable for rapid progress on farm work. A number of farmers have been busy completing their spring seedling. Some of the grain which was sown two and three weeks ago is coming up and the ground still contains an abundance of moisture which gives assurance that even the latest of the seeding will no doubt come up evenly. The moisture conditions were very unfavorable for even germination of spring seedlings last year resulting in many very uneven stands of grain all over the county. A large part of the seedlings made on the dry fields did not come up until late in the fall after fall rains had soaked into the soil. Many of the farmers are of the opinion that present indications present much better prospects for good spring crops this year than that of last season. The winter wheat condition seems to be exceptionally good the county over according to reports from farmers in widely scattered parts of the county. There seems to have been practically no winter killing on any of the farms and good stands in general. The cool weather which has held away here for the greater part of the spring is believed by many to have been ideal weather for stooling out of the winter wheat. Some of the fields which did not have a very good stand in early spring have thickened up considerably and all fields have a rank green color. Potato planting has occupied the attention of some of the farmers recently, however, as near as can be ascertained by talking with different farmers, there will be no very large plantings of potatoes in this community this spring. The low prices and full sale for potatoes which has prevailed here since digging time last fall has presented an encouraging situation and apparently no one feels like taking a chance on market conditions showing much improvement for this crop for the present year. Some of the farmers who have more stock than they wish to keep around the farm for the summer have been taking the stock to summer range areas. The grass is said to be getting a nice start on much of the range in the timbered areas at this time. The open range in the lower hills is providing excellent pasture for stock at this time. The bunchgrass has made a steady growth during the past several weeks despite the cold backward weather.

Fred Hearing, of Leap, has been plowing a large acreage of his farm into shape for spring seeding. Mr. Hearing purchased a new tractor recently with which he has done the greater part of his plowing.

A. B. Miller and H. M. Maughan, of Enterprise, were visitors in town the last of the week on their way to Portland for a short business trip.

Asa Harmon, of Leap, was at Enterprise during the early part of the week getting a bunch of baby chicks. A number of people in this community who have received shipments of chicks during the past few weeks report excellent luck in getting the chicks started and in most instances state they have lost but very few young chicks. This weather up until the past few days has been chilly and has made it necessary to keep the chicks inside the greater part of the time.

Ed Bell has been busy the past several days disking at the C. A. Hunter farm in the hills. The ground being disked is to be sown to alfalfa this season, but will not be plowed until later in order to allow the weeds to become started well before plowing.

James Weaver and wife, of Alder Slope, were visiting Mrs. Weaver's parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Downing, of Leap recently.

Sam Meek and Earl Burchfield, of Leap, were visitors in town Saturday.

Miss Anna Murphy, of Freewater, who taught a term of school in district No. 46 during the past school year, returned here the first of the week to help with a few days review work for pupils of the 8th grade in that district before writing on the state examination tests Thursday and Friday of the coming week.

All varieties of fruit trees have been very slow in showing signs of leafing here this spring, however, the warm weather of the past few days has caused the buds to start swelling and much of the wild shrubbery is beginning to leaf out at this time.

The young ground squirrels are beginning to appear in many parts of the county at this time. Despite the fact that much poisoned grain and gassing has been used on the rodents since their appearance in early spring many of the old ones have escaped to rear their young.

James Childers, one of the pioneer residents of this county who makes his home on Trout creek a few miles north of Enterprise, is reported to be in poor health, suffering from leakage of the heart. Mr. Childers has been very active for a man of his years and has been busy much of the past spring with work about the farm. However, his present ailment makes it necessary for him to quit work and take a rest.

Gerold Hoskett, of Freewater, who has been visiting at Mrs. C. F. Harmon's of Leap, has been quite ill the past several days suffering from quinsy. He is reported to be improving some.

Oscar Maxwell moved a part of his horses and farm machinery to the E. G. Couch ranch in the hills the first of the week and has been busy doing some spring seeding at the farm. He expects to start

OUT OUR WAY



GOLD BULLETS

by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Moved by Lucy's eloquent plea and intrigued by the mystery surrounding Andrew Ogden's murder, Luther MacNair, famous retired detective, agrees to investigate the case. Lucy insists that her fiancé, Jerry Ogden, did not murder his father. MacNair, cynical man-hunter of diabolical cleverness, scorns her theories and considers the convincing circumstantial case against Jerry. Two words—"gold bullets"—shouted by Andrew Ogden a few hours before his death, two queer, unexplained visitors in the Ogden home and the golden slugs in the famous revolver once owned by the picturesque gambler, Alex Peterson, cast new shadows over the gripping mystery. John Peebles, Lucy's uncle, who discovered Ogden's body, awakens to find a revolver in his den.

Chapter 9 THE STRUGGLE IN THE DARK

It was an awkward situation, you will admit. The rascal was after my pistols and the revolver I keep for protective purposes was in my desk.

My eyes flew around the shadowy hall in search of a weapon. Lucy had left her golf clubs by the dining room door. I quietly extracted one of them.

Creeping to the door of the den, I peered inside. The man was softly opening and shutting the drawers of my desk and pouring the light beam down into each in turn. This puzzled me for I had expected to see him rifling the cabinet. But when he came to the left-hand bottom drawer and straightened up with something in his hand, I almost shouted out the conclusion that poured through my mind.

"The Peterson revolver!" The words "gold bullets" suddenly resounded in my brain. "Good God! Is he—could he be Andrew's murderer?"

A faint sound at my feet drew my eyes down, but I felt rather than saw Polyandria at my ankles. Stooping, I reached for her, but she eluded me and made for the partly open door. Her soft body collided with it and the opening widened. A hinge creaked loudly.

The light went out and the night huddled me into its velvet cloak. I was in the room. Silence still. Breathing deeply, I raised myself onto my feet, crouched against the wall, stood upright, waited. The next minute was the most nerve-shattering of my life. Facing a firing squad would be something like this. A nice situation for a man in his 6th year!

My eyes by this were more accustomed to the darkness and I saw vaguely against the ebony background a lighter oblong which I knew to be the window. The plowing on his large acreage of summer-fallow soon.

Frank Walker and several members of his family were the victims of a severe siege of influenza during the first of the week. Mr. Walker became quite ill and was threatened with pneumonia for a time. They are all reported to be improving nicely at this time.

Mrs. Elmer Osborn, of Fairview Creek, was brought to the hospital here Saturday. She has been a patient at the hospital for the past few days, but is reported to be improving.

John Couch and L. V. Lathrop were in town the first of the week from their farms in the Leap community. They were hunting for men to take to Mr. Walker's farm in Leap to go ahead with the seeding of spring crops. Donald Hayes and another young man were taken to the farm to help for a short time to get the seeding finished.

H. G. Masterson of Egin, was a business visitor in this end of the valley the first of the week. While here he visited at Clarence Witty's who farms the Masterson farm a few miles east of town.

ablong darkened as if a man had passed in front of it. I started incautiously forward and stumbled over a rug, betraying my position. Quickly recovering myself, I sensed a leveled pistol in the man's hand. Leaping forward, I brought the brassie over my shoulder in a sweeping arc. I struck blindly but landed a vicious blow on his shoulder. Evidently the blow numbed his arm for the pistol dropped, unexploded.

Letting go of the brassie I flung myself at the fellow. He could use only one arm at first, but he was beyond me in strength and I don't believe I ever encountered such ferocity in a human being before. He put into the struggle a fury, a malignancy, a diabolical cunning of which I was incapable. And this, mark you, with his one hand. Now he brought the other into play and I knew that he was going to be too much for me. His fingers were like talons—they seemed to be cracking the sinews of my throat.

Breathing became agony, my endurance was leaving me, my head felt as if it were splitting asunder. Just then Polyandria got between

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ment MacNair burst through the French window. His hat was gone and his face was black with fury and bitter disappointment. Lucy dropped beside me, a cry of grief on her lips.

"Get something for his throat!" MacNair snapped.

Mrs. Moffit fled and MacNair dropped at the other side of me. "Did you recognize him?"

"I swallowed again while Lucy cursed my throat. "No," I whispered. "Did you?"

"I did not," he cried savagely. "It was pitch dark in the shrubbery. I had been in the Ogden grounds about five minutes when I thought I heard some one over here calling for help. The man jumped through the window as I came up—bumped into me and knocked the torch out of my hand. I pretended I had a gun—and he put a couple of shots through my hat."

Lucy shuddered and tears from her swimming eyes wet my cheeks. "What did he look like?" MacNair demanded impatiently.

I shut my eyes and tried to assemble my impressions of the man. They were pitifully few. "He fought like a tiger. I don't think he was stout," I mumbled. "He may have been fairly tall—but I'm not sure. When he shouted at you—he said 'ye' and 'git.' His voice struck me as being disguised. Didn't you get anything?"

MacNair shook his head. "He collided with me before I saw him. His body was scarcely more than a shadow to me. It's damnable!" he fumed, springing to his feet. "He may have had something to do with that affair at Ogden's."

"I believe he had."

"What?"

"He was after the Peterson revolver."

"How do you know?"

I explained.

"Good God, what a chance we've lost! It may have been Ogden's murderer. How did he know the revolver was here? What did he want with it?"

I shook my head feebly. "I didn't tell any one I had it. Hyde may have." And then: "Gold bullets, perhaps."

MacNair looked at me, his dark eyes brilliant with expression. "Gold bullets," he echoed. (Copyright 129, Wm. Morrow Co.)

"Gold Bullets!" Do these two words hold the secret of Andrew Ogden's murder? Continue this thrilling story tomorrow.

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