

WE are proud of the Eastern Oregon Normal School, appreciative of the work and interest of the Normal School Regents.

WE believe the state and the institution are fortunate in the selection of Mr. Inlow for the presidency, and in the faculty he has named to assist him.

WE regard the Normal School as the most significant and influential addition to this community in many years.

WE have the utmost confidence in its success as a school and in its contribution to Eastern Oregon's progress and betterment.

WE offer congratulations to the school's personnel on this, its Dedication Day.

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Dependable Dependable
Values. Quality.

ANNOUNCING AN IMPORTANT ADDITION
TO OUR LARGE LIST OF NATIONALLY KNOWN
PRODUCTS

The New **SILENT KELVINATOR**

The Greatest Achievement in Electric Refrigeration

**NEW SILENCE
GREATER CONVENIENCE
WHOLLY AUTOMATIC
STRIKING BEAUTY**



Once you install the New Silent Kelvinator you can forget home refrigeration problems. For the new Kelvinator is as fully automatic as it is silent in operation.

No regulation or attention on your part. Instead, a scientifically correct degree of cold for perfect food preservation, as well as for freezing ice cubes, desserts or salads, constantly maintained month after month.

See the New Silent Kelvinator at once to know how efficient and silent electric household refrigeration can be. The new 1929 models in all the beauty of their new design and finish are now on display.

Enjoy your Kelvinator at once. Buy it on Our Easy Monthly Budget Plan and experience the many advantages of health and convenience it brings to your home.

Introductory Terms-- So Easy -- Everyone Can Have One

\$45 Cash and \$13.25 Monthly

Places this Large Size Kelvinator
in Your Home

\$35 Cash and \$9.17 Monthly

Places this Beautiful Porcelain Lined Kelvinator
in Your Home



Order Your Kelvinator Now

Kelvinator's notable qualities of mechanical perfection and unequalled advantages of operation are worthily matched by the scientifically correct construction of these beautiful cabinet models. The cabinet illustrated at left has exterior of white Duco on Parkerized steel; interior in white porcelain. Extra large food space, three shelves and three 21-cube trays.



A Kelvinator for every home

The Cabinet Kelvinator illustrated to left has self-contained unit with quiet condensing unit mounted in base. Exterior is of white Duco on Parkerized steel, interior of white porcelain; three removable shelves and large food storage space; also two 21-cube trays and one rubber grid.

Trade in Your Old Refrigerator as Part Payment on Your Kelvinator

Carr Furniture Co., INC.

GOLD BULLIETS
by Charles G. Booth

SYNOPSIS: Nathan Hyde's silver snuff-box is found by Peshies and Deacon near the rich vein in the Ogden mine. Further exploring the tunnel, they stumble over the skeleton of a man, covered over by dust that apparently had been disturbed recently. Under the bones, Peshies finds a Territorial newspaper, dated 20 years before. From the top of the third page a strip had been torn—the message found in the cartridge of Alex Peterson's revolver! As Peshies and Deacon turn to leave, they are startled by the sound of someone entering the mine.

**Chapter 21
A MYSTERIOUS VISITOR**

The light came from an electric flash and we saw vaguely the figure of a man in the darkness behind him. His face was livid and his body was as distorted by the leaping shadows that I could not tell whether he was large or small. Never came the light and we looked still further into the tunnel. The man turned the beam on the aridiferous wall, but instead of focusing it on the gold vein he ran it up and down the wall and over the floor beneath it, as if he were looking for something. When he had done this for several minutes he stepped through the break into the main tunnel and flashed the beam ahead of him over the wall and floor. The darkness behind the torch still concealed his face.

He pored down the tunnel and the darkness thickened again. "Who is it?" Henry whispered. "I don't know. I've an idea he's after that snuff-box."

Henry nodded. "Get a look at his face. It may be Hyde. Don't show yourself."

"We waited, steeped in silence. The darkness began to retreat as the man returned. Brighter grew the light. He passed the small tunnel which concealed us, playing the beam before him. Coming to the slash, he stepped into it and again swept the aridiferous wall with the beam. Deacon's hand lightened cruelly on my arm. I could feel him straining forward like a hound on lead. The man played the beam up and down, to and fro, but still without revealing

his face. "Somehow, I thought not. We must see his face. But could we manage it without disclosing our presence?"

Deacon was on the point of rushing out upon him when the man suddenly turned the light straight up and full upon his own face. If Deacon's fingers hadn't been biting my arm like diamond drills I should have cried out in surprise.

The man was Hoy Hammond, the San Felipe lawyer. Deacon's breath blew gently on my cheek and I knew he was as hard put to it to keep from rushing out on the man as I was myself. I had never cared for Hammond even though and as I stared at his meaty face he was less attractive to me than ever. He looked perplexed and dismayed, but as we continued to watch him his head inclined toward the gold vein and avarice also became a part of his expression. Then Hammond swung the torch downward and his face was again lost in shadow.

Flashing the beam to and fro, up and down, he turned and made his way back along the slash. The light was completely gone before we permitted ourselves to speak or move.

"Hoy Hammond?" Deacon muttered in bewilderment. "Jerry, Purie, Mrs. Lundy, Dillon, Hyde and — Hammond," I counted his murmurs ironically. "Your field of investigation is widening, Henry. Shall you let him go?"

"He did not answer for a moment. 'Yes, I think so,' he said wearily. 'When did you leave the mine?' 'In one of the shafts at the mine. He won't see it unless he goes up there. What do you think his game is?'"

"I don't know. Probably he was after the snuff-box. That explains him with Hyde. Neither of them would want it, found here. The thief's got me baffled, Jake."

This delighted me. "An excellent state of mind," I said. "As soon as a man stumbles his fatality he begins to get somewhere. What next?"

"San Felipe. I am going to work on Hyde, Hammond, and Mrs. Lundy."

"You haven't found her, yet?"

"No, Queer, isn't it? A woman in

that get-up. She must have changed it or be lying low. We'll find her, of course. Are you coming with me?"

"Yes," I said. "I've had enough of Skull Valley for a while. I'll send a mechanic for my car. What about Purie?"

"He'll be here when we want him. I doubt if he would survive anywhere but in the desert."

As we made our way along the slash I dwelt silently on my own reasons for wanting to return home. My desire to see the children and to hear Jerry account for his extraordinary flight to Skull Valley was not the least of them, you may be sure. And I don't think I ever longed for anything quite so much as I did, for the sound of their voices and the sight of their eager faces. And then also, I wanted to relate my experiences to MacNair. How would his brutally logical mind interpret them to me? Yes, I had a good deal to look forward to.

Neither Purie nor Hammond was in sight when we emerged into the canyon, but as we came out into the open desert I caught the flash of a windshield on the trail which led across the valley. Deacon had seen it, too.

"That'll be Hammond," he said. "I nodded. 'He's not going by that fork. I'll bet he didn't come by it, either.'"

Wheel tracks were visible in the gravel at our feet and it was evident that Hammond hadn't gone up to the mine.

"Probably he doesn't know we are here," Deacon granted.

The sun was lower than ever and by the time we reached the mine buildings Deacon was munching bread and sipping his tea with a sopping handkerchief. He found nothing in the abandoned plant that interested him, and when we had each eaten a couple of sandwiches and refreshed ourselves of the warm water in the cistern, we got off. As Jerry's lanterns were in the back seat there was no need to stop at Toxideite and I was mighty glad to see the last of my huddle buildings verily over my shoulder, for the town had come nearer than I liked to borrying my old bones.

A crackling in my pocket recalled me of the newspaper we had found in the mine tunnel and I

carefully spread it out before me. (Copyright, 1929, W. Morrow Co.)

Where is the trail of Andrew Ogden's murderer leading? What will it disclose? Continue this story tomorrow.

Crew Of Men Is Oiling Highway South of Union

By W. V. CONNOR
(Observer Correspondent)
UNION (Special)—A crew of men is busy now repairing and oiling the Oregon Trail highway just south of Union.

R. C. Lee, pastor of the local Methodist church, made a trip to the western part of the state last week to conduct a funeral service at Hillsboro. He left Union on Tuesday day and returned Saturday evening.

Cooler weather caused the high waters in Catherine river to drop considerably and it is believed that danger of further flooding of ranches is over for this spring.

A union post of the American Legion is putting on a campaign to raise funds for the purchase and setting up of a suitable memorial in the city park, just between the city library and the city institute. If present plans are carried out the

memorial will be a bronze statue of an American soldier of the World war.

Miss Gertrude Wheeler left Union Sunday evening for an extended visit with relatives in Eastern Canada and some of the mountain states. She intends to remain in the eastern part of the continent for about five months. Miss Wheeler was one of the graduates of the Union High school this year and was prominent in social affairs of the community. Her mother will remain in Union for a few weeks then join Mr. Wheeler who recently went to Portland where the family will locate.

The Union concert band has been hired for the first day of the stock show performance and held rehearsals Monday and Tuesday evening in preparation for the concert.

The steady fall of rain most of Friday night and part of Saturday was the cause of much gratification on the part of ranchers in this end of the valley.

Meads Ballard, local telephone lineman, has been sent to the Idaho country to see about the putting up of a telephone line.

Mrs. Nellie Kuhn who lives just south of Union on the highway, was hostess to a number of guests Wednesday afternoon at a farewell social in honor of her mother, Mrs. Arvilla Beach, who is leaving in a few days for a visit in the eastern part of the country. Those present were: Mrs. Zelpha Spill-

er, Mrs. Lillie Castle, two daughters of Mrs. Beach, Mrs. Sadie Connor, Mrs. Tom Flockin, Mrs. C. W. Lawson, Mrs. Murelda Kringham, Mrs. Sarah Shappatt, Mrs. Est Mitchell, Mrs. Ella Holly, Mrs. Ruth Helges and son, Mrs. Herta Vogel and daughter, Mrs. Edith Phyllis, Mrs. Iva Reuter, besides Mrs. Beach. The farewell was also for Mrs. Spencer who will soon move to La Grande or some point along the coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Wilson and daughter Genevieve came over from Wallawa county and visited over the weekend with Mrs. Wilson's mother, Mrs. W. J. Beach and other relatives. Miss Wilson, who has been teaching in Wallawa county, is on her way to California to spend the summer vacation.

COMPETITIVE MARKET ASSURED PINKO BEANS
HOT SPRINGS, S. D. CAPS—Pinko beans, a new crop supplementing farm operations in western South Dakota, are assured a competitive market this year.

A company in New Mexico has agreed to equip a warehouse and churning plant if a minimum of 20 carloads is produced, and companies in Colorado are listed as competitive bidders for the South Dakota crop.

Farmers of Fall River county have received enough seed to plant 2,000 acres.

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Ironing Board Pad and Cover with each
\$6.00 Hotpoint Electric Iron
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We're Showing
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