

CLASSIFIED ADS

The Market Place of Union and Wallowa Counties

WANTED

WANTED—Pasture for cattle, stubble with straw stacks preferred. Write J. L. Westenskow, Imbler, 12-12-31 t.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS—Exp. woman will care for children. Phone 360-U. 12-10-31 t.

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Wood, price reasonable. Main 934, 1306 O. Ave. 12-15-31 t.

FOR SALE—Complete violin outfit, \$10.00. See Mr. Bryant, I. O. O. F. temple. 12-15-31 t.

FOR SALE—2-rm. house with new furniture, barn and 3 lots. Will sacrifice for quick sale. Would consider car as part payment. Box A Observer. 12-15-31 t.

FOR SALE—Delicious apples. Judd Smith, May Park. 12-15-31 t.

25 SACKS CABBAGE, while they last, \$1.35. Squash 1c lb. Orchard Market, 2124 Adams. Ph. 937-J. 12-13-31 t.

FOR SALE—Alfalfa hay, 1st cutting. Call 227 W. 12-14-31 t.

FOR SALE—1928 Studebaker Commander sedan. In perfect condition. 1932 license, \$285. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 12-12-31 t.

DRY WOOD—Tans, pine, any length, \$7.00. Ph. Observer or write M. Loree, Cove. 12-8-31 mp.

FOR SALE—Chain wood from Union sawmill, \$4.00 and \$4.50. Local agent Ray McColl, Main 284 or Main 1027. 11-24-31 mp.

FOR SALE—Willard Batteries—\$6.95. A first choice battery at chain store prices, 75c on old battery. AUTOMOTIVE ELECTRIC CO. 1425 Adams Phone M 520 9-1-31 t.

FOR RENT

FURN. HOUSE—Close in on Adams, \$22.50 mo. to steady renters. Inq. H. W. Smith, Fox Farm. 12-13-31 t.

3-RM. HOUSE, close in, \$6. Write A. D., care Observer. 12-14-31 t.

1 2-RM. AND 1 3-RM. furn. or unfurn. Apts. Grande Ronde Apts. 12-10-31 t.

FOR RENT—1 2-rm. apt., steam heat, elec. range. Close in. Ph. 369 W. 1502 Wash. Ave. 12-9-31 t.

Professional Directory

Hospitals

DR. LEE B. BOUVY
Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital
3rd floor Foley Bldg., Ph. Main 16.

Osteopathic Physicians

DRS. J. L. & MARGARET INGLE
General Practice and Obstetrics
Sommer Bldg.
Office, Main 106 Res., Main 633

Miscellaneous

DR. E. L. FAUS
General Practice
New Foley Bldg., 3rd floor.
Phone Main 990 Res. 990-R.

Astrologer

MRS. FREDERICK BALMES
203 N. Ave.
Readings Daily.

Observer Want Ad Rates

(Count five average words to the line.)
Per line, 1st insertion.....10c
Per line, each added consecutive insertion.....7c
Minimum charge on one order.....35c

RATES BY MONTH
2 lines, per month.....\$2.50
3 lines, per month.....\$3.25
4 lines, per month.....\$4.00
5 lines, per month.....\$4.75
Each additional line over five charged at 50c per line per month.
CASH IN ADVANCE is required on all Classified orders to earn these rates. Higher rates charged on all credit insertions.

Copy for all Classified orders must be in this office by 10 A. M. DAY OF INSERTION. Stop orders on ad inserted until further notice must be received by the same hour or extra insertion will be charged.

Telephone orders solicited. Cash rates may be earned on phone orders by payment on or before date of last insertion.

PHONE MAIN 600

"An Observer Want Ad Will Do It"

FOR RENT—Comfortable steam-heated rooms, hot and cold water, close in, 1902 Second, cor. Wash. 12-8-11tp

FURN. HOUSES AND APTS. — With baths, clean, quiet, lowest rent. Adults, 1810 Greenwood. 12-11-31 t.

FOR RENT—Large, mod. furn. apt., 901 O Ave. Ph. 236-J. Apt. 3. 11-21-31 t.

FOR RENT—Parti-furn. and unfurn. houses at Berger's grocery, Y. and Spruce Sts. Ph. Main 269. 8-31-31 t.

FURN. APARTMENT—1809 Adams, Main 592. 12-1-31 t.

FOR RENT — Modern steamheated rooms, 1408 Washington. 12-2-31 t.

MISCELLANEOUS

CERTIFIED RADIO-TRICIAN service, repairing, supplies. Work guaranteed. Imbler test tested free. Earl Lanman, Imbler. 12-14-31 t.

CECO WEATHERSTRIPS installed. F. B. Anderson, 2102 Cove Ave. 10-28-31 t.

LA GRANDE MATTRESS and Upholstering and Rug Cleaning Works. Ph. 424-W. Chas. Edwards, Prop. 12-1-31 t.

WOLF CREEK PERSONALS

By J. A. Nice (Observer Correspondent)

WOLF CREEK (Special)—The work shop at the Richfield oil station at North Powder, operated by H. S. Keeney, was burned to the ground

\$5.50 and your old battery buys a new 13 plate battery, installed.

Burgess Battery & Electric Service

Opposite La Grande Grocery

We Understand

SNODGRASS & ZIMMERMAN

Main 62

WISDOM demands that you secure the services of expert morticians who know the science and ethics of their profession and who have demonstrated their capacity and ability.

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OUT OUR WAY



By J. R. Williams

of are not normal, but the result of disease. They are now recognized as a form of rheumatic fever, insidious in the nature of its development. The child complains of vague pains in its muscles and bones. Not infrequently such a child suffers from sore throat, headache and pallor. It is usually badly nourished and fatigued. Examination would in many of these cases reveal that the child has a rheumatic involvement of the heart. The changes in the tissues of the heart which this disease produces are rather complicated. In substance, however, it may be said that the disease agent sets up minute inflammations, which destroy the cells in the immediate vicinity of their location. The place of the destroyed cells is taken by connective, or scar, tissue.

It is easy to understand that connective tissue cannot properly take the place and perform the work of muscle tissue. The work of the heart is to pump blood and where scar tissue has replaced muscle tissue the work of the heart is hindered. Even more serious are the consequences of the involvement of the heart valves by the virus of rheumatism. Here the scar tissue destroys the smoothness and destroys the fitness of the valves. They are no longer able to keep the blood from going in the wrong direction. A "leaking" heart results. The erroneous belief that growing pains are a normal accompaniment to the child's growing up should be abandoned. Every child complaining of pains in the bones, joints or muscles should be examined for possible evidences of rheumatic fever.

SUNSET PASS by Zane Grey

SYNOPSIS: Gene Preston's outfit of Sunset Pass has a strange reputation. Travelers who learn of it are sure to turn back. But some of them stay. Rock is determined to work for Preston, however, because he has fallen in love with Preston's daughter, Thirly. He goes to Sunset Pass, and is met by Preston's son, Ash, who is antagonistic and tells him to leave. Ash has the reputation of being a dangerous enemy, but Rock refuses to leave until he has seen Gene Preston. Gene appears, and welcomes Rock, announcing for Ash's lack of hospitality. There are whispers that Gene is a cattle raiser, but Rock thinks that the man's character is good. Thirly does not seem to be glad that Rock has come to Sunset Pass, and he feels that something is mysterious about Gene. Gene gives Rock a job, and shows him around the ranch.

Chapter 15
SUSPICIOUS PROSPERITY
"LATELY we throwed up four more cabins," Preston said, "an' now we're shore comfortable." The little cabin over by the creek under the largest of the pines was occupied by Alice and Thirly, and they, according to Preston, had just about put that cabin up themselves. But Rock's quick eye gathered at once that Preston or some one of his sons was something of an architect and a most efficient carpenter. Except the two large cabins, nearest the road, the others were some distance apart. The small empty cabin, where Rock's packs had been left, was off among the trees fully a hundred yards; the next, where Preston's sons, Tom, Albert and Harry, lived, appeared an equal distance farther, and the last, occupied by Range Preston, and some of the other boys, stood close under the north slope of the Pass. The grassy divide sloped gradually to the west, and down below the level, where cedars grew thicker and the pines thinned out, were the corral and barn and open sheds, substantial and well built. Another log chute brought running water from the hill. Rock found his white horse in one of the corrals, surrounded by three lanky youths from sixteen to twenty years old. Preston introduced them as the inseparable three, Tom, Albert, and Harry. They had the Preston fairness, and Tom and Harry were twins. Both money and labor had been lavished on this ranch; and it was something to open the eyes of old-time homesteaders like Slagle. Even prosperity would not have induced Slagle to such extremes of improvement. But then, Rock reflected, Preston must be a hard worker, and he had seven stalwart sons.

"Preston, if I owned this ranch I'd never leave it a single day," was Rock's eloquent encomium. "Wal, I'd shore hate to leave it myself," returned the other, tersely. "How many cattle have you?" queried Rock, because he knew this was a natural question. "Don't have much idea. Ten thousand said, Ash says. We run three herds, the small one down on the flats, another herd in the Pass, an' the third an' big herd up in the foothills." "Naturally the third means the big job," said Rock. "Shore will be for you boys. That's a lot of cattle over that that ain't mine. Ash said eighty thousand said all told in the foothills. But that's his exaggerated figurin'." "Geef! So many? In my day half that number would have been a lot. But it's a big country. Who's in on that range beside you?" "Wal, there's several heavy owners, like Dabb, Lincoln, Hesbitt, an' then a clew of others, from homesteaders like Slagle an' Pringle to two-bit cowpuncher rustlers. It's sort of a bad mess over that. An' some of the outfits haven't no use for mine."

"That's that old cowboy breed. You can't over change it. I know Lincoln. But Hesbitt is a new one on me." "Yes, he came in soon after me," replied Preston, shortly. His speech, to Rock's calculating perceptions, had lost heartiness and spontaneity. But Rock doubted that he would have observed this subtle little difference had he not come to Sunset Pass peculiarly stimulated by curl o'ity. "Sol Winter told me you'd worked a new wrinkle on the range," went on Rock, matter-of-factly. "Whole sale butcherin'?" "Yes, Always did go in fer that. Hyar in this country I first set in killin' an' sellin' to local butchers. Then I got to shippin' beef to other towns not far along the railroad. An' all told I've made it pay a little better than sellin' on the hoof."

"Reckon it's a heap harder work," Presently Rock stole a glance at Thirly, to catch her eyes on him. That made him so happy he did not dare risk another. But he could see her plate, and that the food on it diminished slowly. She was not hungry. His coming to Sunset Pass had unconsciously troubled her. It puzzled and annoyed Rock. It was far from flattering. He was not such a cad that he would impose himself upon a girl who disliked him on first sight. But Rock could not believe that could be wholly true. What had he done to deserve that?

"I want to talk to you," Thirly, who was sitting in the Rock's room. Her first question amazed him. "We Preston ain't afraid of work," said the rancher. "But it takes some managin' as well. I made a slaughter-house out of Slagle's place, an' then we do some butcherin' out on the range." "What stumps me, Preston, is how you get beef to town in any quantity," responded Rock. "Easy for Missourians on these hard roads. We got big wagons an' four-hoss teams. In hot summer we drive at night."

"So you're from Missouri," went on Rock, with geniality. "I sort of figured you were. I once worked with an outfit of Missourians. They have a lingo of their own, something like Texans. Better educated, though." "My girl Thirly went to school till she was seventeen," Preston spoke with pride. "Wal, you'll want to unpack an' wash up fer supper." It was just sunset when Rock came out of the cabin assigned him. Sitting down on the stone steps of the porch, he found there was an open place between the trees permitting unbroken view of the Pass. Here, striking him like an invisible force in the air, was the wild scene famous among riders all over the Southwest. For riders wandered from range to range, and round camp fires and while on guard or in the bunkhouse they were wont to tell about the outfits with whom they had ridden and the ranges they had known. Rock had been asked about Sunset Pass more than once while he was in Texas. He recalled how he had used to rave. Small wonder! From Preston's ranch the Pass spread into a wider stretch of grassy knolls dotted by cedars, and grassy ridges sloping like hog-backs down from the walls of gray and green. Ten miles and more of the most beautiful meadow and pasture land in the West! Dots and strings and bunches of cattle gave life to the scene. Beyond the grassy levels and mounds the Pass changed to a verdant floor, only here and there showing a glint of open parks. The walls leaned away, less rugged and rocky. From the league-wide forested floor, then, the Pass restricted to one third that width and began its magnificent step by step, up and up, to open into the golden foothill country. Beyond and above the foothills yawned the western end of the Pass—the grand gap that split the mountain range and gave the felicitous name to this beautiful rent in the crust of the earth. A bell called Rock to supper. When he reached the cabin, to find the Preston boys straddling the benches. It was to be accented by the rancher. "Say, cowboy, when you hyar the supper bell you come a-rarin'. Never wait for a second bell." "Did you have to ring a second bell for me?" queried Trueman, in surprise. "I did—or you'd have missed your supper," returned Thirly. She was standing near where Preston sat at the head of the table. Her face seemed to catch the afterglow of sunset, and her eyes, too. "Thanks. . . . I'm sorry to be late. I didn't hear. . . . Rock, you set hyar on my right. Thirly put you across from Thirly. Hope it doesn't spoil your appetite!" "Dad, instead of crackin' jokes you should introduce Mr. Rock to the other boys," reproved Thirly, calmly. "Seuse me. Let's see. Are we all hyar? . . . What's Ash?" "He rode off somewhere," replied one of the boys. "Wal, Rock, meet Range Preston an' that's his real name. . . . an' Seep, which is short for some handle Ma gave him once. . . . an' Boots, whose proper name is Frank. . . . Boys, this is Trueman Rock."

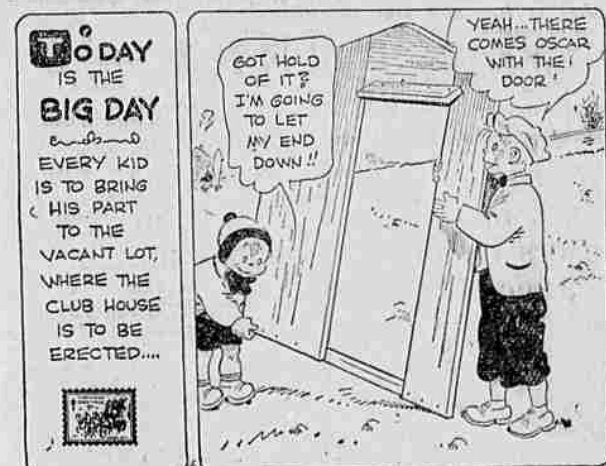
Preston's humorous introduction, and Rock's friendly response, elicited only a "howdy" from each of these older sons.

"Reckon we can eat now," added Preston. "Set down, Rock, an' pitch in."

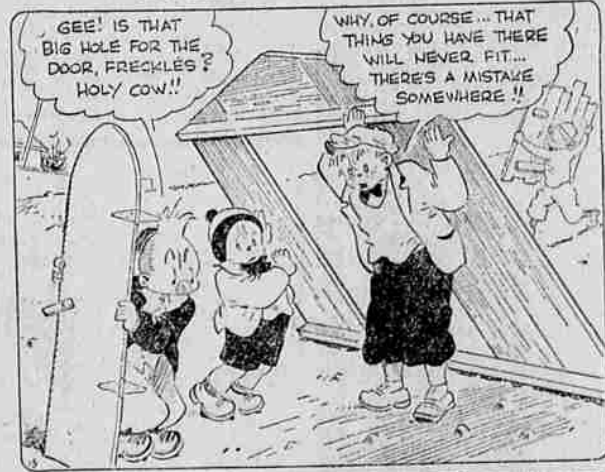
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FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



SOMEBODY'S WRONG



By Blosser



THE NEWFANGLES



CHICK HOLDS BACK



By Cowan

