

# CLASSIFIED ADS

The Market Place of Union and Wallowa Counties

## WANTED

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, Men and Boys, 18 to 35, qualify for coming Government Railway Mail Clerk Examination; make \$150-\$225 month. Common education sufficient. Write: Instruction Bureau, 466-H, St. Louis Mo., quickly. 1-30-1 tp.

EXP. BOOKKEEPER wishes part or full time position. Write H. S. Observer. 1-22-6 tp.

WILL BUY 30 old batteries. Will pay according to their condition. New batteries as low as \$6.95. Automotive Electric Co., 1425 Adams. Phone M 520. 1-20-1 tp.

## FOR SALE

HAY—\$10 in stack. W. H. Briggs. Phone evenings P 20X. 1-26-3 t.

FOR SALE—Turkey tom or will trade for turkey hens. Call Observer. 1-26-2 tp.

FOR SALE—Small house, newly furnished, barn, large garden spot, \$125 cash, balance easy payments. Box A, Observer. 1-26-3 t.

2 WHEEL TRAILER, \$7.50; 4 wheel trailer, \$10. Also used auto parts. Thompson's Service Station, 1914 Adams at Cherry. 1-26-1 t.

FOR SALE—6-rm. house or will trade for acreage or smaller house. Call Observer. 1-26-1 t.

FOR SALE—Wood, any kind, any length. Call Frank Seward, 649J. 1-23-8 tp.

HOUSE—5 rooms, hardwood floors, full basement, steam heat, shrubbery, garage, excellent location. Priced for quick sale. This is an excellent buy. Phone 306M. 1-23-1 f.

FOR SALE—Only \$200.00 down, 15 acres, improved, joining golf links. Balance long time. See J. R. Martin, 1104 Penn. Ave. Phone 494-M. 1-21-1 f.

TOURIST CAMP and cabins, A-1 location. If interested write 211 Bridge St., Baker, Ore. 1-21-7 tp.

LUMBER SPECIAL We have \$10.00 dimension, some \$7.50 boards and more of the \$5.00 special boards. Also a limited amount of dry chain wood at \$4.50 per load and box wood at \$3.00 while we are running.

BOWMAN-HICKS LUMBER CO./ Phone Main 8 1-7-1 f.

## Professional Directory

### Hospitals

DR. LEE B. ROUVY Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital 211 5th St. Foley Bldg.—Ph. Main 10.

### Osteopathic Physicians

DRS. J. L. & MARGARET INGLE General Practice and Obstetrics Sommer Bldg. Office, Main 109 Res., Main 433

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

### Miscellaneous

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 course 7c  
Minimum charge on one order 25c

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."

DRY COARSE WOOD from Union—\$4 and \$4.25 per cord load. Phone Ray McCarroll, M 1027 or M 294. 1-16-1 m.

FOR SALE—Wood, \$5 to \$6 per cord. Prompt delivery. Phone 558-U. 1-16-1 f.

FOR SALE—13-plate new batteries \$5.50 and up. Will buy 25 old batteries, 1308 Jefferson. Burgess Battery & Electric Station 1-2-1 m.

LIMITED SUPPLY of box wood white planer runs, \$4.00 per load. Also dry chain wood, \$4.50 per load. Frank Cleavinger, Main 151. 12-16-1 t.

## Automobiles

FOR SALE—1930 Chevrolet coach, good condition, \$375. PERKINS MOTOR CO. 1-6-1 t.

## FOR RENT

FOR RENT—2 and 3-rm. Apts. Rent reduced. Maple Apts. 1-26-5 tp.

CLOSE IN, CLEAN, comfortable rooms, steam heat, hot and cold water. Elec. lights free. \$10 mo. Reynolds' Rooms, 1908 4th St. 1-26-1 f.



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.

We Understand  
SNODGRASS & ZIMMERMAN  
Main 62

ATTRACTIVE 6-rm. bungalow, hot water heating plant, hardwood floors fireplace, 708 N. Ave., near Central school. Ph. Main 556. 1-26-1 f.

FOR RENT—4-rm. mod. house, \$18. Will trade equity for late model car. F-256. 1-23-3tp

FOR RENT—Five-room modern house close in. see J. R. Oliver. 1-23-4tp

FOR RENT—Comfortable steam heated rooms, hot and cold water, good location, moderate prices. 1902 Second St., cor. Wash. 1-23-7tp

FOR RENT—Modern furnished 5 room house. Inquire 1903 1/2 Adams. 1-18-2 t.

MOD. FURN. APT., Frigidale, elec. range, gar. Cor. 6th and L. 1-9-1 f

FURN. HOUSES and APTS.—With baths, clean, quiet, lowest rent. Adults, 1810 Greenwood. 12-11-1 m.

## MISCELLANEOUS

EASTERN OREGON School of Music, violin, piano, voice. Credits, I. O. O. F. temple. 447-J. 9-6-1 m

SAVE 25% during Jan. Painting and papering by Neumann. 1702 K. 1-5-1 m.

MONEY TO LOAN—We are representatives for the Prudential Ins. Co. and can make farm or city loans at attractive rates of interest. Chas. H. Reynolds, insurance, loans and bonds. 9-1-1 m.

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

## FOUND

FOUND—Pair dark horn rimmed glasses. Call Observer. 1-25-3 tp.

## FOR TRADE

WILL TRADE equity in modern home in fine location for car. Inquire at Observer. 1-26-5 tp

## Indians Likely To Get \$21,758,339.33

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26 (AP)—The Indians likely will get \$21,758,339.33 out of the federal treasury in the next fiscal year.

That amount was allotted the Indian service — not for direct payment, but for works in which the native American benefits — in the interior department annual supply bill reported Monday by the house.

In addition the bill would appropriate \$2,476,780 out of tribal funds. The bill included an item of \$20,000 for forest insect control work on the Klamath, Oregon, reservation.

Under the heading of irrigation and drainage, Oregon Indian projects received \$5,000, nearly all of which will go to the Klamath reservation.

## TILE AND MAHOAGNY IN TWO-TONE DRESS

WASHINGTON (AP)—A two-tone wool dress of Spanish tile and mahogany is being worn by Mrs. John Dabney. The bodice and skirt are of Spanish tile and the sleeves of mahogany. The small round hat combines the two shades with a flat feather ornament across the top.

## JEWELLED EARRINGS RETURN TO VOGUE

PARIS (AP)—Long earrings are dangling about fashionable society again. Brilliantly jeweled ear pendants are back in style for evening wear and some of the smartest Parisians are appearing at formal affairs wearing earrings three to four inches long. Diamonds and emeralds are the favorite stones.

## OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



WHY MOTHERS GET GRAY

## Speaking of the Weather--

by Charles Fitzhugh Talman of the U.S. Weather Bureau  
WRITTEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR NEA SERVICE

How Far Upward Does the Air Extend? That's One Thing Science Still is Unable to Establish Definitely.

Although nearly the whole surface of the globe, including both poles, has now been reached by explorers, there are still three terrestrial regions in which a great deal of exploring remains to be done. One of these is the interior of the globe, another the bottom of the ocean, and a third the upper levels of the atmosphere.

The greatest distance any human being has yet been able to put between himself and his native planet is less than 10 miles, and was less than eight miles before Professor Piccard made his remarkable ascent last May.

The atmosphere is, however, supposed to extend upward some thousands of miles — nobody knows just how far. Through the greater part of its vertical extent it contains very little matter.

Air, like all gases, is highly compressible. The lowest part of the atmosphere, pressed down from above, is relatively dense. With increased altitude the density falls off so rapidly that at a height of three and a half miles the air is only about half as dense as at sea level. Above about five miles it is too rare for breathing; hence aerial travelers who go higher must carry a supply of oxygen with them. At the 50-mile level the atmosphere is, according to calculation, less than one 75-thousandth as dense as at sea level, and at the 300-mile level, about one two-millionth as dense. This is a pretty good vacuum, though far better are produced nowadays in certain industrial operations. Even at an altitude of 2000 miles a well-known English authority, Dr. J. H. Jeans, calculates that there are still something like 300,000 molecules of atmospheric gases per cubic centimeter — as compared with 30,000,000,000,000 in the same volume of air near the earth's surface.

Up to heights of 20 miles or so the atmosphere has been explored by means of small balloons, carrying no human passenger, but a small set of self-registering instruments. As greater heights it is studied by observations of the aurora ("northern lights"), shooting stars and their trails, various optical phenomena, the transmission of radio signals, and in other ways.

Since the year 1902 it has been known that the atmosphere is divided into at least two layers, or shells, having different characteristics. At the bottom is a layer called the "troposphere," (literally, "turn-

ing sphere"), in which the air has upward and downward movements and changes of temperature associated therewith, and which enjoys a monopoly of storms, ordinary clouds, rain, snow and other manifestations that are generally classified as "weather." This layer has an average depth of between six and seven miles. Above it lies a region called the "stratosphere" ("spread-out sphere"), where the winds move only horizontally, and therefore, as the name implies, occur in layers. This region extends to an unknown height.

In the troposphere the temperature of the air decreases rapidly with increase in height; so that, for example, aeronauts always encounter

more heavy booms of Ash's gun, felt the sting of gravel on his face. Half rising, Rock fired again. He heard the bullet strike. Terrible fleshly sullen sound! Ash's fifth shot spanged off Rock's extended gun, knocked it flying, beyond reach.

Preston was sagging. Bloody, magnificent, mortally stricken, he had no will except to kill. He saw his enemy prostrate, weaponless. He got his gun up, but could not align it, and his last bullet struck far beyond Rock, to whine away.

Ash's physical strength had not matched his unquenchable spirit. He actually tried to fling the empty gun. It flipped at random. To and fro he swayed, all instinctive action ceasing, and with his ruthless eyes on his fallen foe, changing, glowing over, setting blank, he fell.

Gage Preston hurried to Rock's side. Men came running with hoarse shouts.

"Help me—up," said Rock, faintly.

They raised him, speaking in awed voices. Then he dragged them, half-hopping, careless of his dangling leg, over to the writhing Ash in time to see his last shudder.

"Ah—huh!" gasped Rock in emotionless finality, with strength and sense slowly falling into oblivion.

When Rock came to his senses again he was lying on the floor of his cabin, where seemingly only a few moments before he had given advice as to the proper care of the wounded Dunne.

He gazed around up at the grave faces of cowboys and cattlemen, at Gage Preston, who, grim and white, was binding his leg; at Peebles, still working over the prostrate Dunne.

"Preston, how is it—with Rock?" asked Dunne, huskily.

"Wal, the top bullet glanced off the bone," replied the rancher. "Ugly hole, but nothing' fer this fellow. The leg shot, though, is bleedin' bad."

"Bind it tight," whispered Rock.

Dunne moved his head in slow action until his cavernous eyes, supernaturally bright, rested upon Rock.

"Say, Rock, it didn't take you long to get—hear on the floor with me."

"Seems long," said Rock, weakly.

"Matter of ten minutes, mebbe," been so thick and gloomy. Good explained Preston, as he wrapped and pulled with swift powerful hands. "Hyar, somebody help me . . . hold that end tight."

Rock became conscious of awakening pain, of a burning in his breast and a dull spreading fire in his right leg. Presently Preston rose from his task, wiping his

frigid weather a few miles above the earth. This fall in temperature goes on until, at the top of the troposphere, the thermometer reads 80 to 70 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit, in middle latitudes, and much lower over the equatorial regions. In the stratosphere there is no such vertical change in temperature — at least as far up as measurements have been made.

NEXT: How a tornado does its work.

## TOUPEE FOR SPORTS WEAR GAY AND WATERPROOF

ST. MORITZ (AP)—The toupee for sports is next!

Mme. Elm Schiaparelli, here for the winter sports, wears with her skiing suit a postiche of ash blond hair, treated with a brilliant lacquer which resists water.

It has flat curls on either side and a high bandeau giving the effect of a headdress and making a cap or berea unnecessary.

Mme. Schiaparelli's ski costume is of navy blue wool and is worn with a red blouse.

## AUSTRALIAN FLIES FORCE GOLFERS TO SPRAY SELVES

SYDNEY, Australia (AP)—A late summer has hatched out flies in such numbers here that golfers and participants in other out-of-door sports have been spraying themselves with fly killer.

During the annual championship at the fashionable Killara golf links an extra caddy followed the players from hole to hole, continually spraying them. Portions of the fairways were almost covered with a carpet of dead flies.

## SUNSET PASS by Zane Grey

Chapter 47  
THE LAST BULLET

BLOOD poured down. As he swept up his gun Rock shot him through the middle.

The bullet struck up dust beyond and whined away. But Ash, sustaining the shock, fired again and knocked Rock flat.

Like the first bullet, this one struck as if it were wind, high on his left shoulder. He heard two

bloody hands, and the voices of watchers ceased.

"Somebody get Rock to town pronto," he said, gruffly. "Ain't safe to let him wait for the doctor."

"Lon Bailey has his four-seat buckboard," replied a cowboy. "We can take out the hind seat an' fix a place for Rock to lay."

"Hustle now," replied Preston and then bent his gloomy gaze down. "Rock, if the artery ain't cut you're nothin' bad."

"Gage, I'm—sorry," whispered Rock, faintly. "No—other way."

"Ha! You needn't be. Shore, I'm not," rejoined the rancher. "Will you—come to town?"

"Tomorrow. Me an' the boys will see Dabb. Mebbe it ain't too late."

"It—never—is, Preston."

"I'm thankin' you. Goodby an' good luck," he returned and stamped out.

Rock closed his eyes.

"Say, fellars, nobody hain't told me what happened to that Ash Preston," spoke up Dunne. "He's done fer me, an' most the same fer Rock. If you all let him—"

"Daid," interrupted a blunt cowboy, without solemnity.

"Preston had the side of his head half shot off," replied another range rider. "Shot clean through the middle an' then plumb center. He died ortal hard."

"Rock, you heal me?" said Dunne. "I had you wrong—an' I'm askin' pardon. . . . An', fellars, if I have—to die—I'll go happy."

Merciful unconsciousness did not return to Rock. When strong and gentle hands lifted him into the buckboard he knew agony. When the swift wheels ran over a hump or a rut in the road it was like a rending of flesh and bone.

He set his teeth and endured, his brain in the vice of sensorial perceptions. The miles covered, the black night, the white stars, the cold—of these he was aware, but they meant nothing. Gray dawn and Wagontongue found him spent and in a daze of agony.

Rock was lying in the pleasant sitting-room of the Winters home, where a couch had been improvised for him. It was late in the day, according to the slant of the sun rays coming through the low window above his bed. He had awakened to less torture, but he could

move only his one arm and head. Another day Rock awoke to rest. If not ease, and slowly the stream of consciousness resumed its flow. The little doctor was cheerful that day. "You're like an Indian," he said, rubbing his hands in satisfaction. "Another week will see you up. Then pretty soon you can fork a horse."

"How is your other patient?" asked Rock.

"Dunne is out of danger, I'm glad to say. But he will be a good while in bed."

Sol Winter came bustling in.

"Mornin', son! You shore look fitter to me. How about him, Doc? Can we throw off the restrictions on grub an' talk?"

"I reckon," replied the physician, taking up his hat and catechid. "Now, Rock, brighten up. You've

(Copyright, Zane Grey)

Winter's news concerns the Prestons. Do the ranchers take revenge upon the family in the next installment?

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## THE NEWFANGLES



## HOORAY!



## FED UP!



## By Blosser



## By Cowan

