

CLOTHING SALE

THE FAIR

All Summer Dress Goods greatly reduced in price. Shirt Waists sold at great reduction to close out. Special reduction on Clothing. See our stock at once and make your purchases. You can save money.

The Fair
Where Whole Families Can Trade

Artificial Ice



Telephone Main 105.
No Sediment to Foul Your Refrigerator

No Disease Germs to Endanger Your Health

VAN ORSDALL & ROSS

LUMBER

Gray's Harbor Com. Co.
Opp. W. & C. R. Depot

When getting figures from others on that lumber bill of yours, don't forget to come and see us. We carry a large stock of all kinds of

Building Material

including shingles, door, windows, moulding, screen doors and windows—in fact, everything that is found in a first-class lumber yard.

For POULTRY and STOCK SUPPLIES

CALL ON
Colesworthy
—AT THE—
CHOP MILL
127 and 129 East Alta Street

THE BALL TOSSERS

PENDLETON AND LA GRANDE IN THE LEAD.

Each Has Captured Three Out of the First Four Games of Series—Sunday's Game at Baker a Great Exhibition.

Standing of the Clubs.			
	Won.	Lost.	P. C.
La Grande	3	1	.750
Pendleton	3	1	.750
Baker City	1	3	.250
Walla Walla	1	3	.250

Saturday's Games.
Pendleton, 9; Baker City, 2.
Walla Walla, 13; La Grande, 9.
Sunday's Games.
La Grande, 18; Walla Walla, 8.
Pendleton, 9; Baker City, 0.

The Pendleton Indians, after scalping the Baker City Gold Diggers twice, simply massacred them in the last game of the series Sunday.

Hays pitched championship ball, and at no time did the men from the mines have a chance to cross the home plate. Only two dinky little hits could they scratch out, and those were not made by any of the numerous ex-leaguers of the team. No Baker City man walked, and eight succeeded in landing on nothing three times. Rhea supported the little pitcher in splendid style and succeeded in taking in two difficult fouls.

The game was opened by Brown fanning, Fay lined out a double inside third base, but died at second, while Stovall and Schmidt each flew out. Brown to Mahaffy.

Arneson got in the way of one of Hays' curves and went to walk to first, but he was forced out at second by Hupp, who promptly stole second, likewise third. Lou Mahaffy struck out and Brown flew out Hays to Stovall, thus Baker's chances for a score went a glimmering.

The second inning was uneventful, but in the third, Pendleton got busy, and the way the Indians chased one another over the home plate was "warm doings." Brown reached first on an error of Arneson, Fay knocked a grounder to Hupp, who overthrew first, allowing Brown to get to third. Fay then stole second and when Schmidt soaked the ball for two bags, Brown and Fay scored.

Wilner singled, scoring Schmidt and Cox got to first on a fumble of Arneson. Woods threw to first to catch Cox, but him instead the ball bounding into right field. Before it was recovered Wilner went home and Cox got to third. Rhea followed with a single which scored Cox. Chapler also singled, which put Rhea on third.

Hays was out for bunting the third strike foul. Brown singled and scored Rhea and also Chapler, who had stolen second. Brown took second on Leech's error and there he died when Fay flew out. Hupp to Mahaffy. Seven runs was all Pendleton could get in this inning.

Baker City had a man on third in the fifth, with two men out, but he died there. After this only one Digger got to first, but he died there by a neat double, Fay to Stovall.

With two men out in the fourth, Wilner was hit by the pitcher and advanced to third by Cox's single. Cox stole second and Wilner scored on Woods' throw to catch him.

In the ninth Fay drew a pass, stole second and third in succession, and scored on Wilner's hit.

The double plays, L. Mahaffy unassisted and Brown to Arneson to Mahaffy, were pretty features of the game.

The work of Roy Ryan as umpire, during the series was excellent, both teams being satisfied with the decisions rendered.

Pendleton won three of the games with ease and the one which was lost should have been won but for unfortunate errors at very critical times. Wilner deserved to win this game, but most of the team had an off day.

The Score.				
	ABR	HPOA	E	
Pendleton	41	9	27	7
Baker City	3	0	3	1
Arneson, 2b	3	0	3	1
Hupp, 3b	4	0	1	1
L. Mahaffy, 1b	4	0	9	0
Brown, ss	4	0	2	4
Woods, c	4	0	8	1
Hudson, rf	3	0	1	0
J. Mahaffy, p	3	0	0	2
Glendon, cf	3	0	0	0
Leech, lf	3	0	1	2
Totals	31	0	2	26

*Hays out for bunting third strike foul.

Score by Innings.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Pendleton	0	0	7	1	0	0	0	0	1
Baker City	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Summary.
Earned runs—Pendleton, 2.
Two-base hits—Fay, Schmidt.
Sacrifice hits—Fay, Schmidt.
Left on bases—Pendleton 7; Baker City, 5.

Stolen bases—Cox, Chapler, Fay, 2; Hupp, 2; Wilner.
Double plays—Fay to Stovall; Mahaffy, unassisted; Brown to Arneson to Mahaffy.
Bases on balls—Mahaffy, 1.
Struck out—By Hays, 8; by Mahaffy, 6.
Hit by pitcher—Hays, 1; Mahaffy, 1.

Passed balls—Rhea.
Time of game—1:50.
Umpire—Ryan.
Scorer—Roy W. Ritner.
Attendance—600.

Saturday's Game.

Pendleton won the third of the series with Baker City in a game which was devoid of spectacular features save the splendid work of Taylor in the box. The Gold Diggers could find him for only four scattered hits, while he succeeded in putting 1 of the men his strike-out list, and not one got a pass to first.

The Indians scored six runs in the seventh inning by bunching hits and taking advantage of Baker's errors. The Gold Diggers' two runs were made in the sixth on the errors of Fay and Schmidt.

The Score.				
	ABR	HPOA	E	
Pendleton	37	9	27	11
Brown, 3b	5	2	1	0
Fay, ss	5	3	2	1
Stovall, 1b	5	1	2	1
Schmidt, 2b	2	1	0	1
Cox, cf	5	1	0	1
Wilner, rf	4	1	1	0
Rhea, c	4	0	1	1
Chapler, lf	4	0	0	0
Taylor, p	3	0	0	2
Totals	37	9	27	11

Totals				
	ABR	HPOA	E	
Baker City	4	0	1	3
Arneson, 2b	4	0	1	3
Hupp, 3b	4	1	0	3
L. Mahaffy, 1b	3	0	13	0
G. Brown, ss	4	1	0	2
Woods, c	4	0	1	5
Hudson, rf	4	0	1	1
J. Mahaffy, lf	3	0	1	0
Leech, cf	2	0	0	0
Willard, cf	1	0	0	0
Glendon, p	3	0	0	1
Totals	32	2	4	27

Score by Innings.									
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Baker City	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2
Pendleton	0	0	1	0	2	0	6	0	9

Summary.

Earned runs—Pendleton, 3.
First base on errors—Baker, 4; Pendleton, 8.
Two-base hits—Stovall, Woods.
Sacrifice hits—Schmidt, 6; L. Mahaffy.

Stolen bases—Rhea, Stovall, Hudson, Schmidt.
Struck out—By Taylor, 10; by Glendon, 4.

Bases on balls—Off Glendon, 3.
Left on bases—Pendleton, 7; Baker, 3.
Time of game—2:20.
Umpire—Ryan.

Northwest League.
Tacoma, July 12.—Tacoma, 2; Portland, 6.
Spokane, July 12.—Helena, 12; Spokane, 0.

GAMES AT LA GRANDE.

Walla Walla Won Saturday and Beat Pullers on Saturday.

At La Grande the Beet Pullers and Sharpshooters divided the games of Saturday and Sunday, the sugar men taking Sunday's game, while the boys from the fort got away with that of Saturday.

Walla Walla won their game with a score of 13 to 9, while the Beet Pullers played back the next day, with a tally sheet which read, La Grande, 18; Walla Walla, 8.

Neither of the games were sensational, and from the number of failures scored by the pitchers' trolleys must have been off, or the batters were wearing their Sunday specs.

The four games at La Grande put Baker and Walla Walla together on the tall end of the league kite, while Pendleton and La Grande lead with percentages of .750 each.

Thinks He Ought to Be Dead.

James B. Welch, of theater fame, and one of the rising young men of Pendleton, who never gets into trouble, says it is time he was dead or badly done up any way, from the notoriety he is getting. One day last week James Welch was killed by a train near Hilgard, and Friday evening James Welch was badly beaten up in Pendleton by the police while resisting them when in a drunken condition. The joke comes in on James B. Welch over the affair here Friday. It was circulated around that Jim Welch was in trouble and had mixed with the police with the result that he was thrown into the "skookum house. Several of James B. Welch's friends were out looking for the city authorities with money to bail him out, but when located, Jimmy was utterly oblivious of the commotion which had been created among his friends.

Young Sailor's Heroism

How a Brave British Tar Brought Plague Ship To Port

Before the British admiralty court not many weeks ago there came out a tragedy of the sea, intensely dramatic and replete with human suffering. Moreover, it developed a hero in the person of a young English sailor, Fred W. Bryant by name.

Young Bryant was second mate of the freight steamer Crown Point, bound from Philadelphia to London. When a few days away from Queenstown, she sighted a sailing ship whose erratic movements gave evidence that something was wrong on board.

As the Crown Point came closer the stranger ran up signals which read: "I am the Planet of Hamburg. Can you take me in tow?"

When a few minutes later the captain of the Crown Point boarded the



A MAD DOG SPRANG AT BRYANT.

Planet he found a worse state of affairs than he had ever seen on a ship before.

Every man but one was suffering with scurvy. The first mate had died of it, and his body had been thrown over the side. The captain and the second mate were in their berths with the disease, and the captain was so far gone that it was only a question of how many days he would live, and the second mate was as weak as a baby and enduring agonies. The other men were so ill that they staggered as they walked about the deck.

The Planet had had a terrific voyage. She was bound from Mazatlan, in Mexico, to Queenstown, and, although a sailing ship generally makes that passage in 120 days at the outside, the Planet had been 167 days out when spoken by the Crown Point.

She had encountered a hurricane almost at the start and had been blown ashore. After that head winds had been her portion, with the result that the voyage dragged and dragged. Then the scurvy came. The officers had it most severely, although they had supposedly fared better than the men.

So it was that the only men of the ship's company who knew anything about navigation were either dead or helpless, and the rest were too sick to do much more than manage the sails, and that was their condition when they sighted the Crown Point.

As soon as the captain of the steamer heard how bad things on the Planet were he decided to tow her to Queenstown. First he sent Bryant, who was his second mate, to take charge of affairs on the Planet.

The Planet was then made fast by means of a wire hawser, but the Crown Point had hardly started before the cable snapped. This accident made the captain change his mind. He went on board the Planet and asked Bryant if he would be willing to take the ship into port, and the young man promptly replied that he would. Fresh provisions and medicines were sent aboard, and the Crown Point continued on her way.

On taking stock of his crew Bryant found them well nigh helpless. Their eyes were terribly bloodshot, their gums were blue and their legs and feet swollen. One of them could rattle every tooth in his head. They were so far gone that they were not even able to haul in the ship's anchor chain, which had been made fast to the Crown Point's cable. It had to be unshackled and let go.

The next discovery was that only one man on board could speak English, which he utilized as best he could to inform the newcomer that the ship was infested with what he called "schmall snakes mit feet." That meant

scorpions. The ship had a cargo of logwood, from which dyes and occasional "red wine" are made and which is frequently inhabited by scorpions as well as by centipeds. The bite of a scorpion is deadly, and Bryant was not reassured by the information that some twenty or more of the reptiles had found their way on deck.

Bryant's first exploration aft was eventful. The stench was horrible, but he summoned up all his fortitude and opened the first door he came to. There was a sudden snarl, and then a gaunt, wild-eyed Mexican terrier waf upon him and tried to bury its teeth in the young officer's thick sea boots.

Bryant kicked the brute down the passage and turned his attention to the occupant of the room, who proved to be the second mate. The poor wretch was in a bad way. His body was dreadfully puffed, his gums were purple, and his tongue was so swollen that it almost filled his mouth. He could eat nothing.

In an adjoining room lay the captain in an unspeakably horrible condition. He was unconscious, and his every gasp for breath made a sound that would terrify the stoutest heart.

He spent tortured hours with the captain and mate, doing everything he could think of to improve their condition. Neglect or nursing was all the same to the captain, but the mate was conscious and in especial need of attention, for it appears that in health he had abused the men, and now they were disposed to let him alone to die unattended.

Looking to the captain, feeding the second mate, trying to cheer up the men, overseeing the men and endeavoring to improve the generally filthy condition of the craft occupied all of Bryant's time. He suffered tortures from loss of sleep, often getting not more than two or three hours a night.

Early one morning a shark appeared alongside the ship. The superstitious crew argued, therefore, that there was to be a death on board, especially as the day was Friday, and at that moment the rough old captain was breathing his last down in his cabin. It was necessary to bring the body up on deck at once, for decay had begun before dissolution.

Chains had been fastened around the dead man's ankles in order that the body might sink, and when the service was finished one man took the canvas covered figure by the head, another by the feet and dropped it over the side.

Then a thing happened that capped the climax of the journey's horror. The weights on the captain's feet were not heavy enough. The body stood bolt upright in the sea, head and shoulders out of the water, and the air, filling the canvas, made it move in ghastly fashion in the ocean swell. The ship was making no headway, and for two hours, till darkness mercifully drew a curtain over the sight, the greswome thing lingered under the stern of the ship, swaying and dipping horribly in the long twilight.

Perhaps the best way to summarize what happened after that will be to quote from Bryant's diary:

"Wednesday.—Second mate gradually sinking, and I am once more losing hope for him. I sincerely hope he may lose consciousness, as the captain did, for he must suffer terribly. It's a fight for him to get breath. Men are employed cleaning brasswork about the deck.

"Friday.—Called at 1:30 a. m. to go to second mate. Second mate died. Nobody but the boy Max and I was with him at the end. I am pleased to say that he lost consciousness about 4 o'clock, and his death was a very peaceable one. Took in main topgallant sail. What with the death of that poor man and a gale blowing my hands are pretty full. I do wish I could get some sleep. At 7:30 p. m. buried second mate, Max reading prayers for the dead from the German prayer book."

After fourteen days "Captain" Bryant brought the Planet into port. He had proved himself almost as capable a physician as a skipper, too, and his men were in mighty different physical shape from what they were when first the second officer of the Crown Point saw them.

Of course the American owners of the Crown Point put in a claim for salvage. The case was tried in the Irish courts, and, after typically legal delays, the owners of the Planet paid \$4,500 for having their ship brought into port.

Just how this money should be divided, however, was a knotty point for its recipients. The admiralty court was asked to decide.

The decision has just been given. After complimenting the second officer of the Crown Point, the court awarded him \$3,215. The owners were given \$575, and the remaining \$900 was divided among the officers and crew of the Crown Point.

A Good Example.

In a family where the father is deaf and a wise mother has taught the children when they address him always to go directly to him, get his attention by a touch, look in his face and speak slowly in a clear, normal voice. Not only is the courtesy exquisite, but it has cultivated throughout a large family a unusual speaking voice such as one seldom hears and must ever admire.



We See Our Fair
on the shirts of a large proportion of the male population of Pendleton is much preferred owing to its superiority. We do up shirts and cuffs in Al style—in fact, that's our specialty, and we're at the business. Hence our high class patronage. Send us laundry. We'll do the work neatness and dispatch. Best. Charges right.

Mountain Resort FOR SALE

The celebrated "Bingham" located in the Bine Mountains, the Umatilla River, complete furniture, fixtures, stages and all. Absolute control of five miles of trout fishing stream in Oregon. sell 80 acre tract including grounds with water privileges, acres, as desired; making for farm, controlling big game. lease. Call on or address:

Frank B. Clopp
Pendleton, Oregon

The Columbia Lodging House

NEWLY FURNISHED BAR IN CONNECTION WITH CENTER OF BLUES BET. ALTA & WEBB STS.
F. X. SCHEMP, Prop.

WHY DON'T YOU Buy a Farm

While They Are Cheap
N. Berkeley
Will Sell You Land at

\$1250 Per Acre
that will be worth more within five years
Pay Fifteen Per Cent on the investment in the first year

The Strabbe

Everything New, Clean and first class.
Good Beds and Bath
MRS. STRABBE