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Price for 60 days—\$500 or will trade for horses.

Address, —D—care Chronicle

WANTED
Samples of all kinds of farm products for the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. Leave samples at Chronicle office.

M. S. BULLARD
General Blacksmithing
&
Wagon Work
Laidlaw Oregon

SEEKING A SIGN.

By MILDRED COLEMAN.

Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"Look out!" warned Letty. "It's the worst sort of luck to spin a chair around like that."

Travis, who had been twirling a light chair, hastily set it down on all four legs. This was not that he feared the hoodoo, but the consternation on Letty's face indicated her discomfort. And to make Letty unhappy was farthest from his thoughts.

"Don't set it down!" shrieked Letty. "You must turn the chair the other way until you wind the bad luck again."

Dutifully Travis "wound up" his evil fortune and turned to the girl.

"Look here, Letty," he pleaded; "let's forget signs for a minute and get down to something more interesting than superstitions. You told me last Friday that I might have my answer today."

Letty's face colored softly. "It's such bad luck to propose on Friday!" she asserted solemnly.

"So it seems," agreed Travis, "as it has kept me in suspense since then. You know that I love you, dear, and that it has always been my great wish to win you for my wife. Is the answer 'Yes'?"

Travis, looking into the half veiled eyes, could read therein the struggle the girl was having with her own heart and then the gradual submission of her shyness to her love. He could almost see the formation of the word that would bring to him the happiness he sought when with a little cry of terror Letty sprang to her feet, her eyes dilated with tears and her hand pressed against the heart that beat so rapidly.

"Can't you hear it, Jim?" she cried.

"Hear what?" Travis strained his ears for some sound. Yet nothing



"I'M GOING TO MAKE ONE LAST EFFORT."

save the faint flare of brass instruments could be heard.

"It's a funeral," explained Letty, "a military funeral, and they are playing a dead march."

You would scarcely expect them to play a waltz," reminded Travis. "Dead marches are written for funerals, you know."

"But think of the omen," persisted Letty. "Jim, if I should say 'Yes' one of us would die before the wedding."

"It's awfully kind of you to save my life," said Travis, with a smile that found no reflection in his heart. "It's really good of you, Letty, but I'm perfectly willing to take chances."

"I am not," was the answer in deadened tones. "Don't you realize what a bad omen it is, Jim?"

"It certainly is a bad omen if it means that you will not marry me just because a funeral procession happens to be passing down the next street," agreed Travis.

He did not argue. Letty was adorable, but she was wedded to a belief in signs, and it now looked as if his avowal of love had been rendered fruitless by the funeral procession at the very instant when he had read his triumph in her eyes. Letty loved him—that he knew—but it was useless to argue when she was so obsessed by the fear of the omen.

It was two weeks before Travis renewed his suit. In the interval he had come and gone, as usual. He and Letty had been to the theater and driving, but not a word had Travis breathed of the subject that was nearest to his heart.

He found the girl that Friday afternoon sitting pensively in the window

seat.

The soft breeze from the south blew into the room the fragrance of the blossoms, and the mellow sunlight glinted on the velvety green of the growing verdure. It was an ideal day, and Letty responded sensitively to the promise of new life.

Almost before she knew that he had entered Travis had reached her side and had taken her hand in his strong grasp.

"I'm going to make one last effort to win my happiness, Letty," he said softly. "I have tried to accept your dictum, but I cannot see the value of your superstitions. Won't you reconsider, dear?"

Letty's face matched the tints of the pink and white apple blossoms she had plucked in her blouse as with half averted head she sought to combat her superstitions fears.

From the next room came the rasping sounds of a phonograph, and the record was "When We Are Married." It had been Letty's favorite in the old days, and her eyes brightened as the familiar strains were borne in upon her consciousness.

When to this was added a second sign as an itinerant band struck up the wedding march from "Lohengrin," her doubts were fully dispelled. With a little cry of gladness she held out her hands to Travis, who caught them in his own.

A few minutes later a determined tapping at the door roused them from their dream of bliss. Letty's brother, Bob, stuck his tousled head inside the door.

"I say, Mr. Travis," he began diffidently, "you couldn't let me have that quarter now, could you? The boys are going down to the store to get the baseball uniforms, and if I had that quarter I could go with them."

"Mr. Travis does not owe you a quarter," said Letty sharply. "If you want money ask mother for it."

"Sure, he owes me a quarter," maintained Bob stoutly. "I was comin' down the street, an' he told me if I'd put that old record in the phonograph an' start it up pretty soon after he came in he'd give me a quarter. He was talkin' to the bandman on the corner!"

"The bandman? And he told you to do that?" asked Letty, with interest.

Bob nodded as he received a coin from Travis, and then he vanished from the room.

"Since you must have a sign I made myself," explained Travis, anxiously searching her face.

"And I'm glad you did," said Letty simply, her face still aglow with happiness.

Making Himself Secure.

After the funeral of an old woman in a remote Yorkshire hamlet her sons and daughters made a vigorous search for her will, but without success, although they knew that she had prepared one shortly before her death.

"What's ta done w' it, Jock?" the eldest son asked the youngest, who, being unmarried and a great dunce, had always hung on to his mother's apron strings. "Tha's been in t' house all this time, w' nobody to watch thee, an' it looks a bit fishy. Hast ta burn it?"

Jock violently refuted the charge.

"Why, Ah nobber'd ad it in my 'ands once," he declared.

"Ah, then, that admits there wor a will!" cried the eldest brother triumphantly.

"Of course there wor!" Jock frankly confessed. "She gave it to me t' day before she died, but Ah couldn't read a word of it, so Ah took it an' buried it to keep it safe. Ah'm not going to let any brothers an' sisters get ahead o' me. When Ah've learnt to read for me sen Ah shill dig that will up, but not a day earlier!"

And they had to "have the law on him" before he would divulge the hiding place of the document.

In Praise of Tea.

Kienlung, the Chinese poet, was a prolific writer, and of all his poems his immortal "Praise of Tea" is most widely remembered. Written in exquisite characters, it decorates half the old cups, plates and fans of his period. Thus it runs:

"Place upon a gentle fire the tripod whose color and form tell of a fair antiquity and fill it with water of molten snow. Let it seethe till it would be hot enough to whiten fish or reddish upon a crab. Then pour it into a cup upon the tender leaves of a selected tea tree. Let it rest till the mists which freely rise have formed themselves into chick clouds and until these have gradually ceased to weigh upon the surface and at last float away in vapor, then deliberately sip the delicious liquor. It will drive away all the causes of disquietude that come to trouble us. You may taste and you may feel, but never can you express in words or song that sweet tranquillity we draw from the essence thus prepared."

Watered C.R.

Baker—How did you find out that stock was watered?

Barker—I dabbled in it.—New York Times

PROMISING LAWYER.

How He Battled a Bill With One of His Many Creditors.

The young lawyer had waited many days for clients, and still they did not come. His bills were mounting higher and higher, and, said to say, some of his creditors were becoming impatient. At this very minute his tailor, whom he owed for his last winter's overcoat, was sitting beside his desk uttering all sorts of dire threats.

"I'll pay you when I can," he said.

"Well, that doesn't satisfy me," retorted the tailor. "What would happen, do you think, if I were to take this matter to the courts and sue you?"

"You'd get judgment, of course," said the young lawyer.

"Then, in your opinion, you haven't a leg to stand on," insisted the tailor.

"Not a leg," returned the briefless youth.

"Very well, then, I shall proceed at once," said the tailor, rising.

"I certainly advise you to," said the lawyer, with a gleam in his eye.

"I shall most certainly accept your advice," retorted the tailor sarcastically.

"Good," said the lawyer. "What is the amount of your bill?"

"Sixty-eight dollars and fifty cents," said the tailor.

"All right," said the lawyer. "Hand over six fifty, please."

"Six fifty?" said the tailor. "What for?"

"You have just consulted me in the matter of a suit at law and have stated that you accept my advice. My charge for that is \$75, and the \$6.50 is the difference between your bill and mine," said the lawyer.

"If I don't hear from you by noon tomorrow I shall put the matter in the hands of my attorneys. Good morning, sir."

And the tailor went out marvelling much that so ingenious a young gentleman should be a member of the great army of the unemployed.—Harper's Weekly.

NEW TRAIN BETWEEN Portland—Pendleton

Will Be Put In Service By The

O. R. & N. ON THE FOLLOWING SCHEDULE

NO. 8 STATIONS NO. 7

DAILY DAILY

7:15 a.m.	LY	PORTLAND	Ar	8:15 p.m.
7:45 a.m.		Fairview		4:35 p.m.
7:50 a.m.		Tromdale		4:30 p.m.
8:11 a.m.		Bridal Veil		4:05 p.m.
8:45 a.m.		Bonneville		3:35 p.m.
9:00 a.m.		Cascade Locks		3:20 p.m.
9:15 a.m.		Wyeth		3:15 p.m.
9:30 a.m.		Viento		2:50 p.m.
9:50 a.m.		FOOD BIER		2:30 p.m.
10:02 a.m.		Mosier		2:15 p.m.
10:45 a.m.		THE Dalles		1:15 p.m.
11:09 a.m.		Colilo		12:50 p.m.
12:21 a.m.		BIGGS		12:30 p.m.
12:30 a.m.		Grants		12:20 p.m.
12:44 a.m.		Rufus		12:11 p.m.
12:50 p.m.		ARLINGTON		11:40 a.m.
1:15 p.m.		HEPPNER JCT.		10:45 a.m.
2:13 p.m.		Trigdon		9:57 a.m.
2:30 p.m.		UMATILLA		9:40 a.m.
2:45 p.m.		Hermiston		9:45 a.m.
3:10 p.m.		Eagle		8:45 a.m.
4:09 p.m.		PENDLETON		Ly 8:00 a.m.

These trains will stop on signal at intermediate stations not named above, and connect at Biggs, Arlington and Heppner junction with trains on the Shaniiko, Arlington and Heppner branches daily as follows:

SHANIKO BRANCH—No. 13 will leave Shaniko at 7:15 a.m. and arrive at Biggs 11:05 a.m. No. 14 will leave Biggs at 12:35 p.m. and arrive at Shaniko at 6:00 p.m.

CONDON BRANCH—No. 11 will leave Condon at 7:45 a.m. and arrive at Arlington at 10:45 a.m. No. 12 will leave Arlington at 12:45 p.m. and arrive at Condon 3:45 p.m.

HEPPNER BRANCH—No. 9 will leave Heppner at 7:45 a.m. and arrive at Heppner Junction at 10:25 a.m. No. 10 will leave Heppner Junction at 1:15 p.m. and arrive at Heppner at 4:15 p.m.