

IT MAY BE TOO LATE FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

But it isn't too late to buy one of those fine art squares we have on display. Prices range from \$8 ingrain all wool, to \$35 body brussels, Moquette and Axminsters. All sizes, 9x9 up to 12x16. Rugs, small moquette and large sizes, \$3 to \$6. Chairs, Center Tables, Extension Tables, Desks, Music Racks, small bookcases are always needed and are handy and useful. Visit our show room on Depot street and let us show our line of couches. Best bargains ever offered.

OUR PICTURE DEPARTMENT

Finest and Showiest Pictures Ever Shown in Town

Fine Colored Camp Scenes, unframed, \$1.00, Framed, \$4.50
Panel Etchings, something extra fine, 50 cents to \$2.00
Burnt Leather Center Table Covers, California Grape patterns, \$5.00

Our frames and our pictures are absolutely the finest ever shown in the city. Christmas gifts galore at from the lowest to the highest prices. Framings of all kinds at all prices.

ADCOCK & HARRIS,
ADAMS AVENUE

WANTED

Potatoes, Onions, Root Vegetables
Apples, Hay, Oats, Barley
We pay Highest Market Prices for all Produce

We are receiving regular shipments of fresh eggs which we are quoting to the trade at \$8.25 per case of 30 doz.
Fancy white clover honey from California, sweeter than native stock. 24 frame cases at \$5.25 per case.
We have a large lot of No. 2 apples which we quote at 40c per box.

Oregon Produce Company

LUMBER

RETAILED AT
WHOLESALE PRICES

Better Lumber and Cheaper than is sold in La Grande. We deliver it to your building

Grande Ronde Lumber Co.
PERRY, OREGON.

CITY BREWERY

JULIUS ROESCH, Proprietor.

Largest Brewing Plant in Eastern Oregon

Ask for La Grande Beer and get the Best

LA GRANDE BEER IS MADE IN LA GRANDE AND SHOULD HAVE THE PREFERENCE

STOCK HOLDER'S MEETING

Notice is hereby given that the stock holders of La Grande Real Estate Association will meet in the office of Wm Miller & Bro. on Monday, January 15th 1906, at 8 o'clock P. M. for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.
Wm MILLER, President.

HOLLISTER'S
Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets
A Bury Medicine for Bury People.
Keeps Golden Health and Renewed Vigor.
A Specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Pimples, Eczema, Impure Blood, Bad Breath, Blurred Vision, Headache and Backache. It's Rocky Mountain Tea in tea ball form, 50 cents a box. (Genuine made by HOLLISTER DRUG COMPANY, Madison, Wis.)
GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE

NOTICE TO FRUITGROWERS

The thirteenth annual convention of the Northwestern Fruitgrowers Association will be held at La Grande, Oregon, Jan. 3-4-5, 1906. All members of the association and all others interested in the fruit industry are urgently requested to be present. A special program has been arranged, and an interesting and instructive meeting is assured. A special rate of one fare and a third has been secured from all points over all railroads for the round trip. This fare is issued on the certificate plan, therefore take a receipt for your money when you purchase your ticket.
C. D. HUFFMAN, Sec'y, Northwestern Fruitgrowers Association.
La Grande, Ore. Dec. 21, 1905.

YVETTE

By S. RHETT ROMAN.

YOU SEE, one grows tired of life in the same groove. Tons of perils gets to be monotonous," explained Ned Holcomb, while idly throwing small pieces of rock into the channel, where it ran around the lighthouse, and watching the play of sunshine and shadow over the water as light clouds floated across the sky, driven slowly along by a south breeze. "This calm April afternoon."

"Your queer, charming habitation light out in the middle of the ocean is so inaccessible and remote, it seems like a different world, from ordinary humdrum city life. When a ideal retreat, and how you must enjoy getting beyond people's reach and away from sin and wickedness and all uncharitableness," continued Holcomb, leaning back against the pulpit of the lighthouse, and tilting his hat over his eyes to shade them from the slanting rays of the sun, gilding the vast expanse of the sea, shining white on the rails of the fishing fleet, skimming homeward, and outlining the rigging and masts of an ocean liner steaming in across the bar.

Yvette smiled a little wistfully, for the solitude of their storm-beaten life so alluring to Ned, as a relief from the whir of electric cars, the jangling noises of the city and perpetual contact with humanity was sometimes oppressive to one so endowed with life and spirits as were the eternal wash and moan of the sea on the jagged rocks of the reef.

Then Yvette laughed, and, turning, looked with a frank gaiety at Ned Holcomb.

"How long do you think you could live here, away from your friends and business; with just the sea to sing to you, and only the stars at night to tell you tales? What would you do with yourself all day, and in the evening?"

"I never said I'd like to live here without—any—companionship," Ned said, returning the frank look of Yvette's deep gray eyes, with one of open admiration, mingled with a friendliness Yvette had grown quite accustomed to by this time.

For since the visit of the Sea Gull, three months ago, to Rock Point lighthouse, Ned Holcomb had developed a great love of the sea, apparently, and had fallen into the habit of sailing far into the harbor, to do some sea fishing on the outer rocks. Going or returning, he would stop at the lighthouse, to bring, as he had promised, papers and periodicals to Ben Ker, and books, Hylers and flowers, to Yvette, whose glad pleasure or unrestrainedly expressed, produced a curious impression on their giver.

"There's a fascination about the sea," Yvette said, slowly, turning her gaze towards the far distant horizon and ignoring her companion's last remark. "In the summer, you can't think how lovely the sea is out here. How pleasantly it whispers, and how sweetly the little waves drone one to sleep! I've sometimes thought I'd die, but how I will miss the dear old lighthouse! the never-ceasing sound of the waves, and the call of the sea gulls, and the salt spray in the air. How I love it all!"

"What do you mean?" queried Ned Holcomb, a curious pang running through him. "You are not thinking of going away?"

Yvette nodded slowly. Ned Holcomb turned quickly, then, in what he was going to say for what business was it of his wife and the old man, her father should give up their care of the lighthouse and go—perhaps back to the little village on the Brittany coast from which he had drifted years ago.

Why should he care if this beautiful girl went away from this lonely dwelling place, which she had made so bright and attractive; those rooms within the stone tower she had adorned and beautified until they seemed to Ned Holcomb to be an island spot on the earth's surface? Why in God's name should he care?

The lighthouse would be turned over to some rough seaman, and the beacon would shine just as well as when Ben Ker tended it with Yvette's help.

"He is much stronger and better since the warm spring days have come, but the doctor says he must not stay at the lighthouse another winter. Then—in June—I will go to live in the village on the island, but my darling old dad must come too. I would die if I were separated from him."

Again there was a pause which Ned Holcomb filled up mentally by picturing what these jutting rocks would be without Yvette's presence.

"Why must you go to live on the island—in June?" Ned queried, without excusing the inquisitiveness of the inquiry.

"I am to be married in June," Yvette answered in a quiet, troubled voice.

"To whom?" Holcomb asked, roughly.

"A good man—Peter Stevenson," Yvette answered, turning to look out over the water, where the last golden sun rays were lingering before twilight would soften the crimson and vivid purples of the sky to pale tints and fading grays.

"And—you care for him, of course? We have grown to be such good friends, have we not? I know you will not mind telling me," Ned Holcomb said, in a friendly voice, which had a queer ring in it. "You won't mind, you are so honest and straightforward."

"I've known him all my life," Yvette

aid, slowly. "—a girl and we was in the convent. In the holidays we used to play together. He always was kind and nice, and Dad loves him dearly. Dad was so grieved when I was sick, thinking about me, that he promised him I would marry Peter in June. Just two weeks off now!"

"You did not answer me, Yvette," Ned half whispered, taking Yvette's hands and holding them tight. "Tell me."

Yvette raised her eyes steadily at Ned Holcomb's look and read it, as a woman ever falls to do.

"I do not now, but I will in time. It is good and loves me dearly. Stop! I know what you would say. Do you think I would let you—marry a lighthouse keeper's daughter? You, who so much to live for? Oh, oh, no! It was pleasant. You have made the past months so bright. When I go I will remember how you used to cheer to our lighthouse to cheer us, and how pleasant the evenings were. Good-by."

Standing before her, Ned Holcomb lost his head, and poured out the pent-up words, which, by Yvette's beauty and constant companionship during the past months, had been stored up waiting for just such an occasion of utterance.

What did he care for the world's opinion? Ned asked. Was not happiness the sole and rightful aim of life? Has not each one the right to seek it, and grasp it, wherever and whenever the chance occurs? Is it more honest to break faith with one, when one's whole soul and thoughts are wrapped up in another? Yvette spoke like a child! Like a dear, honest, unsophisticated little girl she was. It was absurd, hideous, to think for an instant of throwing herself away on a common shipwright. She must marry him, and they would go away, anywhere, and Ben Ker would join them. Who in all the world was as beautiful and noble and fearless as Yvette? His Yvette.

So Ned Holcomb urged in wildest entreaty, and Yvette listened, keenest anguish tugging at her heart, her face pale, but a resolute look on her face strange for one so young.

"You think so now—but it's all a mistake, dear," she answered, slowly a great tenderness welling up in her eyes.

"Your life and mine lie far, far apart. You must go your way, and I must go mine, and we will both forget—all but the pleasant hours we spent in the old lighthouse, and on these rocks listening to the voices of the sea. Good-by."

"Do you mean it? It must be for all time, remember, Yvette."

"For all time!" she answered, steadily.

Ned Holcomb looked long at the face before him, and, stooping, kissed the rich bronze hair the sea breezes love to toy with.

And when, the wind catching the sail, his boat ran swiftly down the channel.

"Where is your friend? Why didn't he not stay to supper? Has he gone?" queried Ben Ker, lightly stretching Yvette's ruffled hair as she stood against him and leaned against his shoulder.

"He's gone, dad. Gone away. He'll not come back."

"Gone away for good? Well, well! You'll miss his visits, my pet, and his books. But we'll soon leave the old lighthouse. We'll soon leave it. I'll miss the roar of the waters and the whistle of the wind at night and the lighting of the beacon."

"But life ashore will be better for my birdie. She will not miss a stranger's visits then. Peter will be here to-morrow and we'll settle on the day in June, and soon we'll move out and let Harrison take my place. You have Peter to take care of you, and your old dad, Ben Ker, has provided well for his little girl. You will be as happy as the day is long."

"Yes, dad, as happy as the day is long," whispered Yvette, clinging to the old man.

"Can anybody tell me what in the world is the matter with Ned Holcomb? Perhaps there's insanity in the family. Does anyone know anything about it?" queried Mrs. Carson to those around, while sipping.

"Can't imagine, unless he's in love. It must be with that wonderful siren of the sea we came across last spring. You remember? She's a perfect Lorelie—a beauty! Ned Holcomb, to my mind, has never been the same since, and his rushing off to spend the summer rambling about, all by himself, in the Alps, when Kitty had her trousseau ready, was the stupidest thing I ever heard of. If I had been Kitty I would have let him go—for good. But Kit's so dead in love with him!"

"Don't wonder. We all are. Ned Holcomb's a dear."

"Sh-s-s-sh! Here's Kitty!" warned some one.

There was an air of triumph about Kitty as she came in.

"Where is Ned Holcomb? Where is town. No, I won't go to the Whirligig next month. I'll probably be out of town."

"A bridal tour?"

Kitty nodded assent, and was pounced on by all the women present.

"Hello, old fellow. Let me congratulate you. Miss Kitty's a charming girl, and deuced clever," an acquaintance said to Ned Holcomb at the club that night.

Ned Holcomb shook hands, and lapsed back into his moody gazing through the window.

He saw some tuffing rocks, and a weatherbeaten lighthouse; breakers curling on and breaking against them and the tall, lithe form of Yvette, half hidden in the spray. He saw a beautiful face, young and strong and tender, fading out of sight.

Holcomb turned and went out, to call on Kitty Leverham, his fiancée.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

VanBuren's SUGGESTIONS FOR CHRISTMAS

For the Gentlemen

No Christmas present is more acceptable to a smoker than a box of choice cigars. We have them in boxes containing 12, 15 and 25 cigars, for 60c to \$3.00 per box.

Gifts for smokers

Beautiful line of Meerschaum pipes and cigar holders and Briar pipes, either plain or gold mounted.

For the Ladies

A nice box of Lowney's candies, all sizes

La Grande National Bank

ESTABLISHED 1887

Capital Stock, Surplus and undivided profits \$160,000.00

Comparative statement of deposits for five years

September 6, 1900	\$291,007 63
" 30, 1901	331,505 38
" 15, 1902	498,375 84
" 9, 1903	553,601 38
" 6, 1904	671,854 02
November 9, 1905	613,029 52

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

GEORGE PALMER, PRESIDENT. J. M. BERRY, VICE PRESIDENT.
F. L. MEYERS, CASHIER.
GEORGE L. CLEAVER, ASSISTANT CASHIER.
W. L. BRENHOLTS, ASSISTANT CASHIER.
J. M. BERRY, F. M. BYRKIT, A. B. CONLEY,
C. C. PENINGTON, F. J. HOLMES.

To Whom it May Concern

This is to certify that the undersigned doing business in the State of Oregon, County of Union, City of La Grande, do hereby swear that during the month of November, 1905, we sold to your Home Merchants 1410 sacks of La Grande Made Flour, and not one sack returned to us. Does this not show that the following brands is giving entire satisfaction to the public.

ROYAL PATENT, SEA FOAM, JERSEY CREAM,

CASH SPECIAL and OUR SEAL.

Above all things Ladies ask your grocer what BLUE STEM PATENT is. YOURS FOR GOOD FLOUR

LA GRANDE MILLING Co

ANNUAL MEETING

Of the shareholders of the Farmers and Traders National Bank of La Grande, will be held at their banking house, La Grande on Tuesday, the 25th day of January, 1906, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. of said day, to select a board of directors for the ensuing year and for such other business as may come before said meeting.
J. W. SCRIBER, Cashier of the Farmers and Traders National Bank of La Grande.
Dated this 18th day of December 1905



For the New Year's Day Reception

You will find our store a "gold mine of good things." We have at your service the very finest line of food products required to make the most delectable of dishes. Many of the best require only to be dressed before serving. You cannot fail to find many suggestions for your table by glancing over our stock, to do which you are cordially invited.

PHONE MAIN 46

GEDDES BROS
NORTH FIR STREET

PIANO TUNING

J. C. Ardrey, a former resident of this city, but now near Portland, is in the city. Mr. Ardrey is now in the piano tuning business, and those having instruments requiring attention can secure his services by leaving orders at Huebel's music store. Mr. Ardrey will be in La Grande only about ten days longer.

G. E. FOWLER

Truck and Transfer

Wood and Coal

PHONE 1611

All orders given prompt attention

Wood! Wood! Wood!

Good dry wood delivered to any part of the city.

ANY LENGTH, ANY KIND

Special prices on quantities. No order too large or too small

James Beavers, Red 14