PRFESSIONAL CARDS

DR. A. L. RICHARDSON
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office over Hill's Drug Store.
Office Phone 1362 Residence Main 68

N. MOLITOR M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Cor. Adams Avenue and Depot St
Office Main 68 Residence Main 68

WILLARD SMITH
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Lewis Building, opposite Sommer House
Office hours, 1 to 4, 7. to 8. p. m.
Phone Main 71

BACON & HALL
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS
Office in Foley Building, Phone Main 19
C. T. Bacon residence, Main 18
M. K. Hall residence, Main 52

CHARLES E. HAWKE, M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Office Phone Red 1251
Residence Phone Black 831
Office in Sommer Building

REAVIS BROS
DENTISTS
Office Sommer Building
Office Black 51 Residence 1171

C. B. CAUTHORN
DENTIST
Office over Hill's Drug Store
LA GRANDE, OREGON

PHYSICIANS

MRS. BIGGERS & BIGGERS
Puysicians and Surgeons
G W Biggers, M. D. Geo. L. Biggers, M. D
Telephones
Office Black 1321 Residence Main 30
Office' Ralston Building over J. M. Berry's store. Residence on Madison AVe. second door west of former residence, Dr. G. W Bigger.
LA GRANDE - OREGON
Professional calls promptly attended to day or night.

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DR. P. A. CHARLTON
VETERINARY SURGEON
Office at Hill's Drug Store, La Grande Or
Residence Phone Red, 701
Office Phone 1361 Farmer Line 58

DR. W. T. DOWNES
VETERINARY SURGEON AND DENTIST
Leave orders at Red Cross Brug Store — Residence Cor 6th and 1st St

ATTORNEYS

CRAWFORD & CRAWFORD
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
LA GRANDE OREGOON
Office in Foley Building

J. W. KNOWLES
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Office in Ralston Building
La Grande, Oregon.

H. T. WILLIAMS A. C. WILLIAMS
WILLIAMS BROS
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
Office in Ralston Building
La Grande. Oregon

L. A. PICKLER
CIVIL, MINING, IRRIGATION ENGINEERING AND SURVEYING
Estimates, Plans, and Specifications. Office in Foley Bldg.
LA GRANDE, OREGON

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING

Notice is hereby given that there will be a meeting of the stockholders of the La Grande National bank at the La Grande National bank building in the city of La Grande, Union county, Oregon, on Tuesday, January 9, 1906, at two o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing a board of nine directors, and any other business the transaction of which shall legally come before ths meeting.

F. L. MEYERS, Cashier.

Dated this 11 day of December, 1905

Classified Advertisements.

Rates—One cent a word, one-half a cent a word each subsequent insertion. Classified adds bring quick results. Try one today.

FOR RELIABLE ABSTRACTS OF TITLES go to the La Grande Investment Company, La Grande, Ore., in Foley building.

FOR SALE—The A. V. Oliver four lots on Jefferson Avenue, including platform scales, one hundred and ten foot porch running back to railroad track G. H. POWERS, the Minnesota land man.

FORTY ACRE TRACT of ground near La Grande, for rent with good buildings, and fine soil. Price from Dec. 1st 1905 to March 1st. 1907, $225. LA GRANDE INVESTMENT CO.

REAL ESTATE LOANS—Any amounts on city and country real estate. Loans closed promptly, as soon as title is approved. LA GRANDE INVESTMENT COMPANY

TO LET—A nice suit of furnished rooms can be arranged for light housekeeping. Apply to MRS. C. R. THORNTON.

LOST—Dragon stick pin with a diamond and pearl setting. Finder please return to Dr. F. E. Moore and receive reward.

FOR RENT—C. J. McLean house on Washington Avenue. Call up Phone Red 1712.

WANTED—At once girl for housework Good wages. Inquire at this office or J. W. Scriber.

FOR RENT—Four room house, block of ground, small orchard. Apply on premises near brick yard. Mrs. MOLLIE WEAVER.

WANTED—Bright boy desires a place where he can work for his board and go to school. Inquire of Mrs. MOLLIE WEAVER, near brick yard.

FOUND—A boy's light colored hat was found and brought to this office. Owner may obtain by proving property.

FOR SALE—Good Dry cordwood and fenceposts for sale. Any quantity. Orders left at E. Polack Grocery Store. will receive prompt attention.
JOHN ANTHONY

LOST HORSE—A liberal reward will be paid for the return or information leading to the return of one steel gray horse branded V on left thigh, and has a white face. Was last seen near Mt. Emley last October. T. N. BAKER, La Grande, Ore

WANTED—Young girl desires position to do light house work. Phone Black 711.

FOR RENT—Four rooms, two suitable for housekeeping and two bedrooms. Inquire of Mrs. W. J. Snodgrass, No. 804 Fourth street.

LOST—Gold bracelet on Adams Ave. Sunday between 2 St. and Telephone office. Finder please return to Telephone office.

LODGE DIRECTORY

EAGLES—La Grande Aerie 259 F. O. E. meets every Friday night in Redmen Hall, Lewis Buildingat 8 p. m. Visiting brethren invited to attend.
J. E. POLLOCK, W. S.
J. A. MATOTT, W. P.

I. O. O. F.—La Grande Lodge No. 16, meets in their hall every Saturday night. Visiting brothers cordially invited to attend. Cemetery plat may be seen at Model Restaurant. JAMES MOSS, N. G.
I. R. SNOOK, Sec.

STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 31, I. O. O. F.—Meets every first and third Thursdays in the month in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting patriarchs always welcome.
I. R. SNOOK, C. P.
EDMOND ROBINSON, Scribe.

EASTERN STAR, O. E. S.—Hope Chapter No. 13 meets the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Masonic Temple.
MERTIE ALDRICH, W. M.
MARY A. WARNICK, Sec.

M. W. A.—La Grande Camp No. 7705 meets every first and third Wednesday of the month at I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting neighbors are cordially invited to attend. E. REISLAND, V. C.
JOHN HALL, Clerk.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA—Court Maid Marion No. 22 meets each Thursday night in I. O. R. M. hall. Brothers are invited to attend.
CHAS. BARTMESS, Chief Ranger.
C. S. WILLIAMS, Fin. Sec.
Board of Trustees—Dr. G. L. Biggers, John Hall and Herbert Pattison.

FRIENDSHIP TENT No. 31, K. O. T. M.—Meets second and third Wednesdays each month in I. O. O. F. hall. Visiting knights welcome.
G. T. WEISENBERGER, Com.
MOX BLOCH, Record Keeper.

L. O. T. M. HIVE No. 27.—Meets every first and third Thursdays in the afternoon at the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting ladies are welcome.
LADY PORTER, Commander.
HAZEL BARNES, Recording Secretary.

B. P. O. E., La GRANDE LODGE No. 433—Meets each Thursday evening at eight o'clock in Elks hall, on Adams Avenue. Visiting Brothers are cordially invited to attend.
F. S. IVANHOE, Exalted Ruler.
G. E. MCCULLY, Recording Secretary.

LA GRANDE LODGE No. 169, WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—Meets 2d and 4th Thursday of each month in the I. O. O. F. hall over postoffice. All visiting members welcome.
W. W. BERRY, Consul Commander.
J. K. WRIGHT, Clerk.

The End of the Season

Translated from the French by Lawrence B. Fletcher.

AIX, Autumn. The cosmopolitan crowd of visitors is rapidly thinning. An elegant villa surrounded by flower beds that have lost their glory, and lawns dotted with fallen leaves.

Personages:

Lynne d'Avila, a dazzling Creole beauty of 22, with coal-black hair, piercing eyes and lips red with health and spirits.

Mme. d'Avila, her mother. Fifty-five; a typical parvenue; rouged and enameled; humorously nicknamed "Mme. Cardinal of the Tropics."

Marc de Sailly, a good-looking young fellow of 30, with an engaging manner.

Lynne (glancing at the sparse promenaders on the avenue)—Well, this is the end, and we have another season to our credit.

Mme. d'Avila—To our debit rather. Another failure! The third this year, counting Spa and Houlgate.

Lynne—It isn't my fault, I am sure. I have done the impossible, almost, to win the prize—a husband!

Mme. d'Avila—And so have I.

Lynne—Yes. You have done too much. Several times, when I thought I had more than a nibble, you arrived on the scene and pulled on the line so hastily that the trout slipped off the hook and got away.

Mme. d'Avila—Oh, yes! Insult your mother after all the sacrifices—

Lynne—Were they not partly for yourself—chiefly, I should say, seeing that even if we had caught one of your old reprobates, it was not you, but I that would have had to marry him?

Mme. d'Avila—My dear, I had perfect confidence in your ability to tame the worst of them after marriage. But we never got that far!

Lynne—And we never shall, with your system. Your ideas are too grand. You aim too high.

Mme. d'Avila—Oh, I admit that I made a sad mistake, but there is no use in quarreling about it now. It is time for action. Something must be done at once. You saw our bank statement this morning?

Lynne—Of course. Twenty thousand francs. Say eight months' rent. Then the altar, or—Ah! There is M. de Sailly with his hat in the air. You don't know much about him, do you?

Mme. d'Avila—No. I have inquired of several people, but their answers were contradictory and unconvincing.

Lynne—He is not bad looking, at all events. I could learn to love him so much better than your old cripples. But, perhaps, as you know nothing definite about him, he is crippled too—financially.

Mme. d'Avila—Well, it is the last chance and it may be worth trying. Have you had any conversation with him?

Lynne—Only trivialities. We have met two or three times. He asked me for a waltz the other evening. . . . He is coming this way. You must contrive to leave us alone for a few minutes.

(Hat in hand, M. de Sailly approaches and pays his respects to the ladies.)

Mme. d'Avila (after the conventional civilities have been exchanged)—Are they still playing in the card room?

De Sailly—I think so. It is almost the only game left.

Mme. d'Avila—I feel a mad longing to hazard a few louis. Allow me to confide my daughter to your care, M. de Sailly.

Lynne—Oh, mamma!

Mme. d'Avila (going)—A few minutes, only. Just long enough to lose—say 500 francs.

Lynne (aside)—Neatly done! (Aloud)—What makes you smile, monsieur?

De Sailly—Your mother's words.

Lynne (uneasily)—The 500 francs?

De Sailly—No, her confiding you to my care.

Lynne—You will be a faithful guardian, I trust?

De Sailly—Oh, the honesty of the guardian, you know, depends upon the value of the treasure.

Lynne (ostentatiously changing the subject)—Have you been here long?

De Sailly—Let me see. Ten days ago I had the honor of being presented to you by my friend Marcellin. I had arrived the day before. Have you spent the whole season here?

Lynne—Almost. My mother and I are very fond of Aix, and are among the last to leave, as you see.

De Sailly—Are you going back to Paris?

Lynne—No. We are going first to Touraine, for the hunting. Mamma obtained a chateau there last year.

De Sailly (reminiscatively)—Touraine? I know the country thoroughly. What part of Touraine?

Lynne (embarrassed)—A few miles from Tours, near Vaiencay. (Quickly and guiltily.) Oh, now I love the grand, free, open-air country life with its horses, dogs, sports of all kinds. Are you interested in the country, monsieur?

De Sailly—Very much so. The care of my estates occupies much of my time.

Lynne (with a good deal of curiosity)—Then your estates must be extensive.

De Sailly—Yes, very; and, as I am an only son, I have the entire care of them. In addition, I have one passion, yachting.

Lynne—I have the same. I adore the sea. When I lived in Brazil I often went out on my uncle's vessels.

De Sailly—You are a Brazalian, then?

Lynne—Yes. Do I not show it but too plainly? My father, whom I lost a few years ago, made his fortune in the diamond mines. But you must know all this already.

De Sailly—No. How should I?

Lynne—Oh! watering place gossip—or your friend Marcellin.

De Sailly—He met you first at Spa, you remember, and only passed through Aix. I saw scarcely anything of him.

Lynne—Why have you waited so long before coming to—to have this friendly little chat with me?

De Sailly—How about the grand duke?

Lynne—Which grand duke?

De Sailly—Come! You spoke of gossip. It seemed to be entirely occupied with your approaching marriage to his royal highness.

Lynne (flattered) — Oh! with a cousin of the emperor! How absurd! Besides, to speak frankly, his royal highness is rather—mature. No. I am one of those rare and peculiar women who do not believe in marriage without love.

De Sailly—Then you ought not to have interrupted my—paradox, as you called it.

Lynne—Were you going to speak of love? It is easy to talk about, but difficult to demonstrate.

De Sailly—Meaning that you would not have been convinced by my demonstration?

Lynne—Even if I had been convinced I could not with propriety, considering the shortness of our acquaintance, have confessed that the demonstration was agreeable.

De Sailly (sadly)—What a pity it is!

Lynne—What is?

De Sailly—That one's wild dreams cannot be realized. (In an altered voice) I do not know, mademoiselle, whether we shall ever meet again—especially after what I am going to tell you—but since you wish proofs, I will make two avowals. The second of them will be the proof of the first.

Lynne (coquettishly)—Begin with the second, then.

De Sailly—It is not so easy or so pleasant as the other, and the fact that I make it shows how strongly you have interested me. Your words of encouragement have made me reflect that I was on the point of acting very dishonorably—and I cannot act so toward you. (Speaking with effort.) Except that I am a man of honor within the meaning of the code, I am in no respect what I appear or profess to be.

Lynne (amazed)—How?

De Sailly—My name is not De Sailly, but Marnier. I have no estates, no yacht, no fortune. I am a poor man, my only heritage being a few thousand francs which I am squandering as economically as possible in places where heiresses congregate, in the hope of finding one credulous enough or sufficiently in love with me to marry me. There is my honest confession. I hope you will pardon my former words, which were simply professional falsehoods.

Lynne—Why do you tell me this?

De Sailly—Because—and this is the first avowal, which you would have last—because I love you.

Lynne—Since this morning?

De Sailly—I loved you at first sight. I have loved you a little more every time I have met you, and I have tried to meet you every day. But in love I am a skeptic, almost an atheist, and that I have dared to tell you my love shows how completely it has mastered me. This is, perhaps, the first time in my life that I have acted uprightly. Do not be too angry with me.

Lynne (much affected, dreamily)—You are right. It is a pity.

De Sailly—That we are now so far apart?

Lynne—No, but that we are too near together. I am in the same position as yourself. I have neither chateau nor horses, neither yachts nor diamond mines. I am hunting for a rich husband in the same coverts as you are beating down for a dowered wife, and I am not very patiently awaiting the portion of happiness or misery that fate may bring me. I am tired of playing the role of candle to decrepit moths with golden wings. I am pretty, you see, too pretty, and so I have no right to anything but what I may fetch in the market. I am only a chattel like a railway bond or a Sevres vase. Your frankness deserves a return, and I shall have it. I, too, have another confession to make. It will be as candid as yours, since our two impulsive fates can never be one. In the short time that I have known you I have guessed from various trifling signs that you were not enormously rich, but still I believed you had—oh, how shall I express it?

De Sailly—A modest competence, as people say?

Lynne—That is it. And on this foundation I built a romance—the first heartfelt romance of my life. I gave up pining for the stars, and was happy in dreaming of a modest, simple existence—with you.

De Sailly (sadly)—We were designed for each other, but destined never to realize the design.

Lynne—Like so many others in this queer world!

De Sailly—And, loving each other we shall each contract the most stupidly conventional of marriages with some one else.

Lynne—And regret it all our lives.

(A long silence. Then their hands clasp as if by instinct.)

Lynne (in a choking voice)—Is it adieu?

De Sailly—Au revoir, rather, for who knows? Are you doing Nice this winter?

Lynne—Yes, and you?

De Sailly—Of course. Perhaps we can help each other.

Lynne (more cheerfully)—Agreed! Au revoir, then.

(De Sailly presses her hand and is gone.)

Mme. d'Avila (returning)—Well! How about De Sailly? Is he coming on?

Lynne—Oh, mamma, mamma! He is a—colleague.—N. Y. Post.

NEW REAL ESTATE OFFICE

I have moved my real estate and insurance office to room 3 over J. M. Berry's store, where I am better equipped than ever to handle farm lands and city property. I also write fire insurance on farm property. G. H. POWERS, the Minnesota Land Man.

ANNUAL MEETING

Of the shareholders of the Farmers and Traders National Bank of La Grande, will be held at their banking house in La Grande on Tuesday, the 23d. 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

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 Huelat's music store. Mr. Ardrey will be in La Grande only about ten days longer.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Notice is hereby given, to whom it may concern, that I will not pay any bills or debts hereafter contracted by my wife, Ida S. Alden, as she has abandoned me without cause and sued for divorce.

Dated, Dec. 28th., 1905.

J. F. ALDEN