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CLEANLINESS

As milk is the natural food for the young, containing within itself all the requirements of the body, and as any adulteration is injurious to the system, (either from absorption or otherwise) therefore the health of the consumer, and especially the young, depend to a great extent upon those who handle the milk. And as there are so many ways in handling the cow as well as the milk after being drawn from the cow. Every consumer should visit the place from whence he gets his milk (no matter if it is surrounded by a high board fence) and see how the cow and the milk are handled before using it as a food for the baby.

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LODGE DIRECTORY

EAGLES—La Grande Aerie 289 F. O. E. meets every Friday night in Redmen Hall, Lewis Building at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren invited to attend.
I. R. Snook W. S. Dr. G. L. Biggers 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 plot may be seen at Model Restaurant.
H. E. Coolidge, N. G. D. E. Cox, Sec.

STAR ENCAMPMENT, No. 51, I. O. O. F.—Meets every first and third Thursday in the month in Odd Fellows hall. Visiting patriarchs always welcome.
I. R. Snook, C. P. Edmond Robinson, Scribe.

EASTERN STAR, O. E. S.—Hops Chapter No. 13 meets the second and fourth Wednesday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in Masonic Temple.
Genevieve Bohnenkamp, W. M. Mary A. Warnick, Sec.

M. W. A.—La Grande Camp No. 7703 meets every first and third Wednesday of the month at I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting neighbors are cordially invited to attend.
C. S. Williams, V. C. John Hall, Clerk.

FORESTERS OF AMERICA—Court Maid Marion No. 22 meets each Thursday night in Redmen hall. Brothers are invited to attend.
Fred Hon Chief Ranger. L. L. Snodgrass Financial Sec. Board of Trustees—Dr. G. L. Biggers John Hall and C. S. Williams

FRIENDSHIP TENT No. 51, 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 Redmen hall. All visiting ladies are welcome.
Maude Long Lady Commander. M. C. Vessey, Record Keeper.

B. P. O. E., LA GRANDE LODGE No. 455—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 every Friday of each month in the K. of P. hall in the Corp building. All visiting members welcome.
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HIS BEAR CROP A FAILURE

Bob Skiles, Hunter, Laments Bear's Ingratitude.

"I GUESS" Bob Skiles won't never have no confidence in 'b'ars ag'in," said Sabin Budd, who snarcs rattlesnakes with a leather string and hunts deer and bears with a single-barreled muzzle-loading shotgun. "And it carves him right, so it does."
Bob Skiles is famous in the neighborhood of Kettle Creek, Pa., as a bear hunter and one who pretends to use philosophical forethought as an aid to his hunting. Thus, one day last spring he discovered a family of bears in the woods along Polly's Run. It consisted of a big and savage mother bear and three cubs. The cubs were but a few weeks old.
Skiles' first impulse was to put a ball through the old bear as she rushed toward him from her retreat beneath the roots of a fallen tree, and to carry the cubs home alive, but on second thought he resolved to spare the family. He knew that the cubs would pine for their mother and perhaps would not live under alien care and treatment.

"I'll just let the hull caboodle of 'em alone," said Bob. "Six months from now them cubs'll be in fine shape to give me some fun in the woods, and the ol' woman 'b'ar'll have a nice new coat of fur on to her. I'll let 'em live, and reap the harvest of my bein' kind to 'em along when snow begins to fly next fall."
So he did what no other hunter in all that spread of waters would have done. He napped on and left the bear family to itself.
About two weeks before Thanksgiving he had the satisfaction of knowing that the cubs had grown to be more than half as big as their mother, fat as pigs ready for the killing, and with coats of fur of the blackest and glossiest. The mother was also in superb coat and finest condition. They were snugly housed in Tamarack swamp.

"Guess I'll let 'em pick up for a week or so more," said he. "Then they'll be ready for me to have fun with."
A couple of days later he saw the bear family again. The old bear and two of the cubs went into the swamp and the other cub started away on his own account, over toward an old wood road, and down the road toward Bly's clearing.
"That ain't reg'lar," said Bob. "That 'b'ar ain't actin' square!"
So he followed the cub, which went along at a lively rate, and turned into the woods, at the further edge of which Bly had a few sheep in a lot, with a long fence around it. Bob Skiles hurried on, and came out of the woods into the lot just as the young bear had cornered the sheep and had killed one.

"That bein' the case," said Bob, "I'll have to have my fun with this young 'ub right now."
And he killed the cub and gave it to Bly because it killed Bly's sheep.
A day or two afterward Bob had an offer of a good price for a big bearskin, and he went out to get the mother of the family. He got on her trail. The two young bears were with her.
Bob followed her for an hour before he got a shot, and the old bear turned on him so fiercely that if it had not been for his dog she might have got him instead of his getting her, but he got her. The two young bears went up a big tree.
"I'll leave 'em," said Bob. "I'll have a Thanksgivin' hunt with 'em and have a lot more fun. I'll get one of 'em or that day and then I'll keep 'em for a Christmas hunt. They'll wait for me."

In less than a week after that, though, some one from the county seat sent word to Bob that if he could send over a couple of bears, young fat and juicy, right away, he could get his own price for them, or not concluded that he wouldn't keep the two remaining members of the family waiting for him any longer and he started out bright and early to get them for the man at the county seat. Sabin Budd tells the rest.
"Tain't fer me to be the judge o' folks' noin's," said Sabin, "but when a feller has nosed around in the woods as much as Bob Skiles has, an' then goes an' puts his confidence in 'b'ars, it carves him right if he gets fooled. I was settin' on a log over his side o' the big cranberry meadow, waitin' fer a bear that I thought 'mebbe mowt come along to chew some o' the wild grass on the edge o' it, and who should I see but Bly with his gun on his shoulder, bound for somewhere."
"Hello, Bob!" I sung out. "Where do you think you're goin'?"
"Goin' to get them two 'b'ars o' mine that's over on the edge o' old Tamarack, waitin' fer me."
"So?, I says. 'Hope you'll get 'em,' I says."
"Course I'll get 'em!" says Bob. "I didn't say nothin' more, an' on he went. I looked arter him till he got out o' sight. Then I says to myself:

"Sometimes a feller is a leetle too sure o' things. 'Specially if it's 'b'ar,' I says."
"So I got on the log and sort o' pondered, an' by an' by 'long come a slamin' nice buck to chew wild grass at the edge o' the cranberry meadow. I knocked him over, skinned him out an' took him home. An' as I was goin' home I says to myself ag'in:
"Sometimes a feller is a leetle

too sure o' things. 'Specially if it's 'b'ar,' I says.

"Now, the reason why I said that was somethin' like this. The day afore I was settin' on that log waitin' for the deer an' had that talk with Bob Skiles I was over to Bly's clearing. It was along in the afternoon when I stopped there, an' Bly says to me:

"Why ain't you out helpin' 'em ketch the 'b'ar?' says he.
"'B'ar?' I says. 'What 'b'ar?'"
"The fattest an' blackest young 'b'ar you ever see," says Bly. "One o' the Nelson boys saw it first, waitin' along not more'n a mile from here, up the creek," says he. "It was headin' in from Tamarack swamp."
"So? I says. 'If there was two 'b'ars now, 'stid o' one, I'd think sure they must belong to Bob Skiles' 'b'ar family—the two that 's waitin' for 'im to have fun with,' I says."
"Mebbe," says Bly, an' that's all that was said 'stid then, about 'b'ar."
"Long to'ards night, as I was on the 'pint o' leaving Bly's, in come the Nelson boys an' two or three more. They was hootin' an' howlin' as if they'd jist come in from election. An' they had good reason for 'ootin'. They hadn't only fetched in the 'b'ar that Bly was talkin' about, but they had fetched in another un' with it, 'stid the same size an' 'stid they was the fattest an' blackest youngsters o' 'b'ars I ever see."
"They're the two orphans o' Bob Skiles' 'b'ar family, sure as sap!" says he. "They be certain. An' they're gone back onto Bob! They've abused 'is confidence!" I says. "But what could you expect o' 'b'ars? I says."
"An' with that I left for home, an' didn't think nothin' more about it till next day, when I was settin' on that log high Cranberry swamp waitin' for a deer that mout mebbe come along to chew the wild grass, an' seen' Bob with his gun, headin' for Tamarack swamp to get his two 'b'ars."
"I didn't say nothin' to him 'bout what I'd seen over to Bly's clearing, 'cause I thought there mout setch a thing be that the two 'b'ars the Nelson boys got wa'n't the Bob Skiles two orphans arter all, but I couldn't help remarkin' to myself, as Bob went on to'ard the swamp that sometimes a feller is a leetle too sure o' things 'specially if it's 'b'ar."

"Well, sir, the event o' that day, as I was cuttin' some steaks often the ham o' that buck I had knocked over when it come along to eat wild grass on the cranberry marsh, who should come in but Bob Skiles.
"Hello, Robert!" says I. "Where's the two orphans?"
"Bob was lookin' glum an' disappointed."
"Sabin," says he, "you know how I treated that 'b'ar family. I could 's plunked the ol' woman 'b'ar an' gobbled her young uns ten months ago, 'most, if I'd been a mind to says he, 'but I treated 'em white, an' give 'em a chance to be somebody an' to have some high o' fun with me this fall,' says he. 'I've been a reg'lar father to that family,' says he. 'When I found out that one o' the young 'uns was turnin' out to be a sheep thief I put him out o' the way o' temptation."
"Then I see that the ol' woman 'b'ar was gettin' old an' sassy, an' I fixed her so she couldn't git no dander up an' make herself look unpleasant any more. But," says Bly, "I kep' my eye on 'em both two young uns, 'so's they wouldn't git to goin' wrong, an' 'so's they could still have a bully chance to be on hand when I wanted 'em, 'so's they could show they 'preciated what I had done for 'em."
"But what have they done?" says Bob. "Here was their chance to-day, to show their gratitude, but 'stid o' doin' it they go an' hide," he says, "an' make me trap an' 'rudge an' tumble 'round in ol' Tamarack an' every which way through the woods," he says, "an' there don't neither one o' 'em show up! I call that, Sabin," says Bob, "a treatin' a feller contemptible mean an' inconsiderate!" he says.

"That's jist what it is, Robert," I says. "But they hain't made nothin' by it," I says.
"No?" he says. "Why?"
"They didn't hide from you," I says to Bob.
"An' then I up an' told him all about the young 'b'ars the Nelson boys I had gathered in, 'cause I knowed then, for certain, that they was Bob Skiles' two orphans. Bob be leanned onto his gun and sighed."
"Well," he says, "tain't that ' blame the Nelson boys. Their bound on duty was to gather in 'b'ars 'stid they see any to gather in. It's the 'errible ingratitude o' them two 'b'ars that hurts me," he says. "I never would a 'think it! Never!" he says.

"An' with that Bob went on home an' though I wa'n't no ways glad he was fooled so bad—quite the contrary—yt I couldn't help thinkin' that it served him right. Yes, sir, you kin bet your pile it don't pay to put your confidence in 'b'ar!"—N. Y. Sun.

There Had Been Others.
"You," sighed the rejected lover, "would find your name written in imperishable characters in my heart could you but look."
"So?" murmured the fair young
Railroad Company.
Emory Proselet versus V. H. Hagan.
Walter M. Pierce versus Union G. H. Powers versus Levi R. The Abeline National Bank versus
"What is an invention?" asked the teacher.
"An invention," replied the inventor's son, promptly, "is something designed by nature for the use of a promoter."—Chicago Post.

NOTICE OF ESTRAY

Notice is hereby given to whom it may concern that on or about the 29th of November, 1906, one yearling steer came to my place. Said animal is red spotted with white, has unreadable brand on left hip, left ear underbit, right ear points out off and split. Said animal came down with my cattle from the hills. Owner can have same by calling at my place, two and one half miles east of Island City and paying charges and proving property. Dated this 12th day of January, 1906.
J. A. HOLMAN

REMEMBER

We can equip you with all the necessities to go with that camera you received Christmas. Our prices are the lowest and the quality the highest.—NEWLIN DAUG CO.

B. M. U. UNION

All former students, teachers, directors or officers and their wives or husbands, of the old Blue Mountain University are invited to attend their second reunion to be held at the Elk's hall Feb. 9th, 1906 at 8 o'clock p. m. Bring your tops and marbles.
J. E. REYNOLDS, Pres.

NOTICE TO BIDDERS

Sealed bids will be received by the county courts of Union and Willowa counties of Oregon, up to noon, February 7, 1906, for the construction of a bridge across the Willowa river, according to plans and specifications on file in the Clerk's office of each of said counties. Bids for the abutments and approaches must be separate from the bridge proper. Certified checks for 5% of the amount of the bid must accompany the same, as a guaranty that a contract and bond will be entered into to build said bridge, or abutment and approaches as the case may be, according to said plans and specifications. Said courts reserve the right to reject any and all bids.
J. B. GILHAM
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MRS. DAY, ASSISTANT.

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Opposite the Foley House over the candy store. Phone 473.



Two Dyspeptics

If you are too fat it is because your food turns to fat instead of muscle—strength. If you are too lean the fat producing foods that you eat are not properly digested and assimilated.
Lean, thin, stringy people do not have enough Pepsin in the stomach, while fat people have too much Pepsin and not enough Pancreatine.

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contains all the digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach, and in exactly those proportions necessary to enable the stomach and digestive organs to digest and assimilate all foods that may be eaten. Kodol is not only a perfect digestant, but it is a reconstructive, tissue building tonic as well. Kodol cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Palpitation of the Heart and Constipation. You will like it.

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No. 1 6:55 a. m.	Portland, Dulles, Pendleton, Wala, Wala, Dayton, Pomeroy, Colfax, Moscow, Spokane, and points east and north via Spokane	No. 2 9:05 p. m.
No. 5 8:01 p. m.	Portland, Dulles, Pendleton, Umatilla, Wallula, Lewiston, Colfax, Moscow, Wallace, Warrenton, Spokane and other points east and north via Spokane	No. 4 8:40 a. m.
No. 3 Daily except Sunday 9:15 a. m.	Island City, Hepp, Imbler and other points west of Hepp	No. 3 8:55 p. m.

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