

REVIEWS SCENES OF
REVOLUTIONARY DAYS

Washington, June 7.—An interesting statement of fatalities in the various American wars has been prepared by General Keffer, a representative from Ohio and a high officer in two wars.

"In the seven years' war of the American Revolution," he says, "some 55 battles and skirmishes transpired, or an average of 8 per year. In the Civil war of four years there was fought 2,235 battles, or an average of 559 a year. In the seven years' war of the American revolution the entire list of killed in battles was 1,735. In the Civil war the killed in battle were 61,362; died of wounds and disease, 183,287.

"Seventeen battles of the Revolutionary war show a loss in killed of 917. The total losses numbering 818, occurred in Indiana massacres and various skirmishes in the other 28 battles and skirmishes of the seven years' war, from Lexington to Yorktown.

"In the war of 1812 we had, all told, 471,000 men enlisted. The official reports in the war office show the entire list of fatalities to be 1,878 killed in battle; wounded 3,789.

"In the Mexican war, 1846 to 1848, the whole number of men engaged or enlisted was 101,282; killed in battle, all told, 1,049.

"In the three notable wars—the Revolution, the war of 1812, and the Mexican war—the entire loss of killed in battles was 4,562.

"In the battle of Gettysburg, alone the loss in killed was 3,072 on the Union side, and died of wounds, about 750 more; wounded and missing, 14,440. Hence the fatalities of that one battle were 3,822, or within 740 of the entire battle loss in all previous three great wars, covering a period all told, of eleven years. The record



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CANADIAN PACIFIC

shows that 2,235 battles were fought from Fort Sumter in April, 1861, to General Johnston's surrender near Raleigh, N. C., April 26, 1865; and that in 1,500 battle more soldiers were killed in each battle than at the famous battle of Bunker Hill, Massachusetts, in April, 1775.

The Ham Fair at Paris.

A feature of Parisian life is the ham fair which is held on the Boulevard Richard Le Noir. The name of this fair is wholly misleading, for as far as I have ever seen hams are the very last thing any one ever buys there. Old brass and copper curios, quaint jewelry, rare china, lace, tapestries and books are what most people go out to seek, and a sight not to be easily forgotten is the long, wide boulevard lined with ramshackle stalls laden with every possible kind of lumber and presided over by the most rapacious of brocanteurs. Out of piles of valueless lumber Americans and English diligently seek for their pet kind of curios, and there is not an artist in Paris who cannot point to some bit of furniture in his or her studio and say with pride, "I got that for 5 francs at the ham fair." No one ever pays more than 5 francs, I notice, but, alas, every year these five franc bargains are becoming more rare, and even as housekeeping in Paris grows more and more costly so does the furnishing of one's house to keep.—London Queen.

Only a Question of Possibility.

Among the customers of a tea store opened in the northwest part of the city the other night was a man who, after buying a pound of coffee, handed a counterfeit half dollar to the shopkeeper.

"This money is counterfeit; I'm sorry, sir," said the shopkeeper.

"Yes, I know it," replied the customer, grinning. "Got it here one day last week, and I've been saving it for you." Then, noting the smile upon the shopkeeper's face, the customer said, evidently offended, "Perhaps you doubt my word?"

"Oh, not at all, sir; not at all. I couldn't doubt the word of so truthful a man. I was simply smiling because I wondered how it was possible for you to have got the money here. This place was opened only night before last."

Thereupon the customer departed hastily after producing a good coin and slipping the counterfeit into his own pocket.—Philadelphia Times.

Lancashire Humor.

There was a Lancashire collier who went out on Sunday with his wheelbarrow because, as he said, "I've lost my dog, an' a felly looks sich a fool gooin' a-walkin' bi hisself."

Then there was the workingmen's club committee which wanted to endorse the accounts "audited and found correct and tuppence over" and the customer who, on being told that the price of candles had gone up owing to the war, asked whether they were "feightin' bi candle leet."

Also one recalls the laggard Lancashire lover who, when asked for a kiss, said he was "gooin' to do it in a bit," and the old ladies who praised a certain Darwin clergyman as "a grand burier," and of the orator who translated "Dieu et mon droit" into "Evil be to him what evil thinks!"—Lancashire Life and Character, by Frank Ormerod.

Japan's Giant Wrestlers.

Japanese wrestlers are not to be confused with Japanese exponents of jiu jitsu. The wrestlers belong to the older school, in which weight is a paramount quality. It is a remarkable thing that a race which is on the average four or five inches under the European standard in point of height should have produced a special cult of wrestlers who are giants in stature and strength. The leading wrestlers of Tokyo or Osaka or Higo are all men at least six feet in height and weighing perhaps 300 pounds. They are a race apart. Wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations. And the explanation of their prowess is that they have always been meat eaters, while the rest of Japan, either from choice or necessity, have been in the main vegetarians.

Diamonds Under Water.

An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water, and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eyes.

Consistent Theory.

"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house and should have the final say?"
"Certainly I do."
"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"
"Because my wife won't let me."—Exchange.

Get Another Copy.

A well dressed man was standing outside a bookseller's shop in Charing Cross road closely examining one of Balzac's works illustrated by Gustave Dore. "How much is this Balzac?" he asked an assistant outside.

"Twenty-five shillings," was the reply.

"Oh, that's far too much. I must see the manager about a reduction," continued the prospective customer, and, snatching the action to the word, he took up the book and went into the shop.

Approaching the bookseller, he took the book from under his arm and asked what he would give for it. "Seven shillings highest offer," he was told.

The offer was accepted, the man took his money and left.

"Well," queried the assistant later, after the man had gone, "were you able to hit it off with the gentleman, sir?"

"Oh, yes. I managed to get another copy of that edition of Balzac for 7 shillings."

Then the bookseller went out to lodge a complaint with the police.—London Telegraph.

A Victim of Leprosy.

"On my travels in Venezuela," said a New York man, "I stayed in a hotel with a young man in whose family there was the taint of leprosy, though he apparently did not have it. One night sitting at dinner he became angry at a waiter and brought his hand down on the table with full force. He instantly realized that he did not feel the blow and sat looking at his hand, his face whitening with horror. 'Give me your knife, Bob,' he said to his chum. He grabbed the pocketknife in a frenzy and stabbed the side of his hand with vicious cuts from finger tip to wrist. You may not know that leprosy appears in the side of the hand, numbness being a sign. The man did not feel the cuts. He arose from the table, knocking over his chair, rushed out into the courtyard of the hotel, and we heard the quick tank of a revolver shot, telling us how he had conquered the leper's curse by ending his life."—New York Times.

He Could Wield an Ax.

The skill of the old Maine shipbuilders in the use of the adz and broadax was wonderful. One old time yarn is of a carpenter who applied very drunk at a shipyard for employment. In order to have a little fun with him the foreman set him to give a proof of his skill by hewing out a wooden bolt with no chopping block but a stone. The carpenter accomplished his difficult task without marring the keen edge of the broadax and showed the foreman a neatly made bolt. Then he brought the ax down with a terrific blow that shattered its edge upon the stone. "I can hew just rate on your chopping block," he hiccupped, "but I'll be blamed if I can make the ax stick in it when I git through." The story runs that the foreman lost no time in employing such a workman.

Judges' Wigs.

The wig is only worn by English barristers to give them a stern, judicial appearance, and no one can say that it falls in this respect. The custom was originated by a French judge in the seventeenth century when, happening to don a marquis' wig one day, he found it gave him such a stern and dignified appearance that he decided to get one for himself and wear it at all times in court. This he did, and the result was so satisfactory from a legal point of view that not only judges, but barristers also, took up the custom throughout Europe.—London Graphic.

Acquitted.

"Sir," said the young woman, with what seemed to be indignation. The young man looked embarrassed. "Yes, I did kiss you," he admitted. "but I was impulsively insane."
"That means that a man would be a lunatic to kiss me?"
"Well, any man of discretion would be just crazy to kiss you."
This seemed to end the strain, and, no jury being present to muddle affairs, a satisfactory verdict was reached.

Suspicious Routine.

Good Man—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you! Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after 5—an hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at 5 the next morning—

Loafer—I say, gov'nor, where did ye serve yer time. San Quentin or Folsom?—San Francisco Star.

Out of Her Reach.

"Does your heart ever reach out for the unattainable?"
"No, but my hands do when my husband is not at home. There are three buttons at the back of my gown that I can't reach."

More Appropriate.

"I teach my parrot only short words."
"Do you? Now, I should think that parrots were better adapted to learning polysyllables."

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CLEAN MAIN STREETS.
Devoutly to Be Wished in Many Rural Communities.
Did you ever observe closely the condition of the main street in your town? Is it in such a condition that you can point it out with pride to a visiting friend or relative? Is it in such a state that strangers will be attracted by its neatness? Or is this street—the

THE MAIN STREET OF THE AVERAGE TOWN.
(From American City, New York.)
thoroughfare which is first to greet the eye of the stranger and the one over which the bulk of the town traffic is carried on—an eyesore to all who look upon it?
That is the condition of the chief street in many small towns. Waste paper, cigar and cigarette stubs, manure and even tin cans and ashes are to be seen scattered over the street. It is not the writer's intention to deliver a long sermon on town cleanliness, but he may be permitted to offer a little advice on the importance of keeping the principal street neat and tidy in appearance. If your most important street is in a filthy, unkempt condition, lay aside other matters for a day or so and clean it up. Organize a general campaign toward that end and don't wait for somebody else to take the lead and do the work. It is no disgrace for citizens to get busy and clean up their town. It is a disgrace to let the streets remain littered. Make your main street first of all so clean that Spottless Town will be suggested to the visitor and prospective settler.

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