

Directory of the Fraternal Orders of La Grande, Oregon

A. F. & A. M.—La Grande Lodge No. 41, A. F. & A. M. holds regular meetings first and third Saturdays at 7:30 p. m. Cordial welcome to all Masons. L. M. HOYT, W. M. A. C. WILLIAMS, Secretary.

B. P. O. E.—La Grande Lodge No. 433 meets each Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Elk's club, corner of Depot street and Washington avenue. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. H. J. RITTER, Ex. Rai. H. E. COOLIDGE, Rec. Sec.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD—La Grande Lodge No. 169 W. O. W. meets every second and fourth Saturdays at K. P. hall. All visiting members welcome. D. FITZGERALD, C. C. J. H. KEENEY, Clerk.

M. W. A.—La Grande Camp No. 7793 meets every Monday in the month at the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting neighbors are cordially invited to attend. E. E. DANIELS, ED. HEATH, Clerk.

HEBEKAHS—Crystal Lodge No. 54 meets every Tuesday evening in the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are invited to attend. MRS. KATIE ARBUCKLE, N. G. MISS ANNA ALEXANDER, Sec.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Red Cross Lodge No. 27 meets every Monday night in Castle hall, (old Elk's hall). A Pythian welcome to all visiting Knights. JESSE PAUL, C. C. R. L. LINCOLN, M. of R. & S.

O. E. S.—Hope Chapter No. 13, O. E. S. holds stated communications the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month. Visiting members cordially invited. CARRIE B. HUNTER, W. M. MARY A. WARNICK, Sec.

WOMEN OF WOODCRAFT—Ronde Circle No. 47 meets first and third Thursday evenings in the month at the I. O. O. F. hall. All visiting members are welcome. CARRIE ROBBS, G. M. LIZZIE ELLSWORTH, Sec.

DEFIED THE COMMODORE.

Pinkham Was Insubordinate, but He Saved Vessel and Crew.

Reuben Pinkham, a native of Nantucket, made his first trip as third lieutenant on the ship Potomac, which crossed the north Pacific, a region little known to naval vessels in the early thirties. Pinkham had been on several whaling voyages and was familiar with those waters. The author of "The Island of Nantucket" says that one day, near sunset, he had the watch, while the commodore was pacing up and down the deck. Suddenly Pinkham gave the order, "Man the weather braces!" "What's that for?" asked the commodore.

"We shall have wind in a moment." The commodore went to the lee rail and scanned the sea and sky. "I see no signs of wind," he returned. "Let the men leave the braces!"

"The crew dropped the ropes." "Keep hold of the braces, every man of you!" called out Pinkham, and the men resumed their grasp. The commodore flushed with anger and exclaimed in peremptory tones:

"Let the men leave the braces!" and again the braces were dropped.

"Don't any of you dare to drop the ropes!" shouted Pinkham, shaking his trumpet at the crew, who once more took hold. Just then the wind dropped entirely; not a breath stirred.

"Taut, taut! Haul, all of you!" called Pinkham, and the ponderous yards swung to reversed position. The wind came out of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledge hammer. The vessel staggered, shook the spray from her bows and dashed ahead. The commodore disappeared into his cabin without saying a word.

Presently he sent the first lieutenant to relieve Pinkham, requesting to see the latter immediately. When Pinkham entered the cabin the commodore said:

"I consider that I am indebted to you for all of our lives, but I will tell you frankly if that wind hadn't come I should have put you in irons in two minutes."

Defining a Boundary Line.

In 1847 Rufus Choate appeared in behalf of parties whose rights were affected by the boundary line between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, thus described in the agreement:

"Beginning," etc., "thence to an angle on the easterly side of Watuppa pond, thence across said pond to the two rocks on the westerly side of said pond and near thereto, thence westerly to the buttonwood tree in the village of Fall River."

In his argument, commenting on the boundary, Mr. Choate thus referred to this part of the description: "A boundary line between two sovereign states described by a couple of stones near a pond and a buttonwood sapling in a village! The commissioners might as well have defined it as starting from a blue jay, thence to a swarm of bees in living time and thence to 500 foxes with firebrands tied to their tails."—Minneapolis Journal.

CASSADAY MUST BE BROUGHT HOME AGAIN

WILL RECEIVE FORMAL SENTENCE AND HANG.

Grant County Officials Will Bring Him Home This Week.

Sheriff Charles Collier of Grant county, was in this city last evening en route to Salem, where he goes to bring back from the state penitentiary J. H. Cassaday, now under sentence to hang for the murder of Ollie Snyder near Canyon City, something over a year ago, relates the Baker Democrat. His case was appealed to the supreme court, and the sentence was affirmed.

Under the law, the condemned man will have to be brought back to Grant county to be re-sentenced, under the order of the supreme court.

Cassaday, who was deputy sheriff of Grant county at the time of the crime had arrested Snyder and had him in his custody in a small town near Canyon City. The crime was committed in cold blood, and Cassaday was known to be in league with the men who did the actual killing, as he told another deputy that he would not leave for Canyon City until the next day, and that the evening he started out with him and delivered Snyder to the men who killed him. Their motive in taking his life, was because of his alleged mixing himself in their affairs, in the holding of some stock.

Sheriff Collier was accompanied by Frank Duntion of the C. C. store at Canyon City and Deputy Sheriff Harlan Hayes. They expect to return with Cassaday in a few days.

Invincible Logic.

Donald (who is seeing his more prosperous cousin off by the train)—Ye might like tae leave me a bob or twa tae drink ye a safe journey, Wullie. Wullie (feigning regret)—Man, I canna. A' my spare shullin's I gie tae my auld mither. Donald—That's strange, because yer mither told me ye never gie her onything. Wullie—Weel, if I dinna gie my auld mither onything, what sort o' chance dae ye think ye've got?—London Punch.

FOR CATARRH.

Medicine Free in Every Case Where it Fails to Relieve.

Neglect or pessimism, we believe, is the greatest enemy the public has to contend with when applied to the loss or recovery of health. Practically every case of consumption might have been cured if hope had been maintained and proper treatment had been resorted to at the first symptom of the disease. Until the advanced stage is reached consumption is curable. Catarrh is responsible, we believe, for many cases of consumption. It is about catarrh we want to talk to you today, incidentally consumption, since the two are so closely allied.

We have a medicine made from a prescription of one of the most successful catarrh specialists known. We believe it is positively without an equal. We are so satisfied that we are right, that we will supply the medicine free in every instance where it is used according to directions for a reasonable length of time, should it fail to give satisfaction in every particular. We want every one to try this medicine at our risk. There are no conditions attached to our offer. We put the user under no obligation to us whatever.

The medicine we want you to try is Rexall Mucu-Tone. It is a catarrh remedy that goes direct to the seat of trouble. It is carried by the blood to every part of the system. It purifies and enriches the blood, tones up the mucous cells, and brings about a condition of health and strength that tends to prevent the germs of consumption from getting a start. Besides this, Rexall Mucu-Tone is a wonderful appetizer, digestive aid and flesh builder. Its good effects are often felt from the very first dose. It is one of the largest and most satisfactory selling medicines that we have ever had anything to do with.

We know so much of the great good that it has done that we personally back it up with our reputation and money, which fact should be ample guarantee to satisfy anybody. Rexall Mucu-Tone comes in two sizes, 50 cents and \$1.00. We urge you to try it. Remember you can obtain Rexall Remedies only at our store—The Retail Store Hill's drug store.

O'Connell's Wonderful Oratory.

Daniel O'Connell, the Irish orator, spoke in Covent Garden, London, many years ago, and John Coleman, an old English actor, pictured him as follows: "The audience hung spellbound on the words of the great orator. His resonant and magnificent voice, flavored with its rich Hibernian accent, held both soul and sense captive. As for me, my Celtic blood took fire, my heart throbbled with passionate indignation or melted into tears as he dwelt upon the wrongs of my beloved country. Never, surely, was such a born orator! Stern men cried one moment and laughed the next. Strange to say, they never laughed in the wrong place, though once at least he afforded them a unique opportunity. As he approached the end of his oration, carried away by his theme, he took his wig off (a brown 'jazey') put it in his hat and mopped his beautiful bald brow with a great flaming crimson bandanna. The action appeared so natural and appropriate that no one seemed to think it absurd or even incongruous."

Couldn't Hurt His Brain.

Strickland W. Gillilan says that Sam Jones and "Sunshine Hawks" of Baltimore, the revivalists, were invited to the home of a good brother and sister in the church. At the dinner table it transpired that the sister had had a sinister purpose in issuing the invitation, for she said: "Mr. Jones, I wish you'd tell my husband that smoking is injurious to him. I know it is, but he won't believe it. I wish you'd tell him, and it might have some influence over him."

"No, sister," said Jones, who was himself an inveterate smoker. "I can't tell him that. Smoking injures only the human brain. And he hasn't any brain to injure, or he wouldn't have married you. Now, sister, I came here to eat—that is what I was invited for—not to lecture. So if you'll carve that turkey, give me a piece of the white meat and Hawks a leg we'll be all right." And that husband's gratitude lives yet.

Team Work.

Bids wanted to haul crushed rock from bin to Second street. State price per ton. I furnish the dump boxes, the entire crushed rock hauling contract on Second street to be let to one or more parties in one contract. I reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

J. L. MARS.



THE GOSSARD CORSETS.

They lace in front—as a result the abdomen is relieved of all pressure. Support is given, and deep breathing is encouraged.

They gently but surely compel a correct standing position and a graceful carriage.

Mrs. Robert Pattison Corsetiere. Phone Black 1481.

Never leave home on a journey without a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed and cannot be obtained when on board the cars or steamships. For sale by all dealers.

Longest Indian Word.

The longest Indian word on record is the following, that was printed in an Indian Bible in 1901:

Wutappesitukussunnoohwehtunkquoh.

It signifies "kneeling down to him." When the Rev. Cotton Mather, primitive Boston's Puritan pastor, first saw this consolidated phrase it prompted him to jestingly observe that the words of the language must have been growing ever since the dispersion at Babel.—New York Telegram.

Proved Himself Great.

With a sigh she laid down the magazine article upon Daniel O'Connell. "The day of great men," she said, "is gone forever."

"But the day of beautiful women is not," he responded. She smiled and blushed. "I was only joking," she explained hurriedly.—Western Christian Advocate.

Too Late.

A good many men discover when too late that they made a great mistake in life by not remaining at school a year or two longer than they did.—Rochester Herald.

His Mistake.

"What cured him of flirting?" "He started a flirtation with a lady who turned out to be selling an encyclopedia at \$200 a set."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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We select for his use strong, neat fabrics — and have the garments made as durable as possible.

The cut is easy but in accordance with style, and no feature is omitted that would add in any way to the service of the garments.

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