

LOCALS

TOGGERY.

Ask your friends what kind of suits we make.

TOGGERY.

The Club Tailors are the only house that does dyeing. 1013 Adams avenue. Phone Black 1241. 11-2-6t

Miss Blanche Clark will meet her art pupils on Wednesday, Friday and Saturday afternoons at 906 Main Ave. Residence phone Farm 87. 10-1-3 m

The Club Tailors are the only house that does dyeing. 1013 Adams avenue. Phone Black 1241. 11-2-6t

G. H. Armstrong, pianoforte, pipe organ, ear training, theory and history of music carefully taught. 604 Adams street, phone black 1352.

For modern dressmaking call on Mrs. (Rev.) A. J. Adams and Mrs. Jack Atteberry. 1302 1/2 O avenue. Phone Black 561. 11-5-tf

A gray horse with halter attached, strayed from its barn at Island City last night. Finder notify Clyde Kiddle, Red 3321.

Chalmers-Detroit Cars. Local agents, Dittbrandt Brothers, telephone Black 3471. 10-29-tf

The Club Tailors have a first-class bushelman. Bring in your clothes for alteration and repairs. 1013 Adams. Phone B 1241. 11-2-6t

Dr. M. K. Hall has moved his office to the new Foley building, third floor. 10-31-6t

G. T. DARLAND CHIROPRACTIC PARLORS.—No. 4, Depot St., adjoining Oregon Hotel. Phone Red 1751.

For the Busy Man.

Merchants' lunch from 12 to 3 o'clock. 40 cents. Foley Grill. 12-1-tf

New Directory.

As we intend bringing out a new directory in the near future we take this opportunity to ask our subscribers to aid us in making it a correct and efficient one. This can be done on their part by notifying us of any mistakes in their names initials, addresses or numbers in the present directory or of any changes they may wish made. Subscribers who contemplate changing their present address within the next two months would find it to their advantage to let us know so that their new location may be listed in the new directory.

HOME INDEPENDENT TEL. CO. Nov 1-5 times.

Dr. H. S. Brownston, Dentist. Stevenson's Dental Office.

S. C. Leghorn cockerels for sale. Trap nested Tanereds strain, finest laying strain in Pacific northwest. Price 50c, 75c \$1.00 each. Phone Farmers 11x1. 10-24-14t

DR. W. D. McMILLAN has moved to the New Foley bldg, second floor.

Mrs. E. L. Evans, teacher of artistic piano playing and harmony. Phone Black 881, Studio, Corner of Fir and Adams. 9-23-tf

SHERRY'S

A SPENDID THREE REEL FEATURE—"THE BLIGHTED SON." BY THE PATHE CO.

THE POPULAR PATHE WEEKLY. Full of interesting pictured items.

DAILEY AND SHEWBROOKE COMEDY ENTERTAINERS & BABY ARVILLA, THE THREE YEAR OLD RAGTIME SINGER

Three complete reels. Nov. 4th and 5th.

YOU ARE ALWAYS WELCOME

WM. C. HANSEN.
Contractor, Brick, Stone and Concrete.

The Club Tailors have a first-class bushelman. Bring in your clothes for alteration and repairs. 1013 Adams. Phone B 1241. 11-2-6t

RITTER

The photographer in your town. 11-11f

The Club Tailors are the only house that does dyeing. 1013 Adams avenue. Phone Black 1241. 11-2-6t

Mrs. Will French requests the ladies of the social committee of the Tuesday Musicales to meet at her home 1705 First street Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

The Club Tailors have a first-class bushelman. Bring in your clothes for alteration and repairs. 1013 Adams. Phone B 1241. 11-2-6t

All election returns will be given at SHERRY'S tonight.

Commencing at 7 o'clock all ELECTION RETURNS will be given at SHERRY'S.

Tuesday, the last day of West's pattern hat sale.

Rev. F. Grant Hamm will conduct a series of meetings in the Christian church beginning the 1st of Dec.

PERSONALS.

Lewis King, a Pendletonian, was a Foley guest last night.

Chas. D. Haus of Cove transacted business in the city last night, staying at the Foley.

F. E. Graham, a prominent citizen of Elgin, is in La Grande today, staying at the Foley hotel.

Jess A. King, the cigar maker, came over from Pendleton today to cast his vote in his home precinct.

Frank Harris, the Art store man, returned today from an extended stay on a ranch near Oregon City

C. K. McCormick, deputy county clerk, is in Union today to cast his vote for the presidential and other candidates.

Harry Frawley is home from Birmingham, Washington, visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Frawley, for about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ernie of Summerville left last night for their home. They have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Atkins for a week.

Gamblers Are Caught.

Los Angeles, Nov. 5.—Seventy alleged gamblers gathered in police raids on poker, dice and other gambling games, are under arrest today. Many of the prisoners are negroes. Arrested for "shooting craps". Two dusky "Pullman club" members were hauled, half frozen, from an ice chest

School Girl Shot.

Santa Barbara, Nov. 5.—Chlorinda Gutierrez, 15, a school girl, died of a bullet wound today, inflicted by John Foxen, a rejected suitor. Foxen was captured after a chase and he said he was drunk when he shot.

Nimrod in Hard Luck.

San Francisco, Nov. 5.—After spending all day hunting ducks, with nary a bird shot Wendell Walker was held up by highway men and his gun taken away.

For Eczema

Use a mild soothing wash that instantly stops the itch.

We have sold many other remedies for skin trouble but none that we could personally guarantee as we do the D. D. Prescription. If I had Eczema I'd use

D. D. Prescription

Do You Know

ANYBODY WHO KNOWS
ANYBODY WHO KNOWS
ANYTHING ABOUT

Who Is Who?

"WHO IS WHO?"

A DOG'S REVENGE

By EDWIN C. MOORE

There is a ring on my telephone. I go to the telephone and take down the receiver. I hear sounds as of a scuffle and words distant from the instrument—"Oh, my God!"—the growl of a dog, then his bark.

I have heard that bark for years and know it well. It comes from Bruin, the Robinsons' dog. There are more sounds—confused, unintelligible except so far as they indicate strife—Bruin's barking, a man's harsh voice and shrieks. A door is slammed and all is quiet.

I drop the receiver, run downstairs, catch up a pitchfork as I pass the barn and hurry down the hill. I try to go up the incline as fast as I came down the slope, but I can't do it. Nevertheless when I reach the red farmhouse I vault the fence and go through the wide open door into the hall. I hear the whining of a dog, follow it and open a bedroom door. Mrs. Robinson is lying on the floor gasping. Bruin is bleeding from many cuts. Nevertheless he rejoices at the arrival of succor, wagging his tail, jumping up on me and running back and forth between me and his mistress.

The first thing to do is to bring a doctor. I find the telephone receiver lying on a table beside the instrument. I call up the central office and for a physician from the town over the hill to the southward, then lifted Mrs. Robinson from the bed, then call on the neighbors for help. It is fully twenty minutes before the first one arrives. Thank heavens, it is a woman! A few minutes later a man comes. I wait no longer. I am burning with a thirst to strike the perpetrator of this outrage. I do not stop to learn if property has been taken by which I may identify him.

"Fool!" I exclaim. "You should have killed the dog! Come, Bru!" Going downstairs three steps at a time, I turn in at the barn, put a bridle on a horse and, not waiting to saddle him, with the pitchfork as my only weapon, sally forth. Bru has gone on with his nose to the ground. He's not a bloodhound, but is a hunter, and that is nearly as good. I question if the man has twenty minutes' start. On the way Bru raised his head and gave a low growl, but lowered his nose again and on overtaking a man walking passed him without notice. The man looked at me curiously. Then it occurred to me that I must be a caricature of a knight errant, without saddle and a pitchfork instead of a lance.

Bru ran, I trotting a little beside him. Having noticed the blood he had lost, I wondered how he had the strength to go on. I feared he would give out before we could overtake the fugitive. He smelt revenge as well as the villain, and doubtless this kept him up. If ever a dog had the instinct that a man may feel for vengeance it was Bru.

Presently he left the road and, crawling through a fence, entered a thicket. I could not follow mounted, so throwing the reins over a post I proceeded on foot. I believed that we were nearing the end, for the man would not go far through the tangled underwood. He had doubtless gone in there to hide.

A growl from Bru and the sound of breaking bushes, both where he was and ahead of him. Beating aside the brush I strained every muscle to get on. I was not far behind the dog and the dog was not far behind a sound of breaking underbrush. He was giving sharp, quick barks. He burst into an open space. I after him.

A man on the other side of the opening had turned and was leveling a pistol at the dog. But Bru, giving furious leaps, was a hard mark to hit. The first ball did not touch him, and there was no time for another. Bru sprang for the man's throat. With his left hand he attempted to push off the dog with the other he was trying to draw a knife. He had got it out and was about to make a lunge at the dog's body, just under the foreleg, when I, who am more expert with a pitchfork than any other weapon, caught his arm between the two prongs. This gave Bru full swing, and he buried his teeth in the man's neck. Both rolled over on the ground and the knife fell from the man's grip.

"Take him off!"

The pistol as well as the knife was on the ground and, being handy with my own weapon, I thought I might risk relieving the man of Bru. But I mistook my ability to do so. I called to the dog without producing any effect, then began to belabor him with the handle of the pitchfork—all to no purpose. While I had heard his mistress' screams he had seen her in the villain's clutches. My desire was for human revenge—the dog's that of the brute, sharpened by a brute's blind love. I could not bring myself to exercise all my power in belaboring him, and no ordinary blows would avail. I tried to pull him off, but he clung tenaciously. At last the man must have fainted, for he lay still. Then Bru suddenly keeled over.

I set up a shout, but it was unnecessary. Persons passing on the road heard the scuffle and came up as the contest ended.

Mrs. Robinson, Bru and the would be murderer recovered, but it would have been better for the last if the dog had killed him, for he is living a life sentence in state prison.

More Bovine Than Prodigal.

Corporal Nugent had returned to Kansas City, Kan., after a long absence, and the farmer who delivers eggs twice a week at the Nugent home recognized in the corporal a strange individual, but an undoubted member of the family, judging from facial appearance. It happened a few days ago that the corporal was alone in the house when the farmer delivered the eggs. The farmer was desirous of saying something pleasant of course.

"I suppose," he said, "that you are the prodigal son."

"No," said the corporal gravely. "I am the fatted calf."—Kansas City Star.

Japanese Royal Composers.

The Imperial family of Japan, like the Hohenzollerns, has produced some musical composers. At the reception given by the mikado in 1894 to celebrate his silver wedding a dance was played which, according to the program, was "composed 1,300 years ago by the Emperor Yomer. It represents the joyous flight of a bird of paradise in the golden age." Another dance was "composed 987 years ago by Prince Atsumi."

FEARED THE HOODOO.

A Story That Was Told on Jesse Bur-

kett, the Ball Player.

Of all the superstitious ball players none can hold a candle to Jesse Burkett the old Cleveland outfielder. "Jesse and the rest of us were out at Delmar track, in St. Louis," said Bobby Wallace in telling the story. "Jesse got down \$20 at 3 to 5 on a good thing that may be running yet."

"Burkett had been tipped to this by George Keister, race track man. After the race Jesse turned on Keister with one of his snarls, and Keister, knowing his fear of hoodoo, said:

"I'll put the Spanish curse on you for a week for that."

"The next day Burkett failed to get a hit and muffed a fly. The day after he booted a grounder and struck out twice. That night he hunted up Keister."

"Come up to my room," said Burkett.

"Keister went along, and Burkett unwrapped a package, displaying a beautiful ascot, and said:

"George, I'll give you that scarf—it cost me \$2—if you'll take off that Spanish curse."

"Keister snapped his fingers three times and said, 'It's off.'"

"And the next day, strange to say, Burkett made three hits and felled like a fiend."

The Popular Turkish Bath.

There is a widespread use of the vapor or Turkish bath. Even in arctic Lapland the use of a Turkish bath of very primitive form is common. It consists of a hut attached to every farm. In the middle of the hut is raised a kind of beehive of rough stones, and in this a fire is lighted. When the stones become red hot they are drenched with water, so that the place is filled with vapor. Then enter the bathers, who are armed with birch twigs, with which they belabor one another until all are in a state of profuse perspiration. Then all leave the hut and roll in the snow outside. This last function, it will be observed, is equivalent to the cold plunge, which is the final experience in the Turkish bath, as known to us all.—Harper's.

A Royal Prank.

The legend that Tavorara is an independent state owes its origin to a royal prank. While making a progress through his dominions in 1836 King Charles Albert reached Terranova, a small port on the northeast coast of Sardinia. Here Paul Bertoleoni was presented to the king as the representative of Tavorara, an island seven miles away. He informed his majesty that all the inhabitants of the island were Bertoleonis and that he was the head of the family. The fisherman bowed his knee as a subject and rose a king, for Charles was so amused that he laughingly gave him sovereignty. Paul took the matter seriously, and it became the custom for foreign warships to salute the island to keep up the joke.—London Chronicle.

Steward's Opera House
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 11

MERLE H. NORTON

Announces (Proud of it, too) Rida Johnson Young's "A. Laughing symposium to which amusement seekers are invited as to a feast." —The Winnipeg Tribune.

THE LOTTERY MAN

Positively the greatest cast ever seen outside of New York City.

Every magazine has told the story of this most genuine comedy success and here it is. Company and production direct from New York and the Shuberts' personal guarantee is back of it. Play a Sure Thing—Take a Chance with "Lizzie." Seat sale at Van Buren's Saturday.

Prices 25c to \$1.50. Curtain 8:30. Carriages 10:45

Wind Roughened Faces

THE SOOTHING, SOFTENING, AND HEALING CREAM FOR WIND ROUGHENED FACES IS

Blue Mountain Cream

THOROUGHLY MEDICATED, DAINTELY PERFUMED, EASY TO APPLY, IS NOT GREASY OR STICKY. GOOD FOR CHAPPED HANDS AS WELL AS FACE. 25 CENTS THE BOTTLE.

RED CROSS DRUG STORE

PHONE MAIN 4.

TELEPHONE
Subscribers

For the benefit of those of our subscribers who find it inconvenient to get down town during the day, we have decided that hereafter, until further notice, we will keep open our collection department on the first Saturday evening of each month from 7 to 8 p. m.

Home Independent Telephone Company

Alfalfa Meal

will make your hens lay.

We sell all kinds of Poultry Supplies.

W H Stanchfield Ware-house Co.
1312 Jefferson Avenue.

De Oro to Defend Title.

New York, Nov. 5.—Admirers of the game of pool in this city, and, in fact, all over the country, are interested in the contest for the world's championship title between Alfred De Oro, the present holder, and his rival, Frank Sherman of Washington, which begins at Doyle's Academy tomorrow night. For the first time in a challenge match in this city the new "open break" will be tried out. Each frame will consist of only 14 balls, the fifteenth being left on the table, and not tried for until the other 14 are racked.

Girl Fired Hotel.

St. Louis, Nov. 5.—Barbara Arnold, aged 18, a nurse in the family of Rev. Filla Williamson, confessed she had set fire to the Berlin hotel, to "create excitement." She declared she also tried to burn the Windemere hotel, a family hostelry.

Demonstration

of
Post Tavern
Special
Breakfast
Food and
Instant Postum
at

PATTISON
BROTHERS
GROCERY

Call and sample these

Birth Record.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, 804 Spring street, a daughter

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. Gooch, in Fruitdale, a daughter. Dr. Dora Underwood attended.

Born—to Mr. and Mrs. S. Wise, a daughter. Dr. Dora Underwood in attendance.