

SHIPPERS AT ISLAND BUSY

TWO CARLOADS SENT OUT LAST MONDAY.

Personal Mention and News Items From Suburb.

Island City, Jan. 8.—(Special) — Considerable hog shipment to Portland has been the rule the past week. T. H. Kiddie went to Portland Monday with a carload of hogs.

Garret Blockland and Aaron Johnson shipped a car of hogs to Portland Monday.

Island City News Mention.
Chief Mason has returned from a business trip to Portland.

E. E. Arant, professor of the Island City high school has returned after spending the holidays with his parents at Monmouth.

La Rose Bailey has returned from Ontario where she spent the holidays. Miss Shelton, a teacher at Island, has returned from Union where she spent the holidays.

Tab Thomas of Alice was a visitor here Monday.

Thomas Mullenburg is out after an attack of la grippe.

The Odd Fellows lodge met Saturday night after a business session and held a stag supper.

Carl Ferrine and Frank Perry have returned to the mountains where they are trapping.

As an Offset.

"That girl has been promoted twice to my office. She has all the luck in this office."

"Well, I notice that she also has most of the work on her shoulders. So I guess she's entitled to the luck."—Washington Herald.

Made Her Laugh.

Tom—Did Miss Roxley entertain your proposal? Jack—On the contrary, my proposal seemed to entertain her.—Boston Transcript.

ENDED THE COMEDY.

A Telegraphic Dialogue That Closed With the "Wires" Down.

Two telegraph operators were seated in a downtown cafe recently when an athletic young man and an exceedingly pretty girl entered. They were placed at a table opposite the "key" men, who were sitting side by side in a position facing the girl. As is the custom of the craft when wishing to discuss some one in a public place, they telegraphed to each other, using their knives on the plate.

"Peacherino, isn't she?" one ticked to the other.

"A tree feller," came back the tapping reply. "Wonder who the sack is with her?"

"Search me—looks like a boob tied up with a wren like her."

"Bet they aren't married. If they are, all she needs to do to get a divorce is to exhibit that map of his in court."

While the two men were enjoying a laugh over their silent joking they were surprised and somewhat alarmed to hear some more "table knife telegraphy." The "peacherino" was doing it, and she did not look at all pleased, either.

"You two had better look out while you are all together," carelessly ticked her knife blade while she listened to something her companion was saying. "This sack and boob, as you called him, with the divorce map, is my husband—safe mover by trade. He eats fresh little boys."

Something happened to the "wires" about that time, and all communication ceased.—Kansas City Journal.

Star Distance.

Miles are useless in measuring astronomical distances. They have to use the rate of light—184,000 miles a second—in covering the mighty spaces with which they are forced to deal. Even then we cannot half understand, let us say, the immense distance of Gamma, in the constellation Virgo. Many, many years must light travel in order to reach our little world from these two stars. They might even have been extinguished hundreds of years ago, and yet we should still "see" them, so vast are their distances. In the year 1877 a new star suddenly shone forth in the "Swan," but many did not know that the star really came into existence hundreds of years before, but its light did not reach the earth until it was seen by the observer in 1877.—New York American.

Why Wife Waited.

A certain married man who boasts to the boys that his wife never sits up for him slipped out for a cigar the other evening after supper and failed to notice that his wife had her party gown on. When he softly tiptoed into the house at 2 a. m. he was startled to see a dewy eyed girl trip down the stairway, turn her head to him and tearfully say:

"There are two books I just couldn't reach; won't you unfasten them so I can go to bed?"

Fortunately he could and did.—Chicago Record-Herald.

CONQUEST OF THE AIR.

First Public Flight of an Aeroplane in This Country.

In "The Curtiss Aviation Book" Glenn Curtiss describes the first public aeroplane flight in America, in the days before any one had ever heard of the young Yankee inventor, and he was experimenting with Alexander Graham Bell and others:

"Baldwin climbed into the seat, took the control in hand, and we cranked the motor. When we released our hold of the machine it sped over the ice like a scared rabbit for two or three hundred feet and then, much to our joy, it jumped into the air. This was what we had worked for through many long months, and naturally we watched the brief and uncertain course of Baldwin with a good deal of emotion.

"Rising to a height of six or seven feet, Baldwin flew the unheard of distance of 318 feet 11 inches! Then he came down ingloriously on one wing. As we learned afterward, the frail framework of the tail had bent and the machine had flopped over on its side and dropped on the wing, which gave way and caused the machine to turn completely around.

"It had taken just seven weeks to build the machine and get it ready for the trial; it had taken just about twenty seconds to smash it. But a great thing had been accomplished. We had achieved the first public flight of a heavier than air machine in America!"

THE FIRST WATCHES.

They Had Weights, Not Springs, and Were as Big as Plates.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead."

The first watches may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement, the substitution of springs for weights, was in 1550. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel.

Early watches had only one hand and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in the twelve hours. The dials were of silver or brass. The cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front and were four or five inches in diameter.

A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1,000 in our currency, and after one was ordered it took a year to make it.—Exchange.

Exasperating.

A stuttering salesman called on a New York buyer with an excellent proposition. In well turned sentences he proceeded to lay before the buyer his superb argument. But, alas, in every well turned sentence there were "bs" and "ras," and over these the salesman stuttered pitifully.

The buyer before whom he was pleading was a caustic, nasty sort of chap, and after five minutes of stuttering at a point where the salesman was floundering most dreadfully, the buyer held up his hand and said:

"I'm afraid I can't understand you. Call again when you're sober."

The salesman turned scarlet with mortification and rage.

"B-b-b-but—"

"No," said the buyer, waving him resolutely toward the door, "not now—when you're sober."

And the infuriated salesman departed.—Washington Star.

Macaulay as a Talker.

Where Macaulay's talk failed is clearly shown by Greville. "If he could tread less heavily on the ground, if he could touch the subjects he handles with a lighter hand, if he knew when to stop as well as he knows what to say, his talk would be as attractive as it is wonderful." It is all summed up in the sentence, "He gave society more than it required and not exactly of the kind." Macaulay, in fact, suffered from excess of the first requisite of talk, according to Johnson—"materials." As Sir Henry Taylor said, "His memory had swamped his mind." Flashes of ignorance as well as of silence are necessary to the perfect talker. And so, as has been said, Macaulay often exhausted his audiences before he exhausted the subject.—London Chronicle.

A Juvenile Critic.

A small girl of five was walking recently with her mother through the public garden in Boston. The Washington monument attracted her attention, and she inquired what it was.

"That," replied her mother, "is a statue of George Washington."

The little lady regarded it critically for some moments, and then she said, "Washington didn't take a very good statue, did he, mother?"—Everybody's.

No Self Seeker.

Indulgent Uncle—The trouble with you, Horace, is that you have not struck your proper vocation. You haven't found yourself yet. Scapere Nephew—Hub! You want me to be a self seeker, do you, uncle?—Chicago Tribune.

It Was on Foot.

"You say that there is a movement on foot?"

"Sure—did you expect it to be on horseback, or in an automobile, or perhaps in an airplane?"—New York Press.

1-2 PRICE SALE

A WHALE

OF A SALE

1-2 PRICE SALE

HERE IS THE GREATEST SALE IN LA GRANDE. HERE IS A SALE THAT IS SIMPLY CLEANING UP ALL THE BUSINESS—A SALE IN WHICH PRICES HAVE BEEN CHOW-CHOWED AND CLAW HAMMERED BEYOND RECOGNITION. A SALE THAT COMPETITION WILL NOT EVEN CATCH UP WITH THE ECHO WE LEAVE BEHIND.

Thousands of Dollars Worth at 1-2 PRICE

AND EVERY ARTICLE IN THE STOCK CUT DOWN TO THE LAST NOTCH IN PRICE. THE LOWEST PRICES EVER MADE BY THIS OR ANY OTHER STORE. HERE ARE A FEW PRICES

Men's Suits 1/2 PRICE	Women's Suits \$5.00 to \$9.25	Dress Goods 1/2 PRICE	Silks 1/2 PRICE	Women's shoes \$1.00 Pair	Women's and Children's Underwear 1/2 PRICE
Sweaters 1/2 PRICE	Dresses 1/2 PRICE	Women's coats 1/2 PRICE	Child's Coats 1/2 PRICE	OverCoats 1/2 PRICE	Furs 1/2 PRICE

Lowest Price Sale

GEIBEL'S

Come Today Hurry

BOUNDARY LINE MARKS.

Those Between Hanover and Holland on the Rhine Are Unique.

Many of the international boundary marks display a sentimental as well as a practical character. The famous "Pillar of Farewell," which marks the line between Russia and Siberia, has been celebrated in song and story. This boundary mark stands between Ekaterinburg, in Russia, and Timen, in Siberia. It stands on the main road, along which thousands of exiles have passed. It is an obelisk of brick, sixteen feet in height. On the west side it bears in Russian characters the word "Europe," and on the east side the word "Asia."

The boundary marks along our northern frontier, separating us from Canada, are of a most practical sort. For many hundreds of miles the St. Lawrence river and the great lakes form the natural boundaries, but there is a vast stretch of prairie land beyond with no natural demarcation. The boundary marks here are pillars of iron and wood placed at intervals of one mile. They have been alternately supplied by the two governments and may be seen from the Lake of the Woods to the Red river valley. Beyond that the marks are mounds of earth and cairns of stone.

The strangest of European frontier lines is that marking the boundary between Hanover and Holland, where it crosses the Rhine. A row of pontoons lies across the river, chained bow and stern. Inasmuch as the dividing line runs through from stem to stern, the eastern halves of the boats are painted in German colors, the western in Dutch. The effect is most striking. Austria has a frontier line of about 3,800 miles, of which 2,000 is land. Every mile of this must be guarded against the encroachments of Austria's neighbors. Germany is in a similar situation, since her land frontiers, bordering upon Russia, Austria, Switzerland, France, Holland and Belgium are 2,255 miles in extent, and by far the larger portion is not protected by mountains, rivers or any other natural boundaries. The German seacoast, however, is only 744 miles in extent.—Harper's.

DRESS OF MALTESE WOMEN.

Silk Hooded Cloaks Hide Face and Form From the Curious.

The dress of the Maltese is very singular, and that of the women striking in the extreme. When abroad they are all arrayed in black. They put on over their other dress a robe or loose skirt of that color, brought high on the bosom, and in place of bonnets their heads are covered with a black silk mantle which invests their shoulders and descends halfway behind.

The part which covers the head is furnished with a piece of whalebone inserted in the hem, which keeps it in position and prevents the silk from dropping over the eyes. One hand, placed inside, is always necessary to hold together the sides of the scarf in front, and the other hand is often hid under its folds, only a forefinger being suf-

fered to appear through the opening left for the purpose. Of course, under such mufflers little can be seen of the beauties of form or feature if a Maltese nymph happens to possess them. The eyes and a moving, pall black figure are all that can be distinguished.

But sometimes the fair one deigns to exhibit her face to a curious gazer in place of encircling herself the privilege of seeing, and features good humored, rather pleasing than handsome and irradiated by a pair of fine, sparkling eyes, are displayed to the beholder. The complexion is a dark olive, partaking a little of a sort of mulatto tinge. The mantle is obviously borrowed, or rather it has descended from a distant age and people. It answers to the veil of eastern ladies.

Such figures, thousands of whom are abroad on the Sabbath, give the streets a funeral look. It seems as if all Malta had gone into mourning.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Winkiwads.

No man can be a hero or a noble action take when somewhere out of reach he finds that his suspenders break.

No matter if she lives out west or east or north or south, A woman early learns to hold her hairpins in her mouth.

They hung the picture on the wall, as galleries will do, And those who saw that painting wished they'd hung the painter too.

Don't name the child until you see what later years reveal— What is its batting record and what bases it can steal.

In this swift age of living we can tell the patient man— He soldiers early small hole a day and don't stamp on the pan. —Dallas News.

Didn't Know He Was Running.

"I was talking to my colored man of all work the other day," said the Hon. James Yates Mellen of Cleveland, "and I asked him if he went to church."

"Yassuh, I goes to church every Sunday," he said.

"Are you a member?"

"Yassuh."

"What church?"

"Prospeteeryun."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of election?"

"Yassuh."

"Do you think I am elected to be saved?"

"Yassuh, Mr. Mellen, I didn't even know you all was a candidate!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It All Depends.

The magnate took his pen in hand and eloquently wrote:

"I wouldn't trade Bill Beeswax for a million dollar note.

There never was a better man than Beeswax ever played."

The magnate argued thusly when he argued for a trade.

But when Bill Beeswax up and asked the magnate for a raise

The magnate up and roasted him in forty-seven ways.

"You poor old spavined boob," he said, "you have a lot of gall!"

"You're lucky to be playing in my baseball yard at all!"

BIG DITCH ALMOST READY FIRST WEEK COMES TO END

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completed and dynamite blasting discontinued.

"There remain to be excavated about 24,500,000 cubic yards. But only 6,000,000 need be excavated before the canal can be opened. It is hoped that the last steam shovel can be removed from the Cut by July 1. Then the dyke at Bas Obispo which holds the water of Gatun Lake out of the Cut, can be removed and the water will flow. Remaining excavation necessary can be accomplished by steam dredges.

"Less than 8 per cent of the total excavation and concrete work is unfinished. At the present rate both will be finished and all gates and the machinery for one set of locks will be installed by September. Then, if the water in Gatun Lake is high enough, the first ship can be put through one complete set of locks. If one ship can go any number can."

MIXED WIVES.

The Dilemma That Mr. Church Faced and How He Mastered It.

In the early part of the last century there lived in an old New England town a Mr. Church, who in the course of his early life was bereft of four wives, all of whom were buried in the same lot.

In his old age it became necessary to remove the remains to a new cemetery. This he undertook himself, but in the process the bones became hopelessly mixed.

His "New England conscience" would not allow him under the painful circumstances to use the original headstones, so he procured new ones, one of which bore the following inscription.

"Here lies Hannah (church and probably a portion of Emily."

Another:

"Sacred to the memory of Emily Church, who seems to be mixed with Matilda."

Then followed these lines:

Stranger, pause and drop a tear, For Emily Church lies buried here, Mixed in some perplexing manner With Mary, Matilda and probably Hannah.

—Exchange

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swamped with the business. Perhaps some imitations are yet to come.

The thing is entirely experimental and the provision that the postmaster general shall have the power to change zones and rates, and the like will enable the department to expand or contract according as the needs demand.

JUDITH SNODGRASS MARRIED

On Western Trip for Honeymoon and Will Come to La Grande.

Announcements of the marriage of Judith Nell Snodgrass, formerly of La Grande, to a wealthy Kansas City resident, reached La Grande yesterday. The several relatives and many friends of the bride were remembered with announcements. The groom is Raymond Atwood Wells, for several years vice president of the Wells-Fargo Express company and a stepson of the founder of the big express company. He has retired from active connections with the company now, however. The announcements telling of the wedding of the former La Grande girl and the Kansas City man were issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Snodgrass, uncle and aunt of the bride. The marriage occurred December 31 at Kansas City, and Mr. and Mrs. Wells left Kansas City Monday night for Denver. After a marriage tour through California, they come to La Grande to visit their friends and relatives.

Since her departure from La Grande the bride has toured Europe with Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Moore now of Portland, and while in Kansas City was connected in an important way with one of the big department stores of Kansas City.

THIS WILL INTEREST MOTHERS. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, a Certain Relief for Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. They break up colds in 24 hours. They are so pleasant to the taste Children like them. Over 10,000 testimonials. Used by Mothers for 22 years. They never fail. Sold by all Druggists, 50c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, La Roy, N. Y.

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