

WHAT IS GREATNESS

To succeed is to be great, and February is a good month to start success. Washington and Lincoln were both born in February. It is a little month, with fewer chances than any other, yet think what it has given us.

"LIFE'S A VERY FUNNY PROPOSITION, AFTER ALL."

One man has a few friends and knows them well; another has many friends and is hardly acquainted with any of them. Their influence may be distributed differently; but it is not necessarily unequal. Each man is placed in the world to accomplish something. That something is the best he can do in whatever he does. We are expected to live up to the fullness of our possibilities. He who does, does so by hard working and harder thinking—We call him a genius. We all may be geniuses by making the most of ourselves. When we fail to do so we are shirking on the job of life. It must be in our own way, a small way or a large way; it must be a way that is all our own. Learn from others, but don't copy their faults.

IT IS YOUR DUTY TO BE GREAT

Amount to something. It is a wonderful privilege to be able to exercise freedom in developing yourself. And nowhere else on the face of the earth have you a better chance to do so than in La Grande, the city of payrolls, Union county, the valley of varied resources, Oregon the state of opportunity, America the land of freedom. Investigate conditions and see if you can find a better home than Grande Ronde valley, or a better investment than La Grande property.

CITY LOTS.

Lot 6, Block 55, Chaplin's addition, cor. N and Eighth. Size 80x110. Sewer in and paid for. Only \$250 cash, balance on easy terms. We have many choice lots in all sections of the city for sale at reasonable prices and terms. Come in and look them over.

WOOD, TIMBER AND PASTURE

1800 cords of wood, 5 good springs, 200 acres all fenced, 2 acres orchard, good cabin, 3 miles from town. Can make two trips to town a day when hauling wood. 20 acres good soil. All good pasture. Considerable saw timber. Terms right to the right man.

LET US KNOW YOUR WANTS. WE WILL TRY TO SATISFY THEM.

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Geo. H. Currey

—He Who Sells—
REAL ESTATE
LA GRANDE, OR.

WALNUT CROP NOW SCARCE

UNCLE SAM IS BIGGEST PRODUCER OF ALL

Forest Service Points Out Frequent Substitution for Real Article.

Washington, D. C., February 24.—(Special).—The United States, says the Department of Agriculture, is probably the largest consumer of Circassian walnut, one of the world's best known and most expensive cabinet woods.

The high cost of Circassian walnut is due to the scarcity of the beautifully figured variety demanded for furniture and interior finish, for the tree itself is more widely distributed than almost any other of commercial importance. The demand for the best wood, however, has always outrun the supply. Even in the eighteenth century, when wars in Europe were frequent, so much Circassian walnut was used for gunstocks that the supply was seriously depleted. Early in the nineteenth century the wood of 12,000 trees was used for this purpose alone. Single trees, containing choice buris or fine bird's-eye figures have sold for more than \$3000.

The tree is native to the eastern slopes of the Caucasus and ranges eastward to the foothills of the Himalaya mountains, from which it extends southward to northern India and the mountains of upper Burma. It has been widely planted in Europe and the United States, in this country under the name of English walnut. The wood grown here, however, has not the qualities demanded by the cabinet and furniture makers. Much of the Circassian walnut now used comes from the Black Sea and from other parts of Asia.

According to a circular just issued by the forest service the demand for Circassian walnut has resulted in the substitution of other woods. Our own red gum is often sold as Circassian walnut, and butternut is also similar in general appearance, to the less highly figured grades. Many good African, Asian, and South American woods resemble Circassian walnut, though none possesses the magnificent figure, delicate tones and velvety texture of the latter. The circular discusses the supply and uses of Circassian walnut, and those who wish to know how possible substitutes may be distinguished can learn from this circular the distinctive marks which the government's experts have discovered.

Her Patriotism

By ELIZABETH WEED

Louise Archer was a very high strung girl. Excitement was to her a necessity, and often she mistook her excitable nature for noble impulses. When the Spanish-American war broke out she was nineteen years old and had been every day reading of the tyranny of General Weyler and the sufferings of the Cubans.

Louise had a lover, Gus Saunders, a plodding, methodical chap, entirely different from her. Since she could not go and fight the wars herself she determined that Saunders should go in her stead.

"Why, Gus, I'm surprised at you! Everybody but you is rallying round the flag, while you are stooping over a log with a bucksaw. Aren't you going to enlist?"

"Enlist? What for?"

"Why, to right the Cubans' wrongs."

"I don't see why I should right their wrongs."

"Haven't you any patriotism?"

"I don't see any occasion for patriotism."

"I do. Our young men are flocking to the standard by thousands, while you are content to bend your back sawing wood. Oh, that I should have accepted a"—

The young man was deeply in love. The expression on his face changed to one of such pain that Louise was deterred from speaking the word that was on her tongue. Throwing down his saw, he said:

"Louise, I love you so well that I

will try my best to live up to your standard. After all, it is no more the duty of others than mine to respond to the call for volunteers. I shall enlist at once."

"Spoken like a man!" was the enthusiastic response, and she impulsively threw her arms about his neck. "I am sure you will return a hero."

"A what?" asked Gus.

"A hero. Some of Napoleon's marshals rose from the ranks, and maybe you will."

"Just so—that is, if I have time."

"Time? What do you mean by that?"

"Why, how long do you think it would take a big cat to kill a very little mouse?"

"Oh, you're always looking on the wrong side of things. It's going to be a great war. Goodbye. When you return with a general's shoulder straps just think how proud I'll be of you."

"You'll be true to me?"

"True to my soldier lover! Why, yes!"

A valley of kisses and he was gone. A few months later a troopship unloaded a cargo of skin and bone on Montauk Point. Most of them were transferred to hospitals, the balance put in camps. One who had suffered from every disease known in Cuba was retained in hospital as long as there was a hospital at the point, then transferred to a more permanent home for the sick. He lingered between life and death till spring, when his doctors concluded that he would have a better chance for recovery if he could get a change. He was eager to go, assuring them that a sweetheart was waiting for him and his separation from her was keeping him back. Being discharged, he sought the location of his enlistment and, tottering along the road, met one who had known him as a hearty man, but who failed to recognize him.

"Is Louise Archer alive and well?" asked the ex-soldier.

"Oh, yes, she's alive and well, only her name isn't Archer any more; it's Gugliametto."

"Wh-a-t?" faltered the stranger aghast.

"Gugliametto, a dago fruit man, came along here just after you fellers went away selling California grapes for Malaga and such like. He had big black eyes and long black mustache and curly hair. He sold Louise some fruit and got to talking with her. He told her that the Cubans were all niggers, while the Spaniards were brave men who had owned the island ever since Columbus discovered it 400 years ago. She asked him to come in and tell her about it."

"Well, the feller twisted her right around. She had been one of the most patriotic girls of these parts; sent a lover down to fight these same dagoes—more fool he. And after the fruit man went away she began to howl about the iniquity of the Spanish war. The feller kept comin' round every few weeks, and about a month ago she walked off with him."

The stranger stood looking at his informant out of his hollow eyes with pain and horror.

"Louise married a Spaniard!" he gasped. "Why, she?"

"Oh, yes, she was full of fight on the other side when the thing commenced. But, stranger, you seem awfully taken back at hearing about her. If you have any interest in her you needn't worry about the Spaniard. She came back a week ago without him. They say he dug out and left her to shift for herself."

The veteran turned and staggered away in the direction from whence he came.

But this is not all of the story. A day came when Signora Gugliametto secured a divorce from the fruit seller and, repentant, married the man she had sent to the war. If she was sickle, she paid for her fault by a lifetime of devotion to her soldier husband.

Sporting Notes.

About every ball club in the two major leagues seems to have put in a bid for the services of James Thorpe, the dethroned hero of the Swedish Olympic games.

Lieutenant Howard, United States navy, who has coached the academy football team to two successive victories over the Military academy eleven, has been assigned to coach the navy of the squad for another season.

Monte Cross, the veteran infielder, has been offered the position of coach of the ball team of the University of Michigan. Branch Rickey, who coached the team last year, has signed with the St. Louis Browns to act as chief scout.

Train and Track.

The Erie railroad annually carries over 25,000,000 passengers and over 10,500,000 tons of freight.

On the underground railways of London many of the passenger coaches exceed the fifty feet in length.

A new German electrical device to enable a moving train to set a signal makes use of a slight sinking of a rail as a train passes over it.

In 1912 over 3,000 miles of railroad were built in the southern states, of which 348 miles were in Texas. This year some 947 miles are to be built in Texas.

DAMES AND DAUGHTERS.

Mrs. N. Graber of Los Angeles, Cal., keeps sixty-three pet dogs.

Miss Bertha Stevens says Cleveland badly needs an asylum, refuge or home for old maids.

Miss Helen Cheever has been clerk in the postoffice at Sioux City, Ia., for over thirty-four years.

Mrs. William E. Gummere, wife of the chief justice of New Jersey, is heading a movement for the improvement of the highway department's methods in Newark.

Mrs. Robley D. Evans, widow of "Fighting Bob," had the distinction of being the only woman asked to take part in the dinner given by the pilgrims in New York to the captain and officers of the British warship which was sent to this country with the body of Whitlaw Reid.

Miss Ellen Churchill Semple of Louisville, Ky., has written an interesting scientific book in regard to a system of anthropogeography. Miss Semple entered Vassar at fifteen, although that is below the usual age, but she was admitted because she had passed without conditions. After graduating at nineteen she tried to be a society girl, but soon tired of the life.

The Result.

"Did the trip of the young heiress to Europe to secure a title in the matrimonial market succeed?"

"Yes, though, strange to say, it was a baron result."—Baltimore American.

Just Shopping.

Tired Clerk (over piled up counter)—Can I show you anything else, madam? Customer—Yes; the nearest way out—Boston Transcript.

B. B. NUTTER



EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

In the newest Wall Paper samples may be now seen in our establishment. We are favored by some of our factories with their entire output, and can consequently offer our patrons many patterns that are not obtainable elsewhere. We have some of these exclusive patterns now in our show-rooms and would appreciate a call to look them over. They are priced very low.

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Old Age. liver and a general feeling of ill health, despondency and misery. This in almost every instance wholly unnecessary. One of Chamberlain's Tablets taken immediately after supper will improve the digestion, tone up the liver and regulate the bowels. That feeling of despondency will give way to one of hope and good cheer. For sale by all dealers.

Paint of Our Forefathers.

A white lead and oil paint, the finish of our forefathers, is easily and economically mixed from the raw materials as it is needed for use. With each 100 pounds of white lead mix five gallons linseed oil, one pint turpentine and one pint drier. An allowance of 50 cents for the labor of mixing gives eight gallons of white paint for about \$13.15, or \$1.64 a gallon. Two coats of this, or better three, after coating knots and pitchy, sappy places with orange shellac, provide a good finish either outdoors or in.—Country Life in America.

Conkling's Invective.

Roscoe Conkling, like John J. Ingalls, was a master of invective. Conkling, it is said, once upon a time in summing up to a jury thus attempted to belittle the testimony of a rummy faced, knob-nosed witness for the opposition. "Methinks, gentlemen, I can see that witness now, his mouth stretching across the wide desolation of his face, a sephir of rum and a fountain of falsehood!"

Golf.

Brown—I wish I belonged to a golf club.

Jones—You don't need to. "How so?"

"Just walk five miles or so, and every twenty or thirty yards hit the pavement a hard whack with your stick and swear."—Exchange.

Nature's Methods.

Nature is no spendthrift, but takes the shortest way to her ends. As the general says to his soldiers, "If you want a fort, build a fort," so nature makes every creature do its own work and get its living, be it planet, animal or tree.—Emerson.

Both Sides.

Crawford To do a thing well, you know, you must do it yourself. Crabshaw—But you miss the fun of seeing the other fellow work.—Judge.

Sympathy.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railway track—but one inch between wreck and smooth rolling prosperity.



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