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HILL'S DRUG STORE

The Rexall Store

SMOKER HELD MONDAY NIGHT

DINNER TO BE SERVED AT 6:30—SPEECHES LATER.

Date Will Not Conflict With Fire Department Dance That Night.

The committee on program and arrangements for the commercial club smoker and booster meeting last night fixed the date for the meeting for next Monday night. Arrangements have been made with the ladies of the Episcopal Guild to serve a dinner at 6:30, the place for the meeting still being undecided. After the feed the members will enjoy a social hour or so amid the smoke wreaths from good cigars and listen to a few short addresses by local speakers.

The principal object of the meeting will be the infusion of new life into the somewhat dormant organization and the securing of new members to help the ever-faithful boost for better times for La Grande and the Grande Ronde. The hours are so arranged that they will not conflict with the fire department dance.

To Encourage Shooting.

Washington, Jan. 13.—Promotion of rifle practice among high school students and other American youths, and also their elders will be discussed tonight at the annual meeting of the board of directors of the National Rifle Association, which offers several prizes annually for various rifle competitions.

Cove News.

Cove, Ore., Jan. 9.—(Special).—The snow is all gone. A heavy wind Thursday night followed by a rain Friday night made the roads quite muddy.

The farmers on this side of the valley are busy with sausage, lard, etc., as T. B. Johnson and George Chadwick butchered 13 hogs last Tuesday, and Edwin Boswell, George Jasper and Becker Bros., butchered 17 on Wednesday.

Harlan Koger and wife made a business trip to La Grande Wednesday.

Ernest Organ is staying at the Borkgren saw mill camp and is cutting wood and posts.

Geo. Miller and wife made a business

ness trip to La Grande the fore part of the week.

Ed. Clark of Lower Cove, has recently purchased a new Oakland touring car.

The members of the M. E. church are observing "Peace week," with prayer meetings every night and they serve light refreshments occasionally.

Geo. Thomas has purchased the Martin property just north of the school house.

Mrs. O. A. Huntly, her daughter, Eloise, and Mrs. Vina Payne have returned from Walla Walla and have set up housekeeping in Lon Bloom's house so that Eloise may attend school.

A party of young people from Cove attended the New Year's dance at North Powder.

The heavy wind Thursday night blew the new barn over which was being built on the Chadwick farm. It was ready for the roof boards and shingles, but now has to be rebuilt.

T. B. Johnson made a business trip to Elgin and other points in the valley the past week.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—Ten acre orchard, 100 cherry trees, one-half of them bearing. Will take stock as part payment. Phone B 932. 1 13 6t p.

WORDS THAT ARE ACCUSED.

To Use Them Before the Yezidees is to Invite Death.

The Yezidees, a peculiar Turkish sect, are perhaps the only people in the world who consider certain letters, words and phrases as being cursed and the person who pronounces them a worthy subject for immediate destruction.

They attach no value to human life, and to these ordinary dangers are added those arising from the embarrassing etiquette of conversational intercourse with them, for if any one inadvertently speaks the word "devil," "Satan" or anything with the same meaning he commits a mortal offense, and to cut off his head is a God pleasing act, a sacred duty of the Yezidees, the fulfillment of which will insure him a place in paradise.

In a like manner several letters are wholly banished from their language, chiefly those which contain the sound of "shun." The Arabian word "hallet," "Thou art damned," is also expunged because it is believed by the Yezidees to have been the word uttered by God when the fallen angels were thrown into hell.

These and similar words and phrases are set aside and combinations which do not belong to any language used instead.—London Spectator.

WHY SNOW HEATS THE HANDS

The Brain Calls to the Blood to Help the Chilled Skin.

It is very wonderful that our hands should become warm after playing with snow, for it must be perfectly certain that the cold snow takes heat away very quickly from our warm hands.

The warmth of our hands is derived entirely from the blood, except at times when something hot is actually shining upon them. Therefore, for some reason or other, a very much larger amount of blood than usual must be flowing through our hands. The blood is warmer in itself, or the whole of the body would at once notice it, but what really happens is that the hands are getting richer and quicker supply of it.

The effect is just the same, really, as the delightful glow that we feel after a cold bath. The brain has the duty of taking care of the skin, as of every other part of the body. Now, when the skin has been chilled its life has been heavily taxed, and it will suffer unless it is compensated. So the brain orders the small blood vessels in the skin, wherever it has been chilled, to relax and widen so that the warm blood is able to circulate quickly through them.—The Child's Book of Knowledge.

Pension.

"Pension" is among the numerous cases of words of Latin origin specialized to mean something which the original did not mean to the Romans. "Pension" signifies simply a payment in the broadest sense, and we are at liberty to draw the sound moral that a pension is not really something thrown in as a gratuity, but deferred pay. The word for a soldier's pay was "stipendium," and here we have another curious shift of meaning. Nobody speaks of a soldier's "stipend" now. It is a magistrate or a clergyman whose pay receives that name. The "stipendium" was paid in lumps three or four times a year, and the word came to be used to mean a year's term of service.—London Chronicle.

PROFIT IN GOLDEN SEAL.

A Woodland Crop That May Be Cultivated With Little Trouble.

Speaking of plants that may be cultivated with little trouble and with profit to the grower, a writer in Green's Fruit Grower advises those who have a bit of unused woodland or underbrush to plant golden seal. He considers it one of the most remunerative of plants to raise and says that it requires very little care.

The roots of this plant sold fifteen years ago at 30 cents a pound. The price has steadily advanced. The root is now worth \$5.50 a pound, and the dry leaves and stems now sell for 25 cents a pound. It is one of the most widely used drugs known to the modern pharmacopoeia.

At the end of three years you can sort out the mature roots from the young ones and wash and dry them for sale, while you put the young roots back in the ground. At the end of the three years the grower has a yearly crop of roots, and, beginning with the first year, he has a yearly crop of leaves and stems. This is one of the crops on which there is an absolute certainty of a market that will run after you as soon as any golden seal buyer knows you have the goods to sell. Go and ask your druggist or your doctor about the value of golden seal.

WHISTLER AND HIS GROCER.

An Overdue Bill, a Threat and a Payment Not in Cash.

Whistler's financial affairs were the mingled joy and terror of his friends, and the Pennells, in their "Life of Whistler," give a most amusing glimpse into this side of his life. On one occasion he had actually run up a bill of £600 with a Chelsea greengrocer, who at last called to insist upon payment. Whistler came out strong on that occasion:

"How—what—why—why, of course, you have sent these things—most excellent things—and they have been eaten, you know, by most excellent people. Think what a splendid advertisement! And sometimes, you know, the salads are not quite up to the mark—the fruit, you know, not quite fresh. And if you go into these unseemly discussions about the bill—well, you know, I shall have to go into discussion about all this, and think how it would hurt your reputation with all these extraordinary people. I think the best thing is not to refer to the past—I'll let it go. And in the future we'll have a weekly account—viser, you know!"

The greengrocer left without his money, but received in payment two nocturnes, one the blue opyright Valparaiso.

A Calamity.

Five-year-old Tot's mother was telling the youngster the story of herself and her twin sister.

"One morning when we were a week old the nurse was bathing us, and she took the blue ribbon off Della's wrist and the pink ribbon off Stella's wrist. When she was ready to put them on again she could not remember which one of us was Della and which was Stella, so she took us in to mother, but mother could not tell either and no one ever did know whether or not we had our right names. Then when we were seven years old one of us died, and nobody knows whether it was Della or Stella."

Little Tot burst into an agony of tears and sobbed out, "I just know it was my own mother that died when she was seven years old!"—Youth's Companion.

A Rhineland Legend.

There is a Rhineland legend of three German robbers who, having acquired by various atrocities what amounted to a very valuable booty, agreed to divide the spoil and to retire from so dangerous a vocation. When the day appointed for this purpose arrived one of them was despatched to a neighboring town to purchase provisions for their last meal. The other two secretly agreed to murder him on his return that they might divide his share between them. They did so. But the murdered man was a closer eye-witness even than his assassins, for he had previously poisoned a part of the provisions, that he might appropriate to himself the whole of the spoil. Precious trinkets were found dead together.

A Different Reason.

"What bright eyes you have!" said the visitor to five-year-old Tommy. "You must get plenty of sleep." "Yes," he answered. "My mamma makes me go to bed every night at 8 o'clock."

"That's to keep you healthy," said the visitor.

"No, it ain't," replied the youngster. "It's so she can mend my clothes."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Platinum.

Platinum is dissolved by aqua regia, a mixture of nitric and hydrochloric acids. No acid known to chemists, alone, will dissolve this metal, but these two combined, in the proportion of one volume of nitric and three of hydrochloric, will.—New York American.

Safety First.

Bill Burglar—I ain't gonna rob no poor lone woman, I ain't, Mike Thief—What's de matter? Gettin' soft? Bill Burglar—Soft, loatin'. Them helpless women's de kind dat half kites ye and then sends you to jail.—Phila delphia Ledger.

Free Nicotine.

By sprinkling tobacco during the curing with a 2 per cent solution of citric acid the free nicotine, which causes the "bite," is eliminated.

BULLETS ARE TRICKY.

One Chance Shot That Brought Down Three English Officers.

It has been truly said that once you fire a bullet from a modern rifle no one can forecast where it will ultimately come to rest. Even when a bullet has an uninterrupted course it is capable of upsetting all known calculations of its flight and range.

Before the battle of Omdurman a sick officer was carried across the Nile and placed under an awning no less than 5,500 yards from the nearest point of possible fire. This should easily have insured him a margin of safety, but it didn't. A stray bullet ate up the intervening three miles of desert air, struck him in the head and killed him.

Shortly before another battle in the Sudan General Sir Archibald Hunter, Colonel Hacket-Thompson, C. B., and another officer were reconnoitering through an opening in the wall of a disused sulkie, or waterwheel. The hole in the wall was so small that the officers had to stand one behind the other to see anything.

The officer, whose name is not given in the incident, was in front using a pair of binoculars, while Sir Archibald Hunter was in the rear. The glint caused by the setting sun shining on the glass of the binoculars attracted the attention of a dervish, who, with others, was retreating along the Nile. He stopped, took rapid aim and fired.

It was a very good chance shot, for it sped through one of the lenses of the binoculars, through the brain of the officer holding them, killing him on the spot, through the shoulder of Colonel Hacket-Thompson and finally lodged in the breast of Sir Archibald Hunter, where it remains to this day.—London Mail.

THE HOUSE OF SORROW.

Those Who Have Dwelt Therein Have Learned a Lasting Lesson.

They that have experienced a great sorrow are born again. The world they are now in is quite different from their old world. In that earlier world they lived upon terms of household familiarity with joy and felicity. Now they must lie down by the side of sorrow and eat with sorrow beside them at the board. Outward things may assert their identity to eye, to ear, to touch, but outward things cannot deceive the spirit within. The house of sorrow is strange, all its furniture is strange, and the newcomer must learn anew how to live.

The first lesson is to accept the past as a beautiful day that is done, as the loveliness of a rose that has withered away. The object of our yearning has passed from the world of actual contacts into the world of art. Memory may paint the picture as it will, drop out all shadows and catch the beauty of our exquisite loss in all the golden glow of human happiness.

There, within the shrine prepared by sorrow, that picture will ever refresh us and bless us. Evil cannot touch it, nor ill will, nor envy, nor sordid care. Only our own faithfulness, our own acceptance of unworthy things, can stain the freshness of its beauty. Sorrow has constituted us the sacrificers of this shrine; on us rests the care of this pictured relic, and unless we suffer moans and beams to get in our eyes it will remain as bright in the sanctuary of memory as in the sunshine of earthly life.—Atlantic.

His Passport.

On one occasion Gustave Dore, the artist, lost his passport while on a tour in Switzerland. At Lucerne he asked to be allowed to speak to the mayor, to whom he gave his name.

"You say that you are M. Gustave Dore, and I believe you," said the mayor, "but," and he produced a piece of paper and a pencil, "you can easily prove it."

Dore looked around him and saw some peasants selling potatoes in the street. With a few clever touches he reproduced the homely scene and, appending his name to the sketch, presented it to the mayor.

"Your passport is all right," remarked the official, "but you must allow me to keep it and to offer you in return one of the ordinary form."

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- Children's Fast Black Hose 10c
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- Children's Gowns .25c
- Ladies' Flannel Skirts 25c, 49c
- Ladies' New Union Suits, 34 to 44, lace or tight knee 25c
- Flannelette Dress'g Sacque 49c
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- Boy's Hats .49c, 69c, 98c
- Boy's Mittens .25c and 49c
- Boy's Mackinaws .98c
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- First Quality Pacs .69c
- Men's Arctics \$1.25, \$1.49, \$1.69
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