Dear Nell: Did you ever try to conduct culinary operations withhave been told. Our nearest neighbors lived a mile away, and, anyway, had no to spare; consequently, "after-dinwas in vogue here at every meal. The hill hens had suspended business for the Winter, and, having forgotten to order eggs when that "fast trip to market" was made, we had now to suffer the penalty. Having neither milk nor eggs, our cuisine showed a painful of such delicacies as custards, omelets, puddings, etc. This we could have borne without complaint, but as nearly all vegetables, to be palatable, require either milk or cream, the lack of it there was a real hardship. Then, too, being so far from the markets, we could get no fresh meats. We had smoked ham and breakfast becon-only that and nothing more. The first, unaccompanied by eggs, we soon tired of, especially as it happened to be salt as brine, tough and hard; the bacon was good enough, but I defy any one to face it three times a day for five weeks and not loathe it. But few vegetables were brought out to the ranch, the wagons being so heavily loaded. We supposed they could be bought anywhere in the neighborhood, but "oft expectation fails, and most oft there where most it promises."

Did Not Suffer From Gont. Farmers here had disposed of their surplus stock earlier in the season, reserving only sufficient for their own use, and it was not long until our supply was reduced to merely apples and potatoes. Now I see that I have made a vegetable this family suffered nothing from appre-hensions of gout. How often, when looking through our empty cupboard, did we think sorrowfully of Dame Hubbard's dog. At breakfast, while munching ada-mantine bread, bacon and "spuds," we mantine bread, bacon and "spuds," we were spt to have tormenting visions of hot griddle cakes and maple syrup, or of julcy porterhouse steaks, and of eggs variously served. At dinner, with the breakfast menu repeated, some one was sure to ask: "How would you like right now, a good, big slice of rare roast beef, with nicely browned sweet potatoes?" "Yes, or scalloped oysters, or chicken pie and a nice crisp, cool salad?"-and so on down through an imaginary bill of fare. "Lest you forget," Nell, and are wondering why we didn't "go to town" and renew our supplies, let me remind you of the impassable condition of the roads. For weeks during the late Winter never a team was seen passing here. Finally, when the "last herring smoked upon the coals," two hungry men arose in desperation, declaring they would at least have some cows and chickens, though they circled the globe to find In the chill dawn of the following morning, in a pouring rain, they started away upon this laudable mission. They were gone until 5 o'clock in the evening; the now familiar mountain cry, o-whoo," came echoing through the

Heading Off a Cow. As I opened the door Tom shouted: "Elizabeth, run out in the road and head off these cows." By his tone and voice, I knew that that was a "hurry-up" call. Throwing the omnipresent shawl over my head, I dashed out of the house, and, as self-preservation is the first law of life, snatched with my powerful right hand a pole that was propping the limb of a peach tree, then flew down the path and the hill, in the road, stood the horses and wagon, in the latter several chickencoops, from which protruded long feathered necks, with red-combed, squawking heads. The pasture bars were down; up the hill a road branches off, and there Bert was stationed, and, coming full-tilt doward me, three big, wild-eyed, galloping, smoking cows, with two very young-looking, spindle-shanked calves. I'll tell you right now. Nell, that I was scared. but, remembering my great-grandsires who fought in the Revolution, I raised the pole high in air, like a flagstaff, and stood firm. On came the bovine brigade until within a few rods of me, when they suddenly haited, tossed up their heads and stared at me. I hardly believe they thought I was alive; perhaps took me for the statue of "liberty, enlighten-ing the world." We stood there looking at each other until Tom yelled: why don't you do something? We haven't had a bite to eat since breakfast." Now I knew no more than the man in the moon what to do, but just then one of the cown what to do, but just then one of the cows, a big spotted one, with awful horns, began pawing up the mud; so I yelled back: "I think this big spotted one is cross."
"Cross nothing! She's gentle as a lamb.

She's an old cow, the mother of the other two." Then she is the grand-mother of these calves, I thought, and it would be rather disrespectful to pounce upon the old lady with this pole. So I just continued to "hold her with my glittering eye." Again Tom roared: "She won't hurt you, I tell you; she's just scared and rattled."

A Family Affair.

Nell, I knew that the grandmother was not scared. She had now advanced several paces, and was not only throwing mud, but had lowered her head and was shaking her horns at me in a way "quite frightful to see." That she was "rattled" seemed plausible; certainly her manners "had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere." Thinking I must do something, I pounded the road a little with my pole, throwing some mud myself. At this the enemy moved forward in solid phalanx, the daughters now shak-ing their horns; whereupon, forgetting for the moment my valorous ancestors of the Revolution, I drew a trifle nearer the rail fence, and, again raising my standhigh in air, said, in a hoarse, loud e: "Huey cows! Huey there!"

No effect whatever, except upon the man down the road. "Goin to stand all night lookin at 'em?" he fairly shrieked. Why don't you close in on 'em? "Close in on 'em, indeed! That's all very well, sir, from your point of view, at the tail end of this caravan," I thought,

but up here the outlook is different, facing interacting horns, and twice as many eager hoofs; and I just remarked softly to myself: "I won't do it."

side, quite near me, stood one of those rotesque Noah's ark calves. "I'll jus e in on you, my young friend; you will by turn and run back down the road, I trust your perspiring relatives

one Calf's Contrariness.

This scheme seemed a good one both then and now, but "the best-laid schemes gang aft a gley." I know better, Nell, than to jump at it with that pole, so trailing it behind me, I advanced cautended, saying in the sweetest tones that ever fell from human lips: "Pretty little ever fell from human lips: "Pretty little calfe" (though down deep in my heart thinking doubless God might have made looking object, but he certainly One step more forward-and what did that little idiot do but give a ild snort, leap like a deer, whirl square

MONG "The Pointed Firs."-My | not through either, for it stuck fast between the rails, bawling at the top of its voice. Great, earth, Nell! You ought to have seen grandma then. She plowed out either milk or eggs? We had five across that muddy road, scrambled up the green bank, and, standing before the with the fuel and flour of which you prisoner at the bar, literally tore up thesod. Both daughters charged after her, all bellowing, all pawing sod, and even the other calf that wasn't in it at all, added his wailings, and away down the road the scared chickens squawked louder than ever. Nothing like it was ever heard outside of Hagenback's wild animal show. Seeing the ruin I had wrought, I climbed to the top of the fence, ready to drop on the other side if future developments should make it necessary. Up the road came both men running, and I thought, "Now, Elizabeth, you'll catch it. But, to my great surprise, not one solitary word did they utter, not even to each other. Half-starved, soaked through and through with misery, they seemed dumbly desperate. Rain trickled in streams from their rubber coats and hats; boots muddy to the tops, mud on their faces and in their hair, silent and grim, with stoical fortitude they pulled and tugged at that roaring little centipede.

Musing From the Top of a Fence From my eyrie among the rails I mused. This, then, is one of those pleasing pastoral scenes, of which we so sweetly discoursed a year ago, sitting in slippered case, in furnace-heated, gas-lighted rooms, I recalled the enthusiasm of these gentleen as they talked of the delights of farm life, of the pleasure of "seeing young things growing and frisking about them. But pleasures are like popples spread,

You seize the flower, its bloom is shed. Tom had now seized this pleasure by the tail and hind feet. Bert had climbed the fence and gathered up its sprawling front ones, and together they were folding it over like an omelet, poking and pulling it sideways through the fence. Not for worlds would I have laughed aloud of the apple, but that's no worse than calling pointoes "spuds," as do some here. At last the sufferer was released, but You may be sure. Nell, that members of only to be instantly seized again by both men, who, clasping it in a warm embrace, bore it off down the hill, with all those bellowing bovines at their heels. As that solemn procession filed away, I had a haunting sense of having seen something like it in the sculptured frieze of some great public building. I watched until their burden was safely shoved into fields elysian, the cows all walking in after it, and then three bars were put up, only three, remember, Nell, as that carelessness led to future trouble. I was pained to observe the other calf still walking around outside of the fence.

The Final Fight. Thinking I had done about all the good that I could, I was about to retire quietly from the scene, when Tom called: "Drop at a glance their plan was to surround and capture the calf where it stood, in a fence corner. I have a quick discernment of field tactics-inherited most likely. The unsuspecting victim was gazing longingly yours, through the fence at its mother, not notic-ing the environing forces; but just as we were about to "close in upon it" it looked up. Seeing three frightful ogres with see it. The little wagen berries just form-arms outstretched, it gave a terrified leap ing are like clusters of seed pearls.

through the cordon, and went flying up the branch road. "The dun deer's to fleeter foot was never tied." we all went in hot pursuit. Not being much of a sprinter myself, I was soon left far in the wake. Suddenly the pursued, descrying a big pile of brush by the roadside, mistaking it for a rock of refuge, turned aside and dashed into it, and there, lacerated by thorns and briars, it began to roar. Hearing a bellowing and thundering of boofs behind me, I glanced back, and tearing up the road came every last one of those cows. A steep hill slopes down at one side of the road. Up this height dashed the now poleless daughter of the Revolution, and, climbing high among the roots of a glant upturned fir tree, surveyed the scene A Vision.

Just then, Nell, a strange thing hap-

pened. I saw as plainly as I now see this paper, the stage of a theater in a far distant city, and standing out upon a jutting cliff the tall picturesque figure of Meg Merriless. Beyond her, through trees and rocks, a faint glimpse of a sullen sea, immediately below her a dark, narrow gien, lit up by gypsy campfires. Though at the time this seemed strange, ow see that the outlook from my lofty perch, very naturally recalled this halfforgotten scene. Night was fast coming on; low lying mists upon the meadow gave to it in that half light a look of the sea; all about me the same dark hills, and below just such a little glen, only no rocks and no campfires. But, instead, a big brush pile, teeming with life, a confused jumble of rubber coats, hoofs and horns. In its center the struggling calf. sinking deeper at every lunge, clawing over it, its would-be captors; on the outskirts those roaring bedlamities, tossing brush with hoofs and horns, the "Aged P" still the leading spirit. Dead ferns and wild blackberry vines clinging to her horns, she looked a dangerous Nemesis, and was, too, for she had to be beaten back with brush. Doubtless Thomas would now have been giad of my pole. Finally the pitfall yielded up its victim, which was carried to a low place in the fence, and gently dropped into the fold. As soon as its voice was hushed that concord of sweet sounds died away, the cows ecame submissive, and were easily driven back into the meadow, and once again sweet peace, heavenly dove, descended upon the "Ranch of the Pointed Firs." Now, Nell, if you have only seen cows peacefully grazing in green pastures, beside the still waters, or leisurely loitering "hame, 'tween the glomin' an' the mirk," you may consider these scenes exaggerated; but I assure you every word of this is true. Teiling an old farmer about it, he said: "Oh, you git a calf fast and a bawlin', you'll pretty quick have the whole herd a bellerin' at your heels." And that gentleman knew whereof he spoke. polite one. Complying with orders, I to sleep during the last act, were left to at a glance their plan was to be at a glance the at a gl ments" of "b., b. and s." were served, and thus endeth our first round-up. No ennul here in the hills of Oregon. ELIZABETH.

P. S.-Bert has just brought in a fine branch of mistletoe. I do wish you could

NEWS OF SOCIETY FROM PAGE 18

held on the 70th birthday of Mrs. Barzee, the Sterling mines, where they will spend being the first reunion in exactly 24 years. The entire family consists of the parents, 11 children, all of whom have families, 28 grandchildren and six great-grandout of the gate, into the middle of the road, and, standing there in mud and one children, a total of 47 persons living and for Portland on a visit.

Misses Carrie Paine and Pearl Luckey rain, looked the field over. Away down 54 in all. Of the children F. S. Bargee, are visiting in Portland. aged 52 years, is a business man at Glendale, Or., and has four grand-children; W. her visit at points south. d. squawking Wasco, Or., having one grandchild; Mrs. Were down; J. C. Robertson, aged 46, of Cloverdale, little higher Cal., also has one grandchild; C. W. Da. also has one grandchild; C. W. Baraged 44 years, of The Dalles; E. G. Christmas with friends in Portland. Barzee and E. S. Barzee, twins aged 41 years, the former being a farmer Wasco, and the latter a plan Wasco, and the latter a ship carpenter at Mrs. H. T. Rann and daughter, Miss E. Marshfield; Louis Barzee and Mrs. W. M. V. Rann, of Junction, are visiting in Eusiegmund, twins aged 39 years, the former gene. sigmund, twins aged as years, the latter residing at Salem; Mrs. H. B. Arnold, aged 36 years, of Farmington, Wash.; E. E. Barzee, aged 33, a farmer of Wasco, and Mrs. B. B. Herrick, aged 39 years, of Turner. The combined age of the 11 children is 451 years, and the average age 41 years. This is the first complete reunion that has been held for nearly a quarter of a cen-

The day was spent in social intercourse in which were recounted the experiences of the past, Vocal and instrumental music was followed by the serving of an old-fashioned family dinner that lacked noth-

ing to add to its completeness.

Mr. Clark Barzee, the immedia Mr. Clark Barzee, the immediate ancestor of this large family, was born in Ontario, Canada, August 20, 1828, and was 74 years of age last August. His father served in the War of 1812, and spent his after life in the Middle West, from whence Mr. Clark Barzee came to Oregon in 1862. He has since resided in Marion County with the exception of three years that were spent in Whitman County, Washing-

OREGON.

Salem.

Mrs. C. N. Potter is home from an East-Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Molden have returned from Pendleton.

Governor and Mrs. Geer spent the holdays at Astoria. Claud Gatch and family spent Christmas at Corvallis

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Kozer were in Asto-Mrs. F. G. Bowersox is the guest of Corvallis relatives.

Mise Gertrude Hirsch has returned from a visit at Baker City. Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Graham are home from a visit in Portland.

Miss Lillian Croasman, of Portland, is the guest of Mrs. E. Hofer. Jesse George and family, of Oregon City, are visiting in this city,

Mise Carter is spending the holidays with relatives at Hood River. Mrs. W. H. Byars and daughter, Miss Vera, are visiting at Mehama.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Singleton, of Seattle, are the guests of Salem relatives.

Miss Ethel Frizzell has returned from an extended visit at Elk City, Idaho Mrs. O. H. Collins, of Red Bluff, Cal., le

the guest of her niece, Mrs. W. F. Skiff. Miss Corinne Sheldon, of Portland, was the guest of Miss Nellie Derby this week Secretary of State and Mrs. F. L. Dun-Astoria.

Mrs. William Kerron, of Portland, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. Steiner for Mr. and Mrs. George J. Pearce have re

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bölter, of Roseburg, visited this week with Mr. and Mrs. F. J.

Bolter in this city.

Miss Laura Miller is visiting in Portland. Miss Bertha Slater left for Salem Mon-

Christmas with Mr. Ankeny. Miss Margaret Bannard will spend the holidays in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Kirkland left Sunday Mrs. J. W. White returned Monday from

41 Miss Stella Robinson returned Tuesday at from a four months' visit in California.

R. A. Booth and family are in Wilbur ing the holidays with Mrs. Booth's

Oregon City. Mrs. Theodore W. Clark left Monday for San Francisco to spend the holidays. Miss Ethel Albright returned Wednes-

day from a four months' visit in Red Bluff, Cal. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Osburn and son left Friday for their home in Champoeg, after spending the holidays with rela-

tives in this city. The mask ball of Les Papillon Club, in the Armory Friday night, was attended by a large number of people, and was a very enjoyable affair.

Mrs. Harry J. Harding returned Wednes day from New York, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. A. J. Lewthwaite, and son, who will spend several months here.

Mrs. P. C. Fullerton, who has been visting her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Glass, in this city, for the past week, left Saturday for her home in Corvailis. She was accompanied by Mrs. Glass, Miss Cor-nella Glass and Waldo Caufield, who will a week in Corvallis, returning next Saturday.

Stanford Glee and Mandolin Clubs Saturday evening was the reception tendered the members of the clubs after the performance by Clackamas Council, No. 2007, Royal Arcanum, under whose auspices the concert was given. Two hundred invitations were issued, and from 10:30 until midnight Willamette Hall was thronged with guests. Light refreshments followed

Pendleton.

Miss Eva Froome is spending the holidays in Portland. Mrs. Otto Boettcher has returned from isit of several weeks with relatives in

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Robinson entertained at dinner on Christmas day at their home on Jackson street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Halley, Sr., of Bolse, Idaho, are in the city visiting their sons, John Hailey, Jr., and T. G. Hailey. The Elks gave a Christmas tree

lance on Christmas night which was highly enjoyed by the Elks and their ladies. Miss Bess Switzler has gone to Portland, where she will join a party of friends and go to San Francisco to remain for

several weeks. Colonel and Mrs. William Parsons and daughter, Miss Ethel Parsons, sailed Saturday from Seattle for the Philippines. They go to join their son, William Pareons, Jr., who has been in the Philippine for two years, and who was recently married to a Spanish lady there.

Grant's Pass,

Miss May Sutton, of the Grant's Pass schools, is spending the week with her parents at Ashland. Professor and Mrs. W. H. Hampton returned Wednesday from Portland from visit of a few days. Miss Mary Sydow, of the Grant's Pass schools, is spending the holidays with her

parents at Central Point. Will Fry, who is attending the Oregon Agricultural College, at Corvallis, has arrived home to spend the holidays. Mrs. Almy and daughter, Miss Abble,

Mrs. Davidson, of Lewiston, Idaho, who has been visiting her sisters, Mrs. F. G. Isham, and Mrs. G. W. Thomas, left on Monday for her return home. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Wiseman, formerly of this city, but now of Fostoria, O., arrived in Grant's Pass Tuesday to spend the holidays with Mrs. Wiseman's mother, Mrs. L. A. First J. A. France of the control of the contro Mrs. L. A. Kinney. Roseburg.

S. T. Barnes and wife, of Portland, are visiting their son, Edgar Coombs. Dr. L. H. Hamilton, of Portland, is visting his parents, Dr. S. Hamilton and

Mrs. Lydia Webb left Tuesday for Tacoma, Wagh., to reside, after four years' residence here. Mrs. William R. Willis is home from a

visit with her daughter, Mrs. C. W. Sher. man, in Portland Mrs. H. H. Brooks and two daughters arrived this week from Anarilla, Texas, and will make this their future home.

Miss Garnet Otey, who is attending col-lege in Albany, is home spending holidays with her parents, E. H. Otey and family. Miss Ruth Hamilton, who is attending St. Helen's Hall, in Portland, is home for the holidays with her parents, Judge J. W. Hamilton and family.

La Grande.

Dr. N. K. Hall left for Eaton, Canada Monday, where he will visit his parents and friends.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Fire-men will give its tenth annual ball in the Commercial Club Hall, New Year's eve. O. W. Williams and wife left Tuesday for a trip to Southern California. They will stop off at Portland, Albany and Eu-

Thomas McConnell and daughter, Mrs Bostwick, who have been in La Grande several months, left Monday for their home at Elk Grove, Cal.

Misses Anna and Stella Brooks returned nome for vacation Tuesday from Whitman College, where they are taking work in the musical conservatory.

Woodburn.

Walter L. Tooze and little sons visited Mrs. J. J. Hall and little son are visiting

Portland relatives. Mrs. A. E. Austin and children are visitng relatives in Portland.

T. G. McClung and family are guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Loules. Mrs. W. A. Leonard and little daughter are visiting relatives in Eugene. Mr. and Mrs. John Waterbury are

guests of relatives in Woodburn. Captain and Mrs. W. E. Finger are ding the holidays with Albany relatives. Mrs. C. H. Trask returned home Satur

day from a few weeks' visit with her son S. E. Trask, and wife at Tungeny.

Mrs. E. D. Smith is visiting her daughter at Snohomish.

Mrs. Lizzie Shultz, of Seattle, visited Mrs. Frank Waters this week. Mrs. Ollie Hendershot, of Portland, and child are visiting the family of S. T. Crow. Hon. W. H. H. Myers and daughter spent their Christmas in Portland, with

Mrs. Jessie Ward-Gregg is spending the holidays with her father, Dr. D. N. Ward, here. She returned from Texas last Monday.

Professor William Fletcher, of Pacific University, and wife are at the home of her family near Vancouver, Wash., during the holidays.

McMinnville.

Miss Hallie Reynolds is visiting her par-

Miss Pearl Chandler has returned to her me in Forest Grove. Miss Maude Hanning is home from Portland Business College for the holiday

Mrs. Kate Heath will leave for Manila, P. L., there to join her husband the first of next month.

Mies Valeria Patty returned home from Snohomish, Wash., Saturday evening, and Mise Matty Patty arrived from South Bend, Wash., Monday evening to visit

city. Miss Eva French is the guest of Port land friends. Dell Burkhart, of Portland is visiting

Albany friends. Miss Eva Simpson, of Tacoma, is hom for the holidays. Mrs. Emma Anderson, of Portland, is

visiting friends in the city. Charles Chamberlain, of Portland, visited friends in this city during the week Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Simpson, of Portland, are guests at the home of George Simp

Junction City.

Mrs. Lawton, of Portland, department president of the W. R. C., paid the corps f this city an official visit the first the week, and a special meeting was called in her honor. Mrs. Lawton was on her annual inspection tour, and gave an interesting address to the members, Instructing them in the work of this plendid order to an enthusiastic degree. speeches followed by Mrs. Dr. Lee, Mrs. Folsom and others, concluding with a musical programme. Mrs. Lawton was the guest of Mrs. H. S. Warner, president of the corps, during her stay in the city.

Warren.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. Raigh Hazen, Saturday, December 29, at 12 noon. The groom was Mr. James Bacon, son of Mr. James Bacon, Sr., a merchant of this place. The bride was Miss Edyth Hazen, daughter of Mr. Ralph Razen, of Warren. Both young people are well known and highly esteemed. Rev. Lew Davies performed

he ceremony. Mr. H. H. Clark, manager of the Noon Ranch, accompanied by his wife, has gone to California, to be away until next

Dallas.

Mrs. H. E. Koser arrived home from visit in Pennsylvania this week. Mrs. F. G. Elliott went to Brownsville

. Hale, last Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bryan and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bryan are the guests of Portland relatives this week, Miss Lina Stouffer, of Eastern Oregon

is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Stouffer, in this city.

indies of Seaside Hive, No. 25, L. O.

. M., held a bazaar and entertainment December 12-13, of which one of the principal features was the voting for a beau tiful doll, netting them a neat sum of \$143 The winner of the doll was Miss Mabe

Independence. Mrs. Miles Hendrick and daughter, of

McMinnville, visited relatives here this Mr. and Mrs. William Mattison, of oria, are visiting at the home of J. E. Hubbard, this city. Mr. and Mrs. George Claggett, Mrs. Sa-

Portland, spent Christmas in town. VANCOUVER BARRACKS. Largest Party of the Season Given

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, De (Special.)-The handsomest social affair of the season was the fancy-dress ball given by the officers and ladies of the Seven-

rah Young and Miss Mabel Wells, all of

walls were hidden under large American flags and groups of arms, forming a gay background to the many colored costumes background to the many colored costumes of the dancers. The guests were received by Mrs. G. A. Goodale, Mrs. L. Febiger, Mrs. C. Reichmann and Mrs. J. K. Hart. They were: Major and Mrs. Evans, Major and Mrs. Richmond. Mrs. Sutherly, Colonel and Mrs. Richmond. Mrs. Sutherly, Colonel and Mrs. Nye, Colonel and Mrs. Wilcox, Major and Mrs. Dyer, Colonel Woodbury, Captain and Mrs. Kinly, Captain and Mrs. Hardaway, Captain and Mrs. Chynoweth, Captain and Mrs. Crowley, Major and Mrs. Ebert, Lieutenant and Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Van Horn. Captain and Mrs. Captain ley, Major and Mrs. Ebert, Lieutenant and Mrs. Harper, Mrs. Van Horn, Captain and Mrs. Hunt, Colohel and Mrs. Wolverton, Mrs. McCammon, Lieutenant Wolverton, Mrs. McCammon, Lieutenant and Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. East-man, Mrs. Bateman, Mrs. Clayton, Mrs. Wolverton, Mrs. Stevens and Miss Rock-well, of Portland; Colonel and Mrs. Gray-, Miss Trotter, Miss Davis, Miss oar, Miss McCammon, Miss Hathaway, the Misses Febiger and Chynoweth, Miss Warrens, Miss Eastman, Miss McBride, Miss Rice, Miss Bateman, Lieutenants Carr, Nelson, Waldo, Foulvis, Dewey, Lawson, Wilson, Mitchell, Allen, Van Horn, Ashbrooke, Dr. Chance, Messrs, Anderson, Riddle, Trotter, McCammon, Ralph Bateman, Van Horn.

Walla Walla.

Troops E. and G. Ninth Cavalry (col-ored) gave a full-dress dancing party at the Fort Walla Walla hop hall Wednesday evening.

Ralph Fenton, of Goldendale, and Miss Elia Fox, of Walla Walla, were married Wednesday evening at the residence of Councilman J. Z. Smith. Rev. Albert Dale Gantz, of the Brick Church, performed the ceremony. After a Christmas and wedding dinner the bride and groom left on their honeymoon for Southern Cali-

Two of Walla Walla's most popular young people were secretly married in Portland last Tuesday, and returned to this city Wednesday morning. The wedding is a chapter in a pretty little romance. For months Mr. Carl Church and Miss Neille Ely have been devoted friends, and it was generally understood that they were engaged. Miss Ely has been a student of St Maley's Hell Portlands and the second secon dent at St. Helen's Hail, Portland, and her parents had desired that she remain in school at least two years more. Monday the young couple left Walia Walia, but for different points, Miss Ely going to Pendleton, Or., ostensibly to visit, and Mr. Church going to Wallula on business. However, they arrived at Portland Tues day and were married at the residence of Rev. A. J. Montgomery, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, who had known Mr. Church since boyhood. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Walter M. Ely, and the groom is a salesman for Dement Bros. Company, and prominent in social and lodge circles.

Simplicity marked the marriage Nesmith Ankeny, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Levi Ankeny, of Walla Walla, and Miss Edna Eversz, daughter of Mrs Eversz, of Walla Walla, and niece of Sen ator and Mre. Ed Baumeister, of Asotin, which occurred at the Ankeny residence Wednesday morning. Rev. Andreas Bard, of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, officiated. No formal cards were sent out and only relatives and near friends of the young people were present. On arrival at the Ankeny residence the guests were ushered into the spacious parlor, where a cheer-ful fire was burning in the wide-open fireplace. Sprigs of mistletoe and holly hung here and there, and flowers and ribbons completed the decorations. The cere mony took place beneath a canopy in the front window. Mrs. Annie Baumelster, of Asotin, cousin of the bride, played the wedding march from "Lohengrin." Mr. John Ankeny, brother of the groom, was best man, and the bride was attended by her cousin, Mrs. Thompson, of Lewiston, Idaho. The beautiful ring ceremony of the Episcopal church was pronounced to the accompaniment of De Koven's "Oh, Promise Me." After a wedding break-fast the couple were driven to the depot, amld a shower of rice, with a white streamer tied to the carriage. They went at once to their home near Washtucna, where Mr. Ankeny has charge of the

Chehnlis. Miss Anna Koontz is home from the ormal school at Ellensburg.

Miss Hanna Hiller, of Denver, is the of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Miller. Mrs. Sophia Bechley has gone to Wiswhere she will spend the Winter with friends. Mrs. Will Steel has returned to Port-

land, after a visit with Mrs. William La Salle in Chehalis. Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Millett and Daniel A. Millett have gone to Phoenix, Ariz., to remain during the Winter,

Mrs. L. H. Wilson and Miss Blanche Wilson are over from Hood River, visit-ing acquaintances in Chehalis. County Superintendent and Mrs. George A. Spencer are in Seattle this week vis-ting relatives and will attend the meet-ing of the State Teachers' Association

next week. Christmas was a quiet day in Chebalis but many family dinners were enjoyed. There were several Christmas trees in the churches Christmas eve, and on Christmas night a party of young people enjoyed a dancing party in the opera-

Winfock.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland Smith entertained it dinner on Christmas day.

The Macons will give a dinner at the Ma The Rebekah necktie social at the Odd Fellows' Hall Saturday evening of last week was an enjoyable affair. The masquerade at the Fowler Opera-

House Wednesday evening, December 24, was well attended and a pleasant time enjoyed. Miss Zina Harrington, who has studying music in Portland for the last two months, returned home Friday. She was accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Amanda Colbath, of Salem, Or., who will

spend the holidays with her parents, Mr.

and Mrs. T. S. Harrington.

A big Christmas ball was given at Person's Opera-House Thursday night. The M. E. Church Sunday school had Christmas programme Christmas even

A beautiful Christmas tree programm as given at the Christian Church Christmas eve. Professor W. W. Hewit, principal of Satsop school, and Miss Dora Grayson were married at the home of Senator

O'Donnell December 24. A charming wedding took place at the home of Mrs. Sarah Price Christmas eve, on the occasion of the marriage of her daughter. Bessle, to John F. Langenbach, Daniel Trundle, officiating minister.

The Christmas dance was a great success. The hall could scarcely accommo supper at Ballhorn's Hotel.

Rainier. The drama "A Fisherman's Luck" was

vell played and merited much applause. The comedy drama given by the Rain-Dramatic Club Saturday night well attended.

Kalama. The churches held their usual services

Wednesday night. A Christmas party was given Miss Jen nie Spurrell Friday evening by her sister. A social dance was given at Carson's Hall Thursday evening by a club of Ka-lama young people. A delightful time is

Mrs. W. H. Spurrell and daughter Jen

Post Hall was beautifully decorated, under the supervision of J. K. Hart, with Oregon grape leaves, which formed a canopy overhead and from which were suspended many red Chinese lanteness. The walls were hidden under leaves the chinese lanteness. SEALSKIN JACKETS



CABLEGRAMS from the sales held in London December 17 announce that the price of Sealskins advanced 221/2 per cent. Owing to our unusual facilities for securing the best sealskins in large quantities we have decided not to advance the price for sealskin garments at present. We would urge you to leave your order now, as a further advance in price is not improbable, and we may be compelled to raise the price of these garments if prices should continue to climb.

H. LIEBES & CO.

spending the holidays with Mrs. P. S. Darnell. Among the holiday social affairs was the Christmas tree and dinner at Mrs. W. B. Chapman's, at which the family and a

FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.

large number of friends were present.

Police Magistrate in New York Save Former Superior From Jail.

New York Press.

Magistrate Crane, who is famous for his memory of faces and the fact that he never forgets a friend and always forgets an enemy, was the center of an interested little group yesterday in Harlem Court when a man he had not seen for 30 years came up for sentence. The prisoner was Joseph S. Whitfield, bent and even more broken than his 60

years would warrant. He had been as

in the gutter at One Hundred and Ninth street and Third avenue. He had no address to give as home, and the charge against him was intoxication "The island is a good place for you this cold weather," said the arresting police-

man reassuringly; but, much to his sur-price, the old man protested. When the prisoners were lined up in the courtroom Magistrate Crane ran his eye down the ragged line in involuntary effort to refresh his memory and learn whether he had seen any of the prisoners before. Yes, he had. There was the same monotonous array, coming up for the second third and fourth times. And that old fel-low about midway in the line probably had been there before, too-there was some thing familiar about his face, drawn though it was with age and care.

There was an unusual light in Crane's eye when he called a court officer and told him to request the old man to come to the desk out of his turn. Crane used the word "request" when he said this. Somewhat surprised, but still dignified, the prisoner went to the desk, and there followed a talk in low voice heard only by those for-tunate enough to be near the Magistrate.

"Isn't your name Joseph S. Whitfield?" asked the Magistrate.
"Yes," said the astonished man, leaning heavily on the rall for support.
"Didn't you work for H. B. Claffin 30 years ago?"

"Yes," was all Whitfield could say.
"You don't remember me," said Crane, extending a hand that was clasped in tremulous uncertainty, "but I was a boy in the store under you then. I was making this. Has drink brought it about?"

"No." was all the old man could say in an amazed way. He was told to go into a private room and wait for the Magisrate. Wondering he was led there. Crane had a talk with Whitfield, and learned he had suffered a sunstroke about

16 years ago, which had so affected his nerves that he often fell from helpless-ness. Whitfield had worked his way up in the Clafin Company from the position of an errand boy to that of a departmen manager at a salary of \$8000 a year, with more than \$2000 in commissions. He then opened a place in No. 22 White reet, where he dealt in silks, but failed '73. That took his heart, and after losing his wife and only daughter by death he

parted with his remaining property place by place. Of recent years he has been earning a scant living by peddling, and sleeping in cheap lodging-houses.

Crane listened to the story and gave the old man enough for a good meal, telling him to come back in an hour. Somewhat more cheerful Whitfield appeared prompt ly, but not before a court officer had beer

ut and investigated and reported to "You want to go to California, don't you?" asked the Magistrate.

The astonished Whitfield only could fall back on his monosyllable "Yes."

"You have sisters out there who want you to come to them, but you haven't been able to raise the railroad fare. Well, I will pay that for you, and may you live many years in that delightful climate." Whitfield will start for California on Monday, and, meanwhile he is not ped-dling trinkets or sleeping in Bowery lodg-

ig houses.
"I'm glad I was on the bench," was all Magistrate Crane would say afterward. one might have sent him to the workhouse."

The Bargain Counter. Chicago Tribune. The English woman who tells the Chicago woman that cheap buying is an injury to the family and to society, and

that they must scorn the allurements of the bargain counter and search for the true, the tasteful, and the beautiful in-stead of the cheap, is wasting her elo-quence on deaf ears. If the garden of Eden had contained a bargain counter the tasteful, and the beautiful inwomen would long ago have defied the an-gel and his flaming sword and broken in. The bargain counter is not to be condemned so unsparingly. It has its snares for the ignorant. It also has its real bar gains for the experienced. The woman who is first on the ground and who knows something about the quality of goods us ually can get something which is worth more than she pays for it. It is the hope of getting a prize which draws women to the bargain counter. They have the gambling spirit even as men have, and it is better that they should gratify it in a they often buy things which are neither nor beautiful, nor really cheap,

288 MORRISON STREET JOHN P. PLAGEMANN, Manager, nie and Mr. C. O. Ballew, of Etna, are buying lotttry tickets or pools. The bargain counter is a comparatively harmless safety valve. It provides a little ex-citement for many who would otherwise lead dull and monotonous lives. There are few delights so keen as that enjoyed by the woman who sees the material she coveted, but whose orginal price is beyond her reach, deposited at last on the bargain counter marked down to a figure which suits her purse. This is one of the pleasures which wealthy people cannot enjoy. As for the tawdry rubbish which some people buy on and off the bargain counter, it is useless to tell them not to

CAREER OF DR. TEMPLE.

buy it, for it seems beautiful to them

and its ownership ministers to their hap-piness. It is expedient to let people con-

sult their own tastes even in the buying

of dry goods.

How Publication of "Essays and Reviews" Weakened His Influence. The death and burial of the Most Rev-

erend Frederick Temple, archbishop of Canterbury, have recalled to the minds of many readers the "Essays and Reviews," which appeared in 1860. The volume, which bore this title consisted of seven papers, as follows: 1. The "Education of the World," by Dr. Temple, then headmaster of Rugby School. 2. "Bunsen's Biblical Researcher." Biblical Researches," by Dr. Rowland Williams. 3. "The Study of the Evidences of Christianity," by Professor Baden-Powell. 4. "The National Church," by Rev. H. B. Wilson. 5. "The Mosaic Cos-mogony," by Rev. C. W. Goodwin. 6. "Tendencies of Religious Thought in England." by Mark Pattison. 7. The In-terpretation of Sections "by Mark terpretation of Scripture," by Professor Benjamin Jowett. Each writer assumed responsibility for his own paper only. The Quarterly Review for January, 1861, con-tained a stricture on the "Essays and Re-views," from the pen of Samuel Wilberfrom the pen of Samuel Wilber-force, then bishop of Oxford. So great was the interest aroused that five edi-tions of the January Issue were printed. Wilberforce used the following language: "The pleasing but feeble religious tones of Dr. Temple and the earnest and often loving and plaintive utterances of Mr. Jowett are somewhat rudely contrasted with the scarcely veiled atheism of Mr Baden-Powell, with the open skepticism and laxity of Mr. Wilson, and the daring flippancy of Dr. Williams; but all com bine in the great common lines of thought which pervade the whole volume and make it what it is. The English church needs in her posts of trust such men as his past career has made us believe Dr. Temple to be. There is undoubtedly language in his essay, which, standing as it does among the others, must be construed in connection with them, and which, when so construed, contains the germ of their developed errors. Yet the essay itself, as a whole, is dif-ferent in tone from those around it, and contains nowhere any direct statement of such sophistries or skepticism as abound throughout the rest."

Dr. Temple was constitutionally cau-tious, and it may be assumed that he did not anticipate the trouble which his colleagues were preparing for him. Some of them sought to fortify themselves by the aid of his name, without giving him any fair warning. Had he suspected what the general tendency of the book would be, he would have stood aloof from it. No one knew better than he that "a man is known by the company he keeps, as well in writing as in walking along the street. Although the mistake of 1860 was never repeated, yet a generation passed away before orthodox churchmen had full confidence in Dr. Temple. The late Queen, however, esteemed him highly. In 1869 Dr. Henry Philipotts passed away, in his 92d year. He was the able and pugnacious bishop of Exeter. In December of that year Dr. Temple suc-ceeded to the vacant see. In 1885 he was translated to London, upon the death of Dr. John Jackson. Eleven years later he became primate of all England, succeed, ing Dr. Benson, who died suddenly at Hawarden. His successor in Exeter was Edward Henry Bickersteth, the acmplished author of "Yesterday, Today and Forever." His successor in London was Mandell Creighton, the historian, Who will succeed him in the primatial We shall probably know in four or five weeks, possibly sooner RICHARD H. THORNTON.

A Chicago "Quick Lunch." New York Times.

"Where can we get a quick lunch?" asked one of the official stenographers of the National Civic Federation who came on from Chicago to report the proceed-ings of the executive committee of the industrial department of that organiza

Before the reporter to whom the question was addressed could tell of the neigh-boring "beef-and" places which met his idea of a "quick lunch." the Chicago stenographer asked how far it was to —'s, mentioning a place where a New Yorker would not go unless he had several dollars to spare for luncheon and a couple of hours to devote to gustatory delights. The stenographers compromised on one of the best downtown restaurants, "We had a good, quick lunch," said

"And it only took us an hour."
"Do you call that a 'quick lunch' in Chicago?" asked the reporter. New York."

one of the stenographers on their return

Basket-making employs 500,000 persons in

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