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also solicited.

EAST OREGONIAN PUB. CO

THE LATEST STYLES.

What is Being Worn in the Way of
Sleeves and Skirts.

The latest sleeve is close fitting to the elbow, where it is confined by a band of embroidery. From this flare two narrow ruffles, under which there is a puff of lace confined in a tight band of embroidery.

All the new skirts flare a great deal at the bottom. This flaring effect is



OF DOTTED MOUSSELINE.

gained by a single gored flounce or several narrow gored ruffles edged with bias folds. Ruffles all tucked appear on many of the spring costumes. These flaring effects are to go with the ever increasing size of the sleeves.

Rounded revers and fronts are the order of the day. Nearly all the dressy jackets are made open front and the space filled in with a soft front of lace, chiffon and brocade.

One of the latest skirts is box plaited all the way around. Each box plait is trimmed with five strappings, which are apparently buttoned to the skirt. There is a stitched yoke around the hips.

A simple and at the same time stylish gown is shown in the sketch. It is of black veiling dotted in white, and it is made up over a lining of white silk. The waist is bloused both back and front and is trimmed with three wide bands of black chantilly. The sleeves are tight fitting to the elbow, where they develop into puffs. The skirt has a full flounce headed by a band of the lace.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

NET AND POINT D'ESPRIT.

They Make Useful Gowns and Sepa-
rate Skirts.

A point d'esprit net gown is by far the most useful evening dress for a young girl. This fabric is a decided improvement on the tulle and veilings, for, in spite of the somewhat ethereal appearance of point d'esprit, it is very durable. A very handsome



OF BLACK NET.

effect can be given by the addition of many frills bound with narrow satin or velvet ribbon.

At some of the shops separate skirts of point d'esprit and net can be bought ready made. These are especially useful in black, white or cream and may be worn with chiffon or lace waists for dinner or informal occasions.

The all lace frock has by no means departed. There has been a revival of it this winter. Some of these dresses are very magnificent. The underskirt consists of endless flounces of accordion plaited chiffon. The overdrapery

of lace is often mingled with bands of mink or sable. Jet and beading of every sort are to be worn on the summer lace gowns.

The smart gown in the illustration is of black veiling over white silk. The waist is decollete, but has long, tight fitting sleeves. There are three tiny velvet straps over the shoulders. Both waist and skirt are profusely ornamented with black chiffon appliques in a decided flower pattern.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

Sarcasm That Failed.

A certain Englishman by birth who is an American by force of circumstances has been in this country long enough to absorb the American idea of humor. Last summer he was in London on a visit and happening to have business with a man on an upper floor of a tall building took the "lift" to reach his office. The elevator was one of those excessively deliberate British affairs, and its snail-like progress annoyed the Americanized Briton. The only other occupant of the car was a middle aged Englishman, with a manner of peculiarly English seriousness. The man from America ventured to address him.

"I think I could make a great improvement in this lift," he said. The Englishman looked seriously interested.

"How?" he asked. "Why," the other man went on, "I'd make it go faster by a simple little arrangement. I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."

The Englishman looked slightly more interested.

"How?" he asked.

Sponges.

Sponges grow in odd, fantastic shapes. Some of them have an overgrowth resembling huge warts. There are some suggesting hands, hats and figures of idols. These are curiosities and not marketable for practical use. In trimming them into shape many small sponges are made which are used for children's sashes, for blacking shoes and in making paper. The uses vary according to size.

One of the largest sponges known is in New York city. It is fan shape and some three feet in diameter. For practical use it is worthless, but as an exhibit it is valued at \$100.

The best sponges are imported from the Mediterranean, although Florida produces very fine varieties. These vary in price from a cent to \$20 apiece, although occasionally fine specimens bring \$60 a pound. The best of these are used in surgical operations.

Other sponges are the mandruka batt, the elephant ear, velvet, grass and sheep's wool, which is best for washing. The cheap sponges are used in washing carriages and by painters.

A Curious Indian Custom.

In the original settlements in British Columbia a peculiar institution occasioned gala times for the red men now and then. This was the "potlatch," a thing to us so foreign, even in the impulse of which it is begotten, that we have no word or phrase to give its meaning. It is a feast and merrymaking at the expense of some man who has earned or saved what he deems considerable wealth, and who desires to distribute every lot of it at once in edibles and drinkables among the people of his tribe or village. He does this because he aspires to a chieftainship or merely for the credit of a "potlatch," a high distinction. Indians have been known to throw away such a sum of money that their "potlatch" has been given in a huge shed built for the feast, and blankets and ornaments have been distributed in addition to the feast.

Celt and Saxon.

One of Sheridan's tales was of an Irishman who met a Briton, of the true John Bull pattern, standing with folded arms in a contemplative mood, apparently meditating on the greatness of his little island.

"Allow me to differ with ye!" exclaimed the Celt.

"But I have said nothing, sir," replied John Bull.

"And a man may think a lie as well as publish it," persisted the pugnacious Hibernian.

"Perhaps you are looking for fight?" queried the Briton.

"Allow me to compliment ye on the quickness of yer perception," said Patrick, throwing down his coat, and then they pitched in.

What He Missed.

Mrs. De Style—It's a pity you could not have heard that sermon today.

Mr. De Style—After paying for your Sunday wardrobe I haven't money enough left to buy myself a decent thing to wear.

Mrs. De Style—That's just it, and that sermon would have made you bluish for very shame. It was on the "Idolatrous Worship of Fine Clothes."

—New York Weekly.

His Gray Hairs.

Sunday School Teacher—Remember, children, always respect gray hair.

Tommy Traddles—Well, my pa does not.

Sunday School Teacher (in astonishment)—What makes you think that?

Tommy Traddles—He dyes his whiskers.—Exchange.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

The subject of a new public building to be located on the square bounded by Jackson place, Seventeenth and H streets and Pennsylvania avenue, just north of the state, war and navy department building, is under discussion by the senate committee on public buildings and grounds. Senator Fairbanks, the chairman of this committee, some time ago introduced a bill in the senate providing for a building on this site for the departments of state and justice. That bill has been under discussion, and it has already been decided by the committee that such a building should contain offices for the president of the United States, so that it will probably be styled the executive, state and justice building.

The square just north of Pennsylvania avenue, between Jackson place and Seventeenth street, is regarded as admirably suited for a building in which the offices of the president can be located. It is contemplated to construct between the building and the White House a tunnel, so that when the president desires he can pass from his office to his home without going out of doors. This tunnel will be lighted by electricity and ornamented in such a way that it will appear, in fact, no different from a finished corridor in the building.

After White House Rats.

A new rat catcher has come to town bent on exterminating the rats at the White House. He's willing to work by the day, job or scalp. His card reads: "W. B. Linticum, Professional Rat Catcher. All Work Guaranteed."

Linticum, who came here from Baltimore, is a constituent of Representative Wachter. He saw Mr. Wachter and offered to send at once for his "instruments"—eleven ferrets and five dogs.

"For heaven's sake, don't bring them to the capitol!" pleaded Mr. Wachter, who at once wrote Secretary Cortelyou asking that the president consider Maryland in distributing any patronage connected with the rat killing industry.

Linticum claims to be the champion rat killer of the world. He estimates that he has exterminated more than a million rats.

"I could clean out that White House in a few days," he said. Linticum will remain in town until he hears from Secretary Cortelyou.

Rat traps, rat poisons and rat killing suggestions continue to pour into the White House.

An Unconventional President.

The other day the president paralyzed some old conservatives by being seen in the street playing ball with some boys. The president didn't know who the boys were, and it did not make the slightest difference to him. They were having a fine time when he came along, and the sight of their joy was too much for him. He promptly asked to be let in, and the first thing the boys knew they were playing ball with a president of the United States who did not approve of the particular curve they affected and began teaching them a new one. For ten minutes he delighted them and apparently himself and then went on his way, while the youngsters cheered him off.

It is that sort of thing that astonishes official Washington until it is holding its breath in wonder. They never saw the like before, and it flies in the face of anything else they ever heard of, and nothing but the president's personal popularity saves him from severe criticism.

His pet expressions also come in for much comment, as many of them are those popular as a rule among country folk and rarely heard in the city. He edified some persons who were with him in the cabinet room the other day by exclaiming, "By gosh!" and in the space of two hours he had used it a number of times, interspersed by "land sakes," to which was sometimes added "alive."

Elkins' Luck.

The elevator conductor heard three bells. It was the senatorial signal. At the same instant came another three bells. The man glanced at the indicator and saw that one signal came from the basement and the other from the top floor. It was evident that two senators, one at each end of the shaft, were in a hurry to get to the senate to answer the roll call.

The elevator cage was between the two extremes. The man at the rope did not hesitate. Taking a coin out of his pocket, he gave it a spin and covered it with his foot. "Heads up, tails down!" he said.

The coin had fallen head upward. The elevator ascended to the top story, and that is why Senator Elkins reached the senate chamber ahead of Senator Quarles.

District Wants Loan.

Congress will be asked to lend the District \$11,000,000 for necessary public improvements. The list of items embraces a filtration reservoir for Potomac water, a complete system of sewage disposal, improvements of the streets, roads and highways of the District and the reclamation of the Anacostis flats and their conversion into a public park.

The amount of the loan to be solicited has been agreed upon by twelve of the fourteen citizens' associations of

the District of Columbia, and these bodies will co-operate in securing that sum.

Give the Homely Ones a Show.

The government printing office turned out senate bill No. 65, introduced by Mr. Hale, with its title reading, "A bill providing for the retirement of pretty officers and enlisted men of the navy."

"Good idea!" said Senator Tillman. "Retire all the pretty ones, and give Bob Evans a chance."

CARL SCHOFIELD.

"Dry as Statistics."

It is fairly obvious that the study of statistics is not exactly what would be termed a popular pastime, says Winthrop M. Daniels in The Atlantic. Librarians do not discover any extensive demand for statistical literature. Sir John Lubbock, if I remember rightly, found no place for a single volume of figures in his hundred best books, and in that flood of articles on "Books That Have Helped Me, by Authors Great and Authors Small," the same significant silence seemed to be maintained. There were some very curious books that had apparently proved helpful to certain persons, but there was unbroken testimony of a negative kind that nobody had ever been helped by a blue book.

To say of anything "as dry as statistics" is at once to consign it to the nethermost limbo of aridity. Such is the verdict upon the finished statistical product. As for the methods employed in constructing such tables—weighted averages, index numbers or curves of error—these to the wayfarer are hidden and ingenious refinements of cruelty, to be avoided at all hazards or at least forgotten with a shudder and a prayer.

How He Fooled the Dog.

A gentleman who is fond of studying wild animals in their natural surroundings once had an opportunity of seeing for himself an example of the cunning for which the fox has become proverbial.

As he was standing near the bank of a river one winter day, he saw a fox run out upon the ice and make straight for a hole. At the edge of the opening he stopped, turned, followed his tracks back to the bank, ran down the stream and paused to await developments.

In a little while a dog came tearing out of the woods, with his nose close to the ice and snow. He ran along the ice with his head down, following the scent until he reached the opening. It was then too late to check his speed. He plunged into the water and was lost under the ice.

The fox meantime had waited in plain sight to watch the effect of his little trick. After the dog came into view the fox remained perfectly motionless until he saw his old enemy disappear. Then, with a look on his face which seemed to combine a good natured grin with a mild contempt, he went nonchalantly off about his business.

A Curious Palm of South America.

One of the most curious palms in the world is called the Ita and is very abundant on the banks of the Amazon, Rio Negro and Orinoco rivers. In the delta of the latter it occupies swampy tracts, which are at times completely inundated and present the appearance of forests rising out of the water. The swamps are inhabited by a tribe of Indians called Guaranas, who subsist almost entirely upon the produce of the tree. During the annual floods they suspend their houses from tops of the tall stems of the palms. The outer skin of the young leaves is made into cords for hammocks, and the soft inner bark yields a nutritious farinaceous substance.

The Champion Thin Man.

A knot of men was gathered in the smoking room at the club the other evening. All ordinary topics had been exhausted, and they finally entered upon a contest to see who could tell the most remarkable story about the fat men or the lean men they had seen. A veritable Ananias was awarded first prize without a dissenting voice when he asserted that he had met in his travels a man so thin that he could "go through a fute without striking a note."

What the Baby Needed.

"Papa," said Tommy, "little brother is a week old tomorrow, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"Let's you and me give him a birthday present."

"Very well. What shall it be?"

"Let's buy him a wig. He needs that more than anything."

A Choice of Professions.

"If I had not been brought up a dean," says Dr. Hole of Rochester, "there are three other vocations I should have liked to have followed—master of a pack of hounds, head gardener in a large nursery or a book-seller. I think the last is the best of the three."

No man can be brave who considers pain the greatest evil of life or temperate who regards pleasure as the highest good.—Cicero.

By the time we get what we want in life we want something else a great deal more.—Saturday Evening Post.

HOTELS.

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Fine Sample Rooms

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Block and a half from depot.
Sample Room in connection.

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