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EAST OREGONIAN PUB. CO

\$112,500 for a Prescription. The largest sum ever paid for a prescription changed hands in San Francisco August 20, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and stock \$112,500 and was paid by a party of business men for a specific for Bright's Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable diseases.

..A.. WHISTLING GIRL By Charlotte A. Canty

Copyright, 1901, by Charlotte A. Canty

They carried him in from the surgeon's room and laid him on the narrow little bed that the nurse had made ready. Her eyes were wide, and her face was pale to the lips, but her step was steady and her manner calm as they withdrew and left her alone with him.

The meaning of her words came to him slowly as the effect of the anesthetic wore off. "Nurse," he suddenly asked, "why are my eyes bandaged?"

"They have been injured," she explained, "but we think not seriously. The only way to be sure that we shall save your sight is to keep the eyes bandaged for a time."

Her quiet manner subdued him, and he was silent, but only for a moment. "Tell me first," he said, "have you seen my brother, Jim Curtis?"

A shudder ran through the girl. Yes, she had seen him, stretched out in eternal quiet. "All is well with him," she answered, "but you must be quiet now."

"He didn't see me until the last minute," went on the man, "and I had thought that he was a thousand miles away. We were fighting our way across the clearing when I saw a big fellow strike at a man just ahead of me. The man turned to parry the blow, and I saw his face. It was Jim! I remember throwing myself between the fellow and my brother, but after that I don't remember anything."

The nurse was trying to stop him. "I know," she said. "A shell burst almost in front of your face. It was Captain Jim Curtis who led the men across that clearing. It was reckless work."

"Yes, but that's Jim, though," said the man. "Why, he'd dare anything."

"Who was—that?" The patient had started up in bed, his face white with horror. The nurse sprang to him. He fell back as she reached him. He stiffened in her arms, and the blackness of despair settled down upon the heart and the hopes of the whistling girl.

The doctor's abrupt commands roused her. She was the nurse again, not the stricken woman. Together they worked to bring the patient back out of the shadow, and presently she was alone with him again.

"Nurse," he said, with a sob in his voice. "I suppose I must have been dreaming or maybe was not quite sane, but I'll swear I heard that whistle. It was Jim's signal, I know. But Jim is dead! Oh, Annie!"

face of the tall nurse as she bent above him to arrange the pillows. "I must leave you now to make my report," she said. "Be very quiet, and I will not forget your message."

The man lay still, wondering how long the darkness would last. He felt lost, lying here alone, but suddenly through the stillness there came a clear high whistle, another and then a succession of bird calls. The man lay tingling with delight in the sounds.

"Jim!" he whispered. "God bless you, lad! Thank heaven that I was with you in time!"

When the nurse came in again, she found him tranquilly smiling. "He did whistle, nurse, the same merry old whistle. Couldn't you ask him for me how Annie is? Only that?"

"I can't ask him anything," replied the girl, with forced calmness. "I shall not see him again."

The man sighed. "Well, I won't trouble you, nurse. I'd like to know how she is, though. There isn't another woman in all the world like our whistling girl."

"The nurse did not dare to speak. 'You're a stranger to me, nurse,' he went on, 'and yet I can't help telling you all about it. She lived near us all her life, but it wasn't until Jim came to me with his hopes that I realized what she was to me. I never told her. I could see that she and Jim were made for each other, but I couldn't stay there and tamely wait for the end. I—'

The nurse choked back the tears and replied in her habitual half voice: "It was the lotion that I use for your bandages. No more talking tonight, please."

"No more, nurse, but you know now why I wished to hear Jim's whistle. To hear him is to know that he is safe and that no sorrow will come to Annie."

The whistle floated up to him each morning and evening at the hour that the nurse went to report. The old airs that were familiar about his western home came to the patient listener in the darkened room. He grew stronger as the days went by, and the nurse watched him with dreamy happiness.

She had been away from him one morning, and when she returned she met the doctor at the door. He was talking with a friend, and as she stepped past him the words rang clearly in the quiet room: "To replace Captain Jim Curtis, who was killed in that skirmish on the 18th."

"Who was—that?" The patient had started up in bed, his face white with horror. The nurse sprang to him. He fell back as she reached him. He stiffened in her arms, and the blackness of despair settled down upon the heart and the hopes of the whistling girl.

SWINE BREEDING

A successful hog raiser of long experience says: There is nothing that pays quicker returns than the low cost for the improvement to be made in hogs. Considering the offspring you get from a pure bred boar at the price for which he can be bought, you cannot afford to use a poor grade boar at any price.

A record of the coupling should always be made so as to be sure when to look for the pigs. The average period of gestation is 112 days, and sows will rarely vary more than three to four days from this.

On farms where cattle are fattened for the market pigs farrowed in May and June will be large enough to follow the cattle the next winter, and the expense of wintering them will be greatly reduced, and by keeping them in the feeding yard with the cattle on the waste straw and corn fodder it will be made into fine manure, ready to apply to the fields the following spring and summer.

Pigs in winter take a great deal of care, and one of the greatest cares is to keep them in a dry, warm place. They must be fed different feed from what they get in summer time. They do not require the same amount of feed in summer as in winter. Pastures in summer furnish very much of their feed.

SUBURBAN DWELLING.

Seven Room House With Picturesque Possibilities—Cost, \$2,500. Copyright, 1902, by C. H. Vann, 41 West Twenty-fourth street, New York.

The beginning of every building season sees an ever increasing demand for suburban homes. More than ever are people becoming weary of the cramped quarters available in city and town, and more than ever are they desirous of the open air life of the country while retaining at the same time the advantages of a city residence.

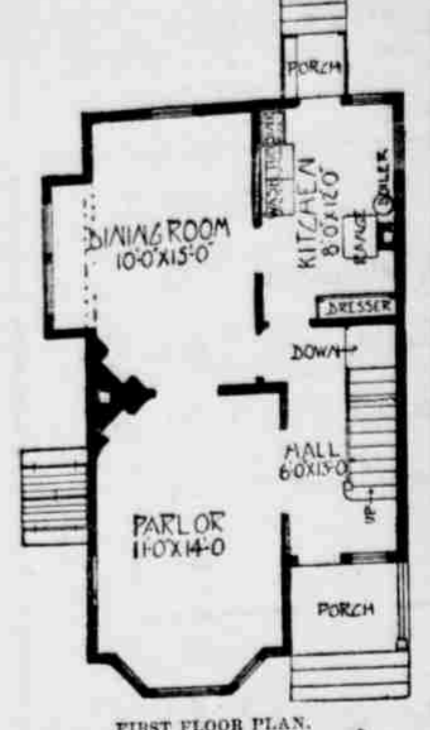
The design shown herewith is especially suited for a suburban dwelling and has, in addition to many advantages from the standpoint of a utilitarian, some very picturesque possibilities.

The rooms, seven in number, are all of a fair size and are very well arranged.



The parlor, on the left of the hall, is lighted by a bay window and boasts a Philadelphia face brick mantel. The dining room, which is entered from the parlor through an arched doorway, also has a mantel of the same material and a bay window, its whole appearance being decidedly attractive and cheerful.

windows. It has ample space for coal bins, storerooms, etc. There are three rooms on the second floor. Two are large, and all are well lighted, especially the front chamber, which has a bay window. The bathroom is in the rear of the hall, and the plumbing work is all open. Next to the bathroom is a large store closet. There is an unfinished attic, which can be reached by ladder and scuttle, and will be found useful for storage.



The exterior of the house is very simple. The foundation is built of rubble stone walls eighteen inches thick, with eight inch footing stones. The cellar bottom is of concrete three inches thick. The house is to be of balloon frame, with the framing timbers of hemlock. All floor joists, rafters and studs should be placed sixteen inches on centers. The sheathing is seven-eighths inch pine. Side walls and roof should be covered with sixteen inch

lumber, especially the front chamber, which has a bay window. The bathroom is in the rear of the hall, and the plumbing work is all open. Next to the bathroom is a large store closet. There is an unfinished attic, which can be reached by ladder and scuttle, and will be found useful for storage.



The year 1881 was a chronological oddity of the oddest kind, besides being a mathematical curiosity seldom equaled. From right to left and left to right it reads the same. Eighteen divided by 2 gives 9 as a quotient; 81 divided by 9 gives 9; if multiplied by 9, the product contains two 9s; 1 and 8 are 9; 8 and 1 are 9. If the 18 be placed under the 81 and added, the sum is 99. If the figures be added thus—1, 8, 8, 1—it will give 18 as the result. Reading to the middle from right to left or from left to right it is 18, and 18 is two-ninths of 81. By adding, dividing and multiplying ten 9s are produced, being one 9 for each year to the beginning of the last decade of the nineteenth century.

No wonder the fortune tellers, the astrologers and the mathematicians weave so many strange fancies around that curious combination of figures. It may have been what induced Mother Shipton to end her prophetic jingle with, "And at last the world to an end shall come in eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

A Wonder in Penmanship. Among the curiosities preserved by the Minnesota Historical society is a lithographed copy of an engrossment of the emancipation proclamation. The engrosser, one W. H. Pratt of Davenport, Ia., was so very skillful in his manipulations of the pen that he succeeded, by careful and exact shading of the letters, in producing a very excellent portrait of Abraham Lincoln, the author of the famous document, in the center of the copy. In other words, the lettering itself is made to form a portrait of Mr. Lincoln. There were probably a large number of them originally struck off, but copies of it are now very rare. As a specimen of pen-work it is certainly very unique.

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The Columbia Lodging House NEWLY FURNISHED BAR IN CONNECTION IN CENTER OF BLOCK BET. ALTA & WEBB STS. F. X. SCHEMPP, Prop. Daily East Oregonian by mail only 10 cents a week.