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THURSDAY, JAN. 8, 1914

DEEP TRUTHS

They say the world is round,
 But I oft times think it square,
 So many little hurts we get
 On the corners here and there.

One sad truth I've found in life
 In journeying from east to west,
 The only ones we ever wound
 Are the ones we love best.

We flatter those we scarcely know
 And please the fleeting guest,
 And deal many a thoughtless blow
 To those we love the best.
 —Communicated.

POWELL BUTTE

The holiday vacation is over and those who are attending the High School in Prineville have returned to their work.

Miss Mable Smith returned Sunday evening from Lamonta, where she has been spending the holidays with her parents. She will not open school for several days, however, as the carpenters are not quite through with the building.

Mrs. Johanna left this morning for a visit with her daughter, who lives in Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Forrest have returned from spending the holidays with friends and relatives in Bellingham, Wn. Mrs. Forrest's sister came with them for a short visit.

Mrs. Wallace Smith served a New Year's dinner to a number of the neighbors Thursday. Those seated at the table were Mr. and Mrs. Van Dorn, Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Ida Morse, the Misses Lucy Poore, Edna and Ada Morse, and Clark Morse and Mr. Smith.

Mr. Iverson has been suffering from an attack of rheumatism. Dr. Rodemeyer is attending the case.

Last Thursday evening the Misses Viola and Pauline Truesdale entertained a number of the young folks in honor of Miss Anna and John Donlavy of Clatsop Falls, who spent New Years with them. After a very pleasant evening of games and music the girls served light refreshments.

The guests present were the Misses Montgomery, Gladys and Hazel Bayn, Oma Sears, Ebba Lindquist, and the Messrs. Carl Lindquist, Alvin Riggs and Clark Morse.

Mr. Golden, who was among the first to settle on ditch land on this end of the canal, has sold his 130-acre ranch to Mr. Moore, who came here with the expectation of buying the John Rhode place. Mr. Golden has done a great deal of hard work in getting his place into a high state of cultivation, the greater part of it now being set to alfalfa and clover. Mr. Moore expects to turn the place into a first-class dairy and hog ranch.

Quite a few Powell Butte people attended the New Year's dance in Redmond, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wilcoxon and his sister, Miss Roe, Walter Foster and wife, Gladys and Hazel Bayn, Reeves Wilcoxon, Alvin Riggs, George Hobbs and Clark Morse.

Last Tuesday evening Miss Orsa Sears entertained a crowd of young folks. Besides those from the Butte there were about 20 guests from Redmond.

New Year's eve about 14 of the boys dropped in on Ross Bussett and his bride with a little Charivari party, but the principals turned up missing. And so, after playing a few tricks, such as changing the wheels on his wagon and putting his buggy on the chicken house, they gave it up. Friday night, however, another crowd called and this time they were more successful. There were a number of ladies in this crowd and the evening was spent in music and dancing. If the newlyweds have just one-half the success and happiness wished them, life will be a constant round of pleasure.

Monday evening the building committee of the Wilson school gave a benefit dance in the new building. About 25 numbers were sold. Everyone had a glorious time and went home looking forward to the next community dance.

Saturday evening Mrs. Allan Wilcoxon furnished a very pleasant evening to a number of guests in honor of her sister, Miss Roe.

James Green still makes an occasional noise in this section in the horse trading business. This week he traded Lee Hobbs a Jersey heifer for a black mare.

Harry Speer and family are spending this week in Bend.

ALFALEA

(Received too late for last week.)

Mr. Danberry has recently returned from the Willamette Valley, where he has been visiting for the past two months. He was glad to get back to Crook county again. He does not seem to think much of the valley.

The school will start again Monday. The children have been enjoying the vacation during the holidays.

Mrs. Danberry is home again from Powell Butte, where she has been working.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Hall and Omar Chambers went to Bend Thursday. Mr. and Mrs. Chambers took the train for their home in Portland. They have been spending the holidays with Otho and Harold Moloney, Frank Robarge, Ervel Baker, Veryl Boyd, Verna Sholtz, Ray Leonard, Melva Ferry, Henry Moloney, Lee Chambers, Orville Sholtz and Albert Ferry.

A Tragedy of Naples
 By F. A. MITCHEL

I was spending some time in Naples. Nearly all the curiosities in that city except those of nature are contained in the museum, and when one has "done" the museum and the buried cities he must confine himself to looking out upon the beautiful bay. One morning I climbed the high ground back of the city to get a more comprehensive view, including Vesuvius and the islands of Capri and Ischia. Coming to a suitable spot, I threw myself on the grass to regale myself in what to me is the most attractive view in the world.

Presently I heard a voice behind me, which I took for that of a woman's deep contralto.

"Parley vous Francis, monsieur?"

I turned, and there stood a young man apparently about twenty years old. He was evidently not Italian, for his hair bespoke one of the north. I speak French indifferently and appraised him of the fact. He asked me to what country I belonged, and I told him America.

"You are the very man I wish to see," he said. "I am thinking of going to America, and you can tell me how to get there."

"The shortest way is to sail from this port for New York or Boston."

"Do steamers go from here direct without stopping at any European port?"

"I think not. Some of them go to Genoa before turning westward, and I think nearly all stop at Gibraltar. Then there are the Azores and Madeira, out in the Atlantic."

He seemed disappointed at this—at least he looked so, though he did not express his disappointment in words.

"When does the next steamer sail?" he asked.

"I don't know. One sails a week from today. I go to her myself."

"A week from today," he said, evidently thinking of something else besides the starting. "At what hour?"

I told him that I had not yet learned the sailing hour; he could find out by applying at the offices of the line. He asked what stops the steamer made, and I told him only one on the European mainland—Gibraltar. When I inquired if he would be a passenger with me he said he couldn't tell; he didn't know if he would be ready. After some information I gave him about America, to which he did not seem to be listening, he made an abrupt adieu, with thanks, and went on his way down the declivity.

The houses climb the steep hills back of Naples. Sometimes the front door on the street is in the second or third story. It made me dizzy to look down into the back yard of my pension. Beneath me was a hotel with a yard in the rear off the fourth story. A gentleman—evidently of high rank, judging from his attendants—used to walk every afternoon about 3 o'clock in this yard. He appeared to be an invalid and chose that hour because he got the sunshine, for the shade in Italy is very chilly. I noticed that he was quite regular in taking his outing, and I used to watch him and the attention he received from his servants.

The afternoon of the day I sailed I was sitting at my window enjoying the view of the bay when I heard a report as of a gun or pistol. Leaning forward and glancing down into the yard of the hotel, I saw the invalid lying on the ground. Then half a dozen persons ran out of the hotel to where he lay. Presently two servants took him up and carried him into the hotel. His fall, coming so soon after the report, caused me to think that he had been shot, as could easily have been done from any of the back windows of houses on the street above the one on which the hotel faced.

I sailed the same evening without getting an explanation of what I had seen. I was inclined to think that the gentleman had fainted. I could read Italian sufficiently well to extract the gist of an item and took a newspaper aboard the ship with me. Before getting into my berth I looked it over. One of the first articles I read stated that a Russian nobleman who had been the governor of Finland had been shot that day while taking exercise in the yard of his hotel. The assassin was supposed to be a Russian. The deceased had been proscribed by the revolutionists. Considering the position from which the shot was fired, escape for the assassin was easy. He had not been arrested.

I had seen a Russian political assassination without even suspecting it. Somehow the matter got on my nerves. After passing the Azores, where we made our last stop, I noticed sitting in a steamer chair on deck a girl whose face was familiar to me. Where had I seen her? I was sure I had seen her somewhere, and that very recently. While passing her I scrutinized her, she returning my gaze with a stony stare.

The next morning, lying awake in my berth, when, after a good sleep, the sea is in perfect working order, it suddenly came to me that the young man with whom I had conversed on the heights back of Naples and this girl were one and the same person.

What should I do in the matter? Nothing I had no relish for mixing myself up in a foreign affair that might bring me no end of trouble. When I passed the girl again I did not look at her, nor did I mention the occurrence to any one aboard the ship. She never knew that I could have seen her to Siberia.

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