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MEETING OF SOCIETIES:

PRINEVILLE LODGE NO. 75, A. F. & A. M. meets on Friday night unless each full moon.
O. O. F. meets every Saturday night.

GRAND LODGE NO. 212, O. G. T. meets every Thursday night.
PRINEVILLE PLANER, No. 1, meets the first Monday evening of every month.

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He will be pleased to meet old and new customers.

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COME ONE! COME ALL!!

But be sure and bring your money with you.

CIRCLES & ELKINS.

The Soldiers Reprieve.

[N. Y. Observer.]

"I thought, Mr. Allan, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift,—no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second—he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine! Why he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinal duty! Twenty-four hours, the telegram said,—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly. "Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!"

"I should be ashamed, father!" Bennie said, "when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm!"—and he held it out so proudly before me,—for my country, when it needed it! Palsy it rather than keep it at the plow!"

"Go, then, my boy," I said, "and God keep you!" God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allan! and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Take the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

"Dear Father:—When this reaches you, I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not blind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it,—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

You know I promised Jennie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was very tired too; and as for Jennie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jennie's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve,—given to me by circumstances,—time to write to you," our good Colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jennie. The poor boy is a brave hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead. I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy could, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Saviour in a better—better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said solemnly, "Amen."

To-night, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop, waiting for me,—but I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the foot-path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands, as if in prayer. Two hours later the same young girl stood at the depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for his little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her. No, good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capital, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had but just seated himself to his morning's task, of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes, and folded hands, stood before him. "Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?" "Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom. "Bennie? Who is Bennie?" "My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember! It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely; "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jennie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jennie's night, not his, and Jennie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offence. Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up his pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was President of the United States too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell. Blossom heard this order given: "SEND THIS DISPATCH AT ONCE."

The President then turned to the girl and said: "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder." Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country."

Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and as farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks, and he was heard to say fervently, "THE LORD BE PRAISED."

The Young Man's Friend.

To a young man away from home, friendless and forlorn in the cold world, the hours of peril are those between sunset and bedtime; for the moon and stars see more evil in a single hour than the sun in a whole day's circuit. The poet's visions of evening are all composed of tender and soothing images. They bring the wanderer to his home, the child to its mother's arms, the ox to its stall, and the weary laborer to his rest. But to the gentle-hearted youth who is thrown upon the rocks of a pitiless city, and stands homeless amid a thousand homes, the approaching evening brings with it an aching sense of loneliness and desolation which comes down upon the spirit like darkness upon the earth. It brings back to his mind the scenes of home and childhood, and forces him to realize that he is a wanderer among strangers. In this mood his best impulses become a snare to him; and he is led astray because he is social, affectionate, sympathetic and warm-hearted. The young man so circumstanced should remember that books are friends to the friendless, and a library is the home of the homeless. A taste for reading will always cause him to converse with men who will influence him with their wisdom and charm him with their wit, who will soothe him when fretted, refresh him when weary, counsel him when perplexed, and sympathize with him at all times. Evil spirits in the middle ages were driven away by a bell, book and candle, but all of these agents that are needed by the homeless youth are the book and candle.

A man who had filed a petition for a divorce was informed by his counsel that his wife had filed a "cross petition." "A cross petition?" exclaimed the husband, "well sir, that's just like her; she never did a good-natured thing in her life."

The Bet Was Off.

[Detroit Free Press.]

A few days ago, after a couple of esteemed citizens, who are close neighbors, had arranged to pass a few days with their families at a lake in Oakland county, one of them offered to wager a box of cigars that he would catch the largest fish. The wager was promptly taken, and the next day one of the gentlemen put in an appearance at a fish stand in the market and said to the dealer:

"Have you got a fresh pickerel weighing about fifteen pounds?"

"I have sir."

"Well, I want you to put him on ice and ship him to me at — lake. I propose to catch him on a hook there."

"Very well, sir. I think I'll ship the two together."

"The two?"

"Yes sir. Mr. — (mentioning the other estimable citizen) was here an hour ago, and bought one weighing twenty pounds. It will take less ice to pack the two in the same box."

The fish were paid for, but the bet was declared off.

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Mistaken Identity.

[Texas Sitings.]

A man who had evidently just arrived by the train walked into an Austin boarding house and asked: "Is Day in?"

"What day?" asked the porter.

"What do I know about him? Do I look like a detective? If Day ain't in, tell Week to step out here."

"What Week do you refer to, sah?"

"Oh, last week, or the week before Christmas? Do you take me for an almanac? Who runs this boarding house?"

"The Widow Flapjack, sah."

"Well then, tell her to take down her sign. I read on the sign out there, 'Boarding by Day & Week,' and now it seems that both of 'em have skipped out. That sign is put up there to deceive the traveling public," and he picked up his gripsack and swung himself on board of a street car.

It Signifies a Cell.

"No, my paternal progenitor is not in," answered a Boston maid to the inquiry of a caller.

"I am one of the depositors in his bank, which I find has suspended payment. Can you tell me where your father is?"

"The authorities became cognizant of considerable rehypothecation on his part and conveyed him to a protoplasm."

"To a what?"

"A protoplasm."

"What in the name of Webster is that?"

"If you will glance at Worcester, you will find that protoplasm signifies a cell."

She Spoke Slowly.

"Father has failed, you know, George," said Clara, looking up into his eyes, "and—and."

"No, I didn't know it," replied George emphatically, at the same time rapidly disentangling himself and looking for his hat. "You will have to excuse—"

"Yes," went on the girl, "father has failed and settled with his creditors at seven cents on the dollar."

"Nay, dearest," interrupted Geo. as he resumed his former position, "why discuss such sordid business on a night like this? Let us speak of love and the happiness the future has in store for us."

He Insulted her Pa.

"Emma, I hear you have broken off with George."

"Yes; I am sorry, but it had to be. He insulted pa."

"Why, what did he do?"

"Well, you know, last Sunday night pa kinder kicked him off the front steps, and when he came to see me Monday he brought a pair of slippers with the toes padded and asked me if I wouldn't get the old man to wear them."