In keeping a dairy there's surely delight, And it speaks of contextment and plent To see a large stable well filled with

cove,
Say numbering from fifteen to twenty;
and yet it seems hard when you've worked
from the dawn
Till the sun disappears from your sight,
to think of the cows you have yet got to milk
Before you retire for the night.

But, the task fairly over, you cheer more,
And joyfully seek your repose,
To dream of the cream-pots with luxury filled
And the milk-pass in numberless rows;
But the sweet dream is broken when early nex

You're politely requested to churn, And for three weary hours, with strength

The crank you despondingly turn. But in raising young pigs there is truly a sharn When they sell at the present high price; And of all the young stock which a farmer cur

There's nothing that looks half so nice.

How cheerful one feels as he leaves them at night.

The encouraging lot of eleven,

But his joy slightly wanes when he goes out next day

And of live ones can count only seven

But no one disputes that the farmer is ble With true independence and labor, Whose food don't depend on the whims of man

kind,
Like that of his mercantile neighbor.
For God in His mercy looks down from above
And paternally gives him his bread,
Provided he works eighteen hours every day
And devotes only six to his bed.

—New England Homestead.

## M'PHERSON'S WIDOW.

The Successful Consummation of a Friendly Mission.

"In short, say you've appointed your self Mentor over me at once, and be done with it—hang it!"

Lakely glared at his companion. Bristed, immovable, went on smoking. A silence, fraught with explosive pos sibilities, ensued. Finally Bristed arose. He was somewhat the elder of the two, and he was saturnine and dark. "What are you going to do?" he de-

"If you think I'm going to say-" "Then you go to the dickens by the shortest cut you can find!" was Bristed's ultimatum.

The next day Mrs. Lakely tearfully pressed him into an interview. "I assure you that I have done my

best to dissuade Horace," Bristed said. "Oh, it is too dreadful!" moaned Lakely's mother, wringing her hands. "You have always been such good friends,room-mates and all-and young men will often listen to an older comrade's advice and remonstrance, where a mother's, a sister's, are quite thrown away. Do use your influence, my dear Mr. Bristed, with my poor, benighted boy! Oh, it is too shocking that he should be thinking, for one instant even, of such

"I appreciate your position, you may be sure, my dear madam. It is a very trying one," murmured Bristed sympa-

"And it is so horrible, too, that there should be a question of bringing such a person into the family when there is a young girl," continued Mrs. Lakely, putting her handkerchief to her faded, pretty, ladylike little face. Mrs. Lakely felt that this allusion to

her daughter was a master-stroke of diplomacy.
"Certainly, I can appreciate your feelings here more than ever," cried

Bristed, warmly.

And a ray of comfort pierced through Mrs. Lakely's dolorous mists as it came over her that a man (of Hurlburt Bristed's "seriousness") never expressed himself so clearly unless he wished definite inferences to be drawn. Then her attention deflected from her daughter's interests to the more imminent perils of her son, and she sighed again.

Thus urged, Bristed returned to the "In the name of Heaven, Lakely, don't make such a fool of yourself," he began, in the tone of a more tolerant

"A fool of myself! By George! I think I've a good deal of patience to stand what I've stood from you for the last month, Bristed! If a fellow didn't feel sore about throwing over an old friend, by George-'

"All right, I understand your point of view," said Bristed, placidly. "It isn't agreeable to have warnings dinned into your ears when you want to rush headlong into the biggest folly of your life. But it's the friend's part to sound the warning, all the same, whether it's agreeable or not. You might think of your mother and sister a little in this matter, too."

"What the deuce have they, or have you, or has any one, for the matter of that, to say against Mrs. McPherson, Bristed?" cried Lakely, starting up and confronting his friend, with his boyish features affush and a kindling light in his blue eyes. "You say she's a little older than  $I^{\perp}$ "

"Not a little; a good deal. She's older

"Well, and even if she were. What of it? What are a few years one way or

the other?" "A great deal when the few years ar on the wrong side. But that isn't the worst feature. You needn't force me into saying things you wouldn't care to hear. But you know as well as I do that McPherson's widow has been talked about. Oh! unjustly, if you care to have it so! I'm not going into that question. But the old fellow didn't inspire the greatest respect himself, and. at all events, a good many things were said of his pretty wite. Why, my dear fellow," continued Bristed, reasonably, and with the kindly influence in his fine voice and the softened expression in his strong features which had always had so much power over Horace Lakely's impulsively youthful temperament, "it's a preposterous thing, you losing your head and letting yourself in for

this sort of thing! This woman is no "You don't know her! You haven's even seen her," exclaimed Lakely.

But I know her, all the same. One strongs knows a woman of that sert of callber. They're very interesting to meet; very stimulating; very assuming; very faccinating. They have ten thousand arts. While their spell is on a man he thinks them any thing they choose to be thought. He believes any thing—every thing. Afterward he has an awakening; and it is very well for him if he hasn't to discover that he has bound himself, hand and foot, while he was under the charm. Flirt with an advance of the charm of the charm of the charm of the charm of the care of the charm of the charm of the care of the charm of the care of the care of the charm of the care of the charm of the care of the care of the charm of the care of the care of the charm of the care of the ca bound himself, hand and foot, while he "Do you mean," interjected the poor was under the charm. Flirt with an adventuress—for really, you know, a Mo-Pherson can scarcely be called any thing

as you like, my dear boy, if you feel sure enough of yourself; but be very careful to stop-a long way off of matrimony.

"Confound it! you always had wisdom enough to fit out an army, Bristed," he that was almost more terrible still growled. "It's no effort for you to keep "Oh, my dear Mrs. Lakely, please out of scrapes. You couldn't get into

When it dawned upon Mrs. Lakely that her son might unexpectedly be on the point of listening to reason, the that he was certainly ill at ease. poor lady's joy burst forth in touching gratitude to Horace's friend. But it was short-lived joy. At the end of a ing vaguely hel fortnight she came to Bristed, pale with "I will, of co agitation, and communicated the dire ting to his feet. intelligence that Mrs. McPherson had appeared in person on the scene; that she was following Horace up.

"I suppose she feels that the boy has been slipping from her—odious person!" exclaimed Mrs. Lakely, waxing bitter In her righteous indignation. too shocking, the vulgar forwardmess of such people. I do not fancy that she really cares for Horace, you know. It is his money—that is what she wants to secure. She knows the boy has just come into his grandfather's property. And she is poor; they say, though she lives with an appearance of luxury, that she is absolutely impecunious. Her husband, it would seem, left her nothing whatever.'

"I imagine there is no doubt about that," said Bristed.

And then Mrs. Lakely came to her point. Would Mr. Bristed go to this 'person' and try to convince her that the family strenuously objected to the proposed marriage, and that every thing would be done to bring it to naught? Would he try to persuade her to give Horace up, to relinquish her hold of a young fellow-a mere boy-much her junior, who ought not to be thinking as yet of matrimony under any circumstances? Would be appeal to her good feeling, if she had any? Would he-"My dear Mrs. Lakely, any thing to

oblige you, but I don't know-"Oh, don't say so," interrupted the your ability to straighten matters out

A day or two later this conversation resulted in a visit from Bristed to the botel where Mrs. McPherson was temporarily registered.

It was not in this young man's nature to look forward with much relish to the interview. He felt that he had before him something extremely distasteful It is even possible that he was inclined to take some credit to himself when he reflected upon the trouble he was at to Pemba furnish the world with the bulk describe a woman, so difficult to reprooblige his friend's family and to keep of the supply, about 13,000,000 pounds duce the personality of a man; woman should spent the rest of his life in regretting. But in another way he accounted himself repaid for any thing he might do, even before it was done. For nothing could be sweeter or fairer or more charming than Cecilia Lakely. Horace's young sister. She was a mere schoolwirl, to be sure, but Hurlburt Bristed admired the type. An ingenious young girl was to him the most delightful thing in nature. And he smiled often as he took himself to Mrs. McPherson's hotel in remembrance of certain warm, shy glances which had fallen from those dove-like eyes these latter times since he had been exerting himself so much in her brother's behalf. In helping Horace he was really wooing in the surest way, if indirectly, the elusive

flower of this young creature's love. He was still thinking of Cecilia as he sat waiting for Mrs. McPherson to appear. He was, indeed, so much engrossed in his reveries that he looked up only when the lady he had come to see stood close in front of him. She had entered softly by a door at the side of him. As he rose a little confusedly she covered him suddenly with a won-

It was the perfection of a smile. It was brilliant, it was appealing, it was

arch, it was even a little sad. The young widow—it was impossible not to think of her as younger than she was-stood there an instant and then sunk in a chair opposite her visitor. She begged him to resume his seat. She seemed to wait, still with that unusual. that almost harmonious smile, for him to begin. From her presence, at once sasured and unobtrusive, animated and reposeful, from her delicate toilet, there emanated an aroma, as it were, which flattered all the senses.

"I believe you are Horace Lakely's great friend," said this gracious creature, in a well-modulated voice. If the modulations were somewhat artificial, If it were possible to surmise that the natural tones of the voice did not always betray the same refinement of culture, it so happened that Hulbert Bristed (albeit he had the reputation of noticing every thing) did not observe

The next day Mrs. Lakely awaited Bristed's promised visit with eager imthan I am-must be," interrupted patience. Cecilia, looking very lovely in marked that she should always wear white-it was becoming to her), was sit- ket. ting with her mother, and shot an ex-

pressive glance at the door when it

Mrs. Lakely, "have you good news for worth 10 ceres a pound. me? Will she go away and leave my boy in peace? Cecilia, who had risen and remained the duty levied placing to the Sultau's

"I don't know that I can tell you any thing very definite, my dear madam," also gathered, and form an article or commerce, commanding about one-fifth

ming almost majestic, "that Mrs. alse-firt with an adventuress as much McPherson is playing fast and loose with my son? That she would reject him at the last moment?"

That Horace Lakel; should marry That's what a wise man does, my boy." such a person as McPherson's widow Poor Lakely, with his elbows on his knees, and his hands supporting his so inclined. Mrs. Lakely's darling, her head, sat staring at the figures of the son, should be subjected to the indignity of a refusal from such a source, surely

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Lakely, please do not imagine I would insinuate such one if you tried. You're so deucedly a thing," exclaimed Bristed, rather lamely. He was tugging at his mustache, and

Mrs. Lakely was obliged to acknowledge "I hope you will let me know what progress you make," she insisted, feeling vaguely helpless.
"I will, of course," said Bristed, get-

He seemed relieved in some way that the interview should be at an end. He departed with so much precipitancy that he forgot to leave his respects for

Cecelia. Altogether Mrs. Lakely could not make it out. She sighed, and concluded that men were very queer. She heard indirectly once or twice during the ensuing few weeks that Hurlburt Bristed had been seen with Mrs. McPherson, who still remained in town.

According to the combined entreaties of the entire family, Horace Lakely had finally consented to flee the temptress who had pursued him, and he was away

"If I ever live down this feeling," the young man wrote at about this time to his friend, "I shall have you, I suppose, to thank for having urged me back into the path of wisdom. But I can tell you is hard-desperately hard-staying away and listening to advice. I can't forget her, Bristed! You're such a cool, reasonable fellow yourself that you won't be able to understand that my whole life seems to have bound itself about this woman."

There was a tone throughout the letter which testified that Horace Lakely was still a good deal of a boy. It was somewhat of a consolation for Hurlburt Bristed to think that it was so. At least it made it somewhat easier for him to write, in answer to that letter, a

short time later:
"I think it right, without further delay, to convey to you a piece of news which may probably surprise you. I don't know that any explanation would simplify matters. Mrs. McPherson and I are to be married next month."-Sweet-Smelling Industry of Zanzibar and Pemba Island.

The man who goes out between acts and comes back with a clove between his teeth should be interested in knowing where his disinfectant comes from Zanzibar and the neighboring island of shall I describe him-it is so natural to a year. Consul Pratt, in a report just received at the State Department, says the clove tree was first introduced into Zanzibar by Sultan Seyed Said bin Sultan, about the year 1830, since which time its cultivation has gradually ex- graceful figure; of a countenance which tended, until it is now the chief industry of the islands.

The industry received a check in 1872. the date of the great hurricane. At least nine-tenths of the trees were destroyed at that time, so the larger part of those now standing are of new growth.

A peculiarity of the clove tree is that every part is aromatic, but the great est strength is found in the bud, which is the "clove" of commerce. The finest quality of cloves are dark brown in color, with full, perfect heads, free from moisture.

In the cultivation of the clove the

first thing to be done is the starting of the shoot. The seeds are planted in trenches, and are kept well watered until after sprouting. In the course of forty days the shoots appear above They are carefully watered and looked after for the space of two years, when they should be about three feet in height. They are then transplanted, being set about thirty feet apart, and kept watered till they be-come well rooted. From this time on the young trees require only ordinary care, though the best results are obtained when the ground about the trees is well worked over and kept free from

weeds.

The growth of the tree is very slow. and five or six years are required for it to come into bearing, at which time it is about the size of an ordinary pear tree, and is usually very shapely. It is a pretty sight to see a young plantation just coming into bearing. The leaves. red clove buds.

As soon as the buds are fully formed and assume this reddish color the harvesting commences, and is prosecuted for fully six months at intervals, since the buds do not form simultaneously. but at odd times throughout the period The limbs of the tree being very brittle. a peculiar four-sided ladder is brought into requisition, and the harvesting proceeds apace.

As fast as collected the buds are spread out in the sun, until they assume white dress (Bristed had once re- a brownish color, when they are put in the store-house and are ready for mar-

A 10-year-old plantation should produce an average of 20 pounds of cloves to a tree. Trees of 20 years frequently "Well, Mr. Bristed, well," demanded produce upward of 100 pounds each. The Sultan derives no inconsiderable portion of his revenue from this source,

standing, in a certain hesitancy, left the credit for the present year nearly, if

thing of the self-assured, graceful, lefty ble crop, since the consumption of the Bristed, Mrs. Lakely would have fan- article appears to keep pace with the clocking man, shaking his head in a percent that he looked embarrassed. She inevitable increase of production.

HUDYARD KIPLING

A Per Picture of the Writer Wheee Works are the Letter Liberary Pad. Imagine a man born in Bombay, of parents in whose veins runs the blood of more than one people, born and passing the first five years of his life in that strange, warm land; then taken back to the parental roof-tree in old Facility. the parental roof-tree in old England that he might know something of the sweet childhood and healthy boyhood peculiar to this sheltered island; and again at the age of sixteen returning of his own free will to the tropical country which gave him birth, and for seven long years doing the hardest kind of journalistic work—working from dawn to eve, year in and year out, with the thermometer frequently way up in the hundreds, no substitute even of the poorest possible in a territory where fournalists are not to be obtained on short notice for either love or money, with fever looking him grimly in the dearest to him, and in his own heart always that tumult of aspiration and de-spair which is ever the lot of the highly gifted—the only genuine consolation lying in the hard labor which later on was destined to bear ripe fruit, but which at the moment in that deadly climate strained the vitality to its last possible limit. Imagine a man who has led this kind of a life, having but little society for nearly a decade beyond the rough-andready representatives of the army and the natives, with whom he has slumbered and fought, sorrowed and made merry, watched and broken bread, until

they are to him as brothers-imagine all this and see if you can not understand why it is that at this moment the writings of Rudyard Kipling are astonishing two worlds. Without a previous knowledge of the soil whence has sprung all these marvelous blossoms of a human intellect, it is quite natural that the first question should be whether this precocity but presages an ultimate flasco, or work stronger than any this century has yet known. Lionized as a young man can be only in society which constantly craves a new sensation for its dulled appetite, courted with a persistency which must prove more flattering than wholesome at the age of twenty-four, it will not be at all surprising if Mr. Kipling has startled the world this year only to fall by the way in the end. But may the gods be kind and avert

such a catastrophe! and, indeed, as I contemplated the modest menage near the Thames, with the desk and chair and the pen, which evidently saw long and daily service, I felt that after all, beneath the windows, the glistening waters of the ship-burdened river but a stone's throw away, and such coziness and cheer within. Walls hung with army pictures reproduced by Detaille, a dozen well-used pipes of varying sorts and sizes occupying a case just above a most inviting sleepy hollow chair, a couch covered with a tiger-skin, which even in death is not free from menace and alarm, a great black cat, thoroughly alive and happy and much petted by her fond master; the little tea-table, from which an ascetic repast is snatched when inspiration comes thick and fast-ah, it was all very fascinating! And the lord of this little realm, how portraiture, while it always seems to me that man instinctively rebels against

it. Yet I would I could convey to you some impression of that small, lithe, even at the age of twenty-four is beginning to tell the tale of persistent and severe labor, and a climate which must eat the very heart out of a man, a chin cleft in twain, but strong and prominent, telling of many a battle fought and conquered, and many a battle yet to come; nostrils which expand with every emotion like those of blooded horses quivering for the race; a com-plexion pale from study and also from the great heat borne unremittingly for so many years, and fine gray eyes, whose widely dilating pupils behind the constantly-worn eye-glasses fill one with a vague alarm, as of some misfortune lying in wait for their future sight.— Helen Bartlett Bridgman, in Brooklyn

REGARDING OLD AGE. Dr. Holmes Welcomes It as a Senson . Peace and Enjoyment.

I was a little over twenty years old when I wrote the lines which some of you may have met with, for they have been often reprinted:

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear Have been carved for many a year On the tomb.

The world was a garden to

"I thought you were one of those who looked upon old age cheerfully, and welcomed it as a season of peace and contented enjoyment."

I am one of those who so regard it. Those are not bitter or scalding tears that fall from my eyes upon the "mossy marbles." The young who left my side of various shades of green tinged with marbles." The young who left my side red, serve to set off the clusters of dull early in my life's journey are still with me in the unchanged freshness and beauty of youth. Those who have long kept company with me live on after their seeming departure, were it only by the mere force of habit; their images by the mere force of habit; their images are all around me, as if every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed them; their voices echo about me, as if they had been recorded on those unforgetting cylinders which bring back to us the tones and accents that have imprinted them, as the extinct animals left their tracks on the hardened sands. The melancholy of old are has a divine tenderness in it. hardened sands. The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it, which only the sad experiences of life can lend a human soul. But there is a lower level—that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiscence in the conditions in which we find ourselves; a lower level, in which old age trudges at leastly when it is not using its wings. patiently when it is not using its wings. I say its wings, for no period of life is so imaginative as that which looks to younger people the most prosaic. The atmosphere of memory is one in which imagination flies more easily and feels itself more at home than in the thinner ether of youthful anticipation.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic.

-"Fellow-citizens," thundered the im-"Oh, what do you mean? I hope the of the price of cloves and having about down on the table, "what, I ask again, passioned orator, bringing his fist hard wretched person does not refuse to the same percentage of scrength. To is our country coming to? And echo anloosen her hold of Horace?" cried Mrs. this circumstance is due the fact that swers 'What?" "Pardon me, sir," inahely.

"No, no. It is not that—not at all chased in the home market at a lower audience, rising to his feet, "did I un-Reassure yourself. Only —" Bristed interrupted himself. He began again:
"I imagine she will, as you express it,
loosen her hold of Horace. Yes—but—

of the Arab planters, and had always

That is what I said, sir." "Then netted good returns. It seems proba- there's something wrong with the acous-If it had been possible to fancy such a ble that it will continue to be a profita-

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