

"I have never seen you, when I was a boy. But I know her, all the same. One day she was a woman of that sort of caliber. They're very interesting to meet; very stimulating; very amusing; very fascinating. They have an air of mystery about them. While there is a man he thinks they are saying things 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 adventuress—for really, you know, a McPherson can scarcely be called any thing else—flirt with an adventuress as much 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. That's what a wise man does, my boy."

MCPHERSON'S WIDOW.

The Successful Consumption of a Friendly Mission.

"In short, say you've appointed yourself 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 possibilities, 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 demanded.
"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 or 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 a marriage!"
"I appreciate your position, you may be sure, my dear madam. It is a very trying one," murmured Bristed sympathetically.
"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 that a man of Hubert Bristed's "heroicness" 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 charge.
"In the name of Heaven, Lakely, don't make such a fool of yourself," he began, in the tone of a more tolerant persuasiveness.
"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 be worried, dined 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 aflame and a kindling light in his blue eyes. "You say she's a little older than I—"
"Not a little; a good deal. She's older than I am—must be," interrupted Bristed.
"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 are 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, and, at all events, a good many things were said of his pretty wife. 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 tossing your head and letting yourself in for this sort of thing! This woman is no wife for you—"
"You don't know her! You haven't even seen her," exclaimed Lakely, weakly.

"I have never seen you, when I was a boy. But I know her, all the same. One day she was a woman of that sort of caliber. They're very interesting to meet; very stimulating; very amusing; very fascinating. They have an air of mystery about them. While there is a man he thinks they are saying things 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 adventuress—for really, you know, a McPherson can scarcely be called any thing else—flirt with an adventuress as much 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. That's what a wise man does, my boy."

"I have never seen you, when I was a boy. But I know her, all the same. One day she was a woman of that sort of caliber. They're very interesting to meet; very stimulating; very amusing; very fascinating. They have an air of mystery about them. While there is a man he thinks they are saying things 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 adventuress—for really, you know, a McPherson can scarcely be called any thing else—flirt with an adventuress as much 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. That's what a wise man does, my boy."

NUDYARD KIPLING.
Imagine a man born in Bombay, of brown skin whose veins run the blood of more than one people, born and past the first five years of his life in that strange, warm land; then taken back to 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 up in the hundreds, no substitute even of the poorest possible in a territory where journalists are not to be obtained on short notice for either love or money, while, looking grimly in the eye, cholera slaying those nearest and dearest to him, and in his own heart always that tumult of aspiration and despair 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 desolately climate attained 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-and-ready representatives of the army and the natives, with whom he has slumbered, fought, sorrowed and made merry, watched and broken hearts and 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 to those who, without a previous knowledge of the soil whence he sprung all these marvelous qualities of a human intellect, it is quite natural that the first question should be whether this precocity but presages an ultimate fiasco, or work stronger than any this century has yet known. Labeled as a young man can be only in society which constantly craves a new sensation for its dulled appetite, courted with a persistence which must prove more flattering than welcome at the age of twenty-four, it will not be at all surprising if Mr. Kipling has started 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 manner near the Thames, with the dock and chair and the pen, which evidently saw long and daily service, I felt that after all, a genius would rise superior to society. A charming little study that is with the green of Victoria Embankment directly beneath the windows, the glistening waters of the ship-burdened river but a stone's throw away, and a chair and other writing, walls hung with arm 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 at ease and happy and much petted by her fond master, the little tea-table, from which an ascetic comes thick and fast—ah, it was all very fascinating! And the lord of this little realm, how shall I describe him—it is so natural to describe a woman, so difficult to reproduce the personality of a man; woman lends herself with ease to any kind of portraiture, while it always seems to me that I would I could convey to you some impression of that small, lithe, graceful figure; of a countenance which 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's cheeks, 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; and eyes, which, with a complexion pale from study and also from the great heat borne unremittently for so many years, and fine gray eyes, which widely dilating pupils behind the constantly worn spectacles, fill one with a vague alarm, as of some misfortune lying in wait for their future sight—Helen Bartlett Bridgman, in Brooklyn Record-Union.
REGARDING OLD AGE.
Dr. Holmes Welcomes It as a Season of 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 marble rests
On the lips that he has pressed
In the bloom
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carried for many a year
The world was a garden to me then;
It is a churchyard now.
"I thought you were one of those who looked upon old age cheerfully, and welcomed it as a season of peace and contentment."
I am one of those who so regard it. Those are not bitter or scolding tears that fall from my eyes upon the "mossy marbles." The young who left my side 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 are all around me, as if every surface had been a sensitive film that photographed their voices, their looks, their distinct animals left their tracks on the hardened sands. The melancholy of old age has a divine tenderness in it, which only the sad experiences of life can lead a human soul. But there is a lower level—that of tranquil contentment and easy acquiescence in the conditions in which we find ourselves; a lower level, which old age trudges 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 philosopher 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.
"Follow-citizens," thundered the impassioned orator, bringing his fist down on the table, "what I ask again, is our country coming to? And who answers 'What?' 'Pardon me, sir,' interposed a mild-looking man in the audience, rising to his feet, 'did I understand your question to be 'What is our country coming to?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And who says so answers 'What?' 'That is what I said, sir.' 'Then there's something wrong with the accuracy of this building,' said the mild-looking man, shaking his head in a perplexed way and sitting down again.

An education
That can be used every day is the kind that pays. Scores of young business men, and hundreds of book-keepers and stenographers of both sexes, attribute their success to a course at the Portland Business College, Portland, Oregon, or the Capital Business College, Salem, Oregon. Both are under the management of A. F. Armstrong, have same courses of study, same rates of tuition. Business, Short-hand, Typewriting, Penmanship and English Departments. Write to either for joint Catalogue and specimens of penmanship.

C. M. ELKINS & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Stoves, Tinware & Hardware,
PUMPS, PIPE, ETC.,
Bunnell's Old Stand, Prineville, Or.
Agents for the celebrated Meyer's and California Pumps and Halladay Wind-mills. Plumbing, repairing and general job work done on short notice and warranted.

OREGON LAND COMPANY,
—WITH ITS—
Home Office at Salem, Or.,
IN THE STATE INSURANCE BUILDING, AND
Branch Offices at Portland, Astoria and Albany
Has for sale a large list of grain, stock and fruit farms; also city and suburban property. Send for pamphlet, map and price list.

CHARLES M. ELKINS,
—AGENT FOR THE—
Studebaker : Wagon : and : Farm : Machinery,
Opposite Brick Store, Prineville, Oregon.
—ALSO DOES ALL KINDS OF—
WAGONWORK and BLACKSMITHING
On short notice and in first-class workmanship. Horseshoeing and plow work a specialty.

C. C. MALING,
—DEALER IN AND MANUFACTURER OF—
All Kinds of Building Material,
LUMBER—DRESSED AND ROUGH.
—SPLENDID LINE OF—
Furniture, Bedroom Sets, Lounges, Chairs,
Mirrors, Etc.
Lumber accounts collectable monthly.

H. A. BELKNAP & SONS,
[Successors to J. W. HOWARD]
—DEALERS IN—
DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,
East Side of Main Street, Prineville, Or.
Standard Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes, Dye Stuffs and Soaps, Toilet Articles and Perfumery, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Bird Seed and Cages.
A general variety of Druggists' Sundries, Stationery, Books, Cigars, Tobacco and Pure Wines and Liquors for medical use.

TEMPLETON & SON,
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
Druggists,
Prineville, Oregon.
—DEALERS IN—
Perfumery, Hair and Tooth Brushes, Patent Medicines, Toilet and Shaving Soaps, Fancy Goods, Glass, Putty, Paints, Oils, Etc.
Also a Fine Line of Gold and Silver Watches and Jewelry.
All orders for goods promptly filled. Physicians' prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours.

First : National : Bank
—OF—
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.
Transacts a General Banking Business.
President, HENRY HARRIS
Vice President, M. S. HENRY
Cashier, T. M. BALDWIN
Accounts kept subject to check. Safe exchange on San Francisco and New York. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections receive prompt attention.

AH DOONG & CO.,
—DEALERS IN—
Fancy Japanese
—AND—
CHINESE SILKS.
—ALSO—
Fine China Tea Sets and Ornamental Work
Sample rooms at Cary House.

POSTOFFICE : STORE,
A. C. PALMER, Proprietor.
—A FULL STOCK OF THE—
Best Brands of Tobacco and Cigars, Notions, Stationery, Pencils, Inks and Pens.
FRESH CANDIES AND NUTS.
All goods new and first class. Subscription taken for all newspapers and periodicals.
Not met comfortable club rooms for private guests. Everything in first-class shape. Do stop in.

LINN W. WOODS'
SALOON,
Main Street, Prineville, Or.
—KEEPS ON HAND THE CHOICEST—
Wines, Liquors & Cigars.
FANCY MIXED DRINKS
Prepared by an experienced bartender. A Set Billiard Table and Elegant Club Rooms
For the accommodation of customers. Special attention to filling orders by mail.

ED N. WHITE,
Main Street, Prineville, Or.,
—PROPRIETOR OF THE—
Popular Resort for All
—WHO WISH—
A Good Cigar,
A Nice Refreshing Drink,
A Game of Billiards, or
A Social Game of Cards.
CLUB ROOMS FOR GAMES.
Come early, late and often.

DOONG'S RESTAURANT
—IN THE—
CARY HOUSE,
Prineville, Oregon.
AH DOONG, Proprietor.
The restaurant is first-class in every respect, and the tables are supplied with the best the market affords. Special attention given to the preparation and serving of
BALL SUPPERS AND PRIVATE DINNERS.
Meals served at all hours, day or night.

SAM C. CLINE, Proprietor.
CHOICE BEEF,
Mutton, Veal and Pork
CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
THE HIGHEST PRICE IN CASH
—PAID FOR—
All Kinds of Country Produce
—OR—
Sold at a Liberal Commission.
We solicit a share of your patronage. SAM C. CLINE.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,
(Hamilton's Old Stable),
Main Street, Prineville, Or.
CHRIS COHRS, Proprietors.
First-Class Rigs, Buggies or Hacks, for Hire by the Day or Week.
Special attention given stock left in my care. Fine box stalls for stable stations and other valuable animals. CHRIS COHRS.

POINDEXTER'S RESTAURANT,
NEXT DOOR TO SHELLBARBERS,
Prineville, Or.
P. B. POINDEXTER, Proprietor.
The Table Supplied with All the Delicacies That Can be Had in the Market.
White Cooks and White Waiters.
No Chinese cooking. Meals served at all hours. Private rooms for special meals. First class sleeping apartments in connection with the restaurant.

DAVIS BROS.,
—DEALERS IN—
GROCERIES,
Provisions and Canned Goods.
Store Opposite Salomon's Shop.
We sell ONLY for CASH, and offer the BEST BARGAINS in town. DAVIS BROS.