

TENDING THE LIGHT.

With nothing but waves to seaward
And the grim rocks toward the land,
The roll of the black clouds over,
And the breakers on every hand;
The light comes down on the ocean
And we climb the winding stair
To see that our lights are piercing
The thick'ning, foggy air.

Far up at the mouth of the river
Beyond the narrow beach
The last of the home lights twinkle
And sink away from our reach.
Alone on a rock in the desert
Of tumbling and lashing tide;
The nation's outer signal
To wanderers far and wide.
Alone, and we wonder dimly
If the foghorn reaches the shore
Or pierces the outer stretches
That tumble and toss evermore.

Perchance in the little village
Some fisherwife wakes in the night
And peers from her smoky window
To see if we're shining bright;
Or out on the tossing billows
A helmsman watches our light,
A thousand souls in his keeping
As they rush through the pathless night.
Alone on a rock in the desert
And hungry for those on shore,
The screams of the gulls and breakers
Around us forevermore.
—J. Otis Swift, in Lewiston Evening Journal.

JUST JUNK

WHEN the South street man was asked: "What is junk?" he concentrated his attention on it for a time, and said: "Junk is anything and everything that is supposed to be worn out and useless, but really isn't. It is stuff that, having lived one life, comes here and begins another. For instance, here are these ship's sails. They've lived their life aboard ships, they've been all over the oceans, and now they are to settle down on land."

"What will they do?"
"Be useful as coverings for builders' materials, or for wagons and their goods, or they may go to sea again on small schooners."

"What good is this old rope?"
"Some of that is bought by vessels. Such as is too far gone for such use goes into paper stock."

"Well, now here's an old Spanish bell, big and fine toned. Where did you get that and what will you do with it?"

"That is from a Porto Rican church. It was brought in as old metal, for the tongue was out. Still, it was easy to put a tongue in, and so the duty was saved."

"And which of our officers stole a church bell?"

"It wasn't stolen. It was lying in a storehouse there where our troops go to Porto Rico. It had hung in the belfry of a church that had been torn down, I think."

"What use is this rusty old chain?"
"There are some boats that buy nothing except second-hand material, so those chains sell to them. When they are too rusty they go for old iron."

"What sort of people buy these lamps and lanterns?"

"Those are ships' lanterns. Wealthy people buy them for curios."

"What is the difference between junk and antiques?"

"Ah! You'll have to ask the Fifth avenue 'art dealers' about that. Many and many a battered bit they get from us for a song and sell for a fancy figure. But you're in the wrong shop to learn about junk. Go 'round and see the man in Front street. He's got the greatest collection in New York. This place is half ship chandler's."

"Junk, sir; no, sir, this isn't a junk shop. Far from it, sir," said the man in Front street. "A junk dealer is a man who goes about in a small boat and buys cast-off things from vessels. Junk dealers have to obtain licenses, and the police can search their places at any time."

"Well, what would you call this establishment?"

The Front street man thought for a while before he replied: "I would call it a curio emporium."

"So! And may I ask what in the world you do with guns that are as old and as rusty as these in a curio emporium?"

"Those are not so bad as they look. They can be cleaned up and will kill just as well as they did during the civil war."

"Who buys them?"

"All sorts of behind-the-age people. Take one of those guns into the mountains of Virginia, an it will be modern. They're still using flintlocks there. All through south America and Africa there's a sale for such guns, and in many parts of Asia, too. I sold 200 of them last week to a man in the China trade. His firm has eight ships, and they're arming the crews against the pirates that now infest Chinese waters."

"But some of these are rusted to pieces."

"Well, they either serve as curios or as old iron. When they're too bad for anything else, they are melted down and begin life over again."

"What guns are those with the long barrels?"

"Arab. Notice the broad butts. They seem senseless, but there's a good reason for them. They're made

like that so that the weapons won't sink in the sand when being loaded. This weapon with the enormously thick barrel is an elephant gun. It weighs 25 pounds, and is made so thick in order to lessen the force of the recoil from the heavy charge of powder. You see that it's in perfect condition. A man rushed in with it the day before yesterday. I didn't think anything of it; wouldn't even give him two dollars. He said he would leave it with me anyhow. Well, that gun turned out to be the very weapon a Montclair (N. J.) man was looking for. He was delighted with it, and when I charged him \$12 he paid me five dollars on account to bind the bargain. He's going to mount it on a stand in his hall, and when people seem to have any doubts about his stories of hunting big game in Africa he can show them the elephant gun.

"This cannon here I believe to be the oldest in the country. It is made of fine bronze, and the date on it is 1631. We got it from Porto Rico."

After duly admiring the old cannon there was a tour of discovery that extended all over the warehouse, where, heaped up from floor to ceiling, throughout the five stories, was what at first appeared to be the most amazing aggregation of rubbish ever assembled under one roof.

This first impression was hardly accurate, however, in spite of cobwebs and dust and the presence of a vast quantity of utterly useless things, the place was full of treasures. Bales and boxes and packing cases full of sea stores of all sorts that had never been opened were scattered all about.

"They don't know what they've got," said the solitary salesman of the establishment, who acted as guide, referring to the proprietors. "They throw these things in here any old way and then forget about them. They're too busy downstairs making heaps of money to think about them."

Confusion was everywhere absolute. Not the least attempt at classification had been made. Here was a gun carriage in sections; a pile of old uniforms; a packing case three-quarters full of army caps; a mass of Japanese lily bulbs that had spoiled; a quarter of a ton of soap; a great quantity of shoe blacking; a box of white hats, such as are used in the navy; boxes of tinned sausages, more boxes of jams and jellies; crates of fruit that had dried and mildewed; heaps of boots that had never been worn and probably never would be, so compactly had the spiders bonded them with their cobwebs. A mound of books was on one of the floors, a mound of photographs on another, and in a little room by themselves a collection of paintings, some very well framed and some not framed at all. Of course, one of them was "an old master." This collection was spoken of with awe by the salesman. "They're all masterpieces," he said. "That big one there's a Van Dyck."

As the exploration extended the guide quite lost his bearings, and the discoveries were as real to him as to the reporter.

"What's in this barrel?" he queried, striking a match and peering down at some shining black stuff.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, suddenly recollecting. "It's gunpowder—enough to blow the whole place to kingdom come."

Heaps of loose ammunition were encountered at various points, and as there are several cats, to say nothing of rats, roaming about, an explosion would not be very surprising under the circumstances, the cartridges being of the detonating variety.

"Why don't you establish some kind of order here?" asked the writer, wiping away a veil of cobwebs that had fallen about his face.

"No time," said the guide. "There are only three of us in this big place."

"I'd never rest till I found out what I had and arranged it after a fashion, the clothing in one place and the provisions in another, and so on."

"Then you wouldn't make so much money as the boss," responded the guide.

"But there's such a deal here that's absolutely going to waste."

"There's plenty more where it came from."

"Where did it come from?"

"Government auction sales, mostly; then sheriffs' sales and private auction sales. There was a fire at the navy yard not long ago, and everything in the building was sold at auction. Some of the goods were damaged and some were not injured at all. The government doesn't stop to look it over very closely. I reckon. It cleans out and puts in new goods. Then, when a warship has been cruising for five months or so, and arrives in port, all the stores she has remaining are condemned and sold at auction."

"All sorts of things come to us from the government. For instance, we bought 20,000 pounds not long ago that had been stored at Government Island ever since the civil war. We had lively competition in buying them, too."

"Where will they go?"

"Men belonging to secret societies will use them up. They're in fine or-

der, and in spite of competition putting the price up we'll make a good thing out of them."—N. Y. Times.

Supports Dr. Koch's Theory.

Prof. Baumgarten, of Lubig, says a Berlin dispatch to the New York Times, supports Dr. Koch's theory that bovine tuberculosis is not communicable to human beings. Prof. Baumgarten describes a series of experiments made by Dr. Rotikansky 20 years ago, when patients suffering from incurable tumors were inoculated with bovine tuberculosis germs in the hope that one disease might combat the other. Not a single patient was infected with tuberculosis.

Dr. Baumgarten believes that bovine and human tuberculosis are not essentially different, but that the bacilli suffer modification in the bodies they inhabit.

Lukewarm.

First Golfer—He doesn't play very well, but he says he's too busy to give any more time to practice.

Second Golfer—Oh! Well, if a man neglects golf to attend to his business what can he expect?—Pack.

Helen Keller's First Earnings.

There is a pretty story in connection with the series of articles which Helen Keller, the wonderful blind girl, has written for The Ladies' Home Journal, telling about her own life from infancy to the present day. She always has shrunk from the publicity which follows successful literary work, and it was with great difficulty that she was persuaded to take up the task of preparing her autobiography. She had, however, set her heart on owning an island in Halifax harbor for a summer home, and in a spirit of fun the editor of The Journal offered to buy it for her, or provide the means to buy it. When the work of writing appeared especially irksome Miss Keller was reminded of her desire to become a land-holder, and it spurred her on. Just before Christmas she completed the first chapter of her marvellous story; and on Christmas morning she received from her publishers a check for a good round sum. Her delight may be imagined, for this was the first money of any account which she had ever earned. "It is a fairy tale come true," she said. Whether she will really carry out her plan to buy the island remains to be seen.

What Is Moody Doing?

The Washington dispatch in the Sunday Oregonian mentions the fact—not at all a strange one—that Representative Tongue last Saturday made an argument before the coinage committee in support of his bill to establish an assay office at Portland, as everybody knows, if not in Mr. Tongue's district. Isn't it just a trifle humiliating that when any interest in the second congressional district requires an advocate in the lower house of congress or in any of its committees we are dependent on M. Tongue or some one else, outside the district, as if the second district were without representation. "Tis true 'tis a pity, and 'tis a pity 'tis true.—The Dalles Chronicle.

The above illustrates the situation this district is in. Whenever Oregon wants anything it is Mr. Tongue in the house, and Senator Mitchell in the senate who are its champions. Why not send some one in Mr. Moody's place who is able to do something for this district?—Arlington Record.

Had to Conquer Or Die.

"I was just about gone," writes Mrs. Rosa Richardson, of Laurel Springs, N. C. "I had Consumption so bad that the best doctors said I could not live more than a month, but I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by seven bottles and am now stout and well." It's an unrivaled remedy in Consumption, Pneumonia, Croup and Bronchitis; infallible for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Croup or Whooping Cough. Guaranteed bottles 50c. and \$1.00. Try at once from Adamson & Winsor, drug store.

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