

♦♦♦ IN THE ♦♦♦
SUPREME COURT

EVERYTHING conspired. It would not have happened if poor little Bobbie's first discipline had not taken place early on that morning, and if Frances Wylie had not been "on the rampage" again when school opened. Bobbie was the principal's only and idolized son, and still in kilt. Frances Wylie was the mischief brewer of Miss Virginia Trapp's room, No. 7.

"It was awful!" groaned the principal, under his breath. He spread his hands out on the green baize of his table and regarded them with horror, as if there were blood on them. Could it be they had punished Bobbie—Bobbie? He had looked so bewitchingly and lanky and naughty! His little crisp, sun-yellow curls had stood up round his reproachful face so becomingly!

"Awful! awful!" the principal groaned. He was in no mood to begin the day's work in his "supreme court" on the ground floor of the Malibie high school. There would be punishing to do, of course, and to think he had punished Bobbie—little sunny-haired Bobbie!

"It's going to be a bad day. I see it in Frances Wylie's eyes!" groaned little Miss Trapp, inwardly. Frances from her back seat gazed about with studied, innocent wonder. She was almost as big as little Miss Trapp.

Frances was "on probation." She had been warned that one more misdemeanor would send her to the supreme court.

"I'm not afraid," she thought, serenely. "She's so little! I could put her in my pocket and run away with her."

But tiny, gentle-faced Virginia Trapp came of Puritan stock, and was endowed with courage. She might twist her small fingers nervously, but she would not draw back. Let Frances Wylie beware!

So the day began in the Malibie high school, with a sore-hearted, self-reproachful father in the supreme court, and in room No. 7 a mischief-loving girl and a tiny, troubled teacher. So the day went forward until the Vergil class was called. Then—

"Miss Wylie!"

The voice was ringing and firm, and the little teacher took an impetuous step forward. She had seen the placard, "Rooms to Let," pinned on the collar of the Tilly Slowboy of the class, and Frances' solemn face, set among so many laughing ones, was enough to fix the culprit.

"Miss Wylie, you will accompany me to the principal's room," the little teacher said, quietly. "The class may go to the board and write out the sections of the first six lines of the lesson while I am absent. I am sure I need not ask the young ladies to remember that it is study hour. I am ready, Miss Wylie."

There was gentle emphasis on the word ladies. Miss Trapp and the tall girl crossed the open space to the door, side by side. Frances Wylie held her fair head high. There might have been two pages in her wake, holding up trailing robes. At the door she cast a haughty backward glance into the room and suddenly dimpled with laughter at the legend she read upon the blackboard:

"Our friend—law gov.—on to the su—preme court.
Alas—she enters there—leaves hope—behind!"

Frances' laugh sounded softly in her throat. The little teacher was already in the hall, waiting, and failed to see the words provoking her mirth.

The two walked down the long hall silently, both remembering that this was the first public disgrace of Frances Wylie's school life. For one moment, midway down the hall, the girl caught her breath in a sob of pity for the invalid mother at home—not for herself.

"We're in for it, as sure as there's avenging justice at the end of the hall!" breathed Frances to herself. She showed no signs of sorrow. Little Virginia Trapp glanced up sideways into the cold, impassive face and sighed gently.

In the supreme court sat the principal, still thinking of Bobbie. He was measuring time until the noon hour, when he could go home again. He had not been able to decide to his entire comfort that Bobbie would be at the half-way place to-day, as usual, and the doubt was making him nervous and distressed.

There was a low knock at the door. "Come in!" the principal called. He had left his spectacles at home in the inquisitorial chamber with Bobbie, and the two figures that entered—one tall, the other short—were unfamiliar and hazy to him. He was very dependent upon his spectacles.

"Good morning," he said, absently.

The two figures edged a little way into the room. For an instant there was embarrassing silence, while the principal from behind his desk observed vaguely the tall dignity of Frances and the curly brown head of the tiny teacher. There was no question as to identity. Even to unsuspected eyes it was plain enough which was which.

Under the stress of excitement Virginia Trapp's tongue sometimes played her false. Now, as she opened her lips to speak, she found herself incapable of uttering a syllable. Her tongue fluttered soundlessly.

"Well?"

The principal gazed dimly at Frances, waiting. He would give her time. It was a source of grief to him that he was held in such awe by his teachers. This tall, stately woman must be the new teacher in room 9.

"You have brought the young lady to me? She has been—er—transgressing, I see," he said, gravely, turning his near-sighted eyes with grave disapproval upon the tongue-tied little teacher. And before little Miss Trapp had time to gasp with astonishment he had waved her peremptorily toward the "prisoner's dock" and turned back to Frances.

"You may leave her with me. I prefer to have the story directly from her," he said, gravely.

It had all happened in the briefest possible time. While the little teacher was still flushed and speechless, Frances had realized the principal's mistake and the rich possibilities for fun in it. She had taken in all the things that conspired—the absence of the all-important spectacles from the principal's nose, the presence of the far-away, preoccupied look in his pleasant gray eyes and the ridiculous contrast between herself and the tiny, cropped-haired teacher. A reckless spirit seized the girl. The end of the world was at hand, in any event; why not make the most of this last opportunity?

Frances drew herself up and bowed with dignity.

"I will leave her here, then, with you—and her own conscience," she added, in little Miss Trapp's best manner.

Then she closed the door behind her and sped down the hall, stifling her laughter. Straight into room 7 she walked, and then she dropped into the chair behind the teacher's desk.

There was dead silence in the room, while from one girl to another traveled a look of mystification. Then Frances rose to her feet. She had recovered her breath and was quite calm and serious.

"Young ladies, our beloved teacher has unfortunately been arraigned before the supreme court, and I have been put in charge of room 7, in her place," she said, impressively. "I need not ask you to remember that it is study hour. The class in Vergil may recite."

A ripple of merriment ruffled the calm surface of the room, but Frances arrested it with a sharp tap of little Miss Trapp's ruler.

"Be quiet!" she commanded. "There aren't but 15 minutes left before the noon hour. Don't any of you dare to make a disturbance till then! I shall report every living, breathing soul that does! Now somebody recite."

Frances Wylie and little Miss Trapp will not soon forget those 15 minutes. In room No. 7 they passed with fearful slowness. Frances watched the hands of the great clock in momentary expectation of avenging doom. That it did not come filled her with amazement. Where was the scandalized principal, with Miss Trapp, white and angry, at his heels? Why didn't they come?

"Call this fun!" thought Frances, in disgust. "I never enjoyed myself so little in my life! I—I guess I'm getting scared."

In the supreme court the 15 minutes dragged their length out monotonously. The principal had turned back to his desk and resumed his writing quietly. It was his way to leave malefactors to their own thoughts for a season. The thoughts of this particular one, sitting still and flushed in the prisoner's dock, were gradually straightening out from paralyzed bewilderment and anger into steady reasoning.

Miss Trapp had not succeeded in uttering a word. As the door snapped behind Frances she had stepped forward and cleared her throat desperately. But the principal waved his hand deprecatingly.

"Not yet; we will talk later on," he had said, calmly. In his mind he had determined to wait until the beginning of the afternoon session, and then settle this trouble.

Miss Trapp consulted her watch. It was cool and still in the supreme court, and she folded her hands on the cover of her Vergil and rested, with a smile in the corners of her mouth.

"A hardened case," reflected the principal, dimly aware of the smile. "But we will practice patience—yes, yes, certainly, patience." It was what he was sorely afraid he had not practiced that morning with Bobbie, and his conscience was sensitive on the point.

"If I tell him about it now, he will dismiss her anyway. What hope would there be after an escapade like this?" the little teacher mused. "He would never let her come back—never! And that would break her mother's heart. I don't know but it would break Frances', too. She's really a dear girl, mischief and all. I can't do it! I'm going to give her a chance to take it all back." There was just the one chance—Frances should have it.

"You may go now, young lady, but you will return at the opening of the afternoon session. We will talk then."

Room 7 was emptying itself into the corridor in its usual orderly fashion. Frances stood soberly at the door. The little teacher touched her arm and beckoned her aside. There was a suspicion of a laugh in Miss Trapp's eyes, but her lips were grave.

"Judgment is suspended. I am to go back this afternoon for it," she said. "I thought I would tell you, and if you cared to go instead—it is a chance."

"Miss Trapp!" cried Frances, breathlessly, catching at both the small white hands. "Do you mean he doesn't know yet? That—that there is some chance, after all, for me? You haven't told?"

"I haven't told," the little teacher said, gently. "There was a chance to wait, and I did. I thought you might want to take my place this afternoon."

"I do! I will! I'm going to!" sobbed Frances, in a tempest of tears. "I'll tell every single thing—I'll get down on my knees! Oh, Miss Trapp, I didn't think of mother then, or you, or anything in the living, breathing world but fun!"

Bobbie, in his little blue kilt, met his father on the way home with a glad cry of welcome. It sagged well for Frances.—Youth's Companion.

Against Lobbying.

President Roosevelt has issued the following order against any public officials taking part in soliciting an advance of salaries, or employing any one to do so in their behalf, to wit:

All officers and employes of the United States of every description, serving in or under any of the executive departments, and whether so serving in or out of Washington, are hereby forbidden, either directly or indirectly, individually or through associations, to solicit an increase of pay, or to influence or attempt to influence in their own interest any legislation whatever, either before congress or its committees, or in any way save through the heads of department's in or under which they serve, on penalty of dismissal from the government service.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

A Dutchman addressing his dog said: "My dog, you haf a schnap. You vas only a dog and I am a man, but wish I vas you. Effry way you haf the best of it. Ven you want to go mid der bed in, you shut durns round tree times and lay down. Ven I go mid der bed in, I haf to lock up de place und wind up the clock und undress mineself, und mine vife wakes up, and scholds me und den de baby cries, and I haf to dawk him up and down; then bymby when I shust get to sleep, it's time to get oup again. Ven you get oup you stretch yourself and scratch a couple of times and you are oup. I haf to dress mineself und light the fire, put on th kettle, scrap some mit mine vife yet already, und den maybe I get some breakfast. You play around all day and haf plenty of fun. I haf to work hard all day and haf troubles. Ven you die you shust lay still. Ven I die I haf to go to hell yet."—Ex.

An interesting contest is being up near Prairie City, over the fact that the Eastern Oregon Land Co. has applied for patent to the odd sections of their territory between that city and Quartzburg, which sections the company acquires many years ago as a subsidy for building the military wagon road. Upon these sections of land are located many valuable mining claims and the land company will not be able to get its patent without a bitter fight.—Ashwood Prospector.

A Fireman's Close call.

"I stuck to my engine, although every joint ached and every nerve was racked with pain," writes C. W. Bellamy, a locomotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa. "I was weak and pale, without any appetite and all run down. As I was about to give up, I got a bottle of Electric Bitters and, after taking it, I felt as well as I ever did in my life." Weak, sickly, run down people always gain new life, strength and vigor from their use. Try them. Satisfaction guaranteed by Adams & Winick Co. Price 50 cents.

Cary House Bar.

Henderson & Pollard, Proprietors.

FINE WINES,
LIQUORS, CIGARS

MAIN STREET.

PRINEVILLE, OREGON

City Meat Market,

Foster & Lehman
Proprietors.

A Complete and Choice Line of
Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Bacon,
Lard, and Country Produce.

Main st.

Prineville, Oregon.

'Phone 31.

Hamilton Stables

and Redby Feed Barn.

Stock boarded by day, week or month. Fine saddle horses and livery turnouts. Rates reasonable. Good accommodations.

Remember us when in Prineville, and we guarantee that your patronage will be appreciated and deserved.

G. M. CORNETT, Proprietor.

ED N. WHITE.

JOHN COMBS.

White & Combs.

DEALERS IN

WINES, LIQUORS,
DOMESTIC and IMPORTED... CIGARS.

COUNTRY ORDERS
SOLICITED.

FIRST DOOR SOUTH
POINDEXTER HOTEL.

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

Journal Real Estate Agency.

Is now prepared to handle your
Property if you want to sell.

By placing your property with us you get the benefit of free advertising. Having had years of experience in this line we know where to advertise in order to reach prospective buyers.

There will be a large influx of immigrants to this coast in the spring and in order to sell advantageously it will be necessary to place the advantages of your property where buyers will be attracted by them.

List your property with us and we will treat you right.

FOR SALE—A two story dwelling with lawn and outhouses in the city of Prineville. This property is well situated and is covered by irrigation. It covers one-fourth of a block and is one of the best residence locations in the town. Price reasonable.

FOR SALE—One of the best located farms in the famous clover belt in the Squaw Creek country, consisting of 100 acres, 40 acres in clover. A good barn 40x100 and all modern fence. Log house and other ordinary improvements. Good garden raised every year and a variety of small fruits. 120 acres of fine saw timber that will eventually be worth more than the price now asked for the entire farm. All under private irrigating ditch that goes with the property.

JOURNAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Prineville, Oregon.

Job Work

at the

Journal Office.