Dainty, blue anemone, Fliding on the mountain stair, Where the sunshine toxingly Falia in spierdor rich and rare.

Dainty, blue anemone.
Hiding by the mountain way,
Gasing upward modestly
Like a our about to pray.

Foundling of the sun and dew, Chies of mist and purple morn, Lifting eyes of sweetest blue From the bed where you were born.

Dainty, blue anemone, Praceing close to Nature's heart, On the wide-awept, upland isa, Where the waving graces part.

Lift to me your tender face, Liftle nun of asure eyes, — Grant me just the fleeting grace That within them deeply lies.

Satin, gray and flipy mist,
Wrap this matien tenderly,
Whom the mountain dew has kiesed,
Dainty, blue anamone.
--Charles F. Kingsley, in Chicago Record-

Belle of Bear City & & & &

By WM. PERRY BROWN.

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66 TWO YEARS without sight of a woman? What a life! If one could have two years without sight of a man, now-

She glanced at Sterling meditatively from the hammock, as he swung one long leg over the arm of his chair and twiddled a raw gold nugget doing du-hlous duty as a watch charm.

"Could you imagine such a horror?" he quirred.

"It would be heavenly. Men grow wearisome when they fancy them-selves in love.

"All of them-O, most sweet satiety?"
"M-m-tell me about your life up

there," she said, briskly. "Of course the cold must have been terrific, and with no news, no papers, no women,

no-er-"
"No anything desirable, you might add, except the 'grub,' the fires, the gold dust and yes, there was one thing else which became to me, at least, more satisfactory than all the rest of our meager comforts."

This last with a steady, admiring stare that caused Mins Lamar to slowly droop her cyclids, as if the long lashes might will the faint blash that seemed to ripple beneath the white down of the rounded cheeks below.

"And what was this eminently desirable thing?" she continued. Imperi-

4

ounly. "We called her the Belle of Bear "We called her the Belle of Bear City. Fun!" he thuckled to himself. "You would have thought it dizzly absurd could you have seen us line up ev-ery morning and make our hows. We even reserved our amartest small talk for her-seemed as if she could hear, you know."

"Why not, unless she was 'dizzily' dexf? So the most desirable thing turns out to be feminine after all. I mirht have guessed it, if there was a pet-at-able woman inside the arctic circle. What was she-some Esquicircle. What was she-some Esquichallenge.

"Not on your life. Neither was she a Siwash, Chileat—nor any other Alas-kan monstrosity. Ahl how we did adore that giril"

"Well, really!" Here Miss Lamar evinced aundry dignified symptoms of rising. "How do you reconsile this with your staying two years in that horrid hole without seeing a woman? "It is a solemn, lugabrious fact," he gravely asserted, "that we did."

"Wit is one thing, Mr. Sterling," said e, adding hauteur to dignity. "Menshe, adding hauteur to dignity. ducity is quite another. Even actresses are supposed to know that."

She rose, darting at him a final lance, neither meditative nor debative. Had he not seen her look that very way at the unsucceasful sultor in "Hearts Are Tromps," her latest stage Was she really going? Ap palled lest he had offended, yet thrilled indefinably that anything be might say could be of more than sephyrlike im portance to move her. Sterling timidly were right." put out a detaining hand.

"Please don't go," he ventured. "I had no idea of-of-you see, it was only a picture, after all."

Miss Lamar paused tentatively, with her hand on his chair back.

"You seem overburdened with conun-drums to-day," she commented. "Why Such caricatures!"

"Such divinities!" he interrupted,

"But, do you not understand?" "I am a poor hand at guessing. Be-sides, it is too much trouble." This with a sort of dry weariness which, however, seemed to impel her to forget her previous intention and sink lan-

guidly back in the hammock. Sterling grasped his opportunity by linking his hands together around one drawn-up knee and gazing sleepily into vacancy, as if still measurized by the memory of the clusive Belle of Bear City.

"There were seven of us fellows caged in one large cabin that winter. Most together-birds of a feather, you know. It was a dreary time. No sun at all grees below or worse, with an ever Rising, he made a sudden dash

MOUNTAIN ANEMONE | along shore, and not a scrap of news, nor a woman ny cer than Nome City,

"Always excepting the mysterious Boile of Rear City," she interpolated, suppressing a strictly artificial yawn. "Poor thing! Alone among all those men—what did you say was the popu-

"I did not say, but there must have been a hundred snowed in under the Tundra Hisffs, and every mother's son of us a man." He grisned feebly. "Always except..." she began again, when his eyes caused her to relent.

"Don't," he pleaded. "You queens of the stage have your trials, of course, but they are apt to be those resulting from satisty rather than starvation. We seven got so that we hated the slight of each other only a degree less than we abhorred the average Bear Cityle eached in the other cabins. Fling a dozen society swells into a pig sty and they will herd together; not be cause they weary of each other less, but to avoid the pigs."

"No wonder she was popular." Satir-ical emphasia—feminine emphasis on the personal pronoun. "How and when did she arrive?"

"In an old newspaper some fellow unexpectedly fished from his chest. There she was on the front page, photogravured to the life. Rare and radiant she looked to us poor devils socially starving under the north star. A Tli-nook squaw from St. Michaels with her hair done up in heads and nah oil would have southed our eyesight. Imagine the effect this ravishing vision produced upon our esthelic sensibilities, as we tacked her up on the wall and wor-shiped. The golden calf of the largelites was nothing by comparison.
"Dear me! All this masculine

apluiter over a mere picture?" such is the divine perversity of the sex that she seemed vaguely disappointed.

"Sure. But such a ploture! It grew upon us as a Bottleelli Mudonna is sald to permeate your very being if you only box at it long enough. At least that was the way I came to feel."

"Yea?" Miss Lamar's lip curied; for little at the professed to care for man the abstract it did not seem right that man as an individual should waste. his adoration on a picture, while the real article abounded in other parts of

"Yes," he blandly continued, "I was the seventh man, you know. That is, I came late our meas as number seven. which, being considered a lucky nu-meral—I say!" he soddenly sat bolt nurisht. "Are you at all supersil-

"Of course, I am." She shuddered symmethetically. "If you had been

"I think I should have given up right there; but being the seventh man, I said to myself: I will find the original of this picture some fine day.

"Aha!" with a chilling secent, as if to show that her interest in the Belle of Bear City would relapse into indifference if that aggravating erenture pushed herself beyond the photogravure stage of existence.

"I kent on saying it all winter," continued Sterling, abstractedly "Later on, when we struck it rich and the others furgot, I would go up to her ladyship, after a wash and brush-up, and repeat my row. Then the boys would satirically intimate that our belle had made at least one permanent mash."

As Sterling enthused bimself over his words, Miss Lamar became ironically skeptical.

"This is good enough for a play. We must consult Fitch." Fitch was her manager. "But when luck evinced itself in a more solld way by making you suddenly rich, I suppo her ladyship had to take a gallery

"On the contrary, she became my had named my claim Belle's, No. 7.' How the boys did laugh. But when I began to sluice out ten dollars to the pan, they said No. 7 was all right, and that the Belle was no flirt-"

Here Sterling, with a side glance at the actress, meditatively added: "I have often wondered if they

"I suppose you found that out long ago, if there was an original to that photo-or was it a newspaper? print anyone's picture nowadays; literally anyone's. It is rather a distinction to be let alone. Mine, you

easerly. "I loved your picture long before I saw you over the footlights. Then I made myself known..."

"By persecuting poor Fitch until he had to do something to rid himself of you."

"And now-am I not your slave? Dear Gertrude, if I may call you so; have you not guessed my riddle? Where are your intuitions? know I love you deeply, devotedly-"
"Alas! Poor Belle of Bear City!" She raised her arms in a mock trac-ic gesture. "Has the magic seven failed her, who brought luck to you? Oh, faithless swain!"

He saw that she was not dis-

pleased, though it seemed likely that

near where they sat on the summer hotel plazes, but returning atmost instantly, holding out a battered-looking newspaper print, framed in coatly chony, with an inscription, in Sterling's script beneath, on which Miss Lamar stuffously fixed her eyen, while the faint rose that on her cheeks deepened into a delicate

"The Original Belle of Bear City," she read aloud. "God bless her! Where shall I find her?"

When their eyes met again, Ster-ling realized that she had guessed other half of his riddle.

"Where shall I find her?" he echoed. "I want to tell her i am not faithless, but faithful-always."
"Here," said Miss Lamar, adding to her blush an even more convinc

ing smile, as she resigned both hands to his eager clasp. "Foolish boy! You might have told me weeks ago."

"Old Omar Khayyam understood my feelings," returned Sterling. "Listen

to the Persian sage: "Those whem with love we worship In love we also fear."

She Mixed Inings.

Papers of the state are commentng on the death at the age of 107 d Nancy Jane Roberts, near Sherood, in Washington County as ublished exclusively by The Teleram. The Welcome says:

Nelson Roberts has been dead many years, and it was supposed that his widow had been gathered to her fathers long ago. Oldtimers tell many stories of the old lady's ignorance, one of which concerns her idea of the Sandwich Islands. Along in 1863 a son-in-law by the name of Dean had d sappeared, and the neighbors were fearful that he had been murdered. Two heighbors, Hon. John Sweek, father of Judge Alex Sweek, and Judge Charles T. Tozier went over to console with Mr. and Mrs. Roberts about the loss of Dean, when the old lady said: "Men, I don't think he's dead. You mind that he had just bought him a brannew wagon and a fine yoke of oxed, and as you've always hearn nim tell about going to the Sandwich Islands, and as he has gotten him jist the rig to go than you will and him."

Another story on the old lady s about the time when canvassers vere out endeavoring to secure tock in a company that proposed COUNTRY ORDERS o start a telegraph line in the Villamette Valley. The solicitors called on Nelson Roberts, and talked with the old man about taking stock. Nancy stood the talk just as long as she could, when she broke out with, "See here, Nelson Roberts, if you be goin' to take any stock in that tili grapht line I want it to be good American heifers, for this here Spanish breed I want nothing to tising. do with."

"Siepit Ten Year".

Jack and Annie were to get narried, and she had confided to um that her age was twenty. after the ceremony and festivities were over they both went home and retired for the night. Annie's mother resided next door, and, beng up early the following mornog, thought she would give the appy couple a "rap up."

On the way to their door she ddenly remembered it was An-

e's birthday. Knocking loudly at the door, ne bawled ont:

"Come away, Annie, get up; ye en ye're thirty the day."

Jack, who was the first to hear ie voice, astonished his mother-1-law by shouting:

"For guidness, sake, Annie, get p, for we've steepit ten years."

A Horrible Outbreak.

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