

ALWAYS A SOMETHING.

There is always a something, whatever your lot;
 And, oh! how that something annoys! Though the merest of specks, it becomes a big blot—
 A pang at the heart of your joys, What mingles the manifold blessings you've got,
 If there's one little cloud in the blue? There is always a something, whatever your lot,
 And if it's not one thing—it's two!
 If it wasn't for something left in or left out,
 Our happiness would be complete; 'Tis the lack of one room that we worry about,
 Or the dwelling is on the wrong street, If we only were thin, if we only were stout,
 If we had something different to do; There is always a something left in or left out,
 And if it's not one thing—it's two!
 There is always a something, as certain as fate,
 A fly in the ointment we meet; The rich and the poor, and the lowly and great,
 Kind bitter mixed in with the sweet, For each has an if with his neighbors to make,
 And it follows this changing life through; There is always a something, as certain as fate,
 And if it's not one thing—it's two!
 —Hunter Mac Culloch, in N. Y. Weekly.

As Told at Martin's & S.

By Beatrice Bellido De Luna.

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THE night was warm, and the drinks refreshing to our dusty mouths. Waiters passed noiselessly to and fro, bearing trays laden with tall glasses, the electric fans overhead buzzed with a giddy whirr, and there was a dancer on the stage who was good to look upon. Altogether, Martin's was a much more pleasant place to be than in the sultry atmosphere outside.

"That girl," said Brown, slowly, eyeing the dancer through curling clouds of smoke, as she snapped her castanets, and twisted her lithe figure in the rhythmic measures of a Spanish air, "reminds me of a woman I knew in Cuba."

"Is it a story, Brown?" questioned Lester.

"Well, rather," our friend replied, emphatically. "Like to hear it?"

We assented eagerly, for Brown's stories were usually worth listening to.

"As I said before," he began, "it was in Cuba. I was there for the paper, just before the Spanish-American war broke out, and I saw the conflict through. Most of the time, after hostilities were declared, I was all over the island, wherever the fighting was, but at first I was quartered at Havana, and it was there that I knew Antonina.

"She had come from Paris and was dancing at the Tacon theater. The city was mad over her, after the fashion of the Latin race, and, in fact, she made even my phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon blood run quicker than was its wont. She was hardly beautiful, though I have never seen such eyes before, or since. She had a small wicked face, was slender almost to thinness, and not very tall. But to see her dance! I am sure no one has equaled her. Every motion was daring, poetical, and possessed the very essence of grace. She was absolutely mistress of her art, and of her audience.

"I don't know what she was, but mostly Spanish blood, although some said she had a strain of French—some said Arabian, and some even hinted at the African, but whatever her nationality, her magnetism was marvelous.

"The gallants flew wildly at her feet. She was looked upon with horror by the church, although it was said—but never mind that. She tantalized her lovers, laughed at them, flitted them, yet chained them to her. Among her most constant admirers was Gen. Ruiz, of the Spanish army. He seemed to be more favored than the others, but was innately jealous, in fact bereft of all reason.

"Political matters were very much strained—feeling between Spaniards and the Cubans had reached its highest pitch. Not a day passed without a duel, or a quarrel, or an arrest. Yet in spite of this, Antonina danced every night to a crowded house, and the pleasure loving city, although honey-combed by plots and intrigues, forgot, for the moment, all save the moment's enjoyment.

"The man most dreaded by the Spanish officials was one Juan Sanchez, an insurgent leader. He was the son of a wealthy planter who had figured prominently in a former outbreak, and had been exiled to Ceuta, Spain's penal colony in Africa. The son, growing to manhood and finding himself an outcast, embraced the rebel cause and had made himself troublesome. He had gathered his recruits from neighboring provinces, and lived in the mountains, evading every effort of the government to capture him.

"I do not know how it came about, but Ruiz evolved the idea of affecting his capture through Antonina. The general possessed a diamond of enormous value, a family jewel, and this he promised to the woman if she would

lure the outlaw to her house. Antonina had long coveted the stone, and had tried every one of her wiles to obtain it, so it can be understood that she readily promised to attempt the task.

"It might be thought that this was a most difficult undertaking, but Ruiz had his spies everywhere, and Antonina her willing slaves. One night, when Sanchez was in the city on a secret mission, he was taken to the theater, by one of his own friends, to see Antonina dance; was introduced to her after the performance, and, like all the others, fell under her spell. To a man of his character no half way method was possible. She dismissed the other of her admirers, and rumor soon spread that Sanchez rode in every night and openly visited her at her house.

"This was what Ruiz was waiting for, and one evening the place was surrounded and Sanchez taken prisoner. He was, of course, sentenced to be shot.

"Antonina, apparently, thought no more of the matter. She appeared at the theater on the following evening, and had never been more charming. The story of her share in the rebel's capture got about, and she was cheered whenever she was seen by the loyalists. Ruiz was more infatuated than ever, and was worse than helpless in her hands.

"The day that Sanchez was to be executed Antonina demanded of Ruiz that he should gain permission for her to see her former lover alone. It was not known what excuse she gave for this seemingly strange request, but, at any rate, it was granted her. What took place at the interview was never disclosed. Immediately after it was over Sanchez was marched into the courtyard, placed with his face to the wall and shot to death. He met his fate with gallant indifference.

"Antonina watched him die, from one of the windows, without a sign of emotion, save a narrowing of the eyelids and a slight compression of the lips. She danced that night, but canceled her engagement for the following week, saying she was going to leave the city for a rest.

"A few days later I happened to be in one of the shabbiest parts of town, and there met a woman whose resemblance to the dancer was so striking that I turned and looked after her as she passed me. She went into a miserable looking hotel and, as I loitered near, hoping to solve the mystery, she came out again, and walked swiftly by me. This time I was convinced that it was Antonina. Much puzzled at her appearance in such a place, I followed her, but soon she disappeared down a narrow side street, and being unfamiliar with that part of the town, I lost track of her.

"Next day I was called away from the city, and when I returned I found the social world in a state of expectation over a grand reception to be given by Gen. Ruiz in honor of some of the American officers. The chief attraction was the announcement that Antonina had been engaged to dance for the entertainment of the guests. I determined to accept my invitation, as the woman possessed a great attraction for me. I was present at the reception.

"The salas were crowded with a brilliant assembly. Scores of beautiful women, and the handsome Spanish officers in their showy uniforms, mingled with the more sober dress of our country, gave a most picturesque effect to the scene. It was nearly midnight when the dance arrived. She had driven directly from the theater, and was attired in a most magnificent costume, while on her breast glittered the Ruiz diamond. As she came into the ball-room, she was greeted with ovation and was showered with flowers. She paused a moment on the threshold, and responded with a faint, half-smoking smile. Then slowly raising her arms, she stepped forward. Instantly the orchestra struck up with the passionate music of El Sol, and the guests drew away from the center of the room, leaving her standing in a blaze of color and jewels—alone on the polished floor.

"I will not attempt to describe the dance. We watched her with deep drawn breaths, and dizzy brains, as she whirled herself from the ray-lanquor of the beginning to the mad abandon at the end. Ruiz, unable to contain his emotions, caught up a flower that had dropped from her hair, and, unmindful of observers, kissed it. She saw the actor, and with a sidelong glance tore the scarlet scarf from her waist, and, still dancing, threw it over his neck. Something gleamed in her hand, and some instinct warned me of mischief. I stepped to Ruiz' side. Antonina stretched out her hand, and held Ruiz back, and if ever I saw the devil look out from a woman's eyes, I saw it shining then between her half-closed lids.

"Adios, companeros," she said in clear, ringing tones, "I go to wait for you in hell."

"With a swift motion she buried the diamond, which had been concealed in her hand, in her heart, and as the last strains of the music died away she fell to the floor, the wicked smile frozen on her mouth.

"Three weeks later, Gen. Ruiz and

every one of his subordinate officers died of the most malignant kind of smallpox. Antonina had searched until she had found a case, as we afterward discovered—had exposed Sanchez' sword belt to the infection, and thus carried the infection to Ruiz, gaining a vengeance which few brains could have evolved. She had loved the man whose life she had sold for a jewel."

"Why did she take her life?" questioned Lester.

"That," answered Brown, "was a phase of her character which I found hard to understand, though I believe that she preferred death to the loss of her charms, and knew that she surely must have had the dread disease herself. To me the most wonderful thing about her was that she could love so intensely, and never by word or sign betray herself, even when she saw him die, and knew that she was responsible for his death. That is something I have never seen in any other woman, and gave evidence of a will that could have moved empires, had it not spent all its energy on one man."

Frisky Lakeview Writter.

About six weeks ago, says the Lakeview Examiner, the Police Gazette published a challenge from George Dimmick, an 80-year-old youth of Salt Lake, Utah, to outtalk, outsing, outrun, outwalk any 80-year-old Christian in the world. This defy fell under the glance of Whorton & Smith, of Lakeview, who at once accepted the challenge of the gay and festive youth from Salt Lake, in the following language:

"We hereby accept the challenge of George Dimmick, of Salt Lake City, Utah, published in the Gazette three weeks ago, to any Christian in the United States, or the British Kingdom, to run, walk, sing or talk for two hours."

"We accept this challenge in behalf of Jim Williams, of Lakeview, Oregon, (as his backers,) and would like to make a bet of \$2500. We will put our man against George Dimmick, or any other 80-year-old man this side of the Rocky Mountains, to sing, dance, walk, jump, box, wrestle or lift. Jim Williams is 80 years old next June stands 6 feet 3 inches, weighs 216 pounds, and is the "slickest onion" that ever made love to a pretty girl. We agree to meet Uncle Dimmick half way, and if he has money to do business with, he can easily get a call."

He Dreaded Frank Menefee.

The Observer shack, hidden in upon the alley back of R. G. Ginn's handsome brick building, was discovered and visited by many friends this week who were attending court. Judge Bradshaw, Peter Flank, Geo. Thompson, Judge O'Day, Frank Menefee, B. S. Huntington, C. C. Huck, John Dunohoe, R. L. Campbell, et al. One of the lawyers told the story of a revival 10 miles from Moro, when a young man arose for prayers, saying, "Friends, I feel the spirit moving me to tell what a wicked man I am, but I can't do it, as the grand jury will be in session in Moro next week." The preacher shouted amen brother, the Lord will forgive you, go on. "No I can't; others are implicated; and the Lord ain't on the jury. I dread Frank Menefee."

Strikes a Rich Find.

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. E. Green, of Lancaster, N. H., "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by Adamson & Winnek Co.

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