

#### Encounter With a Bear

While out in the mountains hunting last Saturday E. D. Bringham had an experience, according to the reports of the party, that would put the lion hunt in the Alaskan jungles in the shade, says the Sheridan Sun. According to Ed's story, they had set out about 4 o'clock Saturday morning in search of deer. After passing about a mile up the mountain Bringham took a short cut around a mountain, thinking that he might drive a fat buck over the ridge. He had been separated from the rest of the party about an hour when he came to a place on the side hill covered with fallen logs and the ground thick matted with blackberry vines. Not being used to mountain traveling he became tired, and seating himself upon a log, lit his pipe, and was enjoying his surroundings as best he could when a startling sound broke the stillness, and the longer he listened the straighter his hair stood. After his fright had subsided a little he concluded to investigate the cause of this peculiar noise. He soon located the sound coming from the butt of a log about fifteen paces to his right. By this time he began to feel brave. Holding a shotgun in one hand and a butcher-knife in the other, he crept toward the log from which the noise was coming. He was now about 10 feet from the log and discovered the most beautiful thing his eyes had ever beheld; it looked like a little black bear of fur cuddled up and fast asleep. His first thought was to shoot it. He brought the gun to his shoulder, but his heart failed him, he could not shoot the little innocent thing. His next thought was to pick it up and take it home, as it would make a nice playfellow for Fannie and the pups. He laid his gun across the log and stooped to pick the dear little thing up in his arms, but he had no more than touched the animal when, as he told the boys, he soon discovered that "some sleeping beauties are terrors when awake."

This little innocent thing proved to be about a third-grown cub bear, and the way the bear walked over Ed was a fright.

Henry L. Shattuck, of Seaside town, was cured of a stomach trouble with which he had been afflicted for years, by four boxes of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. He had previously tried many other remedies and a number of physicians without relief. For sale by all druggists.

As the three Misses Sims and Mrs. Morrison of Couse creek were leaving town to return home their team became frightened and ran away, throwing Mrs. Morrison out of the back and severely bruising her about the head and shoulders, but without breaking any bones, says the Milton Eagle. The horses continued their mad career up the Nichol's canyon, where they were stopped about a mile from town by Miss May, who had climbed out on the tongue of the wagon and ridden in that precarious position during the entire distance. The wonder is that she was not thrown under the horses and trampled upon. No injury was done to the horses or buggy.

Game Warden Quimby has just returned from the Yellowstone Park, where he attended a meeting of the game wardens of the Northwest, says the Evening Telegram. In speaking of the vast herd of elk in the Park Mr. Quimby said: "The value of elk's teeth has advanced tremendously since the order has become so popular, and our teeth were related at our convention where a pair of teeth were

sold for \$120. These teeth were exceptionally precious because of their shape and color, but \$25 is not a high price for a single elk's tooth these days. "The elk of Yellowstone Park are driven or coaxed outside the boundaries of the reserve where they are slain by the hundreds in spite of the soldiers, two companies of whom are kept busy watching for poachers and keeping down fires. If the great order of elk should in the interest of the preservation of these noble animals, agree to change its emblem to something else the incentive to kill these Park elk would be largely destroyed.

"Yet there are 25,000 head of elk in the Park and they are keeping the range eaten down. If Oregon could obtain about 2,000 of these to turn into her forests we would soon be able to obtain elk meat without danger of exterminating the animals. I will write to our delegation in congress in regard to this matter and urge the shipment of a goodly number out here. The elk are tame as they are not hunted in the Park and they would easily be shipped in stock cars this fall."

#### Their Secret is Out

All Sadesville Ky., was curious to learn the cause of the vast improvement in the health of Mrs. S. P. Whitaker, who had for a long time, endured untold suffering from a chronic bronchial trouble. "It's all due to Dr. King's New Discovery," writes her husband. "It completely cured her and also cured our little grand-daughter of a severe attack of Whooping Cough. It positively cures Coughs, Colds, La Grippe, Bronchitis, all Throat and Lung troubles. Get a bottle for 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Adamson & Winneke's drug store."

While H. S. Rowe and J. W. Casey, general agent and traveling passenger agent respectively for the Milwaukee, were out upon their recent trip through the Pacific Northwest they saw some amusing things. "Jim" Casey tells with much enjoyment a matter that came under their view while at Victoria, B. C. To quote him this is the story.

"There is a man at Victoria," said, "who was formerly a newspaper reporter, but I am glad to say he reformed, and went into the cigar and news stand business. He is a humorist, and is all the time getting up schemes to draw a crowd to his joint.

"While Mr. Rowe and I were at Victoria we took a walk around his way. He had a bulletin board out in front, upon which he had chalked a fake telegram, purporting to be a 'Special Wire From Seattle.' It read:

"Tracy will lead the parade of the Elk's Carnival protected by the Washington state militia. After the parade he will be given 33 1/3 hours start and will be furnished with a grub stake."

This shows that the Canadians look upon the Tracy matter just as the public does on this side of the line.—A sort of farce.—Journal.

#### Astounded the Editor

Editor S. A. Brown, of Bennettsville, S. C., was once immensely surprised. "Through long suffering from Dyspepsia," he writes, "my wife was greatly run down. She had no strength or vigor and suffered great distress from her stomach, but she tried Electric Bitters which helped her at once, and, after using four bottles, she is entirely well, can eat anything. It's a grand tonic, and its gentle laxative qualities are splendid for torpid liver."

For indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach and Liver troubles it's a positive, guaranteed cure. \*Only 60c at Adamson & Winneke Co.

#### Trust in Providence

"Years ago when I was in the fruit business," said a Michigander the other day, "I used to take some long chances on the apple and peach crop. I mean by that, that I would buy the yield of an orchard after counting up the trees in blossom, and strangely enough, I never met with a loss of any account. My nearest shave was with a good old man who had 500 peach trees in St. Joe county. I knew the orchard well. It always sent fine peaches to market, and one season I determined to copper the yield. I struck the place with those 500 trees loaded down with blossoms, and estimated that the yield could not be less than 1500 bushels. I offered the deacon \$1000 cash in hand, but he shook his head. Then I went up \$250, and finally made the figures \$1500. That was \$1 a bushel and the picking and packing were to be at my expense.

"No, I don't believe I'll do it," replied the deacon after scratching his head for a while.

"I don't believe you'll get a better offer."

"Maybe not, but I think I'll trust to Providence; I may get at least \$2000 for my peaches."

"I didn't care to raise my figures," said the buyer, "and so the matter was off. I heard from the orchard just as the trees were covered with young peaches, and about that time drought set in and things began to burn. There wasn't a smell of rain for six weeks, and there wasn't a peach that wasn't baked and shriveled and dried until you couldn't tell what it was. The 500 trees didn't yield five eatable peaches. Meeting the deacon along the last week in August I said:

"Well, deacon, I'm \$1500 in pocket."

"Yes," he slowly replied.

"Going to trust to Providence another season?"

"Maybe not, but I think I'll trust to out that if I accept 98 per cent of a good thing and trust to Providence about 2 per cent I may be able to buy me a pair of new boots next year."—Detroit Free Press.

#### What a Tote It Tells

If that mirror of yours shows a wrinkled, sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin, it's liver trouble; but Dr. King's New Life Pills regulate the liver, purify the blood, give clear skin, rosy cheeks, rich complexion. Only 25c at Adamson & Winneke's drug store.

A sensation was sprung at Baker City the other day, by the announcement of the elopement of Mrs. J. J. Gentry with a hack driver named Wilson Beaver. Mr. Gentry is an old man in the dairy business. His wife is a young woman. It is the old story. The Gentry's had some property on which there was a mortgage. The title was in her name. She made her husband raise \$400 for ostensible purpose of paying off the debt. Then she said she wanted \$500 more to buy a small farm near Walla Walla. At a great sacrifice this was also raised. This happened three weeks ago. It now transpires that Mrs. Gentry took the \$900 and met the hack driver in Pendleton and from there they traveled together. Their present whereabouts is unknown. The woman leaves besides her husband several small children, and the old man is heart-broken over the event.

*E. W. Brown*

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