

THE LOST SMILE.

Lost, a merry, good-morning smile,
With a cunning dimple on either side
Of coaxing lips that are parted wide,
Showing a row of teeth, like pearls;
It hasn't been missed but a little while,
And matches a pair of hazel eyes,
Clouded now like the summer skies,
And a mop of tangle-y, flaxen curls.

It was lost in the nursery this morn'g,
When
Dorothy, fresh and rosy from sleep,
Looked out and saw the troublesome rascal
Beating its greeting against the pane,
Bathing the blossoms and bending the
grain;

And would you believe it—there and then,
She, like the skies, began to weep!

If you find it, don't put it on a shelf,
Where Sunday bonnets and manners are
stored,
But bring it at once to Nursery Row,
For mother and brother both miss it so:
And you shall receive a rich reward,
For it will repay you its own sweet self!

—Mary L. C. Robinson, in Youth's Companion.

Confirmation of a Bachelor
By WILLIAM ENNIS.

I AM not by nature a cruel or violent man, and as I hear Master Charles and his sister are going about accusing me of being all this, I think it is due to myself to write out a true account, from the beginning, of this miserable affair. My arm still aches, but I will set down the facts while they are yet fresh in my memory.

It was on November 6 that I received the invitation. I have it before me as I write. It is as follows:

"Mr. J. Holt Leigh: Mrs. Stephen Freshfield. At home, Monday, December 2, Danzing, 10:30. Fancy dress."

My name and the words "fancy dress" were written, the rest was printed.

I would here mention that, at that time, I entertained feelings of sincere admiration for Mrs. Freshfield's daughter Dolly. She was more than ordinarily good looking, and in addition, I thought, well-mannered and of a nice disposition. (It only shows how one may be deceived.) Nothing is to be gained by the concealment of the fact that I aspired to her hand. A match with her had seemed to me, after mature deliberation, eminently desirable, though the balance of the advantage would have rested with her. She, as I have said, was young and pretty. Her father was in business, and certainly not wealthy. I, though just past middle age, am well preserved and have ample means. I am a barrister-at-law, but I do not practice. Not a disreputable lawyer, understand; I have never practiced. I do nothing. In addition, my family is, of course, of infinitely better standing than hers. It would, in fact, in the eyes of many of my relatives have been mesalliance. I had not yet, in so many words, disclosed my intentions to her, but by frequent visits at her house, and in many little ways—entirely correct, I need scarcely say—I had shown I was partial to her. Her attitude to me was always respectful, though it lacked the warmth that I could have desired. That was one of the reasons why I had not actually proposed matrimony. There was nothing to be gained by rushing matters, and I felt sure that it would only be a matter of time before she reciprocated my feelings of affection.

Her father, on the other hand, entertained a sincere regard for me. Her mother was an invalid, and one seldom saw her; but I felt that she, too, liked me. The only other member of the family was Miss Freshfield's brother, Charlie. He was ten years old, and this boy, for some reason or other, took a dislike to me. He was a boy of the most objectionable type, impish and rude. Miss Freshfield, curiously, was attached to him. Being a boy, and the only one, he was spoiled. One often sees it. I made several attempts to become friends with him, for the sake of his sister, but it was no good. The vileness of his character may be evidenced by the fact that he would take a bribe from me on one day, and yet be as irreconcilable as ever on the morrow.

In appearance he was like an ape.

Well, I spent some time in thinking out what costume I should wear. I finally decided on a clown's dress. People who know me will be surprised at the choice. But there were reasons. I especially wanted to please Miss Freshfield at the dance. Herself being young, she was fond of all sorts and I knew she thought me too serious. She is as much as said so one day. Not that I am ashamed of being serious; quite the contrary. There are, in my opinion, a great deal too many wags and fools nowadays. But I wanted to create a good impression on Miss Freshfield that evening, for I thought that if she seemed sufficiently sympathetic I might disclose the state of my feelings to her, and I did not see why I should not give myself every advantage. After all, for all I knew, there might be younger suitors.

The dress was a truly wonderful creation. I went to the best costumer's to have it made, and let them know they were not to consider expense, but to do the thing well. It was made partly of satin, not of cotton like the common clown's things. On the chest part, which was red, there was a huge yellow donkey, and there were comic animals in other places. The whole effect was entirely absurd, as, of course, was intended, though I resolved that it was the last time that I would submit to tomfoolery of this kind. She would not find me so tractable after marriage.

The night of the dance arrived. I drove up in a brougham. An aggravating incident at the start was that quite a number of gamins sighted me near the house, and ran after the carriage at the door. This was especially annoying to me. I hold that it is only

outsiders who attract attention themselves, and that he is well-dressed who does not do so. As I alighted, the unwashed raised a cheer and indulged in some stupid gutter humor. As usual, there was no constable near. Nor was my temper improved by the fact that, as is invariably the case at the Freshfield house, I was kept fully three minutes before the bell was answered. And, when the door at last opened, the servant forgot her place and guffawed. It was an impertinence for her to be amused. I told the giggling fool of a servant not to announce me, and hastily made my way to the ballroom. On my way I passed several couples (who seemed startled by me) in ordinary evening dress. That, in my opinion, was what spoiled so many fancy dress balls. Either all ought to be in fancy dress or none at all. Miss Freshfield was standing, with her father, just at the entrance to the room. They, too, curiously, were in ordinary evening dress. She looked her best, and at sight of her my bad temper seemed to vanish.

"Here we are again!" I said. Miss Freshfield appeared to be covered with confusion. She at first turned white, and then crimson, and then, with a smile (which was almost a laugh) said: "Oh, I thought you were never coming."

As for her father, he seemed scared out of his life. "Good gracious, Mr. Leigh!" he said. "You, of all people!"

I then looked about me and burst into a perspiration.

There were fully a hundred people there; dancing had stopped, and everyone was staring at me. I was the only guest in fancy dress!

I turned angrily to Mr. Freshfield. "What is the meaning of this, sir?" I asked.

"I ask you," he replied, gravely. "It is a breach of hospitality," I said. "You invite me to a fancy dress ball—"

"Fancy dress ball?" he interrupted. "Whatever put that in your head? Really, Mr. Leigh, I must repeat it. I am surprised at your coming like this."

"Fortunately," I answered, curbing my temper with difficulty, "I have kept the card."

As that I stalked out of the room—dignified, in spite of the costume.

I drove back, furious. Arrived home, I at once looked at the card. But I had never been in any doubt about it. There stood "fancy dress" right enough.

I tore the costume into shreds and burned it.

The mortification of the thing made me feel positively ill. That I should have been made to look ludicrous before Miss Freshfield of all people. I would not rest until I had found out who was responsible for it, and I would have my revenge.

The next morning I drove to Mr. Freshfield's office, with the card. He appeared to think at first that I had come to apologize.

"Oh, it's all right," he said. "Everyone was very amused—very amused. Mistakes will happen."

I contained myself. I showed him the card, and asked him whose the writing was. He read it, then exploded vulgarly into peals of laughter.

"O, the young rascal," he said. "O, the young rascal. Ah, well, boys will be boys, you know."

So it was that ape, Charlie.

"Well," I said, when he had recovered himself, "and what do you propose doing to him?"

"O, I'll give him a good talking to, the young rascal!" said his father.

I again managed to contain myself. "A talking to! Good heavens! Mr. Freshfield, I said, "you do not seem to appreciate the situation. If you do not severely punish the lad I shall certainly have to consider what rights the law gives me over him."

However, the father refused to thrash the young ruffian—or, anyhow, he begged me not to insist on it, and finally got me to consent to be satisfied with a personal apology from the boy.

I was annoyed, as soon as I had left, that I had been as lenient as this. I hate your indulgent parents. They are a danger to the state. Still, after all, it was Miss Freshfield's brother.

In the evening the boy came round, looking sufficiently shamefaced.

"Well, sir?" I said.

"O, I have come to say I am sorry I— I—made you look such a fool yesterday evening. . . . Have you got me any more foreign stamps?"

So this was his apology.

I stared at him for a moment; then a great rage came over me. In the corner stood my walking cane. Perhaps I should not have done it. But I am human. A lady writer once said there is nothing more beautiful to hear than the laughter of a little child. She had not heard Charlie's rattle. It is good to me—passing good—to reflect that for some time to come Master Charlie will never sit down without thinking of me, and, when he sleeps, he sleeps on his side.

As I remarked, perhaps I should not have done it. But who shall say that the provocation was not great? Nor do I believe that any harm was ever done by thrashing a boy. If I were a father I would thrash regularly every night. He may be sure that it has been earned.

Others think differently. This morning I received a note from Miss Freshfield:

"Dear Mr. Leigh: You are a coward, and no gentleman to beat a little boy. I do not wish to see you again. Yours faithfully, D. Freshfield. P. S.—I may add that it was I who told Charlie to insert the words in the invitation."

—Chicago Tribune.

A Crushing Comment.
"Oh, I can marry anyone I please," said he, and curled his lip conceitedly.

"You'll never marry me, then," said Madge, the tease, "for there are none that you could please, you see."—Philadelphia Press.

SUGGESTS A REMEDY.

Commissioner of Lands Herman on Timber Land Frauds.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Nov. 8. The annual report of Land Commissioner Herman calls attention to violation of the timber and stone act, by which large corporations have secured title to large tracts of timber lands in Oregon and other Western States, and urges an amendment to secure control of these lands by this office.

The Land Commissioner shows 14 mineral patents issued in Oregon, and 31 claims filed for a total mineral area of 650,265 acres. Patents were issued at the Oregon branch of the Central Pacific road for 32,891 acres of land last year, and to the Oregon & California road for 64,778 acres. Patents to the Oregon Wagon Road companies aggregate 156,778 acres. The state received patents for 259 acres of land under a swamp grant, making a total of 241,606 acres patented.

The report shows 31,873,671 acres of vacant public land in the state, of which 23,597,969 acres are surveyed and 8,257,711 acres unsurveyed. The reserved area in the state includes 5,878,411 acres and 23,525,358 acres appropriated. The area covered by surveys accepted last year aggregated 794,104 acres.

The commissioner reports experiments by Colonel R. C. Judson, near Coyote, Ore., in growing successfully alfalfa on dry desert land heretofore considered worthless, and urges trial elsewhere.

One hundred and eighty-eight thousand sheep and 4,600 cattle and horses were allowed to graze on the Cascade forest reserve during the year.

Oregon to Lead.

The few Oregonians who attended the recent meeting of the National Irrigation Congress held in Colorado came home enthusiastic advocates of reclaiming the arid wastes by use of water, and at once went to work interesting the people of this state in irrigation. As a result an irrigation congress has been called to meet in Portland on November 18 and 19, to which everybody interested in the subject will be welcome.

It is well Oregon is going to take the lead in this matter, for Eastern Oregon especially is deeply concerned in the reclamation of its so-called desert lands, of which there are thousands of acres that will never be reclaimed except through government aid, and this can be secured only by concerted action.

Let Eastern Oregon send an enthusiastic delegation to this congress, men who are alive to the needs of the country and who will stir up the drybones with an endeavor to get recognition from the national government for their state.

Prompt and intelligent action from this congress will aid our delegation in Washington to get Oregon set apart as an irrigation district in accordance with the law passed by the last congress. Now is the time to begin looking about to find men who will attend the congress. —Dallas Mountaineer.

Great Luck of an Editor.

"For two years all efforts to cure Eczema in the palms of my hands failed," writes Editor H. N. Lester, of Syracuse, Kas., "then I was wholly cured by Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's the world's best for Eruptions, Sores and all skin diseases. Only 25c at all druggists.

Sound Reciprocity.

The Republican League which met at Chicago last week evidently recognized the fact that reciprocity on any other lines than those under which we have so successfully extended our foreign trade is a humbug, for it declared distinctly in favor of adhering to Protection as strictly as of yore. A country with as great a free list as the United States has offers plenty of opportunities for reciprocal trade. Everything we cannot profitably produce ourselves is supposed to be on the free list; if experience teaches us that we are

still putting a high tariff on things we cannot hope to produce profitably, they should be removed from the Protective schedules and placed on the free list. The American people are too sensible to desire to go abroad for things which they may profitably produce at home, and when they fully understand the subject they will regard with derision all proposals which have for their object the increase of trade at the expense of production, because they know by experience that the invariable result of attempts to subordinate the latter to the former end in disaster and defeat the very object they seek to accomplish.—San Francisco "Chronicle."

E. W. Grover
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
The remedy that cures a cold in one day

J. W. BOONE,

Saddles and Harness

Maker of the celebrated PRINEVILLE STOCK SADDLE

FULL LINE OF STOCKMEN'S SUPPLIES

Latest Improved Ladies' Side and Stride Saddles, Bits, Spurs, Angora Chaps, Quirts and Hackamores. Write for prices.

PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

G. pringer,
REDEEMER OF

Draft, Coach and Carriage Horses

Young stallions and mares, also a few young teams for sale.

Haystack Blood Stock Ranch, Haystack, Oregon.

Lumber.

For all kinds of rough and dressed lumber.

Kiln dried flooring and rustic, go to

A. H. LIPPMAN & CO.

Shoes. A full line of Ladies', Gents' and Children's shoes. S. J. & Co.

TIMBER LAND FINAL PROOF BLANKS

for sale at this office at very reasonable prices. Mail orders promptly attended to.

Two Doors South of First National Bank.

CHAMP SMITH.

ADAMSON & WINNEK CO.

Incorporated 1899.

Drugs, Stationery and House Furnishing Goods

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.

BOOTH & CORNETT, Proprietors.

ED N. WHITE, JOHN COMBS.

White & Combs.

DEALERS IN **WINES, LIQUORS, DOMESTIC and IMPORTED CIGARS.**

COUNTRY ORDERS FIRST DOOR SOUTH SOLICITED. POINDEXTER HOTEL, PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

SMITH'S RECEPTION.

Wines, Liquors, Domestic and Imported Cigars. The Celebrated A. B. C. Beer Always on Hand.

Proprietors of the Prineville Soda Works. **PRINEVILLE, ORE.** ISOM CLEEK.

SALOMON, JOHNSON & CO.

(SUCCESSORS TO C. L. SALOMON)

DEALERS IN...

GENERAL :: :: MERCHANDISE

New Firm! New Goods!

Call and see them and examine their stock. You will be pleased with their prices.