

Terminus Not Dependable.

Lincoln was once approached with a scheme by some peace-makers who thought they had hit upon a means of ending the trouble with the South. He listened with patience, and said that, while it seemed possible to bridge over the trouble between the two sections, he had doubts about the good faith of the Confederacy in the transaction. To illustrate his point, he told a story of a churchman named Brown, who, elected a chairman of a committee to plan a bridge over a dangerous stream, said his friend Jones, an architect, could do the work. Jones, when sent for, told the committee he could, if desired, build a bridge from here to the infernal regions. The committee thought this remark sacrilegious, and said so, whereupon Brown, feeling that Jones' reputation rested with him, arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I have known Mr. Jones some years, and have such faith in his judgment, ability and resources, that if he said he could build a bridge to hades, I'd believe him—but gentlemen I confess I might have some doubts about the security of the abutment on the other side."—Philadelphia Leader.

Friendship of Twenty Years Ago.

For over 20 eventful years Maurice Fitzgerald, a Burns, Ore., lawyer and ex-scout among the Indians and Colonel Frank J. Parker, the ex-scout on General Howard's staff, and editor, had never met until Monday morning, when they ran into each other arms quite by accident on Alder street.

"This is Frank Parker, isn't it?" asked Fitzgerald.

"Well I'll be scalped!" ejaculated Parker. It's Fitz." He had no difficulty in recognizing his former tillicum in numerous hot brushes with the Indians in the Harney Valley country—and elsewhere.

And the two friends immediately adjourned to a corner to renew acquaintance. Parker said that he heard his friend was dead, and Mr. Fitzgerald approached him for saying so.

Parker and Fitzgerald saw each other the last time when the bullets from the rifles in the hands of Indians were knocking alkali dust up into their faces. That was in the vicinity of Birch Creek. The scouts became separated and drifted into different sections of the country.

"Many's the weary day that we spent in the saddle looking for redskins," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald. "As we rode along over the trail we became less cautious on the lookout, and Parker and I recited to each other all the poetry that we had ever learned. It whiled away the time to hear Parker recite 'Excelsior' to the accompaniment of the beat of the horses' hoofs and the jingle of spurs. Once we had been on the skulk for nearly a week, with insufficient food. We were dead tired and hungry. The horses needed hay. We rode along and came to a settler's cabin. There was nobody at home. In the barn was good hay and plenty of it. In the cabin were provisions and a good soft feather bed, which represented to us the very acme of luxury at that moment. We decided that though we might perish for the act we would make ourselves at home, if all the Indians in the country came and attacked us. We fed the horses, cooked a big meal, and turned in for 12 hours' solid sleep. Next morning, much refreshed, we had breakfast and departed. Within two hours after we had left, the place was in possession of the redskins. They had burned the place to the ground, and when we returned a lively skirmish was in progress. The Indians were given to all sorts of knavish, cunning work. Sometimes when they did not totally destroy a place they would literally turn a cabin upside down and leave it standing on its roof. They would also set out a table from an unfortunate settler's cabin, place the plates and saucers on it, and pour coal oil into each dish, placing dried fruit in the oil."

HOPE ON, TOIL ON.

Oh, my brother, are you weary? Dear the way seem long and dreary That leads up to the new era You have pictured in your dreams? Is your portion one of sorrow? Yet be brave and try to borrow From the glory of the morrow That beyond your vision gleams. "Never!" Coarse the wall of "never," For mankind moves on forever Up the highway of endeavor To the heights that onward glow. There is no room for despairing. But for action and for daring, And for helping and upbearing One another as we go. Oh, my brother, cease complaining! See, the night of wrong is waning, And the king of light is reigning, And the flag of hope's unfurled. There are evils left for fighting, There are battles left for fighting, There are beacon lights for lighting, To illuminate the world. Better days are breaking o'er us, From the nearing goal before us, We can hear a joyous chorus, "Waited o'er the years to be, Through the portals, open swinging, Notes of sweet and rapturous singing Down the Future's aisles are ringing From the anthems of the free."—J. A. Edgerton, in Denver News.

HIS POST-NUPTIAL CALL

"WELL," she said, gayly, as she stretched one hand toward him, while in the other she still held his card, "what a genuine surprise! I thought you were honeymooning in the hills. Congratulations! But why haven't you brought your bride? And why didn't you send me cards? But you always were a careless boy!"

He held her hand a minute, searching her face for some sign of chagrin. But a mocking smile was all that greeted him.

"There weren't any cards," he said, somewhat hurriedly; "I was in town, and I supposed you'd see me now that it is all over with. Besides you know it happened without—"

"Cards?"

"Preparation. The fact is, I hadn't intended—hadn't—but it's all over now! How are you? You look just the same, Betty!"

"Why it's only a year since—but sit down! Won't you have some tea? Do! But how nice of you to call! And only three days married! Then you didn't go away, as the papers said?"

"No; we took a train for town, intending to go to the Berkshires next day. But she—that is, Mrs. Brown, you know—had never been to the Waldorf, and she found it so absorbing that I haven't been able to tear her away."

"Just fancy! You take two lumps, don't you? It seems so odd! You see, I've never met anybody that knew her. She's lived off there in the country, hasn't she? Is she pretty?"

"She's a dear little girl, Beauty—Betty, I mean. Ha, ha! I wasn't quite sure you'd see me at first. But it was a little bit dull this morning, and I said to myself: 'I'll chance it! Betty was always a good sort, and now that everything is ended—why—' Thanks."

"Is she pretty?"

"She's a blonde, you know. Yes, I never liked blondes, but she is quite fair. Not dark at all—not a bit like you!"

"No—blondes usually aren't dark, are they? What did you say her name was?"

"Harriet."

"Oh, dear me! But, of course, you have some pet name? You were always very clever at improvising."

"No, I just call her Harrie—she prefers it. And she—she calls me Charles."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha! Oh, Chub! Not really?"

"Yes—she's a dignified sort of girl—serious, high church, and all that! A dear girl! We'd known each other since we were kids. Why, I knew her, Beauty, before I met you!"

"Yes? You never told me."

"Well, you see I never thought of her except as the little girl next door. And then—well, you know, Betty, I never thought of anyone but you then."

She fingered his card nervously, thinking, tapping the bit of pasteboard against her rings. Her tea was uninteresting. He drank his feverishly.

"I suppose," she said, "I hope those letters of mine—they—they—they are—"

"I burned them—the night before—before it happened."

"Oh!"

"It was queer. I knew I was going to be married next day, but I read some of them over, and over and over again! It was like opening a grave. It began to hurt. I had to stop and dump them all in the fire."

"Best place for them, Chub! It was all a dream."

you threw me—when we quarreled—I suffered terribly for a time. I was willing to put my pride under my feet a thousand times. I wanted to just come back and ask you to forgive me—"

"But you never came."

"I wrote, asking you—"

"Ah, yes; but that is so different. When you've insulted a girl!"

"Insulted! Why, Betty—"

"Yes; your suspicions were insulting. And that evening—you said—you said—"

"I didn't know what I was saying."

"Well, let's drop it now, Chub. Tell me how it all happened. Did you fall in love right away—with her?"

"I never fell in love. Can't you understand, Beauty? Her folks and mine lived beside each other in the country for years. We grew up there—played together! When I began to mope around home after you—that autumn—why it was natural she and I should meet again. We walked and drove, and played tennis—and rowed on the river after dinner—or took out the canoe."

"H-h-h-h!"

"Then I told her about you."

"You did!"

"I'd have gone mad if I hadn't told someone. She was sorry. She took my part—she thought—"

"I suppose she'd object to your calling—"

"Fudge! She's not that kind of a girl."

"If she knew that you were here! Ha, ha!"

"Pouff! Now don't try to be funny, Betty."

"Funny! But for her you'd have come back, that time."

"What time?"

"Oh, you know! But she was one of those clever, mouse-colored girls—I know them."

"Come back! How could I come back? You returned my letters! Do you remember? When I saw your handwriting across the big white envelope I was afraid to open it, thinking perhaps you had said—'Come!' I took it out in the boat one evening and opened it. She was rowing. My own letter fell out. I felt horribly cut up. I—I—my God—I believe I cried! She was like a sister to me. Told me it wasn't worth it. I was going to kill myself! She comforted me—she advised me!"

"Ah, yes—I see."

"She begged me to promise not to write to you again—told me to be a man! Then I waited two weeks more, and I told her I would write you once more and then end it if you didn't answer. That letter—that letter! How could you have—"

"What?"

"Again came your writing on the envelope, and again I carried it in my pocket until I sat with her in the boat. I said to her: 'This ends it! If she has not answered me, I shall never think of her again—so help me God! She shall not make me suffer so!'"

"And you—you—read it—?"

"No; she said to me: 'Yes, you will write to her. You will go on forever at that girl's feet. You have no pride. You love her. You will open it and find your own letter—and—and—weep!' I threw the letter across the boat into her lap. 'You are mistaken,' I said; 'you open it—do what you please with it, I'm through!' In a minute she had torn it in two and thrown it over the side. The envelope opened as it floated on the still water, and then I saw—and she saw—my own writing—my own letter! That was the end! That night I asked her to be my wife."

"Ah-h-h! That was it! I am so glad!"

"Glad! glad! What do you mean? Glad that you broke my heart?"

She leaned over and put her hand on his. Her fingers were trembling and her face was white.

"I mean, Chub, that on the last page of the letter you said: 'Give me just one chance to see you again! Write me just one word—' 'Come!'"

"Yes—I know it by heart!"

"Well, I wrote it, right under your signature; just that word—'Come!' Don't you see? I wanted you to come back—I—I—"

A silence fell over them. She still tapped the card against her rings. Her eyes were full of tears. He looked away from her, his gaze groping the wall, his face gray.

He gulped something in his throat. A piano-organ began to play in the street outside—a merciful relief from the stillness.

Quite a number of families are preparing to spend the winter over at Agency Plains, and some good big tracts of land are being ploughed and sowed to grain. A couple of miles east of the Plains, Walter Parish has recently broken 150 acres of land, and this he will sow to rye. He believes that country will produce a fine crop of grain, and is preparing to farm several large tracts. Over on the Agency Plains proper there are numerous patches of ploughed land, and last season several tracts were sown to grain; these came up and looked very promising of a good yield, but the jack-rabbits literally denuded the tracts of every vestige of the green stalk. However, the western farmer is not the kind of man to be balked by a matter of this kind, and within a few years we may see that country one of the most prosperous farming communities in the state. —Ashwood Prospector.

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Estray Notice.

Grizzly, Nov. 6, 1902. Came to my place about the middle of October. One red three year old cow marked with split in right and underbit in left ear, branded big circle on right hip. Owner will please call and pay charges and remove same from my premises or the animal will be sold according to law.

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