TOM THE TEMPTER.

"Oh! Daddy, please!" "I am afmid I couldn't, Dick. You must remember that you are only a little man, and that become us very frisky." "I know, dad, but Tom got a pony for Christmas, too, and he can ride anywhere he chocan."

he chooses." "You forget that Tom is 12, while you are not yet ten. I an willing that you should ride when William can go with you,

The new yet we. A and wanting that you, but you must not so slope." By young Dick William can go with you, but you must not so slope." By young Dick William can sore spot down deep in his heart. All of his chums rode, and not one of them had to have a horrid man trotting along behind. If wasn't right that he should be treated like a baby, when he was fully as tall as Tom and the other fellows. No one could guess that he was nearly three years younger. He went sor-own carly head against the soft dark mane of the young thoroughbred. For several weeks after his felber's man-fate had gone forth Dick turned a deaf ear to all of Tom's estreaties, and enderwored to forget the neat little footnam while dash ing through the long, withding country roads. But a sky earme when all of Dick's good resolutions ware thrown to the winds.

good resolutions were thrown to the winds. It was Saturday. Mr. Brown, his tutor, had just loft the house, and the lasson books were put one to note, and the issue double were put away until Monday. So, with a free heart, Dick bounded downstairs, buckled on his high riding boots, slipped into his heavy cost and set his scarlet cap well back on his curly head. Mr. Wilmer well back on his curly head. Air. Wilner had gone to Washington on business, and Mrs. Wilmer was out calling. Dick knew by experience that it would probably be dark before she would return, and it was too lonesome in the house. Even Mr. Brown, who had been expected to stay, was telegraphed for, as his wife was taken sud-denly ill. So when left alone Dick ran down to Wil-

when left alone Dick ran down to Wilco when her appendix ran down to Wil-liam's room, over the stable. His hand was on the knob, and he opened his mouth to call the groom. Just then Tom's mock-ing voice cried:

"Go on, baby; call your nurse!" Dick wheeled around, his deep blue eyes all ablaze with indignation. "I am not a baby, and you know it, Tom

Stimer." "Then why do you always have him," pointing a disdainful finger toward the closed door, "tagging after you? When you are a man you'll have a keeper, I sup-room " Stimer.

"I won't have you talking that way to me. "I won't have you talking that way to me. I'm not a baby, and you know I don't want William-and I only have him because dad said I must!" cried Dick, sturdily. "Don't you ever expect to have a mind of your own? I dare you to go to-day without him!" taugued Tom.

' taunted Tom. ad said I musin's."

"William isn't there; he went out just as I came in, so he can't go, and you know Henry is driving your mother's horses." "What shall I do, then "" Dick stood for

a moment debating. It was a glorious day, cold and clear, except for a heavy bank of clouds slowly rising in the north. It was too lovely to stay stuffed up in the house all the atternoon

won't hurt you. I'll take care of you, and we'll only go on the nearby roads. Come on, Dick," tempted the visitor. "I ought not to," said Dick, slowly. It was so hard to refuse, for he wanted so

to go

"Do as you like," said Tom. "I am go-g." And he carelessly threw himself on

The waiting posty. Just at that moment a low, sorrowfal whinny came from Broncho's stall. That decided Dick, he would not be gone long, with the would be very careful-oh, very

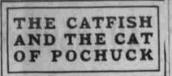
At first his conscience pricked him a litite, but once out in the soft, warm sun-shine, and galloping swiftly down the long roads, he torgot his scruptes and never be-fore had he empyed a ride so much. It was strange that neither of them noticed when the sun cank beaind the clouds until they completely covered with a soft white well of snow

"Come, Tom, let's hurry home," called Dick, frightened at the thought of the

hour. "It's jully now-I am not going until the ground gets covered," laughed Tom. "I tell you it's going to be a bad storm. I am going home now, Tom, and you can come when you please." Dick wheeled his horse around as be spoke, and gallaped in the around as be e opposite direction. "Hi, I way, Dick, come back!" called the

older boy, but he was already out of pear-ing. Tom shrugged his shoulders and role merrily on

It was dark when Mr. Wilmer reached home and found his wife in tears, and rearly



WHEN the man who alleges that his residence is over to-ward Pochuck came this time he seemed laboring under an emotion which he was endeavoring to suppress.

"It's news from Pochuck," said he dropping into his chair and mopping his face on his sleeve. "It's news from Pochuck, and it's great. But I wouldn't 'n' believed it. No, sir, I wouldn't 'n' believed it."

"And I won't!" said Baldy, the landlord, quickly and positively. "But I seen it!" said the alleged Po-chuck citizen, reproachfully.

Yet doubt stood revealed on the

landlord's face plainer than the warts on a crook-neck squash.

You believe there's holler stumps, don't you?" asked the man. The existence of hollow stumps

couldn't be denied, even by Baldy, the landlord.

"And as to yaller cats," the man went on. "There sin't no doubt about yaller cats, is there? And yaller cats has kittens, don't they?" said the wanderer from over toward Pochuck

"Not if their name is Tom, they don't," said De Witt Green, of Jolly Farm, who is bound to have things kept straight or know the reason why.

The Pochuck citizen having settled that point to the satisfaction of all, it was admitted that there could be no doubt that yellow cats had kittens.

"And there's catfish, ain't there?" the man asked.

"You'd think there was," said Baldy, the landlord, "if you'd be here some time when I've been fishing for 'em! Some folks would have wondered why nobody said snything after that for quite a spell, and why even the man from Pochuck grinned; but the landlord didn't seem to notice this behavior.

"And as to families of young cat-fish," said the man, after awhile. "Sech things has been heard of, hain't they?"

Of course they had. Certainly. " "Catfish and their young lives in water, don't they?" asked the bearer

of news from Pochuck, intent on setting himself straip. No one had any record of catfish

living more than a day or so on land.

"And nobody that has read about Nonh and the flood has any doubt that water gits high, now and then?" asked the man.

The fact was well known.

"Well, then," said the Pochuck cit-izen, with a look of triumph at Baldy, the landlord, "I seen 'em all!"

"When did you see the water?" asked Baldy, the landlord, maliciously. and Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives opposite Goose Pond Moun-tain, said: "Shame!" and Farmer Green said: "Tut, tut, Baldy!"

The man who stakes his word on his home's being over toward Po-chuck cracked the thumb on his his right hand and three fingers on his left, as if defiantly, and said:

"Them's the news I've brung over this time, and I wouldn't 'a' believed 'em. First place, I'd been down to a Sprout Hill stone frolic. If you've never been to a Sprout Hill stone frolic it's a leetle hard to give you all the p'ints a Sprout Hill stone

frolic has. "When I got home from the frolic in the evenin'. Uncle David looked me over and I see he was kind o'

begrudgin' me. "'I see it was a hummer,' says he. "I said it was and I went to bed and forgot to milk the cows. Next morning I thought I'd walk over to the river to see if the water had fell 'cause it had been uncommuch promisin' high. I see that it had fell consider'ble, 'cause a big holler stump that had been all covered with water was showin' above it for more than two foot, but the holler in the stump was full o' water yit. "I sot down to rest a spell, and as I sot there what should I see but a catfish raise up in the water inside that holler stump and peek down over the edge o' the stump. I never seen a bigger catfish than that one and I've seen some all gozzlin' big ones in them Drownded Lands waters. "When the catfish seen how far below the top o' that stump the river had got, it looked scared, I tell you, and it dropped back into the holler. "That catfish has been hatchin' its young ones in that stump, not thinkin' about the high water, I'll bet a hoss.' I says, 'and it has been ketched there unbeknownst to it." "I hadn't more than said it, when up to the top came the catfish again, and she had her mouth full o' young catfish. She give a flop, and out o' the stump to the water she went. She released her mouthful o' young ones, gethered herself together, and sprung back into that stump. In less than ten seconds out another jumped ag'in with she mouthful o' young ones, released 'em and back into the stump. "Five times that catfish went in happened, and I didn't see 'en no more. "There," concluded the man from and out o' the holler stump before she got all of her young ones out safe, and away she swum, the whole big litter of kitten fish follerin' along in her wake. "This was interestin', and I so: butt, put it in his mouth and said: here wonderin' on it, when down on "Yes, I do. But you wouldn't 'a' there wonderin' on it, when down on dead tree that lay out from the bank into the river maybe ten foot or more a valler cat came truttin' She was the vallerest cat I ever see and the little kitten that was follow in' right at her heels was jest as yaller as the cat was,

She scrooched down, and the kitter squatted on the log jest behind her and said nothin'.

""There's goin' to be some doin's here,' says I. 'I feel it in my bones,' I says

before the doin's begun. They start-ed in with the old eat jabbin' one of her paws down and anatchin' somethin' out o' the water.

"As she riz her paw I see it was all o' somethin' that wiggled and full o'

squirmed like all possessed, tryin' to git away. When the cat see what it was that she had she spread a smile all over her face. Her paw was full o' young catfish, and if there is one thing that creeps or flies or swims or runs that a cat likes better than another it's cat fich.

"The old cat picked out a couple o' the fish and passed out a coup-ber kitten du the log, and gobbled the rest o' the handful hernelf. They tickled her palate so that she dabbed both paws down in the water and brung up a mess o' young catfish in each one, and her and the kitten got away with them and smacked their lips.

"Then I looked a little closer and I seen the old catfish that had rescued her family from the holfer stump. She was layin' by the log. lookin' scared, and I seen that most of her family o' young ones was missin'

"That cat,' says I, 'is swoopin' that catfish's family off the fase o' the earth, so to speak,' says I, 'ns sure as wasps astingin'l' says I.

"The old catfish hadn't jest got on to what was goin' on vit, but when the yaller cat on the log reached down and scooped out another handful of the satish's family and divide up with her kitten, that old catfish actually turned white around the gills. "She seen it all at last, and with one

all-wollopin' slash of her tail she jumped onto that log like a britchy cow goin' over a barnyard fence, and Je-e-e-willikens horax! maybe she didn't swat that yaller cat! She swept that yaller cat off o' that log as if she Je-e-e-willikens horax! hadn't been nothin' more than feather.

"Then the catfish stepped back into the water and waited to see. The yaller cat scrambled back on to the log and her dander was up as high as it could git. Oh, but she was mad.

"She praneed up and down the log a minute, and at it ag'in she went, scoop out young catfish and scatterin' 'en in' to the winds so fast that I see there wouldn't be one of 'em left to tell the tale unless the old catfish got her see ond wind pretty quick and done somethin'.

"And she got her second wind, and riz up ag'in that yaller cat ag'in most exilaratin' for to see. Seems to no for five minutes there wasn't nothin to be seen on that log but a whirlin streak o' yaller sort o' mixed up with a whirlin' streak o' black, and cussin'. Merciful man! I jest had to plug my fingers in my ears, I couldn't bear to hear it so!

"When the whirlin' and back-talk quit, the catfish was back initle waver. There was catfish hide stretched here and there on the log 'most enough to make a saddle, and enough valler had scattered about to stuff it with. Th yaller cat was sort o lickin' herself here and there, and the catfish was glarin' at her.

"The kittin' was standin' on the loc with her back 'way up, and her this swelled like a rollin' pin, and she was splittin' away at thut catfish fierce a wildcats. The last one o' the catfish family had been swept off the face of the earth.

"The catfish, seein' that the old cat's kitten was still left, made up her mit that she'd nut an end to the est's fan ily and sort o' even things up, so si : spring back on to that log, grathes the kitten, and swallowed it, who and alive, right before its mother eyes

"Jumpin' back into the water, the catfish turned and stuck her big heat

Notice.

My wife, Julia Cyrus and I have seperated for all time to come, and I will not be responsible for her in

W. H. Cynus,

"And sure enough, it wasn't long anyway, or any debts she may contract.

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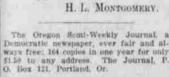
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Lumber.

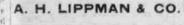
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wild from anxiety. It was bitterly cold, and already the snowfall was quite corp Between ber sobe Mrs. Winner told tim that Brouche had just come some with the

Mr. Wilmer did not hesitate an instant Mr. Winner did not nestrate an invest-There was only one boy with whom Mis2 could have gone, and very soon the athious failing was catechising Tom Stimer. "Dick hears 'g pot home yet?" Tom asked, a terrilled look coming over his face.

a terrilical look coming over his face. "No. Did you make him go?" Tom looked down. There was no use in denying it. Suppose Dick was lying hart or frozen in the woods. "Yes, str. I asked him to go, but I didn't think it would hart," said Tom, dowly. "Come with me, sir, and show me where he left you," commanded Mr. Wilmer, sternit. 414:2213"

It was not an easy task, for the blinding and under them almost lose their way in the most familiar roads. Hours were spent in the search, and Mr. Wilmer, Mr. Stimer, their veryants and the neighbors looked unil they were discouraged

all they were discouraged. Suddeniy a joyful yelp from Dick's dog, a great mastiff, brought the built fragen and toptimer, and the dim lantern light thed a faint red glow upon a small figure, ying half buried in a drift, while berele hin, with bend drooped, stood the maxiff. Tenderly the father lifted his unconscious how and certifed him home. Now are freed is entering the latter little insumcrations boy and entried him house. No one suffered is much as Tom during the doctor's con-cultation, huddled up in a little nerp cut-side Dick 6 door. House wore by, and still no sound from the room. At length the door solily opened, and the kind old family intracians one out \$hysmme out

the log as for as she could git, and that brung her close to the water

out, close by the log, and as the old est was tearin' her hair, as you might say or leastways what little she had left and was mournin' and moanin' for he lost kitten, the fish opened her mouth from ear to ear, so as the cat could hear her kitten cryin' 'way down in the catfish's depths. Say! I could hear that kitten cry myself, way over on the bank where I was settin'!

"Well, that voice of her kitten was more than the bereaved yaller eat could stand. She pounced square on top of the catfish and they both went down together.

"I didn't see nor hear nothin' more of either of 'em for maybe three minutes, and I made up my mind that the cat had gone to join her kitten, when I see a ripple on the water, and the next minute the yaller cat come to the

top. "She swam ashore, and she had the catfish in tow. The catfish was dead. and considerable clawed up.

"The yaller cat drug it out Then she ripped it open with shore. her claws, and out stepped the kitten. big as as life and twice as natural. It was dazed a little fer a spell, but soon got it's bearin's, and trotted away with the old yaller cat as if nothin' had

Pochuck, "them's the news I've brung over this time. Don't you believe 1 seen 'em?"

Baldy, the landlord, lit his eigar

seen 'em if you had stayed away from the stone frolic." This view of the case seemed to af-

fect the man from Pochuck so that he got up quick, and without even inquir-ing if there were any points around here in any way resembling those of "The old cat prenced out on to the kind he said he had run against at Sprout Hill, he turned his face Po-chuckward.-N. Y. Sun.

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