

HOW TO SWIM.

"Twas many days with Sam and Jim
Before they taught me how to swim.
A swimming collar, fat and wide,
Around my timid neck was tied.
I had a life preserver on,
And buoyant boards to float upon.
And ventured out six feet or more
From safety and the beckoning shore.
I paddled in the shallows there
With quite a bold, determined air,
And got the motions of a T.
As Jim and Sam did both agree;
But, some way, spite of Sam and Jim,
I never managed—quite—to swim!

One day, worn out with these attempts,
Disarding my accoutrements,
I stood there, like the fool I am,
All goose-flesh, watching Jim and Sam.
When suddenly they rushed ashore,
And, heeding not my panic roar,
They caught me up and carried me
Indignant, fighting to get free.
Along a rustic bridge, to where
The deepest, deadliest waters were,
Then threw me in with warning grim:
"You booby! Now it's sink or swim!"

And it was swim. A splash! A scream!
A frantic struggle with the stream!
I waxed a demon in my wrath,
But floundered on my watery path.
And gasping, faint, too weak to stand,
And blubbing, I reached the land.
Thus, sardly thanks to Sam and Jim,
I learned at last the way to swim.

And now, as I surrender me
To some ecstatic, leaping sea,
Or cleave the waters dark and cool
Of heron-haunted forest pool,
Or through the shining of some lake
My liquid flashing course I take,
I say, while wrapped in that delight:
"Well, Jim was right, and Sam was right!"

And often, in those later days
Of huffing, in twentieth century ways,
As from the shore I watch the tide
Of life and labor deep and wide,
Where fierce contentions clash and beat
Along the current of the street,
And in the ocean of the town,
I see full many a wreck go down,
As bound by timorous despair,
I stand aloof and idle there.
The thought returns of Sam and Jim,
And how they made a coward swim.
"Jump in!" I bid my shrinking soul,
"Nor heed the waves that angry roll,
Nor breakers, fierce how'er they be;
A man is lighter than the sea.
Trust in your lungs and muscles stout,
And in God's ocean. Out! Swim out!"

Then, as I venture to be brave
And hurl my body on the wave,
And pay no heed to my alarms,
But use my feet and use my arms,
I find my body instantly
In liquid ocean with that ease,
And—thanks once more to Sam and Jim—
I am at last that I can swim.
—Amos R. Wales, in Young People.

AND THE WATER KEPT AGURGLING
By DAVID HILL.

JOHN HAWKINS' pasture and mine
joined together in a kind of dry
hollow and were separated from each
other by a high rail fence. That
fence, as well as the hollow, ran due
east and west. To the east was Tom
Lamkin's pasture, whose land joined
ours, and whose fence ran in directly
the opposite direction. The hollow
from Lamkin's land down to the west-
ern extremity of ours was quite de-
scending, and in the lower corner, on
John's side of the fence, was one of the
largest, coolest and most invigorating
springs I ever saw.

It seemed to gurgle, and bubble, and
boil up like so much liquid crystal;
and when the sunlight flashed across
it the suggestion was that of a cluster
of pure diamonds in the bright glare
of an electric light.

If I do say it, I always envied John
that beautiful spring, from the mo-
ment I discovered it was on his land
instead of my own.

Finally an idea entered my head
that, if I dug into the ground on my
own side of the fence, just a few rods
above John's spring, I might tap the
vein that furnished the supply, and so
convert a portion of that water to my
own use.

So I went at it.
And my success was greater than
my expectations.

For, in less than four feet of soil I
struck a vein of water that boiled up
like a miniature fountain. Neither
did the force diminish, as I fancied it
would after a few moments. It rose
higher and higher, and bubbled and
gurgled, until finally it overflowed the
hole and went pouring down the in-
cline like a young spring freshet.

I was in ecstasies.

The relation over my good fortune led
me to steal over to John's spring to
see how the two compared for quan-
tity and circumference.

Well, bless my soul! Judge of my
astonishment when I found that
John's spring was as dry as the table
lands of New Mexico. I had cut off the
main channel connecting the water
with his land, and had converted the
whole of that magnificent spring into
one of my own.

I quickly realized there would be a
cyclone when John found it out, and—
there was.

He danced a fader's horn pipe on his
own side of the fence, and swore he
would have me prosecuted to the full-
est extent of the law.

I simply continued to excavate my
new find, cleaned out the bottom,
walled up the sides, whistled "Annie
Laurie" softly to myself, and—the
water kept right on a gurgling.

John said, compared with myself
and some of my contemptible acts, the
devil would make a good citizen.

I invested \$25 in cut granite, fitted
the spring up to the best of my ability,
and—the water kept right on a gurg-
ling.

John said he pitied my mother, but
had more genuine sympathy for the
wife who was compelled to drag out
her existence with such a miserable
wretch.

I put a stone curb on top of the
granite, ornamented it with an iron
railing, erected a sign called "Crystal
Spring," which I faced toward John's
pasture, and—the water kept right on
a gurgling.

And while this was taking place Tom

Lamkin, whose land joined ours, stood
leaning over his own fence, smoking
his pipe, and watching us, and saying—
nothing.

At last the same idea occurred to
John that had occurred to me. He
went a few rods above my spring, on
his own side of the fence, of course,
and dug into the ground exactly as I
had done; and when he had finished
you can use me for a canceled postage
stamp if the water in my spring didn't
refuse to "gurgle."

He had cut off the main channel in
precisely the same manner as I had
done, and had stolen the whole of that
spring back.

Well—or—or—this may seem funny
to some; but I could never quite real-
ize just where the fun came in.

In the first place, I didn't steal John's
spring—not intentionally—it was a
case of pure accident. But John—why
—what John done was an exemplifica-
tion of spite on the face of it.

And I told him so!

What did John say? Why—the
old cripple! He said if I would
lose that iron piling and cut granite
over the fence to put around his own
spring he would give me 20 cents for it.
Think of that!

Insulted me right to my face. Said
I: "You old hayseed! If I had you
over in this pasture I would mop you
all over it if it killed every spear of
grass there was in it."

And he replied, just as sneeringly
as he knew how: "Tompkins, I'm a-
goin' to wall this spring up, an' I'll
cut it with an iron kiver, but when you
feel so inclined you kin come over,
an' though you can't get at the water
you have my full permission to hear it
'gurgle.'"

To which I went w-r-r-r-r-r-rh! And
when a man goes w-r-r-r-r-r-rh he's so
mad he can't use the Anglo-Saxon lan-
guage.

I watched John wall that spring up,
attach his new iron cover, and
w-r-r-r-r-r-rh'd all the way through it.
And all the while Tom Lamkin
stood leaning over his own fence,
smoking his pipe, and watching us,
and saying—nothing.

Finally, after John's work was all
completed, it occurred to me that
possibly I might strike that same vein
of water again.

So I went a little above John's
spring, just as he had gone above
mine, and began to dig; and I hadn't
dug long before the water began to
"gush" and "gurgle" with the same
impetuosity as ever; and I soon
knew by the expression on John's
face, who had been watching me,
and his own spring at the same
time, that I had stolen the whole
of that blooming spring back again.

It did seem strange how the chan-
nel of that water wound serpentine-
ly back and forth under the soil of
John's pasture and mine, and both
of us living in total ignorance of
that fact.

Well, I transferred the iron piling
and cut granite from my first spring
and arranged them as artistically
as I knew how around the second.
John watched the proceedings, bom-
barding me with numerous ex-
pletives while the work was pro-
gressing, and of course I let him
bombard. I finished the whole thing
up grand, planted my "Crystal
Spring" sign so its front faced to-
ward John's pasture, then snapped
my fingers at John and told him to
whistle.

"And Tom Lamkin stood leaning
over his own fence, smoking his
pipe, and watching us, and saying—
nothing.

Then John began to wake up and
show signs of activity. Hardly was
my work completed before he spat
on his two hands, grasped his spade
firmly by the handle, and, with the
same determination as before, started
in to steal that spring back.

And he made his work count, too.
Hang me if right up in the corner
of the fence close to Tom Lamkin's
land and mine, that old cross-grained
Ishmaelite didn't strike water again;
and when he did and I inspected my
own spring, the water began to
gurgle less and less until finally it
died out and stopped altogether.

I knew it was then or never with
me, so, grasping my spade, I darted
into my own corner of the fence
and began to dig dirt, too.

Holy smoke! how the soil did fly.
Some of John's mud plastered me,
and some of my mud plastered John.
And that water, as if trying to
please both at the same time, first
"gurgled" on one side of the fence
and then "gurgled" on the other.

It was mud and water flying here,
mud and water flying there, mud and
water shooting in every conceivable
direction, and with John and my-
self right in the center of attrac-
tion.

And in the end, to serve us both
right, Tom Lamkin, who at divers
times had been leaning over his
fence, smoking his pipe and watch-
ing us, and saying nothing, went to
work on his own land, found that
same channel, cut it off, dug a ditch
up over the hill and down to his own
premises, put in a ram, and took
nearly every drop of that blamed
water right over to his own house.
—N. Y. Times.

Brewers Build Churches.
St. James' Review states that a
well-known brewer is building a
church as a memorial of King Ed-
ward's coronation. Dean Swift's cat-
hedral—St. Patrick's, Dublin—was
restored by the late distiller, Sir
Benjamin Guinness. It was a famous
distiller, too, who rebuilt the Proteat
ant cathedral of Cork, and another
distiller restored Christ church, in
Dublin. One of the famous brewing
firms in England has erected no less
than six churches at various times.

Pittsburg ships more than 12,000,
400 tons of coal annually.

Truly Astonishing.
In the prize contest given by E.
E. Elliott, for forming the most
words out of the letters used in the
words, "Elliott's pharmacy,"
Crystal Nichols secured the first
prize with a list of 3151 words.
Ruth Fry came next with 3140,
Pearl Aldrich third with 2801,
Hattie Menzies fourth with 2356
Laura Porter fifth with 2092, Dale
Varney sixth with 1560.—Lebanon
Express.

A Woman's Awful Peril.
"There is only one way to save your
life and that is through an operation"
were the startling words heard by Mrs.
I. B. Hunt, of Lime Ridge, Wis., from
her doctor after he had vainly tried to
cure her of a frightful case of stomach
tuberculosis and yellow jaundice. Gall
stones had formed and she constantly
grew worse. Then she began to use
Electric Bitters' which wholly cured
her. It's a wonderful Stomach, Liver
and Kidney remedy. Cures Dyspep-
sia, Loss of Appetite. Try it. Only
50cts. Guaranteed. For sale by
Adamson & Winnek Co.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION
Notice is hereby given that the
firm and partnership of White &
Campbell, doing business in the
City of Prineville, Crook County,
State of Oregon, is hereby dissolved
by mutual consent, Mr. John W.
White retiring. All accounts due
said firm will be collected and re-
ceived for by Mr. J. E. Campbell,
and all accounts owing by said firm
will be paid by Mr. J. E. Campbell.
Dated, this 4th day of Novem-
ber, 1902.

Says He Was Tortured.
"I suffered such pains from corns I
could hardly walk," writes H. Robin-
son, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Buck-
len's Arnica Salve completely cured
them." Acts like magic on sprains,
bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils,
ulcers. Perfect healer of skin dis-
eases and piles. Cure guaranteed by
Adamson & Winnek Co. Price 25c.

Petition for License.
To the County Court of Crook County, State
of Oregon:
We the undersigned residents of Ashwood
Precinct, Crook County Oregon, respectfully
petition your honorable body that a license be
granted to Larry Maloney to sell spirituous,
malt and vinous liquors, in quantities less
than one gallon, for a period of one year, at
Ashwood, Ashwood precinct, Crook County
Oregon.

Names.	Names.
C F Hamilton,	P O'Rourke.
F W Driscoll,	Al Shenell
L L Shreve,	G B Heath,
George J Ribelin,	P Lehman,
Geo M Massamore,	James Robinson,
Charles D Swanson,	J M Wood,
M H Graff,	Joe Bice,
T L Childers,	Milo Wood,
Dun Evans,	F L Anderson,
Charles R Duncan,	H C Burton,
F P Hipe,	R E Eggleston;
Frank Shunbun,	S W Tomlinson,
Rees Lewis,	Lester Bryan,
J D Cunningham,	W D Walker,
W H Huston,	J C Brogan,
W H Grater,	C C Randolph,
W J Sanyasa,	John Knight,
Elmer Knight,	Sam Carmichael,
Wm King,	Glen Grater,
E D Gonsler,	J G Poindexter,
Edward Mullarkey,	Lee Wood,
Hugh Sweeney,	Jack Brogan,
Frank Deak,	W H McCoy,
Patrick Reilly,	E C Fimmel,
A W Grater,	Chas L Freer,
J H O'Kelly,	Joe Toothmen,
Joel McCollum,	J W McCollum.

Notice is hereby given that the foregoing
petition will be presented to the County
Court on the 7th day of Jan., 1903, at which
time the said Larry Maloney will apply to
said court for such license to sell spirituous,
malt and vinous liquors.
LARRY MALONEY.

This will save your Life.
By inducing you to use
Dr. King's New Discovery,
For...
Consumption, Coughs and Colds.
The only Guaranteed Cure.
NO Cure. NO Pay. Your Drug-
gist will warrant it.
ABSOLUTELY CURES
Grip, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis,
Whooping Cough, Pneumonia, or any
Affection of the Throat and Lungs.
TRIAL BOTTLES FREE.
Regular Size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Go to
Mrs. Wiegand's
THE PHOTOGRAPHER
For Artistic and Satisfying
PHOTOS

Notice.
My wife, Julia Cyrus and I have
separated for all time to come, and
I will not be responsible for her in
anyway, or any debts she may con-
tract.
W. H. CYRUS.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.
All druggists refund the money if it fails
to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on
each box. 25c.

Notice.
To all persons owing for horse
shoeing at C. L. Salomon's shop,
you are notified to call and settle
one half of the amount due, with
the estate of the said C. L. Salo-
mon.
Signed; NAOMI SALOMON,
Adminatrix.

**COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILD-
REN.**
Recommendation of a Well Known
Chicago Physician.
I use and prescribe Chamberlain's
Cough Remedy for almost all obsti-
nate, constricted coughs, with direct
results. I prescribe it to children of all
ages. Am glad to recommend it to
all in need and seeking relief from
colds and coughs and bronchial afflic-
tions. It is non-narcotic and safe in
the hands of the most unprofessional.
A universal panacea for all mankind.
—MRS. MARY E. MLENNY, M. D.,
Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is
for sale by all druggists.

Estray Notice.
Grizzly, Nov. 6, 1902.
Came to my place about th
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.
H. L. MONTGOMERY.

The Oregon Semi-Weekly Journal, a
Democratic newspaper, ever fair and al-
ways free; 164 copies in one year for only
\$1.50 to any address. The Journal, P.
O. Box 121, Portland, Or.

Lumber.
For all kinds of rough
and dressed lumber.
Kiln dried flooring
and rustic, go to
A. H. LIPPMAN & CO.

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.

A. H. Lippman & Co.
Manufacturers of Furniture
—AND DEALERS IN—
Fine Undertaking Goods,
Carpets, Stoves, Ranges, Lead, Oil and Glass,
Lumber and Building Material.
Goods sold for cash and on the installment plan.
PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

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John Cyrus Prop.
Dealer in Silverware, Jewelry, Watches, Clocks,
Optical Goods, Sewing machines etc.
Repairing done by W. H. Cyrus.
Prompt attention given mail orders.
Prineville, - - - - Oregon.

Columbia Southern Hotel
At Shaniko, Oregon.
The Finest Hotel in Interior Oregon.
Rates \$1.50 and \$2.00 per day.
J. M. KEENEY, Proprietor.
"The Brick Hotel."

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(SUCCESSORS TO C L SALOMON)
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New Firm! New Goods!

Call and see them and
examine their stock

You will be pleased with
their prices