

Prineville Public School Notes

CHIEF EDITOR—Guy Labadie.

ASSISTANTS—Laddie Ketchum, Iva Booth, Estelle Simpson, Irene Barnes, Chas. Christians, Carl Hyde, Carl Holder, Elwood Draper, Blodie Morris and Ceola Smith.

Frank Taylor was absent from the VIII grade Tuesday.

Effie Dobbe was absent several days last week.

Over half of the VIII grade was absent last Wednesday.

Gertie Sharp, of the IX grade, was absent on the 22nd of this month.

Bertha Elkins started for the country on the morning of the 24.

Last Wednesday the written tests closed for the term.

Addie Foster has been absent from the VIII grade for several days previous to vacation.

Irene Barnes has been sick for the past week causing her to be absent from school.

Roy Canning, one of the newly elected editors, has been absent from school for several days.

Prof. Orton has taken a short trip to the desert as a relief from school duties. We hope the trip will be beneficial to his health.

We were all pleased to have Mrs. Belknap with us during our Christmas exercises. May she soon visit our school again.

The pupils in Prof. Mosier's room and the "light brigade" of Miss Vanderpools room joined with us in enjoying our exercises.

Sammie Newsom has been absent from school a few days prior to the holidays.

Fannie Osborn and Winnie Windom were absent from school the day before Christmas in order to get to their homes, at Haystack, in time for the Christmas exercises to be held there on Christmas eve. They will remain with their parents during the vacation.

The teacher expects us to never whisper only once a month. Awful hard to do I tell you. When a fellow gets a black eye everybody is sure to be whispering to him wanting to know how it happened. If a boy goes down town and sees a drunk man try to turn a hand spring and make a failure of it, he always whispers and tells his neighbor school mates how it was. There's dear Lucy over across the aisle, Oh! I love her so dearly I can't wait until school is out to tell her about it, so we just whisper a little, but we always get caught. Just behind me is Jennie Long. She's dead stuck on me, but I just despise her. One day she thought she would see how strong my hair was and I gave her a good old slap, made her cry you bet. Sorry to say the teacher saw me and made me apologize to Jennie, then she made me stand up in the corner. Goodness me but I did feel funny standing up there all by myself and the rest of the boys and girls all laughing at me. It was half past five when I got home that day. I am glad that vacation has come for now I can tell Lucy that I love her all I want to and teacher can't make me stand on the floor.

LITTLE TEDDIE.

Constantinople.

In the southeast extremity of Turkey lies the beautiful city of Constantinople. It is on the Bosphorus river, which joins the Black sea with the Sea of Marmora. The city in its early growth was called Byzantium but it was changed to Constantinople in honor of the great emperor, Constantine, who selected this place as the new capital of the empire. The date of this change in the name of the capital, as near as we can get at it, was about 327, A. D. Constantine preferred this city rather than the old capital, Rome, on account of its many advantages. It was as handy to the waters as Rome and it was the center of the

population. The wealth and culture of the empire had shifted eastward. The west was rude and barbarous while the east was in the bloom of ancient civilization.

Constantinople today has saloons of all descriptions, but they are all found in the foreign quarter. In the Mohammedan districts there are no saloons, but instead the coffee houses are numerous there. A Turk is at ease when he can sip his cup of coffee smoke his long stemmed pipe and play with the infant. The Turks of the upper classes are very good looking.

They have fine features, their heads are intellectual and their expressions are pleasing.

Water fountains for the benefit of the poor are found on almost every block. It is considered an honorable event for a rich man to build a fountain in a public place and leave money for its maintenance. These fountains stand as a monument of remembrance to those who erect them. A few years ago Kaiser William, of Germany, visited Constantinople and ordered the erection of a beautiful fountain. It cost him a large sum of money, but was a good and noble gift. In addition to these expensive fountains, one in the Turkish part of the city may see men who make a business of peddling water, lemonade and such sort of drinks.

Everywhere men go about with pigskins full of fresh water upon backs and several cups hanging from hooks in their belts. The rich and worthy men of the city pay for the free distribution of drinking water among the working people. The Turks are a very kind and pleasing people in this respect.

The Turks were never ambitious of political honor and never was there among them very many great generals. Turkey in regard to military and naval forces, is a weak nation, thus making Constantinople a weak place. If any strong nation had control of this city it could easily be made a place of considerable note, because it commands both Europe and Asia, and men can not get rid of it.

A Christmas Story

A long time ago God had promised to send a saviour to save the world from all sin.

The people had waited a very long time but still he did not come but they knew God would not break his promise.

There were a lot of other people born and grew up and died but still he did not come.

The little children were told that there was a saviour to come and they were very anxious and hoped he would come while they were on the earth.

There was a poor humble maiden who went to church every day and prayed. So one day God sent an angel down to tell Mary that she was to be the mother of the saviour which he was going to send. She was very much astonished at this and did not know what to say.

The Roman Emperor wanted all the people to come to him and be enrolled so Mary and Joseph went.

It was a very cold night and the wind blew very hard. All the inns were so full that Joseph could not get a place for Mary to stay over night. But after a while they came to a stable where they found rest that night.

During the night some shepherds that were watching their flocks saw a very bright star in the east and they followed it and came to the stable where they saw angels flying over it and Mary with the dear saviour which God had promised them for so long.

There were some wise men very far away and they saw the star so they put on their best clothes and came to see the new born king.

So that is why we celebrate Christmas.

MARIAN ROGGS, AGE 13 YEARS.

Subscribe for the Journal.



THE COMING OF THE NEW YEAR

Why did they ring the bells last night
In stanzas white and blue?
Why was the earth with joy tonight?
The old year's done and true.
Was it a dream, or did I hear
A voice beneath my eaves,
While winter's shrouds lay clear,
Revealed the sleeping eaves?

MAY, say, the New Year came last night,
Another year was born:
His footsteps in the icy white
The shadows are his morn:
The newborn year at the door,
A smile upon his face,
But he will leave us and not poor
A trusting year from care.

It brings to all who love him
A gift, a laugh, a tear,
So, fill the chairs to the brim
And cheer the ring New Year:
Let every heart be gay and light,
And every eye be true,
A New Year to us for our night
Adopt us winter day.

HE is at his back the lady will sing,
And from beneath his feet will spring
Cries of laughter, songs of cheer:
Hail him, fill the "morn" with cheer,
His words of merry cheer,
And Adam will her partner be
Her lips are sweet.

FOR him the goodness of the bells
Will ring a cheer to all,
And laughter in his face
Will ring a cheer to all,
His words of merry cheer,
And Adam will her partner be
Her lips are sweet.

He will be here to fill our lives
The earth is rich in love,
And as the ever-rising sun
The rays of joy will show,
Then, when we sit in our good seats,
Reverend and true,
The old year's done and true,
The new year's here to go.

I believe the bells that ring him in,
They bring a cheer and true,
The old year's done and true,
The new year's here to go,
The old year's done and true,
The new year's here to go,
The old year's done and true,
The new year's here to go.

HE came before the dawn of day,
A cheer to all,
And from beneath his feet will spring
Cries of laughter, songs of cheer:
Hail him, fill the "morn" with cheer,
His words of merry cheer,
And Adam will her partner be
Her lips are sweet.

THE children fill and let him know
That love for him is true,
And the merry laughing snow
Greet him with a song:
From your lips, from your eyes,
In joy and cheer,
Let every heart be gay and true,
To greet the good New Year.
T. C. Hathaway.



MRS. MARCIA BERRIE had been mistress of the Shelly Farms for only a few short months, but long enough, after all, for every one in the neighborhood to have an opinion of John Berrie's second wife.

She dressed finer than his first wife did—most second wives do—she spent more hours at the piano, and seemed several degrees more aristocratic than the first Mrs. Berrie.

It was an honored custom, reaching back to the stouter branches of the ancestral tree, for the owner of the Farms to give a New Year's dinner to the countryside, and each guest was invited to come and "turn a new leaf for peary luck."

Of course, it was the "firsts" and not the "seconds" or "thirds," as the shippers say, who enjoyed these annual feasts and, usually, they began several weeks before to plan "what to wear." This year it seemed a necessity to be a little more particular about the cut of gowns and width of trimmings, for the new Mrs. Berrie was a lady of means in her own right, and dressed elaborately.

"We must make an impression," said Mrs. Wilton, decisively, "and she must feel that our presence is an honor to the Farms. I intend to have a new silk; a regular dinner party dress."

And so the "firsts" planned to surpass all former efforts, for the sake of profound impression; therefore, by the middle of December a score of lovely new gowns were the pride of as many ambitious feminine owners.

The mistress of Shelly Farms was affable and gracious to all, and the tony "firsts" were just dying to display their rich costumes in her honor. But for some unaccountable reason the invitations were tardy.

Could it be possible that the second wife was one of those new women, who would, at one fell swoop, eliminate the annual dinner? And would John Berrie stand that?

In sheer desperation of suspense, Mrs. Goldwaite was delegated to call at the Farms, ostensibly to speak of a philanthropic movement, but really to scent the New Year festivities and overdue cards.

Mrs. Berrie received her visitor very courteously and pleasantly, and supported the philanthropic idea enthusiastically, even graciously accepting the presidency of the society when they should organize. But when the conversation drifted into holiday news the caller could not, by any tact, draw out the bride's plans concerning New Year's day. Exasperated, Mrs. Goldwaite suddenly let go skimming and asked her, point blank, "if the Farms would give annual dinner this year?"

"O, certainly," answered the new wife, her face lighting up with pleasure, "but hand and I have been planning for, but some time. The invitations are late, but of course, I am not well enough acquainted to get the names alone. We shall send them this week, however, and



"How About Your Annual Dinner?"



"Now, Yer Away Off!"

she boasted to Mrs. Wilton on the next Monday morning, as she ran her brood band through the steaming suds.

"Some one going to send you a nice basket?" queried Mrs. Wilton, thinking

at once of the benevolent president to be. "Now, yer away off!" laughed the woman of labor. "We've an invitation to the New Year's dinner at Shelly Farms; got it in a fine cover with the Berrie army coat blazed onto the corner of it."

"Why Mrs. Melinda Meigs!" exclaimed the astonished Mrs. Wilton, "you are not joking me?"

"No, ma'am, I'm not," giving the handle of the wringer an emphatic yank; "it's the Bible truth. And I was so tickled at what she wrote onto the gold-siged card, she sent me."

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Wilton, desperately, the awfulness of a philanthropic "movement" gripping her heart-strings.

"Why, she writ that 'she and her husband would turn the new leaf themselves this time and invite the worthy poor to dine with them on New Year's day. And now," dropping her voice to one of pleasant interrogative, "where be you agoin' to dine, New Year's, ma'am?"

"I hardly know yet," answered Mrs. Wilton, truthfully; then she fled to the closet and studied the fine, new dinner dress, with conflicting thoughts.

For a young chat from college to come lording it into their midst and make such unheard of snubbing plans in her endeavor to appear peculiar, was simply outrageous! The Shelly Farms' new leaf was perfectly abominable! Something would have to be done to offset this disgusting philanthropy.

By four o'clock that afternoon Mrs. Wilton had made the rounds of the insouciant elite of the countryside; and a small dinner-party had been arranged for, at Mrs. Goldwaite's, for three solid reasons. First, to air their new toilettes; second, to soothe one another in their common grievance, and third, the Goldwaite cottage was so situated that they could easily see the coarse side of the "seconds"—and possibly the "thirds"—flow to the farms.

Punctually at the appointed time the outraged upper current gathered at the appointed place to see the outrageous under current set toward the philanthropic president.

By seven o'clock all the indigent but respectable people of the neighborhood had gone by in their Sunday best.

"Ochins and sauerkraut!" drawled Mr. Wilton, as a German family passed on foot.

"Our white necktie brigade," commented another "first," as the pastor of a poor church, a mile away, and the superintendent of its Sunday school, together with a dozen scholars, went by in a double sleigh. And the "firsts" rustled their silks and smiled in aristocratic contempt.

Before the Goldwaite party broke up, however, a messenger from the Farms bowed himself into their midst and out again, leaving the hostess looking suspiciously at a message in her hand, with "the army coat 'blazed onto the corner," as Mrs. Meigs would have said. She glanced timidly around the expectant circle and finally drew forth a daintily perfumed note and read:

"A very happy New Year to all! It has occurred to us, dear people, that you may not have comprehended our motive in bidding our guests for the day. As we all are interested in philanthropic work, we will be understood when we say, the new leaf we turned is very timely and beautiful, and has made many hearts happy. Husband and I turned the leaf suggested by Luke, the beloved physician. We knew you were all well able to return the compliment, and so we bade those who could not recompense us.

"We extend greetings and desire that you all rejoice with us. Mr. and Mrs. John Berrie, Shelly Farms."

The "firsts" looked soberly at each other; the spirit of the note touched the good in them and the new dinner dresses were, for the time, forgotten.

"Yes," they said, "the whole neighborhood has enjoyed a Happy New Year to-day. Surely it is a pleasant new leaf!" But the philanthropic society has never been organized, although the prospective president is ready and waiting.

"Certainly," was the reply. "I thank you for the honor," and Mrs. John Berrie pressed the caller's hand fervently.

The delegate was not very favorably influenced with the young wife's enthusiasm over the question, and the pressure of her hand chilled, rather than thrilled, her festive heart.

But one consoling thought ran through it all: they never would "organize." It was only a subterfuge to nose out something more substantial.

Mrs. Goldwaite tripped along to the turning, where she met Mrs. Wilton, who reined in her ponies to ask breathlessly: "Did you find out?"

"To be sure; it takes me to find out," and she tossed her head in triumph. "They will have the dinner as usual. But Mrs. Berrie, not being acquainted, could not write the invitations alone; and Mr. Berrie could not help her until to-day."

"O, yes!" cried Mrs. Wilton, "that accounts for it all. Well, we are ready and will be delighted to help turn the new leaf this year, because of the sweet hostess."

She was wonderfully elated, though, over the philanthropic work, and Mrs. Goldwaite rolled up her eyes in mock seriousness. Both ladies giggled and clapped their hands, immensely amused at the adroitness of their "feint" and its success.

The expectant "firsts" were all agog for a few days, looking for invitations; but, strange to say, not one of them received the familiar square envelope with the Berrie coat-of-arms in the corner, and things were once more fast assuming the mysterious.

But everything was made exceedingly plain, finally, by the buxom Mrs. Meigs, washer-woman for a trio of the immaculate set.

"And it's me and mine who are goin' to have a fine dinner on New Year's day!"

A Genuine Picnic.
Johnny Jones—Did you have fun watching the old year out and the new year in?
Willie Boorum—Did I? Say! I watched my sister and her beau watch the old year out and the new year in!—Brooklyn Eagle.

NOT A RELIEF BUT A CURE

Dr. C. A. Perrin,
Helena, Mont.
Dear Sir—

I have nearly finished the last bottle and am practically well. My case was one most physicians would have pronounced incurable. My appetite is good, have gained 10 pounds in weight and feel like a new lease of life was given me. One of the bottles I sent for this time is for a friend and the other for myself as I do not intend to be without it.

Very truly yours,
T. H. HARRIS.

PERRIN'S
PILE SPECIFIC

she boasted to Mrs. Wilton on the next Monday morning, as she ran her brood band through the steaming suds.

"Some one going to send you a nice basket?" queried Mrs. Wilton, thinking

A Farm For Rent
We have a tenant for a farm of from 160 to 640 acres. Anyone having such a place would do well to call at this office.
JOURNAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Fresno Property For Trade.
We have a house and eight lots in the city of Fresno, California, which we desire to trade for farming or timber lands, preferably timber land. Parties who have either will do well to investigate this offer. Will pay difference in cash for some choice property, either improved or unimproved. Will sell the above property for cash at a discount on what we want in trade. This is a snap for some one. Call early and be the first to make a bid.
JOURNAL REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

1000
A Good Cough Medicine.

From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia.
I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. WOCKNER.

This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold by all druggists.

Food Changed to Poison.
Putrefying food in the intestines produces effects like those of arsenic, but Dr. King's New Life Pills expel the poisons from clogged bowels, gently, easily but surely, Sick Headache, Fevers, all Liver, Kidney and Bowel troubles. Only 25c at Adamson & Winnek.

M. A. Lehman, bookkeeper at the Derham saw mill, was in town last Saturday. Mr. Lehman informs us that this will be his last trip into town in the interest of the saw mill, as he has resigned his position there, and will leave for Prineville within a few days. Mr. Lehman's many friends at this place will regret to see him leave this neighborhood.—Ashwood Prospector.

Notice to Electric Customers.
Your attention is called to the monthly lighting rates, which will be found in the last part of Section 10, Ordinance 122, which reads as follows:

Evening until 10 p. m., .05 per candle power; evening until midnight, .06 per candle power. All night lights .08 per candle power. Residences, churches and halls special rates. Residences were given a .04 rate for this reason. They are supposed not to burn their lights only when in actual use, and in no case to burn lights all night in unoccupied rooms.

Beginning November 1st, 1902, we will charge an .08 rate on all night lights unless permission has been granted for same.

We positively will not furnish current to lights not purchased from P. L. & W. Co. Where this fraud is found to exist service will be discontinued without notice.

P. L. & W. Co.,
Per C. L. Shattuck

E. W. Grover
This signature is on every box of the genuine
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