

A Railroad For Prineville.—Conservative Answered.

I notice a stricture in the Review on my court house suggestion, by one styling himself "Conservative." Now since every man has a right to his own opinions and not to court a controversy with any one over what should be common interest to all, I will say that my article was written in answer to the question, how to keep the county seat and how to secure a permanency and prosperity to our city, providing the railroads give us the "go by," as they seem to be planning to do.

And since "Con" (we will call him that for short) began by saying that he endorsed every word, syllable and letter therein. We are at a loss to understand his article except upon the theory that he either did not understand his what the term "endorse" signifies, or that he did not care for his word.

The latter might be inferred, since he says that "our courthouse is as commodious and convenient in every way as Lane, Linn, Benton & etc." Now that is so—except that it isn't. Either of these counties mentioned have court-houses that could take our building into their first story and then have room to stow away some of our other fine buildings in the same departments without having to go up stairs at all.

Perhaps our "Con," like his countryman namesake, wuz quott yung whin he wuz born over in the emerald Webfoot country and things looked big then since the moss grew even on public buildings and it was a good many years ago, before the wise men came from the east; and when they did begin to come it was a long time before they could be persuaded to invest their capital where the moss grew on everything, even the conservative settler's back!

Here we have a county several times as big as the ones cited by "Con," and with several times their resources and advantages to manufacturers and advancement that outclass anything "Webfoot" ever dreamed of. The days are at hand and the progressive men that call for rapid advancement in order to keep abreast of the coming population that are now entering our doors. My three previous articles were written to answer anxious questions of business men whose interests are here in Prineville. The majority of population will eventually be and that in the not far distant future, along the Deschutes. Conservative men are now saying that the county seat will be moved, and I do not say that it will not be for the interests of the county to move it eventually, but what I have written I have written in the interests of Prineville and the days are not far distant when it will be seen that the advice was not larger than the occasion demanded to maintain the status quo, as well as the adjustment for the future.

Our Rip Vanwinkle "Cons" will wake up to see greater lights than Aladdin's lanterns and stronger cords of influence than "spider webs" when the C. S. Ry. goes whistling up the Deschutes and the irrigation ditches come seeping through ten thousand farms down the desert's fertile soil. But if we all, like "Con", lull ourselves off to sleep with the assurance that something will turn up "beyond a question of doubt," then we deserve to be left in the "wilderess" forty years longer.

The man who raises a family does just what "Con" says he does not. Now if "Con" had a wife and children, which I suspect he has'nt, (for such generally claim to know how it is done better than those who have better than a dozen,) he would be at work this blessed day of grace acquiring all the territory he could lay hold of for future occupation. Just the thing to do while it can be had in close proximity to his investment and homestead. So with Prineville, we want to keep what we have and get what we can while it may be had with advantage for future progeny and

and coming population, both for a pleasing effect upon the eye and substantial effect to the pocketbook of those who the shares if you please, as well as for those who are able to buy, but furnish and produce a commodity that makes life worth living and the buying worth while.

Come now "Con," the Camel is young and large and strong and can stand tons of hay, not to kick at a few straws the like of which your well meaning writer is tickling him with.

E. A. C.

The Other Side.

Will "Jack" Matthews, if he should succeed in placing Mr. Bancroft, who has been "a large employer of men" in the place that Mr. A. B. Croasman occupies as postmaster of Portland, hand Harvey Scott a gilded cube?

This is the problem, that is perplexing "large numbers of men," who have not been in Mr. Bancroft's employ nor in the employ of the corporation he represents. State Senator McBride is not saying a word, but he knows that he alone holds the key to the situation in the United States marshal's office. Mr. Scott thinks that he knows what he is going to get from his new found friend "Jack" but he really isn't "on" a little bit. It is openly predicted that the wolf's long howl on Unalaska's shore will not be a mouse squeak compared with the roar that will go forth from the tower when the Senatorial package that Jack has in his valise for the editor is delivered.

Mr. Bancroft has been too busy with the large numbers of men he has in his employ to bother with politics much. He is working hard on his freight bills and pay-rolls and leaving his fate in the hands of Senator Mitchell and Congressman Tongue. In the interim of political sallies the Department of Justice is working on Jack's case and trying to find out where that resignation is and who got the back date on it. The administration moves slow and Matthews will not be told to keep his fingers out of the political pie until the department makes an investigation on its own account.

But the fight against Croasman on the ground that Mr. Bancroft has been an employer of large numbers of men is creating a smile all over town. The laugh has reached Washington and has had a bad effect on Bancroft's campaign. The deal between John "Buttinsky" Matthews and Mr. Scott has not helped the cause of the employer of men and it has materially assisted Croasman.

A short time was spent among the business men of Portland this morning by a Daily Journal representative in which inquiry was made as to whether or not Mr. Croasman has made a satisfactory postmaster. No particular class of business men was selected, but the question was put to all classes from the largest to the smallest, and the same old response came promptly, "perfectly satisfied."

It was not a man here and there or persons selected with a knowledge of how they stood, or a knowledge of their political belief, but the question was put to every one met that was idle a sufficient length of time to give the question consideration and give an answer. Clerks and persons present when the inquiry was made could not resist joining in the indorsement of Mr. Croasman, and many times the statement was made: "It is only politics—an attempt to displace a good officer who has given universal satisfaction to the people just to satisfy a clique of politicians." "It is a shame and an imposition upon the people," said many others.

The general sentiment of the people—the universal sentiment, it may well be said, for the opposition is too small to be considered against the whole, is against turning out Mr. Croasman at this time. In fact the people do not believe in bartering so important an office that is supposed to be already in

the hands of the republican party among a lot of the cheapest and most corrupt political ringsters the state ever had. Not only the respectable element of the Republican party demanded that Croasman be retained, but the rank and file of the party demand it; and the Democrats knowing that the Republicans are entitled to the postoffice and that Croasman is also entitled to it, and that he is worthy and the best man for the place, are unanimous in their support for him.

If Croasman is turned out one of the gravest political errors in the history of Oregon will be committed—Portland Journal.

Abraham Lincoln once declined the position of governor of Oregon Territory. This is not generally known, but it is none the less true. After the office had been refused by John Marshall afterwards chief justice of the supreme court of the United States—it was tendered to the great "rail splitter." His reply came characteristically: "No sirree!" Lincoln refused the position not from any lack of appreciation of the honor or unwillingness to bear the responsibility. The real cause was the unwillingness of his wife to undergo the hardships of a trip across the plains and privations of life in the far west. In other ways, Lincoln's life touched the history of Oregon. His birth occurred in the same year—1809—in which John Jacob Astor conceived the plan of fitting out the ship Tonquin for trade in the Oregon country. Exactly fifty years from Lincoln's birthday, Oregon was admitted as a state. Again, when Lincoln was inaugurated president of the United States, he was introduced to the people by Oregon's first senator, Colonel E. D. Baker. And during the campaign one of the candidates for vice-president on an opposition ticket was Ex-Governor Lane, whom Lincoln had been asked to succeed in office.—Pacific Monthly.

Saw Death Near.

"It often made my heart ache," writes L. C. Overstreet, of Elgin, Tenn., "to hear my wife cough until it seemed her weak and sore lungs would collapse. Good doctors said she was so far gone with Consumption that no medicine or earthly help could save her, but a friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery and persistent use of this excellent medicine saved her life." It's absolutely guaranteed for coughs and all throat and lung diseases. 50c and \$1.00 at Adamson & Winnek Co. Trial bottles free.

Married in California.

Joseph Richmond Whitney and Miss Zella Emile Wood were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's brother, Arthur W. Wood, at 527 South Flower street, in Los Angeles, California, on Monday evening, December 22, 1902. Rev. Dr. McIntyre, of Los Angeles, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by only a few relatives.

The groom is one of the proprietors of the Herald and state printer-elect. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Wood, of this city, and a most worthy and accomplished young lady. They will spend their honeymoon visiting in California and will return to Oregon about January 1. Their home will be in Salem, where the duties of Mr. Whitney's office require his residence. They have the best wishes of all for a happy and prosperous wedded life.—Albany Herald.

Partnership Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the firm and partnership of Willey and Dee, consisting of Charles M. Willey and John W. Dee, doing a general saw mill business on Willow Creek, Crook county, Oregon, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent, Charles M. Willey retiring from the firm. All accounts due said firm will be collected and received by John W. Dee, and all accounts owing by said firm will be paid by John W. Dee.

John W. Dee.
Charles M. Willey.
Dated December 10th, 1902.

A Thanksgiving Surprise

By ELISA ARMSTRONG BENOUGH.

"AD you a pleasant Thanksgiving this year?" queried the little woman in blue.
"No, we didn't—that is, I did not, though my husband laughs every time he thinks of it, so he, at least, must have enjoyed it," replied the tall woman in brown.
"Oh, well, some men are that way; they will laugh at anything. But what happened? Did your cook go out of one door as the turkey came in by another?"
"No—she did not leave, but her grandmother's second cousin's wife died—it is strange what mortality there is in her fam-



COULD COOK DINNER LATER.

ily at holiday times. She said the funeral would be over at noon on Thanksgiving day, and if I wanted her to she could be at home to cook dinner for me 15 minutes later. As her grandmother's second cousin lives ten miles away, however, I considered that doubtful.

"So you just made a virtue of necessity. Oh, well, you can at least remind her of it the next time that you have company."
"Yes, if she happens to be with me that long. Anyhow, it did not seem to matter greatly, because each Thanksgiving day since our marriage we have dined with my husband's sister. We originally arranged that we were to entertain each other on alternate Thanksgivings, and I have always made it a point to say each time as we sit down to dinner, 'Now, you must all dine with me next Thanksgiving day. I will take no refusal.' Oh, I am always very careful to keep an agreement."

"Oh, and did they—"
"Well, er—no. You see I am so forgetful that when Anna would say in a sort of hesitating sort of a way, as Thanksgiving day drew near: 'Well, are you and John and the children coming over as usual on Thursday?' I would just hasten to reassure the good soul on that point. But I never failed to give them all a cordial invitation for the next year."

"Oh, I see."
"Yes, well, this year I did not happen to see Anna, but I knew it would be all right, especially as I had shown myself so friendly each year. So when John began to talk of Thanksgiving I told him that Anna would be hurt if we failed to come. She does her own work, you know, and has

no cook to go off and upset things. John had brought home a fine turkey, but—"

"That would keep until Sunday."
"So I thought. Well, as I started early in order that Anna might be quite sure of us when she started to prepare dinner."

"Oh, so you really went?"
"We did. John and I have been married 14 years now; he knows it is best to do what I say the first time I say it. I, you remember, was cold and windy, and we were chilled through with our long drive and the children were quite fretful when we arrived to—"

"To find a glowing fire, a warm welcome and a good dinner. How nice; quite like a bit out of a story book."

"To find the place deserted; not a soul at home! I was never so enraged in my life—I always did hate a lack of hospitality. I wanted to go on to his aunt's, but John said we would go home, and he said it in such a tone that we had driven a mile before I caught my breath."

"Oh, well, you could cool your temper by giving him a cold dinner."

"That was what I resolved to do, but, if you will believe it, when we reached home we found Anna, with her husband and all three children—only two less than we have ourselves—all waiting for us on the porch! She said that my invitation on last Thanksgiving may have been such a pressing one that she could not find it in her heart to give point me! So I actually had to go to work and get up a big dinner for her whole family as well as my own. Did you ever hear of such an imposition on good nature in your life?"

Pension for O. R. & N. Men.

Portland, Dec. 20.—The veterans in the service of the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company will receive the compliments of the Christmas season for the company in the shape of an official notice of the inauguration of a new pension system beginning January 1st, 1903. The information was given out by President A. H. Mohler today. The circular says:

"On January 1st, 1903, the Oregon Railroad and Navigation company will establish a pension system and provide the necessary fund for the same, the benefits of which will accrue to those employees who have been twenty years continuously in the company's service, and who have reached an age necessitating retirement therefrom. The amount of pension to be paid an employee will depend upon the length of his continuous service with the company, and his average monthly salary during the last ten years thereof."

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