

AUNTIE.

When auntie comes to see us, then we have to stand around.
 "Us children hate to have her come, jes' on account of that."
 We've got to sit still an' behave an' never make a sound.
 An' when we come indoors to wipe our feet upon the mat.
 The house is scrubbed so awful clean we mustn't make a track.
 An' we're scrubbed, too, I tell you, till it 'most takes off the bark.
 When auntie goes away we wish she never would come back.
 For while she's here to see us we jes' have to toe the mark.
 When auntie comes to see us then we have good things to eat.
 We sort o' like to have her here, jes' on account o' that.
 An' pa, he always says a great long grace before the meat.
 An' gives her the best slices an' don't make her eat the fat.
 He's awful funny an' perilla, is pa, when auntie's here.
 An' ma she calls us "dastling" 'n' she gives us 'twice o' pie!
 An' pa an' ma, when auntie's here, they call each other "dear."
 But when she goes away they don't do that. I wonder why?
 When auntie comes to see us it's like Sunday every day.
 It's funny that it should be so jes' on account o' that.
 She's cross an' kinder fussy, but she's rich as mud, they say.
 An' nobody to leave it to, unless it is her cat.
 When auntie comes then pa an' ma seem tickled most to death.
 An' when she talks of going they say:
 "Dear ma, auntie, no."
 Yet when she's gone then both of them they draw a great long breath.
 It seems if they was tickled most to death to have her go.
 —Chicago Daily News.

HER VULNERABLE SPOT
 BY LAVON C. CHENEY.

MRS. POTTSEY stood on the top-most round of the ladder of fame erected by the people of Shultsville. She had been placed in her exalted position by the male portion of the community, as a shining example of what a woman should be, and used by it as a prod to the energies of the reluctantly admiring and secretly envious female inhabitants. The consensus of opinion was expressed by Deacon Wilson when he said:
 "She's the best worker fur ten miles 'round, an' 'es got git up enough fur two wimmin'!"
 From this it may readily be gathered that the villagers' standard of excellence in a woman was not beauty nor intellectual gifts, but ability to work.
 Mrs. Pottsey's capacity in this direction was a never ending source of conversation among the women, and the fact of its being a common occurrence in the life of this remarkable piece of femininity to buy calico for a dress one morning and wear the finished garment on the day following, was something of which to brag to less favored communities. And the work upon it was done entirely by hand, for sewing machines were not considered a necessary article of furniture, and were looked upon as a luxury to be indulged in only by the very rich, although they were sometimes acquired by the very lazy.
 Mrs. Pottsey's crowning achievement was the trousers of the late Mr. Pottsey. During the lifetime of her husband, she had purchased the material for a pair of pantaloons one morning, and that gentleman had donned those same garments in the afternoon as a fitting—or, possible, non-fitting—tribute to his office as pall bearer during the obsequies of a neighbor.
 Whether these strenuous exertions on the part of his spouse had so wearied Mr. Pottsey that he was glad to seek a place where work is unknown, it is impossible to say. He had been a pale, meek, little man, lacking in the energy which the woman, beside whom he had been obliged to spend his life, possessed in such superabundance—and she was not at all backward in showing her contempt for those whose endowments were not equal to her own. This, no doubt, wore on him to an extent that rendered him perfectly willing to exchange the realities of the world he was leaving for the promises of the world to come. The inscription on his tombstone was characteristic of his relation in life, for even in death he was not allowed to assert himself, but was laid to rest as "Washington, beloved husband of Zenobia Pottsey."
 There was no suggestion of meekness about Mrs. Pottsey. She was tall and rather thin, with snapping black eyes and smooth, black hair, showing no thread of white. Very courageous, indeed, would be the hair to dare unfurl a white banner in her head. Its death would be sudden and ignominious. Common report provided her with a sharp tongue. But this detriment, in the mind of her male acquaintances, was more than balanced by the material advantages she could confer on a possible successor to the late Mr. Pottsey. Naturally, a woman who spilt her own wood, milked her own cow, and did other things commonly supposed to be man's work, had many admirers.
 As Lemuel Jones—called "Lazy Jones" by his friends, in playful allusion to his well-known dislike for manual labor—expressed it to a select coterie of his cronies: "You would not have to do a thing but jettast down and take it easy; she'd do the busting. A woman that'll climb a ladder and paint her own house is the woman for me."
 When Mr. Jones one afternoon interrupted Mrs. Pottsey's strenuous processes by knocking at the door, she was engaged in putting the finishing touches to a "red cross" in her best room. The predominant shade was a

sort of bluish red. In this little community the color was not dignified with a name, but was simply called "aniline dye." It was quite a fad in the village, and everybody who had any claim to distinction possessed something dyed to this particular hue. Mrs. Pottsey had imparted the startling tint to several objects in the room. The ribbon which held back the Nottingham lace curtains showed their acquaintance with the dye pot. The chenille cover of the small table on which lay the family bible, took on the same apple-pie glow.
 Mrs. Pottsey was engaged in putting the finishing touches to the room, by going over a stripe of dirty white in the breadth of rag carpet, with a paint brush and a tomato can full of the dye. The knock at the door caused her to pause, and upon her invitation "Lazy Jones" entered. He had long been endeavoring to broach the subject of a life partnership to Mrs. Pottsey, but, when her sharp eyes were looking at him, he felt as if his soul, with its mixed motives, was laid bare before her, and his courage oozed out. She pointed now to her handwork and said: "Ain't this room beautiful?"
 "Yes, Ma' Pottsey, yes; it's d—, ah—hem—it's very beautiful. I never see anything that suited me better."
 And, indeed, he had not, for he inwardly pictured himself reposing on the lounge with a pillow under his head and a pipe in his mouth.
 "You're a master hand at fixin' up things, Ma' Pottsey; you know how to make a-body comfortable, don't you?"
 "My powers of mind is sech," answered Mrs. Pottsey, "that when I likes people I can make 'em comfortable, and when I don't like 'em, I can make 'em purty uncomfortable."
 Mr. Jones did not know whether to regard this as encouragement or discouragement.
 "Would you—er—could you—er—" doubt here assailed him—"lend me your hoe?" he lamely concluded.
 Walking home, he resolved as a last resort, to trust his fate to a written missive. He was not "handy," to use a local phrase, with the pen, and composition presented unknown horrors to him, but something must be done.
 When he was gone, Mrs. Pottsey smiled grimly. "No sech truck ez him don't take me in!" she remarked.
 A few days later, Mrs. Pottsey was preparing to can some plums. She was seated on the back porch with a bushel basket of plums on one side and a large jar on the other. On her lap was a pan filled with the fruit. Deacon Slattery leaned against a support to the porch and chewed a straw meditatively.
 "Well, you got a job before ye ef you're goin' to peel all them plums," he at last observed.
 "'Twon't take me long," she responded; "they're wild plums, and they taste kind of pockery if they ain't peeled."
 Judging by the constant stream of peeled plums leaving her hand for the jar, it was evident the process would not occupy her for a great length of time.
 "Mighty big lot of plums for one woman to eat," he ventured.
 "I'm that fond of plums I could eat 'em every day in the year!" she answered.
 Deacon Slattery rubbed his chin thoughtfully and decided to take another tack. He was wise, even beyond his years, which were many, so he said, after gazing at her thoughtfully for a few moments:
 "You are a powerful good lookin' woman, Zenobia."
 "Oh, pahw, now, deacon, sech an old woman as me!" but he noticed a little flush stealing over her sallow cheek.
 Well satisfied with his progress, he went on.
 "I declar', on my honor, when you come walkin' in church Sunday all rigged out, I thought you was the handsomest woman there!"—oh shameless deacon!—"and I never see a woman 'at could turn out work like you kin. As I says to Jim Watson 't'other day, sez I, 'I don't know where you can p'int out a woman as young lookin' for her age as Ma' Pottsey.' I get kinder lonesome at times, an' I've often thought I'd like some smart, good-lookin' woman flyin' round the house, fryin' my potatoes an' bakin' my pancakes fer me," the deacon went on, with a sad note in his voice.
 "Why don't you git somebody, then?" asked Mrs. Pottsey.
 Here was distinct encouragement.
 "Well, now, I kinder thought maybe you was tired livin' alone, too," said the deacon.
 "Seem' it's you that asks me, maybe I be," said Mrs. Pottsey.
 The deacon, as he walked home, smiled gently to himself. "Human natur' is human natur'!" he said, softly.—Lavon C. Cheney, in National Magazine.
Brewer Didn't Know Hops.
 Congressman Ruppert, of New York, is one of the best known brewers in that city. It is of this same brewer that a story is told which is worth repeating.
 He was traveling in the upper part of New York state along the line of the New York Central railroad, when he noticed some vines growing in great profusion.
 "What kind of vines are those, conductor?" asked Mr. Ruppert. "I notice a great many of them along the railroad here."
 "Those," said the conductor, "are hops."—Washington Post.
 Clara Barton, head of the Red Cross society, has been invited by President Diaz of Mexico to come to the City of Mexico and there organize a branch of the society for the republic.

Dr. W. W. Taggart, the eye specialist, at the Poindexter Hotel, will attend to your eyes, fit your spectacles, cure your headache and nervous troubles. One charge for one year. Care of children a speciality. Glasses ground in Portland.
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 trouble 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 Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite. Try it. Only 50c. 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 receipted 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 November, 1902.
Says He Was Tortured.
 "I suffered such pains from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Bucklen's Arnica Salve completely cured them." Acts like magic on sprains, bruises, cuts, sores, scalds, burns, boils, ulcers. Perfect healer of skin diseases 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 Bourke.
F W Driscoll.	Al Shemell.
L L Shreve.	G B Heath.
George J Hibwin.	P Lehrman.
Geo M Massanone.	James Robinson.
Charles D Swanson.	J M Wood.
M H Graff.	Joe Bice.
T L Childers.	Milo Wood.
Don Evans.	F L Anderson.
Charles K Duncan.	H C Burton.
F P Hise.	R E Kagleston.
Frank Shumlam.	S W Tomlinson.
Rees Lewis.	Lester Bryan.
J D Cunningham.	W D Walker.
W H Hinton.	J C Brogan.
W H Grater.	C C Randolph.
W J Sanyea.	John Knight.
Elmer Knight.	Sam Carmichael.
Wm King.	Glen Grater.
E D Gousser.	J G Poindexter.
Edward Mullarkey.	Lee Wood.
High Sweeney.	Jack Brogan.
Frank Doak.	W H McCoy.
Patrick Reilly.	E C Fimmel.
A W Grater.	Chas E Freer.
J H OKelly.	Joe Toothman.
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 liquor.
 "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 Druggist 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 contract.
 W. H. CYRUS.
 "Now is the Appointed Time."
 The O. R. & N. Co. has just issued a handsomely illustrated pamphlet entitled, "Oregon, Washington & Idaho and their resources." People in the East are anxious for information about the Pacific North West—if you will give the O. R. & N. Co. agent at Shaniko a list of names of eastern people who are likely to be interested, the booklet will be mailed free to such persons.
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. Salomon.
 Signed; NAOMI SALOMON, Administratrix.
COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN.
Recommendation of a Well Known Chicago Physician.
 I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, 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 afflictions. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal panacea for all mankind.—MRS. MARY R. MELBENDY, 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 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.
 H. L. MONTGOMERY.
Lumber.
 For all kinds of rough and dressed lumber. Kiln dried flooring and rustic, go to
A. H. LIPPMAN & CO.
SALOMON JOHNSON & CO.
 (SUCCESSORS TO C L SALOMON)
 ...DEALERS IN...
GENERAL : : : MERCHANDISE
New Firm! New Goods!
 Call and see them and examine their stock
 You will be pleased with their prices

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.

Cyrus' Jewelry Store
 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."

Get Your Job Printing Done at the Journal Office
 With a new outfit of type and machinery, we line up with the very best printing houses in Oregon in turning out job work of the highest standard of excellence. : : : : :