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THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1903.

Imagine Binger Hermann being elected Senator, and then going back to Washington with a sharp stick for Secretary Hitchcock. Wouldn't he do things to the head of the Interior Department who kicked him out from the Land Commissionership!—Portland Journal.

The government is going to buy \$25,000,000 worth of new warships. A few purchases like that and the Monroe Doctrine will not smell so musty to European powers that occasionally have to witness the uncovering of the venerable old document of President Monroe in his message to the 1823 Congress. The suggestion of those battleships will be in need of no interpreter.—Portland Journal.

In the death of Thomas H. Tongue, western Oregon loses an indefatigable worker for the interests of that part of the state. While Mr. Tongue did what he thought to be his duty to the whole state there is no doubt but that his interests were with his home people and Portland has lost a friend indeed. This may lead to a special election or Governor Chamberlain may decide to appoint a democrat to fill out the unexpired term or vacancy whichever it may be termed.

What is the Difference?

Why is that people will condemn a dance, and carry the idea that all who attend are to blame for the conduct of a few. When there is bad conduct, or worse at other gatherings, and not one word will be said.

Last Sunday evening at the Haystack school house, the minister made the statement that the reason that the young people of Haystack did not join the church, when he held a series of meetings here before the holidays, was because of a certain thing that was to come off, (meaning the Christmas dance,) and that that thing had come off and that all who attended it were ashamed that they were there.

Now we will say that if that dance was a disgrace to our neighborhood, and we think it was, so also was the Christmas entertainment that was held in the school house the night before, for their was as many, if not more drunks there, than at the dance, and besides they were among the crowd and disturbing people who wanted to hear the program, and the air around the house and up the road after the crowd was dismissed was fairly blue with profanity, while the greater part of the crowd had gone home from the dance before their was any disturbance, and it all happened outside the hall.

Now why the difference, if whiskey is the trouble, it is just as bad one place as another. If the authorities should fine a few for disturbing the peace, there would be less drinking at dances and other gatherings.

Mrs. M. E. Peck.

DIED.

MISHLER.—Charles Albert Mishler, the son of Rev. Jacob Mishler, of Aurora, Oregon, died at the home of James McMeen, near Lamonta Post Office, Friday morning at about ten o'clock, aged 22 years.

He had been working for Mr. McMeen and had driven the seed-

er all the day before together with other duties devolving upon a farm hand, but had been suffering for some time with a difficulty similar to asthma. Retiring to bed that night, he did not rest and arose in the morning with increased difficulty in breathing. A neighbor was in to call upon him during the morning and he had passed some pleasant remarks to which Charles responded with bland and jocund disposition. The neighbor took leave from him and Mrs. McMeen went up stairs to attend to the household work returning in about ten minutes to find his spirit fled and a corpse sitting in the chair where she had recently beheld the smiling form of Charles Mishler. With remarkable nerve she closed his mouth and eyes, straightened him up and propped up the rockers and walked about a mile into the field to call her husband. There was no one else in the house at the time.

Charlie had accepted Christ as his Savior and had been living a consistent life from that time which was about six years ago. His brother, A. R. Mishler took the remains to Aurora, for interment. Rev. E. A. Child, was called to conduct the services at the home of Mr. McMeen. Rev. Jacob Mishler is a Mennonite pastor near Aurora. These people are very consistent disciples of Christ, with a primitive faith and practice similar to the Christian Church.

Haystack Happenings.

The fog is thick enough to cut up into gun wads.

Perry Read visited your city on the first of the week.

Charley Wrenn, of Joseph, Walla-walla county is visiting friends at this place.

The Rabbit drives are postponed awaiting stormy weather.

Born to the wife of Neil Miligan on January 12, a daughter. Standard weight.

The Haystack Sunday school elected the following officers for the ensuing term: Superintendent, Mrs. Horney; assistant, Henry Gillam; secretary, Retta Peck; treasurer, Bertha Horney; organizer, Mrs. M. E. Snook and Mrs. F. E. Rodman; chorister, Mrs. M. E. Snook.

On Saturday, 10th inst. the D. of H. and U. A. Lodges gave a joint installation installing the following officers; In D. of H. Mrs. Annie Armstrong, C. of H.; Mrs. Virginia Colver, L. of H.; Miss Retta Peck, C. of C.; Mrs. M. E. Peck, usher; G. Springer, Sec.; D. W. Barnett, financier; R. F. Armstrong, I. W.; Mrs. Rebecca Windom, O. W.; Mrs. Addie Hoffman, P. C. of H.

In the U. A. W. H. Peck, M. A.; Mrs. Ella Osborn, superintendent; Miss Ella McCain, inspector; F. C. Osborn, secretary; O. G. Colver, treasurer; Lee Peck, senior conductor; Pearl Osborn, junior conductor; P. Pead, M. C. J.; Lilly Read and John Brown, field commanders; Jesse Windom, warder; Mrs. Sadie Windom, instructor; D. G. Rodgers, P. M.

D. and L.

To offset the big price now asked for Yakima alfalfa and other hay some of the sheepmen over there are feeding small potatoes. They can be purchased at \$3 a ton and the sheepmen figure that three tons of them equal two tons of hay. They are fed raw and are considered the most economical feed that can be secured at this time of the year. Alfalfa in the stack has jumped up to \$10 and \$11 a ton. One sheepman said that he had been all over the valley during the week trying to buy hay in the stack, but the farmers will not sell. They are holding out for higher figures. The potato ration is considered quite as good as any other root that can be fed to stock and the animals will readily fatten on them this season. There are thousands of tons of potatoes in that valley this year and should a shortage in hay result by reason of the cold weather they will be used for sheep feeding.—Dalles Chronicle.

captain signaled to back the ship, lest he should come up foul of the propeller. The rope floated slack on the water. There was a minute or two of silent, expectant suspense. Then, right in front of the bow, so close I could have poked my finger against the flabby blubber, up rose the giant nose—up, up, up till he towered full 15 feet above the rail! I jumped back in genuine fear that he would topple over on the deck. Then he turned a somersault with a splash and drenched us all. He rose again, churning the water white, raised his tail quite 20 feet and slapped the water with a noise like a thunder-clap at our very toes. He turned round and round, wrapping the rope about his huge body, then shot straight forward on the surface, skipping from wave to wave like a swallow. He reached the end of his slack rope with a jerk that shook the ship from stem to stern. There was an instant tug of war between the whale and the reversed engines. Then the whale won and for a minute pulled the vessel forward with him.

Again the windlass whirred and whizzed, but with diminishing speed. Far out at the end of his two miles of rope, the whale churned and lashed the water and blew big blasts of hot vapor. The crew saw the end and relaxed their tenseness. They gave him half an hour or so to end his convulsions. Then the captain shouted the order to wind in the rope.

As the whale felt the pull he gave one feeble, dying jump. The men stopped a minute, then continued slowly to pull in. Finally, the huge, inert, flabby body floated belly upward, just off the bow. They lowered a boat, passed a chain about the narrow circumference where the tail widens, and grappled him to the side of the vessel. I could see a dozen quarrelling porpoises eating the tongue of the monster that had been an hour before alive and, to those scavengers, invincible. The captain gave a sigh and a smile of content and leaned over the side to measure with his eye the size of his prize. The crew busied themselves with loading the harpoon gun again and putting things in order.

All this was before five in the morning—and before breakfast. After the meal, when we came on deck again, there had risen a heavy leeward wind. The captain sniffed it and glanced at the choppy sea. "Twill be a bad day for the fish," he said; and went aloft to his bridge to watch with his glasses for another "blow." With the wind came rain, and the two did, indeed, make bad fishing. Not that the whales went in out of the net, as an irreverent sailor must tell the gulleless landmen: there was scarce a time when we could not see a dozen "blows" within a five-mile radius. Often, when we were not prepared for them, they would swim right past us with all the dignity of an ocean liner, and past a bobbing fishing craft. They never seemed to be merely browsing idly around—they were always swimming in a straight line, and always very fast, as if they had important business somewhere on the coast of Sweden. When they were close by we could follow them readily with the eye, and see them rising and dipping at regular intervals. Farther off, milestones of their course were their "blows." It is the one conspicuous mammal characteristic remaining to this exstinct land animal who has chosen the environment of fish for his abode; once in so often he must breathe. And as his taking breath involves blowing a 20-foot high pillar of white vapor into the air, it is this "mark of the beast" and of the beast's natural habitat that betrays him to his enemies.

Late in the afternoon the captain on the bridge swept the sea with his glasses, and saw no sign of a "blow." He glanced at the sinking sun and measured with his eye the 20 miles to the harbor. He dropped his glasses and gave a quiet order that meant the day's work was done. The deck was put in order, and the stocky little whaler, with her trophies grasped close to her side, set her bow towards the mainland. It was not for the want of "fish" that we had fisherman's luck that day. But the whaler was no larger than a tugboat. The heavy sea tossed her about like a cork, and aiming a cannon with so unsteady a base as the whaler's bow was difficult business even for the expert captain. Three times he fired and missed; and as it took an hour or two to reload the gun and prepare the harpoon and bomb, it was two o'clock in the afternoon before we got our second prize! The process was in all respects like the first; but there was the same frenzy of excitement aboard the ship. The one appetite that never becomes satiated, the one instinct that is never satisfied, the one experience that no amount of repetition dulls, is, it seems, the instinct to hunt and kill. In primitive man it was the first law of his being; and, like the whale's breathing, it stays with him in a wholly changed environment.

The captain slowly paced the bridge and puffed a long cigar in profound content. I judged, by what he had told me, that his individual share in the day's catch would be a successful lawyer's income for a week.—Boston Transcript.

Advice Wanted.
 Young Man—I came to ask you for the hand of your daughter, sir.
 Old Man (the father of seven)—Which one of my daughters, young man?
 "That's another thing I wanted to ask you. Now, as a friend, which one would you advise me to take?"—Chicago Daily News.

Room in the Procession.
 Clara—Dear Isabel, you are at last a successful artist.
 Isabel—Oh, Clara, I don't feel myself a success; I've just moved up a little, because a lot of old strugglers have got tired and quit.—Detroit Free Press.

The Wool Situation.

Those who look for higher prices for wool base their view upon a variety of facts, chief among them being the admitted scarcity of good wools. Their argument is that the people will have to pay higher prices whether they want to or not.

On the strength of this line of reasoning they are predicting higher quotations for wool in 1903, and the western grower has had his opinion strengthened that it will be possible for him to secure for his 1903 clip a very pronounced advance over 1902 figures. A short time ago we were informed from Montana that growers in that state were looking forward to 20 cents for their next year's wool, but during the past week advices from that section place the grower's expectations at 20 to 21 cents. It will be recalled that the maximum quotations in Montana this year were between 16 and 17 cents, and the difference between this level and 20 to 21 cents shows the extraordinary confidence which certain persons have that the industrial prosperity of the country, instead of receding or remaining stationary, is going to keep on expanding by leaps and bounds.

Another thing to which the believers in higher prices for wool call attention is the strength displayed at the last London auction sales. The long series of droughts in Australia, and the heavy inroads which have been made in the last year or two into the accumulated stocks of wool, have impressed the speculative element on the other side very profoundly. It has transpired recently that much of the wool that was bought at the earlier sales this year in London was not bought for consumption, but for resale later. It may be stated incidentally that London is not always a safe speculative guide in wool. They are apt to bank too exclusively, in that market, on the so-called "statistical position" of the commodity, and their policy in this particular has not always been attended with success—in fact, there have been times when the outcome has surprised them greatly.

All told, the outlook is baffling. The most that can be said is that if there is any further advance in wool, it is likely to be confined almost exclusively to medium and low wools, fine wools having already, it is quite generally believed been enhanced to their full limit. The points to be determined are: How far has the purchasing power of the public been endangered by the high level attained by general commodity prices, and what, if any, effect would an impaired purchasing power have on the demand for wool? These questions will be more satisfactorily answered a few months hence than now.—Wool and Cotton Reporter.

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and you will have a prosperous year. My first word in this earliest ad of 1903 should be and is an expression of sincere thanks to my customers for the very generous business given me during the year just closed.

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