

A SONG OF THE COTTON-FIELD.

Yonder on de green slope-shelter in de
 vines,
 Hummin'-bird a-hummin' roun' de w'lets
 en de vines;
 Sunflower at de gate
 Wid his torch a-burnin' late,
 En he light me 'long de big road whar de
 light chillun wait.

Hoe de co'n en cotton—
 Sing across de wheat;
 Night time is 'er time—
 Hoe' at home is sweet!

I up ter meet de mawin', 'fo' de light
 break over head
 Or de larks la gittin' roun' on I ketch de
 sun in bed;
 I tell 'im: "Work ter do!
 I mus' run de furrow true;
 De grass would ketch de cotton of I sleep en
 late en you!"

Singin' in de co'n-belt's
 'Crost de cotton white;
 Day time is work time—
 Hoe' 'll come wid night.

Mister Rabbit see me comin', en I tell 'im:
 "Howdy do?"
 Is you feelin' well de mawin'?' Is yo'
 fambly stirrin', too?
 You got rabbit-foots a heap
 Fer ter he 'p me sow en reap?
 But he mighty hard er heartin', en I ter 'im
 'fo' sale!
 Sowin' en reapin'—
 Singin' in de sun;
 Sweeter is de sleepin'
 'W'en de work well done

All day I heah de chillun, es happy es kin
 be;
 En de mammy light de fire, en she bake
 de bread fer me;
 En no ban' is raised ter take it
 'Cep she bless it 'fo' she break it;
 En it's sweeter—oh, it's sweeter kase I sow
 de seed dat make it!

Bowin' en reapin'
 Happy all de day;
 De home lights bright en shinin'
 But my heart—it know de way!

So I workin' in de sunshine, I singin' in de
 'stern;
 De co'n 'll feed de chillun, en de cotton
 keep 'em warm.
 Mister Rabbit, sah, good night—
 De crow done took his flight,
 An' singin' on de home-road whar de lampe
 is shinin' bright!
 —Frank L. Stanton, in Youth's Companion.

**The Night of a
 Thousand Years**

By IRVING BACHELLER.

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HE WAS a man I had been looking
 for. I was entering upon dark
 and unknown ways of life when I met
 Riggs, who stood at the edge of the
 darkness selling lanterns. They were
 his specialty. He would sell you an-
 chors and fathoms of chain and rope
 enough to hang you to the moon, but
 his "lights" were the great attraction
 of Riggs. He had every kind of lan-
 tern that had ever swung on land or
 sea. After dark, when light was
 streaming out of its open door and
 sky window, Riggs looked like an old-
 time lantern itself. It was a rickety
 frame house standing under a steep
 roof close to the pavement. The peak
 had sagged in the middle, and the eaves
 hung over the sidewalk in a warped
 line that one might touch with his
 hand in passing. An old ship's lan-
 tern swung on an iron crane above the
 door. It was a low, broad door
 planned for a time when men had big,
 round bellies and nothing to do but
 fill them and heads not yet too far
 above their business. It challenged the
 eye with its big knocker and mas-
 sive iron latch. The shop had one
 little window gone blind with dust
 and cobwebs, so that it resembled the
 dim eye of age. A broken bowsprit
 and a ship's anchor leaned against the
 bleaching clapboards. Coils of rope
 and rusty chain, blocks and heavy
 bolts, a steering wheel and an old
 brass compass lay near the door.

Inside were rows of lanterns hang-
 ing on the bare beams and rafters,
 and Riggs, who sat beside a bench,
 and gave orders to the lad who served
 him. In a drawing, sleepy voice. An
 old Dutch lantern, its light softened
 with green glass, sent a silver beam
 across the gloomy upper air of the
 shop every evening. Riggs had been
 blind for many years, but there was a
 heaven full of light in him for all that.
 I shall never forget that evening I
 came to the little shop. The boy had
 put out all the lights but one—an old
 tin lantern with a spray of lights
 burning through its perforated sides.
 Riggs was showing it to some
 stranger. As he held it aloft the
 little lantern looked like a castle tower,
 its many windows lighted, and as he
 set it down there was a golden
 sprinkle on the floor, as if a stone had
 splashed upon some magic sunlight
 pool there in the darkness. Riggs
 lifted the lantern presently, and stood
 swinging it in his hand. Then its rays
 shone upon the darkness, falling
 silently into every nook and corner of
 the gloomy shop and breaking into
 flowing dapples on the roof and
 walls.

"Here is a little handful of daylight,"
 he said; and then came the words that
 seemed to have been written for his
 tongue:

"Hail, holy light, Offering of Heaven's
 first born."
 His deep voice rose and fell, riding
 this mighty rhythm of inspired song
 until he reached the words:

"That I may see a' tell of things invia-
 ble to mortal sight."
 When he had finished he sat down
 and, holding the lantern between his
 knees, opened its door and, as the light
 streamed out upon his hands, rubbed
 them a time, silently, as if washing
 them in the flood of light.

"Blind?" said the stranger.
 "No," said he, "only dreaming as you
 are—both of you."

It seemed strange to me he should
 think we were dreaming.

"Went to bed one night," he contin-
 ued, stroking his long, white beard,
 "and saw the lights go out and the
 dark; and it's never come morning. I

went into a dream after I'd gone to
 bed and dreamed that I was blind.
 And then I thought I woke up and
 could hear my shipmates dressing. And,
 says I: 'It's a terrible dark morning.'
 "And I thought they laugh ed and
 said it was broad daylight, and wanted
 to know what was the matter. And
 I heard myself ask:
 "'Ain't it night?' And I heard them
 answer:
 "'Night, why, man, ye must be
 dreaming.' Then I thought I felt my
 way back to my bunk; and I'm lying
 there yet in a dream and it seems very
 long. And I've dreamed everything a
 man could think of since then. You
 see I was coming home to marry and
 settle down. Thought I came home
 and my mother and sister met me at
 the dock. Of course I couldn't see
 them, and I felt all over their faces
 and heard them crying, just as if it was
 real.

"And, says I, 'Where's Annie?' mean-
 ing the girl I was to marry; and I
 thought they told me she was there,
 and put her hand in mine and I tried
 terrible to see her. I thought I sat
 down and cried and cried, and then I
 happened to think that I was only
 dreaming after all. I dreamed that
 she went away and that my mother
 died and that I started this little shop.
 Seems as if it was all real, and yet I
 know I'm only dreaming. You men who
 come here to buy things and talk with
 me are only part of my dream. One
 day I thought a man came in and told
 me Annie was married. Well, sir, I
 sent the boy home and sat there in
 the shop alone that evening. And by
 and by my sister came in and says she
 to me: 'What are you crying for?'
 and says I: 'Annie's married.'
 "'Oh pahaw!' says she, 'you're only
 dreaming. It'll all come right.'
 "And so I keep forgetting it's a
 dream. Sometimes I have an awful sad-
 ness, but, thank God, I know I'm only
 dreaming. I know that when the morn-
 ing comes I shall wake and laugh at
 the phantoms of the night and I shall
 be young and happy. We'll be off
 Sandy Hook and looking to catch a
 sight of home. And I shall be getting
 ready to meet Annie and mother and
 the rest. And I'll have my best clothes
 out, O, I'll be grand."

The old man's face had a merry
 smile as he spoke of the coming morn-
 ing and the things it had for him.
 "Seems as if this dream had lasted
 a thousand years," he continued, yawning
 and rubbing his eyes. "Seems as if
 I had grown old since I went to bed
 last night. But I've dreamed the like
 before, and, my God! how glad I felt
 when I woke in the morning!"

"Come," said he, speaking to the boy,
 "let's have the lights up—port an' star-
 board an' masthead. All right, sir, you
 may have it for a dollar. It'll be all
 the same in the morning."
 And so we left him like a ship lying
 to and straining at the cables, his an-
 chor sunk in the deep of that long
 night. It seemed to me that it would
 be better for many of us if we could
 think it all a dream and have his faith
 in the morning—that it will bring back
 the things we have lost. But then, he
 was a lunatic.

And years went by—many of them
 filled with coming and going and
 loving and striving and nights
 and days like this one. And,
 long afterwards, when I went to Riggs'
 funeral, they told me that he rose
 in bed before the end came and held
 his hand to his eyes. Looking into the
 far sky he cried aloud: "The day has
 come, thank God! and I am going
 home."

And as I was coming away I heard
 the preacher saying: "A thousand
 years are as a day. Our lives are but
 a dream of the night. You that hear
 me are dreaming."

The words angered me, for I knew
 that I was awake. I could hear with
 the inanity of Riggs, but not with the
 sophistry of the preacher, and I
 shouted:
 "Life is not a dream, you fool. Can
 we not hear and see and feel?" At the
 last word I struck a table at my side.
 And, as my hand touched it, the room
 turned dark, as if night had fallen
 suddenly, and every sound hushed. And
 then I thought a mighty wave of light
 swept over us in which everything van-
 ished and I was awake and it was morn-
 ing.

Strawberries Till Fall.
 It is said that a feature of 1902 will
 be the strawberry which ripens in
 September. Gardeners have been
 struggling for years to produce a
 strawberry which, planted in March,
 should bear in the open—which alone
 secures perfect flavor—a ripe fruit in
 September. They have now succeed-
 ed, and at least two sorts, the St. Jo-
 seph and the St. Antony of Padua, ful-
 filled last year all the requisite condi-
 tions. They are being planted this
 season by hundreds where single plants
 were ventured on last year.—Golden
 Penny.

An Easy Cure.
 A warning to those who have the
 falling of asking questions with the
 result of getting "sold" is found in a
 current "catch" story which runs
 about this way:
 "Extraordinary case, that of Al Bur-
 nett's cure."
 "What was the matter with him?"
 "Walked in his sleep."
 "How was he cured?"
 "They gave him car fare, of course."
 —N. Y. Times.

Peopled by Men Only.
 Malwetchin, on the borders of Rus-
 sia, is the only city in the world peo-
 pled by men only. The Chinese women
 are not only forbidden to live in this
 territory, but even to pass the great
 wall of Kalkan and enter into Mon-
 golia. All the Chinese of this border
 city are exclusively traders.—Chicago
 Inter Ocean.

READ THE JOURNAL

Suggestion on Irrigation.

In a little private meeting of
 business men held here last night
 in the interests of irrigation and
 other public matters of the state at
 large, it was suggested by a mem-
 ber of the State Irrigation Associa-
 tion that the county associations in
 the districts where there are
 arid lands available for irrigation
 works under the requirements of
 the Government experiments be
 made with the various soils. The
 Government chemists in Washing-
 ton will be very glad to analyze
 these soils at once, and before irri-
 gation works are commenced. If
 the soil shows an overabundance
 of alkali, to make irrigation per-
 fect, subirrigation should be under-
 taken by drain tile just before
 flooding the surface of the land. If
 only the surface is flooded, in a
 year or two the excess of alkali
 comes to the surface and kills vege-
 tation. Sub-irrigation carries off
 the excess and leaves the soil mel-
 low and fertile. The association
 here will experiment on these lines.
 It was especially suggested that
 Baker county, having a large
 amount of Government land open
 to irrigation and general entry,
 should also have its soils analyzed,
 and be prepared to start irrigating
 in the right way.—Telegram.

Is Moving 200 Feet A Year.

New York, Jan. 14.—New York's
 social center is today the intersec-
 tion of Fifth avenue and Fifty-
 second street. For half a century
 the social center has been moving
 steadily northward along Fifth
 avenue. So carefully is its move-
 ment watched that even its rate of
 progress has been recorded with
 mathematical accuracy.

In the last decade this invisible
 point, about which so many mil-
 lions of dollars revolve, has moved
 up town at the rate of exactly 200
 feet, or one block, a year. It is in
 itself a remarkable fact that with
 all the charges which have over-
 taken the city in these years this
 progress should have remained al-
 ways exactly the same, never re-
 tarded nor accelerated, year in and
 year out, by the slightest percepti-
 ble fraction.

A period of exactly 82 years has
 been required to carry the society
 center from its original position at
 Fowling Green, to its present loca-
 tion. Previous to 1820, so far as
 the record shows, the social world
 occupied only the lower portion of
 Manhattan Island. The old "Mil-
 lionaires' row" at the foot of Broad-
 way, now the site of the custom
 house, was the first social center of
 which there is any record, official-
 ly at least. From this point it has
 moved very slowly northward.
 The form of Manhattan Island
 naturally prevented any wide dis-
 gression of its course.

The new "millionaires' row"—it
 is now merely a tradition, although
 the buildings still stand—held the
 social center in its vicinity for
 several years. Its progress up
 Fifth avenue was, of course, inevit-
 able. Pressed in on all sides by
 commercial buildings and inter-
 ests, it has given way slowly but
 steadily. The appearance of the
 official building and the fashio-
 nable shop on "the avenue," year
 by year encroaching more and
 more upon the residential section,
 is familiar.

Each year the fashionable world
 encroaches little by little upon the
 East Side, the great palaces of the
 fashionable supplanting the flats
 and the poorer residences of this
 section. Many important build-
 ing enterprises are at present
 under way.

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-
 ceipted 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.

'Now is the Appointed Time.'

The O. R. & N. Co. has just issued a
 handsomely illustrated pamphlet en-
 titled, "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 like-
 ly to be interested, the booklet will be
 mailed free to such persons.

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