

To Help Sheep.

Regarding the proposed Blue Mountain forest reserve, about which so much has been said during the past six months, it is known that the people of Grant county especially, have in no way let the matter drop, but are at work and will protest very strongly against the creation of the reserve, unless the boundary lines and regulations are very radically and materially changed.

A very prominent citizen of Cain, speaking of this matter said: "The people of Grant county do not oppose the creation of a forest reserve or of this particular reserve as such, but they will bitterly fight the Blue Mountain reserve, unless the lines are greatly changed.

As the survey has been made, there are not over four of the 60 townships in Grant county that have merchantable timber upon them. The remainder of the townships are adapted to grazing and agriculture.

"It is believed in fact, that it must have been the purpose of the government when this proposed boundary was surveyed, to create a grazing reserve, rather than a forest reserve; and to open up various sections of the county to outside stock where it had heretofore been prohibited.

"The recently published stock inspector's report shows that there are in Grant county over 150,000 head of sheep which are owned by citizens of that county, where there are grazing on the ranges of Grant over 240,000 head of sheep owned by men living in the Columbia river counties, such as Morrow and Gilliam.

"This large number of sheep has from year to year taken all the grass and as a matter of fact, a number of local sheepmen and cattlemen have been driven out of business and it is believed by many that the proposed reserve was agitated by outside sheepmen, for the express purpose of completing the work of driving the remainder of the Grant county sheep grazers from their occupation. "Evidently, there has been undue outside influences at work somewhere.

"In fact it is known that prominent and wealthy sheepmen of Gilliam and Wheeler counties have stated that the Blue Mountain reserve must be created or they would have to retire from business.

"If the purpose of the reserve is to help outside grazers, it must and will be fatal to home sheep and cattle raisers. "As the matter now stands, the ranges of Grant are to a large extent controlled and managed by local people and should the reserve be established it might not be that way."

No Philippine Exhibit.

A serious disappointment threatens the prospective visitors to the St. Louis World's Fair in the probable curtailment of what was expected to be one of the most attractive and important features of the show, namely, the Philippine exhibit. Governor Taft was greatly interested in this exhibit, and Commissioner Wright also exerted himself with the authorities in St. Louis to secure liberal appropriations for a display that would afford for the American people an opportunity to see for themselves the varied and profuse resources of the Philippines.

The insular government set apart the sum of \$250,000, the expectation being that the fair officers would allot an equal amount, for it is believed that at least \$500,000 would be necessary to make the desired exhibit. Now it appears that the fair authorities cannot see their way to meet this expectation, and, to prevent the waste of money on an inadequate exhibition, the whole work of gathering the articles for display has been stopped by orders from Washington to Governor Taft unless the fair people shall reconsider their decision.

THE DEPUTY-CLAIMANT By ISABEL E. MACKAY.

"WHY did he not come to England himself?" asked the girl, reflectively. The deputy claimant began to chew a blade of grass. "Well, to tell the truth, I think he was a little bit—ahem—nervous."

"You mean that he was afraid. I am not surprised. All thieves are cowards."

"Thieves!" exclaimed the deputy claimant, reproachfully. "Yes, thieves," said she. "What do you call a man who, just because he happens to be my uncle's son, and my uncle happened to be two years older than my father and happened to have got married without telling any of his relations—just because, of a little thing like that—here he comes and takes my home away from me and makes me go and live with Aunt Maria! I hate Aunt Maria!" she finished, vindictively.

The deputy claimant repressed a smile.

"Don't you call a man like that a thief?" repeated the girl, angrily.

"I—er—that is—the law—"

"Oh, if you're going to talk law," said the girl, disdainfully. The deputy claimant immediately repressed his legal knowledge. Instead he looked up at her and thought how very pretty she was, and how the background of green trees and velvet lawn suited her. He had been thinking these same things ever since he first visited there, four weeks before.

"It is done—very hard on you. You seem to be in place here. You were made for parks, you know, and big rooms and servants and pretty dresses, and—er—that sort of thing."

The girl threw out her hands with a little pathetic gesture. "It is my home!" In her eyes there was a homesick look already. Her glasses wandered over the broad terrace, through the branching green of the trees to the flowers in the distance, and the quaint old house basking peacefully in the sun. She went on, dreamily:

"It is not so much giving up the servants, or the pretty dresses, or ceasing to be called the lady of the manor, or any of the hundred-and-one things that go with it; it is the thought of having no right here—here, where I have lived all my life and thought I should live always. To go away and be a stranger, and all this belonging to some one else—some one whom I have never seen—an outsider—an alien."

"It is hard luck," said the young man, sympathetically. Then, remembering his duty as proxy for the absent one, he continued: "But, you see, you ought to be just. You can't help seeing that he could not help his father being two years older than yours, and he could not help the law—"

The girl gave a weary little sigh. "No," she said, "I suppose not. But he need not have insulted me."

"What?" said the deputy claimant, sitting up straight and nearly choking himself with the grass blade he had been chewing.

"He could have helped that," said the young lady, with emphasis.

"I do not understand," he protested.

"Did you say that he has insulted you?"

"Oh," she said, "I thought you did not know. I will tell you if you promise never, never to breathe a word. He wrote to Aunt Maria."

"Yes," he said, "but—"

"He wrote to Aunt Maria," she continued, triumphantly, "and he told her that I might have the property back if I would take him with it."

"Oh," said the young man, reproachfully, "he did not put it like that!"

"How do you know?" she asked quickly. "But of course he did not put it in just that way. He said that he was very sorry to dispossess the present claimant, that he understood that the person in question was very young. He said he did not know much about girls, but that didn't she think it would settle things naturally if—"

"I see," he said. "He made a terrible blunder of it, poor fellow!"

"Was it an insult or was it not?" asked the girl, inexorably.

The deputy claimant looked very miserable. He was certainly in a tight place.

"Looking at it from your point of view," he said, finally, "considering your character, your training, your views of life and things like that, it was certainly an insult. I understand that now. But when he—ahem—read me the letter—"

"Oh, he did read you the letter!"

"I did not look at it in just that way and neither did he. You see, we had both lived all our lives out on a prairie farm. We did not know much about girls, as he says. He did not understand—well, he did not understand anything," he finished, desperately.

"And you think?"

"I think he did not mean it as an insult. I know he did not."

He glanced at her imploringly, but she looked away. There was a slight pause.

"You are the jury," he reminded her.

"In that case the verdict of the jury is, in this case, deferred until—until the jury gets ready to give it!" she answered, laughing gayly at his rueful face.

"Now," she continued, "I want to know about him. You are a witness, you understand. Is he well educated?"

"He is fairly educated."

"Is he big?"

"He is big."

"What is his given name?"

"His name is Thomas."

"How awful! Is he handsome?"

The deputy claimant turned his face away and blushed.

"He is—ahem—not bad looking."

"Is he handsome?"

The deputy claimant grew crimson.

"I—I don't know," he answered, lamely.

"Oh," said the girl, "and yet they say that only women are envious of another's good looks! Is he in love?"

"He must certainly—that is to say he—I am not permitted to say."

"You refuse to answer that question?"

"I am not permitted."

"Oh, well," said the girl, calmly, "it is not of much importance. Now you must tell me more about your own life in Canada. I have heard enough about the men; now tell me about the girls."

"I don't know anything."

"About one girl, then."

"Which one?"

"The one you know best, of course. There is a certain Kitty, isn't there? I think I have heard you mention her. Tell me about Kitty."

"Kitty," said the deputy claimant, looking into the bright face above him and speaking in the tone of one who repeats a lesson, "Kitty is the farmer's daughter on the farm next to mine. Her name is Miss Katherine Elizabeth Brown. She is Farmer Brown's only daughter."

"Well, go on."

"I don't know any more."

"Oh, yes, you do," said the girl, laughing. "What does she do?"

"She helps her mother."

"Oh," in a pitying tone. "Are they poor?"

"No, they are well to do."

"Can they not afford a servant?"

"Half a dozen of them."

"Then why don't they have some?"

"Kitty and her mother do just as well. They would think it an unheard-of extravagance."

"Is she pretty?"

"She is very pretty."

"Is she nice?"

"She is very nice."

"Is she accomplished?"

"Her accomplishments are the envy of the countryside."

The girl on the bank rose suddenly. "We had better be getting back," she said. "The sun will soon be here."

"Not for another hour," he said, sadly. "And I want to tell you more about Kitty. As I said, she is very accomplished. She can play the organ—"

The girl sat down again.

"Hymn tunes she plays, on Sundays, 'No. 1 Songs and Solos.' Her friend, Miss Robina Merrigold, sings. Miss Merrigold also dances, but Kitty does not approve. She has religious scruples. Miss Merrigold plays cards, in a select company, but Kitty considers this very wrong. Besides her father won't let her. Kitty is also a beautiful hand in the dairy. Her butter—"

"Thank you," said the girl, smiling. "that will do. As you say, she is very accomplished. Now, tell me about Canada. Do you like it?"

"It is the first country in the world."

"Would I—like it?"

"No, you wouldn't."

"Why not?" she asked, sharply.

"Because you are in place here, this is your proper setting, this is your home."

The girl's eyes filled with tears.

"My home!" she said. "It will soon belong to that farmer—that stranger, and my home will be with Aunt Maria in a little two-by-four villa on the outskirts of London. Oh, if you only knew that villa, with its tiny, tiny rooms and its tiny, tiny garden where everything bigger than a rose tree looks out of place. Oh, I shall suffocate there. I shall dry up and be a mummy—like Aunt Maria!"

The deputy claimant threw the remains of his grass blade into the stream with sudden gracelessness. His bright, good-natured face became hard and determined. He did not give himself time to be afraid. Turning to her, he took her hand in his and held it firmly. She also had no time to be afraid.

"Alice," he said, "would you like Canada better than that villa—would you like me better than Aunt Maria?"

The clasp upon her hand was strong and firm. She had no chance to be evasive. So, with downcast eyes, she answered "Yes," confusedly.

"Do you love me, Alice?"

"Yes," she said.

The clasp upon her hand grew firmer, but he did not kiss her. Surprised, she glanced up only to see in his face that which caused her eyes to drop again and dyed her cheek with blushes.

"Alice," he said again, and his voice was stern, "are you sure you love—a farmer?"

"Yes," she said.

"Could you," his voice faltered a little, "could you love—a thief?"

"I could love you."

"And think, Alice, a coward?"

"I love you."

"My name," he said, "is Thomas!"

"It is a dear name," she whispered.

"You don't understand," he said desperately, "and I can't take you until you do. I am all those things. I am not the deputy claimant. I am the real claimant. I came to take your home from you. I am the thief you spoke of. I am the coward. I insulted you—now, Alice?"

The girl withdrew her hand gently. Her lips were pressed together very tightly. She turned her head away. He could see her slender shoulders shaking with suppressed emotion.

"How long," she said, in a choked voice, "how long have you been afraid to tell me this, Thomas?"

"A whole month," he said, despairingly, "four long, cruel weeks."

"Oh, dear," she said, "I shall die, I know I shall. I can't stop laughing."

She sprang to her feet and faced him, her eyes bubbling over with merriment, her lips rippling with smiles.

"Four weeks!" she cried, "to think that we have lost four lovely weeks. For, of course, I knew it all the time!"—Canadian Magazine.

Says He Was Tortured.

"I suffered such pains from corns I could hardly walk," writes H. Robinson, Hillsborough, Ill., "but Robbin'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.

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J. P. Morgan's visit to the White House with Aldrich and Hanna indicates his superiority over Rockefeller. "Never write letters," said an old politician, "send a man." Better yet, go yourself, as Morgan does.

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.

Carrie Nation declares that Los Angeles is the most immoral city she ever visited. The Council thus spurred to action, immediately adopted a resolution of confidence in the ability and integrity of the Chief of Police. That settles it. Mrs. Nation talks too much.

According to a recent report issued by the agricultural department at Washington, D. C., the elevation of Lakeview is greater than any other city or town in the state, and is estimated at 5,000 feet above sea level. Silver Lake is 4,300. Several towns are 4,400. The total amount of precipitation recorded at Lakeview for the year 1902 is 16.75 inches; at Klamath Falls is 11.26 inches; at Prineville, 8.76 inches; at Baker City, 12.80 inches. It will be seen from this that while Lakeview is charged with being high and dry, she is not so dry as some of her neighbors after all. The present year's precipitation bids fair to far exceed that of last year.

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.

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