

Canadian Immigrants.

The movement of American farmers across the line into Canadian territory is attracting some attention on both sides of the border, and various reasons are given therefor. It is variously estimated that from 25,000 to 75,000 people from the Middle West have this year gone into western Canada and taken up their homes, where lands are cheap and where nature waters the land and makes it productive. Practically all the available public lands in the United States suitable for cultivation have been taken up, and "free land" once the brightest attraction to this country, no longer serves to draw the people to the West, and Canada seems now to have become the land of promise to home seekers. A Canadian official views the situation as follows, and it is very suggestive of the changing conditions in our own country:

"The United States, with reference particularly to the Middle West, is composed of tenant farmers. It is impossible for these farmers to obtain the land they cultivate. This land is held by the few, the men of wealth. The farmer, even though he were able, cannot purchase the land, because the wealthy few will not sell. He cannot own his home as a citizen to live in the United States. He cannot go elsewhere in the country and obtain land. All the government properties have been taken. There is no available farm land in America, so called."

The loss of so many industrious, energetic and intelligent American citizens is naturally calling forth attention and interest, and there are those in this country who view this Canadian immigration with grave concern. There is a way open, however, to turn the tide of the "land hungry" in another direction and that, too, to settle within our own borders. The American farmers would prefer to stay in their own country if the attractions for them seemed to be anything like they are in Canada's domain. There can be no comparison between the mild and healthful climate of the Arid West and the cold, bleak climate of the Canadian Northwest, but in order to turn the tide of immigration to the great West, it will be necessary to have cheap, productive lands to offer the home-seeker, and those may be had by having the federal government build the storage reservoirs and irrigation works necessary to reclaim the vast areas of arid lands. These lands are practically useless until water is applied in sufficient quantity to insure the raising of crops, and this is an undertaking which can be carried to a successful termination only by the national government.

The migration of American citizens to Canada is another argument in favor of the reclamation of the arid public domain for the benefit of home-seekers, and that the irrigation works should be pushed to completion with all possible vigor and speed.

Mod Attacks Jail.

Two hundred men made a determined attempt last Tuesday to lynch Pleasant Armstrong, in the jail here, for the murder of Minnie Basminger, at North Powder, December 24.

Most of the men were railroad employes, ranchmen and miners from North Powder, and who were friends and acquaintances of the Ensminger family.

They gathered at Baker City at midnight and attacked the jail at 3 o'clock in the morning.

The Sheriff had warning of the approach of the mob and, just in time, spirited Armstrong across the street to the Bowen Building, where he was kept under guard till daylight.

The mob would not disperse until it had searched every nook and corner of the jail.

The attempted lynching will be investigated by the court and the grand jury and the lynch-brother brought to trial, if possible.

Armstrong and Minnie Ensminger were lovers. The girls

parents objected to their union and they made a compact together to commit suicide.

Instead of keeping the agreement, Pleas Armstrong killed the girl and permitted himself to be captured and charged with wilful murder.

WHAT ARE BEST AND WHY

A Few Points on the Fine Points in Pianos and What Instruments Possess Them Most and in the Utmost Degree.

Piano names are a legion and in quality and character they vary quite as much as human nature.

Generally speaking there is the cheap commercial kind that sell for a small sum,—and come dearer than the "stenciled" one at which the finger of scorn is always pointed, the medium priced piano, a whole horde of them and which are always pleasing; the high standard piano costing a little more, but a kind it always pays to have; and finally those that have reached the very pinnacle of perfection. Pianos that remain faultless and sweet in tone, perfectly sound in construction and pleasing in construction for more than one generation to enjoy. Instruments that gifted artists have lavished time and talent on to produce decoration and refined tone within; on which the scientific piano maker has bestowed skill, experience and experimental to evolve a case combining perfect symmetry of outline with the utmost possibility for tone production; to whose construction the forests of the world have yielded up their richest woods; mine and forge have contributed fine metals; from out the Orient rare ivories have been gleaned and upland flocks have furnished finest fleeces for felts and leathers. Supreme intelligence and judgment the most discriminating musical ear and the greatest mechanical skill have co-operated to so assemble combine proportion, shape and finish these rare products that sweetest tone, the greatest volume, most endurance, responsive touch and perfectly balanced action shall produce a faultless instrument. Few pianos possess all these qualities and come to so marked degree as the Chickering piano, the oldest in America, Boston's best; the Weber of New York, by many odds the finest instrument made in that city, and the great Kimball of Chicago, the most modern and progressive up-to-date piano made. One that through sheer virtue of its superior tone and finish and the reasonableness of its price has risen in its short existence of fifteen years to a prominence in the musical world, equal to the former much older makes.

These three pianos are the leading makes carried by Kellers Piano House, the great western high standard low price piano store of the Pacific Coast, large stores Washington street corner Park, Portland, Ore; San Francisco and Sacramento, Cal. Also Spokane, Wash.

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Night Was Her Terror

"I would cough nearly all night long," writes Mrs. Chas. Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., "and so I hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but when all of a sudden I had three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery which cured me and I gained 25 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Whooping Coughs, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at Adelman & Winne Co., Livingston.

Dr. King's New Discovery is the world's biggest seller. It has cured more than seventy thousand, exceeding by twelve thousand the officers and men of the regular army of the U. S. The extension of the rural free delivery has occasioned the discontinuance of nearly 2,000 fourth-class postoffices during the last year, and the new offices created do not offset the losses.

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THOSE INTERFERIN' BEARS

A Tale of Cousin Dusenberry's Difficulties.

THE man whose unflinching assertion as to his domestic is that it is over toward Puchuck, the flower of the Drowned Lands country, came in after watching for awhile, with a critical eye, operations around the station and railroad yard. Dropping into the big armchair, he said:

"Is that railroad out there up to the top and stuffed with ideas, or is it pig-headed and bound to stay in the rut?"

The man from Puchuck paused for a reply. "None came. Then, after awhile, he cracked his fingers, very loud, and remarked with some emphasis:

"Well, all there is about it is, if that railroad out there is up to the times and has ideas it can hire Cousin Dusenberry Cronk, but if it is pig-headed and bound to stay in a rut it'll have to look further, for it can't get Cousin Dusenberry! And it wants to speak up pretty quick, or Cousin Dusenberry'll go somewhere else, by cats!"

Baldy, the landlord, remarked to Farmer Bill Leonard, who lives opposite Goose Pond mountain, that it seemed as if we were going to have our summer just when fall ought to be coming on, and Farmer Leonard said yes, it did so. The alleged citizen of the Puchuck halliwick made a swoop for a fly that insisted on tickling him on the nose. He caught it, tossed it out of the window, and observed:

"That's what it wants to do, by cats, or Cousin Dusenberry Cronk'll go somewhere else! Of course, you've heard that Cousin Dusenberry had quit 'em on the U. H. and Q. N. road?"

"If anyone had heard it he didn't admit it. The Puchuck man cracked another finger and said:

"The U. H. and W. and Q. N. was too pig-headed for Cousin Dusenberry."

No one seemed to care.

"It wasn't up to the times, and was bound to keep in the rut," said the claimant of a real-estate over toward Puchuck, as Cousin Dusenberry quit."

Farmer Leonard wondered whether the apple jock crew was going to run short this fall, and Baldy, the landlord, said he had heard so. A shade passed over the face of the Puchuck man, but he said:

"Cousin Dusenberry says to Aunt Sally, heckensarter only yesterday 'Aunt Sally,' says he, 'if there ever was a place where solitude of the dim-lit woods humped itself and took the cake, it is over along the U. H. and Q. N. between Gas Tank junction and Peeled Henlock."

"Yet Cousin Dusenberry says he liked it best rate when he started in on the road first rate. He had 'sway' hankered to get close to nature's heart, anyhow. Cousin Dusenberry had, and there he was, he said, with his head pressed plumb on to it and hearin' of it thump—'nace there was only three stoppin' places on the whole 45 miles of the road betwixt Peeled Henlock and Gas Tank junction. One was a sawmill, one a tannery and one an oil well. The rest of the line was woods. Cousin Dusenberry wouldn't 'a' asked for nothin' better if the road hadn't been so dang pig-headed and bound to keep in the rut."

"One day Cousin Dusenberry was becomin' along with a heavy train of lumber, lumber and oil, when about a hundred yards ahead of 'em he see a big bear come slouchin' out of the woods at one side of the track. When they had lummed along to within a few rods of the bear, what did that commingled bear do but step back on the track, and as it seemed to Cousin Dusenberry, there it stood actin' makin' faces at 'em."

"Well, now, that just more than made Cousin Dusenberry mad, and he pulled his engine wide open, and went for that bear as 25 miles an hour."

"Now," says he to his freeman, prittin' his teeth, "watch the bear most fly."

"They went swoopin' down on the bear like a hurricane, and Cousin Dusenberry looked up and watched for a shower of bear meat he was expectin'. But it didn't shower and he says to his freeman that the bear must 'a' been smashed to mush on the road-bed. So he crawled out on front just to see how bad they had done that bear up. There was the bear on the road-bed as cool as a cucumber. He had squallin' up and took the lump out of his forehead, and there he was prittin' the oil out of it with one hand, and rubbin' of it in with the other."

"I give you my word, Aunt Sally," so Cousin Dusenberry says to Aunt Sally heckensarter, only yesterday, "I was 'a' prittin'."

"And Aunt Sally says, 'A sales a money, Dusenberry Cronk! I should say so,' says she."

"When the bear looked up and see Cousin Dusenberry heed, heed the lamp at him, and only missed his head by not more than a little bit, and swung himself off to the side of the track as slick as could be and pranced away into the woods, and Cousin Dusenberry says to his freeman:

"That course pretty dang close to bein' a hole-in-the-sun, says he, and the freeman said yes, he averaged fair to middlin'."

"But there," said the chronicler of the news from Puchuck, slapping his knee, "I forgot to tell you that Cousin Dusenberry Cronk was an engineer!"

No one seemed to have noticed the ingenuity of the chronicler, but he cracked another finger and continued:

"He averages fair to middlin'," says Cousin Dusenberry's freeman, "and it wouldn't surprise me none," says he, "if he was one o' them bears that sagged in one daytime that Bony

Spanklebaum was runnin' this same injine," says he.

"The freeman was born either at the tannery or the sawmill or the oil well, Cousin Dusenberry don't know jest which. But he was indigineous to the side o' the U. H. and W. and Q. N. country."

"We was bowlin' along," says the freeman to Cousin Dusenberry, "up 'tother side o' Slasbang Bend, when I see a red flag at one side o' the track. We didn't have much time to get stopped in," says he, "but we got stopped. Some o' the crew stepped off to see what was the matter, but nobody turned up to explain the flaggin' except four slamin' bears," says he, "and they come out of the woods, two o' them nigh the middle o' the train and two o' them nigh the hind end."

"Before we could holler the two bears at the middle o' the train," says he, "had each clumb on to the train and set the brakes tighter than jack-screws, so as we couldn't start an inch. We had a carload o' supplies for the tannery store, and while them two bears," says he, "was settin' the brakes on the train 'tother two broke into the car and rolled out two bar's o' pork and juggled 'em off into the woods. That red flag was Jack Bunn's bannanner handkercher that he had lost the day afore, and them bears had jest held us up with it and highway robbed us," says he. "But this bear o' your'n," says he to Cousin Dusenberry, "averaged fair to middlin'."

"I was tore a little with doubt as to that freeman o' mine, Aunt Sally," says Cousin Dusenberry only yesterday, "in spite o' what I had see o' U. H. and W. and Q. N. bears, but a few days later I knowed that I had wronged him," says he.

"They was goin' down the Sappucker grade that day, which drops somethin' like a hundred feet to the mile, and they was goin' fast. Half way down a big bear come prancin' out o' the woods, right in plain sight of Cousin Dusenberry. The bear jumped onto the track and waited for 'em, grinlin', Aunt Sally," says Cousin Dusenberry, "enough to aggravate a hog butcher," says he. Cousin Dusenberry turned to his freeman and he says:

"Hold your breath, Bill," says he. "I'm goin' to lubricate these rails with bear's grease, at a hundred miles an hour," says he.

"Then he pulled his injine wide open, and give her all the head there was. When they reached that bear Cousin Dusenberry couldn't see the trees, they were goin' so fast. Then he hollered for brakes, but before she had sinced any what should loom up before Cousin Dusenberry but the bear, climbin' up from the cowketcher and comin' straight for the cab window along the rummin' board."

"Cousin Dusenberry didn't wait for the bear. He made a scramble for the roof o' the car behind the engine, and the freeman followed him. The bear come on, took possession o' the cab, shot off steam and brought the train to a stop half a mile further on. Then he picked up Cousin Dusenberry's dinner bucket and the freeman's, both loaded to the lid with victuals, and with a bucket in each paw, stepped off o' the injine and marched into the woods with 'em."

"That un," says the freeman to Cousin Dusenberry, "I think is a little more than the average o' fair to middlin'," says he, and they climbed back into the cab and pulled ahead."

"But whether it was or not, Cousin Dusenberry Cronk's mind was made up. He see at once that railroadin' on the U. H. and W. and Q. N. was 'way behind the times, and he put the matter right to head-quarters."

"Here," says he to 'em. "This road ain't bein' run right!" says he.

"They wanted to know why it wasn't."

"Why," says Cousin Dusenberry, "runnin' your injines with cow ketchers on to 'em," says he, "when there ain't a cow from one end o' the road to the other! Bears interferin' with traffic at every turn and twist in the road, and set an injine on the line with a backslider on to it," says he.

"And what did they do? They didn't do nothin' by cats! They jest kept right on guardin' themselves ag'in cows, when there wasn't a cow within 25 mile of 'em, while bears run the road jest as they do—blame pleased! So Cousin Dusenberry quit 'em, and if that road un 'tender is up to the times and ain't pig-headed and bound to keep in a rut, it can hire Cousin Dusenberry Cronk, but if it is pig-headed it can't get him!"

Baldy, the landlord, wanted to know of Farmer Leonard whether he could remember another such a cold, wet summer as we had had this year, and Farmer Leonard said no, he couldn't. The man from Puchuck cracked every finger he had.

"And if the railroad out there is pig-headed than anything that was ever heard on," said he, "it won't be half so pig-headed, by cats! as some folks that is settin' right here!"

Then he went quickly out. The landlord laughed. So did Farmer Bill Leonard.—N. Y. Sun.

Translated English.

While he was being shown about Chicago by the mayor of the city, the French ambassador, M. Cambon, expressed his thanks and added:

"But I am sorry as to cook-crowd in your time."

"Oh," answered the mayor, "don't think of that. But you don't mean cook-crowd, M. Cambon; it's enormous you mean."

"Oh, is it? I see—a different cook-crowd."—N. Y. Times.

Pool Man.

If you catch a man at anything, fool him; don't tell about it. He will be scared enough thinking you will tell.

—Archibald Glad.

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