

The Greater Interest.

German legislators continue to agitate measures aimed at American industrial supremacy, and in their debates they make no secret of their dread of American power. Wednesday this hostility took the form of a bill to increase the Tariff upon American refined petroleum, which was voted in the face of wise counsel to the contrary. Yesterday it appeared in a proposition by Baron Heylau Herrnsheim to have the Government denounce the "most favored nation" treaties, especially with America. Herr Bernstein, socialist, pointed out that such action would react to the injury of Germany, but an agrarian member declared the United States is more interested in maintaining trade relations than Germany. As a matter of fact, the United States buys comparatively little from Germany, and we believe can find markets elsewhere for all products that Germany is not compelled to buy from us, regardless of duties of duties. Germany is not a self-supporting nation. The United States has plenty for its own people and to spare and goes abroad only for luxuries.—Pittsburg "Gazette."

Oregon Timber is in Demand.

The most attractive feature about Oregon to the eastern home-seekers coming here at present seems to be our timber resources. Harry Foster, who is now located in southern Oregon, says that almost every available acre of timber land in that portion of the state, and especially in the neighborhood of Grant's Pass, has been taken up recently. Investors are even locating timber 49 and 50 miles from the railway. He says it is realized that in a few short years even the boundless resources of the timber belts of Oregon and Washington will be on the retired list. A tremendous impetus has been given to the business during the past year and hundreds of new sawmills have been put in motion all through the timber belts on both states. At the present rate of consumption, including the demand from China and Japan, as well as our own eastern states, the price of stumpage and timber tracts will materially advance in a short time.

Automobiles and Pedestrians.

A young man ran down an old woman with his automobile in New York Monday, inflicting probably fatal injuries, and might have been rudely if not fatally handled by indignant bystanders except that policemen were on hand to protect him and hustle him off to a place of safety. The telegraphic story of the incident does not indicate the extent or degree of his carelessness or negligence, but it may safely be assumed that he was careless and therefore should suffer a severe penalty. Automobiles must have a right to use city streets, but their owners and drivers must also be held accountable for such accidents. The rule should be that automobilists look out where they are going, and except in the case of gross carelessness on the part of the injured persons must be held responsible for injuries inflicted. This old woman may have been slow, but the driver of the vehicle should have counted on that, and reasoned, in time, that it was not only natural but proper for an old woman to move slowly. Or before he ran upon her on turning a sharp corner, he should have calculated that an old woman might be slowly crossing the street that he was wheeling into, or that a child might suddenly dart athwart the path of his rushing machine. In brief, while automobilists are to be given due rights and privileges on thoroughfares, they must also be held to accountability in such cases. It is for them to beware of the presence of pedestrians ahead of them, rather than for pedestrians properly crossing a street to keep watch in all directions for scorching vehicles.—Telegram.

Miss Lena Hurley, who says she is the daughter of the Postmaster General of the Island of Barbadoes, has been excluded from landing in this country, not for lack of money, but because she is almost totally blind and without friends or acquaintances here. She came to America to be treated by a specialist in Philadelphia, and was accompanied by a Miss Allen, said to be a daughter of a wealthy Costa Rican planter, arriving a few days ago on the steamer Capri. Miss Allen disappeared immediately after the arrival of the vessel and has not since been seen. Miss Hurley was found in her cabin awaiting the return of her traveling companion and when a search failed to find Miss Allen the young lady was transferred to Ellis Island, the only way out of the trouble.

A Ragging, Hoarding Flood.

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia. had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes gave me a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Neb. Sioux City and Omaha said I had consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles. Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung troubles by Adamson & Winck Co. Price 50c and \$1.00.

Christ Benson has entered a plea of "not guilty" to the charge of murdering Jailer David Morrell in Olympia March 1st. He was rearraigned a second time before Judge O. V. Linn of the Superior Court here in order to make the state's proceedings against him entirely regular. A second motion to quash the information against him was overruled, and he was called upon to plead. Benson corrected the spelling of his Christian name in the information. He says it is spelled "Christ," and pronounced as if it were the first syllable of the word Christian. Benson's trial will be set for early in April, when the assignment of the cases for the April term is made.

When the government ship Dolphyn was coming home from Cuba carrying Secretary of War Moody, Senator Hale, of the Naval committee and Speaker Elect Cannon, some rough weather was encountered. Just previous to the coming of the storm the statesmen named had been discussing the proposed building of six battle ships. Messrs. Hale and Cannon succumbed to seasickness. When his sufferings had become too intense to be borne longer in silence "Uncle Joe" called out to Secretary Moody: "Say, Moody, if you will get us to shore quickly I'll give you six battle ships next winter." "I will make a better bid than that," exclaimed Senator Hale, "I'll favor 20 battle ships if the secretary will only keep the ship still for half an hour."



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WHAT ARE BEST? AND, WHY? A Few Points on the Fine Points in Pianos and What Instruments Possess Them Most and in the Greatest 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 to harmonize with the artistic and refined tone within; on which the scientific piano make has bestowed skill, experience and experiment 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 fleece 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 none 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 Eilers Piano House, the great west rn 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.



Mrs. Fred Unrath.

President Country Club, Benton Harbor, Mich.
"After my first baby was born I did not seem to regain my strength although the doctor gave me a tonic which he considered very superior, but instead of getting better I grew weaker every day. My husband insisted that I take Wine of Cardui for a week and see what it would do for me. I did take the medicine and was very grateful to find my strength and health slowly returning. In two weeks I was out of bed and in a month I was able to take up my usual duties. I am very enthusiastic in its praise."

Wine of Cardui reinforces the organs of generation for the ordeal of pregnancy and childbirth. It prevents miscarriage. No woman who takes Wine of Cardui need fear the coming of her child. If Mrs. Unrath had taken Wine of Cardui before her baby came she would not have been weakened as she was. Her rapid recovery should commend this great remedy to every expectant mother. Wine of Cardui regulates the menstrual flow.

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HER ONLY STORY.

BY MAODALEN ROCK.

"Shake hands! I will never touch your hand again!"
"But I can't help it—I could not help it! I didn't know, Jack!"
"Didn't know!" Jack echoed, scornfully.
"Did you not know when I held your hands in mine, when I sought you out day after day? Not know! You are the fairest, the coldest-hearted girl in the world!"
"Oh, Jack!"
"You have ruined my life. You made me love you, you led me on that you might reject my love, that you might laugh at me and gratify your insatiable vanity—you, the promised wife of a man old enough to be your father!"
The girl raised her tear-wet face. If Jack Graham had been looking at her he might have regretted many of his hard words, but his eyes were fixed gloomily on the sea.
"Oh, Jack, I thought you knew—I thought every one knew about—about Mr. Hargreaves! Perhaps I am all you say—heartless, contemptible, but—but won't you please say you forgive me, before I go!"
"Forgive you!" the young man said.
"Forgive you!"
Rosalind Westray ahrank back at the contempt in his voice. She was only 19, and she knew nothing of the world. Her life since her emancipation from the schoolroom had been passed by the side of the invalid mother who had persuaded the girl to consent to the wealthy Mr. Hargreaves' proposal. Her mother and she had passed the summer at the village of Carmel, and it was here she had made Jack Graham's acquaintance.

He lifted his hat, and without another word turned abruptly away. The girl made an uncertain movement, as if about to follow; then she turned and went slowly into the house.
"Where have you been, my dear?" her mother asked, querulously.
"Only for a walk," Rosalind answered, turning away.
"You have been a long time, and see—you have not replied to Mr. Hargreaves' letter."
"It does not matter, mother."
"Does not matter, indeed! Rosalind, you are positively heartless!"
"I mean—Oh, mother, I don't want to marry at all!"

Mrs. Burton, the kind-hearted landlady of a city boarding house, was putting the finishing touches to her tea table. She had sent her oldest little girl to ask "Miss Westray" to come and take tea with her.
"Poor girl," she said to herself. "Nothing for dinner either to-day or yesterday but a cup of milk and a bit of dry bread!"
And it gave the kindly landlady great satisfaction to see her guest partake of a hearty tea.
"Any success to-day?" she asked, sympathetically, as they sat over the tea table in the cozy little sitting-room.
The girl shook her head sadly. She was greatly changed since the night when Jack Graham had upbraided her on that September evening at Carmel. Her mother had died suddenly only two weeks later, and seven years of bitter struggling with fortune had followed, for she had at once told Mr. Hargreaves that she could not marry him. There were many lines around her eyes now, and her eyes were not so bright. She had tried drawing, and giving music lessons in turns, but all with no success.
"Did you ever try writing?" the landlady asked. "Short stories for children, say. You certainly have the knack of telling them."
"I have never thought of it. Oh, no—I am sure I couldn't!"

Nevertheless, when she returned to her lonely room she was thinking of Mrs. Burton's words. Perhaps she could write; at least there would be no harm in trying; and then suddenly there came to her mind the remembrance of the night when she had parted from Jack Graham, and of all the bitter words he had said, and she drew a note book toward her eagerly. She recalled every word of that conversation. She would write a story of which that scene should be the central incident!
By noon on the following day Rosalind had made up her first literary production into a neat parcel, and had dispatched it to the editor of the Argus. The only communication she sent with it was a formal note asking that the manuscript, if rejected, should be returned to "Miss R., in care of Mrs. Burton."

The editor of the Argus was not in a very amiable mood on the morning when it came into his hands, and the efforts of an amateur were not likely to be mercifully treated. The morning mail had brought an almost overwhelming flood of manuscripts.
"Why on earth will women insist on trying to write verse?" he said, irritably, folding up the manuscript he had just glanced over.

He inclosed the printed note conveying the usual polite compliments and regrets, and then turned to look for the writer's name.
"Miss Jane Hargreaves! I wonder if that is a relation of Rosalind Westray's husband!" He sealed the envelope and laid it aside. "Poor Rosalind—she deserved a better fate!" he said, softly. "How strange I was with her that night! Perhaps had I been more patient she might have— But, there, Smithson tells me that Mrs. Hargreaves is 'the jolliest woman' in the county!"

He sat silent for a time, and finally awoke from his reverie with a start.
"I must get on with this rubbish, I suppose"—and he dragged Rosalind's manuscript violently from its cover. "Another! Well, I'll make hurried readings of it."

On the contrary, however, he read and re-read the manuscript. When he reached a certain point during the first perusal he went back to the beginning and started afresh; when he reached that point, he stopped and looked at the address wonderingly.

"Miss R., care of Mrs. Burton." Who is Mrs. Burton, and who is Miss R.? Can it be only a coincidence? It's impossible! It is Carmel, without a doubt, and she certainly wore a gray dress, and the words are just the same!

He read the manuscript yet once again, then he looked at his watch, and finally rang the bell. Five minutes later he was being rapidly driven toward Mrs. Burton's boarding house.

Miss Westray was engaged in darning stockings when Mrs. Burton announced that a gentleman wished to see "Miss R."
Flurried and excited, Rosalind entered the parlor, and Mrs. Burton closed the door. A moment of intense silence followed, broken at length by Jack Graham's stamping—"Mrs. Hargreaves!"

"Ah, no," the girl cried, hot blushes coloring her pale cheeks—"not Mrs.—anybody!"
When Rosalind's story appeared in the Argus, it incurred some unkindly criticism, to which, however, both author and editor, engrossed in the joys of their honeymoon, paid no attention whatever.
But Mrs. Jack Graham never wrote another story.—N. Y. Weekly.

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