

The Baker City Council, at the request of Dr. Parker, City Health Officer, has decided to have an investigation made for the purpose of determining if actinomycosis, or lumpy jaw, prevails among cattle ranges in this county tributary to this market.

Two prominent citizens, Mr. Stone and Mr. Rowman, died several months ago from the effects of lumpy jaw. Neither of these gentlemen contracted the disease in this city, although they were both residents of this county.

Three patients are at present under the care of Dr. J. P. Atwood, who has treated six or seven cases during the past year. One of his patients, a lady from North Powder, was recently operated on at the hospital.

Dr. Atwood said today that in acute cases it usually proved fatal in about one year. If it appears externally at first, to effect a cure by operating, if it is possible, it is necessary to remove all of the diseased flesh and bone.

Dr. S. F. Herdine, of this city, has made a careful microscopic examination of the bacillus taken from a human patient and compared with the bacillus from an animal afflicted with lumpy jaw.

A prominent stockman said today that he did not think there was anything in the stories about lumpy jaw in human patients.

When told that the State Veterinarian was coming over, he said he would have a hard time to find any lumpy-jawed cattle.

Greatest of All Buyers.

For the first time in our history manufacturers' materials have in the month of February, 1903, constituted more than half of the total imports.

This class of importations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, will be at least \$450,000,000, or \$35,000,000 more than in 1902.

The country editor, lawyer and doctor, read on: "You are dying," said the doctor to a country editor as he lay on his death bed after long weary years of toil.

Acting Governor Wood, of Yukon Territory, has recommended to the Canadian government the construction of a gigantic governmental system of water-works to serve the streams in the Klondike camp.

A Ragging, Rearing Flood.

Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. C. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia. had to repair.



THE SIGN OF GOOD TAILORING

Here is the great Oak-Easel now on display at our store.

STRAUSS BROS., Chicago Good Tailors for 25 Years

The Oak-Easel is the connecting link between the tailor and the faultlessly finished garments which give you so much pleasure to wear.

Salomon Johnson & Company.

WHAT ARE BEVY AND WHY? A Few Points on the Fine Points of 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 down then the "stenciled" one at which the finger of scorn is always pointed.

These three pianos are the leading makes carried by Eilers Piano House, the great western high standard low price piano store of the Pacific Coast.



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.

Wine of Cardui reinforces the organs of generation for the ordeal of pregnancy and childbirth. It prevents miscarriage.

WINE OF CARDUI

The Oregon Semi-Weekly Journal, a Democratic newspaper, ever fair and always free: 155 copies in one year for only \$4.00 to any address.

HENNIKER'S OLD PIPE

It was definitely arranged and settled—not stipulated, for Henninger was never in any condition to make stipulations; he rendered at discretion from the very first—that Henninger should not be divorced from his pipe.

Altogether she is one of the most charming of women, and although Henninger has been married to her now for nearly six months he seems to be as devoted as ever.

The briar was really a gem from a masculine point of view. It was old, of course, so old that Henninger almost forgot how many years he had it, but he clearly recalls that its original cost was 75 cents, and he knew that no money would tempt him to part with it.

Therefore it was quite a blow to Henninger when his wife said, one evening: "Don't that pipe getting a little strong, Tom?"

"I guess it's good for awhile longer," said Henninger, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "It seems to burn the tobacco all right."

"That's just like you," cried Mrs. Henninger, with sweet fervor. "You always try to make the best of everything and never complain. You would go on smoking that black old thing forever and never think of buying a new one as long as it held together and burned tobacco."

"I guess that's so," said Henninger, dryly. A few days after that it was Henninger's birthday, and he sat down to breakfast with a radiant face.

"Well," said Mrs. Henninger, "why don't you look at your plate instead of looking at me?"

Henninger looked at his plate, and behold it was a square package with an inscription. It didn't matter what the inscription was, but it assured him that the package was his.

Henninger acted very well. His expressed rapture was beyond count, and he went straight to his tobacco jar and could hardly be prevailed upon to wait until he had eaten his breakfast before he smoked his present.

"Then you like it, dear?" "Like it!" exclaimed Henninger. "Well!"

"I wasn't sure whether you would, because, of course, I never did such a thing as to buy a pipe before; but I knew one way that whatever I got it would be an improvement on that old thing my pipe has been smoking."

Henninger smiled again. "This," he said, "is a pipe as is a pipe."

It turned his tongue and it made the tobacco taste like wood shavings, but he might have been smoking a choke brand of tobacco to all appearance. When he started for the office he filled the pipe, lit it and smoked it until he was out of the house.

It was not very hard for him to begin smoking that sweetest again, when he returned that evening. It had been Mrs. Henninger's dearest wish, would have been her greatest joy, but it was rather hard to have to smoke it in the pipe another after-dinner.

"Well," he said, "I have a thought. I want to get out of this beautiful pipe of yours to-day. It is to be my birthday pipe. I shall smoke it only on the anniversary of this day. I shall put it away in my treasure drawer for the rest of the year and on my birthday I shall take it out and we will sit together and remember this evening as I smoke it. I won't take any risk of breaking it by smoking it on ordinary days. It's too fine for every day."

"Nothing is too fine for you, Tom," said his wife. "It was a beautiful thought, and just like you, but I shall feel hurt if you don't smoke it all the time."

"Of course, there was nothing to be said about that."

One day as Henninger was filling the meerschaum its shining surface slipped through his fingers and it fell. With a quick movement he stooped and caught it before it reached the ground, but he trembled to think of the nervousness of the disaster. What if he had broken it!

The thought kept recurring to him. What if he had broken it! After awhile it did not seem so terrible, and he found himself saying aloud: "I wish, by the great horns above, that I had broken it!" and blushed, as well he might.

A day or two after that—for crime is not always of mushroom growth—Henninger dropped the meerschaum again and picked it up with a slight dent in the side. It was a week before he had the courage to try it again, and then it dropped on a recent sidewalk. Another briar was the only result.

It was a sad ending. Henninger was returning home after a bonavide late session with the books at the office. He lives in a western suburb and his house is quite a distance from the railway station. It was very dark on this particular night, but Henninger is courageous, and was not in the least alarmed when the figure of a man emerged from the gloom and stopped before him.

"Beg your pardon, mister," said the figure, "but haven't you got a little tobacco today?" "I walked from Waukegan to-day and I haven't had a bite to eat. I ain't hungry, but I'm dead for a smoke."

It was a touching appeal. Henninger felt in his pocket, and his hand closed on the pipe. Why should he not make this poor, forlorn fellow creature happy? Could a pipe, even a wife's gift, be devoted to a nobler, bolder purpose?

"I haven't another cigar," he said, kindly, "but here's a pipe that you can have if you like. Help yourself to tobacco."

The tramp half emptied the pouch and returned it to Henninger with profuse expressions of gratitude.

"That's all right," said Henninger. "Got matches? All right, then. Good-night."

After he had eaten his supper, for which his conscience allowed him little appetite, Mrs. Henninger said: "Now, Tom, where's your pipe? Poor fellow, you must be tired to death."

Henninger felt himself growing hot all over. He cleared his throat for the lie to come, and groped in his pocket. Nothing there. He tried another and, pulling out something, stared at it stupidly.

It was not the briar. It was the meerschaum.—Chicago Daily News.

The Journal Real Estate Agency. Is now ready to handle your property. We have UNEXCELLED FACILITIES for placing Real Estate before those who want to purchase and are able to give GOOD SATISFACTION.

Blacksmithing That Pleases. Is The Kind You Get at J. H. WIGLE'S (Successor to) CORNETT & ELKINS'S. A Stock of Farm Machinery always on hand.

A. H. LIPPMAN & CO. Manufacturers of and Dealers in... FURNITURE, COFFINS and CASKETS CARPETS, STOVES, PAINTS and OILS. Lumber and all kinds of Building Material For CASH Only.

Big Deal in Typewriters. Austrian Government Orders 1200 Smith Premiers. VIENNA, Feb. 7.—The greatest single purchase of typewriters ever made has been ordered by the Ministry of Justice, which, after three months of exhaustive competitive trial has contracted to equip the entire ministry with not less than 1200 Smith Premier typewriter supplying every court.

Henderson & Pollara DEALERS IN WINES, LIQUORS, DOMESTIC and IMPORTED... CIGARS. COUNTRY ORDERS FIRST DOOR SOUTH SOLICITED. POINDEXTER HOTEL. PRINEVILLE, OREGON.

City Barber Shop. Powell & Cyrus, Proprietors. Hot ana Cold Baths. Prineville, Ore.