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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1909.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Reward of Kindness.

A pretty German story relates how one day a little girl named Jeannette witnessed a great army review. Thousands of spectators crowded around the stand before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiment. While Jeannette was seated on the stand she saw a feeble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl felt very uncomfortable to think that she should have such a nice position while the poor, feeble old lady must stand in the crowd. The child's emotion gave her the idea of a kind deed. She went to the elderly person. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see a courier of the emperor, covered with gold braid, elbowed his way to her side and said, "Little girl, her majesty would be glad to see you in the royal box." When the ashamed child stood before the emperor she graciously said: "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your place to the old woman, and now you must sit by my side."

Character Game.

All the players sit around in a circle. The player who first thinks of an interesting character in one of Grimm's fairy tales or in "Alice in Wonderland" or any other book that is quite familiar to all the players sits on the floor within the circle and begins to describe the character. The other children listen carefully, and the first one who thinks he has guessed the character sits on the floor beside the character and continues to describe the character. If he has guessed rightly and is correct in his description the first player allows him to go on describing, but if he is mistaken the first player shows him out of the game. As soon as a child thinks he has guessed the character he sits on the floor and tells what he knows of the character, and so it goes on till all the children are sitting on the floor except those who have guessed wrong, and they are all driven out of the game.

Names of Flowers.

It is interesting to know how certain flowers got their names. Many were named after individuals. For instance, fuchsias were so called because they were discovered by Leonard Fuchs, Dabulis were named for Andre Dabul, who brought them from Peru. The camellia was so called for a missionary named Kamel, who brought some magnificent specimens of the flower to France from Japan. He called it the rose of Japan, but his friends changed it to camellia. Magnolias were named in honor of Professor Magnol de Montpellier, who first brought the beautiful tree to France from America and Asia. Because they trembled with the wind is the meaning of anemones. The Latin word for wash is lavare, and lavender received its name because the Romans put the flowers into the water when they washed to perfume their hands.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Blue Whale.

The sulphur bottom, or blue whale, as it is better called by the Norwegians, is not only the largest living animal, but the largest that has ever lived, reaching a length of eighty feet or very rarely a little more. Whales grow much larger than this in books and newspapers, says the Museum News, but in actual life not one in a dozen, even of this species, attains a length of eighty feet. The popular idea of a whale is that it is a clumsy animal; but, as shown by models, it has the graceful lines of a yacht. The total weight of a whale is about sixty tons, and unusually large and fat individuals must reach at least sixty-five tons. The largest animal of the past so far discovered is the great dinosaur brontosaurus, and this big reptile weighed about thirty-eight tons.

Misuse of the Word "Don't."

A very common error is the use of the contraction "don't" in the singular number. What would be thought of a person that said, "He do not care." "It do not make much difference?" And yet those expressions contain precisely the blunder that people make when they say, "He don't care." "It don't make much difference," for "don't," as every one knows without the telling, is merely a contracted form of "do not." How easy it would be to "do that bad habit and contract the good one of saying "He doesn't care." "It doesn't make much difference."

Riddles—New and Old.

Which country ought to be the richest in the world? Ireland, for its capital is always Dublin.
Which are the oldest knives and forks? Fingers and teeth.
What two animals follow you everywhere? Your calves.
What always weighs the same, whether larger or smaller? Hole.
Why is a mischievous boy like a bottle of patent medicine? When taken, must be well shaken.
Seasonable Advertisement.
This announcement was seen posted in Flowerland: "Mme. Golden has just received a fine assortment of dainty bonnets for fall wear which she offers to the goldenrods at reasonable prices. They are made of the richest of yellow velvets and shade from golden brown to light yellow. Call at once at 23 Hillside, Flowerland."

Try It Yourself.

A man once declared he could move an ordinary brick attached to two miles of cord along a level road. He failed to move the brick. It is estimated that the friction of the cord on the road made the weight of the brick and cord not far short of a ton.

CANDLEFISH.

The Oil Is Used as a Medicine by the Natives of Alaska.

The candlefish is about the size of a smelt and so fat that when dried and lighted it throws off a blaze of sufficient power to be used for illuminating purposes, says Forest and Stream. Before the advent of the white man and his candles these fish were used by the Alaskan natives for that purpose.

The Indians claim that candlefish possess valuable medicinal qualities, and candlefish oil is used by them as a universal cure for consumption. Hundreds of pounds of these fish are buried and left in the ground until they begin to decompose; then they are removed and dumped into a wooden receptacle, a hollowed out log, or more often, a dugout canoe that has passed its usefulness as a craft. Water is then added and the putrid mass is brought to a boiling point and kept simmering by plunging into it boulders that have been heated. The oil is thus gradually drawn off and placed in large wooden receptacles. A consumptive patient is liberally dosed with this oil. He drinks it by the pint and is bathed in it several times a day. To meet one of these dirty, sticky, greasy Indians is one of the most repulsive sights imaginable. Nevertheless persons in a position to know say that after several weeks of this treatment a native who once seemed to be in the last stages of the disease becomes as robust and looks as healthily as a perfectly strong man.

THE TARDY GUEST.

He Didn't Tell His Hostess the Truth About the Delay.

Dinner had been ready and waiting twenty minutes. The wife of the tardy guest was very much embarrassed. Just to think that her husband was so rude as to be late at a dinner engagement and keep all the guests waiting! After awhile the belated one arrived, red faced and perspiring.
"So sorry to keep you waiting," he said. "But I was detained at the office with an out of town customer. Just couldn't get away."
The excuse sounded all right and was accepted by the hostess, but it was a myth.
The truth was: Preoccupied, he had gone home from the office at the usual time and found the house locked, much to his surprise. Where in the mischief were his wife and children? He wondered. Why didn't they tell him they were going away? He went all around the house and tried the doors, but they were locked. Then he found a piece of iron in the back yard and broke open a window and crawled in. He crowded out through the window for the evening paper and crowded back. He read the paper, and still the wife and children didn't return.
At 6:30 o'clock he remembered the dinner engagement. While he dressed and rode twenty blocks the guests waited. But others have made the same blunder.—Kansas City Star.

Pie With Knives.

George Washington, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and James Monroe, the first five presidents, each ate pie with his knife. It was not until John Quincy Adams entered the White House that the substitution of the fork for the knife became a matter of course to any citizen of America. "He contracted the habit while in France," said Mrs. Adams in an apologetic tone to some of her guests, "and he finds it difficult to break himself of it since we returned home." So the first great general of the American army, the sturdy patriot of Massachusetts, the author of the Declaration of Independence, the chief advocate of the federal constitution and the originator of the Monroe doctrine, ate pie with the knife.—Utica Observer.

A Doctor's Disadvantage.

"In one way," said a collector, "it is easier to get money from a doctor than anybody else who is slow pay. It is more difficult for him to swear that he hasn't been able to make any collections himself since the first of the year. A doctor's reception room is open to all possible patients. A collector with a grain of ingenuity can find a way to worm out of the men on the waiting list some information as to the terms of payment. After an interview with three or four persons who have paid spot cash for treatment and who have told the collector they paid it takes a mighty nerve on the part of the doctor to insist that he hasn't a dollar in his name."—New York Times.

Lots of Places.

"What's the matter?" asked the policeman of the tramp. "Haven't you any place to go?"
"Any place for me?" was the contemptuous reply. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so many places to go that it's worryin' me drazy makin' up me mind which way ter start."

Midirected Charity.

She—Papa has given \$50.00 to establish a home for old men. Wasn't that awfully good of him? He—Yes. But it would have been a whole lot better if he'd given half that sum to establish a home for you and a certain young man I could name.—Exchange.

A Permanent Arrangement.

Conductor—What! A half ticket for each of those girls? Passenger—Yes, sir. Conductor—One of them looks to be fifteen and the other at least thirteen. Passenger—That's right; but, you see, they're half sisters.—Chicago News.

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Shooting at Sagebrush Springs

The people living at the springs were roused last Thursday night by hearing shots fired. The next morning it was learned that a man named Matheny had fired the shots into the house of his partner in the "blind pig" joint. It seems the two men Matheny and Akeyson, had quarreled about some money. Matheny is said to have been under the influence of liquor. He demanded that Akeyson get the money. Akeyson said it was over at his home. Matheny did not wait but went out of the joint. About 10:30 he went to Akeyson's house and fired four shots into it, one shot barely missed a man who boarded at the house. Mrs. Akeyson fired a couple of shots and the excitement was over. In the morning the case was taken to the justice of the peace, W. W. Blair. While Mr. Blair was collecting evidence, Matheny made his get away. The case will be taken to Prineville for trial. The people here are hoping the blind pig joint will be permanently closed up.

Sisters Items.

Mr. Templeton went to Prineville, Saturday.
Mrs. Thomas Arnold has been quite ill this week.
Clarence Branton was in our vicinity, Sunday.
Mrs. Besing called on Mrs. Arnold, Friday.
Mr. Swanson made a business trip to Bend, Thursday.
Mr. Cobb has just returned from Portland.
Mrs. Nichols was the guest of Mrs. Arnold, Friday.
W. F. Fryear was in Sisters, Tuesday on business.
Walter Graham was down from the Matoles this week.
Sterlie Fryear made a business trip to Bend, Monday.
Mrs. Nichols and Miss Mary Fryear were the guests of Mrs. Dave Fryear, Wednesday.
Mr. Hysing, purchased a fine horse of Mr. Will Fryear this week.
Mr. Gist's have moved into the hotel just vacated by Mr. Shulte.
Mr. Hysing and son, of Matoles were in this vicinity this week, the guests of Mr. Fryear.
Mr. Van Snyder, a real estate agent, was in our vicinity the first of the week with a number of land buyers. They were all highly pleased with the country, and a number located here.
Ruth, the gleaner.

Culver.

The protracted meetings held at the Menonite church on Opal Prairie closed last Sunday.
E. Grout and family accompanied by Wallace Whitsett and wife left Wednesday for their new home near Orland, Cal.
J. D. Starns and family expect to leave the first of the coming week for California.
W. G. Killingbeck and family are visiting this week with Bay Stamp and wife. They are enroute to California to spend the winter.
Herbert Whitsett has removed to the residence on the Grout homestead.
Mrs. Mina Creasy the pastor of the Menonite church left November 1st for Idaho where she expects to join her husband and then go to Nebraska.
The new Menonite parsonage will be occupied by Rev. Wright of the Free Methodist Church.

Youngs News.

A. B. Farnsworth caught a good sized bob cat in his rabbit trap one night last week.
Mrs. Lou Young has been quite sick, but is now able to walk around the house.
Wm. Farrell returned Friday from an eleven days trip to trout creek.
Mrs. White is reported quite sick the last of the week.
M. Vibbert has returned from ten-mile flat where he went for a load of fruit. The apples are fine and find a ready sale.
The people in this vicinity are pleased at the prospects of having the roads fixed. The heavy freight wagons have worn deep holes in the roads.

Haycreek Items.

G. F. Lytle, while chopping wood, had the misfortune to cut a gash on the back of his hand.
Cards from Portland and The Dalles were received recently from H. G. Duchine and wife, who are on their way to the Valley.
Orin Stone is on the sick list.
Seth Smith and daughter, Althea Vineyard, went to Trout Creek Tuesday for the purpose of selling horses.

Mrs. Grumpy—Women have all the troubles in this world.
Mr. Grumpy—Except one; they don't have wives.—Illustrated Bits.

Man—What are you going to wear to the party this evening? Fan—Everything that you've told me isn't becoming to me.—Chicago News.

She—I understand that drinking is one of your failings. He—You have been misinformed. It is one of my big successes.—Chicago Journal.

George—Gertie has decided to marry young Multimill. She thinks she can make something out of him. Ethel—About how much?—London Opinion.

"Papa, what is a deuce?"
"A deuce, son, is what one usually gets when drawing for an ace."—Houston Post.

When a man realizes that he is not famous he also reflects with a good deal of complacency that he is not dead yet.—Athens Globe.

She—Frankly, if you had to choose between me and a million, what would you do? He—I'd take the million. Then you'd be easy.—Life.

Mrs. Benham—As the story goes, Rip Van Winkle slept twenty years. Benham—I wonder if his breakfast was ready when he woke up.

Actor—Are we alone? Voice from the Audience—You would be if we could get our money back at the box office.—Footlights.

Of all languages, English probably gives greater variety of expression, as its words are derived from many languages.

Too rich food and not enough exercise is responsible for many bloodshot eyes, while too little sleep often has the same effect.

"You say that figures don't lie? Well, permit me to contradict you."
"May I ask your business?"
"I'm a dressmaker."

"Bacon—Do you think it is proper for a man to say things behind his wife's back? Egbert—Well, if he's trying to button her dress how can he help it?"

First Youth—Scientists say that trees contribute to the heat in the atmosphere. Second Youth—That's so. A birch has warmed many a time.

The skins of animals were the earliest forms of money. Sheep and oxen among the old Romans took the place of money.

The first gold coin called a sovereign was coined in the reign of Henry VIII. The present sovereign, as current at 20 shillings, was first issued in 1817.

There never was a portrait made of Ethan Allen. The heroic style of statue of the hero in the national capitol is an imaginative representation.

Benham—I have something on my mind. Mrs. Benham—Well, cheer up. You are growing bald fast.—New York Press.

A perfect ruby of five carats averages at least five times the value of a diamond of the same size and quality in the precious stone market of today.

Now, did the missus shay 'ave only two whakies and get 'ome by 12 or (hic) 'ave twelve whakies (hic) and get 'ome by 21.—Sydney Bulletin.

The Mother—My little boy was rude. I know. I am afraid he is awfully spoiled. The Stranger—Don't mention it, madam. It is better he should be spoiled than that his young life should be blighted by the thought that he is different from all other American children.—Life.

Terrific sand storms occur in the Shantung provinces of China. Around towns and other places where the soil is not disturbed the annual deposit of these storms can be distinctly traced for ages, layers of an eighth of an inch being the minimum for any season.

"He has everything to make a woman happy." "On the contrary, he has nothing but wealth." "Dear me! What more can a woman ask of her husband than that he have wealth?" "That he have brains, beauty, bravery!" "But"—"Or, failing these, heart disease!"—Exchange.

"Lobelia," demanded Mr. McSwat, "I want to know what you've been doing to my safety razor?"
"Nothing," was Mrs. McSwat's indignant answer, as she moved around with slight limp. "Besides, Billinger, I don't believe it's a safety razor, anyway!"—Chicago Tribune.

"Mr. Huggard caught me in the dark hall last evening and kissed me," said Miss Passay, with affected indignation. "Oh!" remarked Miss Pepprey, "I wouldn't blame him if I were you!"
"You wouldn't blame him?"
"I say if I were you."—Catholic Standard.

"I hope you came out of that last horse trade of yours with a clear conscience."
"Yes," answered Si Simling, "but it kind o' worries me. My conscience is so unusually clear that I can't help feelin' I must o' got the wust o' the trade."—Washington Star.

"Looks like rather poor soil in this part of the country," said the inquisitive stranger.
"Well, it ain't," replied the boastful native. "A man over on the adjoining farm plowed up a tin can with \$50 in it one day a week or two ago."—Chicago News.

"We are what we feed on," quoted Mr. Hixson, laying down his book, "and I am willing to say the author is right. For example"—
"I am already a believer," Mrs. Hixson interrupted. "You will insist on having lobster for supper always."—Brooklyn Life.

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