

Men, Women and Children, Attention!

If you were traveling in a southerly direction to discover the North Pole, you might get there someday, but its very doubtful. But if you would hurry up and take advantage of Price Bros. great closing out sale its a bonafide fact you could save from 35 to 50 per cent on your winters needs in wearing apparel. Only a short time left in which to avail yourself of the matchless bargains we are offering. Hurry, hurry, don't lag behind, fall in line, as your 50 cents will do one dollars worth of good during this sale. Note a few of the record breaking bargains we are offering.

Special Values

Gray double blankets with blue border, eleven quarter wide	\$.85
Heavy quilts	.75
Buggy robes, all wool, different colors, \$4.00 values	1.95
Twenty-five yards calico	1.00
Ladies furs \$4.00 values	1.95
Ladies long sweaters, \$4 values	1.95
Mens' ribbed underwear, per garment	.35
Mens' sweater jackets, regular \$2 values	.95
Mens' \$2 sweaters	.75
Mens' overalls, bibbed or plain	.45

Ladies' Kid Gloves

New assortment of ladies kid gloves, special sale \$1.25 value **65c**

Ladies' Shoes

Special assortment of Ladies' Shoes, just received, regular \$3.50 **\$1.85**
\$4.00 Patent Leather Shoes for **2.15**

Special Sale Ladies' Dresses

\$5.00 Dresses	\$1.75
7.00 Dresses	2.15
9.00 Broadcloths	2.45
12.00 Voiles	4.75

Special Sale Misses' Dresses

\$4.00 and \$5.00 Skirts	\$1.25
6.00 Dresses	1.45

Special Sale Men's Shoes

\$3.50 Shoes	\$1.65
4.00 Shoes	1.95
5.00 and \$6.00 Men's High Topped Shoes	2.95
2.50 Boys' Shoes	.95
3.50 Boys' high topped Shoes	1.35

Look for the RED SIGN at the Morris Bldg.

Price Bros.
PRINEVILLE, OREGON

Main Street near OCHOCO BRIDGE

Hyskell's Breezy Sketch.

Continued from page 1.

done to the farmers. The big 12 passenger automobile built in Portland at a cost of \$5000 has been sold to a stage company in southern California for tourist business. The road was too sandy to carry so heavy a car, and the project of treating the road with crude oil to harden it proved too expensive to be practical.

For all ordinary purposes the roads of central Oregon are excellent. The car in which we rode from Heisters to Haycreek was driven by Jack Edwards. We had our hats off to him most of the time. He said luncheon at Haycreek ranch was to be served promptly at 1:30 o'clock and he had promised to be on time. We left Heisters at 12 o'clock, and covered the 20 miles in little more than an hour, in time to present ourselves to Mrs. Edwards promptly at the appointed luncheon hour.

The traveler who sets out to "see central Oregon" will not have seen its most widely known feature if he misses the road through Haycreek, where is located the wonderful ranch of the Baldwin Land & Livestock company and the charming home of its manager, J. G. Edwards. The ranch is a growth of 35 years. Dr. Baldwin in 1873 made the first entry

of land as a homestead. Since then the holdings have been steadily enlarged until now the ranch comprises 27,000 acres of lands so selected that they control every water course and spring in an area covering the better part of three townships. More than 5000 acres are irrigable, and 2000 acres are under ditch. From 1000 acres now in alfalfa about 4500 tons of hay are cut. The lands are bottoms, benches and rolling hills adapted to grain and fruit growing. From an old abandoned orchard two miles from the home buildings and overgrown with weeds we picked merchantable apples.

Only 450 acres are now devoted to grain. The remainder of the lands are grazed by the big bands of 2000 to 4000 fancy sheep that have made "Haycreek" a familiar term in all the wool markets and in the best sheep ranches of Australia, England, France, South Africa and every region where high bred sheep are grown. Haycreek ranch imports and exports single rams commanding prices from \$1000 to \$3000 apiece.

The ranch also has fine imported shire horses and brood mares. From automobiles, sheep, cows, horses down the lift to wolf hounds and cross country saddlers nothing is too good for Haycreek ranch. Around the palatial home of Mr. and Mrs. Edwards are grouped a dozen buildings, including the store and post office, dwellings, bunk houses, big

barns and other ranch buildings, in ideal arrangement and condition. Elsewhere on the various collateral ranches are a dozen more dwellings and many other buildings necessary to the business in which the company has made Haycreek famous. The home ranch, familiar to a number of Portland society people who have been its guests, has waterworks and gas plant. The appointments of the Edwards home are not surpassed by many city dwellers.

Notice M. W. A.

Members of Prineville Camp No. 9565 Modern Woodmen of America are requested to be present at their next regular meeting to be held at 8:00 o'clock p. m. on Monday, Nov. 22nd, 1909, at their regular meeting place, as some important business will be transacted.
Ray V. Constable, Counsel.
C. C. Brix, Clerk.

Gormley, The Tailor.

What about that winter suit? Of course you want it tailor-made. It doesn't cost any more than the bit-and-miss kind. My samples are the finest in town. Pressing, repairing and cleaning. Give me a trial. 8-16

Call for County Warrants.

Notice is hereby given that all Crook County warrants up to and including registered No. 462, will be paid on presentation. Interest ceases from this date. Dated this 28th day of October, 1909.
W. F. KING, Co. Treas.

The Scrap Book

He Forgot.

So absentminded was a certain New England farmer that he couldn't open his mouth without making an arrant ass of himself. Once he courted a young woman. His suit looked promising for a time. Then, with a sorrowful visage, he ceased his courtship.

"Yet she seemed infatuated with you, Jabex," said a friend to whom he went for sympathy.

"She were, too," Jabex agreed. "Well, what could have been the trouble?" "Dunno," said he. "Dunno, but when I proposed she turned me down cold." "Perhaps your proposal wasn't ardent enough?"

"Oh, it was fiery," said Jabex. "Hot as pepper. I told her she was the only woman I'd ever loved, ever looked at, ever thought of or—"

"But," said his friend, "you forgot, then, you were a widower."

"Jingo," said Jabex, "so I did."

PRIDE.

You're holding your head too high; You're the slave of a foolish pride. With your face to the starry sky You would try to look dignified, But you're trampling on the flowers That around your pathway lie; You are crushing the blossoms beneath your feet, And you never can see in your blind conceit.

For you're holding your head too high.

You are holding your head too high. You have nothing to give but a sneer. You are passing your old friends by For the new, who are less sincere.

Alas, 'tis all very well, my dear, With a proud and scornful eye, To look up at the stars in this world of ours.

But you'll often forget to look down at the flowers When you're holding your head too high.

—Maurice O'Neill.

Swallowed the Objection.

A cannibal chief became converted and asked the missionary to admit him to the church.

"But you have more than one wife," objected the missionary. "My church does not allow that."

The chief departed in dejection, but returned again in a few days and announced, with evident satisfaction, that he now had only one wife and was ready for baptism.

"But," objected the clergyman doubtfully, "where are your other wives?"

"Oh," replied the convert, "I have eaten them!"

On the Safe Side.

The "colored lady" who entered service as cook gave her name as Julietta Price, but constantly referred to her husband as George Ledbetter. "How does it happen, Julietta," she was asked one day, "that you go by the name of Price, while your husband's name is Ledbetter?" "Well, you see, Mrs. Lawrence," she replied cheerfully, "it's this a-way. I hadn' been acquainted with George but fo' days when I married him, an' I didn' know how I was gonter ink him nor how he was gonter ink me. Now, these divorcements betwix' married folks is a heap er trouble an' a heap er expense, too, an' I 'lowed the safest way for us to do was fer George to keep his maiden name an' to keep mine tell we see how our new experiment was gonter turn out."

His Merit.

Dr. Magrath was eccentric. One day he was called up to visit a sick man and as he entered the room said cheerfully, "How do you do?" "Oh, doctor," replied the patient plaintively, "I am dead." Magrath immediately wheeled about and left the room and actually reported that the man was dead. The mistake was discovered the following day, when some one took the doctor to task for issuing a false certificate. "I did it upon the very highest authority," Magrath explained, "for I had it from the man's own mouth."

Free Medical Advice.

The celebrated French physician Ricord was one day walking along the boulevards in Paris when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it.

"Doctor, I am feeling very poorly," "Where do you suffer most?" "In my stomach, doctor."

"Ah, that's bad. Please shut your eyes. Now put out your tongue so that I can examine it closely."

The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes he opened his eyes and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricord in the meantime had disappeared.

Divine Love.

Just as a mother would not love a child the better for its being turned into a model of perfection by one stroke of magic, but does love it more deeply every time it tries to be good, so I do hope and believe our Great Father does not wait for us to be good and wise to love us, but loves us and loves to help us in the very thick of our struggle with sin and folly.—Juliana Horatia Ewing.

Kind of Grandpa.

An old farmer was sitting in the garden under a pear tree enjoying his after dinner pipe and the weekly paper, and his little granddaughter played about among the flowers.

"Here, dramma," she said, "'oo drink 'is nice milk."

He didn't want it, of course, but a Deceiver.

Lalche was once asked to support as a candidate for the academy a certain literary mendicant, but hesitated for a long time and yielded only when he was told that if the ambitious author should fail to be elected he would die of it. Failure nevertheless did come, and the following year, when a second vacancy occurred, Lalche's vote was once more solicited in the man's behalf. "No," shouted Lalche in vehement indignation; "I will not vote for a man who does not keep his word. He did not die."

"Maria, you let that young Bobster stay last night until 1 o'clock." "But, mamma, you told me I must give him time to propose." "But five hours!"

"Why, mamma, you know very well how he stutters!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Willie Good—Pa, our teacher says that "collect" and "congregate" mean the same thing.

Rev. Mr. Good—Well, you tell your teacher that you have information that there is considerable difference between a congregation and a collection.

"I wonder will they miss me?" wrote the poet in violet ink on gilt edged paper.

And the editor as he tossed the manuscript into the yawning gulf at his side murmured softly, "If they do, they never ought to be trusted with a gun again."—London Telegraph.

"So you finally proposed?" said his chum.

"Well, to tell the truth," returned the thoughtful youth, "I really didn't know that I proposed, but she accepted me, so I guess that settles it. I tell you this language of ours is not to be used lightly."

"I can't stay long," said the chairman of the committee from the colored church. "I just came to see if yo' wouldn't join de mission band."

"Fo' de lan' sakes, honey," was the reply, "doan come to me! I can't even play a mouf organ!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

In the reign of Edward III, there were eminent clothiers and woolen weavers whose family name was Blanket. They were the first persons to manufacture that comfortable material which has ever since been called by their name and which was then used for peasants' clothing.

Charles IX, of France was bold enough to interfere with the attire of the women of his realm. In 1561 he forbade the ladies to use any "hands of embroidery stitchings or fixings of silk, excepting only a bordering the width of a finger or at the most two borderings with chain stitchings."

He was a frank New York beggar, soliciting in Fourteenth street, who, when asked why he didn't go to work, answered, "Why should I try to get work when I couldn't earn more than a couple of dollars a day and I can make three or four dollars a day much easier!"

Kendrick (who for two months has been studying French)—Say, Sutton, I can write a good letter in French now. Sutton—Is that so? Well, you may be able to write a good letter in French, but I don't believe you can write a letter in good French.—Exchange.

"I give you my word—the next person who interrupts the proceedings," said the judge sternly, "will be expelled from the courtroom and ordered home."

"Hooray!" cried the prisoner, and the judge pondered.—Ladies' Home Journal.

"Mamma, I want some water to christen my doll," said Ethel.

"No, dear," answered her mother reprovingly. "It's wrong to make sport of such things."

"Then I want some wax to waxmate her. She's old enough to have something done."

It was a Canadian newspaper which printed an advertisement of a nursing bottle concluding with the following: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk it should be boiled."

The first work done in the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, each day is the preparation of breakfast for 1,200 employees. The last of these meals is served usually before the earliest rising guest sleepily orders his eggs and coffee, thinking himself almost a hero to be breakfasting at such an hour.

Rector—Susi, I was sorry not to see your father at church this morning. Susie—Please, no, sir. He went out walking in the woods. Rector—Ah, Susie, I'm afraid that your father does not fear the Lord. Susie—Guess he does too. He took his gun with him.—Nurse.

His Act.

"Father," said young St. Cornslik, "I have long desired to go on the stage, and now, with your permission—"

Hosea Cornslik thoughtfully stroked his flame colored chin beard.

"All the world's a stage, my son," he said gently. "Take that hoe and dig up the potatoes in the half acre field behind the hoggpen."

The engagement lasted a week.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

History.

When Sir Robert Walpole retired into private life time hung heavy on his hands, and Horace exerted himself to amuse his father. One day he offered to read to him.

"What will you read, child?" asked Sir Robert wearily.

Horace suggested history.

"No, no," replied the veteran statesman; "not history, Horace; that can't be true."

Unhappy Hindoo Women.

The Hindoo holy books forbid a woman to see dancing, hear music, wear jewels, blacken her eyebrows, eat fatty food, sit at a window or view herself in a mirror during the absence of her husband and allow him to divorce her if she has no son, injures his property, scolds him, quarrels with another woman or presumes to eat before he has finished his meal.—Liverpool Mercury.

Dr. Joshua Babcock of Westery, R. I. was a friend of Benjamin Franklin and was often the host of the philosopher on his frequent journeys to and from Boston.

Those were the days of warming pans, and on the occasion of a passing visit of this sort in the bitter winter weather Mr. Babcock, according to the author of "A History of the Episcopal Church in Narragansett, Rhode Island," asked Dr. Franklin if he would have his bed warmed.

"No, madam; thank 'ee," was the characteristic reply of the man of iron constitution, "but if you will have a little cold water sprinkled on the sheets I have no objection."

The Market in Cauls.

We believe that there is still some market for cauls among sailors, who retain their belief in the efficacy of the membrans as a protection against shipwreck and drowning. Notices of "Cauls For Sale Within" were to be seen recently in windows in the vicinity of the docks of both London and Liverpool, but it is some time since we have noticed an advertisement of a caul for sale in the daily press. It may be remarked that the sale of caul, so far from being a very ancient custom, is a comparatively modern innovation. The witchcraft of the middle ages declared against the caul retaining any virtue whatever if parted with by gift or sale to any but a member of the child's kindred.—London Lancet.

Eating the Octopus.

At Atlantic City one day a fisherman caught an octopus, a rare fish in those waters. The octopus, which resembled a frayed and ruined football of brown leather, was carried home by the fisherman in a bucket of water.

"What am I going to do with it?" he said. "Why, I'm going to eat it! I'd almost as soon eat octopus as scallops. I am a traveler, and I learned in Italy and France the octopus' excellence. You can't give an Italian of the Riviera or a Frenchman of the northwest coast, where the fish abounds, a more welcome dish. What does it taste like? It tastes like scallops or like tripe and oysters."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Heifer Estrayed.

Light roan heifer about 15 months old came to my place about the middle of Feb. 1909. No brand noticeable. Ear mark, crop of right, under slope left, over ear and past pasture bill and cost, and recover. W. S. CARROLL, 1449 Prineville, Or.

Rhode Island Reds for Sale.

Rhode Island Red Cockerels for sale; laying strain; good table fowls; took first prize both school and general exhibit at the Crook County Fair. Apply to Clarence D. Rice, Prineville, Or. 021-31

Horse Strayed.

Sorrel mare, white star in forehead saddled and bridled. Strayed from my camp in Fort Rock country. Return same to me and receive \$25 reward, or address John Smith, Antelope, Or.

Notice of Publication.

Not Coal Land. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, November 8th, 1909

Notice is hereby given that John W. Jenkins, of Lamonta, Or., who, on October 5th, 1904, made homestead, (Serial No. 6723), No. 1284, for SW 1/4, SE 1/4, SW 1/4, Sec. 15, and NW 1/4, NE 1/4, NW 1/4 section 22, township 13 south, range 14 east, W. 1/2, final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described before Warren Brown, county clerk, at his office at Prineville, Oregon, on the 21st day of December, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses, Charles Pexton, Samuel D. Pierce, Edmund M. Love, Walter E. Helfrich, all of Lamonta, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Notice of Publication.

Not Coal Land. Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at The Dalles, Or., November 2nd, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that Arthur E. Minkler, of Prineville, Oregon, who, on July 14th, 1904, made Homestead, (Serial No. 6322) No. 13679, for E 1/2 NE 1/4, SW 1/4, NE 1/4, SE 1/4, section 28, township 14 S, range 10 E, Willamette meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Warren Brown, county clerk, at his office at Prineville, Oregon, on the 14th day of December, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Sidney Minkler, Frank Hay, E. A. Poe, Lafayette, William Gunn, of Prineville, Oregon.

C. W. MOORE, Register.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given to all persons interested in the estate of L. Salomon, deceased, by the undersigned, the administratrix of said estate, that she has made and filed with the county clerk her final accounting of her administration of said estate, and that the county court has named Monday, the 6th day of Dec. at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the county court room in Prineville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing and settling said final accounting. At which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and object to said final accounting.

Dated this 4th day of Nov. 1909.
Administratrix of the Estate of L. Salomon deceased.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given to the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of Samuel B. Ritchey, deceased, that he has made and filed with the clerk of the county court his final accounting of his administration of said estate and that the county court has named Monday, the 6th day of Dec. at 10 o'clock in the forenoon at the county court room in Prineville, Oregon, as the time and place for hearing and settling said final accounting. At which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and object to said final accounting.

Dated this 4th day of Nov. 1909.
Administrator of the Estate of Samuel B. Ritchey, deceased.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors of the estate of Mary McMeekin, deceased, and all persons having claims against said deceased, to present the same to the undersigned the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, with the proper vouchers, at the office of M. R. Elliott, in Prineville, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice.

Dated this 4th day of Nov. 1909.
Executor of the Estate of Mary McMeekin, deceased.

Notice to Creditors.

Notice is hereby given to the undersigned, the administrator of the estate of Hensley Vineyard, deceased, to all persons having claims against said deceased, to present them with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned at the office of M. R. Elliott in Prineville, Oregon, within six months from the first publication of this notice.

Dated this 4th day of Nov. 1909.
Administrator of the Estate of Hensley Vineyard, deceased.

Notice of Final Settlement.

Notice is hereby given to the undersigned, the executrix of the last will and testament of Charley Wilson, deceased, that she has made and filed with the clerk of the county court her final accounting of her administration of said estate and that the county court has named Monday, the 6th day of Dec. 1909, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at the time and place of hearing said final accounting and settling the same. At which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and object to said final accounting.

Dated this 4th day of Nov. 1909.
Executrix of the estate of Charley Wilson, deceased.

Professional Cards.

C. C. Brix
Attorney-at-Law
Real Estate
Office with Geo. W. Barnes

Prineville, Oregon
Chas. S. Edwards, H. P. Belknap
Belknap & Edwards
Physicians and Surgeons.
Office Four West of Wilson's
Drug Store
Prineville, Oregon.

J. K. Rosenberg
Physician and Surgeon
(County Physician.)
Calls answered promptly day or night
Office on the corner of Washington
Drug Store. Residence corner
1st and Main Streets.
Prineville, Oregon.

E. O. Kyde
Physician and Surgeon
CALLS ANSWERED PROMPTLY DAY OR NIGHT
OFFICE ONE DOOR SOUTH OF ADAMSON'S
DEPT. STORE. Both office and residence telephones.
Prineville, Oregon.

M. R. Biggs
Attorney-at-Law
Prineville, Oregon

W. A. BELL
Attorney-at-Law
Prineville, Oregon

B. F. SWOPE
Attorney at Law
PRINEVILLE, OREGON

G. L. BERNIER
Attorney-at-Law
Will practice in all the Courts.
Office next door to Dr. Rosenberg's,
Prineville, Oregon.

M. C. Brink
Lawyer
A street, Prineville, Oregon.

M. R. Elliott,
Attorney-at-Law
Prineville, Oregon.

Call for Warrants.
Notice is hereby given that all Crook County General Fund Registered Warrants up to and including registered No. 343, will be paid on presentation to the Treasurer of said county. Interest ceases from this date. W. F. KING, Co. Treas. Prineville, Ore., Nov. 4, 1909.

Contest Notice.
Department of the Interior, United States Land Office, The Dalles, Oregon, Oct. 22, 1909.
A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Hannah M. McClun, contestant, against Homestead Entry, No. 0891, made Sept. 2, 1908, for NW 1/4, E 1/2 NW 1/4, and NW 1/4 section 20, township 14 S, range 10 E, Willamette meridian, by John A. Seabury, Prineville, Or., Contestee, in which it is alleged that said entryman has wholly abandoned said tract for more than six months last past; that said tract has not been settled upon and cultivated by said party as required by law; that there are no improvements thereon except an unfinished house; that it is unnecessary, said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on Dec. 10, 1909, before the County Clerk at Prineville, Or., and that final hearing will be held