

The Place to Save Money

THE LEADER

The Place to Save Money

Do You Get Your Money's Worth

People are getting tired of it—getting tired of being held up—they want their money's worth now—the gold brick days are over.

People need to be willing to smoke cabbage leaves in place of Havana and pay good money for it if they get a premium or coupon—willing to buy tea and pay twice its worth just to get a dish free—those days are over—people want their money's worth now—they want what they pay for—value received.

The line of general merchandise we sell offers you your money's worth—we don't have to offer you a lot of cheap inducements to hide cheap quality. When you buy a pair of shoes we don't throw in a premium, your money goes into the value of the shoe. It's the same with our clothing, hats, dry goods and groceries. We sell you the genuine article at a reasonable price. THAT'S ALL. THAT'S ENOUGH.

I. MICHEL, Proprietor, Prineville, Oregon

YOUNG WOMAN COMMITS SUICIDE

Takes Three Ounces of Carboic Acid.

NO CAUSE KNOWN FOR DEED

She Was Nineteen Years of Age—Married About Two Months.

Mrs. J. W. Stewart, who came to Prineville six weeks ago with her husband from Spokane, drank three ounces of carboic acid yesterday afternoon at three o'clock, and expired from the effects of the poison about six last evening.

Mrs. Stewart, who was but nine teen years of age, was bright and apparently happy and had never intimated to her husband of her suicidal intent.

Mr. Stewart has a position with the C. W. Atkins Company as dry-goods salesman, and taught late near the High School and built a neat little cottage, mostly by his own effort before and after working hours.

He left the house as usual Wednesday noon, going to work, and about three o'clock Mrs. Stewart went to the home of H. D. Still and asked Mrs. Still for a little carboic acid, saying that she only needed a little. It was given her in a bottle containing about three ounces. She returned home, leaving a little two-year-old girl, who was her stepchild, to play until she returned. At five o'clock the little girl went home to supper but could not get into the house. A neighbor was called who in turn telephoned Mr. Stewart, when the doors were found to be locked.

Upon entering the house, the acid bottle and cup which had contained the acid were found empty by the bed upon which Mrs. Stewart was lying, which leads to the belief that she had taken the entire three ounces. Dr. Holman was called but of course nothing could be done and death followed about six o'clock. She never regained consciousness.

A note was found clamped to Mrs. Stewart's breast last night, addressed to her mother. It read as follows: "I am well pleased with Mr. Stewart and his little girl is a darling. I have told you several times I was going to leave this world and now I have decided to go. I will meet you soon."

On the back of a check laying on the floor this morning a message was found. It read: "Don't let me know anything like this ever happened." Inex as Mr. Stewart's little girl.

At the foot of the bed was found a loaded pistol. Mr. Stewart says that he has owned it for a long time but that it hadn't had a lead in it for years, so far as he knew. The body will, perhaps, be shipped home for burial. Mrs. Stewart was a bride of less than two months.

Her Dear Friend:

Sister—Now, when I'm asked to sing I never say, "Oh, I can't." I always say, "I can't sing."—Jennie—And let the audience find it out for themselves—Illustrated News.

The First Step.

Young Women before marriage's window, to her maid—That hat is perfectly lovely. I must have it. Marie, be sure to remind me to kiss my husband when I get home.

Diplomacy.

She longed for a new hat. So she began to worry her husband for a new dress.

He—A new dress! Can't afford it. If you wanted gloves or a new hat I wouldn't mind. But a new dress? She—Well, don't get worried, dear. You know I always give in. So just buy me a new hat.

The Other's Pet.

Neighbor—How did that naughty little boy of yours get hurt? Dittie—That good little boy of yours hit him in the head with a brick—Independent.

The Firstborn.

Visitor—My! What a fine baby! How much does he weigh? Fond Mother—I really don't know. He hasn't been weighed since noon—Life.

Happiness is an equivalent for all troublesome things—Epitaphs.

Conrad King David.

This amusing anecdote of Lammertine is related in the *Business World* in her column of letters. Shortly after the revolution of February he wrote on the blank leaves of his pocketbook the names of his proteges and sent the list to be provided with places immediately. Previously, however, it seemed he had scribbled "David" on the page, and the head of the cabinet appointed the said David consul at Bremen. The postulant, however, never came forward, and though the post did not like being disturbed, M. Bismarck was obliged to ask who was the David on the list.

"He who danced before the ark" was the answer.

"Oh, dear! I have granted him to Bremen."

"How very singular! I meant him for a subject for meditation, not for nomination. But you can cancel it." The minister registered the change, but few knew that the last consul appointed to Bremen was King David!

Language of Switzerland.

It is a curious fact that the people most celebrated for love of country should in a manner be without a language—that is, a mother tongue. The Swiss have three official languages—German, French and Italian. About three-fourths of the population of the mountain confederation speak German, while the remainder divide four other languages among them, chiefly French and Italian. These languages being found, as a rule, in districts in close proximity to the countries where in those languages are the principal tongue. In Switzerland documents and notices are printed in both the French and German languages. In the national assembly members deliver their speeches in either French or German, for nearly all members understand both tongues. The debates and proclamations of the president are translated by an official interpreter and furnished to the press in both languages—New York Press.

Her Fault.

The teacher in charge of the primary department at a school in West Philadelphia was talking the other day about her work and her pupils.

"They are dear youngsters," she said, "but they sometimes make curious remarks. Several times I have had occasion to reproach a little boy who isn't bad, but who is very mischievous and annoying. He is always getting into trouble and making a disturbance."

"One day he had been more than usually uproarious, and I was very tired. Instead of scolding or punishing him I began to rather an exasperated tone to talk to him."

"Tom! I said, 'I'm afraid I'm never going to meet you in heaven.' 'He looked up with the most shocked face. 'Why, teacher,' he said, 'isn't that just too bad? What have you done?'"—Philadelphia Times.

A Very Pretty Wedding

Miss Celia Neime and Oliver G. Adams Were Married Last Evening.

An unusually pretty wedding took place at 8:30 o'clock Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wigle, when their only daughter, Miss Celia Neime, was united in marriage to Mr. Oliver G. Adams.

The wedding ceremony took place on the east lawn of the Wigle home in the presence of about fifty invited guests, relatives of the two families and the more intimate friends of the young couple. The ceremony was beautifully decorated with green vines and a profusion of pink and white sweet peas. Numerous Japanese lanterns threw a soft glow of light over both porch and lawn. A graceful arch of green had been erected under which the bridal party took their places.

As Mrs. C. S. Edwards played the sweetly familiar strains of the wedding march, the members of the wedding party, headed by Miss Lorena Winkler, bride maid and Mr. Hugh Lakin, best man, began to take their places. Miss Ethel Watters of Corvallis, the maid of honor, followed, and next the two little flower girls—Miss Jessie Mulliken and Hazel Yancy—scattering pink and white blossoms, preceded the bride who came leaning upon the arm of Mr. Wigle. The ceremony was performed by Rev. B. F. Harper who used the beautiful ring service.

Both bride and groom are well known here, having grown up from childhood in Prineville. Miss Neime has been prominent in church work and social life and her numerous appearances in local entertainments, where her cultivated vocal talents have been in popular demand, have made her known to a wide circle of people. The groom is a prominent young business man, a member of the firm of Jordan, Adams & Yancy. He is a graduate of the Crook County High School and the Holmes Business College of Portland and has already won for himself a good standing in the business world, which promises well for his future.

Mrs. E. J. Burrows of Portland, aunt of the bride, rendered some vocal solos during the evening. She possesses a fine contralto voice which has been highly cultivated. Her "O, Promise Me," sung immediately preceding the wedding march, was particularly pleasing. Misses Evelyn Milliken and Eliza Noll furnished instrumental music at intervals during the evening. Delicious refreshments were served by Mrs. Wigle, assisted by a corps of five young ladies. Mrs. Burrows did the honors at the punch bowl and Miss Jane Allen handed each guest, upon leaving, a daintily wrapped piece of the wedding cake as a souvenir.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams have gone immediately to housekeeping in the pretty little home they have gotten ready on First street.

A profusion of beautiful wedding presents, the bulk of them in silver and china and cut glass, with a gracious touch to the new home and testify to the cordial interest of their many friends, both in and out of Prineville.

oh Mandy. Mandy she was twenty, and I was just eight fifty. But I looked at the way, he said in. I thought as well thing for a sheep as a lamb, but I wanted to be sure to get the best. I thought as well thing for a sheep as a lamb, but I wanted to be sure to get the best. I thought as well thing for a sheep as a lamb, but I wanted to be sure to get the best.

"Mandy, say she was willing, but I told her she didn't say it in her heart was not in it. But she heart was not in it. But I often told her that when an old man's heart is not on marryin' a young woman she isn't so use to marry with him. I've got right good to do the men till she got him. I told her she didn't say it in her heart was not in it. But she heart was not in it. But I often told her that when an old man's heart is not on marryin' a young woman she isn't so use to marry with him. I've got right good to do the men till she got him.

"I was better feel than that man, but I come out in the end better's he. De Lord saved me. Somebody told me that Mandy was keepin' company with some Tucker when I said her to marry me. I said Mandy at that was as Mandy say. 'Mose Tucker no count. I told you better's all de world.' I said to her to get up and tell me dat. 'What you say Mandy tell Mose Tucker to?' Mandy tell me better's all de world.' As he say, 'No fool ink an old fool.' But dat didn't count wid me no how.

"Mandy an' me war going to be married in de front of de Lord, when de rones war blown. De day befo' de four I war walkin' 'long de street when I look a white haint from a telegraph pole. It must be been a fire when I look it de life out of me. Anyway I didn't know outta' tell all ob a sudden I wake up in a coffin. I war tryin' to make home, in de white room, who had been put ready for to bring me bride de war' day. De lamp war burnin' low, as dere war't nobody in de room.

"What dey gwine leat me all alone for? war de first thing I tink ob. 'Ef I'm dead I air entitled to de respect' ob a regular corpse. 'Ef I hain't dead what I doin' in a coffin? Dat's what I tink to know."

"'Tut den I hear some low talkin' in de odder room. I listen, an' I hear Mandy's voice.

"Mose," she said, 'I wonder who de de man kep' to money?'

"Mandy he put it in de bank."

"'Tut better it. I tink he kep' it bank. I'm gwine to look."

"I keep still an' dey go bustin' 'bout in de back drawers. In de closet, everyway, tell Mose be looked in de chamber. Out he pull de haint out wid all his shains in it. He an' Mandy dey ampled all de tips I'd put for fifteen years on a table an' war lookin' at it all wid de greed in dere eyes. Den dey began to count it. While dey war countin' I set up to de coffin. 'Pur' soon Mandy she turn round, and she see me standin' up lookin' right at her. She gib a shakin' an' tumble down de bed. Den Mose be turn, an' he see me sittin' up, he backs outen de room, he eyes set on me all de while he war backin' an' a haint out ob de bed."

"I war might glad, I jee, dired out ob dat coffin 'k if I war jumpin' out ob a boat. An' I run after dat haint, an' I catched him, an' I made he eyes a lot bigger 'n dey war befo' when he war lookin' at me sittin' up in de coffin."

"After I finished punchin' Mose I went back to bed Mandy. I war want' no Mandy dere, an' dere war't none ob my tips what I'd been fifteen years' collection' adder."

"When I see Mandy ag'in she try mak' believe she war might sorry, I axed her what war money all gone to. She say she hain't seen no money. Iven I tell her I see her an' Mose countin' it an' I went after Mose an' gib him a dammit an' went back an' she an' de money war bot missin'. Mandy she cried an' said I had a bad dream when I war comin' to myself. 'I had Mandy lookin' befo' de judge, an' when he heard me accusation he said, says he:

"'You been puttin' up a job. You betta go back to heaven, what dey do' lay up no treasures."

"If dat war what you call jittin', den I reckon I war jittin' might bad."

A Modest Request.

An impeccably dressed gentleman the other day when walking along Piccadilly felt a movement in his pocket and, clapping his hand thereto, seized the wrist of the thief. He drew forth the erring member, and, looking at it with supreme disgust, he released it, saying, with a grimace of disgust, "For heaven's sake, my good man, go and wash your hands before you put them in a gentleman's pocket again!"—London Tailor.

Made Him Feel Old.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much."

"But you look as if you had something serious on your mind."

"Well, if you insist on knowing, a boy who was named after me has just become engaged to be married. How time flies!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Dollar Mark.

"Have you seen the Washington monument?"

"Yes," replied the New Yorker. "It's a pretty tall building, but what's the good of it without any offices for rent?"—Washington Star.

Economy.

Husband—Excuse me, dear, but don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use?—Wife—Of course! If I didn't how could I economize by utilizing leftover dishes?—Cleveland Leader.

Not Now.

"Electricity isn't a modern discovery. It is as old as the food."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, didn't Noah have to have ark lights?"

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CROOK COUNTY BANK

PRINEVILLE, OREGON

Capital Stock fully paid \$50,000.00
Surplus \$5,000.00
Stockholders' liability \$5,000.00

Statement Rendered to State Bank Examiner March 29, 1910:

Assets		Liabilities	
Loans and Discounts	\$109,443.10	Capital stock	\$50,000.00
County and other warrants	2,048.30	Surplus	5,000.00
Real estate and fixtures	7,590.94	Undivided profits	5,000.00
Expenses	1,984.21	Deposits	304,500.00
Cash on hand and due from banks	\$130,990.78		
	\$252,002.02		\$252,002.00

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Shoes
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The Winnek Company

How Uncle Billy Was Jilted

By ESTELLE MARSH

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"Uncle Billy, why is it that all your colored friends marry and you remain a bachelor?"

"Don't want to get married," replied Uncle Billy, with a grunt.

"I fancy you must have been jilted."

"I been fooled."

"If it isn't a subject too near your heart to speak of, I would like to hear about it."

"Near my heart! No! likely near dat spot in my head what de feroalligists say de mind is. It war dis way: Mandy war a likely gal, an' I was gittin' to dat age whar a man gits tired o' cake-walks an' breakdowns an' all dat, an' I tink it time for me to settle down. I'd been potter on a sleeper cyar fo' nigh on to fifteen years, an' de tips war might' big. Sometimes dey war so big I thought I'd rudder be de potter dan de president. I tuk all de tips I got 'cept whar I paid de railroad fo' de privilege ob workin' fo' 'em, an' I tied it up in a red haint-cuff an' put it in de chimney."

"I warn't workin' fo' de railroad any mo'." I war thinkin' 'bout gittin' inter business. While I war waitin' fo' some-plin' to turn up I reckoned I war might' lonesome fribin' all alone in ma house by myself, an' I got to thinkin' "

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