

Seven young people, members of a Sunday-school class of the First Baptist church, were drowned in the Maumee river, just below Toledo, O., when the naphtha launch Frolic, in which they were taking a ride, was run down by the tug Arthur Woods of the Great Lakes Towing company's fleet.

Five men were killed, two fatally injured and two others terribly burned by being caught in a torrent of molten metal in an open-hearth pit at the Pennsylvania steel works, Steelton, near Harrisburg, Pa. All of the men were Austrians. They were at work in a pit behind the "chookers" when the iron ore boiled over, the furnace burned out and the entire pit was turned into a pool of fire.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease of which science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A peculiar case came up in Superior Judge Danne's court at San Francisco, when Assistant District Attorney John Greany, the prosecutor, moved for a dismissal as soon as the case was called on the ground that the evidence was insufficient to convict. The defendant was a young man named W. H. Shook, who was accused of an attempt to commit robbery. His arrest was based on the simple fact that he had entered a Hayes-street fish market and casually asked the proprietor how business was, and when told it was good, jocularly asked how much money was in the cash register. There was no other evidence of an attempt to rob. The case was at once dismissed and the young man given his freedom after being under arrest for several weeks.

Dangerous if Neglected.

Burns, cuts and other wounds often fail to heal properly if neglected and become troublesome sores. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve prevents such consequences. Even when the delay has aggravated the injury, DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve effects a cure. "I had a running sore on my leg thirty years," says H. C. Harly, Yankton, Ind. "After using many remedies, I tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. A few boxes healed the sore." Cures all skin diseases. Files yield to it at once. Beware of counterfeits. Chas. Straub.

John Nicolai and Henry Clarke are making a monetary success of the largest farm in Alaska, says a Tacoma dispatch. It consists of 40 acres—35 acres at Dyea and five at Skagway. Their crops include vegetables of all kinds—cabbages, carrots, apples and crab apples. The experiments show the yields from the Alaskan soil to be very large and the quality of the vegetables excellent. The entire product is sold at White Horse, Atlin and other interior towns, bringing high prices. The farm is one of the chief places in Alaska to be visited by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson on his Alaska trip this summer.

Wants Others to Know.

"I have used DeWitt's Little Early Risers for constipation and torpid liver and they are all right. I am glad to endorse them for I think when we find a good thing we ought to let others know it," writes Alfred Heitzner Quincy, Ill. They never gripe or distress. Sure, safe pills. Chas. Straub.

A formal step in the apprehension of O. B. Hadley, the man accused by the police of the murder of Nora Fuller in the house at 2211 Sutter street, San Francisco, was taken by the dead girl's mother, Mrs. Alice Fuller, who swore to a complaint charging Hadley with the crime. Should Hadley be found all the legal formalities possible at the present time will now have been performed, and if found in a foreign country steps for his extradition may be taken without delay.

GRAIN-O! GRAIN-O!

Remember that name when you want a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it. Grain-O is made of pure grain, it aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder and the children as well as the adults can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1/4 as much as coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Ask your grocer for Grain-O.

The steamers State of Washington and Schome have been sold by Dowdell & Co. to the Pacific Coast Steamship company, says a Tacoma dispatch. These steamers, together with other Puget sound steamers acquired by the Pacific Coast company, will be operated as feeders to the company's lines running to San Francisco and Alaska.

A RACE WITH DEATH

Translated from the French by Giselle D'Anger.

"YOU are a dead man!" said the doctor, regarding Anatole fixedly.

Anatole was staggered by this announcement. He had come to pass the evening with his old friend, Dr. Bardais, the illustrious scholar, recognized by all the world as an authority on poisonous substances. But Anatole had learned to appreciate, more than all, the nobility of heart and fatherly kindness of the good old doctor, and now, without consideration or regard for his feelings he heard from his own lips this terrible prognostication.

"Unfortunate child!" continued the doctor, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing that I know," stammered Anatole, deeply troubled.

"Think! try to remember! Tell me what you have eaten, drank or inhaled?"

This last word proved a ray of light for Anatole. The same morning he had received a letter from one of his friends who was touring in India. In the letter he found a flower gathered from the bank of the Ganges by the sojourner, a red flower of fantastic shape, and the odor, he recalled now, was peculiarly penetrating. Anatole searched in his pocketbook and found the letter and the flower, which he showed to the learned man.

"Without doubt!" cried the doctor. "It is the Pyramenensis Indica, the death flower, the flower of the blood!"

"You believe this truly?"

"It is positive of it."

"But it is not possible! I am but 25 years of age. I am full of life and health!"

"At what hour did you open this fatal letter?"

"At nine o'clock this morning."

"Ah, well! At the same hour tomorrow morning, at the same minute, in full health, as I say, you will experience certain palpitation in the heart, and all will be over."

"And you know of no remedy?"

"Not one!" returned the doctor, holding his head in his hands, and he fell upon the sofa, overcome with grief and despair.

Seeing the emotion of his old friend, Anatole realized that he was condemned to die. He became like one insane.

All night, in a fever of agitation, his brain topay-turvy, Anatole darted up and down the boulevard, unconscious of his surroundings and that the streets were gradually becoming deserted. For a long while he ran thus until he fell exhausted on a bench.

The rest was beneficial. He had been like a man who had received a blow on the head. The stupefaction was leaving now and he commenced to collect his ideas which had been so overturned.

"My situation," thought he, "is that I am condemned to die! I must accept this without hope, but with grace. How much time have I to live?"

He looked at his watch.

"Three o'clock a. m. It is time to go to bed. I rest? Should I sleep these last few hours? No, I have certainly much to do—but what? Parbleu! My will to make."

A resolute answer was heard that remained open all night. He entered.

"Waiter! A bottle of champagne and a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass of Cliquot and then looked at the paper dreamily.

"To whom shall I leave this legacy of 6,000 francs a year? I have neither father nor mother. It is fortunate for them. Among all whom I count as friends, I know not one—ah! Nicette."

The last wishes were quickly written and all was bequeathed to Nicette.

It was done. Anatole drank a second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette!" thought he. "She was very sad the last time that I saw her. Her guardian, who knows naught of the world except those musicians, those brass blowers at the Conservatoire—was not prudent in promising her hand to one so brutal whom she detests. Indeed, she detests him as much as she loves another, if I am at all learned in those plain avowals of reticence and embarrassment. Who is the happy mortal? I am ignorant, but it is certainly true that she is well worthy of the one whom she has chosen. Good, sweet, beautiful, loving Nicette merits an ideal husband. Ah! she is just the wife I should have!"

It is infamous to force, to degrade the life of such a treasure with such a brute. Why should I not be the chevalier of Nicette? It is said that to-morrow morning—to-morrow it will be too late. I must act now. It is a little unseasonable to call, but when I am told that I will die in five hours I care little for such conventionalities. Come! My life for Nicette!"

It was four a. m. when Anatole rang the bell at the door of the guardian of Nicette. M. Bouvard himself came to the door in his night cap, and very much frightened.

"Am I right in supposing you have caused me this inconvenience to communicate something of importance to me?"

"Never! monsieur. Never!"

"It is not necessary to say never nor always."

"Monsieur, my resolution is made, the marriage will take place."

"It will not!"

"We shall see! And now that you have my answer, I will not detain you."

"This is a little more amiable. I am not right if a little tenacious. I am not

offended at your actions and I remain."

"Remain if you wish. I consider you as having gone, and I speak no more." And M. Bouvard turned away grumbling.

All at once M. Bouvard leaped for his bed.

Anatole had secured the professor's trombone, upon which he blew a violent blast loud and deafening. It sounded as if the inferno had broken loose.

"My trombone of honor presented by my pupils! Put down the instrument, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you consider me as one gone. I consider you as one absent and I am amusing myself until you return. Heint! a fine note!"

"You will have me put out. My landlord will not tolerate the trombone for a minute!"

"M. Capdenac is a terrible man! If I insult him thus, he will kill me!"

"Is this the only reason?"

"It is the reason above all others."

"In that case leave it to me; swear to me that if I obtain the consent of M. Capdenac my cousin shall be free."

"Yes, monsieur, she shall be free."

"Bravo! I have your word of honor. You will permit me to retire. Apropos, where does M. Capdenac live?"

"One hundred Rue des Deux-Epees."

"I run at once. Au revoir."

"Bah! You run to throw yourself into the mouth of the lion and you will receive the lesson you merit."

Meanwhile, Anatole ran to the address given him. When he arrived it was six o'clock a. m.

"Who comes?" said a deep voice.

"Open. A communication of importance from M. Bouvard."

The walls of the ante-chamber appeared to vanish under the numerous accoutrements. In the little room where Capdenac received his visitor nothing but arms was seen; Turkish sword or yatagans, poisoned arrows, sabers, swords for one and two hands, pistols, etc. A veritable arsenal. It was enough to cause a timid soul much dismay.

"Bah!" thought Anatole. "What is it that I risk? There are but 2 1/2 hours left now!"

"Monsieur," said Anatole, "you wish to marry Mlle. Nicette?"

"Oui, monsieur!"

"Monsieur, you cannot marry her!"

"Ah, young man!" he said, finally. "You have the good luck to find me in a pleasant mood. Profit by it. Do you know that I have fought 20 times, and that I have had the misfortune to kill five of my adversaries and to wound 15 others? Go! I pity your youth. Once more go!"

"I know," said Anatole, "of your reputation and that you are an adversary worthy of me, and my desire is to measure swords with so redoubtable an adversary. Will you take the two swords from the mantle, or the two naval hatches? or the cavalry sabers? or the cuirassiers weapons? What do you say to these curved yatagans? You have not decided? What will you do?"

"I like your bravery. Do you wish me to acknowledge something?"

"Speak."

"For some time I have wished to give up this marriage, but I did not know how it would be understood. I consent, then, very willingly, to your wish, but I wish you to understand that I have not been intimidated by your menaces."

"Will you write and sign your decision?"

"I have such admiration for you that I can refuse you nothing."

Supplied with the precious paper, Anatole ran to the house of M. Bouvard. He arrived at the door at eight a. m.

"Who is there?"

"Anatole."

M. Bouvard opened it. Anatole delivered the paper to him, and cried as he ran to the door:

"Cousin, rise and dress quickly and come here!"

Almost instantly Nicette appeared as fresh as Aurora.

"What is it?"

"It is that your cousin is mad!" said M. Bouvard.

"Mad!" cried Anatole, "but, remember, Nicette, that my madness is for good to you. This night, my little cousin, I have obtained two things: M. Capdenac has renounced your hand and your excellent guardian consents that you shall marry the one you love."

"Truly? My guardian, you wish that I marry Anatole?"

"Hein!" said Anatole, in amazement. "It is you I love, my cousin."

At this moment Anatole felt his heart palpitate violently. Was it the pleasure caused by this unexpected avowal of Nicette? Was it the anguish predicted by the doctor? Was it death?

Taking feverishly the hands of Nicette, he told her all; the letter he received, the flower he inhaled, the prognostication of his old friend, the will he wrote, the measures taken and the success obtained.

"And now that I have perfected all, I must die!"

"But it is not possible!" said Nicette. "The physician is deceived. Who is he?"

"A man who is never deceived, Nicette, Dr. Bardais."

"Bardais! Bardais!" cried Bouvard suddenly, beginning to laugh. "Listen while I read my journal: 'The learned Dr. Bardais has unexpectedly become afflicted with a mental malady. The madness is an attack of scientific character. All know the doctor was occupied especially with diseases relating to venomous substances and the effect of poisons. He believed finally that at whom he met were poisoned and tried to persuade them to this belief. He has been transported this night to the maison du docteur Blanche or home for the insane.'"

The two young people embraced each other ardently.—Radford Review.

AFTER GRIP WHAT?

The Perilous Period Which Follows an Attack of this Mysterious Malady.

Grip is bad enough with its aching bones, inflamed eyes, painful back, and fever. But its after effects are perhaps even more to be dreaded than the misery attendant on an attack of the disease itself. The person who comes safely through an attack of grip, man, woman, or child, is left in a condition of peculiar debility and prostration from which it is difficult to rally. A slight cold or cough may find speedy termination in lung disease. Ordinary exposure results in pneumonia. The disease seems to deplete the vitality, undermine the strength, and affect the balance of the mind. It is one of the sad experiences of the grip, that the convalescent supposed to be rallying well, has been found in a condition of complete collapse.

As a result of the grip the lungs, and other organs of respiration seem peculiarly liable to be affected and consumption may easily be the after consequence of the malady. It needs no argument therefore to urge the building up of the system weakened by grip to enable it to resist and throw off these sequent diseases which so frequently prove fatal.

In actual test Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has proved itself peculiarly valuable not only in the quick cure of the disease but also in rebuilding the body which grip has undermined and in curing diseases which are prone to fasten on the enfeebled system. It strengthens the stomach, heals the lungs, and purifies the blood. It puts the whole body on a plane of sound and vigorous health.

A VICTIM OF GRIP.

"Two years ago this month I had an attack of grip which left my throat and lungs in bad condition," writes Mrs. M. E. Stewart, of Center, Chickasaw Nation, Ind. Ter. The doctor said I had disease of the bronchial tubes, but confessed to my husband (unknown to me), that I had consumption in the first stage and could never be cured; but, thanks to God and to Dr. Pierce, to-day I feel well, and am better now than I have been for many years. I can do as much work now as any woman of my age, which is forty-seven. One of my neighbor women advised me to get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, so I sent and got it, and then I was not satisfied with it alone, hardly believing it would cure me, so I wrote to Dr. Pierce and gave him my symptoms. He replied that I had catarrh of the head, extending to my lungs, and told what would cure me. I took his advice—never neglected it for anything. I have taken seventeen bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' eight vials of Dr. Pierce's Peppets, and ten packages of Dr.

breast. If you starve the stomach, you starve the organs it feeds. But starvation of the body can be accomplished even where food is plentifully supplied, because if the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased then the food will not be converted into nutrition or only partly so, and the body inadequately nourished will begin to grow weak. The first attempt, then, in dealing with a weak body is to nourish it into strength. The general method of this attempt is to try and bring the food down to the level of the weak stomach. This is done by the use of prepared foods, cod liver oil, and emulsions. But this doesn't cure the disease of the stomach or put the organs of nutrition into a condition to build up the body.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery deals directly with the stomach and blood. It seeks to bring the stomach up to the level of strong, healthful food, when this is done the body gains in strength, puts on flesh, throws off disease, and enters on a new life. That these results follow the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' is proved by the testimony of thousands of weak, run-down men and women and by their cure, by the use of 'Discovery,' of diseases of lungs, heart, kidneys, liver, etc., which originated in the disease of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition.

"Three years ago I had the grip," writes Mrs. Tillie Lincy, of Centre, Switch, Marion Co., Ky. "It settled on my lungs, and the doctor said I had consumption. I took six bottles of 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and am thankful to say I am entirely well."

Sick people are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence is strictly private and confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A FREE OFFER.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, containing over a thousand large pages, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing daily. Send in one-cent stamps for the cloth bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

The vineyards in the vicinity of Genoa, Italy, have been ruined by the extremely cold weather. A Berlin dispatch says that nearly all the spring growth in the vineyards in the Saar region has been destroyed by frost.

The sixth biennial convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs was held at Los Angeles. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Dimas T. S. Denton of New York; first vice-president, Mrs. Robert Burdette of California; second vice president, Mrs. Emma Fox of Michigan; recording secretary, Mrs. William T. Coon of South Dakota; corresponding secretary, Miss Louise Popenheim of South Carolina; treasurer, Mrs. Emma Van Veclion of Iowa; auditor, Mrs. George Noyes of Wisconsin.

The Southern Pacific has decided to take under its own management all tract-garages on its entire railway system of 9,000 miles in California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Louisiana, and to assume the direct supervision of the restaurants on the ferry steamers between San Francisco and Oakland and Alameda.

No little surprise was created when it was discovered that two large mushroom rooms had grown through a concrete floor in the Miller warehouse at Stockton, Cal. M. P. Stein, who owns the building, noticed the concrete and bitumen floor was being forced upward in the shape of two hillocks. A few days later the floor split open and two mushroom rooms forced their way upward into the air. By actual measurement the mushrooms grew through four inches of solid concrete and two inches of bitumen. The pressure was simply too great and the flooring gave way.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, May 6, 1902. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled 'An Act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory,' as extended to all the Public Land States by act August 4, 1892,

JOSEPH CASKEY, of Medford, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3078, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Section No. 11, Township 31 North, Range 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Friday, the 11th day of July, 1902. He names as witnesses: Frederick M. White, Hiram J. Doubleday, Wm. W. Parker and E. C. Bovee, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

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MORT W. FORTELL, of Medford, county of Jackson, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3079, for the purchase of the SW 1/4 of Section No. 16, Township No. 31 North, Range No. 3 East, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the County Clerk of Jackson County, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on Friday, the 11th day of July, 1902. He names as witnesses: Geo. F. King, Z. Maxey, H. E. Hayden and W. H. Meeker, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Roseburg, Oregon, May 1, 1902. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the county clerk of Jackson County, at Jacksonville, Oregon, on June 29, 1902, viz:

GRANT RAWLINGS, on H. E. No. 8893, for the NW 1/4, Sec. 28, Tp. 37, R. 1, E. 20, S. 35, T. 31 N., R. 1 E., S. 35 N., T. 31 N., R. 1 E., S. 35 N.

Sage's Catarrh Remedy. I do not regret that I spent the money paid for the medicine. I have gained twenty-four pounds. Indeed, Dr. Pierce's medicines have done wonders for me. It is no use for me to try to tell my feelings. It would take time and space, but I was a skeleton and so poor and so down-hearted I could not look at one of my little ones without shedding tears, thinking that they would soon be left without a mother."

HOW STRENGTH IS RESTORED.

What makes me strong? Ask yourself that question and you will find that the answer will be, I am made strong by food. How does food make me strong? As passing through the processes of digestion and being converted into nutritious which, in the form of blood, nourishes the body. So that while blood is the life of the body, food is the life of the blood.

Every red vein and artery of the body leads like a scarlet clue back to the stomach. If the body is weak, therefore, we must look to the stomach first for the cause of weakness, and then to the blood.

The same result of physical weakness will follow the opening of an artery, or starvation. You may bleed to death or starve to death. This is so well understood in medical practice that the first consideration of the physician in investigating disease is the condition of the stomach.

If the stomach is weak the body can't be strong. If the stomach is weak, that weakness will surely find an echo in some other organ dependent on the stomach for its nutrition—such as heart, liver, lungs, kidneys, etc.

If you starve your mother, you starve the child at her breast. If you starve the organs it feeds, but starvation of the body can be accomplished even where food is plentifully supplied, because if the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are diseased then the food will not be converted into nutrition or only partly so, and the body inadequately nourished will begin to grow weak.

The first attempt, then, in dealing with a weak body is to nourish it into strength. The general method of this attempt is to try and bring the food down to the level of the weak stomach. This is done by the use of prepared foods, cod liver oil, and emulsions. But this doesn't cure the disease of the stomach or put the organs of nutrition into a condition to build up the body.

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J. T. BIRDGESS, Register.

Legal blanks of all kinds for sale at this office.

SOCIETIES OF MEDFORD.

I. O. O. F.—Lodge No. 80, meets in I. O. O. F. hall every Saturday at 8 p. m. Visiting brothers always welcome. E. W. CALKINS, N. G. A. D. NAYLOR, Sec. 1st.