WHEN BEN CAME HOME.

By LESTER ROSE.

Copyright, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

Vesta sank wearily upon a shoe box and gazed forlornly about her. The last of the packing was accomplished. The last nail had been driven home into the shoe box, which contained the books that were to be kept out for the new home. The rest of the beloved library remained in the cases, gaps showing where the selections had been made.

The corner of the lower shelf had been the resting place of the blue and silver "Pilgrim's Progress" ever since Vesta could remember, a book to be taken out Sunday afternoons and carried to the gentle mother, who patiently explained time after time the meaning of the fascinating woodcuts.

There was a very large gap where the encyclopedias had been. She had bought those with the eggs and butter money. As her eyes roamed over the partly filled cases she could fill every gap from memory.

And as it was with the books, so was it with the rest of the household belongings. Here and there a blank corner reminded her of some familiar object now stacked in the wood shed. Very little was to be shipped, for the way was far and freight rates were high. Tomorrow the neighbors would gather and John Berwin would hang out the red flag. By nightfall the house would be emptied and its contents scattered through the farmhouses for miles around.

Tears came unbidden to Vesta's eyes as she looked about. Her earliest memories were of the homely living room with its rag carpet and the comfortable rocking chairs on either side of the stove in winter or standing in front of the north windows in summer, when the double sashes were taken down and the wind blew through the house, softly scented by the blooms from the orchard on the other side of the well kept fence.

It was the only home Vesta had ever known. It seemed to the tired girl that she could never learn to love another half so well.

Until her mother's death Vesta had been shielded from all troubles. After she had come back from the little

A BROWN HAND CLOSED OVER HER SLENDER FINGERS.

burial ground on a hill she had found occupation and forgetfulness in her efforts to make her father forget his loss. She had even refused to marry Ben Folsom because she had considered it her duty to stay by her father and comfort him in his sorrow.

Ben had gone west and she was left more than ever alone. Then had come that terrible day, a year and a week after her mother's death, when her father had driven into the yard with Sadie Connors, who had been teaching school over at the corners, and had announced his marriage.

Vesta tried to learn to love this gaunt, bustling woman, whose every trait was the antithesis of the woman whose place she took, but the new Mrs. Brewster had repulsed every advance. She hated young persons. She had married to be rid of them, and she treated the stepdaughter with scant courtesy.

The ways of the household were amended to suit her radical tastes. The old rockers were sent to the attic as too old fashioned and two upholstered monstrosities had taken their places. The other memorials of Vesta's mother quickly followed the rockers to the garret, and the house was completely changed in appearance, as were the occupants in their attitude toward each other.

And now even the old homestead was to be given up. The fertile farm was to be sold and the household goods to be auctioned off. Mrs. Brewster had decided that the northwest offered greater opportunities for her husband, and they were to move to Manitoba and start afresh in the wheat belt.

Mrs. Brewster bustled into the room. "Come and eat some supper," she commanded. "Don't sit there looking as though you were too weak to walk. I've done twice as much as you have today, and I got the supper, too, but I don't look half as tired as you do. Stop mooning here in the dark, and come out and have a cup of tea."

"I don't feel like eating," answered Vesta, the sobs rising in her throat. To this woman the abandonment of the home meant nothing. She could not understand what it meant to the girl.

Mrs. Brewster turned away.

"You'll be hungry by and by," she said sharply. "There'll be some cold things in the pantry, but I'm not going to make any more tea."

She hustled out and left Vesta to herself. Wearily the girl rose from the box and left the house. She could hear her father laughing and joking with her stepmother, and the noise of mirth fell offensively upon her ears.

The dusk was deepening to dark and the air was chill, but Vesta did not feel the need of a shawl. She wandered down the road, past the white gate to the little bridge that spanned the creek.

Here she loved to lean upon the rail and watch the sunset over the fertile fields. The sun had long since dropped below the hills, but the girl's overwrought imagination could conjure up the scenes of the past. She leaned upon the rail and looked out across the fields, now bristling with the frost kissed stubble. She could see again the glories of the waning day. She could almost hear a voice whispering in her ear.

Her hands clutched the rough bark of the wood as in memory she lived over that night when she had sent Ben Folsom away because she thought it her duty to remain with her father and console him for his loss. She thought of the sharp faced woman who was sitting opposite him at the kitchen table discussing their new home in the west, and then she thought of the gentle faced woman who still lived in her daughter's heart, if not in her husband's.

So lost was she in her thoughts that she never heard the quick tread of an approaching pedestrian nor heeded his presence until a brown hand closed over her slender fingers.

"Did I startle you?" demanded Ben as she started back with a cry. "I was on my way to your house. I got in this afternoon and heard the news. Do you want to go to Canada, Vesta?"

"I would rather die," she murmured passionately. "It is like a second burial to go away and leave mother up there on the hill all alone."

"And your father?" he asked gently. "Do you still feel that he needs you more than I do?"

"How much do you need me?" she demanded shyly.

"So much that I have come almost across the continent to ask you again if you will marry me," he declared. "I have done well out west—far better than I anticipated. I can buy the farm. Perhaps we can arrange with your father to buy the furniture, too, and—we will make a new home where the old one was. Are you willing, dear?"

"Not for the sake of a home," said Vesta softly, "but because you want me, Ben, and—because I want you, too, dear."

Wooing the Fickle God.

"I have been troubled with insomnia all my life," remarked the nervous man, "and, like most people similarly afflicted, I have tried all the familiar dodges to induce sleep. The results were never particularly satisfactory in the way of producing the desired effect until one night I thought I had actually found a sleep inducer when I chanced to grasp one of the rods at the head of my bed with both hands and practically hung the weight of my body on it. That sent me to sleep, and it did the same thing for a few times, when, to my extreme disappointment, I found it had ceased to work. I was as badly off as ever recently until one night, when I had a bad cough, as well as an attack of sleeplessness, I tried the well known remedy of trying to send myself off into the land of Nod by taking long, deep breaths. What it did to me and has done several times since was not to only send me to sleep, but to stop my cough completely before I lost consciousness. Just why it did so is not of much consequence. That it did so is the thing that concerns me most."—New York Press.

Etiquette of the Flag.

The army regulations of the United States provide that the flag at every post shall be raised at reveille each morning and lowered each evening at sunset, while the soldiers stand at salute and the band plays "The Star Spangled Banner."

The flag is never left out overnight for any reason, except perhaps one. When a fort or military post is actually under fire from the enemy the flag may wave defiantly until hostilities are over. This was poetically exemplified in Key's immortal song, wherein one line has it, "Through the night our flag was still there!"

At all army posts, moreover, there is a special storm flag, half as large as the regular post flag, which is flown in stormy and windy weather.

Another regulation is that on all occasions when the flag is displayed at half mast it shall be lowered to that position from the top of the staff. It is hoisted to the top of the staff before it is finally lowered.—Harper's Weekly.

Smoking In Clubs.

The question of smoking was a burning one in the midnineteenth century, and it was not until 1845 that White's gave up a room to the users of tobacco, and in all clubs the smokers were relegated to the most dismal apartments. It was King Edward when Prince of Wales who broke through the tradition, and when White's refused to extend the accommodation for smokers started the Marlborough, wherein smoking was permitted in every part of the house but the dining room.—London Chronicle.

Neighborhood Favorite.

Mrs. E. D Charles, of Harbor, Me., Speaking of Electric Bitters, says: "It is a favorite here with us." It gives quick relief in dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney derangement, malnutrition, nervousness, weakness and general debility. Its action on the blood, as a thorough purifier makes it especially useful as a spring medicine. This grand alterative tonic is sold under guarantee at Strang's drug store. 50c.

—Silver plated milk tubes for sale at the Rogue River Creamery, Medford. tf.

Suffering and Dollars Saved

E. S. Loper, of Marilla, N. Y., says: "I am a carpenter and have had many severe cuts healed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve. It has saved me suffering and dollars. It is by far the best healing salve I ever found." Heals burns, sores, ulcers, fever sores, eczema and piles, 25c at Chas. Strang, Druggist.

—Blue prints of township maps showing all vacant land, fifty cents each. For reliable information concerning Government land write to Frank E. Alley, Abstractor, Roseburg Oregon.

THE OUTER DARKNESS.

By SIDNEY H. COLE.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

Ackroyd moved his chair from the corner that he might have an unobstructed view of Drusilla's face. She was seated near the piano lamp, ostensibly examining the score of a recent musical farce he had brought her. Her chin rested in one little upturned palm, and her eyes were fixed pensively on the music in her lap. Ackroyd watched her silently for some moments. He was loath to disturb that pose.

"I saw Ted Briggs today," he said at length, and he said it with the evident expectation of a flutter of excitement on Drusilla's part. In this, however, he was disappointed. She turned a page of the score without raising her eyes.

"Did you?" she said calmly.

"I did," he affirmed. "Had a sort of an all gone air about him."

Drusilla was silent.

"Looked as if he needed some one to sympathize with him—or kick him," Ackroyd pursued.

Another page of the score was turned, but Drusilla said nothing.

"Haven't seen him round here lately," said Ackroyd, and his tone suggested much.

"It's something over a week since he called last," said Drusilla innocently.

"NOW," SAID HE, RISING AND BOWING GRAVELY.

Ackroyd smiled grimly, but Drusilla's eyes being on the score its meaning was lost on her.

"Same old story, I presume," said he.

"What's the same old story?" she said, with some emphasis.

"Got his conge, eh?"

"What are you talking about?"

"Ted Briggs."

"Well, what about him?"

"He seems to have been cast into the outer darkness with his innumerable predecessors," Ackroyd observed.

Drusilla shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't see why I should fret myself over that," she said.

"For casting him there, of course," said Ackroyd severely.

"Admitting I did," said Drusilla with challenge in her voice.

"Ted Briggs is a particular friend of mine," Ackroyd began.

"Must I marry all your particular friends?" said Drusilla with sardonic deference.

Ackroyd's eyes flashed angrily.

"You knew all the time he was taking things seriously," he remonstrated. "You might have a little mercy on such chaps."

"Oh, don't let's squabble every night you come here, said Drusilla wearily. "Here's the 'Palm' song. Shall I sing it to you, Max?"

She seated herself at the piano and sang with all her inimitable little drolleries. When she had finished she swung about to face Ackroyd.

"Did that soothe your savage breast, Maxie?" she asked sweetly.

Ackroyd scowled. "When will you ever be serious?" he said.

"I was never so serious in my life," she asserted. "Indeed I am completely weighed down with responsibility and remorse. You don't imagine he'll take prussic acid, do you, Max?" she ended in tragic tones.

Ackroyd looked at her with cold disapproval.

"Between old friends"— he began. But Drusilla at once cut him short.

"Now, Max, I'm awfully sorry, but if you begin to scatter any of that fatherly advice about here you'll have to go home, and I counted on a delightful evening with you here," she said tentatively.

"Nevertheless," said Ackroyd, "I shall say what I set out to, be the penalty what it may."

Drusilla rested her elbows on the keys and looked at him archly.

"I was about to remark," Ackroyd went on, "that in the social sea you are a sort of uncharted reef on which the affections of many serious minded young men are shipwrecked."

"What a metaphor!" she taunted. "Their shipwrecks don't seem to be alarming calamities, however. They survive them."

"And there are others who are in danger of sailing straight on to the reef, knowing all its dangers," said he.

"Dear me!" said Drusilla. "They should take a course in navigation."

"The fear of ridicule may keep them away for a time, but in the end they're bound to tempt fate," he said.

Drusilla regarded him amusedly.

"I think it would be interesting to meet some of that class," said she.

"I can introduce you to one," said he.

"When?" Drusilla inquired eagerly.

"Now," said he, rising and bowing gravely.

"You!" she gasped.

"Even I," he said, unsmiling.

There was a somewhat embarrassed pause. Ackroyd broke it.

"I shall never be happy until I offer myself to you. I don't expect to be happy afterward. I shall merely join the others in the outer darkness, and the suspense will be over."

Drusilla rested her chin on her palm again. A bit of added color flushed her cheeks. Her eyes were pensive.

"I've been very much a coward," said Ackroyd. "I was afraid you'd laugh. That is why I've been silent so long."

He leaned forward in his chair. His manner was pleadingly earnest. Drusilla moved uneasily.

"Why don't you offer yourself, then, and have it over?" she asked.

Ackroyd squared his shoulders. "I do offer myself, Drusilla," said he. "My silence has been such a long one the laugh should be doubly merry," he added bitterly.

Drusilla turned to the piano. She ran her fingers over the keys in soft little minor harmonies. Ackroyd waited impatiently; then he strode to the piano and bent over her. Something glistened on her lashes, and there was a shining streak down either cheek.

"Good heavens!" cried Ackroyd in sudden comprehension. He laughed happily.

"It—it—isn't funny. I—I—d-don't feel a bit like l-laughing," confessed Drusilla.

And Ackroyd was thereupon relieved from any fears of "the outer darkness."

The Animal Machine.

The animal machine wears out (grows old) in its blood vessels; other machines wear out at the points of friction or strain. The kind of blood we keep sending day by day through our blood vessels decides for us the length of life. If the blood be made pure by suitable food and drink and kept pure by fresh air and sunshine, by good action of the bowels, kidneys, lungs and skin, by enough but not too much active exercise and finally by a restful mind—too large to worry and fret—the vital rubber or elastic tissue in the walls of the blood vessels will age normally and last the allotted time. If the blood stream be frequently polluted by excesses, errors in diet, late and irregular hours, vicious habits, overwork, habitual confinement indoors, lack of exercise from any cause or a fretted, anxious mind, the blood vessels become irritated and inflamed and in time diseased or hard and inelastic, which means premature old age, disability, death.—What to Eat.

Stung the Lawyer.

The famous Beau Hickman of Washington was once a witness in a pending case and, having testified in the course of his examination in chief that the client of the attorney on the other side was without funds, was being sharply cross examined by that barrister. Hickman averred that the client had himself told him of his penniless state. The lawyer insisted that the exact language be repeated. Hickman hesitated, but when pressed under threat of contempt proceedings he finally said, "Well, sir, if I must answer, he told me this morning that he had no money." "Well, sir, what language did he use?" "Why, I asked him to lend me half a dollar, and he said he couldn't, for you had robbed him of every cent of his money and if he didn't get out of your clutches very soon his children would starve."

By the time the laughter had subsided and the lawyer had time to collect his thoughts the case was decided against him.

Whittier at Close Range.

Whittier belonged to those natures who would advance with firmness and joy to martyrdom in a good cause, but are never comfortable in society, and who impress one with the idea that they would like to run out of the door at any moment. Yet few enjoyed the society of congenial friends as did the Quaker poet. No one relished a good story more or related one with better grace. His sense of the ludicrous was very vivid, and the absurdities of life and its situations struck him never more forcibly than when they involved himself. As Whittier's nephew and biographer has asserted, it would be a mistake to suppose that gentleness was a necessity of his nature. His was in reality the result of resolute self control and the habitual government of a tempestuous spirit. Indeed, the poet had his shrewd, assertive and almost vindictive side, else he had never been so successful a politician and reformer.—Caroline Ticknor in Harper's Weekly.

One of the Mean Ones.

A worthy old Gentleman in the Country, having employed an Attorney, of whom he had a pretty good Opinion, to do some Law Business for him in London, he was greatly surprised on his coming to Town, and demanding his Bill of Law Charges, to find that it amounted to at least three Times the Sum he expected; the honest Attorney assured him that there was no Article in his Bill but what was fair and reasonable. Nay, said the Country Gentleman, here is one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three Shillings and four Pence for going to Southwark, when none of my Business lay that Way; pray what is the Meaning of that Sir; Oh! Sir, said he, that was for fetching the Chine and Turkey from the Carriers, that you sent me for a Present, out of the Country.—"Joe Miller's Jest Book," 1739.

In Buying Perfumes.

"If you give her perfumery for her birthday," said the druggist, "give with discretion. Find out first the effect of perfumes on the system.

"Heliotrope is a bad scent for any but the boisterous and gay. It is depressing. It often causes the neurasthenic to weep. Would it suit her?

"Musk is a powerful stimulant, a good thing for those with weak hearts. How is she that way?

"Stephanotis creates languor. If she is lazy, then avoid it.

"Violet is the best perfume. It elevates the mind. It spurs to deeds of bravery, of sacrifice. It creates beautiful thoughts. Get her violet, my boy."—Exchange.

The Commutable Cook.

"My wife and I are keeping house in the suburbs this year."

"What does the transportation cost you?"

"Well, let's see. We bought three commutation tickets at"—

"Three! Who uses the third?"

"That's for the cook. I take one out every night, and she leaves the next morning."—Brooklyn Life.

THE NIGHT MAGNIFIES.

Something Worth Knowing For Those Who Lie Awake and Worry.

"You have lain awake at night," said a physician, "and have heard a mouse gnawing at the woodwork somewhere down in a kitchen cupboard?"

The listener nodded.

"How loud did it sound to you—as loud as a burglar splintering the door jambs with a jimmy?"

Another nod.

"You have been awakened at 1:30 a. m. by the crying of a teething infant next door?"

A shudder.

"And it sounded like the hoarse murmurs of mingled ululations of a frenzied mob assembled outside to demand somebody's blood?"

Partial collapse.

"Along toward morning you have listened to the thin, small voice of a mosquito circulating above your head?"

An involuntary slap.

"Did it sound like the screech of a planing mill turning out clapboards for a barn?"

Two nods.

"Would you have minded any of those sounds in the daytime?"

A shake of the head.

"Now, I have no doubt you think that the seeming loudness of these sounds was due to the contrasting silence of the night. But take another test. You have been in love?"

Um-um (without utterance).

"And do you remember how much softer and warmer and more thrilling was the touch of your best girl's hand as you strolled with her on the way home from singing school at the witching hour of half past 9 p. m. than it was when you called in the forenoon to ask if you might escort her to the aforesaid vocal exercises?"

An unspoken yum yum.

"Was it the night silence that added the finishing touch?

"It was not," the physician replied to his own question, noting his listener's look of uncertainty. "Take another instance: You think you know how to write—a little."

A smile of gratification.

"Well, you find yourself awake at night and thinking. A gem of an idea suddenly sparkles in the darkness. You surround it with epigrams, and while elaborating the setting you fall asleep. What does this jewel amount to in the morning?"

A sigh.

"There you are. You recall the idea and some of the epigrams and a little of the setting and all of it so commonplace that you wouldn't think of trying to make anything presentable out of it.

"The fact is," the physician went on, "the night magnifies. At night our pleasures are more keen, our pains more distressing, our small successes are triumphs, our little failures are disasters, our faintly cherished hopes appear before us as things realized, our small worries as overwhelming calamities.

"You find yourself awake in the night, and your thoughts wander back to some time in your youth when in the presence of those older and wiser you—as you now see it—were guilty of some slight breach in deportment or of some little offense to good taste in speech, and you dwell upon the condemnation that must have fallen upon you. In the morning if what you were dwelling upon so seriously occurs to your mind at all you smile and say to yourself that if your fault was noticed by anybody at the time it was too trivial for any one but you to remember.

"The night magnifies!" the physician repeated. "Such things as I have mentioned prove it. It is partly due to the silence, but more to ourselves. To account for the latter would keep me talking.

"But take it for granted that whatever your cause for worry at night it will look smaller by daylight and refuse to dwell on it. If your anticipations are pleasant, nurse them, and you will fall asleep. In the morning you will not be downcast because your magnified hopes of the night seem unlikely to be realized."—Washington Post.

A Distinction With a Difference.

Editor—You see, a story has to be just so to get in our magazine. Author—Well, what's the matter with this one of mine? Editor—It's only so-so.—Puck.

A secret is seldom safe in more than one breast.—Swift.

Poor Jones!

Missionary—Can you give me any information about Deacon Jones, who labored among your people three years ago? Cannibal—Well, the last I heard about him he had gone into consumption.—Judge.

A Spanish proverb declares that "a papelitos (a paper cigar), a glass of clear water and a kiss from a pretty girl will sustain a man for a whole day."

A man's misfortune is like a shoe—if too large, it trips him up; if too small, it pinches him.—Horace.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his final account as the administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Michael Riggs, deceased with the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, and the Court has set Monday, the 2nd day of March, 1908, at the hour of 2 o'clock p. m. as the time, and court room of said Court as the place for the final settlement of said account, and the hearing of objections to the same.

Dated and first published this 31st day of January, 1908.

M. PURDIN,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of Michael Riggs, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County.

In the matter of the estate of R. W. Kennedy, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned administrator of the above-named estate has filed his final account in said matter, and that by an order made by the County Court made January 25, 1908, the final hearing of said account will be heard on Monday, the 2nd day of March, 1908. All persons are hereby notified to file their objections to said account on or before the above date.

Z CAMERON,
Administrator of the estate of R W Kennedy, deceased.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon For the County of Multnomah

Mary J. Flanigan, Plaintiff, vs. Charles N. Wait, Defendant.

By virtue of an Alias Execution issued out of the above entitled court, in the above entitled action to me directed and dated October 17th, 1907, upon a judgment rendered and entered in said Court on May 22nd, 1906 in favor of plaintiff and against defendant for the sum of $564.40 together with $35.50 costs and interest thereon since May 22nd, 1906, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, commanding me to levy upon and sell such personal property of Charles N. Wait, or if sufficient cannot be found, then out of the real property belonging to said defendant, as might be found in Jackson County, Ore., in which defendant has interest or estate at or since March 20th, 1899, at which date a duly and proper d transcript of judgment lien was filed in Jackson County, Oregon. That the alias execution now in my hands recites the fact that an execution has heretofore been issued on said judgment under date of May 19th, 1906, directed to Sheriff of Multnomah County, Ore. said Sheriff returning same to Clerk of Court unsatisfied under date of May 19th, 1906. That said execution further recites the fact that the records show an assignment of above judgment be ore described, by plaintiff to Victor Land Co. under date of October 18th, 1907, which assignment was filed October 18th, 1907.

That by virtue of the execution heretofore described, I did on the 20th day of January, 1908, duly and legally levy upon all interest, right or title Charles N. Wait had in or to the following property March 20th, 1899 or that he may have acquired thereto since that date:

Section 36, township 37, South of range 4 East, Willamette Meridian; Section 31, township 36, South of range 3 East, Willamette Meridian and the Northwest quarter; the West half of the East half; the Northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter; the Southeast quarter of the Southeast quarter and the North half of the Southwest quarter all in Section Sixteen (16) in township thirty-nine (39) South of Range Three (3) East of Willamette Meridian in Oregon; Also all of Section Sixteen, 16, in Township thirty-six (36) South of Range Three (3) East of the Willamette Meridian in Oregon; Also, the west half of the Northeast quarter of Section Sixteen (16) in Township Thirty-eight (38) South of Range Three (3) East of the Willamette Meridian, all of the above lands being situated in Jackson County, Oregon.

That the levy and sale is made to satisfy the balance on said judgment for which the hereinabove described Alias Execution was issued.

Now, therefore, by virtue of said execution levy and in compliance with the commands of said writ, I will on the 24th day of February 1908, at 10:00 a. m. at the front door of the County Court House, Jackson County, Oregon, sell at public auction, subject to redemption, to the highest bidder for cash in hand all the right, title and interest Charles N. Wait had in or to the above described property March 20, 1899, or which he may have since acquired, or any part thereof, to satisfy said execution.

Dated this 24th day of January 1908.
First publication January 24, 1908.
Last publication February 21, 1908.

D. H. JACKSON,
Sheriff of Jackson County, Oregon.
By D. B. Grant, Deputy.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Milo Caton of Phoenix, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final soldiers five years proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14382, made July 15, 1907, for the N½ Section 6, Township 38, South, Range 1 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bilton, U.S. Commissioner, at his office, in Medford, Oregon, on Saturday, March 28, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Frederick E. Furry, Arthur Furry, James Smith, of Phoenix, Oregon; S. Peter Barneburg, of Medford, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Oscar Erickson, of Butte Falls, Ore., has filed notice of his intention to make final five years, proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 12028, made September 10, 1902, for the Fractional NE¼ and NW¼ SE¼, Section 4, Township 36, South, Range 3 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, in Medford, Oregon, on Thursday, March 26, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Charles A. Obenchain, John A. Obenchain, John Swanson, George H. West, all of Butte Falls, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Joseph Merley, of Big Butte, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five years proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 12057, made Oct. 1st, 1902, for the E½ SW¼, NW¼ SW¼ Sec. 6, Twp. 38, South, Range 3 East and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, in Medford, Oregon, on Wednesday, March 25, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Frederick V. Medynski, James I. Patton, Aaron Beck, William W. Parker, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 21, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Orra M. Whitley, of Prospect, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make final five years proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11769, made July 1, 1902, for the NE¼, Section 18, Township 33, South, of Range 2 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Medford, Oregon, on Monday, March 23, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz:

William A. Higinbotham, of Prospect, Oregon; Edward Higinbotham, of Derby, Oregon; Tracy Boothby, of Derby, Oregon; Alfred Gordon, of Prospect Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Frederick V. Medynski of Big Butte, Ore., has filed notice of his intention to make final five-years proof insupport of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 11574 made Dec 14, 1901, for the SW¼ Section 28, Township 34, South, Range 3 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, at Medford, Oregon, on Tuesday, March 24, 1908:

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Josiah Merley, Zack Maxey, James I. Patton, Frank D. Netherland, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that William T. Andrews, of Medford, Ore., has filed notice of his intention to make final commutation proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 14417, made July 19, 1907, for the S½ SW¼, Section 2, Township 37, South, Range 1 West, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, in Medford, Oregon, on Friday, March 27, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Charles D. Hazelrigg, James Mace, Edward M. Andrews, Sammie T. Gardner, Henry Humphry, all of Medford, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Department of the Interior.
Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., Jan. 22, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that Monroe Baldwin, of Big Butte, Oregon, has filed notice of his intention to make commutation final proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 13473, made April 18, 1904 for the NE¼, Section 12, Township 35 South of Range 1 East, and that said proof will be made before A. S. Bilton, U. S. Commissioner, at his office, in Medford, Oregon on Tuesday, March 24, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of the land, viz:

Charles A. Edmondson, John A. Obenchain, Charles Obenchain, Jedediah Edsell, all of Big Butte, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY,
Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, November 5, 1907.

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 land in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States, by act of August 4, 1892,

MATTIE L. GRIDLEY,

of Vancouver, County of Clarke, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 8574, for the purchase of the South West Quarter of section No. 12, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 2, East W. M., 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 her claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Roseburg, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 29th day of January, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Mrs. Lou C Miller, of Vancouver, Washington; Wm. Loughlin, D. M. McDonald, Wm. Entwerp, all of Medford, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 29th day of January, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, Nov. 12, 1907.

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 of August 4 1892,

JOHN A. TROEH,

of Vancouver, county of Clarke, state of Washington, has this office on December 26, 1906, his sworn statement No. 8604, for the purchase of the S½ W¼, of Section No. 2, in Township No. 36 South, Range No. 2 East W. M., Ore., 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 Saturday, the 15th day of February, 1908.

He names as witnesses: D. N. McDonald, John Lowe, B. P. Yeomans, Martin Farra, all of Vancouver, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 15th day of February, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

SUMMONS

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson

The Oregon & California Railroad Company, Plaintiff, vs. Mattias Moll Defendant

To the above named defendant, Mattias Moll: IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON:

You are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court on or before the 6th day of March, 1908, being more than six weeks from the 24th day of January 1908, first date of publication of this summons, and if you fail so to appear and answer, for want thereof the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief prayed for in the complaint, to-wit:

A decree adjudging that a patent of the United states of date June 6, 1902, issued to you for the SW¼ [Southwest quarter] of the SE¼ Southeast quarter, of Section 2, Township 36, South Range 3 East of the Willamette Meridian, containing 40 acres more or less in Jackson County, Oregon, be adjudged to be void, cancelled and set aside, and that you be decreed to have no estate or interest in said premises or any part thereof, and that plaintiff be decreed to be the owner in fee simple and entitled to the possession of said premises and the whole thereof, and for its costs and disbursements

This summons is published in the Medford Mail once a week for six consecutive weeks by order of date June 21, 1907, made by Hon H Hanna, Judge of said Court

Date of First Publication January 24th, 1908. Date of Last Publication March 6th, 1908.

WM M COLVIG,
WM D FENTON,
Attorneys for Plaintiff

CITATION.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, For the County of Jackson.

In the matter of the Guardianship of Lydia Jane Parker, Inza Irene Parker and Lewis Oren Parker, Minors.

Order to show cause on application of Guardian for Order of Sale of Real Estate.

It appearing to this Court from the petition this day presented and filed by L. R. Parker, the guardian of the persons and estates of Lydia Jane Parker, Inza Irene Parker and Lewis Oren Parker minors, praying for an order of sale of certain real estate belonging to the estate of such wards, that it is to the best interests of said wards that such real estate should be sold.

It is hereby ordered. That the next of kin of the said wards and all persons interested in the said estate, appear before this Court on Saturday the 29th day of February, A. D 1908 at 10 o'clock, A. M., at the Court Room of this Court, at the town of Jacksonville in the County of Jackson, State of Oregon then and there to show cause why an order should not be granted for the sale of such real estate, described in said petition as follows:

An undivided one sixth interest in the Southwest quarter of Section 30 in township thirty six, 36, South of Range two, 2, East of the Willamette Meridian in Jackson County, Oregon.

And it is further ordered, That the next of kin of said wards and all persons interested in said Estate be served with a copy of this order as a citation at least ten days before the hearing of said petition, or by publishing a copy for the time prescribed by law in the Medford Mail, a newspaper published regularly and weekly in Jackson County, Oregon.

Dated this 10th day of January, 1908.

GEO. W. DUNN,
County Judge

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878 NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office,
Roseburg, Oregon, December 18, 1907.

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 of August 4, 1892,

ALZIRE RETTELLE

of Medford, County of Jackson, State (or Territory) of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 8764, for the purchase of the N½ N½, of Section No. 2, in Township No. 36, south, range no 1 east, W M 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 A. S. Bilton, U. S Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, on Wednesday, the 4th day of March, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Marion F. Caste of Eagle Point, Oregon, Jennie E. Maltby, William H. Maltby, Labin B. Castor, all of Medford, Oregon.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 4th day of March, 1908.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

EXECUTOR'S FINAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has filed his First and Final Account of his administration of the Estate of Charles H. Manwarning, deceased, with the clerk of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Jackson County.

That by an order of the Hon. Geo. W. Dunn, Judge of said Court, said Account will come on for hearing any objections which may be filed thereto, and for final hearing and settlement, at the court room of said Court, in Jacksonville, on Monday the 17th day of February, A. D. 1908, at 1 o'clock P. M, of said day.

Dated Jan. 16th, 1908

WILLIAM S. CROWELL,
Executor of the Estate of Charles H. Manwarning, deceased.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

In the matter of the estate of Jacob Shadle deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, administrator of the above entitled estate, has filed his final account in said matter; and that by an order of the County Court of Jackson County, Oregon, the final hearing and settlement thereof will be heard in said Court on Monday, March 2nd 1908, at 2 o'clock A. M., of said day. All persons are notified to file their objections to said final account on or before said date and time.

Dated January, 28, 190

W. T. YORK
Administrator of said estate.

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between E. G. Whiteside and J. F. Cook under the firm name of Whiteside & Cook by mutual consent this day has been dissolved, and that all accounts due said partnership are payable to E. G. Whiteside, who has purchased the business and assumed the liabilities of said firm.

Dated at Medford, Oregon, this 20th day of January, 1908.

E. G. WHITESIDE.
J F COOK