MADE CROFOOT GASP

Promoter of Gigantic Enterprises Wept When Stranger Left.

WAS FAKER LIKE HIMSELF.

How Judge Goldhammer Beat the Major at His Own Game of Soft and Beguiling Ways—Very Mush Downcast Over Outcome.

By M. QUAD.

[Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.]

MAJOR CROFOOT, grand promoter of twenty-six different gigantic enterprises, with three or four others ready to launch on the public as soon as funds become a little easier, had made a light breakfast, gone without lunch and was seated in his office in serious thought when there came a rap on the door. The person outside who wanted to be inside might be his landlady, who had that morning hinted that she would like his room; it might be his laundress, who had threatened to hold on to his last shirt; it might be his cobbler or his clothes cleaner, or it might be his landlord come to indulge in one last horrible threat.

When a man has arrived at that period where he has only 7 cents and a receipt for hair dye in his pockets he

"HIS FACE BETRAYED THE FACT THAT HE WAS OILY AND UNCTUOUS."

must take chances. The grand promoter drew a long breath and bade the unknown enter. In response to his call a stranger entered. He was a man of middle age. His face betrayed the fact that he was oily and unctuous and effusive. He made himself at home in ten seconds, and in another ten he was saying:

"Major Crofoot, permit me to introduce myself as Judge Goldhammer, banker, broker, capitalist and promoter, and to say that I should not have come to take up your valuable time except for a matter of business—strict business."

"I am glad to see you, sir," replied the major as he extended his hand and sighed a sigh of relief that it wasn't the sheriff.

"Major," continued the caller as he became seated, "you are known to the general public as a grand promoter of great enterprises. To the few of us inside the ring the fact has become known that you are not always successful for the want of capital. You have the head to organize, but not always the capital to carry out. I am one who has watched your career very closely, sir. For the last three months I have watched you more closely than ever, having a distinct object in view."

The major bowed and blushed and didn't know whether to be pleased or uneasy. He hadn't decided which when the caller went on:

"You need a capital of ten millions to carry out your enterprises, and I don't suppose you have over a million. You can't push anything with a mere million in such times as these. You can simply make a stab at it, and you have done so repeatedly and thereby excited the admiration of myself and others."

The major felt a warm glow of pleasure stealing over him and wondered if he hadn't died and been transported to paradise. A mere million! He hadn't had $10 at once in the last five years. His head was going round and round, when Judge Goldhammer touched him on the shoulder and said:

"Give it up, major—give it up until you can swing at least $5,000,000 as capital. Give it up and come with me. I need you in my business. I want a right hand man, and you are the one. I have been thinking of coming to see you for the last fortnight."

"What—what is it?" gasped the major as he thrust his hand into his pocket to see if the 7 cents had got away.

$20,000,000 Profits First Year.

"The greatest scheme on earth, my boy—positively the greatest. It will return $20,000,000 profits the very first year. You shall be vice president of the company at a salary of half a million per annum. That shows you how badly you are wanted. It's something the public must have and can't do without. Will sell just as readily in Asia and Africa as here in America. I wouldn't part with the idea for $1,000,000,000 in United States bonds. All I wanted was a right hand financier, and now I've found him."

The major closed his eyes and felt himself sailing along on a cloud of purple and gold, and nightingales with tongues of silver seemed to be singing him and looked at him for a moment before asking:

"Mr. Bowser, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothin', dear—nothin' 'tall. I just got home from the Gay Old Boys' club, you see."

"Yes, I see! I thought it would be this way. Nice thing in a man of your age! All the neighbors must have heard you bawling at the gate and kicking at the door."

"Nobody heard me 'tall. Came home as quiet as a mouse. Don't look at me that way, Mrs. Bowser. It hain't right—it hain't right. If you had gone to the Gay Old Gals' club and read an ode I wouldn't look at you that way."

"So you read your ode, did you?"

"I did and made the hit of the evenin'. Big hit. Awful hit. Most awful hit you ever heard of. The applause was simply tremendous. Oh, if you had only been there to hear!"

"And what has become of the manuscript?"

"Got it right here," he replied as he began feeling in his vest pockets. "No, I haven't. The secretary wanted it to send to Historical society. Best ode on Columbus ever delivered by mortal man. Want to lay it up 'mong archives. Mrs. Bowser, why can' you stand still a minute instead of whirlin' round?"

"I am standing still; it's your head that's whirling. Oh, the shame of it!"

"What 'bout shame, Mrs. Bowser? Can't feller deliver an ode on Columbus without being shamed? Course he can. Oh, but you orter been there! You orter heard the applause! You orter heard what they said 'bout me! You'd been proudest woman in America."

It Brought House Down.

"What was the ode?" she asked as his eyes began to close.

"What was 'er ode? Why, it was ode to Columbus. It praised him for discovering the pyramids, you know. Yes, sir, set right out and sailed and sailed and sailed till he discovered the pyramids. Then he went ashore and said to 'em, 'Pyramids, you are the real stuff—come here.' And 'er pyramids come. That's what brought down 'er house."

"And I don't wonder at it. I feared some such blunder on your part, and that's why I wanted you to read the ode to me before you started. It's no wonder the members guyed you."

"Guy me? Not a guy, Mrs. Bowser! Just laughed and applauded. Just said my ode was best ever written. Just said Bowser took 'er cake. You are proud of me, hain't you? Course you are proud of me. If you had written that ode I would be proud of you."

"Don't ask me to feel proud of a husband in your condition. It will probably be in the papers, and I won't dare show my head outside the house for a week. Mr. Bowser, how could you—how could you!"

"How could I write ode on Columbus? Why, just as easy as grease. Gimme pencil and I'll write 'nother. I'll write one 'bout Columbus crossin' 'er Alps."

"And how can I get you upstairs? I'll have to have the help of the cook."

"No, you won't. I can walk right up. Shee! I'll go ahead and"—

And he sank down on the floor, groaned and grunted two or three times and then began to snore. The best Mrs. Bowser could do was to fetch a quilt and pillow and leave him there. He had written and delivered an ode, and it was a corker.

Slow Chap.

Pearl—Jack is the biggest goose I ever saw in my life.

Ruby—What now, dear?

Pearl—Why, my chaperon lost her glasses last night when we were making love and he actually helped to find them for her.—St. Louis Republic.

Delicately Put.

"The first day out was perfectly lovely," said the young lady just back from abroad. "The water was as smooth as glass, and it was simply gorgeous. But the second day was rough and—er—decidedly disgorgeous!"—Everybody's Magazine.

All Rare.

"I had a rare coin stolen last night."

"Didn't know you were a collector. What was the coin?"

"A dollar."

"Worth much?"

"Worth 100 cents anywhere."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Real Thing.

"I see that one of our statesmen has said that the ultimate consumer is a myth."

"Mebbe so, but I guess the bills he gets every month are the real thing."—Detroit Free Press.

The Explanation.

"I got a lickin' fer borrowin' a quarter from Skinny yestidday."

"How's that?"

"Well, I had t' knock him down afore he'd lend it t' me."—Princeton Tiger.

Mind Reading.

Charlie Loveday—Um—ah—er—er—er! He—he—

Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry.—Tit-Bits.

Real Joy.

The auto collided and turned over flat,
While the motors kept buzzing and hissing.
His ankle was wrenched, but he didn't mind that
Nor the several front teeth that were missing.
He smiled when they wrapped him in plaster and splints
And said in a manner confiding:
"It's what we expect in those fifty mile sprints.
Oh, there's nothing so gay as 'joy riding!'"

—Chicago News.

Netting Unnecessary.

A friend from the north had gone to visit the colonel, who lives in the swampy Mississippi river bottoms of Louisiana. There was no mosquito netting over the bed, and in the morning when the negro came with the water and towels the tortured visitor asked: "Sam, why is it that you have no mosquito netting over the bed? Doesn't the colonel have any in his room?"

"No, suh," replied Sam.

"I don't see how he stands it!"

"Well, suh," said Sam, "I reckon it's jes' dis way: In de fo' part uv de night, suh, de colonel's mos' gen'rally so 'toxicated dat he don't pay no 'tention to de 'skeeters, an' in de last part uv de night, suh, de skeeters is most' gen'ally so 'toxicated dat dey don't pay no 'tention to de colonel."—Everybody's.

Mathematics Made Easy.

Little Doris could not count beyond four. One day, when she was showing me five berries that she had picked, I asked, "How many have you, Doris?"

Her brows puckered a moment. Then, dimpling with smiles, she answered, "Wait till I eat one; then I'll tell you!"—Woman's Home Companion.

HER CHOICE.

The Man She Did Not Pick and What He Discovered.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

[Copyright, 1909, by the Mail and Express Company.]

Beth Lewis was lost.

On every side were sand and crisp brown vegetation and the hopelessness of the Arizona desert. Overhead were a cloudless blue sky and a burning sun.

Beth's red lips closed resolutely as she urged her tired horse along the faintly defined trail which had led her astray.

"We will make for that little canyon, Lightfoot—that little break in the rise beyond," said Beth, stroking the shiny black mane. "Perhaps—perhaps—there will be shade and water for us there."

When miles of burning sand had been traversed she rode down the dry bed of a water course and into the small canyon. Her heart sank, for there was nothing save an expanse of shimmering sand and some tall, spiny cactus on the steep, rocky sides.

But the large leaved cactuses might afford some shelter from the sun, and she urged Lightfoot to the edge of the shimmering sand. There he paused and snorted shrilly. Another step and his feet sank in the yielding sand. With a scream of terror the beast settled back on his haunches and then made an ineffectual leap forward.

Beth shot over his head and fell a crumpled heap on the ground beyond the outer circle of shimmering sand.

When she recovered consciousness Lightfoot was struggling shoulder deep in the quicksand, his strained eyes turned in agony upon her face.

She turned away and sobbed her helplessness into her hands. When she looked again there was nothing save the yellow sand undulating in the sunlight.

How horrible it was! If Lightfoot had not tossed her over his head into

WHEN SHE LOOKED AGAIN THERE WAS NOTHING BUT THE YELLOW SAND.

safety she, too, might have been drawn beneath those treacherous quicksands.

But was her lot much better, alone, afoot, without food or water, lost in a wild canyon, on one side of which rose a precipitous wall of rock and on the other, cutting off escape, the quicksand?

The sun moved slowly away from the canyon, but the stifling heat did not abate. The rocky walls reflected the blinding glare and intensified its unbearableness.

Pale and languid, Beth leaned back against a rock and looked with dreamy eyes toward the mouth of the canyon, where help might come—if it came in time.

Surely some one at the ranch house, which she had left after breakfast for her morning canter, would attempt to find her. Would it be Buck Hayden or Judson Bailey?

She pictured the two men, loose limbed and graceful, stretching along the necks of their horses with eyes alert for a glimpse of the girl they both loved and were fighting for with amicable rivalry. Together they had courted Beth Lee with a certain dogged persistence, and she felt somehow that side by side they would come searching for her.

The sunlight was still glowing on the opposite wall of the canyon when they came riding through the narrow opening, Judson Bailey in the lead, his dark face keenly alert.

At his flank rode Buck Hayden, his sunburned countenance grim with anxiety. His jaws were set, and all of his homely features were knotted with care.

Beth's heart quickened as they sighted her and whooped joyously. She leaped to her feet and sprang toward them.

"The quicksand!" she cried sharply. "You cannot cross! Lightfoot went down there!" She pointed with trembling fingers at the quivering sand at her feet.

The two men halted at the edge of the sand and looked up and down the canyon. Their eyes met, and Judson Bailey's face blanched to a dull gray.

Buck Hayden's jaw set firmly.

"We can't get her any other way. One of us 'll have to cross here, Jud." He looked the other man squarely in the eye.

Bailey licked his dry lips and tried to smile. He looked at the wide expanse of palpitating sand and then across at the girl.

"Ask her," he said suddenly.

Buck Hayden's face paled. "Beth," he called thickly, "one of us has got to cross over after you. Which one do you want? It's a good chance to make a choice!"

Beth was trembling with agitation. "Don't ask me. I can't choose!" she cried appealingly.

"You've got to choose," said Buck grimly.

"Let Judson come," she said faintly, hiding her face in her hands.

Buck's hands dropped to his sides as he turned to his successful rival. "I'm out of it, Jud," he said hoarsely. "I'll stand by to help you if you get in trouble. Will your mare make it?"

Bailey was staring with horror stricken eyes at the crawling, beckoning, shifting particles of sand at his feet. Death by that slow torture would be—

"Will your mare make it?" repeated Buck impatiently.

"Sure to," responded Bailey, tightening his rein with a jerk.

"Ready, then," said Hayden. "I'll stand by, Jud—remember that!"

With a muttered ejaculation of terror, Judson Bailey wheeled his horse and spurred toward the canyon's mouth. In a minute he had disappeared from view.

"I'll have to come after you anyway, Beth," said Buck quietly.

She watched with bated breath as the sorrel sprang forward and then sank on the opposite side with scrambling feet.

Again the sorrel hovered over the quicksand and once more clattered to a footing, and then slowly, with Beth before him in the saddle, Buck Hayden rode out of the canyon with miserable eyes fixed straight ahead, unseeing, uncaring.

The heavens were thick with stars when they neared the ranch house, and then for the first time Buck addressed the girl sitting rigidly silent before him, her bright hair so near to his beating heart.

"I'm sorry about what happened, Beth," he said in a low voice. "If ever I catch up with that coyote I'll"—

A soft hand covered his lips. "Let him alone, Buck," whispered Beth. "I am ashamed to tell you how selfish I am, but I chose Judson because—I was afraid—I did not want you to take the risk"—

She paused, and the rest of the sentence was whispered within Buck Hayden's encircling arms.

Hindoo Dancing.

Hindoo dancing bears no similarity to that of the European. Stage acting in the shape of comedies and tragedies is hardly to be found among the Hindoos. The chief characteristic of their dancing is their dress, which very often is horrible and grotesque to look at. Their dances consist in wrestling, jumping and moving the shoulders, head, hands, legs, as if agitated by violent convulsions, to the sound of musical instruments.

The Hindoo taste for music is so marked that there is not a single gathering, however small, which has not some musicians at its head. The instruments on which they play are for the most part clarinets and trumpets; they have also cymbals and several kinds of small drums. The sounds produced by these instruments are far from pleasing and may even appear hideous to European ears.

The matuva, or conductor, is the most remarkable of all the musicians. In beating time he taps with his fingers on a narrow drum. As he beats, his shoulders, head, arms, thighs and, in fact, all the parts of his body perform successive movements, and simultaneously he utters inarticulate cries, thus animating the musicians both by voice and gesture.

Much Abbreviated.

A customer from one of the suburbs dropped into a city paintshop, took a slip of paper from his pocket, looked at it, knitted his brows, shook his head, put on his glasses, inspected the paper again and gave it up as a bad job.

"I made a hasty memorandum," he said to the proprietor of the shop, "of something I was to call here and buy, but I trusted too much to my memory. I seem to have jotted down nothing but the initials, and I've forgotten what they mean."

"Let me see the memorandum," said the proprietor. "It may be that I can help you."

"It's nothing but three letters," replied the customer, handing it over. "Only 'C. P. A.'"

"So I see. 'C. P. A.' Why, that's sepia, a kind of brown paint. Wasn't that it?"

"What a fool I am! Of course it was."

He got the sepia, threw a big red apple on the counter in lieu of "hush money" and went away with a sheepish look on his face.—Exchange.

What He Would Bid.

Fake auction sales are a great industry in New York city, and genuine antiques, manufactured in New Jersey, sometimes bring handsome prices. A man who knows paused at one of these places the other afternoon, and instantly the auctioneer spotted him.

"Now this exquisite, genuine old mahogany dresser, ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted. "Do you mean to say that I hear only $46.50 bid for this? Why, it is enough to bring tears to my eyes! Come, now, $46.50 only is bid. A dealer is going to get this magnificent antique if you don't watch out. Won't you bid, sir?" he suddenly demanded, turning to the man who is wise. "Come, now, sir, don't let an opportunity like this slip. Won't you bid?"

"Well, yes, I'll bid you," the man replied, smiling pleasantly.

"And you'll be lucky if you get it, sir," the auctioneer assured him. "I have $46.50 offered. What do you bid, sir?"

"Why, I bid you good afternoon," the man said and resumed his walk.—Exchange.

Poor Old Dad!

"I understand the bride's father was overcome by his emotions."

"Yes. He could only utter a few feeble checks."—Washington Herald.

The Rigor of the Game.

Knicker—Does he eat pie for breakfast?

Bocker—No. He eats breakfast for pie.—New York Sun.

Relaxation.

I always like the freakish verse,
The kind that runs down stairs,
The kind that circles round the page
Or does its turn in squares.
It's fun to see the poet's stunts
Helped by the typo men.
Just see again.
the way runs up
this runs and then
down hill

I do not think that people ought
To keep the same old gait.
They ought to break loose now and then
And keep an evening late.
A long straight line without a break
Is bad for verse or men.
up hill
this runs and then
the way runs down
Just see again.

—Boston Herald

MAKING FIREWORKS.

Some Pyrotechnic Products Must Dry In the Open Air.

TRYING FOR NEW DESIGNS.

Staffs of Artists Continually Devising Color Schemes to Be Worked Out In Fire—The Construction of the Set Pieces—Work of the Chemists.

The first step in manufacturing fireworks is the making of the cases, or shells, as the cylinders or other receptacles in which the explosives and the chemicals are placed are called. Practically all of these are made of innumerable sheets of tissue paper pasted and rolled together until the thickness required is attained. Most of these cases are made by machinery and are delivered as wanted to the places where they are to be filled or charged with the materials that have been prepared. All the charging is done by machinery except in the big shells that throw forth sets of stars of varying colors. In these each "star" has to be placed in a certain position so as to explode in just the right way at the proper instant.

Out of doors in pleasant weather the long lines of fuse—"quick match" they are called—are made. These are wound on reels six or seven feet across. Their basis is loose cotton cord covered with various highly inflammable chemicals. "Quick match," roman candles and a number of other pyrotechnic products cannot be dried by artificial heat. They must lie in the open air until the moisture used in mixing the chemicals evaporates.

All the year around the artists on the staff of the pyrotechnic manufacturers are taxing their brains designing color schemes to be worked out in fire. Outside of the big set pieces, which are much in vogue, a great deal of attention is given to rockets, bombs and rocket bombs, of which there are innumerable kinds. When the artist has evolved some striking color effect he turns over his painting to the chemists, whose task it is to combine various combustible ingredients so as to reproduce what the painter has put on his canvas. The race between the art department and the staff chemists is unending. It is the boast of the chemists that they can duplicate in their burning colors any combination of paints that can be presented to them.

These colors are imparted by the heated vapors of certain metals. Sodium, for instance, gives a yellow light, calcium red, strontium crimson and barium green. The number of chemicals, common and rare, employed in the manufacture of fireworks is prodigious. Take blue stars, for instance. These are commonly produced by a combination of chlorate of potash, calomel, sulphuret of copper, oxychloride of copper, dextrin, stearin, black oxide of copper, copper filings and sal ammoniac.

Every fireworks manufacturer has his carefully guarded trade secrets. Pyrotechnics in its various branches and as a whole is taught in no university, and there is little printed literature on the subject.

The construction of the set pieces, especially if they are large, is a huge task. First the artist draws the picture. It is complete in every detail of outline and shade of color. This is marked off into equal squares, each of which represents a square foot in the actual reproduction in fire. Sections of light boards, say, 20 by 25 feet are built and laid flat on the ground, and rectangles a foot square are marked thereon. On the section is outlined the picture that the artist has made, with the different colors indicated in their proper groupings. Loose over this is built a checkerboard framework of light lathe. Then come men with strips of rattan. They tack these to the framework, following exactly every line that has been indicated on the boards below, leaving practically a huge line drawing in rattan.

Then come men with thousands of big pins—ordinary pins, but about an inch long. These are set in the rattan an inch apart. These are followed by other men, who cut the heads off the pins. After this comes a gang of men with bundles of little fireworks, two inches long by one-quarter to three-quarter inches in diameter, in varying colors or combinations of color to correspond with the original drawing. These are called "gerbes." When ignited they emit sheaves of fire. These are stuck on the pins and glued, each shade of color in its proper place along the framework.

After this has been done another gang comes with hundreds of feet of "quick match" and connects all these thousands of "gerbes" together. Loose ends are left here and there for firing when the piece is in place ready to be set off. Then these sections are hoisted into their proper positions, and after infinite labor everything is ready for the wonderful delight to the eye, which may last between one and four minutes. So swiftly does the fire run from "gerbe" to "gerbe" through this "quick match" that the biggest "picture" that is usually shown will be aflame in every part in three seconds.

There is said to be little or no danger about firing these set pieces or even in setting off the bombs that explode with such fearsome noise. The ends of the "quick match," where the "port fire" is applied by the men who do the igniting, are carefully timed so that they have plenty of chance to get out of the way.—New York Press.

Happy Thought.

Miss Askit—When one sends a parcel by express why do they always ask the name and address of the sender?

Percy Pinkleigh—Why—er—so they'll know where to return it in case it is—er—lost or stolen, doncher know.—Houston Post.

An Important Correction.

"What a beautiful figure young Mrs. De Style has! And she has such a fine carriage too!"

"No, she doesn't use a carriage now. She's bought an automobile."—Baltimore American.

Great demand for small bills. Of course, it will take in the legislature.

HAS BOUGHT LAND.

J. E. Watt has purchased a seven-acre tract of land within the city limits of Medford and next winter he will set it to Bartlett and De Anjou pear trees. The tract is at the extreme west end of Jackson street, between that street and the county road on the north.

04387

CONTEST NOTICE
Department of the Interior
United States Land Office

Roseburg, Oregon, July 6, 1909

A sufficient contest affidavit having been filed in this office by Thomas Rolfe, contestant, against Homestead Entry No. 14716, made November 23, 1907, for SW¼, SE¼, Section 28, Township 35 S, Range 1W., Willamette Meridian, by Harry L. Waste, contestee, in which it is alleged that said Harry L. Waste has abandoned his said homestead for more than one year last past; that he has built no house or cabin on his homestead, nor has he made any improvements thereon; and that said alleged absence was not due to employment in the Army or Navy of the United States in time of war; said parties are hereby notified to appear, respond, and offer evidence touching said allegation at 10 o'clock a. m. on August 27, 1909, before W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at his office in Medford, Oregon, (and that final hearing will be held at 11 o'clock a. m. on September 10, 1909, before) the Register and Receiver at the United States Land Office in Roseburg, Oregon.

The said contestant having, in a proper affidavit, filed July 6, 1909, set forth facts which show that after due diligence personal service of this notice cannot be made, it is hereby ordered and directed that such notice be given by due and proper publication.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

04829

NOTICE OF SCHOOL INDEMNITY SELECTION
United States Land Office

Roseburg, Oregon, June 22, 1909

NOTICE is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on April 1, 1909, applied for SE¼ SE¼ of Sec. 32, and SW ¼ SW ¼ of Sec. 34, Tp 33 S, R 1 E, and SE¼ SE¼ and SW¼ SW ¼ of Sec. 14, and NE¼ NW¼ of Sec. 24, Tp 34 S, R 1 E of W. M., and filed in this office a list of school indemnity selections in which it selected said land; and that said list is open to the public for inspection. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agriculeural purposes, or to object to said selection for any lawful reason, should file their claims of their affidavits of protest or contest in this office.

I hereby designate the Medford Mail, published at Medford, Oregon, as the newspaper in which the above notice is to be published.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register

Re-advertisement.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior

U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Oregon,, June 25, 1909.

NOTICE is hereby given that Edgar E. Smith, of Butte Falls, Oregon, who, on June 20, 1903, made Homestead entry, No. 12856, S. R. 03523, for E½ of NE¼ Sec. 10; N½ of NW ¼, Section 11, Township 34 South, Range 3 East, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before W. H. Canon, U. S. Commissioner, at Medford, Oregon, on the 6th day of August, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: W. W. Parker, of Butte Falls, Oregon; E. H. Watson of Butte Falls, Oregon; H. J. Doubleday, of Butte Falls, Oregon; A. J. Young, of Butte Falls, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

05197

NOTICE OF SCHOOL INDEMNITY SELECTION
United States Land Office

Roseburg, Oregon, June 22, 1909

NOTICE is hereby given that the State of Oregon, on June 22, 1909, applied for N E ¼, sec. 28, T 34 S., R. 1 E. the SW¼ SW¼ sec. 14 and NE¼ NE¼ and SW¼ NE ¼, sec. 8, T. 35 S., R. 1 E., W. M. and NW¼ SE¼, sec. 28, T. 34 S., R. 1 E., W. M. and filed in this office a list of school indemnity selections in which it selected said land; and that said list is open to the public for inspection. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selection for any lawful reason, should file their claims of their affidavits of protest or contest in this office on or before the 14th day of August 1909.

I hereby designate the Medford Mail, published at Medford, Oregon, as the newspaper in which the above notice is to be published.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Department of the Interior
U. S. Land Office at Roseburg, Ore., May 26, 1909

NOTICE is hereby given that Emelia J. A. Stavik, of Seattle, Washington, who, on October 19, 1903, made Sworn Statement, No. 01896, for N½ NE¼, NE¼, NW¼ and Lot 1, Section 18, Township 33 South, Range 2 West, Willamette Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Roseburg, Oregon, on the 18th day of August, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Carlos L. Byron, of Seattle, Washington; Charles W. Armstrong, of Everett, Washington; Edward J. Wallace, Seattle, Washington; Warren Beatty, of Roseburg, Oregon.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

NOTICE OF SCHOOL INDEMNITY SELECTION.
05171.

United States land office, Roseburg, Oregon, June 19, 1909.

Notice is hereby given that the state of Oregon, on June 11, 1909, applied for N. W. ¼ N. W. ¼ section 32, township 33 S., range 1 E.; S. W. W. ¼ S. W. ¼, S. E. ¼ S. E. ¼, section 2, and N. E. ¼ N. E. ¼, N. W. ¼ N. E. ¼ section 6, townsahip 34 S., range 1 W., W. M., and filed in this office a list of school indemnity selections in which it selected said land; and that said list is open to the public for inspection. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described land or any legal subdivision thereof, or claiming the same under the mining laws, or desiring to show said land to be more valuable for mineral than for agricultural purposes, or to object to said selection for any lawful reason, should file their claims or their affidavits of protest or contest in this office on or before the 7th day of August, 1909.

I hereby designate the Medford Mail, published at Medford, Oregon, as the newspaper in which the above notice is to be published.

BENJAMIN L. EDDY, Register.

SUMMONS.

In the circuit court of the state of Oregon of the county of Jackson.

Bertha S. Barnum, plaintiff, vs. Oregon and Transcontinental Company, an Oregon corporation, defendant.

To Oregon and Transcontinental Company, a corporation, and to its secretary, president and managing agent, the above named defendant.

In the name of the state of Oregon, you are hereby required to appear and answer the complaint of the above plaintiff in the above entitled court, now on file with the clerk of said court within six weks from the date of the first publication of this summons upon you, and you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer said complaint, as hereby required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for a decree, decreeing that plaintiff and her grantors and predecessors in interest have been and are in the open, adverse, hostile, exclusive actual and continuous possesion of lots 14, 15 and 16, in block 23 of the city of Medford, Oregon, for more than 15 years last past, and that plaintiff is the owner of said premises and that said defendant has no right, title or interest or claim of title of any kind to said premises or any part thereof, and that defendant be enjoined and barred from asserting any claim in or to said premises adverse to the rights of plaintiff, and for such other relief as to the court may seem meet and equitable.

Under and by virtue of an order made by the Hon. H. K. Hanna, a judge of said court, dated the 16th day of June, 1909 this summons is served on the defendant by the publication thereof for six successive weeks in the Medford Mail, a weekly newspaper printed and published at Medford, Oregon, and the defendant by said order is required to appear and answer within six weeks from the date of the first publication hereof.

Date of first publication June 25, 1909.

CHARLES PRIM,
Attorney for Plaintiff.

RESTORATION TO ENTRY OF LANDS IN NATIONAL FOREST

Notice is hereby given that the lands described below, embracing 120 acres, within the Crater National Forest, Oregon, will be subject to settlement and entry under the provisions of the homestead laws of the United States and the act of June 11, 1906 (34 Stat., 233,) at the United States land office at Roseburg, Oregon, on July 31, 1909. Any settler who was actually and in good faith claiming any of said lands for agricultural purposes prior to January 1, 1906, and has not abandoned same has a preference right to make homestead entry for the lands actually occupied. Said lands were listed upon the applications of the persons mentioned below, who have a preference right subject to the prior right of any such settler, provided such settler or applicant is qualified to make homestead entry and the preference right is exercised prior to July 31, 1909, on which date the lands will be subject to settlement and entry by any qualified person. The lands are as follows: The NE¼, of NW¼, Sec. 8, T. 40 S., R. 3W., W. M., 40 acres, listed upon the application of William I. Coffman of Buncom, Oregon. Also the W½ of SE¼, Sec. 20, T. 34 S., R. 2 E., 80 acres, application of John Higinbotham, of Derby, Oregon.

Fred Dennett, Commissioner of the General Land Office. Approved May 14, 1909, Frank Pierce, First Assistant Secretary of the Interior.